

# My Month In A Man With The Muffin.

Stardate, sometime in mid June, about 2 a.m. I am waiting for the Muffin men. They entourage (Chris Clavers and Gary Fernakhook) to pull up in their beautiful white luxury tour van, complete with a wet bar, bathroom, waterbed, room service, and girls girls girls (you know, the ones left over from the Van Halen tour of the time they were here). Yeah! We're touring! right? This is it, right? Touring with the Muffin men. You lucky sonofabitch! man, you get to see your favorite band every night. You get to party with them and see other great bands too. And since you're the soundman, you get to make me around the way you want me to sound!"

Okay Free TNT readers, turn off your mind, relax, and float into the cesspool of shit I will lay on you. Cause there's no sense in envying any of us if you're the kind of suburban domestic wimp I was before I left for this tour. Touring is no fun. No shit. It's no fun, and it's a whole lotta fun all at the same time. Maybe touring is the whole reason that Husker Du write songs called "Charity, Chastity, Purity, and Hope," whatever the fuck it's called. They toured for five fucking years before they took a break. I can't imagine what kind of tortured life would be if I toured for five years.

Anyway, it was the stardate in question. The van pulled up around 3:00 in the morning and whistles and horns were going (sorry kids, if I misspelled your town's name. But after the way your promoter treated us, you don't deserve to have the name of your town spelled properly). Gary drove most of the way and we stopped for some breakfast somewhere around 1:31, he noted that our luxury tour van has a steering wheel that does not steer the wheels. "The steering wheel does the tires opinions and suggestions on which way to turn. Sometimes the tires listen, sometimes they ignore it." I can hear a steering wheel that does not steer the wheels. The steering wheel does the tires opinions and suggestions on which way to turn. Sometimes the tires listen, sometimes they ignore it. I had little control of these things when we headed. The first thing I spied upon stepping out of the van was to go to the club (the Irquise, a r/y if I misspelled the name, but blah blah). I can hear the show. THE ELCTRIC LOVE MUFFINS (editor, don't correct that from Philly. Alright, so they don't know how to spell electric in Roanoke. They probably just get electricity here last year, and besides I don't know how to spell Roanoke. Now I'm gonna skip over the stupid little deal about the lack of a PA over to set the thing up at this show, because we ran into a more amusing situation in Miami Beach, complete with political overtones and violence. There was a local band called Not F.O.S. (F.O.S. Fullahhh). So this band takes the stage, and they're crankin' out your favorite brand of schtore, with tunes like "America-Love it or leave it!" and "nobody's alammun". The lead singer, who looks like the lead singer from loveboy, started giving the crowd some Not F.O.S. rap. "Come on you asshole, get up and slam! You f--saggetos! You paid to sit on your ass...and YOU'RE DOIN' NOTHING! When' Now this ain't a budding Henry Rollinson...on our good buddy Henry's later. He is much richer thanks to us! Nobody listens to the kid, they just keep calling on our asses, just like they paid to do. All of Roanoke sat on its ass for this show."

The Muffin took the stage, and blitted us with some of the grandest rock songs I've ever heard. I just wasn't fast enough for these guys. Butch had an especially good guitar solo. I was sitting on the over to the side of the stage and exped at him. He played well, good guitar, good singing, and a left arm pit, which Gary detected was caused by Butch's cheap anti-periscope.

AOD played here too, and they really liked it. They also knew how to handle these kids. They didn't play any of the songs the kids asked for. Instead they would say "Well, we were gonna play that as long as nobody asked us to, but since you had to ask we're not gonna play it. Now you fuckin' blew it. It was even on our set list, you had to be impertinent and ask, and now we're not playing it." One song by AOD that stuck in my head was the one that was called "BUGS BUGS". That will have some significance later.

We were ripped off at this show. There was only 138 bucks to be had by all, so we split it with AOD, which was mighty white of them. The dickhead promoter said that he didn't have the money to give us because he had an apartment, and didn't live with his mom like we probably did. "Oh Wow! Is this reality? Tell us Skyler, what's it like to live in your own apartment in Roanoke? We wouldn't know seeing as we live with our moms and all."

So next day from Roanoke, in the dead of the night, and sometime the next day we landed our palace of wheels at AOD. They didn't misspell our name here, so things looked promising. We played with AOD here too. We got to the club around four, and I got to wash my hair. After a good soundcheck, we all went over to the bar and settled down to a good old MTV session. What a place to be on. Wow. Dave Coverdale must have had a Robert Plant heroin injection or something. And get this, he even gives the girl some tongue at the end of the video. In light of our general glee at being able to watch such quality shit, the man who was the PA obliged us by hooking up the sound system to the TV. Next was Bon Jovi with "I'm a Cowboy". This really brought the touring experience home to the young people. Bon Jovi is so real. That's the paper. The Muffin ripped once again.

They tried to do a kind of a "last check" was still titled "new check". That's kind of how the Beat it was. It has a fast bluesy beginning, and it's just about the only song where Jack and Butch play some twin lead impasse. It then breaks into some Kauffmann-esque strumming sequences which the band builds on to a screaming climax thanks to Butch's wails, and Frank's power house stamp. A great song, but once again the reaction was zero, except for three rednecks who really took a shine to the way Butch handled his ass duties. "Free fuckin' rip on that thing!" I think it was the ghost of one of the dead Van Zandt brothers. Butch really did rip, and Brian almost hit his head on the ceiling.

AOD came on and then the crowd began to alarm. So here we're with lots of thrashers thrashing. The way the world was meant to be right? And then, all of a sudden, ??? Silence! The power was out. Who did it? Just as when the power was out, I saw a guy who looked like Art Garfunkel said, "If you keep screaming, there will be no more music tonight!" Oh well, after much screaming and debating the power was turned back on, only to be turned off again. They turned it back on, and the dickhead began to walk to AOD! Yep. Only in Raleigh, where Art Garfunkel owns a club.

Okay, so the shows over and we decide to leave for the beach. But we had to visit the G.O.C. house, and watch a whole video cassette of "Grammar Rock" Connection. That was a good idea. All of the guys from C.O.C. were there, and we were able to see some practicing positions. Anyway, we made it to this complete near beach, and after much Billas was drunk. We bedded down for the night, and after much Billas. The stars, the crickets chirping, and, BZZZZZZZZ! sleep! Gary Bagni and I couldn't sleep. We were here this early, and we couldn't get to sleep.

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out until 8:00 the next morning. The head forest ranger/counselor locked the gate. So we just sat and scratched aloud, until we made it to Columbia S.C.

When we got to Columbia, we called the club, and they told us that we weren't supposed to be there. The bill. The show was to be AOD and the Henry Rollins band. But they decided to play anyway and so we arrived at the club, and Henry was there already. AOD was nowhere in sight. In fact, Henry thought we were AOD. When he found out that we were a third band added to the bill he got kinda sick and went over to the video screen to grove on some Laurel and Hardy reruns. Henry's upset because when there are lots of bands on the bill and he's the headliner we don't get finished until real late, like 1:00 in the morning. This is what his tour manager told me. "Gee, that's too bad," I said. I'd hate to see our Henry denied his beauty sleep. "Do you think you guys could limit your set to about 20 minutes?"

"Oh, sure, anything for Henry." Well, this problem was resolved when it was revealed by a series of phone calls that AOD they would not be showing up. When Henry was informed, he looked aghorifically at Laurel and Hardy, turned to me and said, with a rock and roll God look in his eye, "Good."

This time, the crowd was there, and they got really into the Muffin. Henry was not, and Rich, who was suffering from a sore throat, sounded like he had a real genuine shaky voice. The set was pretty bad rockin', and Brian almost hit his head on the ceiling again.

The Rock band was composed of the bassist and drummer from Gone. They were tight as hell, and

## MUFFIN cont.

when they rocked, they rocked with the best of them. It was almost Zepplinque at times. But the best in the band was not save themselves from the ego thrash and rant and rave and wail. Oh, Henry is just becoming musically interesting when Henry started screaming the same word over and over again, so I guess Henry failed to drive his point home. That's what I like because he screamed it for about ten minutes, stopped, and then he started for another ten minutes. After it was all over the little girls gathered around Henry and coed. "You're a smart man Henry, alot of people think you're crazy, but you're not."

NO, Henry is not crazy. That much is certain. We didn't get any money at all that night. Nothing. Just six free Budweisers. Henry got \$500! All for screaming the same word over and over again. I think I remember what it was now. Money. MONEY! It's in my mind. Now I'm gonna put it in the van and lock it! This was Brian's poetic contribution to the tour, and I despised Henry. So listen all you folks who think Henry Rollins is some kind of God, you're wrong. Henry Rollins, the man who writes poetry, who bitches about capitalism in his songs and poems, could not keep his mouth shut for five hundred-bucks, and could not even slip us a measly fifty out of that total! All we didn't have expenses! As if Henry was getting ripped off as every other show. I will never buy anything that this scum sucking bullshitt artist hypocrite is associated with ever again!

This article is getting rather lengthy, and boring. At this point, the tour was getting rather lengthy and boring as well. In fact, the rest of the tour is pretty much a blur, so I'm not going to go into as much detail. I'll give the city, and the highlights, or lowlights, if you will. You see, something happens to your brain after the first few shows. I think we had reached the point of maximum misery, and then the brain starts to kick in, and nothing seems to matter. Whether a show goes well or not, doesn't matter anymore. Nothing is important, and you actually have the ability to laugh at everything. It's a nice way to be. The rest of the tour was more fun than the first part, for this reason.



Atlanta, Metropex with Short Dogs Grow.

We played to a whopping four people because somebody forgot to put up flyers. We got paid, though. I don't know how.

Short Dogs Grow were good, but they were a bit too Soul Asylum. The singer looked a little like David Prior. He sang like him too, and he even had the balls to go to Rich after soundcheck and say, "Dude, did anyone ever tell you ya sound like David Prior?" Well, Henry, I was never ever come to Philly check them out, they are a tight show.

Miami Beach: Canna Theatre with Stevie stiletto and MURPHY'S LAW

They had a Cuban man who owned the PA here. Since he wasn't getting paid (because he was Cuban) he decided to stop working, after the cabinets and the boards were hooked up. When he was ordered to make the bands for soundcheck, he put all the mikes into the wrong inputs so as to

be out of the show after five minutes before the doors were to be opened. And to step in and break everything down and start from scratch. This got me 30 bucks of my own, and an invitation to party with Murphy's Law anytime I liked.

Later on in the show the old Cuban guy (who looked like Santa Claus) was found underneath the stage with a catapod straw gun shocking thrashers in the knee cap. The show goes good, the catapod played well, and so to a hum reaction. Stevie Stiletto played to them, and got a good reaction, and Murphy's Law were just Murphy's Law. They ruined one of the mikes by smashing a beer bottle with it, and when it went dead, they tried to blame me. They almost took my party invitation away. But then, Brian hooked them with this girl who wanted to fuck the lead singer's brains out. These were her words, not hers. She was escorted on stage by the audience, and the singer checked her out, sent her to the dressing room, and the next day in Daytona she was still with the band. I guess she got her wish.

Daytona Beach, with Murphy's Law.

The Muffin decided to thrash heavily this time out since the next date was at home. The crowd warmed up to them. They played behind a cage s' Blaes Brothers, and when Clavers came out to sing highway star, he climbed the cage in his underwear. This was a very

drunk night, because we felt we had to pay Murphy's Law back for drinking all our beer, and smashing it on stage the night before. They must have got a drop of their own beer tonight.

God this show was over. When we played at the Troc, a few nights later Brian wasn't kidding when he said it was going to see an audience full of familiar faces that night. So for all the shit we went through, we had a great time. I'm sure you could tell. I think we'll do it again, even though we know about the shit involved. I guess I am kind of a lucky sonofabitch. A.D.

ASSHOLE