

The Cherry Picker

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The End of Summer Non-Bummer: Sunday Service

Mutations Showcase 05 w/ Twopointoh!, Hobo Maker & A Variety of Guests.

It isn't a huge statement to say that forces conspired against us to make this summer as much like listening to back-to-back doom and goth albums, with any number of horrific experiences to make us all cringe and cry. So it was my hope with the last *Mutations Showcase* of the season was fun. I wanted a celebration of music, an enthusiastic party of what is possible when we put our creative minds together.

The results, I must say, were nothing short of excellent. Kicking off the night were Twopointoh!, a Portland duo who mix funk and dance rhythms with spaced out vocals, psychedelic electronics, and an excitable quality that showed that these two had brought their A Game. Shows always sound great at The Space, and here's a major shoutout to Alex, who stepped up to deliver quality soundman work. I've been putting on shows long enough to know how lucky you are to get good engineers, and my hats off to the Space for doing a great job in that department. It was nice to have something upbeat and odd kick start the evening, that also blew the lid off the house.

For our second performance, we assembled a wide range of artists who all work in improvisation, and put them together for the first time in a way that is wholly unique, and was truly something to behold. The performers were Kyle Stant, Jerry Soga (xapchyk.bandcamp.com), horridus (of devilsclub.us),

Uneasy Chairs (uneasychairs.bandcamp.com), Justin Smith, and Kevin & Niklas (of toadstoolmuzak.wordpress.com). Part of this idea was taking music to the extreme; what started as an attempt to assemble two groups from the players that arrived at the show, turned into a Big Band assembly of everyone who came and wanted to play.

Entirely unpredictable, unrehearsed, and in a way, unsupervised, what could have been challenging—or even worse, just loud and boring—become something very special that I'm very happy to have seen. Ebbing and flowing with discord and juxtaposition, there were also beautiful passages of strangely haunting music, where brass and electronics combined to create truly revolutionary music. One couple I spoke with, who had not seen an experimental show before, were floored, and it only went to prove my already growing theory that there is room in this world for experimental music, even among people who have no idea what it might sound like.

The Sunday Service Pick-Up Group—for lack of a catchier name—was a tremendous success, if only because it showed what is possible. So many of our shows involve a band that appears from a Green Room, in costume, to belt out a bunch of tunes, then disappear into the back again to applause. Certainly fun, and something I wouldn't give up to save my life. But when the barrier between audience and performer is dissolved, and people who are fans are allowed to participate, we get a more well rounded representation of what our scene is like.

The Pick-Up Group was a melange of people who, ostensibly, work in the same genre. (Improv.) And yet, each of them approach it in dramatically different ways that are astonishing. And yet, there are points on the venn diagram where, in spite of their differences, they overlap nicely. It is just as powerful as any band that's been rehearsing for weeks. While not for everyone, and I'm the first to admit it as a fan of experimentalism, I found that the crowd was both excited and fascinated, and that's the best possible place to be when in this situation.

Closing out the night is a fave of mine, Hobo Maker (hobomaker.bandcamp.com), running late but



able to waltz in and offer some mind-melting guitar work. I hear new elements in Hobo Maker each time he performs, and tonight I heard an eerie plaintiveness that isn't always front and center. It was a non-bummer, but also, a resignation with how difficult it has been, that we all feel melancholy as the season begins to shift into the year's end-run. His guitar sounded urgent, like it wanted to connect, desperately, before it gets too cold, and the hopelessness of Seasonal Affective Disorder leads us to liquor and poor life choices.

I have been so lucky to be able to put on these shows this year, and my 2017 showcases have each been something I was very pleased to see, as an audience member. I've always said that I want to put on shows that I want to see, and this has not only been a success in that respect, but over the year as we have been building up these shows, a small audience has developed, too. Nothing dramatic, for sure, but they are new faces that are discovering how great these kinds of shows can be, and that is very important.

One thing I've learned is that it doesn't really take much to put on a show that will be fun if you are enthusiastic and love what you're doing. Sometimes those are hard things to do, I totally get that. Booking shows can be a grind, making calls and sending e-mail and negotiating. It takes a toll. It's hard to seem enthusiastic when the "work" side of anything rears its ugly head. But for me, this doesn't feel much like work. Maybe a couple of times it has. But I didn't mind putting in the time, with what I get out of it.

There's a couple more showcases coming before we wrap up for the year, and I would love to see you at them. Experimental Music is, certainly, a difficult artform to "love." It is challenging and different for a reason, and often confrontational tactics and intentional obscurity are part of the game plan. But that also makes it that much more appealing to me. Each group is an art project to decode, an intellectual effort in playing this game of "music" in a way that goes against the grain of your average rock show.

That, alone, drives me to find these kinds of shows, seek out these kinds of bands, and present them to anyone who also hears something like this and leans in, ears at attention, ready to enjoy what comes next.



Moon of The Wolf

Salem's Metal Scene Kicks Fucking Ass.

There's nearly two and half minutes of ambient, experimental build up that kicks off the debut record by Moon of The Wolf (moonofthewolf.bandcamp.com), and while that is merely a taste of the sonic pallet that is on display on this record, as you stare into the stark environment of the cover, and start to soak it in, part of you wonders if you'll survive this album, as if the elements might be working against you to help you meet your final and inevitable end. This introduction is the band walking you into the forest, without speaking to you, forging a path through the brush and the waste of this imposing landscape, letting the inky fog wrap around you like a cloak in a Shakespeare play, waiting for the perfect moment to let it all trill through you and fill you full of Halloween dread.

The eerie vocals stand out on this album, soaked in reverb and soaring with sustained notes and textural phrasings that evoke a very spooky sense of what these tunes might be about. There are little cues here and there that lead you further into the bleak world of Moon of The Wolf. You can feel the approach of lycanthropes during tracks like "Stretch" and "Realize," and it feels like there are other things lurking in the dark. Magics being toyed with as if you were stumbling upon a ritual, and much like the sensation evoked in "Huntsman," you feel the tug of this music hypnotize you into coming back for more.

Shades of High on Fire seem to pop up here and there, and Moon of The Wolf certainly riff-check a number of acts and styles that seem to be part of their musical melange. But then they drop in a track like “With Prowess,” the refrain “indecision / disregard” almost seems to telegraph their own tentativeness to include it. It isn’t bad, but seems out of place among all the atmosphere and mood that the rest of the record evokes. It almost sounds like a hard-rock track from an indie rock record, rather than the Moon of The Wolf that shows on the other tunes.

Paired with the song that follows (“Fear The Fire”), it almost sounds as if the group is going on a Queens of The Stone Age digression within their own album, which is not a bad thing in the slightest. (You could also include “Capture” in that digression, for sure.) But this only speaks to an element of this record that includes the incorporation of things you love and running it through your particular band’s filter. Moon of the Wolf is by no means derivative, and when I say they sound like x or y, what I mean is that they have studied, soaked in the riffs, and have come out the other side with some great rock tunes that are, as usual, 100 times more potent on stage.

Moreover, this is an impressive and great first offering by a group that is with prowess, so to speak, and are ready to grow beyond Who and Snow White references, into something incredible on forthcoming releases. Fortunately, my opinion is completely worthless with regard to this matter, because for all my own hangups, this record sounds great, and was clearly mixed by someone who knows what they’re doing, and loves metal, too. You put this on at a party and start passing around some beers, and no one is going to complain. Maybe if it isn’t loud enough, but so it goes.

And that’s sort of the point. Moon of The Wolf is clearly excited about their music, and it feels like an OG stoner / doom show from point one. Just putting

on this record somehow causes a joint to materialize in your hand, for sure. And as their catalog piles up, I imagine they will completely synthesize their stage show into some staggering riffs of epic proportions, and personally, I want to be there when it happens.

KMUZ Fall Pledge Drive

Your Donation Funds Our Radio Station.

From **September 30th - October 6th**, KMUZ is running their Fall Pledge Drive. This is your opportunity to directly fund local radio in your community, and work toward keeping fun and interesting media liquid in these times of trouble.

KMUZ has two Pledge Drives a year, in the Spring and in the Fall, and when they do, volunteers put in extra work to help produce some of the best shows possible. These drives are the backbone of community radio because there is no other funding for these stations without a Pledge Drive.

I’ll repeat that, as it is possible the full impact of what that could mean may not have set in. Private radio stations are privately funded, but community radio stations don’t have that revenue available to them. None of the staff get paid without donations, none of the equipment is available without donations, and soon enough, there is no radio in your area, without donations. Our bills are paid for by the kindness of listeners, and people who like community radio. Our music is delivered by donations. The time donated by volunteers is the backbone of our station, and it is really hard to express exactly how important that relationship is.

In an era of podcasts and tweetospheres, it is hard to make the case for old-fashioned radio, which seems entirely fleeting and ephemeral in a way that even the digital Inter-Web-A-Tron is not. And due to the attractiveness of that thing in your pocket and its on-demand structure, having to listen to something in real-time “over the air” can feel like an anachronism.

However, just because there are newer things that serve similar functions does not mean that old-fashioned technologies aren’t still relevant. In fact, the real-time structure of radio programs allows locally produced, and locally focused media that serves our region better than almost any digital technology does right now.



KMUZ is not only a social hub for people who are doing things in the Mid-Valley, but is a place where our culture is reflected back to the Mid-Valley through out shows. *Willamette Wake-Up* is the only locally produced news program in the Salem / Keizer area, and all of our music programs are produced at KMUZ, and not some studio in Portland or Eugene. The playlists are not the same 10 songs you hear on commercial radio, but is an on-going mix of local artists and musicians that often don't get played on the radio for a number of reasons.

Our schedule is incredibly varied, unlike most commercial radio, and this gives KMUZ the opportunity to let programs like my own show—*Mid-Valley Mutations*—flourish where it would never get on the air at other stations. No member of the management team has ever stepped in to tell me what to do on my show, and no unreasonable rules are dictating what I can and can't say or play on the air (outside of the FCC guidelines, which are surprisingly few). My freedom has paid off, in that artists want to come on the show and share their work with listeners who are tired of the flashiness of other media that promises a lot and delivers very little. People are looking for something else to enjoy, something that they can connect with in their own community.

During the Pledge Drive—**September 30th - October 6th**—KMUZ will be pulling out all the stops, and upping their game in terms of illustrating what a unique opportunity it is to be a part of the KMUZ family. We urge listeners to tune in and listen to the shows, and if they can afford to do so, please donate to keep these shows on the air. It not only helps us, but it helps your community have something they can tune in for and enjoy for years to come.

Fans of *Mid-Valley Mutations* who make a donation in the name of my show will get to raid my music collection. I'm creating custom packages of selections from my collection as a thank-you gift for your donation. Just mention us as part of your donation, and you'll receive something from me, to you.

In the interest of full disclosure: I am a volunteer at KMUZ, I do not make any money in mentioning the drive or my DJ work there, and I'm doing this because I do believe it is a good cause. I've been in radio since the late 90's, and radio means a lot to me. I would like to see it succeed, and maybe you are the person that can help it do so.

Rethinking the Death Rattle

Mourning Those We Love Too Much.

Those more clever than I joked about the celebrity killing power that 2016 wielded, but as 2017 makes it's own end-run, we've come to find that this year had an almost equal thirst when it came to take those we love the most. And it was easy enough to ignore, too; there were so many other super-heavy things going on culturally and politically that our minds were not as focused on celebrities as they might have been before.

Nevertheless, a quick glance at September alone makes it clear that the Grim Reaper's hatred of our most treasured entertainers has not ceased, but has only increased. Grant Hart, Harry Dean Stanton, Len Wein, Holger Czukay and Shelly Berman are just the ones that affected me in some small way, not to mentions the nearly 100 other well-known people who also passed, let alone the 100s of other unknown people who also died, too. It's a lot to take in. Are any of us prepared when someone we care about makes it to the great beyond?

Perhaps the first celebrity death that really rattled me was one that I think was felt by quite a few: Kurt Cobain. I was just out of High School, a massive fan of Nirvana's work, and already immersed in a world of self-absorption and the belief that no one, anywhere, really understood me. I remember the day quite well: I was in a copy shop, duplicating some 'zines, when someone came in and started talking about that grunge singer who "offed" himself.

Gather 'round children, because I'm here to confirm what you may have read in the history books, and while I don't mean to young-shame ya'll, it is true: MTV went into 24/7 news coverage mode, re-running



hours of videos and concerts, intermixed with VJs speculating as to what could have caused this tragedy.

20+ years later there is now a cottage industry in getting-to-the bottom of what happened with Cobain's "suicide," and while my personal grieving ended a long time ago, the form grieving for Cobain now takes, with people who were not even born yet crying about him, is something I'm still sorting out in my head.

It goes without saying that Americans don't want to experience closure when it comes to death. We never talk about it, we have no way of dealing with it culturally, and when people do pass we enter into a nearly catatonic state of sadness over this person who has passed away, who meant so much, who put into their art something some incredibly personal that we recognized it as someone who, perhaps, may have understood us. Americans love to avoid the very possibility of death until it is trotted out on the media in largely distasteful ways, undercutting who these people were in life with grotesque think-pieces and attempts to "sum up" a person's entire being.

If you map this condition over our general obsession with celebrity, it is no wonder that the results are a pretty powerful potion, a brew that not only intoxicates but leads to long bouts of misery over the passing of someone we only knew through art. Our own families, languishing with illnesses and old age in ways that are even more devastating, but, did they ever win a Grammy? Were they on MTV?

It is important to grieve when anything dies or passes, and there is no "wrong" way to process something like that. Death is something we all need to come to terms with in our own way. And that, really, is the point. We are now publicizing the people we should grieve for, and there are cookie-cutter hashtags already in place for you to use. The personal grieving process has been lost for a public and valueless form of processing those who are no longer in our lives.

Certainly there are people who will disagree, but the example I like to make is the realization that every time a celebrity dies, there are at least 10 unknown people who died that same day, who are not being honored in the news the way this celebrity is. Don't those members of our family deserve to be treated like celebrities, if, at least, in death? Shouldn't families feel like royalty when their loved ones are destroyed by a death? I know that I will miss Len Wein tremendously,

but I'm not sure how my public grieving about him helps his family deal with the loss. My sympathy is with them, but perhaps, in the same way that they are tending to their own, perhaps we should, too?

I'm not sure I have all the answers. I know that there are more deaths on the horizon that might floor me as much as when Don Joyce passed a few years ago, and inevitably the way I'll have to process it through the written word. But at the same time, as more people I care about slip away, I find that their memory is best remembered in a way that is not drown out in the public sadness that is being amplified by every news outlet imaginable.

I can't say that I would cover these kinds of deaths in this paper. This is, after all, a place for me to let the steam vent open on my own thoughts and feelings about the world I live in. Sooner or later, something will affect me, the same way it affects all of us. My hope is that I can return those kinds of features to a respectful tone, that recognizes their accomplishments and the loss their family is feeling *at the same time*.

Please, I urge you, keep me in check if I go off the rails, too. It's not that I want to put a stop to grieving, or acknowledging when someone really meant something to us, creatively. These kinds of tributes are the backbone of a positive grieving process. But let's keep a little for ourselves, too. Let's become the kind of people that are not typical Americans, who develop a positive relationship with death, who find ways to incorporate it into our art and come out the other end a stronger community.

It is awful when we lose amazing creators. *Repo Man* is my favorite meditation on philosophy and freedom, and Harry's character (Bud) is one of the highlights of that film. But for an artist like that, who accomplished so much and lived for so long, his death shouldn't be a tragedy, but a celebrated triumph. How incredible that he touched us that way, to persist in spite of all of the odds stacked against him. Sure, I get a little weepy now and then. But for fucks sake, I'd say making it to 91 is a pretty amazing triumph. I hope I'm lucky enough to get that many years, when all is said and done.



Meanwhile: “We’re all dying alone eventually.”

Emma Pace Jonas & I talk about comedy, how moms like gross things, and how being douchey in college has paid off.

No one really expects to know what they’re gonna do when they grow up, and in spite of drunken insight or a really dedicated childhood dream, we often find ourselves discovering these paths, rather than forging them. “I was being drawn to it the whole time,” Emma told me at the Gov Cup, and her story maps over so many I have heard before. Many of us don’t know where we’ll end up, creatively, and when we get there, it can feel like an accident.

Or, in Emma’s case, a misunderstanding. It’ll be two years on October 29th that she started writing, “all those little jokies I’ve been telling.” But it was really in service of getting her job at the Capital City Theater that she ended up first taking the stage. “I thought it was part of the job interview.” She was told to come to the interview, and the open mic was afterward. Emma mistook this to mean that she *had* to do the open mic, in spite of having never actually done comedy in front of an audience before.

“I used to watch *Who’s Line* with my dad, and I went to college for English and writing. But I didn’t think I was going to be doing comedy. It’s not like I speak in jokes. I’m best able to communicate on paper.” And perhaps the same could be said for all of us. When we find those interests that we really run with, can we say we have been preparing for them our whole lives? Or is it that we are just doing things that inch us closer to that life, even if we didn’t think we would actually choose that path, consciously?

Once Emma finished college, she found the motivation of a shitty engineering receptionist desk job to be all she needed to find something she liked better. And while comedy was always interesting, and she felt like she *could* compete with Ryan Stiles and Greg Proops, it seemed more reasonable to apply for a job at the theater adjacent to comedy. Attainable goals, and all.

But, dress for the job you want, right? Clearly, when she assumed that the interview included the open mic, Emma decided to apply for the job she really wanted instead, and the risk has paid off. She

runs her own open mic at the Capital Theater (*Truth or Dare, Live*). She’s also a cohost of *The Podchaost* (Chad Johnson’s local comedy podcast, sometimes described by Emma as “hanging out with microphones”). In fact, when an actual fire threatened to consume the podcast itself, she moved the studio to her place just to keep things going.

But there is also a deep sadness working at the heart of her comedy, looking for a way to make “dying alone” jokes over coffee. It’s a mature sense of the morbid—certainly *Morticia* by way of DIY & indie rock—but it lingers in her jokes. It finds ways to come out in polite conversation, as well as during those darker periods when it seems like all attempts at making art is fruitless, and pointless, so why not put yourself in a car and run up and down the freeway, looking for arbitrary moments of humor along the way?

And that’s why she’s also working up and down I-5 on a regular basis, picking up gigs in Portland and Eugene often, looking for way to make these jokes funnier, and darker. Just by looking at how often she’s on stage, she is the most active female comedian working in Salem right now, which is a double edged sword, as the emphasis is often of the “female” part of that phrase.

“It bothers me, cause I wish I could just work from the perspective of being a person.” There is still such an underlying component of sexism—not just in comedy, but in the world—that we still need to talk about these kinds of inequities, even at this strangely late date in history. “It’s some bullshit, let me tell you. I try to work harder, and I lean into it. But I don’t want to be that guy. I also just want to be a person.”

The problem with working in an scene is that your identity starts to become shaped by your job, as much as it is by the things you are fighting against. And Emma is certainly a feminist, and a comedian. You couldn’t take either of those elements out of her personality, or even her stage show. But with only two years



under her belt, her act is more about trying to fairly represent her personality, without letting any one component of it take over. Perhaps there some of that struggle motivating the darkness in her act.

It's a long, and arduous road that comedians walk, and there are a ton of roadblocks, not to mention that first step of getting up on stage, in front of people you know. The worst part it, there is no easy way of starting out, either. "It's totally normal to have a bad first set," she told me, which is not exactly encouraging for people who want to get started, following your dreams. But for Emma, she realizes that this is part of getting better. You don't get to the 10 year mark without first going through all the years between, and in the meantime, there are plenty of comedy skills worth honing.

"You get to use words to mess with people. Making puns and using wordplay. It's like a puzzle you are trying to solve. But you don't want to presume to be better than you are."

With that in mind, Emma's content to combat the deep sadness this universe throws at us, while working to craft the perfect joke that no one rolls their eyes at. And she still laughs—often—so all isn't lost. Right?

<Insert Pet Shop Boys Reference Here>

Let's Talk About Cash.

Following in the long and sorted tradition of other publications, I thought I might be instructive to discuss a little of the financial behind-the-scenes that goes on here at *The Cherry Picker*. It is easy enough to look at a publication and think about what it says, but how it was made is also a part of the story. Inevitably the question of funding and money comes up with nearly everyone I meet, and they also want to know about your job and your life, how much things cost and where it all comes from. So here's a little bit of that, for those kinds of people, in the Thoreau tradition.

I used all borrowed and / or previously owned stuff to create the first issue of *The Cherry Picker*. Peter Vortex loaned me the computer, and I did the entire layout in the "Pages" app on my Mac. All of the test printing was done our our house printer, and the

paper / ink was left over from the last time we needed to print anything. (Purchased who knows when.) Up until the day I printed, all the costs were in the stuff just that was around and that of my own time.

I printed 100 copies of the first issue, at a cost of \$69.00 even. (Nice.) Here's the receipt; I went to Office Max because it was only a 20 minute walk from my house, and I couldn't find any cheaper prices. I received a 3-cents-per-page bulk discount, however, they did charge me \$3.00 for stapling. (Stupid, as I could have done this myself.) Lesson learned: never ask for the stapling unless you really need it.



For this issue, I've decided to keep all the printing and stapling in-house. I have a saddle stapler that I've used for all of my 'zines going back to the year 2000, and for a variety of reasons, ink for the printer in my house is well stocks, and not among my costs. So, aside from occasional costs here and there, I should be able to keep this down to the mere cost of paper.

All told, a lot of people say that I seem to have this thing down to a science to keep my costs so low. And yes, I have been doing this a while, so I know how to make \$100 stretch if need be. But when I try to explain all the other costs that went into making this zine, I usually get puzzled looks in response. The material cost of printing they get; the cost of working and making, they often do not.

For example: this cost does not factor in our living expenses during the two weeks I was writing that first issue. It does not factor in the food I ate during that period, either. Yes, I wrote at home, but I had to travel to buy the food, pay to bring it home, then cook it. Not to mention the cost of the time I lost on the phone with insurance agents, officers, and folks to help us with repairs after the robbery.

What about the years I went to school, honing my craft as a writer at college? Those costs are ignored, too. And while the front-loading of any skill adds up

to a lot of time that in largely un-compensated, it certainly factors into my ability, now, to do any of this.

Perhaps the most egregious of these kinds of omissions is the thought that my time, for some reason, is not valuable. At a regular job, my time is worth at least a minimum wage, so to speak. But as an artist, the hours I put in don't seem to factor into the value of the items I make. I put in nearly 9 hour days, for a couple of weeks, to put together the first issue. But there isn't a time card you could show anyone that would convince them of the time you actually put into making something, not that it would show them the actual value of the work at hand, anyway.

I say all of this not to be a dick about it, but to try and further a point I was getting at last time: making art is just as much a labor that we undertake because we want you to have this creation in your life. And to do that, artists need support. I'm not asking for much, really. If my printing costs were recouped, and I made some dough to support my habits and hobbies, then I'm happy. But convincing people that I deserve to get there has been, strangely, a difficult game of, "No, really. It cost me time and money."

Nevertheless, Here's Where We're At.

In yet another case of, "holy shit, that was easier than I thought," *The Cherry Picker* is now available in 10 different locations around town, largely due to a single day's work, running around town and asked very politely if I could leave some free publications behind.

It was actually very uplifting. In much the spirit of any great adventure, I merely had to ask, and everyone said, "Sure." How cool is that? To pinch a *Greatest Generation* joke: "We know that the world is largely populated by complete and total assholes. But what my experience pre-supposes is, that, maybe they aren't?" In much the same way that sitting behind our screens and thumbs in whatever corner we like to place ourselves begins to create many false impressions about the world in our minds, the experience of meeting people and asking if I could put my zine out was so completely positive that I had to assume that I've been drugged and this is some sort of *The Prisoner* style mind-game where my captors are trying to get something out of me, somehow.

But, instead, we are merely available all over Salem. I'm only one person, so it will take some time to get us into more places. But in the meantime, we are out

there, and I think you'll only find the list expanding as time goes on. In the meantime, you can join our mailing list. (eepurl.com/c3a_ub) (or use the QR code)



The major benefit is that on the day of publication, you will receive a link in an e-mail, where you can download the new issue of *The Cherry Picker*. This seemed like a way to get a more accurate read of who our digital readers are, and who is going after the print version. I've experimented with a number of digital distribution models, and I'm still not sure which ones work best. But I'm open to your input, and would love to find a mechanism that is easy to implement and gets the new issues to you in a form you will read. Maybe that's a lot to ask? Hard to say. We'll find out, together, I'm sure.

Seasonally Minded

Getting Ready, Making Plans.

It's certainly felt like the Fall, anyway. All the hurriedness of trying to get things done, setting plans in stone, visiting with people who you long to see again before the end of the year, and generally tying up any loose ends that are currently getting in the way. It's been nice. Some years feel like you hardly get anything done. And years like these seem to cram everything into one whirlwind, pushing your whole family into moments winded insanity.

I've been trying to learn to cook, as a way of coping with everything lately. Completely fruitless effort, I know, as I not only live with an expertise in all areas of culinary exactitude, but my own laziness often makes it hard to do the real preparation I need to accomplish in order to truly be great in the kitchen. My idea of prepping the food is laughable. Grocery lists are pretty funny things to me. I always manage to confuse Baking Powder with Baking Soda, and everything goes cockeyed. It must be a metaphor.

But sometimes I get a decent soup out of it, and that's not too bad, when you think about it.

It's tough trying to make sure you come to terms with the passage of time in the same way you try to overcome your lost childhood toys. There were so many cool things to linger over, memories that need



to be carved into our digital phones with some sort of photographic marker so everyone will know that we, yes, WE were at the Pig Races this year, unquestioningly. So it was, and so it shall be written.

But more importantly, it is hard because marking these moments does require seeing the larger sweep of time, understanding that to get to the next thing we lose the previous thing, and how that all affects us, emotionally, as we try to navigate this brutal and unforgiving universe. It can wear you down to a nub, make you lose any bite and ferocity you might have had, and keep you from developing, and changing.

I welcome the changing seasons, but I also shed a tear for them, for the times we will never have back. It is that most elusive measurement of our reality—time itself—that is so hard to contend with. As I add wrinkles and grays to this persona, I want to cling to who I used to be with all my heart.

But that's incredibly unfair to the person I've become, in the here and now. And, even worse, it's a slap in the face of the person I will be.

Dat Bidness BS.

The next issue should be out in another two weeks, but I'm leaving myself open to pushing that back, if need be. I need to live by my own rules, and sometimes you need an extra week. What can I say? When October rolls around, things get busy.

Suffice it to say, we have a few irons in the fire, including a piece on the Salem Sketchers group, and an interview with Brides (as well as a story about / interview with touring act Some Kind of Nightmare). With an operation that is on the scale of ours, we don't want to promise too much and then not be able to deliver. What I can say is that these will keep coming out regularly, as often as I can, so that we can both enjoy the benefits of such a schedule, and have something fun to look forward to.

The Punk And The Godfather

As someone who used to run a Germs fan website in the '90's, I was somewhat excited to realize that today was Darby Crash's birthday. (As I write this, 26 September.) I have particularly fond memories of listening to the (MIA) compilation tape out of Slash Records, and how that seemed like the soundtrack to a youth full of acid trips and being in bands.

And yet, the man you see before you is a middle aged gent, who reads as a white male with privilege when you notice the gray hair and bowtie. So I wasn't surprised that, while I was out running my errands, a 20-something punk kid in full regalia—mohawk, jacket, patches, and wearing a Germs t-shirt—sat down next to me, waiting for the same bus, without exchanging so much as a word. He thumbed his phone, but seemed unaware of me, entirely.

As the bus was ready to leave, he noticed my "Happy Halloween" bag, and said, "Isn't it a bit early for that bag?"

I said, "Not at all. Did you put that shirt on in honor of Darby's birthday?" He immediately lit up.

"Yep. I love all that shit."

"Me too," I offered, and before long he was sitting next to me, complaining about how there were no punk shows in town, and how he was gonna have to go to the GBH / DI show tomorrow in Portland (as you read this, hopefully, on the 27th) to see something fun. By the time I got off the bus I had loaded him down with 'zines, and we were swapping stories about shopping for records.

I was certainly never like this kid, and I never wanted to be, either. My love of punk was unconnected to wardrobe, even in the beginning, and while I always love the garb on others, I just don't dress like that. But I love the culture, through and through, and to share it with someone as enthusiastically as he was certainly a treat.

It was a shame he misjudged me at first, and while we are all guilty of similar behavior in different ways and at different times, the fact we could overcome it so quickly and bond over music and culture only illustrates even more perfectly something that this 'zine is all about: that, when we look past that kind of bullshit, and just try to connect in positive ways, new friendships are actually born out of the experience.

Pretty powerful shit, I must say.

See you in two weeks.

“And each time I feel like
this inside, there’s one thing
I wanna know: What’s so
funny ‘bout peace love &
understanding?”

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Thank You:

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We are at:

thecherrypickerzine.wordpress.com

Edited by Marla Rich

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Mid-Valley Mutations (**midvalleymutations.com**)

Why Did We Do This? (**whydidwedothis.wordpress.com**)

The Capital Couple (**thecapitalcouple.wordpress.com**)

Wait, We’re Recording, Right?

(**waitwererecordingright.wordpress.com**)

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Additions to the calendar / Ad / Trade-Out Inquiries /
Letters to the editor: **austinrich@gmail.com**

Steppin’ Out

- 28 September:** Nebulae Goth / Industrial Night @ The Space, 8 PM
MarioKart64 Tournament @ The Coin Jam, 9 PM
- 29 September:** Vortex Remover CD Release Show @ The Space, 8 PM
Battle Axe Massacre, Old Iron, Morbid Fascination, Archons @ The Fifty, 7:30 PM
Scorn Dog, Itemfinder, Cody Ash & Brides @ The IKE Box, 7 PM
Friday Night Magic @ Borderlands Games, 6 PM
Mid-Valley Mutations @ KMUZ, 10 PM
- 30 September:** WarHammer 40K 2000pt Maelstrom Tournament @ Borderlands Games, 10:30 AM
Yu Gi Oh! OTS Championship @ Wild Things Games, 11 AM
Imperial Assault Q3 Tournament @ Borderlands Games, 1 PM
10th Annual Red Ribbon Show @ The Grand Theater, 5 PM
Clawfoot Slumber LP Release w symmetry/symmetry @ The Space, 8 PM
Red Spectre & Cottonfoot @ The State Street Pub, 9 PM
- 1 October:** All Ages Drag Show, Halloween Version @ Shotskis, 1 PM
- 2 October:** Cherry City Roller Open Derby Recruitment @ CCDG Mad House, 6:30 PM
- 4 October:** Star Wars Destiny Tournament @ Borderlands Games, 6:30 PM
Young Frankenstein @ The Elsinore Theater, 7 PM
Damage Overdose CD Release, Dead Thrall @ The Fifty, 9 PM
- 5 October:** Tied To A Grizzly Red Hands Black Feet & Shipping House @ The Space, 8 PM
- 6 October:** Friday Night Magic @ Borderlands Games, 6 PM
Nightmare Factory Opens (till November 4th), 7 PM
Sleep Millennium & Clawfoot Slumber @ Venti’s Cafe, 8 PM
The Shrike, Purusa & Grampa’s Chill @ The Space, 9 PM
Mid-Valley Mutations @ KMUZ, 10 PM
- 7 October:** The Wah Wah Music Fest @ Downtown Salem, 3 PM
DragonBall Super Tournament @ Wild Things Games, 4 PM
Vintage Yu-Gi-Oh! Tournament @ Borderlands Games, 5 PM
- 9 October:** Deconstructing Beatles ‘Sgt. Peppers’ @ Salem Cinema, 7 PM