

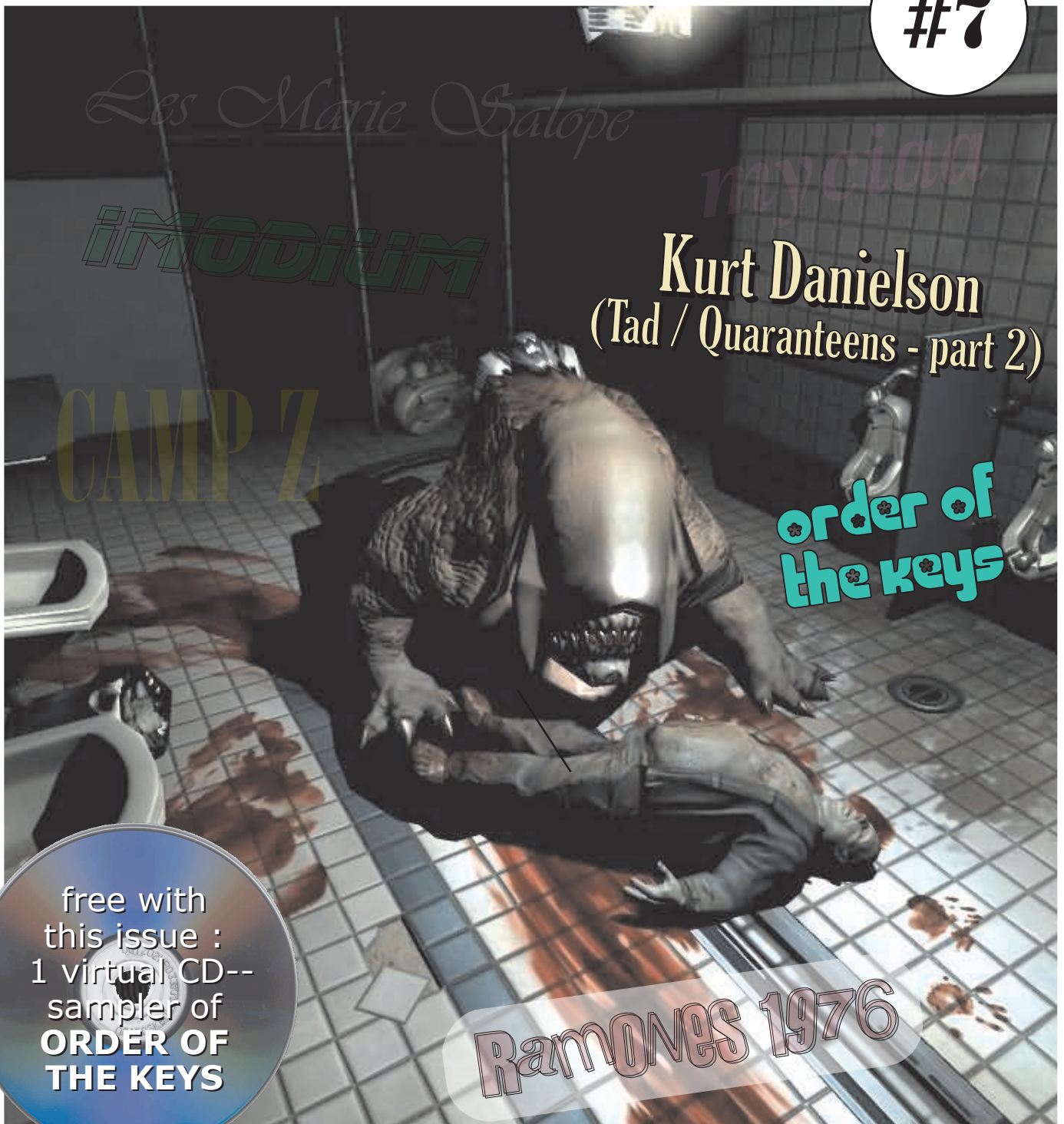
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# PUNK

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#7



*Les Marie Salope*

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**Kurt Danielson**  
(*Tad / Quaranteens - part 2*)

**CAMP Z**

**order of the keys**

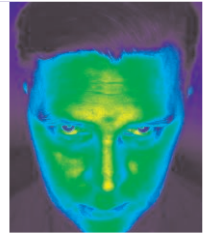
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# Kurt Danielson

(Part 2 : from Tad to the Quaranteens)



Dear english readers : please forgive my bad english. But I promise that all the interview that follows is written in a perfect english, because Mr Kurt Danielson is very fluent in this language, believe me. So this is the following of the first part, issued with number 6 of the PPPzine. Kurt Danielson was the bass player of the now cult band TAD, the exact visual/glamorous/sexy opposite of a certain band named Nirvana. A lot of talent, a lot of bad chances, and a page into the history of the so-called grunge scene. Mr Kurt Danielson explains it all to us, poor rock fans.

## TAD Tour Anecdotes

During over ten years of sustained touring, we in TAD experienced many odd, dangerous, and fascinating events, many exceeding in strangeness the shows we played and the places and people we visited and met along the way—and heaven knows they were plenty strange in themselves.

For example, during TAD's first Euro tour, which we undertook with Nirvana (both bands occupied the same small Fiat van during this tour, and we traded off headlining every other night: it was a double-headlining bill) at the very beginning of both bands' careers, we entered East Germany on the very day the Wall went down. We didn't have time to actually visit the wall as it disintegrated, but, as we crossed the border into East Germany, we were met with a line of East German cars 40 kilometers long that was passing, very slowly, over the border in the opposite direction into West Germany. We witnessed the West Germans greeting the East Germans with baskets of fruit and bottles of champagne. We witnessed histo-

ry in the making, and that night we played in West Berlin to a packed house: it was surreal as hell.

On another occasion, a year or two later, after Rey Washam (of Scratch Acid, Big Boys, and Ministry fame) joined the band (replacing Steve Wied, the original TAD drummer when the latter quit the band after the recording of our landmark album 8-Way Santa), we played a show in Belfast, Ireland. A young band called Therapy opened for us that night. After the show, we retired to our hotel, which was the Hotel Europa, a much nicer hotel than those we were used to staying at in Europe, which were usually small establishments run by families where we had to share bathrooms with other guests. The Hotel Europa, on the other hand, was a large business class hotel: it rose high into the gray skies of Belfast, like a skyscraper. We were impressed. When we first arrived in the grandiose Hotel Europa lobby, in fact, we were suspicious: why had we been booked into such a nice hotel? Was it a mistake of some kind? We were confused, even a little paranoid, but everything seemed to be in order, so we decided it was some kind of bonus: possibly, we reasoned, we had risen in the world's estimation, and, just maybe, we figured, we actually deserved such nice accommodations. We proceeded to get very, very drunk once we returned from the show that night, and we stayed up until past four a.m. drinking straight vodka in the hotel bar along with tourists and business travelers from all over the world. I myself fell into bed at some time after 5 in the morning, completely blacked out from drink. At about 8 a.m. I awoke with an odd feeling. I looked and saw that Gary's bed—I was sharing a room with our guitarist Gary Thorstensen—was already empty. Curious as to why he was already up, I got up and looked around. There was no sign of him. I checked the room's door and looked out into the hallway, where I saw an old man with a very red face running towards me yelling "Run for your life, laddie; there's been a bomb!"

"A bomb," I said to myself, "but I didn't hear any bomb!" I closed the door and sat down on the edge of my bed: was the old man out of his mind? I realized then that I'd been blacked out, and anything could have happened during my blackout, even an explosion. So I rang the front desk to investigate. Strangely, no one answered, and my heart sank: an eerie feeling invaded my consciousness, and I felt



suddenly cold and hollow and fear filled me like blood rising in a syringe. I decided that further investigation was necessary. Without thinking, I impulsively left the hotel room, forgetting to put on my boots or to take a coat, and I rode the elevator down to the lobby. When the doors opened, I was immediately met by a bristling metallic bush of black automatic rifle barrels, the red laser sites of which were pointed at my head and chest: kill points, I realized with adrenalin rising in me just as fear had earlier. British soldiers in full battle regalia were holding the rifles, and they collectively motioned for me to exit the elevator, which I did: I had little choice. As one of them patted me down, apparently searching for weapons, another soldier said, "Who are you and why are you here?" I told him. He answered, apparently believing me, "You must exit the building now, immediately." I protested feebly, "But I need to go back upstairs to get my boots and my coat!" He said, his eyes grim and mechanical, "That's not possible; this building's being evacuated. There's been a bomb. Exit the front door immediately!" In a daze, I did just that, my bare feet walking on the wet concrete of the plaza outside and cold rain falling in sheets on my exposed arms and face. It didn't take long before I found Gary and the rest of my fellow band members. It turned out that they had actually heard the explosion and had gone out to investigate, only to be forcibly evacuated, as I myself had been. Tad later told me that the detonation sounded like a metal dumpster striking the pavement after being dropped off the roof of a ten story building. "How had I slept through that?" I wondered. But I knew: it was the blackout from all that straight vodka that I'd drunk the night before. Later, we discovered that the IRA had planted the bomb in the 11th floor suite of an IBM executive. Apparently, or so we were told, the detonator malfunctioned, resulting in a very loud explosion but not much damage: no one had been hurt or injured. Allegedly, this was a common ploy of the IRA, a sort of warning to the capitalist pigs that financed the doings of the British Army. Why had the IRA chosen the Hotel Europa, we wondered? We were told that it was the "most-bombed hotel in northern Europe" and a logical target for the IRA because many corporate executives stayed there when visiting Belfast on business trips. At least the mystery as to why we'd been booked into such a nice hotel had been solved: because The Hotel Europa had been bombed so often, its rates were relatively cheap, cheap enough even for a relatively unknown rock band. What a bonus!

On another occasion, a couple years later, long after Josh Sinder had become the TAD drummer and during the double headlining tour featuring TAD and Clutch, which was to promote the recently recorded TAD CD entitled "Infra Red Riding Hood" (for Elektra/East-West, the same label that had just released Clutch's new record), we played a packed club in Philadelphia PA called the Middle East during a heat wave (canicule) in August. That night, TAD was slated to play first (Clutch and TAD traded off headlining just as TAD and Nirvana had years before during that initial Euro tour during which we entered East Germany on the day the wall went down). As I say, the club was very crowded; it was filled with all kinds of people, and it was very hot; there was almost no air to breathe. It was one of the first nights I had tried heroin, because I was coming off an addiction to Xanax. There were quite a few dealers and junkies in the crowd. Even so, it star-



ted off just like any other show in a packed small club. One of the peculiar things about the club was that it had a backstage area that was located in a balcony above the stage, so that when TAD was playing, the guys in Clutch were standing on a balcony 15 or 20 feet above the stage drinking beers and smoking pot. They had an excellent view of the crowd from up there, and later, I would be very thankful that this was so.

At some point during our set, I noticed, along with Tad and Josh, that the crowd seemed to have been infected at some point by skinheads of the ultra-violent fascist/racist variety. We could see them starting fights like small fires in different corners of the room, and the longer we played the more the violence spread, and the more vicious and reckless the skinheads became. At one point, interested in seeing if I could manipulate the crowd, I spoke into my microphone, saying that TAD did not like racists in general and skinheads in particular and that Nazis were NOT welcome at our shows. However, I noted, we were not prejudiced ourselves and therefore we would tolerate their presence as long as they chilled out and refrained from starting any more fights. I ended my speech by saying that although political freedom and freedom of speech were cornerstones of the American way of life, I myself personally detested Nazis, even if they had a right to exist like anybody else.

The Nazis in the crowd didn't like my speech. Instead of intimidating them, as I had intended, it had only inflamed their hostility, and before I knew it, more and more Nazis appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, and they continued brutally attacking more and more innocent and defenseless people in the crowd as the show went on. Realizing I had made a tactical error with my first speech, I made another, telling the Nazis to stop or we would have them forcibly removed from the premises. After making this speech, I turned to my amp to turn up the volume. When I turned back to face the crowd, I found that I was facing a very tall and muscular punk dressed in full skinhead regalia: steel-toed boots, black leather jacket sporting Anarchy symbols, shaved head, chains, tattoos, tight jeans rolled up at the bottoms above the boots. He must have been two meters tall, his height augmented by the thick soles of his boots, and he was too close to me for me to swing my bass at him, which was the only way I could realistically defend myself from such a tall and savage opponent. I was trapped, and I was certain that I was in for the beating of my life. Much to my relief, however, the guys in Clutch, who were



stationed in the balcony above my head, had seen the giant Nazi approaching me when my back had been turned, and Jean-Paul Gastier, the Clutch drummer, didn't hesitate to take the matter into his own hands. Just as I was standing there, paralyzed and numb, certain that I was doomed, Jean-Paul dropped an ice-cold 16-ounce bottle of Budweiser from the balcony high above me; Jean-Paul had timed and aimed the drop perfectly, and I watched as it struck the Nazi on the crown of his bald head, knocking him off balance enough so that I could whack him with my bass. As soon as he went down, more skinheads swarmed onto the stage, and the crowd exploded into a full-scale riot. I watched in horror as Nazis ganged up on young blacks, and I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw one particularly ferocious skinhead using his elbows like chicken wings, which he used to whack a man—in this case, the house soundman—in the eye sockets (later, we would learn that this man would lose an eye that night, just because some skinheads decided to incite a fucking riot at one of our shows! It was the most nauseating news I ever heard after a TAD show).

Feeling oddly detached, probably due to a combination of the heroin and adrenalin coursing through my system—not to mention the fear that made me think in a cold and calculated fashion—I struck another bald and heavily tattooed skinhead who was about to attack me; I heard the sickening sound of the heavy wood of my bass as it impacted his cranial bone, and, because my bass was plugged into the amplifier and because the amplifier was plugged into the PA system, this sound reverberated in waves throughout the small sweaty room: it was the sound of wood crunching into cranial bone, the music of a concussion, and it sickened me to hear it, knowing I'd swung my bass with all the strength I had.

### LEAVING SUB POP/MAJOR LABELS

Looking back, both Tad and I wish we could have remained on Sub Pop. If we had known what would soon happen—that Nirvana's success would financially revitalize the label—we

never would have left. But, at the time we moved on to the majors, Sub Pop was suffering from severe financial difficulties. It was an extremely difficult situation for all the parties concerned, because we were all close friends, and we loved Sub Pop: they had given us our first break in the business, and we didn't necessarily want to leave the realm of the independent labels. In fact, we were very wary of major labels. But at that time, when Sub Pop seemed to be on the verge of bankruptcy—and Nirvana's massive success was still almost a year in the future—we felt we had no choice but to look for other options, and the fact is, we had plenty: several major labels were knocking on our door, so to speak, and the one knocking the loudest was BMG, one of the biggest labels in the world at the time. Sub Pop's financial difficulties were putting a strain on our friendships with the label people (Jonathan Poneman and Bruce Pavitt in particular, both of whom were old personal friends from the days before Sub Pop or TAD ever existed). In addition to this, both TAD and Sub Pop were embroiled in legal difficulties related to the cover of 8-Way Santa, not to mention another lawsuit related to the single "Jack Pepsi." These legal problems, although they were no one's fault, really complicated matters. We felt that our relationship with Sub Pop was a hopeless tangle of financial and legal difficulties. And on top of this, we had our friendships to protect. Moving to a major label simply seemed to be the best option at the time, because it would mean liberation from both the financial and the legal problems; and we hoped, at the same time, that it would help us protect our friendships with Jonathan and Bruce.

Later, when Nirvana's huge success financially rejuvenated Sub Pop's fortunes, we were already signed to BMG/RCA. Little did we know that, once *Inhaler* was recorded, BMG would drop *Mechanic*, the subsidiary to which we had signed. Luckily, Giant soon picked up *Mechanic*, and so eventually Giant released *Inhaler*, and we toured to support it, first with a US tour w/ Therapy, who opened for us, and then with two tours (one in Europe, and another in the US) during which we opened for Soundgarden; we also did a US tour

opening for Alice in Chains during this time.

As it turned out, however, our relationship with the majors was doomed. During our Euro tour with Soundgarden, Giant dropped us without warning or explanation. Later, after Gary left the band, we signed to Elektra/East-West, and then, during the aforementioned tour w/ Clutch, that label also dropped us, again without warning or explanation. It was a time of endless frustration and difficulty. Finally, after we'd been dropped from Elektra/East-West, Josh decided to quit. Tad and I weren't surprised, because when 3 major labels in a row drop you (BMG/RCA, Giant, and then Elektra/East-West; btw, no one ever explained just why we'd been dropped on any of these occasions), it can be very depressing and debilitating, both mentally and physically.

Despite the depression and frustration, Tad and I continued. Mike Mongrain joined us on drums, and with him we recorded our final record (tentatively called "The Final Recordings," which will finally be released in 2008 in tandem with the release of the TAD DVD. At this time, Flotation Records of Seattle is slated to release this last recording (with MVD, the DVD's distributor, doing global distribution), which we did in 3 sessions in 1996-1998. It consists of 15 songs, and both Tad and I feel that it's the most brutal and the most beautiful record we've ever done.

### THE TAD BREAKUP

After you've been through as many frustrations as Tad and I endured during our 11 or 12-year existence, you inevitably get burned out. Our situation was also complicated by heavy hard drug use. I can only speak for myself, but I know for a fact that my addictions (and I was addicted to Klonopin, heroin, and crystal methamphetamine, among other drugs) definitely contributed to the final disintegration of the band; they also contributed to the destruction of my first marriage. Suddenly, I found myself all alone: no band, no wife, no career, no job; the only things I had left were my addictions. I entered detox after TAD broke up, and I've spent the last ten years rebuilding my life.

### THE QUARANTEENS

The QUARANTEENS (the name is a pun in English on the word "quarantine," which can be both a verb and a noun; I spell it 'Quaranteen' so that it also suggests "teenager"; the fact that "quarant" means "forty" in French is just a happy accident. To me, the name means: isolated youth—or something like that; it also suggests disease and how certain diseases, like astronauts upon their return from space, must be quarantined behind a 'cordon sanitaire').

Both Tad and I have always been heavily



ly influenced by Post-Punk music. We always wanted to explore using keyboards, triggers, and samples, and we always wanted to experiment with electronic music. Unfortunately, we never got the chance.

After TAD broke up, my friend Craig Paul and I decided to get together and record some music that involved these elements. I had always contributed to the lyrics of TAD (I probably wrote about 40 % of the TAD lyrics), and so after TAD broke up, I continued writing. I had also always done the backup vocals for TAD (as well as some

lead vocals), and I wanted to try singing lead vocals, but this time I wanted to explore a different style: I wanted to sing or croon more than just scream. So, in the QUARANTEENS, I had a chance to sing my own lyrics as a lead singer, and it was also an opportunity to explore both my Post-Punk and electronic influences while also experimenting with both. I think probably that quite a few TAD fans are surprised when they hear the QUARANTEENS for the first time, but for me, it's a completely natural progression. At the same time, the QUARANTEENS naturally sounds very different from TAD

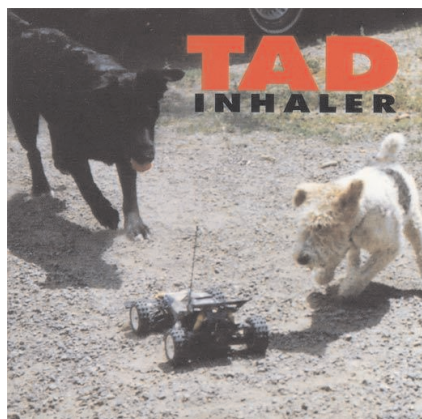
because when Tad and I write and perform together, we create a completely different sound than you get when I write with someone else. The QUARANTEENS' songs, the writing and the recording of them, were very therapeutic for me as I went through the long years of recovery from drug addiction. Most of the songs were written with the awareness that I'm very lucky to be alive. And I believe I'm alive for a reason, and that reason is to share my experiences. Not many people get a second chance after being an addict, and so I want to make the most of my survival by showing others what it's like.



Also, in both the QUARANTEENS and TAD, there is a certain amount of theater or artifice involved. In other words, I believe that when people step on stage to perform, they are stepping into the same space that an actor occupies; it is acting, to a degree. Therefore, the lumberjack shirts and the long hair are just as valid in terms of masks as short hair and silk shirts: I am both of those people, and more—just like anyone else, I contain a multiplicity of selves, and these correspond to the multiplicity of possible worlds. We each occupy our own private world besides that which constitutes consensus reality. The QUARANTEENS explores one such possible world, just as it expresses one of my many possible selves.

### AFTER TAD

To me, there is no 'after TAD,' because TAD's music will live on forever. Not only that, as I point out above, but we have a new album coming out in 2008, and there's always the chance that Tad and I will get back together and write and record and perform again. When I look back at the TAD years, I see an unfinished story, one that I would like to continue. It's true that I am writing a no-





# TAD

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ced everything for it, so we definitely intend to get it back out there, to resurrect it, to make sure not only our old fans can enjoy it, but also new fans. TAD, in this sense, is definitely a work in progress.

I guarantee that you'll be hearing from us in the near future: first there will be the DVD, then the CD, and then, who knows? At the very least, as I say, we will be working on getting our entire back catalog re-released. We'll be talking to lots of different labels about that. And then there's always the chance that Tad and I may decide to work together on something completely new, something totally different from any of our side projects (like Tad's THE BROTHERS OF THE SONIC CLOTH or my THE QUARANTEENS). I can't speak for Tad at this point, but I know that the future, in many ways, is wide open.

In fact, Fred, as you suggest, the history of music is cyclical: what goes around comes around, as we say in English. This is because time is round: a circle. And it's also because of this: what was old will be new again. Just as Post-Punk is seeing a revival right now, I think it's a very real possibility that the music that is called Grunge may also see a renaissance. In fact, I'm willing to bet on it, because we ourselves will continue to make music, and I do believe it's possible that Tad and I may get together to make music again. If we do, we won't be able to escape the 'grunge' label, no matter how hard we try, so we won't

vel—as I say, I have always been a writer; but I have not only written lyrics: I've always written short stories and novels in my spare time—and this is the first novel I am approaching from a serious perspective; that is, it's the first novel I intend to try to publish. In fact, I definitely intend to publish it. I'm working on the second draft right now. Like many writers' first novels, it contains many autobiographical elements, but it is not in any way autobiographical. It's about a character who is trying to escape from himself, from the world he has unconsciously created for himself, which is an underworld of sorts. It takes place in both France and the states.

I've recently moved back to the states, you know Fred, and although I love Paris and France, I love being back here, too. One of the main reasons why it's important for me to be back here is so that I can reconnect with my best friend, who is Tad. We're not only working on the upcoming releases of the DVD and the new CD but also on getting all of our old material, which in many cases has gone out of print, re-issued. As soon as the DVD and the new CD come out, we'll be investigating our options to see what can be done about making ALL of our music available again. We've devoted our lives to this music, and in many ways we've sacrifici-



even try. We'll just accept it and let it be and do what we do. If people call it 'grunge,' so be it. I'm not worried about that. The main thing is that both Tad and I live to create, whether it's music or some other art form (in my case, literature, for example). The fact is, I think we're both realizing that one of our true and best gifts comes when we work on music TOGETHER. We both feel that our music will outlive us, and that's because we respect the power and autonomy of the song. Finally, we recognize the beauty of the bond between the song and the listener, i.e., our fans. Without our fans, our songs wouldn't exist. Our songs need our fans, and vice versa: they constitute a symbiosis. I think we'd both like to see and hear and feel the bond between our songs and our fans continue to grow while we are still alive to make it happen—not to mention that it would be nice to still be alive to enjoy seeing it live on, connecting with our fans all over the world. This is the function of the song, and I bow down to the song: it is our master. We serve the song, and the song, for TAD, will never end.

Thanks, Fred! (*You're welcome, Kurt !*)

*Kurt Danielson, December 16th, 2007*



# HUGE CHARLES DE GOAL CONTEST

This is a huge contest for all the french punks, but I let this in this english version, for you, american people, because you're like us, event if you have elected George W. Bush : you like to have fun sometimes. So take example on our best group, named Charles De Goal (I suggest you buy their last CD, it's a cult band here, they were the french Wire in 1980), and take yourself on a picture.

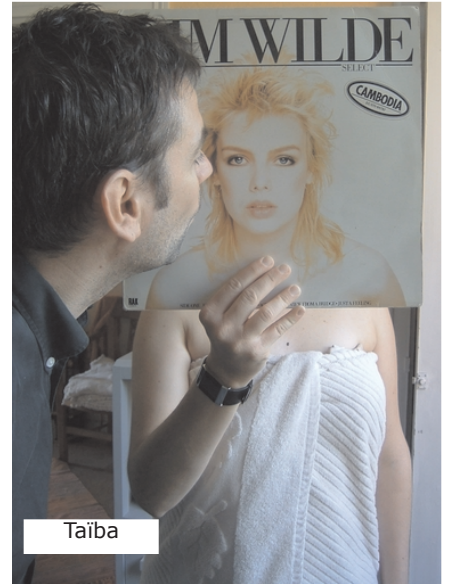
[myspace.com/concourscharlesdegoal](http://myspace.com/concourscharlesdegoal)



Je ne suis pas fétichiste



La jeunette extrême



Taïba



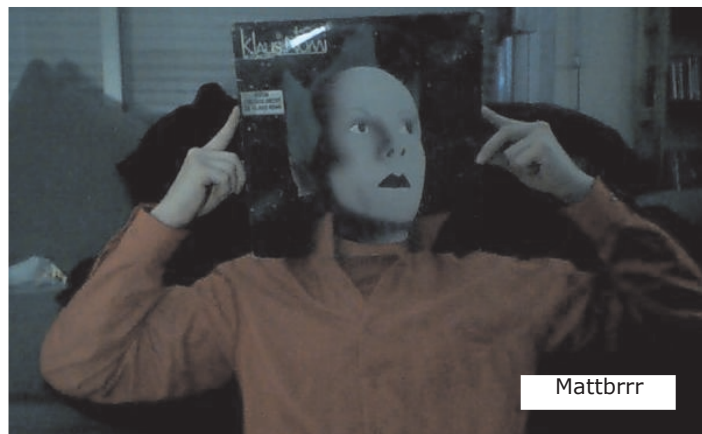
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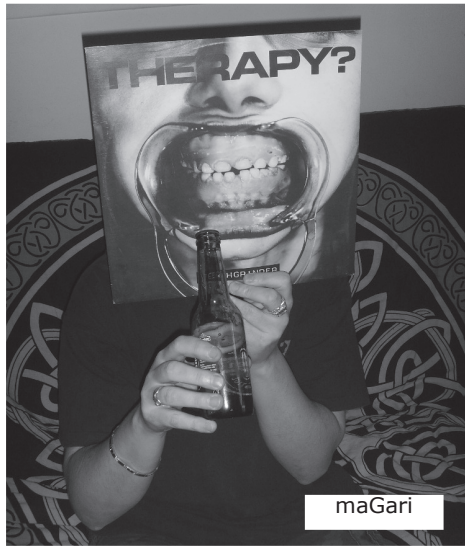
Metropact et Le Jeune Extrême



Metropact



Mattbrrr



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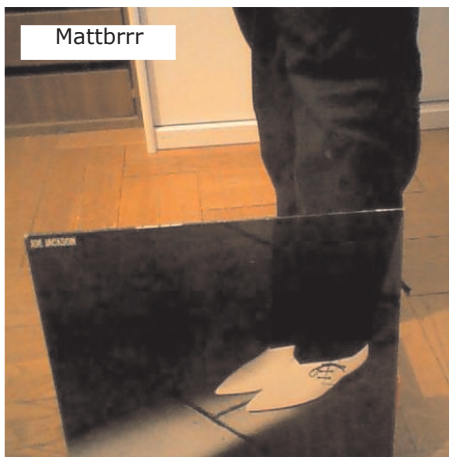
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Mattbrrr



# order of the keys

**I like order of the keys just as I used to like hot new dance hits, their previous band, because their music is a kind of experimental pop who does not care of fashion or anything. They are not playing the traditional rules of rock music, not even doing marketing you can find on Myspace with all those bands claiming they are the best and making odds everyday. So this is a chance to discover their music, a crossover of 70's, 80's... and 90's pop. And I'm still not fluent in English oh my god I should go back to school.**

**Name, surname, Age, Place where you were born, name of favourite pet (and what is it ? dig, cat, horse, dodo... ?)**

David Seaman, 33, Richmond VA, USA and Zodiac was a cat.  
Jared Lambert, 32, Raleigh, NC, USA and Buddy my dog.

**Before (re)creating Order of The Keys, you were involved in a band called Hot New Dance Hits, which played a music that was rather cold, without any hits, and for which you better pogoed or sat down willing to die, than danced nicely, well that's what I think. Could you tell our baby-punk readers the beautiful history of HNDH ?**

David: Hot New Dance Hits was a band Jared and I were involved in at the turn of the century. We had been playing together in the Richmond scene for quite some time in a band called Nudibranch. Basically, as the Richmond scene began dying out in the later part of the 90s, we, along with another member of Nudibranch began making music in our recording studio using a lot of cheap keyboards and much wit. We thought we thought we were writing 'hot' hits rather than cold, but I guess that remains debatable. The band had a good run - we released a CD on the respirator label and did a few mini tours, but eventually the band just grew apart.

**So now you're into Order of The Keys. It was a project created before HNDH, why did you come back to it ? What is mainly different in it ?**

David: Well the Order of the Keys wasn't per say a project before HNDH, it is more simply just a continuation of the musical collaboration between Jared and I over the past 15 years or so.

Jared: Yeah, this is something totally new. We are trying totally different approaches to things this time around. I know I'm trying to actually use my voice a little differently. Trying things out that I never really tried before.

**You're both living very far from each other, one in the USA, the other one in Germany, how does work OOTK ?**

David: Order of the Keys is constantly recording music. We each contribute with song writing by sending song files back and forth between Germany and Raleigh, NC and have thus far managed to meet up at least once a year to record the more involved songs in our studio in Richmond VA. Most of the new CD, Melodia was recorded at the studio during December.

Jared: Yeah, it's actually been working out well. It's a lot simpler these days as opposed to when we used to send cassette tapes back and forth in the mail.

**You're playing electronic music, that's a point, but it doesn't sound at all like typical electronic music. Your sound is rather cheap, is it due to the synthesizers you're using, or is it a conscious will ?**

David: Both actually. We like the cheap sounds and we like to keep a human aspect in the music. So, instead of using samplers with nice processed, pre-recorded loops and stuff, we play it all by hand, which combined with our rather primitive recording techniques might be responsible for the cheap sound of it.

Jared: Well we are also a band on a budget too. That also comes into play. There's a certain charm to an old Casio sound.

**It seems I was the only french person knowing HNDH, and probably OOTK today, but this will change after this interview, and you will be**





**So what bands did influence you ? From the past, but also from today, which ones do you feel close to ?**

David: I grew up on heavy metal and punk bands during the 1980s and have been much influenced by them. Many underground bands from the 1990s left a long-lasting impression on me as well. Bands like Jesus Lizard, Six Finger Satellite, The Cows (*NDJE : Yes, so did they for me, someone loving the Cows, finally I'm not alone on earth yipee yeah*).

Jared: I grew up with 3 brothers so I got exposure to all sorts of different music growing up. I grew up loving the Beatles. There's too many influences to

**asked to play Bercy, our Zeniths, the "Stade de France", do you know those places ?**

David: unfortunately not, but I imagine that they are delightful. I do know however that at least 15 HNDH Francis CDs are unaccounted for somewhere in northern France.

Jared: I have no idea where the places are or if they actually exist, but they certainly sound interesting.  
*(NDJE : so, our french ego is feeling bad on this case, what, they don't know Bercy where Michel Sardou or Celine Dion plays, the Stade de France which is full when Johnny Halliday plays there ? Phew those americans, no culture at all).*

**What do you think of french underground indie rock ?**

David: unfortunately, I'm not too exposed to it, other than what I've come across on the PPP sampler, which is top!

Jared: I agree with David on this one. I haven't had too much exposure.

**There's a cover of Bruce Springsteen in your album. This is strange thing, because Bruce Springsteen is not the kind of music indie bands are supposed to cover, people would rather expect a cover of PIL or Gang Of Four. So ?**

Jared: This is a song I remember liking when I was little. Very minimal. I heard it on the radio one day awhile back and remembered how much I liked it and thought I would try to cover it.

list. I'm into a lot of new music as well. To a certain degree.

**What do you think is the most boring thing in music today ? And what are you doing to change it ?**

David: I think one of the most boring things in music today is that many bands fail to break out of their particular sound and continue using the same formula for their music. Order Of The Keys focuses mostly on trying different things, instead of concentrating on one particular type of sound, we cook using a variety of ingredients and are rewarded by a variety of tastes.

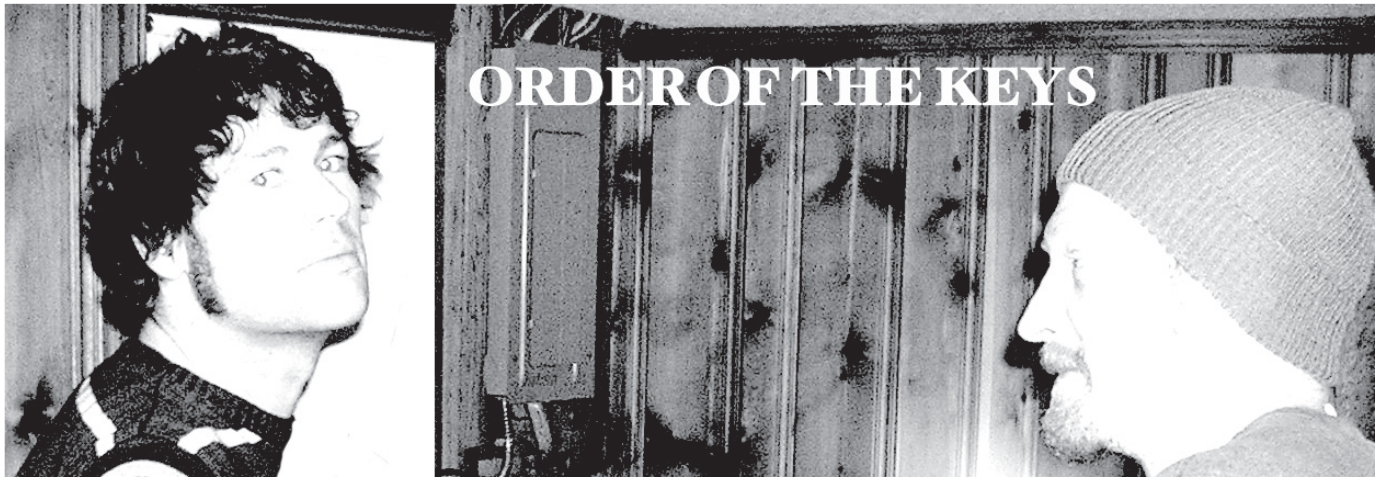
Jared: I must concur with David again on this one. Mainstream Rock and Pop music these days is very boring (*NDJE : and not the so-called indie rock ?*). We try to keep things different but I'm not sure whether that helps or hurts us. I've accepted it either way though.

**One adjective coming to my mind when I listen to OOTK is "cool", in a strong sense meaning "I don't care of anything, I'm tired and I rather laugh than commit suicide". So are you cool, people ? Nearly like hippies ?**

David: I'd like to think I'm cool in a friendly, honest sort of way.

Jared: There are so many different definitions of cool that I'm not really sure. It is possible that I might have some coolness somewhere.





*(NDJE : Here is the perfect example of a fucked up question, who wouldn't have to be published, but I want to publish it to show you how it's difficult to be a great, strong, smart and tough and modest journalist).*

**In USA you got TV series like "24", in Germany you got "Derrick". Don't you think USA should take example on German TV heroes, yes because Derrick is so sexy ?**

David: I watched 24 one time, but I've never seen Derrick.

Jared: Well Derrick certainly sounds sexy but I haven't seen either show so I guess I can't comment on that one.

**You are doing nearly nothing to promote yourself. I think OOTK has got 50 friends on myspace, and HNDH at least 70. Some other bands are asking for thousands of friends to get a record contract, and sometimes it works ! Are you not self confident ? Or do you hate marketing ?**

David: I hate marketing and unfortunately we don't have anybody to do it for us (NDJE : fortunately the PPPZine is here ! Yes !). We both have rather busy schedules outside of music.

Jared: I don't hate marketing. I think marketing is important but I can't really afford the type of marketing that I would like to put into the OOTK. I'm not a big fan of MySpace but it is a cheap marketing tool to use.

*Our friend Derrick : what a smile*



**I don't know what to ask you because I'm in the train going to work, listening to Flipper, it's early in the morning, it's raining and I'm tired, so please ask yourself a question and answer to it :**

David: Do you like pickles ? Yes.

**How will "Melodia" be distributed, is it out in a label ? Can you tell us a bit about your plans for the future ?**

David: We've been shopping Melodia around to few labels and haven't received any positive responses yet, actually we haven't receive any responses at all for that matter. If it continues this way we might just pay for it ourselves and try and find a few labels willing to help with the distribution. As far as the future is concerned, Order of the Keys will continue making music.

Jared: Yeah, I would love for it to be picked by a small label somewhere but we are still waiting for that. The future is looking so bright for us that I believe I will have to put these shades on. There, that's better.

**A last word for french people and all the pretty goth-punks reading this fanzine ?**

David: I'd like to thank PPP-zine for the interview (NDJE : thank you, but please wait to have some feed-backs) and the French people for their great culinary culture (NDJE : I only know how to cook pasta but I'm a champion for pizzas into microwave). All the pretty goth-punks interested in Order of the Keys can visit us at (<http://www.myspace.com/ponyoperators>) and check out some of our music. Je t'embrasse.

Jared: Thanks for your interest in our music and the opportunity to speak to all the lovely French people. If you get a chance visit our MySpace page and take a listen. If you like what you hear post a comment. Thanks again.

*Le Jeune Extrême*

*Check out their virtual CD sampler enclose with this issue, it's not violent punk, but who cares, we all got a little heart beating inside our bodies, and we have to feed this heart with some beautiful melodies, and sing in the streets while going to work, to make people smile and dance (just before trying to kill them, but this is another history).*