

Interviews: Uncensored

by Tony Van Dorston

Here they are, in the raw; parts of interviews, totally out of context, that seemed too tasteless or confusing to print at the time.

Times have changed. A metamorphosis has occurred. A new precedent has been set; one in which the obscene and nonsensical are not only acceptable, they are standards . . .

ACID POLICE

Dresden: But think about "Everybody Loves A Dreamer." Don't we want somebody to take us seriously? Like some 14 year old girl somewhere?

Swift: Mike had a statement. He does not advocate nor can he condone the use of illicit drugs, but acid frees his mind.

Dresden: Yeah, it sounds good, which really surprises me. I thought it was going to

sound like shit.

Swift: Some say we're cheating, but we never said we were playing.

DRAGHOUNDS

Darin: I just don't know where to begin really, it's a disaster . . . I mean, look at Mike, he kind of does look dead.

Brien: Well I, yeah . . .

Darin: You picked this one!

Brien: I did not fully pick that one.

Darin: You did! You bastard!

Brien: I did not!

Darin: I picked this other one, right . . .

Brien: I didn't care! I just wanted to quit messin' around with em'.

Darin: That's because you looked good in both of them.

Brien: It don't matter to me. I just chose this one because I wanted you two guys to shut up.

Darin: You should have chosen mine, and then we would have shut up.

Brien: Nicolai was not gonna shut up . . .

Me: Alright, enough!

Brien: You can rewind some of this.

Darin: We could never be session musicians, we could never sit in with another band really. We could jam, but it's not like Steely Dan.

Brien: Hee! Hee! The Draghounds are not Steely Dan.

Darin: It's really gross, I've heard it from other people too, and I can feel it. People say, "oh, we can't dance to you guys." Well fuck you! If it's too loud you're too old, go listen to the Toejammers!

Brien: Whoa buddy! No, no, they're good.

Darin: Yeah, none of this stuff gets printed. Plus, the bass guitarist says I can't play guitar.

Brien: So we're gonna beat the shit out of 'em.

Darin: We're gonna kick his ass.

Brien: Yeah, where is he?

Darin: Well it's true man, I can't play guitar like he can play bass but so what?

Brien: We don't want Darin to play bass lines on the guitar.

Darin: We're not Ipsa Facto, we're not the Maroons, so don't come dance.

MONKEY BEAN OSWALDS

Nick: And if somebody has a religious experience then that constitutes a pooh-skid on the toilet of our audience. Can you say "shit" in the *Mac Weekly*?

Me: You can say "fuck" too.

Nick: Oh good, then I'm gonna say it, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. You have to write it.

Nick: We have a new one called "Butt Sex."

Kristy: But I don't like that song, I object.

Me: Is it homophobic?

Kristy: It's not homophobic at all.

Nick: No, it's very

heterosexual.

Sacha: The point is that butt sex is cool.

Nick: Butt sex is better than normal sex. You know, you get sick of [sorry folks, gotta censor it.]

Nick: We forgot to say one thing.

Me: What?

Nick & Sacha: Mutual masturbation and double penetration.

Kristy: Noooooo!

Nick & Sacha: And P-P-P-P-P-pantyline!

TOE JAM

Sam: Actually, we'll come in here at five and sit around for a while and watch boxing.

Karl: I get here at about 5:30.

Sam: Then we mosey down to the basement.

Hugh: Or maybe watch T.V. past eight.

Eric: And open up a bottle of nice Pinot Noir.

Eric: Hugh likes the Grateful Dead.

Hugh: No I don't like the Grateful Dead.

Sam: Certain members of this band who will remain nameless . . .

Eric: Sam likes the Dead.

Sam: were once into that.

Eric: In a big way.

Karl: And others, who shall be named Karl weren't.

WALT MINK

Me: Joey, there were a lot of fish on your drums, and fish lights and stuff. There were fish all over the place. What's the story behind that?

Joey: I dunno. Were there fish all over?

John: There were the light-up trout.

Joey: I didn't bring those that time though.

Me: [Pause.] Anyone want to respond?

Joey: Um . . . no.

John: It is kind of fitting that his drum set is aquamarine.

Joey: Yeah.

Me: How so?

Joey: I don't know.

John: [To Joey] You're a live wire.

Me: [Getting desperate] Does it mean anything? Is it significant in it's meaninglessness?

John: A close personal friend of Joey sent him the trout lights. Joey decided it would be a real nice decorative thing.

Joey: I'd like to play in front of the Union. That's all I want to do.

Candice: yeah.

Joey: I don't ever want to have a real gig. I don't want ever to make money.

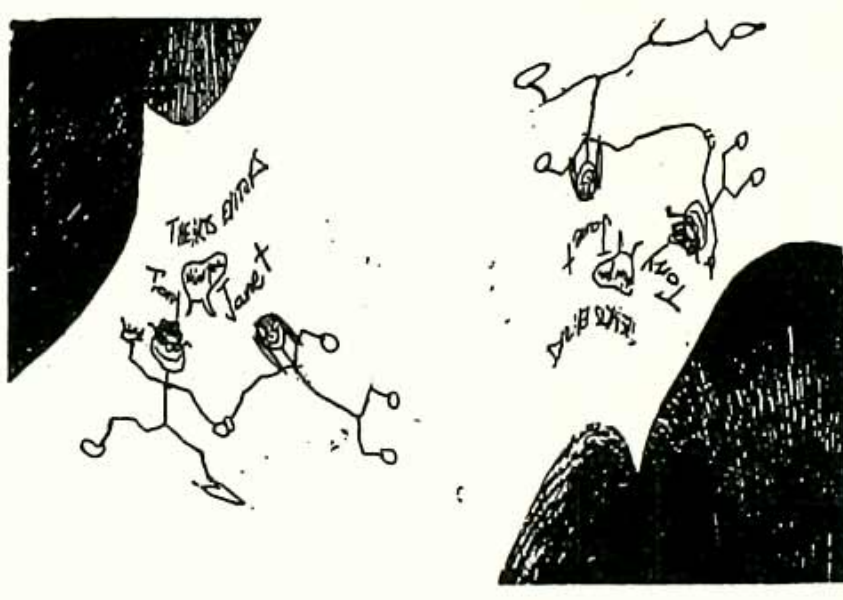
Candice: Liar, liar. How are you going to buy records, man?

John: How are you going to support your habit man?

Joey: Buying socks.



The Sirens will perform tonight at the Concert Hall with the Trads. It'll rock. 7:30.



OFFICIAL LIST OF SWEAR WORDS APPEARING IN SPRING '90 MACWEEKLY ARTS SECTION

- Dick III
- Sucks III
- Fuck III III III III III III
- Bitch II
- Ass III I
- Bastard II
- Shit III
- Damn II

WORDS THAT ARE NOT OBSCENE BUT STILL OFFENSIVE

- Piss II
- Snot III
- Pooh-skid II
- Nipple II
- Anus II
- Tongue-kissed II

TOTAL NUMBER OF OBSCENE OR OFFENSIVE WORDS

III III III III III III III
 III III III III III III

by Otto the Saniflush Attendant

Mike Clapper, the guy behind the music for Springfest 1990, encountered an astounding number of problems while trying to book bands. "I still can't understand it," he said. "I asked all kinds of bands, and almost all of 'em turned me down flat. I felt like a pus-filled boil." U2 seemed to find Clapper's offer unappealing. "Bono told me he had

to style his pubic hair that day. I used to think he was cool."

Clapper said he was given the runaround by Guns 'n' Roses's booking agents.

"I called, it must have been six different times. I asked for Axl. The last time the booking guy told me to shove Springfest up my ass and hung up. Boy, I felt like an intestinal cramp."

Clapper said he wished next year's Fest organizer, Carl Scholz, "lots of luck."



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Heartfelt thanks to Charles (CHANKI) Anderson who actually helped quite a lot but was never given any credit at all 'cause he smoked, messed up the office, and hogged the computer.