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PUNK

ET AUTRES PHÉNOMÈNES INSIGNIFIANTS

<http://pppzine.free.fr>

#11

english
short version

**Kurt Danielson
is BACK!**

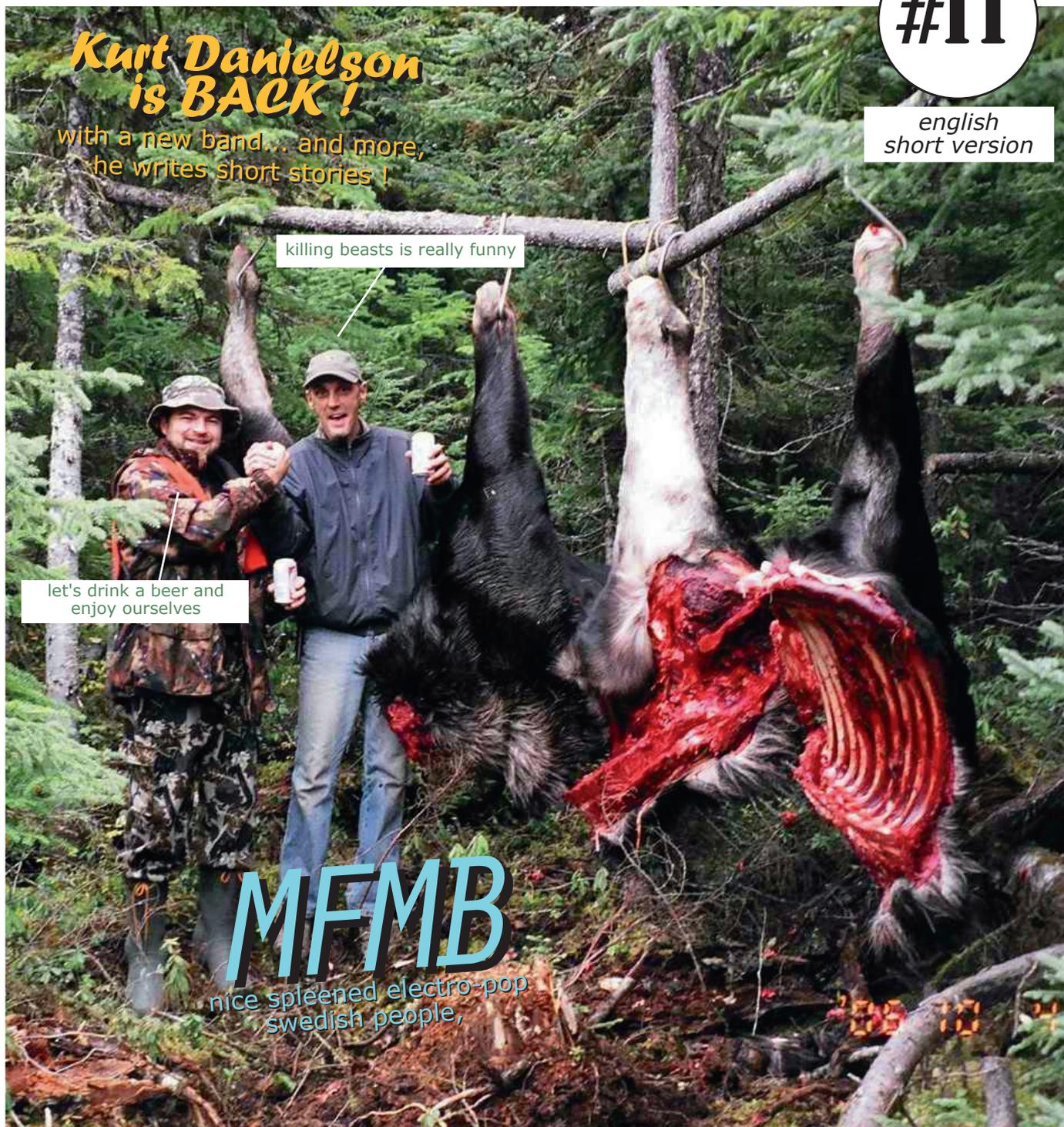
with a new band... and more,
he writes short stories!

killing beasts is really funny

let's drink a beer and
enjoy ourselves

MFMB

nice spleened electro-pop
swedish people,



MFMB



So here it is guys : MFMB is a swedish band, and they have got 2 extraordinaries EP's. If you like electro-pop, spleen and dance full of emotions, you'll be hapy as hell. I can tell you, MFMB are close to people like New Order and Arcade Fire, and this is unfair they are not best known. Happily here at the PPPZine, we talk about people like that. So : buy their first vinyle issued on a french label called "La Bulle Sonore", and be a part of the happy few. And for instance, let's ask some questions to Sebastian, the bass player.

Name, surname, age, town, instrument, favourite french band, most hated food ?

Joakim Lindberg, 21, Malmoe, guitar, Phoenix, tomatoes,
Sebastian Hedberg, 21, Stockholm, bass and synth, Serge
Gainsbourg, potatoes,
Victor Nilsson, 22, Malmoe, vocals, Daft Punk, olives,
Christine Björk, 21, Malmoe, vocals and synth, M83, sausage,
Erik Nilsson, 21, Malmoe, Drums, Air, ravioli.

Already 4 years you have been together, and today finally a record, was the way not too hard ?

Well, we were so young when we started the band (around the age of 16) so I guess we needed all those years to develop and grow into what we are now. But of course, there's been times when we felt despair over being the only ones who

seemed to understand how fucking great our music are.

MFMB means Make-Up For My Boys, does it ? Aren't you afraid for people to make a confusion with MGMT ?

Make-Up For My Boys are just one of many abbreviations. We started out as My Favourite Moonboots because we found that name funny, and changed it to MFMB in 2007 to make a more serious impression. By that time, none of us had ever heard of the band MGMT. And if anyone confuses us with them, it's OK.

How did you land on La Bulle Sonore ? Nothing in Sweden, England, etc... ?

La Bulle Sonore just contacted us on Myspace with the offer of releasing our music on vinyl and we agreed. The Fine



Detail EP has been released as free mp3 downloads by a swedish label called Pitch9. Others have shown interest, but we're planning on recording new material before we proceed with anyone.

This album is a mix of 2 singles, is that right ? It's only out in vinyl, not on CD ?

That's right. Side A consists the songs from our Heat Like This EP, released earlier this year. Side B is The Fine Detail EP, released in december 2007. There has been no official CD release for any of them, but who cares about CD these days anyway ?

We feel a lot of influences in your music, can you name a few bands you like, talk about the musical direction you wanted to take and why ?

There has been hundreds of influences over the years. On our Myspace we claim that we are the perfect crossbreed of Daft Punk, Studio, Silverbullit, My Bloody Valentine, Liars, Joy Division, Can, Trans Am, and pretty much everything Jason Pierce has been involved with, but we could go on forever namedropping bands whose music we get inspiration from.

We want to make electronic dance rock music because it's the kind of music we like the most and because it's damn funny to play. Simple as that.

I haven't seen, in the list of your musical influences on myspace, the name of New Order... but I feel a lot of similarities, in the way you are making music, in the general feelings... ?

We often get mentioned in the same sentence as New Order. And of course, they're great, but

I can't say we've ever had any intention of sounding like them. A swedish music magazine described us as « this is what New Order would have sounded like today if they had developed in the right direction ». We can go with that, fine.

There's a lot of sensibility in your music. Are you shy/sad people, not tattooed rockers ?

He he. Well, at least we're far from tattooed rockers. Can't say we're particularly shy or said either, but music is all about expressing feelings, isn't it ? That is what we do.

You explain you abandoned traditional instruments for synths ? Are synths better ?

Nah, we never abandoned them totally. But when our first drummer and our keyboardist left the band some years ago, we thought « screw this pop thing, let's buy turntables and laptops and make house music instead ». Obviously that never happened.

The mix between digital instruments and acoustic/analog ones are more interesting than sticking to just one of them. But yes, in a way syntheseizers are better. Synths are the sexiest instrument of them all.

Which term would you NOT want people to describe your music : new-wave, shoegazer, électro-punk, disco-punk, néo-post-punk, pop, any term ?

All of them are fine. We would disagree to be referred to as « stadium rock », « post-rock », « rock n roll » or « EMO ». Especially « EMO »... it makes us wanna throw up.

How is the musical scene in Sweden ? We don't see a lot of bands from your country, in my mind just right there I could name Wumpscut... Abba... ?

The musical scene is great here, but I think swedish bands gain more success in America and the UK than in France. France is a tough market for foreign bands, we've been told. Perhaps you know of a guy called Jay-Jay Johanson - he's sold a lot of records in your country. Other successful swedish bands and artists : The Hives, Robyn, The Soundtrack of Our Lives, Mando Diao and Roxette. Our own favourites are Silverbullit, Studio, The Tough Alliance, The





The tour schedule continues with several festivals in Sweden and in Finland, and some club gigs as well. We don't know much about the distribution of the record, but it's out there and people actually buy it (which was kind of a surprise to us). We'd love to play in France but there's no tour planned yet. Our booking manager are working on it, though !

A last word in swedish, in order to make our readers search for hours for a good on-line translator ?

Sure, translate this (preferrably to english, you'll get the idea) :
 Jobba det svårare, gör det bättre
 Gör det snabbare, gör oss starkare
 Mer än någonsin, timme efter
 Vårt arbete är aldrig över

Le Jeune Extrême

www.myspace.com/thisismfmb

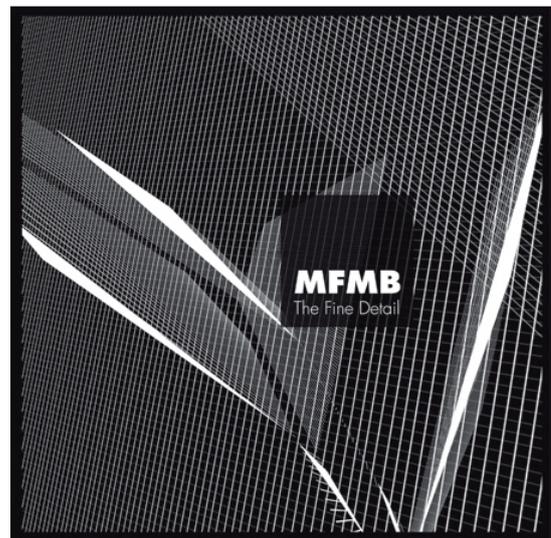
Radio Dept., and Fibes, oh Fibes. Check them out !

And how about the social situation ? Here we talk a lot about a popular revolution possibility, even in the medias, how is it in Sweden ? The crisis is in your country too, I imagine ?

Yes, the crisis is here as well. Swedish banks lent a lot of money to the baltic countries so that they could buy ferraris and swimming pools and stuff like that, and now they will probably never be able to pay it back. But it's not like MFMB has been affected by the crisis. We've always been extremely poor ; in a way we're glad that the rest of the country has been dragged down to our economic situation.

What's scheduled next after this album ? How and where will it be distributed ? Are you going to tour outside of Sweden, maybe in France ?

We just got home from Roskilde, a huge festival in Denmark.



MAJOR U.S. INDICES FOR ALL CAPITALIST PUNKS

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Dow Jones		New York Stock Exchange NASDAQ S&P Other US Treasury Commodities Futures				
Symbol	Name	Last Trade	Change	Related Info		
^DJA	Dow Jones Composite Average	3,345.10 11:16am ET	↑ 3.29 (0.10%)	Components, Chart, More		
^DJI	Dow Jones Industrial Average	9,600.20 11:17am ET	↓ 5.21 (0.05%)	Components, Chart, More		
^DJT	Dow Jones Transportation Averag	3,970.31 11:17am ET	↓ 4.23 (0.11%)	Components, Chart, More		
^DJU	Dow Jones Utility Average	372.93 11:16am ET	↑ 3.19 (0.86%)	Components, Chart, More		

Kurt Danielson is BACK !

... with a new band : Misericords

Yes, Kurt Danielson is THE man. Here at the PPPzine we like very much his music : the one he made with TAD, when we were young and tough, when we had long hair and nice shirts, when we used to face the world proudly and laughing ; but also the one he made by himself on the different side-projects, especially the Quaranteens, a "new-wave" (I hate this word, as the word "grunge" by the way) band. And today, Kurt, who went back to Seattle, met some friends and heard the call of the guitars. He let the bass down and went to sing what we can call dark humoured sensitive poetry with his mates, and they all took the name "Misericords". And what is Misericords about ? Misericords is about dark powerful angry music, very far from TAD, very close to Joy Division. What else would you sing about when bankers fuck you in the ass, when tied men destroy the planet and laugh at you when you say "hey guys be careful", when your neighbours take their guns and transform themselves in little nice Hitlers ? Obama is here, for sure, but, well. Bush prints are here for a long time, I'm afraid. SO GET UP YOUR ASS AND LISTEN TO MISERICORDS AND READ THIS INTERVIEW WITH KURT.

Your return to the USA went well, you don't miss Paris too much?

Well yes I miss Paris a lot, it was hard coming back, I had gotten used to Paris, the food, the people, the language even and the City itself. Here right off the bat you need a car whereas you can do fine without one in Paris, where it's really just a hindrance in fact. You've got the metro, the bikes everywhere... And also, upon our return we were reminded of the harsh reality of a system with no "Securité Sociale" (Social security is sthg else here). We miss it.

I miss the view from my window, and being able to stroll to the café, the boulangerie nearby, everything just there – and we miss our friends... For me Paris is a city of inspiration (I wrote a novel there in two years) whereas I know Seattle too well and it doesn't inspire me like Paris did and still does. One of the reasons for this is that Paris is a city centered upon the pedestrian, walking and strolling – whereas Seattle and other US cities center around cars, are designed as grids – it creates a distance with others. However I basically came back for the DVD, it compensated me to a certain extent because it gave me the opportunity to hook up with my old friend Tad again and to revisit our music and our history.

You were "the" Kurt from Seattle before Kurt Cobain, are you still, and how is the atmosphere in Seattle today, is it a city with a grunge imprint? Is it a pilgrimage destination?

I've always been and will always be the Kurt, for me. That said it was weird to discover I shared my name with another, much more famous and well-known than I, also named Kurt. But because I knew him personally it didn't bother me. It wasn't his fault ! ;-) So I see it as a coincidence, nothing more.

For better or worse Seattle will always be a place for music pilgrims to gather because of its popularity which will always remain, what with Nirvana's and other grunge bands music. It's a blessing and a curse because Seattle attracts the attention of the world, which in itself can be positive, but it also attracts nosy, negative scrutiny which intervenes with and destroys our sense of solitude and isolation that have always been precious and safe vales here. Something that allowed us to express ourselves, gone now as part of the past. So it's difficult to take this for granted now. So yes a grunge

imprint is both liberating and stifling..because people come with their expectations but this also allows us to learn to transcend these limitations, for better or worse.

In the DVD we see you arrive at Tad's to his utter surprise. How did that go? Do you have projects together aside from you own, concerning TAD or something else?

Simply talking with tad as an old friend, that was a real pleasure to see him again! On the other hand since I was being filmed, it was a bit off putting. But because King of Hearts (KOHP – the producers of the DVD) had flown me to Seattle, not only for this reunion but so I could see my family and my wife go back to work at Microsoft, I seized the occasion and saw this encounter as an opportunity to pick up our friendship as we'd left off.... It was a surprise for both of us, of course, more so for him, as you can see on the DVD. He had no idea I was coming back, that had been carefully kept away from him. KOHP had organized the encounter in such a way that Tad was totally off guard so as to immortalize on film, taping our reactions, tad's especially. He could have made a face (laughter) – it was great to see him again, even without the band, because we're friends first of all. It was a time to reconnect after seven years.

Despite our history together, and all the music we've written, recorded and played together, Tad and I have no project in commun. Be it to reform TAD or to work together again. Because now we have separate visions of what we want to do as artists and musicians, and they are not compatible. That's all. However we respect and ring our support to our mutual projects – Tad as you know has started Brothers of The Sonic Cloth – something a long time in development – and I have my own new project: Misericords, which allows me to sing for the first time, to sing my own lyrics. I've always written lyrics, but in the past, too shy, I didn't sing my music. And as I was lucky enough to find people who would, I have long avoided that responsibility. Now I see my shiness simply for what it is: an obstacle to be surmounted. In addition, I've met two musicians, Al Tompkins and Scott Wade who, together wrote a body of work and who were looking for someone who could write the appropriate lyrics and sing them. It was a great opportunity for me and I seized it! By the I had enough experience and ideas to write 20 songs pretty rapidly. These songs reflect a vision all my own and also completely espouses their music, it's an extraordinary



break, a fabulous coincidence. It's such a unique and personal vision, that I think I am the only one who can express it in writing and sing it as well... I am very happy to have reached this point in my artistic growth, it is the realization of all my dreams and aspirations. And I thank Scott for having believed in me (Note: Scott had heard me sing in the sort-lived Quaranteens shortly before my departure for Paris.)

Let's talk about the DVD. Are you happy with it? Its content? Personally I find it fascinating, though the live sections are too few...

Yes I am all in all happy with the DVD; but keep in mind that KOHP wrote, produced and directed this DVD without any budget whatsoever. Once you realize they didn't have the means, it's a work of love: very good work. True, had they had the money, they could have included many more live pieces and also more diverse interviews. Unfortunately there was no budget. The result could have been a total failure – what Ryan and Adam did is no less than miraculous. It took them 2 years of their own time, of interminable man hours, all at their cost. Yes the result is priceless. In my opinion they couldn't have done better – not without a few millions more.

Are there still images that could be published – admitting there was funding available?

Well, it's complicated: yes there was additional footage, but they weren't able to keep it, they had to film over it due to money constraints – so even with money now it's too late, it's been filmed over. Certainly there are things on the net...

Were the sales what you'd hoped for?

I have no idea about the sales. I think I've understood they were reasonable and I've seen the DVD in stores, but all things considered we had a limited distribution and no promotion to speak of...

In our interview last year, you announced the coming out

of the TAD discography in 2009. What's going on with that? Is it still happening?

Sub Pop talks about it. All I know is that they are planning to go ahead and do it... but I don't know when it'll really happen, especially that Tad doesn't want to reform, even temporarily, for its promotion.

He's busy with BOTSC. Frankly I'm pretty myself too, though I'd agree to do both. We could do our fans a favor as well as Sub Pop... and ourselves. It's be fun.

Flotation records (here in seattle) is very interested in doing it, just as they are with the never-released album.

What about that unpublished album? Will it stay in boxes forever or can desperate fans hope for its release on day?

Tad and I are exploring the possibility of self-release and are also talking to various labels, including Flotation. We had planned its coming out with the TAD DVD but that didn't happen.

What is missing for its publication? Money? A label? Will power energy?

All of the above. Except, in my case, desire and will power are there. But there are problems to be solved. That's one of the reasons self-release is attractive despite the fact we don't have much experience in the matter! Tad and I think it's one of our best albums and it presents another instance of TAD, showcasing as it does Mike (Mongrain)'s drums - Tad's last and brilliant drummer. In fact, Mike has joined me and plays for Misericords.. But be warned: Misericords sounds nothing like TAD – at all. It has its heavy aspects, but Misericords explores a sonic terrain that is completely new, with emphasis on the melody, the atmosphere, the mood.

By chance I came across a Spanish blog from which to download all of TAD's albums for free. How do you see that? Is it pirating? Do you care either way, and would you go



How are the dynamics of the band and what is your musical orientation?

Yes indeed. The new band is Misericords – it’s a forum for my implacably somber musical vision, reflecting my own experience with the half world of drugs and human rapport. Right now we are four: Al Tomkpins at the bass and programmer of the band, Scott Wade guitar, Mike Mongrain on the drums, and finally I,m on vocals.

When I joined the and there were only Scott and Al; the songs they’d written and recorded included taped drums and a keyboard. The musical vision tended more towards electronics. Now , with Mike and I, we haven’t totally dropped this but we have added another more... organic feel to it: more guitars, a live drummer therefore with a heavier sound. The music is threfeore still imprinted with electronics, but the

sound is more intergral, more full : organic.

It’s very, very different from anything TAD has ever done, in fact it’s got nothing to do with TAD and may surprise our TAD fans.

And yes, yes we really get along very well: we’ve known each other from way back, and have played in bands together off and on during the years. Our orientation is low, the bass sound with an emphasis on an ephemeral melody, haunting images, a minimalist aesthetic, bare. Some might say it’s a band insired by Goth bands but it’s no my opinion. For me this bands goes back to the Post-punk period – in the sense that we’re influenced in part by what was happening in the UK and the US in 1979. I’ve always felt and still do an affinity, that there is till much to be explored there to be mined: bands such as Joy Division, Te Cure, Gang of Four,

as far as to encourage it, since one cannot find your music?

Yes it’s pirating. Which is why it’s essential for sub Pop to reissue TAD’s albums. In principle, I have nothing against free downloads when and if the music is unavailable by any other means. But if it is out there then yes, I object. Pirating can violate the rights of an artist, in this case, us. Should WE decide, of our own volition, to distribute our songs ourselves, that’s one thing... but if it’s somebody else who’s got nothing to do with us, the band, than it’s wrong and a criminal act. It’s not theirs to give, it’s ours to give ! And I don’t appreciate. If I could I’d drag them to Court.

So then, can they be found and where can they be bought?

Yes you can find them, but indeed they’ve become a bit of a collectors item. Some are on eBay, I saw, and 8-Way Santa is on Sub Pop. Because of their affiliation with Warner bros., and that Inhaler and Infra Red Riding Hood were released by such labels, it’s not too far-fetched to imagine that one of these days Sub Pop will release them all. But place yourself in their shoes: indeed we have an open dialogue on the subject; but I admit that my hopes and energies are mostly directed at Misericords now. Not that I deny or am no longer excited by TAD’s music, but because as an artist I am always more interested by my new material, that’s where I find myself being artistically now.

So back to the present. You told me you were working on a novel. Is it written?

I have 3 novels in the works. The first is a memoir about my experiences with the musical world, it’s the one I wrote in Paris initially, but I’m not happy with it and have restarted it from scratch. The second is the story of a charcacter who lives in a bit of an odd building... it’s a bordello where he discovers a portal allowing him access to a multiplicity of worlds. It’s also an exploration of drug abuse, it’s written in a very stark, sober, rather noir style and deals with several themes dear to me such as relationships, poverty, love, death and the alienaion which haunts us all. And the third is called “The tenanat” which treats of themes such as the impossibility we are in to know each other, the afterlife, greed, muder and treason.

We last heard you now have a new band. Who does what?



Bauhaus and others – they played a lot of interesting music – but I want to take it farther still vocally, I want to include the lyricism of a Leonard Cohen, a Tom Waits and even some Johnny Cash.

What about its name then? Somebody told me, but I didn't believe it because it's too big to swallow, that eventually the band would be called K.U.R.T., certainly a wink at TAD? (He who told me that will be punished if it's one of these crazy unfounded rumors...) What would the four letters stand for?

K.U.R.T? A wink, yes, no doubt (chuckles) *(NB : since then, of course, the name chosen is Misericords)*

You have become more or less a godfather figure to the French group Gerschwin & Fire. Can you tell us more?

Yes; they're a great band. Really good guys that, ironically I only met once back here. I discovered we had similar tastes and that was confirmed by their covers of TAD's (Jinx) and Joy Division's (She's Lost Control). They also have a great sense of humor, which is rarer and rarer these days, but that I find essential, because irony is a powerful and efficient tool and music must incorporate it to a certain extent.

Why do you waste your time taking stupid quizzes on Facebook?

I quit.

Will you come back to France one day? If so, I hope we can have a beer together!

Yes absolutely. We miss France and talk about our return a lot. I'm more at home there than here. So maybe some day in the not too distant future, with Misericords, and then to settle... Sure we'll have a drink!

Le Jeune Extrême, with many thanks to Siane for its help

www.myspace.com/misericordsrock

Guys, you american people, so lucky to have got Obama instead of this dirty asshole named Sarkozy, even if we have social security and that weapons are forbidden here, but you know we eat dirty cheese that's maybe we don't like good music, except for myself, because I love dirty cheese and I love TAD, and I tell you : Misericords are a great band, and you really need to listen to their songs on myspace, come on let's go, don't be surprised if it's not grunge music, because times has passed, and if you like angry despaired post-punk fueled with guitars, if you like Joy Division or maybe more Warsaw, then you will like Misericords. They strike you in the head, and they have to make a record and become great, and tour to France because I missed TAD at the time and as said Kurt, we have to share a drink and talk about the ol' good times.



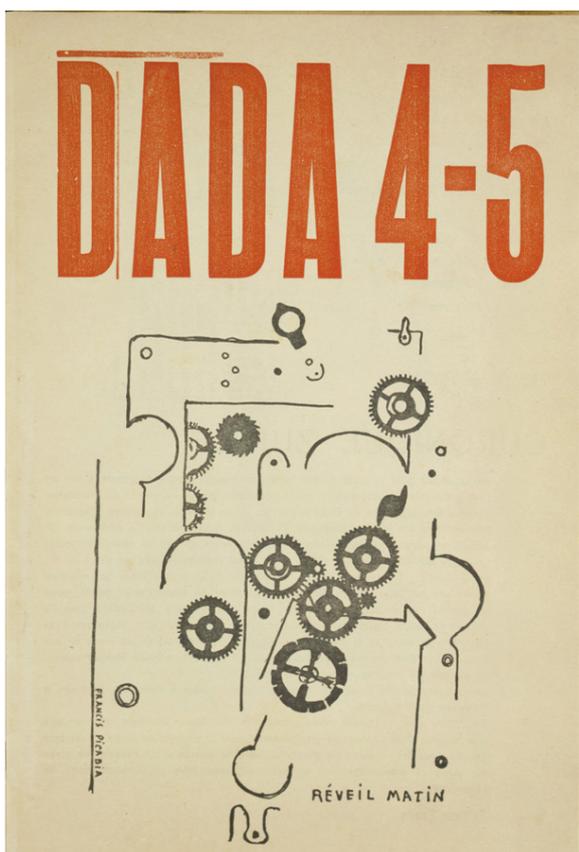
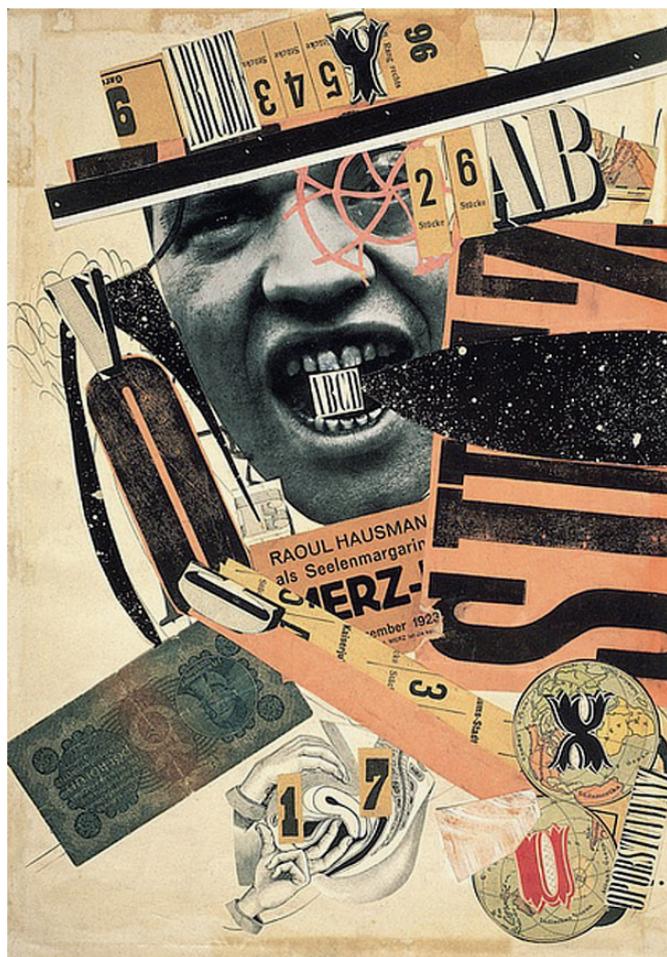
Make something useful of your life : burn a cop

ONCE UPON A TIME, A YOUNG BEAR WENT TO THE CITY. HE SAID HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME HORSES, BUT UNDER THE SUN TOO MANY CORPSES WERE SMELLING STRAWBERRIES. HE THEN CHOOSE TO DRAW THE HORSES WITH A RED PEN, ON A PIECE OF MEAT. HE CALLED THEM "DADA", A FRENCH NAME MEANING, IN THE MOUTH OF CHILDREN, "HORSE".

SO HERE IT IS. THE PPPZINE (A NAME YOU CAN TRANSLATE BY "POOR PRETTY PITY" ZINE) IS PROUD TO GIVE YOU A PSYCHIC REVERBERATION OF THE YOUNG BEAR'S FEELINGS. PLEASE NOTE THOSE IMAGES ARE FREE FROM ANY CORPORATE CAPITALISTS THOUGHTS. ALL THAT IS THERE IS BLOODY TRUE, BECAUSE REALITY HAS BEEN MADE WITH BLOOD. CHECK IT OUT AND SING.



PLEASE NOTE THOSE IMAGES ARE FREE FROM ANY CORPORATE CAPITALISTS THOUGHTS. ALL THAT IS THERE IS BLOODY TRUE, BECAUSE REALITY HAS BEEN MADE WITH BLOOD. CHECK IT OUT AND SING.



Circuit breaker

by Kurt Danielson



“We should keep our socks on,” she said, wiggling her feet, which were sticking out from under the rumpled bedclothes. I could barely see them in the dark. She was wearing her socks, which were thick and heavy around her delicate ankles, and nothing else.

“Okay,” I said, refraining from taking mine off, thinking how absurd it was and how I felt like a chump in a low-grade porn flick. It was extremely cold in her bedroom, as it was late winter, and I was in Detroit after all, and you had to do what you could to stay warm, especially since this apartment where I was sleeping with this girl had no heat, and it was about four in the morning, and a vicious wind was heaving against the rattling window panes beyond the foot of the bed.

I was in Detroit because TAD was in town opening for Alice in Chains, with whom we’d been doing a Midwest tour of a dozen cities or so. It was the final show, and the atmosphere surrounding it was one of celebration and climax: another tour come and gone, this one without cancellations. Everyone seemed intent on having a good time. Pranks were planned for the opening bands, and I’d lost my glasses after getting too drunk the night before, a mishap that occurred to me quite often in those days.

But by the time I’d climbed into bed with the most beautiful Native American girl I’d ever seen, the show had been over for several hours, and a lot of other things had happened since our arrival at the venue, a large theater downtown with a warren of backstage rooms and crisscrossing corridors and a labyrinth of catering areas.

First, we did the perfunctory sound-check, and subsequently I wandered into the back stage area. Arranged on long tables was the usual spread of cold cuts and cheese and sandwich bread, sliced fruit, a salad plate, and plastic tubs filled with iced beer. Unopened bottles of liquor stood lined on the table next to stacks of plastic cups. There was a bowl of green apples that later would become missiles aimed at the walls, the television that sat dormant on a chair, and the mirrors that lined the room on one side. Despite the cold that pervaded the bare walls where the pipes and wiring were expo-

sed, the cold cuts had an overly ripe, iridescent sheen, and the cheese slices were blistered with moisture, as if sweating.

Somebody lit a joint, more probably several joints, and our road manager finally appeared in the cloud of sweet-smelling smoke to introduce a couple of girls he knew from being in Detroit on previous tours with other bands. They were strippers, he said, and one of them in particular caught my eye, even if I wasn’t wearing my glasses.

She was shy, and she hung back, chatting in a whisper with her friend, who was loud and boisterous, laughing and exchanging jokes with our road manager, who clearly had designs on the loud one, though she was the least attractive of the two. That was fine with me, for I preferred the quiet girl in any case, but even if I did, it didn’t matter: I didn’t seriously believe I would get to know her, and besides, I was tired and therefore officially disinterested, there were plenty of other guys hanging around, any one of them an able competitor, and these backstage flirtations never amounted to anything anyhow. There wasn’t time, but I was bored enough to enjoy watching the shy girl. It hadn’t been a long tour, yet I was tired, and as I got stoned and drank beer after beer, she distracted me from that gnawing sense of loneliness that felt so much like boredom.

I only wanted to kill some time. And that shy girl seemed like as good a killer as any. Her eyes were black as was her long straight hair, which was glossy like the wing of a crow in the rain. It was very cold that afternoon, and outside an icy late winter wind was blowing through leprosy-gray streets where remnants of snow and ice still clung to the sidewalks and the asphalt. Inside, it was cold enough for your breath to be visible; the decrepit space-heater plugged into the wall was too weak to warm the large, high-ceilinged backstage room, and the shy dark haired girl must have been freezing, for she was only wearing a thin black leather jacket over a t-shirt cut short, revealing a flat belly and a navel pierced with a silver ring. She was holding her arms tightly around herself, as if trying to keep warm, and it seemed to me that I could detect a slight stiffness in her posture, as if she might be shivering. She was ve-

ry thin; her legs encased in tight jeans, and moved with the coiled grace of a feline, her gestures speaking of tension held in reserve. I took another drag off the joint, watching her; and, although I was wearing a sweater and a thick corduroy coat, I too felt the cold invading my body, either out of sympathy for the girl or because I really was cold. It was hard to tell.

And I was bored, deadly bored with the tedium of identical hotel rooms and venues and restaurants, the unremitting monotony of the open highway, the sustained all-night drives, and the repetition of back-to-back shows, night after night, the incessant succession of cities, each like the last, the easy camaraderie with my fellow band mates that devolved into bickering as the stresses and frustrations of touring built up and overwhelmed civility, the endless joints and beers and vodkas to help us relax when we were wired, the merry-go-round of acid and cocaine and speed and painkillers that some of us resorted to when exhaustion bore down on us, and the loneliness of a solitary bed, with no one to share it, that faced me at the end of each night, leaving me feeling empty and weary and deadened, like someone under a tide of anesthetic stretched on an operating table. The loneliness led to emptiness, which aggravated the boredom, and, in turn, the boredom felt like loneliness. It was a cycle, and I wanted to break the cycle.

I opened another beer and lit a cigarette. My gaze moved to her face. I noted that the symmetry of her eyebrows and mouth was duplicated in curved hips, sharp elbows held akimbo, and small breasts. Everything about her body was beautifully proportioned; nothing disturbed the feral elegance of a perfectly designed figure. Trying to kill the boredom I felt welling up in me, I watched her, trying not to be noticeably attentive, in a vain attempt to add everything up so that so that I might explain, to myself, what interested me so much about her. Nothing could, because it wasn't her that fascinated me so much as the fact that she seemed to fill a vacuum that the boredom and loneliness had created in me. Her long legs, the spring-loaded repose of her lithe body, her bare neck when she brushed her hair aside, the faint whispery tone of her voice, what did it all mean? I wasn't sure, but later it seemed that somehow she and her gestures resonated with the void inside me; she filled it, though I still can't say how. Her skin was smooth and brown, and much later that night I learned that she was a Native American. She had slender hands with long fingers that nervously smoothed back her hair and dug into a leather purse for Marlboro reds that she smoked pensively, blowing smoke that obscured bright and watchful eyes that glinted, reflecting the overhead lights, and when she moved, the silver bracelets on her wrists glittered.

As the afternoon wore on, I got quite drunk, of course, and after we ate dinner, there was the gig itself. She was always there, floating through the background, though it wasn't until later, long after I got offstage, that I had an opportunity to speak with her.

I drank several vodkas, trying unsuccessfully to wind down from the show. And then I watched Alice in Chains play their set. Finally I met a crowd of Detroit people who invited me to go out and explore the town. I left the theater with them, and soon I was riding in the back of someone's van, where I noticed with pleasure that she was also a passenger, and suddenly we were on our way to an afterhours bar called the Red Door, where not only was there rumored to be beer but also nitrous oxide. This turned out to be true, as so much else proved false, but I didn't know that then, and so as we rode through the nocturnal streets lit by streetlights and a cold moon that was sliding rapidly down the black sky like a greased coin down a visqueen curtain, I glimpsed her vivid profile over the seat in front of me, briefly illuminated by splashes of watery yellow light that came in through the van's side windows, and an unknown sense of anticipation replaced the emptiness that had been filling me like a tumor, and I accepted a vial of cocaine from another girl seated next to me and also some pills.

After we got inside The Red Door, I found myself alone in a room crowded with people I didn't know. The dark-haired girl had disappeared. I stood in line to buy a red balloon full of nitrous oxide. A young kid stood behind a tall metal tube that resembled a scuba diver's oxygen tank. I handed him a five-dollar bill, and he deftly inflated a red balloon, tied it off, and handed it to me, accepting the money in exchange. I wandered over to the nearest wall, where I stood, inhaling the gas and feeling incredibly light-headed. People were collapsing to the floor all around me.

And then, after I watched a guy who'd been standing right next to me crumple down to the floor, leaving an empty space in the crush of people staggering around me, I saw the dark-haired girl canted against the wall, alone, a limp balloon in her hand. She was unsteady on her feet. I knelt down to see if the guy who'd just passed out needed any help, but he seemed okay, so I walked over to her.

"How are you?"

"Dizzy."

"It's this nitrous. You like it?"

"No."

Despite her response she snatched my balloon, which was still almost full, and took a big hit, breathing it in deeply. After a moment, during which she gazed at me with eyes that seemed to drain themselves of light as I watched, she collapsed against the wall, which was made of plywood and very flimsy. It gave under her weight and I saw that it was composed of two pieces of plywood that hadn't been properly nailed together. As she fell, I tried to catch her, but in her stupor she was heavier than I expected, and before I could brace myself in order to support her, she slipped between the two pieces of plywood as they caved in, and she fell heavily, completely inert, to the floor behind where the wall had stood a moment before. The pieces of plywood that had made up the wall had flopped over with her, and now they partially covered her motionless body. She was moaning. As I disentangled her from the plywood boards, her feet automatically scrabbling among the debris, I saw that one of her hands was bleeding from where she'd torn it against a ragged edge of plywood. When I had her standing again, still wobbly, she raised her hand to her eyes and peered at it, apparently fascinated as she watched the drops of dark red blood, like globules of nail polish, as they crawled down her fingers and dripped, one by one, from her rings and her fingertips.

"Jesus," I said, "Let's get that hand bandaged up. I'll take you home, but first we should get it taken care of."

We found a bathroom in the back somewhere, and she went in and got some toilet paper to bind up her hand, but by the time she came back out, the blood was already soaking through the makeshift bandage. She seemed very dizzy still, and I guided her out of the Red Door on my arm, her body leaning against me as we walked.

"Where do you live? Let's find a taxi."

"Not far. Let's walk."

She was shivering, walking unsteadily, so I hailed a taxi—we were lucky that one came by, for the street was all but deserted by that hour—and I was relieved when it pulled over to the curb to pick us up. She gave the driver her address, and he pulled up at an old clapboard apartment building a few moments later. I paid and we got out.

Her apartment was tiny. She shared it with the loud stripper, who wouldn't be back that night, so we had the place to ourselves. There was only the bedroom, a tiny kitchen, and the bathroom; the front door opened into the bedroom, and we sat on the disheveled bed. She wanted to have a drink right away, but I insisted on taking care of her hand first, and it wasn't difficult, for when she glanced at it, she saw that the toilet paper was by

now completely saturated with blood, and I could see that the sight nearly made her sick.

When I remarked that there was only one bed, she explained that she and her roommate shared it. It was her preference, she said, especially during winter, because that way they could stay warm.

Our breath made frayed plumes in front of our faces as I helped her rinse her hand in cold water in the bathroom sink, and when I reached down to apply some antiseptic, I heard her breath catch in her throat like a fish choking on a hook. She abruptly clutched at my hand with both of hers, holding it as if to get a better look. She stared at it wide-eyed, incredulous, her mouth slightly open. To my mounting surprise she dropped it with disgust, as if she'd read an ill fortune there, and, swiveling towards me, she savagely punched me in the shoulder with the fist of her good hand. She'd seen, apparently for the first time, the gold band I wore on my left ring finger.

I stared at her, saying nothing.

The repressed tension and feral energy that were intrinsically contained in her body language and that had fused together to fuel the punch to my shoulder, expressed themselves now in her voice, giving it a razor's edge, as she demanded, accusingly, "You didn't think I'd notice? You intended to cheat?" She bit off that final word with a sharpness that cracked in the cold air like ice.

I hadn't intended on anything, but there I was, and it must've looked bad from her point of view.

Finally, I conceded, "I'll go, if it upsets you that much."

She didn't react, so I started for the door, but before I reached it, I felt her hand on my arm. Resigned, I turned to face her.

"You're married?" she demanded, most of the venom and ferocity dissipated by the violence of her initial indictment.

I let that one go, ignoring the favorable alteration in her tone, and, turning once again towards the door, reached for the doorknob. I started to open it.

Her hand was still holding my arm, and her grip tightened. Not letting go of the doorknob, I faced her again. She gazed intently into my eyes, her eyes holding a challenge.

"Do you think it's right to cheat on your wife?" Then, obeying a sudden emotional shift within herself, she dropped her eyes. "Not that I care."

I sighed. "Why do you ask if you don't care?" I shut the door, but my hand stayed on the knob.

Keeping her eyes down, she explained in a small voice, "Because if we ever got together, I wouldn't be able to trust you."

If I'd known then what was going to happen later, then I might have realized that I couldn't trust her either, but I didn't know that then, so I said, "Oh."

I dropped my hand from the door, and she held me with both her arms. I felt lousy. She'd disappointed me. I was trying to escape consequences, and here, where I was finding refuge in distraction, I was finding consequences after all. I felt like I couldn't escape, and it depressed me.

"Come on," she said, stroking my shoulder. "I'm sorry. It's really none of my business."

She led me to the bed, where she sat down and opened her purse, which was still hanging on her arm. She took out a vial of cocaine.

"Here, let's do some lines. There's booze in the kitchen. Make us some drinks. Please?"

I walked out of the bedroom and into the microscopic kitchen, where I found a bottle of scotch, ice, and soda. I had to rinse some glasses, and then I came back into the bedroom with the drinks.

She had a mirror on her lap and several lines already chopped out. After we did two apiece, we sat and sipped the drinks, and I began to feel better. I set our drinks aside and I kissed her. It was a long kiss. She put the mirror away, got up, switched off the light, and undressed quickly and leaped under the covers, trying to shield herself from the cold, but it was no good; the bed was freezing too. I got rid of my clothes as quickly as I could and got into bed with her, and we embraced under the covers in order to establish some warmth. I kissed her again, and soon we started to get really warm. It was then that she insisted that we keep our socks on, because of the cold. It seemed a reasonable measure at the time.

Later, as I smoked a cigarette, glancing once again at the window that was heaving against the wind in its frame, wondering if the old, warped glass could hold up much longer against the thrusts the wind made repeatedly against it, the apartment's front door, which wasn't far from the window, banged open, letting in a draft of even colder air.

To my horror, a shadowy figure was standing there, ve-

ry threatening and blacker than the night that it stood against in the rectangle outlined by the doorframe.

Clutching the bedclothes to her chest, the girl screamed. I slipped out of the bed, glad of the socks, and that's when it hit me that they were the only things I had on. There's nothing more ridiculous than a naked man in socks, and I fleetingly wished I were completely naked instead.

The shadowy figure advanced a foot into the apartment, saying nothing, throwing out a hand that fumbled for the light switch. That black on gray silhouette of an arm stretched out against the night remains etched on my memory. I reached down to gather my clothes off the floor, but before I could put them on, electric light flooded the room, and I looked up to see a very big man with a crew cut dressed in a red and black tracksuit and built like a weightlifter coming towards me, his arms hanging ready at his sides.

"Get the hell out of here Charlie!" she screamed from the bed. "You ain't got no business in here, you god-damned fairy!"

Charlie only looked at her, his eyes tiny like a pig's. He certainly didn't look like a fairy. I was standing there, holding my clothes in front of myself, naked, freezing, very drunk.

He swung at my face, and then I was on the floor, my arms sprawled out, my clothes flung away. I remember how cold the linoleum felt against my naked shoulder blades. Before I could react, strong arms picked me up. I was hit again, and this time, because I'd dropped my clothes, I tried to hit back, but my assailant was much bigger than me and I was too drunk. He hit me a third time, his arm pile-driving straight into my face, and the room disappeared as my neck snapped back and my legs gave under me.

When I woke up sometime later, the bed was empty, the apartment was vacant, the open door was fidgeting on its hinges in the dying wind, and, still quite drunk and naked except for my socks, I gathered my scattered clothes together and got sullenly dressed, shivering and numb, my eye swollen shut, a large knot growing on my forehead.

As it was nearly dawn, no cabs were running. I had no choice but to walk back to the hotel in the winter half-dark that was turning indigo, like a bruise, as dawn appeared, a vast, sky-wide headache. My eye throbbed in the cold. I felt emptier than ever.

It was a long walk.

So this is the end for good.
Adios, you punks.



Jeune Extrême trying to find a final solution to all its problems.

All PPPzine are here, at pppzine.free.fr, check them out, some interviews are in english just for you. But you should read all that is in french too, it could be useful for you if there is a third world war and if we win.