

P60

Volume 1 Number 1

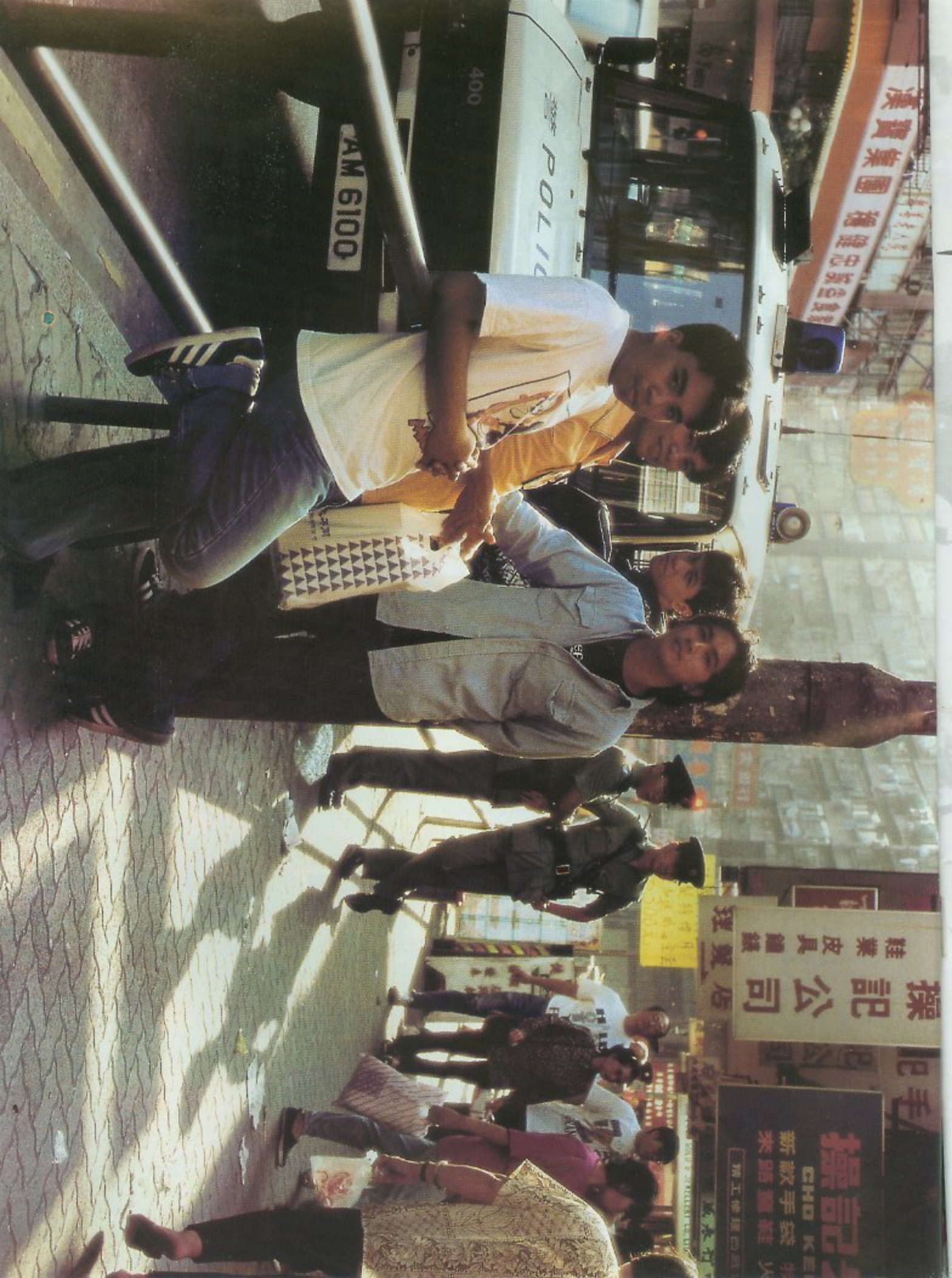
THE
E-STORY

PLUS:

- * MINI GIG HANDBOOK
- * ELY'S NOVELETTE
- * MARCUS PA RIN!
- * FAN MAIL
- * ANN
- * VANNED
- * THE LEAN & MEAN SWP
- * PHOTOS!!!

The Official Enrageheadz Magazine

BONUS!!! OUR NEXT ALBUM INSIDE * BONUS!!! OUR NEXT ALBUM INSIDE





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GREETINGS!

The PILLBOX is out,
finally.

The official magazine.

A head start.

ERASERHEADS.

100% unadulterated,
unabashed,
understand?

For those of you
who just can't get enough.

Buddy's experiment,
Marcus' handiwork, *Raymund's* project,
Ely's brainchild, *unleashed.*

The E-Boys have been dabbling in writing
and seriously thinking of it as something
to fall back on- *In case the April Boys*
completely lord it over.

PILLBOX - *TRUE INFO, inside stories,*
photos and *more* photos
spiked with PROZAC, VALIUM and LITHIUM...
for your thought.

But the 'zine's not to be confused with
that notorious homemade bomb.

This PILLBOX's *safer*

it *explodes in your mind,*
not in your hands.

Gets n'yo?

Oh, sha. Pop the pill.

Thanks for buying.
HAPPY READING.

The Editor

**PILL
BOX**
ZINEDICATE

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ERASERHEADS:

Good day to you, may God shower all His blessings for your more success. Thanks be to God this letter reached you by now. I've been writing you since then, but I'm just that frustrated for not receiving any response from you, you know guys, believe it, you became my inspiration in my studies and everything. I even dreamed to be like you, sometimes I came to think, I want to form a band at itigil ko na lang ang pag-aaral ko. Kung minsan sa tuwing nag-iisa ako & used to listen to your songs, then everytime I heard that, parang yun ang nagtutulak sa akin, parang gusto kong mag-compose ng songs & believe it, minsan nagawa ko na yan, yun bang kung nag-iisa ako walang magawa and mind you, nag-pa-practice na rin akong maging gitarista.

Sana I can expose my potentials in terms of music. That, if I have to, but I'll try, siguro kung talagang doon ako then there's nothing wrong for me to achieve my dreams. Diba? We used to search for our own world, kung saan talaga tayo? So through this I want to hear a sort of advice from you guys at san wag ninyo akong biguin. Okay lang sa akin kahit walang naging response doon sa naging mga sulat ko. I think 5 or 6 times na siguro ako sumulat sa inyo, pero ok lang, no hurt feelings, naiintindihan ko

naman basta ako, kahit anong mangyari, sirain man kayo ng taong walang magawa, hindi pa rin ako magbabago, I'm always here to support you. Bye, more power!!

Truly yours,
Sitti-Laarni L. Abdurahin
Talugsangay, Zamboanga City 7000

DIR SITI! LMRN!

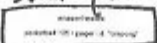
KAMI AY LUBOS NA NAGAGALAK AT KAHIT PAPAAND AY NAKIPAG-DUDULOT KAMI NG INSPIRASYON SA IYO. NGUNIT WAG MO SANANG ITIGIL ANG IYONG PAG-MREAL PARA MAGKOMBO. SA KATUNAYAN MUKING BIRAGI NG MGA NILAUMAN NG AMING MGA AWITIN AT MGA PANINIWALA AY NAKURBOG MULA SA MGA KIRINSAK NAMIN. NOONG KAMI AY ANG-AARAL PA. MABOY NAMIMISS NAMIN ANG KOLSHIYO KAYA PAG NAGKIRON KINING SAPAT NA PANAHON AY ITUTULUY NAMIN ANG AMING MGA SINIMULANG KURSO.

SALAMAT SA IYONG AT SANAY MABURAY KA SA MAHIMONG INAGY

Primum

TO SELF PROCLAIMED EMPRESS ERNA,

WE REALLY APPRECIATE UR LETTER THANK U!
hindi co pa narinig ang "Spacehog" But I love "Boss Hog" (hindi Boss Hog eh, we do have plans of a US visit pag may yelo na). See u!!!

MARKUS
P.S. can U send from Planet me \$10  URANUS

4 March '96

Dear Eraserheads,

Hello! Yo, What's up? It's now 2:30 am NY time and I'm listening to your RX concert live version of Overdrive and ya know, I just gotta thank you guys salamat talaga for getting me thru midterms week here at school. I'm just about ready to sleep (I can't believe how foreign the word is to me right now) but listening to you guys jammin is helping listen to my evil right brainside to keep on studying. Aaaaaaaah! You guys are really great. I'm lucky to have friends who remember me and my-fuck what's the word? Basta alam nila na kayo ang paborito kong Filipino band at pinadala nila yung mga musical talents niyo, live pa, along with their voice tape. Do you guys really give a flying crap? Probably not pero I want to send you my absolute appreciation ng talents niyo anyway. Kagaling lang ako sa Pilipinas last December. Nag-year break ako from school here to stay in the Phil. at nag-enjoy ako esp. going to your gigs once sa Chatterbox & nung promo concert nyo sa UP Sunken Garden. Kahit pinanganak ako dito, 1st love ko talaga ang Pilipinas. And hearing you guys for the first time nung '92, I was totally blown away. Your music is great & especially yung mga lyrics n'yo. Most of my brainwashed by American standard Fil-Am friends have before always considered Phil., esp. when it came to music, mga copy-cat culture lang. I always knew na somehow, someday, there'd be a group to wash away those views. By any chance, do you have plan on coming to the States? Sana!! Of course if I had the choice, hindi ako aalis sa Pilipinas, spoiled and unappreciative am I? Never! Perhaps, and totally not making sense, siguro. Kahit for the 1st time to experience ko nang periodic brownouts, no water and survived 2 typhoons, pollution, disparity b/w rich & poor (even w/ my own family!) weird ba ako na gusto ko pa diyan? Yess No!! Well, though I have much more nonsense to express I'll keep this short & tasty mmm! Question though: Who really are the inspirations for your songs like "El Bimbo" (Special ha ha) not the Tango, or "Torpedo"? Sino ba sa 'yo ang torpe? please in b/w your gigs, gimmicks and sleep. can ya send me a note of response? Feeling, 'no But it'd be cool to hear from ya!

Love,
Erna

NINA BALLERINA,

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER THIS ISSUE. IT'S THEIR PROBLEM THEY DON'T KNOW THAT THE WITCHUNT IS DONE + OVER WITH. FIRST, IT WAS DRUGS. NOW IT'S SATANIC MESSAGES. IT'S TOTALLY SILLY WHAT PEOPLE DO TO GET ATTENTION.

ENOUGH OF THAT. IT'S WONDERFUL TO HEAR FROM YOU, AND NICE TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE IN PASAY STILL LISTENS TO OUR MUSIC.

I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET: OUR FOURTH ALBUM WILL BE ABOUT FRUITCAKES. YES, LIKE THOSE CAKES PEOPLE SEE BUT RARELY TASTE DURING CHRISTMAS. "WHY FRUITCAKES?", YOU ASK. I DON'T REALLY KNOW, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT BECAUSE WE'RE MAKING A LOT OF FUN MAKING THE ALBUM. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE ABOUT DONE WITH THE FOURTH SONG. WATCH OUT FOR IT COME NOVEMBER.

OH YEAH IF YOU'RE READING THIS, THAT MEANS THAT PILLBOX IS OUT. MAYBE I'LL GET TO HEAR FROM YOU NEXT ISSUE. BYE NINA BALLERINA.

Roby Zabala

written the first Monday of August

January 20, 1996

Dear Ely, Buddy, Marcus and Rains,

Hil! Well, 4 sure nag-ilit na yung mga heads niyo about sa issue na satanic yung songs nyo. I really can't believe that issue. Well, let's face it, when they played the tape backwards, they heard what they wanted to hear (satanic stuff). But I know that it is really not your fault 'cuz when u recorded that, you were not aware naman talaga na pag "bi-nack-mask" yung tape, yun ang lalabas. I really don't think na may point yung mga assholes na iyon sa pag-play nila ng tape nyo na backwards 'cuz who's dumb enough to listen to the tape backwards, right? Well, maybe they are! They get into my nerves this time! Pero guys, I really liked the way you answered them. It was brilliant! I really don't care sa mga sinasabi nila. I think they're just trying to "Bring you down" 'cuz nasa peak na kayo ng career nyo.

I just wanted you guys to know na whatever happens, I'm with you. Well siguro para sa inyo bali wala yun 'cuz you don't know me naman & I'm just a fan. Pero what you guys don't know is I'm willing to do everything! Never ko ipagpapalit ang E'Heads. Am I reacting too much? Sorry if I am. 'Cuz I'm very much affected by that damn topic. 'Til here. Pls-keep cool! You can do it! Pls write back!

Nina P.
2545 Aurora St. Pasay City

le 12 Avril

Dear Eraserheads,

Hello from Canada! I'd just like to say your music is great! I just came back from the Philippines last week and boy I'm sure glad to be home.

I enjoy drawing, listening to good 'ol Rock 'n Roll bands like Led Zeppelin and newer stuff like Bush and Radiohead.

I listen to classical music as well. My tastes are pretty diverse, I suppose. Well, I just want to say, "love your music!" once again and even though I don't understand tagalog, it still sounds good. Oops! My mother is calling me, I think she wants me to shovel the snow on the driveway. Well, see ya later!

A la prochaine,
Nilda Fides Balassu
19 years young



Dear Nilda,

Thanks 4 the drawing! kinda reminds 2ly of the comicbook "Elfguest" Is it a self-portrait? we hope so. Otherwise, we hope not. Our musical tastes are pretty diverse, too. Just look at our hair. Thanks again and bonjour to all the great french kissers out there. Oops! - our parents are calling us, we think they want us to shovel the labor on our highway.

ely

SUBTERRANEAN CAMPUS BLUES

Contrary to popular belief, Eraserheads was not the first combo of Ely, Or Raymund, Marcus and Buddy, for that matter. In 1987, Ely's first college band made a stunning debut in the campus gig circuit. The nameless and hastily formed quartet from a freshman dormitory called Kalayaan played before a hundred or so students gathered in the lobby of AS building for what was dubbed as a "protest concert". Ely, who played bass, and the Morrissey-influenced Raymund dela Peña, a friend whom we fondly called Luci, were the backbone of this band. They opened their set with "Boys Don't Cry" and the crowd went wild. It was followed by "Rock Around The Clock", which Ely crazily introduced as an "ode to socialism", and the crowd went wilder. "Yung keyboardist namin, happy-happy. Akala n'ya pinaglakaguduhan kami," Ely reminisced with a chuckle. However, the enthusiastic and responsive crowd sent the four hapless freshmen pissing in their pants long before they finished EBTG's "Angel". The crowd was deliciously chanting "Imperialismo, ikagagag", obviously attacking their repertoire that was terribly hostile to their ideology. The band was a sorry miscast in that protest concert suited only for the likes of Joey Ayala and Patatag. But the caper they inadvertently pulled made it in the Phil. Collegian, the university organ. Ely would later clip the article that gave them instant and fleeting popularity in the freshmen circle. He scribbled, "Look Ma, we're famous!" on top of the page.

Raymund, Marcus and Buddy became UP students the following year. I can still remember them when Ely and I watched Identity Crisis' concert in Abelardo Hall. We saw Marc and Ray-

The gruesome foursome wanted me to tell the story of their olden days. A sort of history, one might say. As a self-appointed "chronicler" of the band when we were in college, I could say that I knew some things that other writers don't. Although some facts here are not new to your ears, it can somehow establish the veracity of previously written stuff. Perhaps, my purpose is to tell the fans that the band's story is not at all romanticized. As their college *barkada*, I'm here to confirm and relate how their ordinariness have catapulted them to stardom. In a sense, this story is an eyewitness account to the phenomenon which is the ERASERHEADS

School, he played the keyboards for their cover of Aztec Camera's "Walk Out To Winter". Raymund's presence in Sunday School was a constant source of annoyance to his namesake, Raymund aka Luci. There was some sort of personality clash because both guys had to deal with each other's "attitude". Definitely, there were also artistic differences because Luci, a guitar major in the

E-heads had great contemporaries. These guys' musical prowess were probably as good as their minds when inside the classroom. They knew how to tune their guitars and they played tight - Chanting Wind were the guys from the Conservatory of Music and were big fans of the

Big Country; Giant Step were pop jazz masters who were also music majors; Eyeless Vision was a Fine Arts-based group who sounded like Replacements meets Neil Young; Aftermath was into U2 and Rush; Game Over and The Clouds among others. The E-heads can be separated from other bands who constantly annoyed my ears with staples like Van Halen's "Jump" and Simple Minds' "Don't You Forget About Me". They had a more respectable repertoire consisting of songs by The Cure, The Cult, Beatles, etc. Unfortunately, the 'Heads may have gotten A+ in their reports and papers but they always got a C- in their playing. That was why they would always be assigned to the last part of the show, when almost everybody had finished their set and when the crowd had already dwindled. Nevertheless, they always had this small but solid following who understood and loved their being deficient.

FLUNK OUT!

But there was one particular gig where the band was noticed. It was a sorority-sponsored Valentine show in College of Eng'g. where they had a chance to rub elbows with The Dawn. Noticing how the crowd responded to their rendition of Sex Pistols' "My Way", Jett Pangan told them to try their luck in the "in" places. "Mag-audition kayo sa Red Rocks. Tsaka dahan-dahan lang sa palo ng drums," Jett was said to advise the kids specifically Raymund regarding his drum-smashing frenzy.

Later on, they considered that advice so that they could gain more exposure in the underground scene. They auditioned at Mayric's and when the audition master gave this don't-call-us-we'll-call-you remark, they were wise enough to know that it was the best euphemism for "Sorry guys, tough luck." The guys went over to NU 107 but was again rejected because mere cuts from demo tapes had no place in their playlist. (Imagine, Raymund offering a demo recorded in their garage in Candelaria, Quezon.) They even approached some people at RJ Recording but their sound was deemed "not pop enough". It seemed that the band was not ready for the world outside the campus or was it the other way around? Was it possible that the scene was not ready for something as revolutionary as the E-heads?

"!@#& U!"

The earliest works of this band are contained in this low-profile, low-budgeted and independently produced album called "Pop U!". This title was coined by Marc after the "not pop enough" comment by recording gurus (To this they answered, "Pop U!"). Four songs from this album were included in their major label debut and the rest have remained commercially obscure. It was recorded in a makeshift studio at the UP Faculty Center two years after the band was formed. Sir Robin Rivera, who produced the band's second and third albums, was the engineer and producer of this four-track recording. Sir Robin, a Humanities professor, offered his services to the band for free after his student Raymund gave him a copy of their "garage" recording for a listen. "Ang galing, iba

ang dating
ng tunog
nila.
Sayang
naman
kung hindi

more-record for posterity. So I got my equipment and told the guys to record their songs," he said. Sir Robin also had creative inputs - he had some drum parts and served as back-up vocals. The album served as their official demo tape and some 20 copies were

Inverted of the

wanted to concentrate on jazz (which according to him was a higher learning where he can hone his skills). "He must have regretted it," Ely said, his voice tinged with both pride and mockery. So Raymund brought in his bandmates from Curfew - Marcus and Buddy. Hence, the birth of Eraserheads. They made their debut performance in a sorority-sponsored variety show in the AS steps.

STUDENT NUMBERS

Since the band's formation in '89, their pathetic "alternative" lifestyle was built around a world of small



practice. Luci chided them because of their sartorial sense and punkish attitude that was seemingly overflowing. Ely and Luci did not have a hint that Raymund would be their session player later on.

In 1988, Ely and Luci wanted to form a new band and they posted audition ads in the Kalayaan dorm. Raymund was the first to respond and his audition piece was "Hot, Hot, Hot". I asked Ely how he fared and he said, "Okay naman s'ya. Kaya lang mali 'yung chord pattern na ginawa n'ya." Raymund later brought Buddy and Marcus. They had a jam at "Alberto's", a studio behind Nepa-Q Market in QC. Marcus didn't actually play but was just an onlooker. "Mukha pang walang alam si Marcus, nanonood lang," Ely said. Buddy didn't make the grade and his bass playing actually went unnoticed. On second thought, it could also have been "because he was wearing slacks" as Ely confided.

Nothing really happened with the audition. So Raymund, Marcus and Buddy went on to form a new band of their own called Curfew. Their repertoire consisted of the Primitive's "Crash", Bolshoi's "Away", Gene Loves Jezebel's "Gorgeous" and songs by Soupdragons and Housemartins. They had a vocalist, Candy Pelayo and had their own set of groupies.

On the other hand, Ely and Luci formed a band named Sunday School where Ely handled the bass. There were only session drummers usually brought by Luci from the Conservatory. Raymund, who was still with Curfew, would join Ely's band in campus gigs once in a while. In his first gig with Sunday

campus gigs, borrowed guitars, demo tape peddling, limited bottles of beer and restrained dating at SM. Raymund would always find a way for the band to be included in programmes, practically applying to show-concert organizers rather than being invited. When they got accepted, these free shows and mini-gigs became red-letter days in our gimik calendar.

These org-sponsored events were venues for talented, young bands from UP. In the late 80's, the

The Story



produced for friends and a handful of fans. The tracks included in this album are "Toyang", "Tindahan ni Aling Nena", "Pare Ko", "Shake Yer Head", "Dying slow", "Sorry", "Fading River", "The Fifth Moon", "Venus In The Country", "Milk and Money", "Amen" and this downer of a song called "One Last Angry Look" (it's very new New Orderesque, and it's a personal favorite). This album has a more "alternative" feel; it features eclectic styles from new wave to reggae. It's a classic. Too bad a friend borrowed it and never returned it. It sounds very raw and obviously unsanitized, like music emanating from a garage rather than a studio. One can hear Ely's vocal chords wearing out, Marc's straying notes in his adlib and Raymund's incessant "In Between Days" drum fill. There were indigenous musical instruments used which reflected this gamelan group's (Kontra-Gapi) influence on Raymund, Marcus and Buddy. The uncomplicated themes of first love and wet dreams were presented in a devil-may-care, greenhorny manner. There were gimmicks like Marc's "Victor, victor, adam, uno-dos-tres" intro-line. The themes are simple, even simplistic, which deviate from the pa-profound norm of saying things - you know, like deep thoughts that aim to rearrange the universe and inspire enlightenment and all that crap.



It was this demo tape that brought them to Dredd. This ray of hope came in '91. The combo finally found an asylum. And the straitjackets were untied.

The E-heads P200-a-night, twice-a-month stints at Dredd introduced a seminal style: the art of enjoying embarrassment. The band guaranteed its entertainment value. The four surely had the gall to do cover versions of The Cult and REM and make fun of themselves along the way. They were so loose that the viewers, accustomed to the seething angst and instrumental precision from other artists, found relief in the E-heads' raw and slapdash sets. It was a laxative! God knows how they strained every nerve to sound polished but what usually came out was a comical and discordant sound. Hence, they devised a way of sugarcoating their sets - they played nothing but originals. "Kung sumasabit man kami, hindi nila mahahalata kasi hindi nila alam 'yung mga kanta'."



Raymund explained. And besides, Marcus confessed, "Ang gagaling nila. Kapag ginaya ko ang mga ginagawa nila sa gitara, lalo lang mapapansin na magaling sila at ako hindi. So kung ano'ng kaya ko, 'yung na lang," Marcus said. All in all, their pretense-free, burp-and-fart attitude propped up their catchy, down-to-earth songs.

THE ORIGINAL SIN

So "Toyang", "Tindahan" and an array of never-heards comprised their repertoire. It was something very peculiar because most bands preferred doing covers and they were rated on how well they copy or interpret the songs and the original performers.

Without really knowing it, the E-heads was building a cult of its own - with their originals as the anchor of the faith. The songs were hypnotic mantras that attracted converts, mostly classmates or dormmates from Molave and Narra who were initially lured by the cutesy-mushy come-on called "Pare Ko". Some of these converts were the "ibak" crowd who initially booed Ely in his first-ever band outing back in '87.

Consequently, their sets were able to gather Dredd's discriminating night creatures - from snooty, shet-how-gross-naman coho kids to lowlife misfits and all the cartoon characters in between. But there were also snobs and puristic blokes who would rather die than condescend. And they could not be blamed for that. As already noted, the E-heads were partial to neanderthal musicianship which was well akin to the three-chord wonders of punk. They had nothing to say about global crises although Marc sometimes went as far as singing "Save the trees/oh funky mama, save the trees/ you can cut all your toenails/ but funky mama, don't cut the trees." Somehow, they managed to make a name for themselves in UP especially when they were featured in this musicale called "Manhid" (from where the band's doo-wopish "Kailan" came from). This musicale was staged in FAT after its controversial run in the campus.

Outside of UP, the biggest gig they had was in Cebu in 1991. This was their first out-of-town show wherein they, together with the Introvoy, were pitted against the local bands. It was a frustrating experience for them because they were unknowns whose kind of rock 'n' roll was deliriously booed by the Cebuanos "who wanted too much Poison and Warrant's 'Cherry Pie'." This unforgettable gig was the inspiration behind "Combo On The Run", a song that speaks about their first big concert which was a "crying shame"; little did the band know that Cebu would be a constant destination in their national tours later on and that they would actually like touring and "running and around". But that's about it. Those were the band's only claim to fame during that time.

In Dredd, they started playing an expanded repertoire because of the new compositions like "Andalusian Dog" (title of a film by auteur Luis Bunuel and surrealist painter Salvador Dali); "First Rain Of May" - a song that they converted to "Acid Rain" to suit the environmental theme of one gig in Quezon Circle; "Scorpio Rising" - one of my favorites because it's one of the songs whose meaning I could not understand because Ely likes to play with words. Ely blurts out at the end of the song "blue is the color of my skin". Whattheheck! I also like the guitar break which they later used in "Magasin" (two guitar lines in harmony); "Ms. Muffet"; "Venus In The Country"; "Get This Love Thing Down"; "Sidewalk Slammer"; "Wishing Wells"; "Waiting For The Bus"; and "Poorman's Grave".

Raymund also reminded me of an incident which became the basis for the song "Alkohol". "Pare, natatandaan mo pa ba 'yung inuman natin? Kaya ko nagawa 'yung 'Alkohol' dahil 'dun", he said. And yeah, he was right. Raymund drank and jammed with us singing "Ang Himig Natin" and "Balong Malalim" and

Most observers attribute the Beatlesque sound of the 'Heads to Ely, the chief songwriter. And there's nothing wrong with that. We all know The Beatles are constantly imitated by Ely's subconscious as evidenced by his compositions. But he has grown tired of all the comparisons particularly that grossly funny "Beatles of the Philippines" title. Some people even go to the extent of saying that "Overdrive" is their version of "White My Car". But in his stacks of cassette tapes, one will find various influences like Michael Jackson's "Bad" album. He can even teach you Jack's dance step in "Billie Jean" because he loved doing that when we were in college. Other incriminating evidence are albums by James Taylor, Simon and Garfunkel and even, Jose Mari Chan. He loves John Lennon, he loves Ely's Presley and he probably loves all the generic pop icons. "Torpedo", that power ballad cut, even sounds a bit like ABBA and VST and Co. Rock chauvinists may believe that their favorite badboy songs are skeletons in their closet but Ely thinks differently.

Meanwhile, the bassist "Budy" Zabala kinda strays a bit with personal cult classics that include David Benoit, Chick Corea, Spyro Gyra, Al Jarreau, Toto and some Hall & Oates. It's a screaming, in-your-face POP JAZZ for Budy. I like pop jazz. Budy used to say when asked about his great influence, "Chances are he'll tell you the same thing nowadays. He's an unrepentant jackal" (which makes him a "jackhole" to his bandmates). Budy used to do away with bass solos and no amount of

The common question was, "Hindi pa ba kayo nagkakasawa?" The fourth album is in the making and the grand blue print for '97 is already drawn - these perhaps could answer that question. But Ely has a more apt answer. "Pang-tatun na kaniang nagkakasawa pero pang-pagkatun na rin kami, in more ways than one. Marami pang-kasapi ang nagpapaligay sa pagkatun pang-tatun na nagkakasawa." They're musically.

Marcus, Raymund and Ely are big fans of The Cure. But the love of this new wave outfit known for its dark, introspective songs as well as its blithe, twisted pop tunes is perhaps the only thing that they have in common. After new wave, Marcus made a self-study of the roots of rock and found himself drawn into the music of Muddy Waters, Robert Johnson, Led Zep, Stevie Nicks, Bob Dylan among others. One might say that Marc rarely smiles and that he is always the last one to say something. On stage, he looks like a speed-out, stoned sentry who hardly moves in his pose. At least, that's what people see. But during idle moments, he also does some surreal doodlings and even acted projections. In private, he's actually a jolly guy. He may sometimes talk in riddles but he's a nice chap. Start calling to him about the old Wambough books, Charles Manson or Pink Floyd and voila, the deadpan is gone. Over bottles of beer, we would listen to some sort of Christmas music and to Marc, that would already be Zen.

Raymund is not much into the olives. He basically liked all that stuff that the so-called "chonge" and punk move about. When he was still a student BJ in the college radio IDJ2R, he spun his personal album collection that consisted of what he calls some "funny" music. This included that flamboyant R&B sleazebag formerly known as Prince, Violent Femmes, Big Audio Dynamic, RUN DMC and B-52's among others. Raymund also introduced the "unplugged versions" format in his radio program. Of course, the first band he featured was none other than the E-heads. Raymund has always been the trendy type, the one who's always up to date when it comes to foreign or local bands. Eventually, he knew bands of every imaginable name and denomination. And he's always ready to ask you, "Oy, nung '90 na to? Reddled Sir, cool sir pare? Ely, nung The Supremes? Three piece band na ego? rap na jazz na puro white noise. Ang galing nito." Raymund has ultra-voiced, obscure and orientales avant-garde influences which I think suits him well. Like Budy, he's a multi-instrumentalist. He plays the keyboards, guitars, percussion, some harmonica except the wind instruments because of his "hiker". This explains why he likes experimenting. He was responsible for the "techno-feel" of "Wahing Nahing" & "Supernova" (the drum machine parts) and the its parts in the album "Campulope". Because of this, bandmates sometimes have to control him because as Ely said, "Nagiging over the edge na marami ang guitar nung nung ng banda. 'Punk and New Wave and their crazy crossovers are the essentials of the basic Raymund attitude."

There you have it - a range of musical references that could explain the pop hybrid we've come to recognize as the E-heads' music. The band has been through a lot of the so-called trials and tribulations - the grueling tour of the Philippines, the pressures of making records that must eclipse the previous ones, the very frequent media outcries and the personal problems that get in the way. All of these are more than enough to burn them out. But as always, they refuse to succumb to these life-threatening and suffocating situations. Each and every E-head sang tied in with his people's hearts. They have also been ruthless and unapologetic in conquering one peak after another. The trio have been together for seven solid years and at this point in time, nothing can tear apart the union that exists. Not the fatigues wrought by sleepless writers, not the competition put up by other bands and not even the artistic differences within the group.

he was dead drunk. That was the only time I saw him in such a sorry state - puking and calling the name of his beloved Mama after drinking too much ESQ (killer rum).

SWALLOW YOUR FRIED...

But it was not all fun, fun, fun for these fearless forecasters of rock in the '90s. Of course, there was the perennial problem of augmenting one's allowance which came all the way from the provinces. Raymund did sidelines so as not to offend his Papa and Mama from Candelaria. He helped out in the fresh eggs business and played keyboards in some parties with Buddy. Marcus made tie-dyed things while Ely sold exquisitely hot & spicy Bicol Express to some of his dormer friends.

To give you an idea how tough the times were, I shall cite the classic tale of the fried chicken. After watching a movie in SM North Edsa (last full show), we ate in this 24-hour carinderia in Tandang Sora before going back to Narra, our dorm in UP. That was in 1991. Mahatma Marc and I feasted on one-half fried chicken without really knowing that we couldn't pay even one-fourth of the chicken's price. I assumed that we would split the bill because I already paid for his movie ticket. But it was only after finishing our midnight repast that I discovered that Marc only had loose change in his pocket and my money wasn't enough! "Manang, iwan ko na lang dito ang ID ko, tsaka 'tong kasama ko", he said to the cashier. The poor guy had to go to the dorm and get some money to pay the bill.

YOKO NA

Their most vulnerable moment came when they had to give up rather than to go on. This happened during a couple of "disbandments or last gigs".

Of course, jamming was all fun and grrls. But then, they also had to give time to what they were in UP for - pass the subjects in their respective courses. Ely and Raymund were Masscom majors, Marcus was into Philosophy while Buddy was an Engineering scholar. Intermittent gigs and sporadic inspiration from "terror" professors allowed the foursome to focus, even for a while, on their studies. But when Marc and Raymund just could not get enough kick and grrls and Ely direly needed extra bucks for some Marvel comics, the combo had to play "Killing An Arab" over and over in exchange for Jollibee meal coupons. Somehow as the fun dragged on, something had to get on someone's nerve.

Buddy woke up one chilly morning in December of 1991 and realized that clowning around with a shabby guitar and flunking Calculus exams were not exactly his twin missions on earth. The straight and studious Buddy QUIT the band to seek enlightenment from Calculus and other take-two subjects. And later in December '91, when the academic burden seemed unbearable and gave him a peptic ulcer,

he got an LOA and sought refuge in his natieland Zamboanga. The leftover trio took session bassists, noteworthy of which was ex-Betrayed Mally Panguya (who's now with Tame The Tikbalang), an underground vet who jammed with them for quite a while. One of Mally's finest hours with the E-heads came in the UP Fair of February '92. By playing John Lennon's "Cold Turkey" and The Knack's "My Sharona", the band was able to hold their ground against the best bands within and without the university including the Dawn.

Strangely enough, the shoes that Buddy left could not be filled even by the most proficient bassists around. Without Holy Buddy, the rest of the E-heads could not seem to put their acts together. There were things that made matters worse - the "thesisphobia", the heartaches of course, and the conflicting views on Bart Simpson and the theory of historical materialism. Ely, Marc and Raymund could not seem to put their acts together. On the verge of calling it quits, the long-lost Buddy returned to the gold sometime in March '92 with an enlightened message, "F--- school!"

The second "break-up" happened at Club Dredd sometime in '92. Raymund walked out in the middle of their set because Ely and Marcus were doing some incomprehensible "trippings" on the stage. Buddy admitted, "We were banned from Dredd for a month because of that. Wala kami ng hanapbuhay. Ang hirap."

But after a month, Raymund, the "bad trip" and irritation gone altogether, returned because he missed banging the drumkit. Besides, the ban was lifted and they had to fulfill commitments. "Kelangan naming tunogtog uli dahil kasama na ulit kami sa schedule ng Dredd," Raymund intimated.

PARENTAL ADVISORY

Now that they were back together again, they had to collectively face the disapproving and disappointed looks from their parents' faces. "My father wanted me to become a lawyer", Ely confessed. His father had a lot of faith in his son who was an extemporaneous speaking champion in high school and who was the chapter president

of the youth club called Order of DeMolay. Ely was just a semester shy from finishing his degree in Filmmaking when he dropped out and temporarily hummed around. Meanwhile, Marcus had all his plans laid out for his thesis which had something to do with reefer and Philosophical Reasoning. But that was the farthest he could go as he got so engrossed in Zen, the Tibetan Book of the Dead, Maharishi, Kamasutra and all that stuff.

Raymund, on the other hand, finished

the first draft of his thesis on "alternative" musicians. Unfortunately, that was the closest he got to fulfilling this graduation requirement. Buddy had to shift courses and, by then, he was already enrolled in Library Science. In short, the group was in a hurry to get out of the mess and that was their unwanted stay in the university. They had to have the saving grace. Their families expected a lot from them and they had to find a way to appease their loved ones.

A LUCKY WANNABE

So after being around in the underground live circuit for a while, they embarked on this grand ambition of making it in the recording business whose idea of OPM was centered on pretty crooners and goodlooking balladeers (This despite the fact that he was a bit insecure about their looks. "Shit pare, ang kikinis nila. Pa'no na kami n'yari," Ely would say referring to his fair and smooth-skinned colleagues in Dredd who had *artista* looks.). And despite their handicap, Ely knew and was very confident that their songs will shake the pop equilibrium. "I never had any doubt," Ely confided, referring to the potential of their songs.

By this time, Ely had already dropped out of school and was working at BMG as a copywriter while moonlighting as a bandsman. He was so focused and determined to make the Eraserheads big that he even threatened his former manager with the Canada ploy. "Sabi ko sa kanila, aalis na ako papuntang Canada. Pang-bluff sa manager namin kasi parang walang nangyayari sa career namin," Ely revealed. Robbie Sunico, the former manager, immediately found a way to seal a contract with BMG for an album. So you could say that Ely had a lot to do with the bamboozling of the BMG bosses. And the major label execs did the impossible - take the guys as they were: hook, line and sinker.

The next thing I knew, the single "Ligaya" was already in the playlist of the more popular FM stations. That was in 1993. I remember seeing the guys in their TV debut which took place in the weekly noontime show "Sa Linggo nAPO Sila". The band was terrible. My sister Rinna even told me, "Kuya, sintunado yata si Ely". It was so funny and pathetic seeing them play the jazzy-dancey "Ligaya" while they projected a grungy image (complete with plaid, tattered jeans and long hair). What a contradiction. It was a very amateurish

display of live music. Ely's voice bordered on the baritone level and his guitar-playing was awkward and tense. This was also the case for Marcus, Buddy and Raymund. Nevertheless, the purpose was served and it was a good start to promote the single.

SA WAKAS

The assimilation was swift and unimaginable. One by one, their released singles became instant hits. They toured practically the whole archipelago for gigs. The group had a cameo role in Joey de Leon's "Run, Barbi, Run" and one of their earlier hits "Pare Ko", was the inspiration of a youth oriented movie with the same title. Rumor has it that "Ang Huling El Bimbo" is already being filmed. Lately, they are into product endorsements, not only singing the jingles but also appearing as their commercial models. These guys must really have thousands of fans! The guys have also guested in TV programs of almost all formats - variety shows, talk shows, sitcoms, musicales, etc. All of these, of course, was made possible by the enormous success of their albums in the record market. Today, their albums *Ultraelectromagneticpop!*, *Circus* and *Cutterpillow* have respectively reached the 200,000 mark or equivalent to five (5) Platinum Record Awards. They have also received awards from NU 107 and the Awit Awards. Indeed, the culture known as "mainstream" has been too gracious to these gang of four.

After they received their first gold record award, Ely's father said something like this in a videotaped interview, "Sana magpasalamat kayo sa kanila dahil hindi naman kayo telegenic." As far as I know, there are two things that can give a band a running start in this competitive, top 40-oriented music industry: good looks and musicianship. Needless to say, the band did not have any of these requirements when they invaded the commercial music community some three years ago.

It is in these deficiencies or shortcomings where their secret lie. They became the Nora Aunor of the music industry because the common *tao* can identify with their being ordinary. They became sort of working class heroes not only because of the way they look but because of what they say. That's their appeal. That's their charisma.

Their albums transcended the demographic barriers and united the unusual corners of a segmented listening audience-from yosi vendors to Makati yuppies, from preschool toddlers to menopause moms. The impeccably crafted tunes and the damn fine lyrics of the E-Heads' songs have paraphrased the rhetorics of pop. This led to the reawakening of everyone's *baduy* sensibilities. The down-home rustic images of *El Bimbo* and *Pare Ko* dipped in a whirlpool of post-teenage psyche give the songs a very Pinoy appeal.

The 'Heads forced the music industry to revise every known criteria and formula in the book. Pop scholars and quacks were quick to rationalize: the band reinvented pop by design and hit the pay dirt by accident. They were a bunch of gutsy guys who convinced everyone that it is not a harebrained idea to be mediocre like them. ■



HEADS SKE

The routine spoils the fun. It deprives them of some fine time. It's a real grind and it's sickening - But Raymund's not complaining.

"I usually wake up at around 11 a.m., play some CDs, read and practice for half an hour..."

When I was in grade school, I used to hang around this bank in San Pablo City where my father worked. As far as I can recall, office work has always been too dreary for me so I resolutely pondered about other ways of earning a living.

In high school, I had a hand at a couple of odd jobs like delivering dressed chickens via my trusty BMX bike, teaching kids and bored moms to play the keyboards and occasionally tending my Tita's video rental shop. When I was in college, I played background music for weddings, parties and restaurants (sometimes in cahoots with Buddy), delivered truckloads of eggs to dormitories and did some other things that are too trivial to mention. At any rate, I'm still avoiding office work. This is one of the reasons why I love my current job - it actually requires very little office work (although the E-heads actually have a humble office called the E-hole and it is shared with P.I.L.L. and Roam Travel).

Anyway, that doesn't mean that the E-heads doesn't do anything when we're offstage. I, for one, hang around the BMG offices (to uncover some unreleased CDs) and the E-hole occasionally. With regards to Marcus, Ely, Buddy and Ann, I really don't know what they do when we're not together - unless I ask them. What I do know is that our schedules are pretty much different until call time.

So, here's a sample of a normal workday for me and for the rest of the E-heads.

I usually wake up at around 11 a.m., play some CDs, read and practice for half an hour or more on my reliable beat-up drumkit. I live with

my brother and a couple of friends, who would be out to work by this time, so I don't bother anybody

'cept my neighbors. Anyway, these neighbors of mine are also pretty cool. Then I tidy up the apartment a little, take a bath and go over to my girlfriend's place at around 1 p.m. for some free lunch (her grandma's an excellent cook). After such gustatory delights, I go over to MH to rendezvous with the rest of the band. [Or drive over to RJ Music City Galleria to have a look-see at the latest strings and sticks. Of course my friends Delilah Aguilar and Sonny Badilla help me in checking out the equipment. If the budget allows it, then I take the equipment home.] When we have gigs, we load the gear in the van and travel to the concert venue.

Now, here starts the boring stuff we unanimously deem dreadful - we ride a vehicle for the daft motorcades and then grant radio and press interviews where they ask the same stupid questions. Sometimes, we get so annoyed that we give stupid answers or ignore them. This reflects the mutual hate relationship we have with a lot of pompous press people. This also explains why we get dissed a lot in print. But then, we don't really care because we can diss them back although I think we're beyond that narrow-minded crap.

Anyway, after the requisite tediousness with promoters, press people, tiresome DJs and influence-wielding government officials, we proceed to soundcheck. Generally, we enjoy this part unless the sound sucks. Afterwards, we eat dinner, rest, read, have a few beers and chill out with the rest of the crew. Before doing the show, we take a bath (of course, individually), proceed with the gig, make a safe getaway to the van and fin'ly go home. It'll probably be 3 a.m. before I get ready to sleep. I grab an orange juice, pray and read till I fall asleep.

(Thank you to RJ Music City)

by Raymund Marasigan

the local van scene

by Buddy Zabala

I don't know what we'd do without Nirvana.

About a year ago, Nirvana started touring with us in Luzon. Normally, we'd ride vans of all shapes and sizes, low-cost coasters, private cars, those top-down stainless steel jeeps that are favored for their ability to drench passengers in case of rain, pick-up trucks, cargo trucks, an occasional Tamaraw FX or any vehicle that suited the purpose of the organizers.

Anyway, about a year ago, Nirvana came to life and helped ease the pain of having shock-absorbent butts and fragile constitutions. (Our tempers are usually seen as an extension of the temperature.) Also, airconditioning has always been a healthy alternative to sweaty trips.

Oh yeah, Nirvana is the name of the van we use nowadays. And I love to sit at the back, way back. Why do I sit there, you ask? Well firstly, I get to see a lot more than anybody

else. Sure, the ride is a lot bumpier but I sure have the luxury of not having to look back when I answer somebody's question. There are conversations to be missed when one sits up front beside Mang Jess, the driver. Besides, he discourages talk when he drives (Yeah right, Buddy talks a lot) - throws his concentration off, he says.

Secondly, I get to see what everybody else is doing. Whether somebody's having trouble sleeping or he's picking his nose, nothing escapes the watchful eyes of the man situated at Nirvana's extremities (Ta-dah!). Unless he's asleep, of course.

(On long-haul overland trips, the equation states: comfort is directly proportional to the length of the trip.)

Thirdly - space. On incredibly long trips and with comfort rapidly diminishing, space can be a lifesaver. Everybody wants to sit in front and stretch their legs where it's cooler but there's no legroom. The second row seats are cool and snug but the last seat is my bed. When not sharing it with our long-limbed engineer, Mark Laccay, I stretch out and lay down in the one spot that is last to become comfortably cold.

It's very convenient after gigs when I'm all tired and sleepy. When the other guys are still all pumped up after a night's show, I wink off at a moment's notice. All that bedspace to my lonesome self.

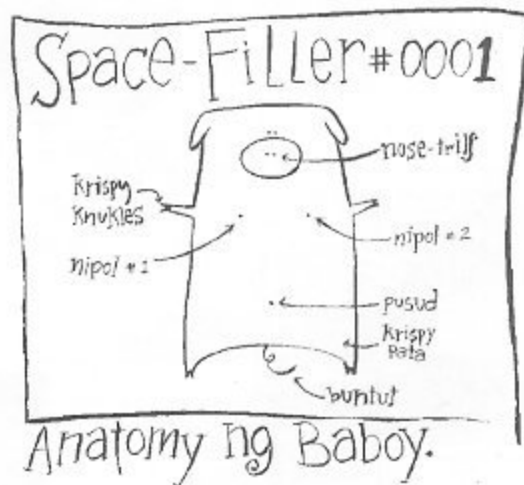
However, there are many downsides to planting oneself at the rearmost part of the van's anatomy. One is that you have to get on first and get off last. It can get pretty taxing when you have to take a leak. Everyone has to get off. When someone cracks a joke up front, you get it last (Ha.) A bag of chips or other goods are opened and I get the leftovers. That's why I arm myself with food and drink (chips, cakes, juice and mineral water). And being that far back, I virtually have no control over the radio. I, thus, strive to bring my own Walkman and some tapes.

(At this point... I fell asleep.)

Matching Type

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| ___ 1 Aug 2 (fri) | A Recording |
| ___ 2 Aug 10 (sat) | B UPLB |
| ___ 3 Aug 15 (th) | C Recording |
| ___ 4 Aug 23-25 (fri-sun) | D Batangas City |
| ___ 5 Aug 26 (mon) | E Recording |
| ___ 6 Aug 18 (sun) | F 70's Bistro |
| ___ 7 Aug 20 (tue) | G Top 40 |
| ___ 8 Aug 12 (mon) | H RAC's Grove |
| ___ 9 Aug 22 (tue) | I Recording |
| ___ 10 Aug 16 (fri) | J Cotabato City |
| ___ 11 Aug 8 (th) | 2 pm Motorcade |
| ___ 12 Aug 19 (mon) | 4 pm Soundcheck |
| ___ 13 Aug 27 (tue) | K Mayric's |
| ___ 14 Aug 29 (th) | L Recording |
| ___ 15 Aug 30 (fri) | M Digos, Davao del Sur |
| ___ 16 Aug 1 (th) | 2 pm Motorcade |
| ___ 17 Aug 31 (sat) | 4 pm Soundcheck |
| ___ 18 Aug 5 (mon) | N Recording |
| ___ 19 Aug 11 (sun) | O Block-Off |
| ___ 20 Aug 17 (sat) | P Back to Manila |
| ___ 21 Aug 30 (fri) | Q Recording |
| ___ 22 Aug 3 (sat) | R Dredd |
| | S Surigao |
| | T Recording |
| | U Butuan |
| | V Sta. Rosa |

Test your E-Heads IQ by taking this quiz. Answers will be given someday.



The guys are cooking up something special for you... Watch for it!



Meet the avowed gig specialists. The Mission: To oversee (and not overlook) the details - the sound, the lights, the stage, the crowd. Being part and parcel of every E-heads' show, there's no point in concealing...

THE SECRET

The E-heads crew, which we call "The Secret Weapon Posse", is a group of friends who come with us on tour. Every professional band that goes on tour cannot do without a crew. Eversince, we have always wanted to do things our way (sometimes stubbornly) and this led us to get Ann, Ely's former classmate, as our manager. From then on, we assembled a modest number of friends, acquaintances and fellow musicians to support us when touring. Now, here's the list of present personnel and their assumed duties.

SWP JOTAY

This dude has invaluable knowledge regarding stage psychology and presentation. Oftentimes, he takes care of the song list in a manner conforming to his assessment of the crowd's temperament. On the road, Jotay customarily sits on the front seat of the van and acts as dj for the tour music. Then, he makes everybody suffer by playing albums from overlooked artists. When not touring, Jotay plays guitar for his band Escalator (formerly known as Oppressed)



NAME: Jojo "Jotay" Taylo
AGE: (confidential)
ROLE: tour director, lights and stage designer

SWP LACCAY

I met Laccay when he was playing bass for a proficient young band called the Black Roses, later known as Blueberry Juice. In the early touring days (Ultraelectromagnetic tour) when he did not know anything (as in), Mark used to come along with Ann and the four of us and troubleshoot stage and technical problems we encountered. Before long, he began asking questions and learning from skillful sound engineers. He's now so good at it, I think he's one of the best in the business. Being the youngest, Laccay is the hyperactive member of the group. Mark regularly attends college classes at La Salle Taft even during tour days. He also moonlights as sound engineer for Sonorous (sound systems) and plays



NAME: Mark Laccay
AGE: 20 something
ROLE: sound engineer

a spaceship for Planet Garapata.

SWP JULIE

Julie is mostly in-charge of getting everybody to come on time (one of the most difficult tasks), waking everybody up (degree of difficulty: 8.9) and general bitchin' for disorganized concert promoters. If you want to find out about the E-heads' skeds, get in touch with her. Before hookin' up with the E-heads, she used to be a stage actress under Jotay in PUP. If you have an illegal videocam, stay away from her because she'll beat the shit outta you.



NAME: Julie Pacanas
AGE: (I don't really know!)
ROLE: Ann's secretary; tour manager; official videocam operator

"We have done away with unnecessary personnel like hairdressers, make-up artists, dietitians, shrinks, personal trainers, doctors, astrologers and security agents..."

SWP GARY

This latest member of the crew shares the technical duties with Enteng. He used to be a basketball superstar so forget about messin' with him. Another task he shares with Enteng is locating the lovely ladies in the audience (no disrespect intended).



NAME: Gary Alvarado
AGE: (good enough)
ROLE: stage technician

SWP ENTENG

He makes sure that all the equipment are in place and are working properly all throughout the show. When not with the E-heads, Enteng sings for Escalator. Unlike some bands, we don't bring along front acts. Instead, we ask local bands to play. When there aren't any around, the Secret Weapon Posse takes over with Jotay on guitar, Laccay on bass, anybody on drums and Enteng on vox singing punk versions of anything.



NAME: Vincent "Enteng" Villasanta
AGE: (past the S.K. limit)
ROLE: stage technician

RETWEAPON POSSE

SWP ANN

NAME: Annie
ROLE:
the Boss;
film critic



SWP TITA MERCY

NAME:
Tita Mercy
ROLE:
the Boss' mom,
everybody's
personal
adviser



SWP ATTORNEY

NAME:
Attorney
Angala

(forget about
conning us,
we can be
funky and
vicious)



SWP MARCUS

NAME:
Marcus
ROLE:
feedback,
blues
explosions;
bulalo expert



SWP BUDDY

NAME: Buddy
ROLE:
bass; sci-fi
and
underground
comic book
connoisseur



SWP ELY

NAME: Ely
ROLE:
guitar, vocals;
videogame-
boy



SWP RAIMUND

NAME:
Raimund
ROLE:
militant
activist for
the total
dissolution of
motorcades



SWP JESS

NAME:
Mang Jess
ROLE:
tour driver
who knows
all the roads,
streets and
shortcuts
in the
Philippines



SWP NIRVANA

NAME:
Nirvana
ROLE:
the tour
van, also
known as
the Boss
Van



Normally, the E-heads entourage is made up of the band, Julie, Jotay, Mark, Gary and Vincent - a modest total of nine people. Ann or Tita Mercy comes along if there are some loose ends in the productions. By maximizing the duties of every member, we have done away with unnecessary personnel like hairdressers, make-up artists, dietitians, shrinks, personal trainers, doctors, astrologers and security agents (all essential staff for local and foreign artists on tour). Everyone in the band packs and carries his own gear while other members with lesser loads carry extra equipment like spare guitars and baggage. This way we avoid what we refer to as "pa-rock star" indulgence. Room accommodations are divided democratically into three groups, the smokers, non-smokers and the ladies' room (pun intended).

On major productions like the recent Electric Fun gig and last December's album launching, we augment the staff by asking the help of more friends, barkadas, the ever-efficient and flexible Roam Travel & Tours staff (Allan-international grandmaster; Ate Fe-jowa ni Mang Jess & Josa ng mga Bading; Dennis-the Running Man) and the Tita Beth unlimited corporation for food and other needs.

ANSWERS I MIGHT HAVE GIVEN

JUANIYO ARCELLANA

NOTE: MR. JUANIYO ARCELLANA POSED SOME VERY INTERESTING QUESTIONS IN HIS COLUMN "THE PHONOGRAPHER" (MIRROR MAGAZINE, JUNE 24, 1996/VOL. 2, NO. 48/P18). I THINK THEY DESERVE TO BE ANSWERED. LIKE IT OR NOT.

Q. How are the provincial tours coming along?

A. Just fine. Lately though, we have fewer provincial bookings because we're preparing our fourth album.

Q. Which girl inspired "Ligaya", and is she as crunchy as the Chippy commercial?

A. Contrary to popular belief, Ligaya isn't a person. But just the same, any girl should be crunchier than that commercial.

Q. Are there many Ligayas at the UP, which campus might have turned up in some of your songs, yes?

A. No, I'm not quite sure what the question is...

Q. Which dorm at UP has the prettiest girls, and are there sometimes used sanitary napkins dangling from the trees outside these dorms, as it was in the 70's?

A. In our time it was Molave, of course. And last I heard, those trees were burned down in the 80's for sanitary reasons.

Q. How has success changed you, if at all, or at least how has it changed your perspective of looking at things?

A. To say that success changed my life is an understatement.

Q. Do you still get to stroll the malls without getting mobbed or recognized?

A. To say that success changed my life is an understatement.

Q. There's obviously more where these songs are coming from; Is there any secret or formula for writing a good pop song, then again even if there were, why would you tell me?

A. Right.

Q. Some fans still prefer your first album; how would you react to this?

A. Some girls are bigger than others.

Q. Aside from the Beatles and the Chain Gang, who are your influences?

A. The Cure, Paul Simon, Abba, Apo Hiking Society, VST & Co., America, you know, the usual.

Q. When did you guys first pick up a guitar?

A. Me, I started playing when I was about ten.

Q. Is it true that Ely now drives a beetle?

A. Har, har, har.

Q. How goes security during your tours, and do you employ bodyguards?

A. Actually, we're quite insecure during our tours, and we employ bodyguards only in NPA-infested areas.

Q. Which province or city you played had a profound impact on you? What are some memorable experiences you've had on the road?

A. Naga City had a profound impact on my left eyebrow. Did I ever tell you about the time I was trying to memorize

the 50 States alphabetically when we were on the road? Man, that sure was memorable...

Q. Have you guys finally secured a driver's license, and did you have to enroll in a driving school to learn how to drive?

A. Sadly, I'm the one who still doesn't have the plastic thing (I do have the receipt, however). If there's anybody out there from LTO reading this, I WANT MY LICENSE, NOW! Ironically, I was the first one in the band to learn how to drive. And I didn't enroll in any driving school, either.

Q. Who's the girl in "Ang Huling El Bimbo" and did you watch that Daria Ramirez starrer Lord, Give Me A Lover filmed in the 70's, and wherein everybody danced the El Bimbo?

A. The girl was a neighbor of ours and yeah, when I was a kid I used to hang out at her place and yeah, she taught me the dance. I didn't see the movie. Sounds interesting, though. You think my parents would let me see it?

Q. Did she really wash dishes in an Ermita restaurant and get run over in a dark alley, or is it something you picked up from the tabloids?

A. No, she didn't wash dishes. She's not dead either. It's just something I learned from my Nat. Sci. class.

Q. Would you say your music is representative of the X Generation, whatever that term is supposed to connote?

A. Yeah, what's it supposed to connote, anyway?

Q. Maybe you have a song in mind about this magazine (Mirror), or at least about the girl who interviewed you (Karen Kunawicz)?

A. As a matter of fact, I do. It's called "Purgatory Kids Rock".

Q. Does Intramuros make a good backdrop for a pictorial, or would you prefer Corregidor?

A. I suppose any place with decent plumbing would be fine.

Q. Would you say that you best typify the Filipino's independent spirit?

A. I'd say we best stupefy the Filipino's independent spirit.

Q. Did you have a specific girl in mind when you wrote "Magasin"?

A. I'd rather not say.

Q. Do the feminists like your songs, and how the women are treated therein?

A. I wouldn't know, I've never met one.

Q. Who decides which would be an album's single/s when practically any song in your discs is a potential hit?

A. Basically, it's the A&R Director's call, but once in a while, we try to push our preferences.

Q. How long do you rehearse/practice daily? And how long does it take to complete a song, from its writing down to the last take?

A. We practice during our soundcheck. Give a song at least half a year to be completed.

Q. When you wrote "Pare Ko", were you aware that it would change the complexion of Pinoy music?

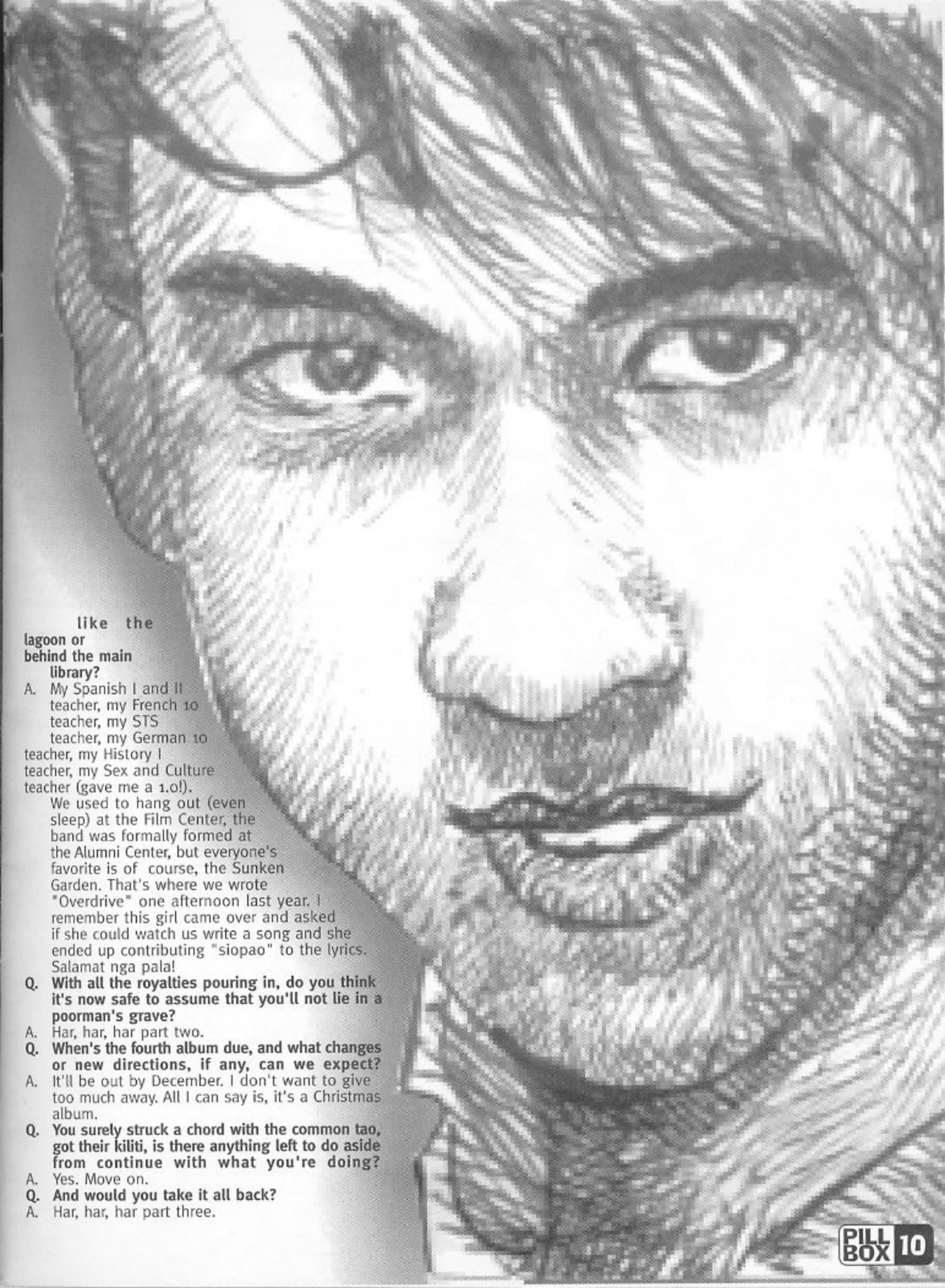
A. I was only aware that my mom liked the words.

Q. Did you ever finish your courses at the UP, and is it true, as one source said, that one of you shifted from Engineering to Library Science dahil magkalapit lang naman ang building?

A. No, I suppose it's a valid reason.

Q. Do you have any memorable teachers or subjects, hangouts





like the
lagoon or
behind the main
library?

A. My Spanish I and II
teacher, my French 10
teacher, my STS
teacher, my German 10
teacher, my History I
teacher, my Sex and Culture
teacher (gave me a 1.0!).

We used to hang out (even
sleep) at the Film Center, the
band was formally formed at
the Alumni Center, but everyone's
favorite is of course, the Sunken
Garden. That's where we wrote
"Overdrive" one afternoon last year. I
remember this girl came over and asked
if she could watch us write a song and she
ended up contributing "siopao" to the lyrics.
Salamat nga pala!

**Q. With all the royalties pouring in, do you think
it's now safe to assume that you'll not lie in a
poorman's grave?**

A. Har, har, har part two.

**Q. When's the fourth album due, and what changes
or new directions, if any, can we expect?**

A. It'll be out by December. I don't want to give
too much away. All I can say is, it's a Christmas
album.

**Q. You surely struck a chord with the common tao,
got their kiliti, is there anything left to do aside
from continue with what you're doing?**

A. Yes. Move on.

Q. And would you take it all back?

A. Har, har, har part three.

FOOD FOR THE GODS

BY ANNIE ANGALA

Again, the Eraserheads are working on a new album and they just can't wait for the next round of criticisms. In case you have forgotten what these gentle creatures had to put up with for the past three years, let me refresh your memory.

A short while after the launching of their first album, *Ultraelectromagneticpop!*, the ERASERHEADS' CRITICS CLUB, Philippine Chapter was born. The Philippine Association of the Recording Industry aka PARI spearheaded a campaign against the single "Pare Ko". They wanted the song to be pulled out of the playlist of all the radio stations. They also moved that the album be banned from record bars across the country. The reason: the song contained the explicit lyrics, "Tang ina" and "nabuburat". It may have sounded obscene to their virgin ears but the morality check was done after they placed their stamp of approval for the album's release and after the album turned gold, then platinum (then double, triple, quadruple - thanks to them). The gods surely work in mysterious ways.

Another being again came to the fore during the peak of the second album, *Circus*. I was attending tourism classes then when the security guard of the institute shoved a tabloid under my nose. Its

banner story was about Senator Tito Sotto's move to ban the song "Alapaap" from radio & TV because of its alleged reference to drugs. It didn't bother me because the album had already sold hundreds of thousands of copies. According to BMG, the album had almost reached its saturation point. I closely watched the sales - no noticeable increase. But, behold, we were hitting the columns of broadsheets and tabloids. We were the topic of discussion in shows like "Wake-Up Call" and TV Patrol's "Pulso ng Bayan". We were even invited to Julie Yap-Daza's "Bulong Pulungan" at the Westin Philippine Plaza. Last but not least, we made a field trip to the Senate to meet the Good Senator. That was nice. Something as exciting as this just had to happen at the time when we were getting tired of touring and recording. Definitely the gods move in mysterious ways.

After the release of the third album, *Cutterpillow*, guess whose butts got another series of flying kicks? Figure it out for yourselves.

One day, some pastor from a faraway kingdom decided to backmask an Eraserheads tape, probably for lack (or luck) of something to do. Patiently, he opened the cartridge, inverted its contents, reassembled it and loaded it into a tape player. He listened very, very carefully (or probably not at all) and eureka, instant stardom! This fortunate man found a rare ticket to his 15 minutes of fame through "Magandang Gabi, Bayan!" At whose expense? I will give you one guess.

So here we are again, faced with the burden of having to explain to almost each and every concert organizer that the E-heads are not satan-worshippers. Silly but true. I have to put my best colegiala foot forward, which I thought I had safely tucked inside my closet together with a few other skeletons. At times when my patience wears thin, my mother (who has the integrity of a die-hard Catholic) pitches in. With these three milestones behind us, I still never run out of explaining to do. Hopefully, I will also never run out of bookings for the next couple of years.

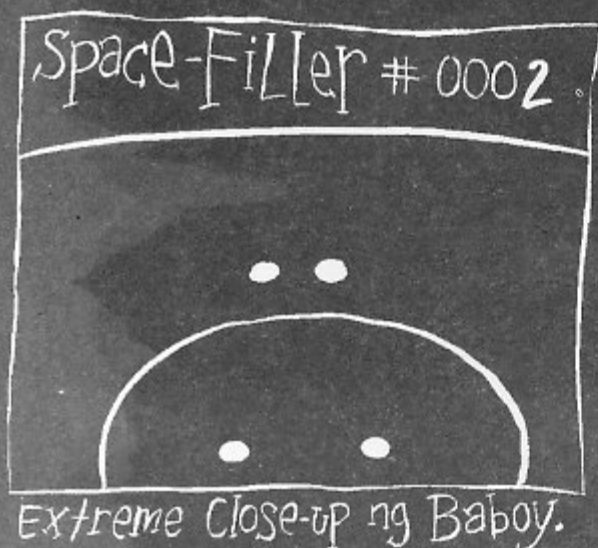


ANECDOTES by Buddy

Coming home from a Palawan gig, the flight stewardess asks for an autograph. She says: "Paki-autograph naman ito para sa younger brother ko. Idol daw kayo. Bata pa kasi, eh."

It is the rainy season of 1991 and we're working hard at being a hardworking band.

Somewhere near Glori's Tandang Sora. It just rained. There's a large puddle (pool?) in the middle of the road. We're walking home to UP from an audition at Anthem (It used to be a small bar with cool murals). Raymund, Marcus and me (I) spot a big trailer truck turning a corner. We run ahead and shout to Ely, "Bilisan mo!"; "Baket?", he asks, obviously tired and sweetly taking his time to catch up. There was nothing we could do... SPLASH! guitar and all.



MIC TEST, ONE, TWO, THREE...

Gone are the days when the E-heads were a mere bunch of punks who were miserably ignorant of the art of

SOUND CHECK

For the E-heads combo and personnel, soundcheck is one of the most important parts of the tour itinerary. This is where all the pre-gig details are checked painstakingly so the shit would come together during the show. Many bands disregard soundcheck as a waste of valuable naptime. Also, some concert promoters always try to cut soundcheck off the agenda in favor of motorcades (the worst kind of promo ever invented but commonly enjoyed by movie stars and political

"When you see everyone in the band exchanging grumpy faces, it could only mean that somebody farted or the monitor mix sounds like fart."

candidates.)

The disregard of soundcheck could result into a lousy monitor mix, a poor house mix, faulty stage equipment or, simply put, a bad show. To make things clearer for non-tech heads, monitors are those speakers on the stage floor. These are usually visible in front of the singer and the guitar players and also beside the drummer. They are not to be mistaken for the amps (guitar amplifiers or where the guitars are plugged) which are usually located behind the guitar players. Monitors are used so that the band can hear each other. As for the E-heads, we try to balance the sound on stage so it will sound like a rehearsal room and we can play comfortably. Most of the time, it's only the vocals that come out of the monitors. To remedy this, we use a technique known to us as the garage mix - we crank up the amps and drum blissfully loud. Other bands have totally different monitor mixes. Some people I know want the sound of their guitars coming out of the monitors; some drummers like to hear the bass drum kicking from their monitors while some drummers (like myself on some occasions) want only the vocals and the bass guitar monitor mix. There really are no rules in monitor mixing. All I know is that as long as it sounds good and we can all groove comfortably, then it must be right. This also translates to the credo, "Find your own mix then go and make some noise."

To find the best possible stage sound, we start the soundcheck with a couple of instrumental jams until we get the feel of the place. This is done by shutting off all the speakers except for the amps. We jam until we balance the volume levels of our instruments. Next, we turn on the monitors to balance the vocals with the instruments on stage. This is where you hear the typical "hello mic test" or "testing one two" over the monitors. Then, we jam a couple more songs with vocals until we're really satisfied that we got the flava' goin'.

After the monitor mix comes the house mix. If the monitor mix is what the band hears, the house mix is the sound that the audience gets from those huge stacks of speakers on the sides of the stage. Again, there are no correct rules and procedures concerning the house mix, but here's how we do it. First, we check how each sound

would come out of the house speakers. Usually, it's the drums first - I let Buddy play the drums while I tweak the board (the mixing board or that huge table-like device with little red lights, faders and knobs which controls the sound system) until I'm happy with the overall drum sound. The board is operated by the sound man, in our case, Mark "thesqualeneking" Laccay. It is commonly located at the center of the audience area. Next in line is the bass guitar which Buddy (again) plays; then, Marcus with his horde of noise pedals; then, Ely with his trusty blue super chorus and yellow-orange distortion pedals. Mark Laccay usually asks them to play clean, meaning no fx, then checks the tone quality and volume level of each pedal. After checking the instruments, everybody goes back on stage to check the mics for the house speakers. Then, we jam or rehearse some more while Laccay and Jotay gets busy tweaking the board to balance the house mix and get rid of some unwanted feedback through the eq (we only allow feedback that we create).

The whole soundcheck procedure usually takes a couple of hours which is longer than the gig itself. But it sure beats playing during

show and mixing at the same time which happens a lot when we don't get to soundcheck. You will know this whenever you hear Ely say, "Laccay, pakilakas nga 'yung monitor' all throughout the set; or when you see everyone in the band exchanging grumpy faces which could only mean that somebody farted or the monitor mix sounds like

fart. After the sound check, the band gets back to more important duties like eating, sleeping, swimming, nose-picking, channel surfing and other pressure-liberating activities. Meanwhile, Jotay checks the lights and Laccay does some further tweaking which they, being techheads, immensely enjoy.

I just have to add that soundcheck and its procedures differ with every band or sound crew. What works for us might not work for them and the other way around. It is also worth mentioning that some bands don't soundcheck at all but still come out great. Examples of this are the Jerks, the Teeth, Sonic Youth and others who have the knack of painting wonderful soundscapes wherever they play or whichever sound system they use. As for the E-heads, we usually tour with Sonorous (sound systems) because we like their equipment and they have the coolest crew in the business.

Here are some common reasons why we don't get to soundcheck: someone is late; there's mass going on beside the venue; brownout; the sound system is not ready; there's a basketball game on the venue; we have another gig someplace else and we're coming late; the place is more than half-full already; the sound engineer is an asshole; we're only playing three songs; the sound system in the club sucks anyway; and everyone's favorite excuse: late because of traffic.

by Raimund Marasigan

The Groove Therapist's Warning:

Going to gigs greatly increases serious risks to your health (that is, if you don't follow this prescription).

Watching a concert can be a wonderful or a terrible experience. I've experienced a number of both so I came up with pointers to lessen the odds of failed expectations. Please be advised that the following are not rules but just a set of ideas that I personally pursue. It may or may not suit your own needs so you're free to come up with your own.

First, acquire tickets from official outlets. Beware of bootlegs because you may or may not get in with these fake tickets so it's a hefty choice. If possible, I try to get my tickets a few days earlier (assuming that the show could be sold out). With this done, I can skip the panic buying fans queuing at the gate on d-day. It is always fun to attend a show with a

pointed things and ear or body rings. Having them accidentally torn from your skin is agonizingly painful, not to mention unsightly. Keep your money, watch and other valuables safely tucked away. Personally, I try to bring as small an amount as possible.

Bringing dangerous weapons is foolish. A crowded place with a dozen jumpy security guards is the wrong venue for

CONCERT SURVIVAL AND

friend or a whole bunch of them to up the fun factor. Besides, there is safety in numbers. It's also great to relive a show with another one who's seen it.

"A crowded place with a dozen jumpy security guards is the wrong venue for picking up a fight."

The next thing to consider is the attire, if you get my drift. But let's limit ourselves to rock concerts where what you wear is essential to your enjoyment.

picking up a fight. Flammable items used to be cool until the Ozone tragedy so let's forget about lighting anything during the show. Also, try to check for fire exits.

Before I forget, it is always advisable to look your best because you'll never know who you'll meet. I used to go out with my girlfriend (before she became my girlfriend) and watch concerts and now, she'd always remind me how tacky my choice of clothes were. It would also be cool if you have an extra shirt to change into after the show. Anyway, wear what's comfy and functional without sacrificing the style.

MOSH PIT ETIQUETTE

From the stage, it's always energizing to feed on the intensity of the crowd. Concertgoers applauding, dancing and singing along actually make any band I know, including the E-heads, want to play all night. Moshing is fun but there are idiots who think it's for hurting people. Back in the old Club Dredd, we would mosh all night and nobody would come out seriously hurt. This was because people looked out for each other. Persons diving off tables, chairs and the stage never worried that the crowd won't catch them.

The pit is supposedly a unified, living, kinetic and organic structure harnessing the collective energies of the crowd in a cycle of power shared with the band. The giving and taking of energy between the band and the crowd flows through the music and they become one in a cosmic level only those who are participating can feel.

Starting with shoes, I prefer sneakers or boots. For the ladies, avoid wearing dangerous heels if you're planning to dance with the crowd. But if you plan to just sit back, they're okay. For pogoing support, sport bras can do the trick. If you're considering maximum slamdancing, it is advisable to avoid wearing jewelry,

What really bugs me, and every band member I know of, is when some asshole starts up a fight. It sends negative vibes to everyone. Then the sense of fear plagues you throughout the show (Now, ain't this a bummer?). Another fun pooper is when some fucking coward begins to throw objects in the air or to the stage because he thinks it is cool. In my opinion, the only cool thing worth throwing into the air is a condom balloon. It subliminally informs everybody (including the band) on safe sex. Otherwise, objects thrown into the air are dangerous. We've seen little kids and women get hurt, plus the E-heads and crew has had our share of projectile hits. Mind you, it's really difficult to enjoy the show when you see people get hurt and the gig become pointless. Senseless things like these can cause riots wherein the organizers may stop the show or decide to open the houselights. Then, it would just be like attending the concert in your living room with your parents watching over you. The band will also feel detached and just run through the remaining songs like it's just another rehearsal. Worse, they could just skip the favorites and annoy the crowd into passivity.

Another unspoken mosh pit ethic is respect. Respect each other;

MOSH PIT ETIQUETTE

especially the women, lest you be regarded as perverts or troublemakers and risk getting beat up. In order to achieve maximum moshing satisfaction, it is advised to groove with the flow of the crowd, moving with the beat and the wall of sound that the band creates. When you stand still or go against the flow, you'll probably get hurt or find yourself moshing alone in your own circle. Personally, I prefer pogoing or jumping up and down which is not so tiresome at

For stagedivers, it is cautioned to be mindful of the stage equipment especially the guitar effects on the stage floor and the mic stands. If

"In my opinion, the only thing worth throwing into the air is a condom balloon."

you are planning to dive, avoid staying on the stage too long or the security will get you. Never hassle the band as the drummer bites. Jump as soon as you can and make sure you clear the barricade. Also, watch out for little kids. The E-heads has seen too many stagedivers posing before diving, like it's the pool. What a lot of people don't realize is that a split-second pose is like a signal that causes the crowd to part on impulse and it's a pretty obvious guess what happens next.

It is always healthy to stay away from unruly drunks, perverts, pigs, and the like from the time you leave the house. Make sure you also get home safely.

Again, as a caution, these set of ideas are purely personal. This is just to get you to think in advance of what to expect when attending a rock concert. You may or may not follow them and you can even make up your own.

Hope to see you enjoying the next show. Remember, look for each other. Peace, and get funky with the e-ngay.

NOTICE: Cameras are commonly illegal during the show. Videocams as well as any audio recorders are definitely not allowed and are subject to confiscation.

by RAIMUND MARASIGAN

Ely's Art Galler-E

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

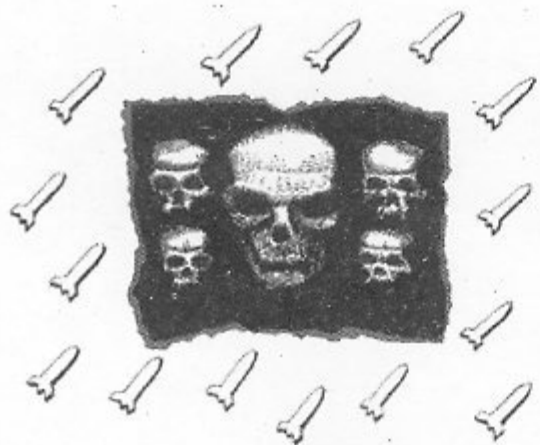
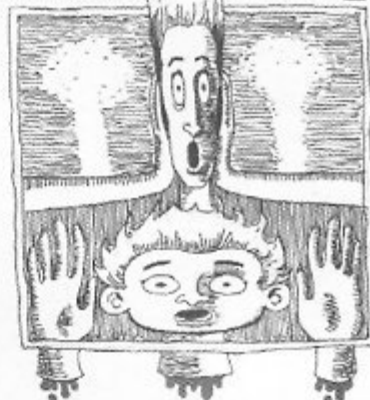


HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

the FACE



INA KO!



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No to heroin.

No to coke.

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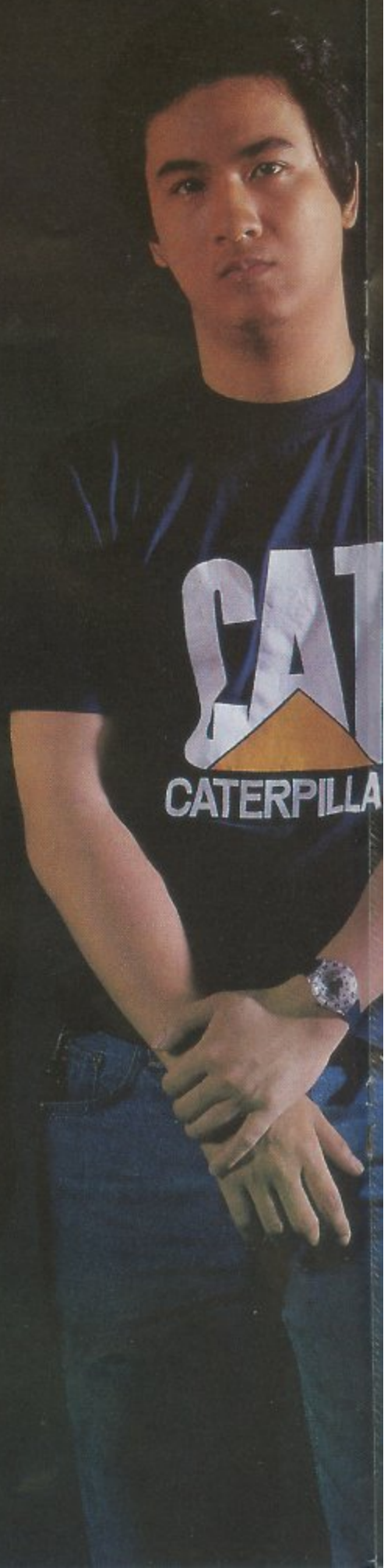
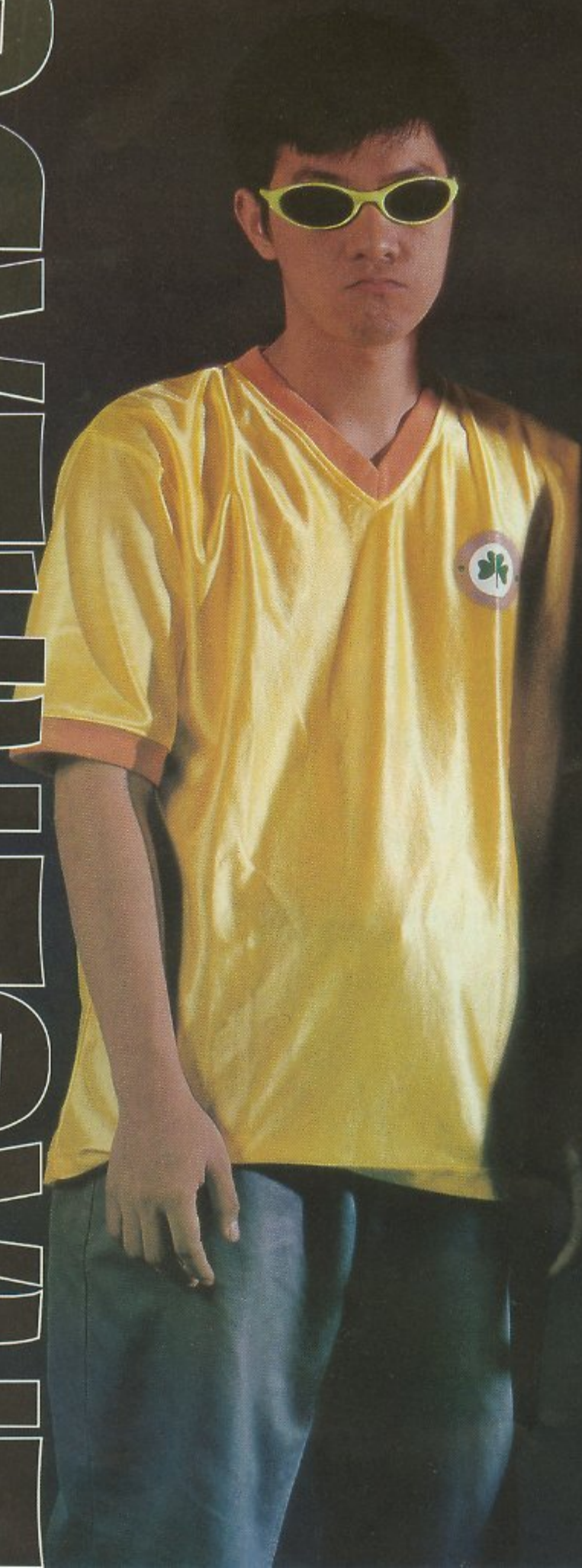
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LITE



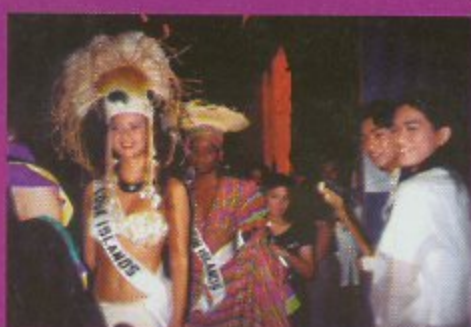
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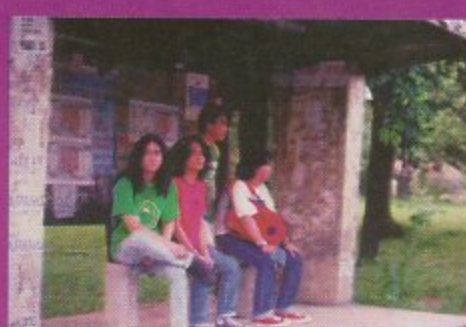




Good Hair Day



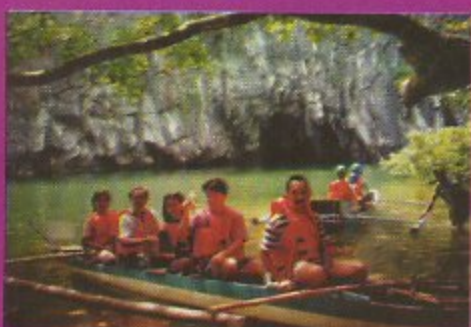
I Miss U



Waiting 4 Da Buz



Romeo Lee: "Pakintul Itzihidz!"



Cool runnings, 'mon



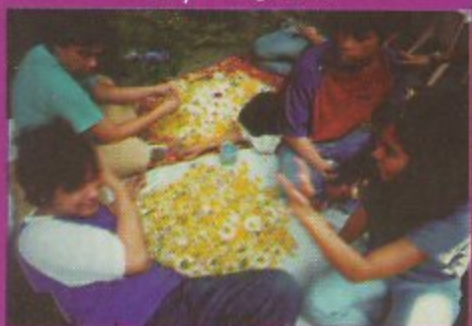
Centerfold ka na



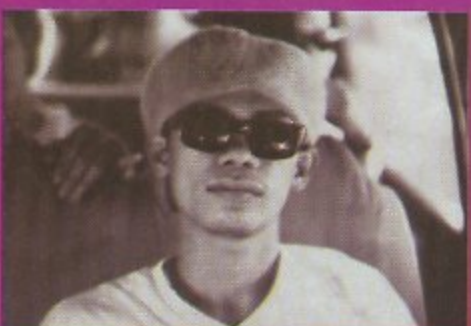
1st Gig ever, UP AS 2repz
(Ely longhair)



Louzy cadetz



Power Flowerz



Comrade Ador2ky HGB



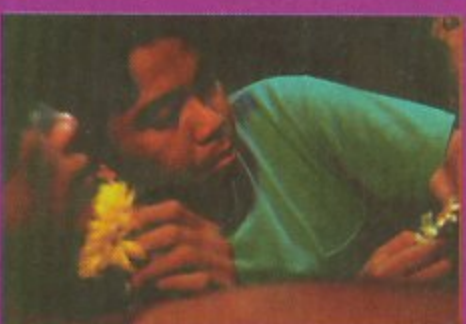
Buddy and the Cube



Marque with Ong, Did and Lier
UPLB



Sit-in clozet



She Lovez Me Ye Ye Ye

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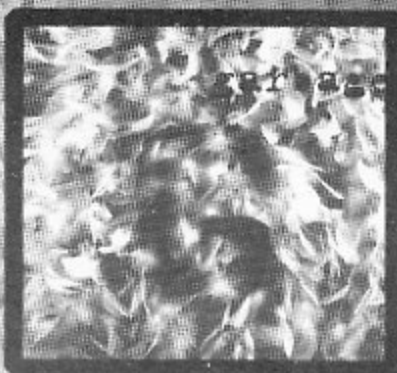


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garbage

Magical, soaring, brilliant and saviours of rock. Pop music kissed by chaos where hooks, grooves and noise collide. A record for pop geeks, who dance by themselves with the lights out...

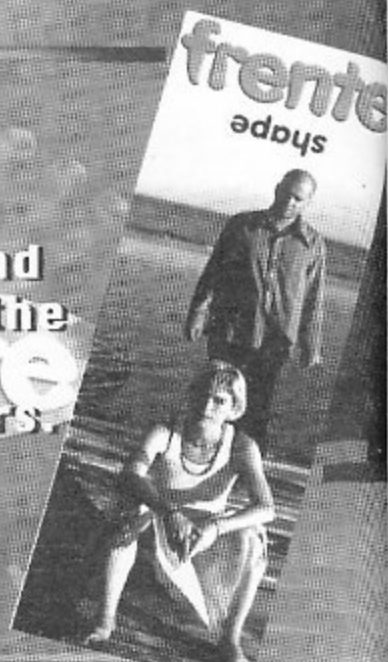


shape

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featuring: HORRIBLE

- WHAT'S COME OVER ME
- SIT ON MY HANDS
- SO MAD



THE BLACK CROWES

THREE SNAKES AND ONE CHARM

"This Life, this life aches
And this life moans
This life, this life is great
And it's better when you're
Not Alone



American Hardcore

You think you're a punk, punk?
Slayer, the world's mightiest metal band sets the record straight as to who came first with their new album UNDISPUTED ATTITUDE.
Contains the original wave of punk bands as recorded by Slayer that kicks like a hanged man.



Playing homage to Verbal Abuse, T.S.O.L., Minor Threat, D.I., Dr. Know, D.R.I., Stooges plus new cuts by Slayer

SLAYER

UNDISPUTED ATTITUDE



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Fresh from the multi-platinum "Under The Table And Dreaming" Dave Matthews Band is back with "CRASH" - the new compelling pop sound album that truly combines the influences of folk, jazz, rock and reggae...featuring "So Much To Say" and "Too Much."



crash



Dave Matthews Band

Here's a band that is set to put their stamp on the global alternative music scene with "VILLAINS" - the band's debut release that features the brilliant carrier track "Photograph"



THE VERVE PIPE VILLAINS

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Now, creating quite a stir in the Billboard and UK charts, Republica is "Ready To Go" for more chart successes in the near future. Techno, Pop, Punk Rock put altogether in one fantastic album!



A new alternative rock band which combines musical samples with elements of hard rock, hiphop and layered '70s pop powered melodies, ...featuring "So Low."



midge ure

Wordly known as the former lead vocalist of Ultravox, Midge Ure bounces back with his fourth solo outing which features more steering new wave sound that will surely bend your minds and souls from start to end.

ARISTA

200

self

SUBLIMINAL PLASTIC MOTIVES



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di mapakali
magdamag
hinahanap

nababaliw tuwing
naalala ang
init

di malimutan
kailangan muling
makamit ang

tamis sa aking
mga labi

halika
tikman ang
langit

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SHANAWA!

This could either strengthen your faith or shatter it.
After years of silence and persecution, it's but high time to spread

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC



A Candid Conversation With VEEKTORADAMZAPPANITOGURU

It was kind of strange for Marcus to be so keen about an interview. He was practically offering himself when he asked, "O pure, *simula na ba tayo?*" His excitement, a very sober excitement if I may add, had taken me aback - parang "Ha!...Marc, are you alright?" But before we started the taped conversation, Marcus suggested that we go to Sarah's first for a few rounds of beer. So along with our friend Bong, off we went to UP campus at around half past ten. It was only after downing two bottles when I realized that getting a little tipsy was indeed an enhancing preliminary for some "serious" talk. Moreover, the cozy hangout inside the university, which is known for its fried, crispy dilis and cheap intoxicants, had set the mood and blown the bittersweet air of nostalgia. And in the middle of the spirited kwentuhan that covered the gamut from cyberspace to isaw manok, Marcus said half-jokingly, "Oh pare, game na tayo. I-record mo na 'to." The guy was so damn excited and the same question nagged my brain: "C'mon Marc, are you alright?" But then again, however surprised I was, I knew that my drinking buddy wasn't joking at all. The more formal Q&A session started only when we hit Marc's place shortly after midnight.

I have a valid reason to find Marc's cooperation a bit strange. Through the years as a member of the E-heads, Marcus has never been that vocal or expressive about, what, almost anything. He believes that someone else will always do the talking for him. Of course, a lot of people had attempted to break in the reclusive image - but Marc's mystical dead pan is enough to discourage them from asking too many questions, stupid or otherwise. Basically, it's like drawing blood from a stone. In layman's term, *deadma sha!* And he will never apologize for it, "*Kung ano ang gusto ko, ginagawa ko,*" he reasoned out.

He's not much different when he performs on the stage. The venue may be bulging with juvenile species and the intense groove mood sparks a massive sing-along and intermittent slamdancing, but Marcus won't give you an idea whether he's pleased or pissed about the hustle and bustle. The scraggly hair and polyester revival shirt with wide, pointed collar are not much of a clue either. He just goes about his task in an unperturbed and subdued manner, his fingers exploring the guitar's fretboard with coldblooded precision. It's like he's neither awake nor asleep, aware nor unaware. He's a study in boredom? You can say that, although it's far from being a compliment.

But viewed in another light, Marc's enigma could be the charisma itself. Underated, and underweight, that he is, there are others who insist that he's the coolest of the four. The occasional

smiles that crease his lips and the mild thrust of his hips are enough to fan the fascination. He's got a fair share of fanatics after all...Cool sha!

Ely once described Marcus as a guy who has "a world of his own." There are only a few people who truly know the kind of world that Marcus keeps. After three successive albums and a number of successful endeavors, he lives a life that has not been spoiled by fame (and some fortune) - "*Parang buhay dorn pa rin,*" he put it succinctly. Except for the newly acquired best friend, Kirsten, and some little pleasures like free jeans and rubber shoes, it's the same simple world of family and friends and *gimiks* - the very same people and things that made Marc's dorm days happy.

Silent waters run deep, there must be some truth to that crap. Ann had a point in pronouncing Marcus as the "soul" of the group. Marc could drag you into some philosophical musing without you knowing it. He has a subtle and effortless technique in turning a casual conversation into a thought-provoking talk.

After countless bumps, dents, and one shuddering smashup, Marcus had learned that there is more to life than overdriving. I could be wrong but his near death experience had started to manifest its profound effects. First, he shaved his very promising beatnik goatee. Second, he now invokes the Christian God aside from Buddha. In fact, he just decided to have Kirsten blessed in the nearest church soon. But the more obvious effect is this interview.

Marcus shared his thoughts here without restraint, letting it all out, from his gut-wrenching blues to the life and times of his hero Jim Morrison. But what's more important here is that he is finally giving us an idea on what he really feels about being one-fourth of the E-heads. You see, it's a kind of topic he resolutely chose not to be well-versed in, a subject he had not been very vocal about, not even to his friends. One way or another, there could be a chance to know what's with the mystical dead pan, to see beyond the aura of stoicism, and to reach out to the world that has long been secluded.

Bong had already left for Cubao when we hit Marc's place shortly after midnight. Marc was ready to talk and I was ready to draw the blood - not from a "stone" but from Marc's very veins. The background music that emanated from the VCR, a punk docu called "The Decline of the Western Civilization," was of great help in loosening us up. For all its worth, this candid conversation could be enough to prick the enigmatic bubble. I had to seize the moment, pronto! - four more beers were waiting in the ref.

PLBX: What do you do when there are no shows?

MARC: Nasa bahay lang. Naglilinis ako ng bahay pare, honest 'yon. Nag-aayos ng gitara, tsaka kenting practice.

Mami-meet ko rin 'yung dating friends, tipos gimik.

PLBX: Ano ba'ng klaseng gimik ni Marcus?

MARC: Ang gusto kong ginan pare lunabas, mag-drive, gano'n lang. Smell the flowers, tsaka girlfriend, alam mo na 'yun pare.

PLBX: Kumusta na ang kotse mo?

MARC: Ok naman 'yung kotse ko, isa 'yun sa mga best friends ko ngayon. Si Kirsten nga pala ang pangalan n'ya - gimik ka kasi 'yon eh. Ang dami kami na nating napuntahan, ang dami na nating pinagsamahan, pare. 'Yung kotse it gets you from Point A to point B, pero nagkakaroon din s'ya ng character - parang nagiging kaibigan mo na ito, pare.

PLBX: May bago ka na naman daw na experience with your car.

MARC: Noong June 16 lagare kami pare, may gag kami sa Pundi, Bulacan tapos no'n sa Subic. Nagpunta kami ni Vince sa bahay nila sa Antipolo kasi kukuba s'ya ng damit. Nagmamadali kami kasi 12 p.m. na, eh 1:30 p.m. ang call time namin, npos batin pa ako sa tulog kasi may gag kami sa Tagaytay the day before. Sa Cogo, sa Marcos.

Highway pa pare, sumundan ko 'yung nag-overtake na truck. Pagkapanungit sinasundan namin, eto na nakaharap na sa akin 'yung isang truck pare. Wala na akong nagawa, hindi ko na pwedeng itanaw ang kotse ko kasi baka umikot na ako. Nag-brake ako, eeee, nag-screach na ikong gano'n. Ang feeling ko nakahinto na ako, tapos 'yung driver ng truck nagtingil lang sa akin, dice-direto. Bumangga s'ya sa akin, wassik 'yung left part ng kotse.

PLBX: Na-shock ka ba?

MARC: Ang feeling ko pare patay na ako. Hindi ako naka-seatbelt, pero awa ng Diyos nakaligtas. Si Vince daw akala n'ya patay na s'ya. Alam mo, sabi ng driver ng truck kaya daw hindi na s'ya nag-brake kasi mababag daw 'yung karga na hollow blocks - putcha ang labo.

PLBX: Was the accident your closest brush with death?

MARC: Ah, hindi pa naman nag-flashback 'yung buhay ko tulad ng sinasabi nila. Actually may worse pa akong aksidente kesa doon pare. Bago pa lang akong nagda-drive noon, kasama ko si Joey galing kaining Las Pinas. Mga 4 a.m. na no'n sa EDSA, tuwang-tuwa ako sa speedometer, eh hindi ko napansing malapit na ang flyover. Kinabig ko sa kanan ang kotse kasi sasapok - kami sa poste. Umikot nang umikot 'yung kotse pare. Pero nakauiw pla rin kami sa QC, mga 40 na nga lang ang takbo.

PLBX: Hindi ka ba naratakot mamatay?

MARC: Lahat ng tao namatatay pare, ready ka lang dapat.

PLBX: It seems that you like courting death!

MARC: OK din 'yon pare. Nakinig ko kay Raymond no'ng magimik pas'ya, "live dangerously", parang gano'n.

Pero ngayon mairino si Raymond, at ako rin. Speeding is not worth it.

PLBX: Define death.

MARC: Death is the ultimate high.

PLBX: Is there life after death?

MARC: I'll answer that when I'm dead.

PLBX: What is God to you?

MARC: Eto pare, honest, pag nakakita ako ng bato, nando'n 'yung God. Hindi ako lasing ha, pero isang patak lang ng ulan, you'll wonder - "Is there a God? Ang sagot ko meron, pero kanya-kanyang imago tayo.

PLBX: 'Yung 'amen' part sa Circus, sarcastic yata ang banar n'yô doon?

MARC: Oo, konit ang taong nakakakita na gano'n 'yon - actually, gano'n talaga ang gusto naming palabasin. Si Dong ng Yano kasama namin dati rin Ely sa bahay, eh mahilig s'ya sa mga philosophical na usapan - kita mo namin sa mga kanta nila, di ba? Pinagtiripon namin 'yung isang Christian sect namin. Grabe mag-show 'yung preacher nila, ang baduy ng dating n'ya pero ang tao n'ya ang dami. Combined 'yung mga concerts namin na matitindi, mas malaki pa rin ang audience no'ng sect. Bakit? 'Yun ang taong namin pare. Bakit ganon, sabihin niya na itaas ang kamay kamay, lahat ng tao sunod. Puno s'ya nakakapag-command ng ganon? Kasi 'yung racket n'ya religion, di ba?

PLBX: Because of that some people are saying that the E-heads are bigots.

MARC: I played the devil's advocate, kasi si Dong galit na galit doon sa preacher, sabi n'ya - "Tangha 'to, niloloko n'ya lahat ng Pinoy." Kasi 'yung audience n'ya majority from the lower classes, no offense meant ha. 'Yun din ang scene nang dumating si Jesus Christ, 'yung audience n'ya mga slaves. Kasi ang lakas na ng Roman Empire noon, tapos 'yung audience n'ya 'yung mga nasa baba, so matindi ang hatak niya. Sabi ko kay Dong, "Pare wala kang magagawa d'yan. Pag may isang tao na magsabi sa 'yo na gawin mo ang bagay na ito tapos may peace of mind ka do'n, pag-uwi mo sa bahay masaya ka, mahimbing ang tulog mo, 'yun na ang religion pare." 'Yun na ang sagot ko.

PLBX: It seems that the band can have some people under its sway too.

MARC: Ganito 'yan eh, may close friend ako na magsabi sa akin na kahit ano daw ang sabihin namin pwede na.

PLBX: Sinasakyan mo ba ang ganung paniniwala?

MARC: Sa bunda kasi may balance kami. Kumbaga may sinasabi si Ely, kami 'yung magko-contradict. Parang Ely writes the hits, we write the misses, parang ganon - kung ano'ng kulang, pinapunan namin since si Ely ang pinakawisibla sa s'ya 'yung madalas magsasalita, si Ely 'yon. Pero kung ano man ang sinabi n'ya, ok na rin sa amin.

PLBX: Mga teenagers mostly ang followers ng E-heads, anong masasabi mo sa kanila?

MARC: Gawin nila 'yung ginawa namin, hindi kami naniwala sa nakikita namin, na may right ka na i-assert kung ano'ng tama para sa 'yo. 'Yun na 'yun, pare. Ang tanong nila, "Anong message n'yo sa mga fans?" - ang sabi namin, "Gumawa kayo ng sarili n'yong eksena, kung ano 'yung mundo ninyo, 'yun ang ilabas n'yo."

PLBX: Do you now feel responsible for the kids who love your music?

MARC: Partly gano'n. Noong major concert namin last March 9, ang feeling namin ni Ely gusto nating magbasag ng gitara. Ang laki na pala ng conflict kay Tita Mercy at kay Ann, ayaw nila - ayaw na ayaw nila. Pag ginawa daw namin 'yon, hindi sila pupunta sa concert. Nag-away talaga kami. Ang reason nila, hindi naman daw mayaman lahat ang fans namin para magbasag ng gitara. Pag nakita daw sa amin 'yon, parang ang labo, bakit gano'n? Hirap na silang maka-afford ng gitara tapos babasagin lang nila. The point was well taken and somehow we had to give in. Pero ang primary concern namin is to be able to do what we want to do, secondary na kung magustuhan ng fans o hindi. Kung mag-grow up man kami at maka-connect sila, ok lang. Kasi 'yung foundation namin - kung ano ang trip namin sa buhay namin, iyon ang masusunod.

PLBX: Naia-apply n'yô ba ang principle na 'yan sa paggawa n'yô ng mga kanta?

MARC: Oo, sa first hanggang third album gano'n ang naging philosophy namin.

PLBX: Nagma-mature na ba ang music ng E-heads?

MARC: Nagma-mature in a sense na mas marami kaming napapakikngan ngayon, mas madaming influences.

PLBX: Alin ang mga kanta na nag-reflect ng mga influences mo?

MARC: Ayoko nang isipin ang mga kanta ko, malungkot kasi pare eh. Hindi kasi ako marinong magulat ng masaya, gano'n ang nature ko.

PLBX: 'Yung "Slo Mo", medyo mabigat ang dating noon.

MARC: Ako ang nagulat no'n. Actually, ayaw ko nang kumanta sa third album kasi hindi ko na trip marinig ang boses ko. Doon naman sa second album, talagang pinangit ko 'yung boses ko, sabi ko kay Raymond, "Pare, gawa tayo ng kanta na talagang pangit ang boses natin. Tingnan natin kung puano ia-accept ng tao." Ayun, ginawa ko ang "Bato" at "Insomya" tsaka 'yung "Punk Zappa"... trip lang. Sa third album naman, ayaw ko mang kumanta, may gusto pa rin akong ilabas na songs. Sabi ko: "Raymond, gawan mo nga ng music 'to." O kaya naman, "Raymond, kantahin mo naman 'to." Tulad sa "Slo Mo", may lyrics din s'ya, pinaghalo namin. Sa akin 'yung first and second stanza, sa kanya ang last, tapos inayos natin.

PLBX: Kung ako ang magre-review ng Caterpillar, siguro I'll discard the radio-friendly ones and single out the songs like "Slo Mo".

MARC: Actually, trip na trip ko rin ang "Slo Mo". Hanggang ngayon hindi ko pa rin naiintindihan

"... be your own man, be your own Buddha. Kung ano ang world view na sa tingin mo tama, panindigan mo. Tapos i-share mo sa iba. Kung matripan nila, eh di sige. Kung hindi, okay din lang."

'yung song (laughs). Pero paborito ko talaga 'yon. Tsaka iba 'yung gitara

ko doon... ewan ko basta iba eh. Pero one take lahat 'yon kasi pag nag-record ako, gusto ko take one lang - sa take one, 'yun na 'yun (laughs).

PLBX: Bakit kay Ely at Raymond nakasentro ang songwriting sa Caterpillar?

MARC: Meron din akong contributions - sa "Back2Me" kasali ako. Sa "Overdrive", hindi 'yung spoken part ha, kasali din ako doon - kaya lang hindi kasama sa credit, kaya wala akong royalties do'n (laughs). Sa "Para-parang Ningning", kami ni Raymond ang gumawa noon - para sa akin love song 'yon, love song tungkol...

PLBX: Tungkol sa pagbuka-buka ng?

MARC: Love song tungkol sa isang binibining... may rili kasi si Raymond, iginawa namin ng lyrics. Kinanta n'ya sa gitarang hilotan lang namin doon sa recording studio, tapos 'yung gitara may sticker na butterfly - eh 'yung chick na 'yon, may tats (tatoo) na butterfly, shut s'ya 'yon. Sabi namin, "Gawin natin 'yung Para-para." Pero anong klaseng para-para? Para-parang Makis! Para-parang Maynila! Para-parang Nayon! Eh noon, nakatira kami sa Manunging St. Tinanong namin si Ely. "Ano 'yung para-parang blab, blab, blab?" Sabi ni Ely, "Para-parang Manunging!" Ayon! Ganon n' nabuo 'yon pare.

PLBX: Takot ka bang i-admit sa fans na family man ka na?

MARC: Wow, 'yun na 'yun (laughs). Ano pare, family man na ako pero nasa transition. Alam mo 'yon? 'Yung transition na binata ka tapos maging family man, nando'n ako.

PLBX: May pinaprotektahan pa ba kayong imago?

MARC: 'Yung point kasi d'yan, maging responsible ka kung anong ginawa mo - kasi nakikita ng mga bata, nakikita ng mga fans. Lalo na 'yung mga naniniwalal sa inyo kung ano'ng gawin n'yô, 'yun din ang pag-uwin nila. So maging responsible ka - kung may ginawa kang kalokohan, panindigan mo 'yon.

PLBX: Showbiz na showbiz na kayo, di ba? Ano'ng masasabi mo sa mga isinasong trip na trip ungkatina ang buhay ninyo?

MARC: 'Yun ang problema do'n. Sama tungkol na lang sa music ang usapan nila, di ba? Pero gusto pa nilang malaman kung anong ginagamit mong kutsara, parang ganon. Bakit!!!

PLBX: Anong magbago sa 'yo simula ng maging tatay ka?

MARC: Natuto akong mag-set aside ng time tsaka energy para do'n sa bagong tao - bagong tao 'yon pare, eh. Parang bigla kong natitindihan ang mga sinasabi noon ng tatay ko, kasi parent na rin ako ngayon. Parang maisip mo, "Ah talaga, tama pala sila."

PLBX: Do you regret dropping out of school?

MARC: Wala na akong choice kasi ganito na 'yung nangyari. "Pag ni-regret mo 'yon, ang labo mo, malungkot ka ngayon. Ang labo ng maging malungkot pare."

PLBX: Gusto mo pa bang makapagtayo?

MARC: Depend sa thi ng hangin.

PLBX: So, anong iba mong plano?

MARC: Ang gusto ko meron akong farm na maliit. Gusto kong mag-farming, kung saan tatinik, doon. Kasi ang nature ko ganun. Parang si Neil Young na may recording studio do'n sa kanyang farm.

PLBX: Anong malapayo mo sa mga bata tungkol sa school?

MARC: Dapat maliwanag sa kanila kung anong gusto nilang gawin sa buhay nila - ano talaga ang gusto n'yô? Gusto mong maging lawyer, putcha, madali lang maging lawyer kung matiayaga ka. Kung gugustuhin mo talaga, pwede, madali.

PLBX: Happy ka ba sa buhay mo ngayon?

MARC: Oo pare, nagpapasalamat talaga ako. 'Yung sa amin may kahalang swerte, hindi ko made-deny 'yon.

PLBX: Gusto mo ba ang course mo sa UP dati?

MARC: Oo, gustong-gusto ko 'yon. Dati, gusto kong kunin 'yung may kinalaman sa electronics, gusto kong gumawa ng atom bomb. Pero noong nasa Philosophy Department na ako, nalaman ko na dini-discuss nila ang lahat ng tungkol sa tao - may Psychology, may Sociology, may History - nando'n lahat.

PLBX: Anong natutunan mo sa mga inaral mo?

MARC: Individualistic 'yung dating sa akin - be your own man, be your own Buddha. Kung ano ang world view na sa tingin mo tama, panindigan mo. Tapos i-share mo sa iba - kung matripan nila, eh di sige. Kung hindi, ok din lang.

PLBX: Hindi ka pa ba nagsasawa sa trabaho n'yô ngayon as musicians?

MARC: Hindi pare. Kapag umakyat na kami sa stage, 'pag tugtugan na, iba na ang pakiramaman. Depend na rin sa crowd. Bad trip syempre kapag boring 'yung crowd. Bumabalik din sa amin ang vibes nila. Hindi na rin kami gagangahang tumugtog, nago - auto pilot kami. Tulog kaming lahat sa stage, parang ganon. Pero pag masaya ang crowd, masaya din kami.

PLBX: Hindi ka pa ba nagsasawa sa routine?

MARC: Hindi naman kasi iba-iba ang kultura ng bawat lugar na tugtugan namin. Palaging may bagong experience. Kapag kinaausap mo 'yung tao, somehow may matutunan ka rin sa kanya dahil iba ang point of view na ini-express n'ya. Kaya ok lang.

ini-express n'ya. Kaya ok lang.

PLBX: Bakit si Raymund at Buddy may Planet

Garipata, si Ely naman dati may Iris. Pero bakit walang

side project si Marcus?

MARC: Inaantay ko pa lang ang tamang banda, inaantay

ko pa lang 'yung tamang mga tao. Sina Raymund kasi

nakita na nila 'yung trip nilang maging ka-

miyembro. Ako naman, parang iba ang gusto kong

gawin. Kapag nakita ko naman 'yung klase ng tao

na gusto kong risika-jam, ako mismo ang magpo-

produce sa kanila. Gagawa kami ng album na sariling-

srili natin. So far, wala pang dumaratang, pero kahit

siguro lifetime kong intayin yon.

PLBX: The band line-up hasn't changed and you still have the same manager -

what's really keeping the team together?

MARC: May kanya-kanya lang kaming trabaho. Si Ely ang

worldsmith, s'ya yung magaling sa lyrics, siya yung

nagco-command ng lyrics at melody, melody na pop ang

orientation, melody na madaling sakan. Si Raymund

yung far-out. Si Buddy kaya n'yang sakyan lahat ng trip

namin sa music, kumbaga sa math problem, lahat kaya

niyang i-solve. Kaya lahat niyang lagyan ng bassline -

magaling si Buddy mula noon hanggang ngayon, mas lalo

siyang gutaling ngayon, lahat ng instrumento kaya niyang

hawakan. Kami naman ni Raymund, kami yung pang-

flip.

PLBX: Pinakikingan mo pa ba sa bahay yung albums

niyo?

MARC: Malabo na e, kasi sawang-sawa na ako. Ginawa

namin ang mga 'yung ng ilang months sa studio, tapos

magtu-tour kayo ng isang taon. Pero kung babalikan mo

din after some time, nakakatuwa ding pagtripan.

PLBX: Anong sounds mo ngayon?

MARC: Trip ko pa rin yung traditional psychedelia and

rock 'n' roll. Yung medyo bago naman, gusto ko yung

Flaming Lips, meron akong anim na albums nila, apat

doon unreleased na nabili ko sa HongKong. Sa mga luma

pa rin, Pink Floyd, meron akong album na kasama pa sa

banda si Syd Barrett na unreleased rin din.

PLBX: May kanta silang dedicated to Syd na

"Diamondsomething" ang title, 'di ba?

MARC: "Shine On You Crazy Diamond"

PLBX: Ang galing mo, ah.

MARC: Pare, Pink Floyd fan ako! (laughs) Si Syd

talaga yung flip, parang si Brian Wilson.

PLBX: Ano pa?

MARC: Mga luma ni Lou Reed, mga luma ni Neil Young.

PLBX: Sa mga bago ulit?

MARC: May bago akong na-discover, Jon

Spencer Blues Explosion - ang galing nila,

power and intensity pare, blues, punk at

hip-hop na pinagsama-sama, ang galing.

PLBX: Sa local musicians natin, sinong

mga banda ang gusto mo?

MARC: Anno Domini, ang galing nila,

Mutiny na sila ngayon. The Jerks siyempre,

Cocojam, si Jun Lipito. Sana maglabas na

si Pepe (Smith).

PLBX: Yun namang mga contemporary

ng E-Heads?

MARC: Color it Red, okay sila. Actually

lahat naman okay, eh. Yano, okay talaga

ang Yano - yung bagong album mas matindi

kesa first nila, mas mabigat, parang urban

neurosis ng Green Day. Hindi ako

masyadong nagpupunta sa mga clubs,

inaabangan ko na lang sa records. Sana

mag-iba naman yung music, makinig naman

sila sa iba pwersa sa grunge. Gusto kong

makarinig ng walang distorted na gitara

pero distorted ang message. Gusto ko nga

pala ang Supergrass. Fun, fun, fun yon!



PLBX: Gusto mo ba ang Oasis?

MARC: Kasi ang Oasis, 'tangna, they have a bait - pag gusto mo sila, fan ka talaga nila.

Pag ayaw mo sa kanila, talagang ayaw mo sila, parang ganun. Hindi pa ako nakakapag-decide kung gusto

ko ayaw ko sa kanila. Okay kasi sila na hindi, eh. Parang "Pop ang tunog niyo pero nagco-cocaine kayo."

Pero okay ang sound nila, mahirap matanggal sa isip mo. Yun ang dilemma mo sa Oasis ngayon.

PLBX: Ano'ng tingin mo sa punk scene ngayon?

MARC: May respeto ako sa mga punks na pag tumutugtog, tipong lasing na lasing, yun ang punk pare.

Pero yung mga punks na hindi man lang nagyo-yosi, na parang pag narinig ng tao, ang sasabihin nila, "Punk

na punk, wala sila. Kapag nakikita namin sila sa clubs, parang gusto mong sabihin, "Sige nga, mambughog

kayo ng tao!" Pero wala, eh.

PLBX: Parang si Raymund noon ang may tendency itayo ang bandila ng punk sa E-Heads, pero parang

inalpasan n'ya yung spirit.

MARC: Nag-mature kasi kaagad siya. Nasa kanya naman dati yung attitude, kay lang nag-he low siya.

PLBX: Sa iyo yata nabubuhay ngayon ang essence ng pagka-punk?

MARC: Ganun kasi ang gusto ko, pare.

PLBX: Not necessarily sa style ng music, diba?

MARC: Yung lifestyle.

PLBX: Magandang pang-balanse ang ingay ng mga kantang gaya ng "Bato" at "Insomniya". Buti na lang

andyan kayo ni Raymund.

MARC: Ang mahinap kasi pare, pag punk ka tapos ang kasama mo pop na pop - yun ang problema ko.

Gusto ko dyang-dyang-dyang! Pero yun ang magic, na parang pag narinig ng tao, ang sasabihin nila, "Ang

sarap," kasi pop na pop. Yun ang kwela dun. Okay din lang sa akin yon kasi kapag ako naman ang maglalabas

ng kalokohan, okay din lang sa kanila.

PLBX: Ang ibig sabihin, hindi nagkakasapawan ng ideas?

MARC: Walang gano'ng nangyayari. Pero parang bitin ngayon dahil gusto naming marinig ang songs ni

Buddy. Parang ako nung second album, talagang inilabas ko ang blues ko - parang ang sakit kasi pare, kasi

ang cute ng mga gawa nila, ako among sinasabi ko do n' Ngayon naman parang "Tangna Buddy, magsalita ka naman."

PLBX: Kapag may gigs kayo noon sa UP, wala pa kayong kamuang-muang sa mga technical aspects ng pagtugtog.

MARC: Oo, ni hindi nga namin alam kung paano gamitin ang gadget. Nagtataka nga ako kung ano yung niyayapakan nila.

Basta kami yung ang lang, kung ano lang tunog lumabas do'n, yun na yun (laughs). Ang naive talaga namin dati. Gig kami

ng gig ng walang gadget, kung gusto naming distorted ang tunog, sige pihitin lang hanggang 10 ang amp. Pag rhythm part naman,

eh di i-off. Yun pala pwede na lang yapakan.

PLBX: Hindi ba kayo naaawa sa srili n'yo?

MARC: Hindi pare kasi isang buwan lang mag-aantay ng next gig n'yo, maaawa ka pa ba sa srili n'yo. Napakamisera mo

naman...eh gusto mo nang ilabas yung punk energy mo. So ang tendency, lakasan mo na'ng lahat - game! Parang, "tarlong songs

lang ito eh, sige ja-da-da-da-jang...ooooops tapos na. O, next band."

At this point, "The Decline of Western Civilization" ended and Marcus played Oliver Stone's "The Doors" in the VCR.

PLBX: Si Jim Morrison, mukha siyang malinis, hindi siya mukhang hippie, di ba?

MARC: Antidote s'ya ng hippie. Kasi ang mga hippie, puro love, peace, samantalang si Jim, pinakita niya ang ibang reality -

war, death. Death yung thesis niya, pare, parang salvation ang death. "Does death turn you on? When you die the pain's over."

PLBX: "...Father. Yes son! I want to kill you. Mother! I want to..."

MARC: Kasi immersed siya masyado sa literature, yung literature na ang authors ay drunks din, addicts.

PLBX: Magbigay ka nga pala ng isang book na okay sa 'yo.

MARC: "On the Road" by Jack Kerouac, ang tagal na tum. Binasa ko yun thrice noong college tapos isang hese ulit lately nang

sober ako. Pag binasa mo yun pare, lahat ng words puputok sa utak mo. Tungkol yun sa barkada, gimik sila ng gimik, toma ng

toma, may chicks, rock 'n' roll sila nung 1940s hanggang 1960s. Jazz yung music nila - nanood sila ng jazz show tapos umakyat

siya sa stage tapos itinuro niya yung sax soloist "He's god, he's god. He speaks with the tongue of god." Tapos he's on the road

travelling, describes lahat ng dinadaan niya at lahat ng nakikita niyang tao. May sinasabi siya tungkol sa Buddhism. May

nakita siyang girl, sabi niya "That girl is god. She has a lovely soul," mga gamut. Hanggang sa nagbago na yung mga kabarkada

niya, mga nagkapamilya na pero siya ganun pa rin hanggang sa huli. Part fiction, part real life yung book. 'Di ba may kanta

ang 10,000 Maniacs, "Hey Jack Kerouac..." parang. "Nasa'n ka na ngayon?"

PLBX: Last words.

MARC: Free your mind, blow it...joke lang.

The process could either be simple or not that simple. It could be complex or more than complex. Ely spins the tale and sets it straight...

For

If you thought that this was going to be an article about recording, well congratulations! How on earth did you know? Anyway, I'm writing about it now for two reasons. One, I love recording and two, I love writing about recording. Also, I just want you people to have at least a small idea as to what really goes on in the studio and basically why recording an album takes so long.

Bear in mind, however, that what you'll be reading isn't the general practice with all artists. Naturally, it's a case to case basis. Some groups can record an entire album in

one day, sometimes it takes years. There isn't any specific reason behind this. It just happens. Like all works of art, there's no maximum or minimum time when it comes to creating. It also has a lot to do with the artist himself. He might be a one-take guy or the kind that spends years on trying to get the perfect snare drum sound. In the end, it doesn't really matter how long or short it takes. If it works for you, then do it.

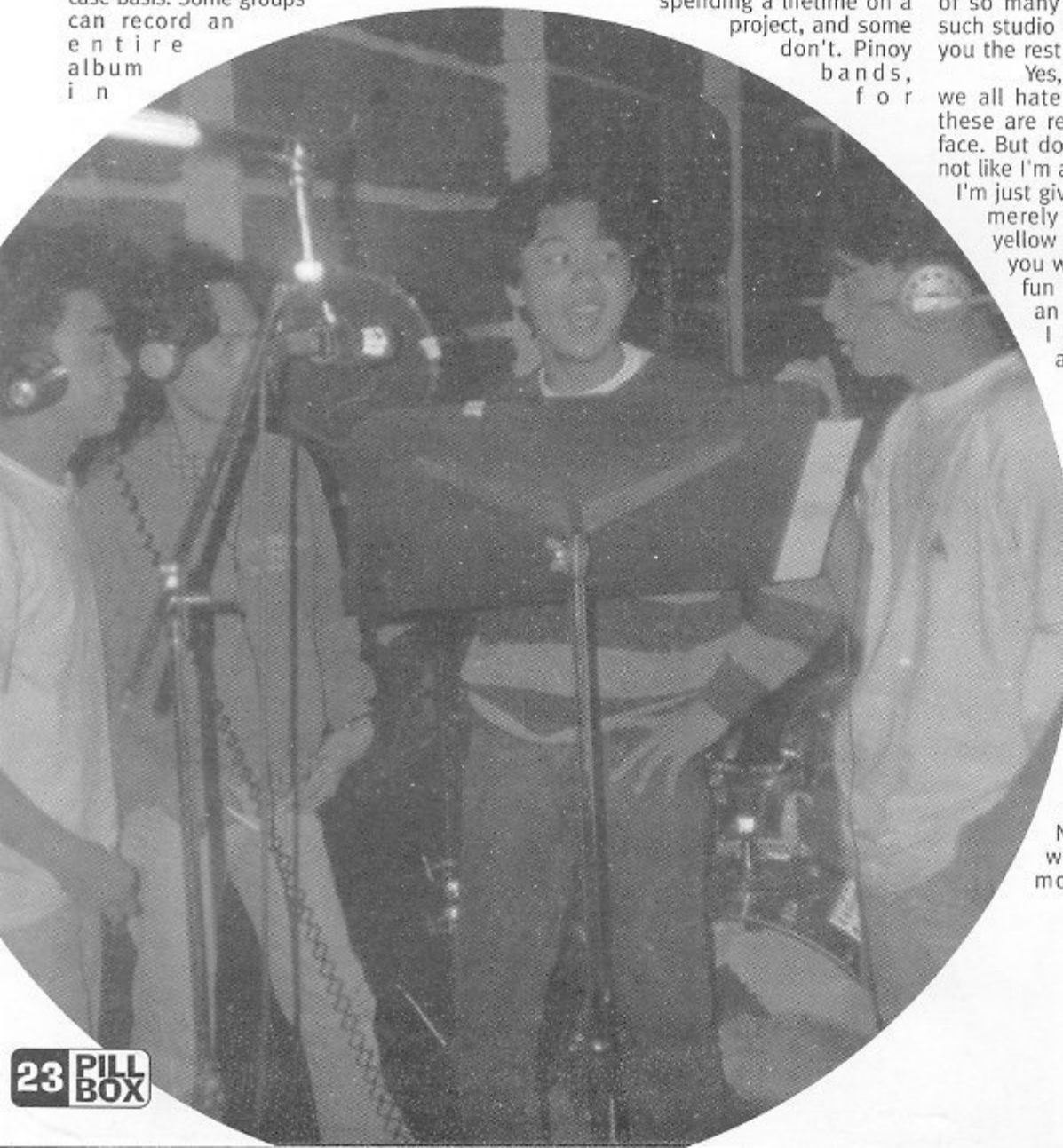
But like I said, it's a case to case bassist. Some bands have the luxury of spending a lifetime on a project, and some don't. Pinoy bands, for

the most part, fall on the latter category. We're not as lucky as our foreign counterparts. Why do I say this? I'm sure every band in this country would love to take their sweet time and think about the work they will do. And that includes us. I mean, if we were given a choice, we'd go someplace far away that has a cozy little studio by the beach where we can live in and record in at the same time, not going back to civilization until time is right and we are satisfied with our work. But that won't happen because of so many factors. For one thing, no such studio in the country exists. I'll tell you the rest later.

Yes, nobody wants to be rushed, we all hate deadlines, don't we? But these are realities that we all have to face. But don't get the wrong idea, it's not like I'm all bitter about the situation, I'm just giving you the facts. These are merely it'sy-bitsy, teenie-weenie, yellow polka dot complaints when you weigh it against the limitless fun we have when working on an album. Which reminds me, I haven't told you anything about that yet.

When we were recording Ultraelectromagneticpop!, we had no idea that it would have a drastic effect on our lives. Sure, we were all hoping that we would somehow be successful, but we never expected anything like this. Before, we would wake up in the morning and try to think of something worthwhile to do for the day. Now, we don't even have time to think. A day-off is like

a n
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in the
desert.
Now,
we can
more or



R

less summarize our lives for one whole year in this fashion: Write Songs, Record an Album, Promote the Album, Tour the Country, Side Projects, Tour the Country, Christmas, Write Songs, Record an Album, Promote the Album, Tour the Country, and so on and so forth. Well, actually it's not that simple but those are basically the highlights.

I'd like to touch on a few things first. We are required by our contract with BMG Records to release at least one album per year. We can record more but that's impossible. At best, you can expect one album from us before every year ends. Why so late? Well, it's a matter of time frame. We started late. *Ultra* was released October 1993 and it really didn't do business until mid-94. We take at least about five months to record an album so you can more or less calculate for yourselves. Promoting and touring are basically the same banana. When we tour, do concerts in provinces or clubs in Manila, we promote. This goes on practically the whole year round. And let's not forget radio and TV appearances

of the time frame that the E-heads are in, you may already have a better picture of the recording process itself.

First of all, we have to write the songs. For *Ultra* it was easy. We had about four years to prepare for that album. In fact, we had enough songs to make three albums. But when it finally came to recording, we only had a handful of Tagalog songs in our repertoire. BMG wanted more. Therefore songs like "Easy Ka Lang", "Maling Akala", "Ligaya", and "Shirley" were last-minute compositions for the album. Ironically, it took us almost a year to finish *Ultra*.

We didn't know what we were doing and there were a lot of people telling us what to do. Listen to the record now - it's got to be the worst sounding album ever released. Suffice it to say, it's an experience I'd rather forget.

It was the arrival of Ann and Sir Robin when things started to get organized. And I think that you don't need to be an expert to tell you that there's a galaxy of difference between our first and second album. Sir Robin keeps us on our toes by monitoring our progress in songwriting, and practically supervises the making of the album from the demos to the final released tapes. It's kinda like school, but hey, we miss school! Most of the materials for *Circus* were written in a month, and all of the songs were new, except songs like "Kailan" and "Wishing Wells" which were written way back in college. With *Cutterpillow*, it was basically the same except we had to write all the songs while on the *Circus* tour. There was absolutely no time off when it came to promoting that album!

When the band is ready with the songs, we meet with Sir Robin, usually at our place. It is in this meeting that all the new songs will be heard by our producer. Actually, it's the first time that any of us will be hearing the new songs. Usually, we just sing it to him with an acoustic guitar while he records everything

on his handy walkman. This will serve as the demo. But if I'm too shy to sing it, I usually record all the songs on my cassette before the meeting and just play it to them. You should hear Lemon's demos. By using his versatile

synthesizer, they sound like the finished product. After the listening session, we discuss the songs. If the songs are enough (we usually prepare about twenty), the songs will be screened and we all decide what songs (usually 12 to 13) will be included in the album. Sometimes Sir Robin even suggests how

to make the song better, lyrically and musically. He's that involved!

Once the songs have been finalized, it's off to the rehearsal studio to record another demo. These studio sessions are booked by Sir Robin for practice only. This is a very important stage, because this is where all the songs are arranged and is actually the first time the new songs will be played by the whole band, with all the instruments. Everybody contributes to the song. If the writer is not sure about his arrangement, we jam the song for hours until we're satisfied that it's the sound that we all want for that particular tune. After the jam session, Sir Robin once again tapes all the songs, this time with the whole band playing. This still rough demo tape will more or less form the basis for our proper studio work.

Due to our heavy touring, Sir Robin books our recording only twice a week, usually Mondays and Thursdays, from 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Now, some artists like to record during unholy hours (dusk till dawn). We can't. It's hard to be creative when you're tired and all you wanna do is sleep. After lunch is the obvious choice because there's less traffic, we're all relatively awake and ready for action, our energy levels are high and we've all taken baths already. It's the perfect time for us to be productive.

"...if given a choice, we'd go someplace far away that has a cozy little studio by the beach where we can live and record at the same time..."


the

as well as interviews and pictorials for publications. Side projects are basically that - things we do on the side that don't necessarily have to be for the band. Like films, videos, commercials, writing songs as well as producing albums for other artists (like the upcoming records by Jerks and Jao Mapa), publishing (it's right in your hands!), playing in other bands, playing in other albums (1896 and Francism's new one) and a host of other things that add more spice to our already spicy lives. Christmas, you more or less know something about it already.

Isn't it amazing that I've managed to get this far and still not say anything about my main topic? It's a trick I learned in college. Anyway, now that you're aware

Record

by Ely Buendia



The first thing we do is record for the backing tracks. This is the music of the song - all the instruments recorded one by one. Have you ever heard a minus-one? Same thing. It's called track by track recording. A mixing board usually has twenty-four tracks. This means you can put in as many as 24 sounds as you like, including the vocals. Sometimes we use all of them, sometimes we don't. Most of the time, we overload the mixer! Just try to imagine 24 cassette recorders in one machine. Great, huh? And who's the guy who controls the mixer, sets up the microphones, and is basically the guardian of the studio? He's called the sound engineer. Every artist should have a good relationship with his engineer, or suffer the consequences. This guy has the power to enhance or destroy your sound, so you better deal with him nicely. We love working with engineers who aren't assholes. Meaning, they don't behave like they know everything. I mean, I'm very touchy about my songs, and I don't like people telling me what my song should sound like. We've worked with engineers who are exactly like that and we've never hired them again. Tolits, who engineered and mixed our second and third albums, is our kind of guy. He's technically cool, not afraid to experiment, and doesn't mind if we play around with his mixer. The band is very particular about mixing (the process by which the final album sound of each song is produced), how each instrument should sound, and we like doing it hands-on. If an engineer doesn't want us to even get near the mixing board, it's sayonara to him.

A recording schedule of 1 to 3 p.m. usually produces two recorded songs. Remember, recording and mixing are two different things. When I say recorded songs, they're not yet complete or finished. It's just the music, plus my guide vocals. At first, it's just the drums and the bass, then we overdub guitars or keyboards, if any. Once all the songs' musical tracks have been recorded (which takes

about 3 to 4 months) we add the finishing touches like final lead vocals and back-up vocals, percussion, effects, or any last minute changes to the recorded tracks. Sometimes, Marcus might want to change a guitar line or something like that, only minor changes. Since we're on a budget, we have to be very sure and exact with what we do. There are only a few instances when we had to re-record a whole song. After recording, it's time to mix the songs. It's too technical to be discussed here, and even if I wanted to I don't know that much about it either. Let's just say that the product of mixing is what you hear on your tapes, CDs or radios. How long does mixing take? Oh, about four to five hours. Again, we finish at least two songs per session. Sir Robin gives us at least two chances of remixing a song if we're not satisfied with it.

But the album isn't finished by a longshot. We still have to master it, meaning, make a tape that contains the final lineup of songs for the actual release. The album lineup is my job. It's tricky work, but I love it. I think it's as important as the songs themselves. You have to figure out a good balance for the two sides. This balance depends on two important factors - music and time. Both sides must have the same duration. For

example if your album clocks at a total of one hour, side A should be 30 minutes and side B 30 minutes also. There has to be a musical balance, too. What should be the first song on the album? Or the last? What should be in between? Should I follow a rocker with still another rocker, or a soft one? Sir Robin measures the song by their speed. I think. So basically there are the fast songs, the medium songs and the slow songs. My usual formula is much simpler - heavy and light. A song like "Insomya" is definitely heavy. "With A Smile" is definitely light. But there are gray areas that make the job more difficult. Like for example, "Poorman's Grave". Sonically, it's neither light nor heavy, but lyrically it's definitely heavy. Content is

"...some artists like to record during unholy hours...we can't...it's hard to be creative when you're tired and all you want to do is sleep..."

another consideration. In such cases, I ultimately listen to the flow of the whole album. If it sounds right to my ears, then it's okay. The greatest problem arises when your song lineup and the duration of the two sides don't match. In *Cutterpillow*, for example, my chosen songs for side A were much longer than the ones on side B. As a result, there's a full six minutes of silence after the last song on side B. More than a song. What was I to do? Either I equalize the two sides or ruin the thematic flow of the songs. "Kumbaga, 'yung feel nung buong album." I couldn't possibly sacrifice my lineup for the sake of symmetry.

So what we did was write and record another "filler" - and that's the song "Cutterpillow". Sort of a surprise song. The Beatles did the same thing in Sgt. Pepper... but it was just sounds, not a song.

To be continued, soon...



HEAD CRASH

Yellow Pillbox reader, it seems you're exploring this fellas life and styles first i'd like to give thanx to the One and Only Boss ng lahat SALAMAT PO! sino sha!? SHA'NA SHA wala ng iba! now let's make something thinkable terms that very rare to some and familiar to few... first time I met this magic band and their sis-man, na si Ann ay na ko powh! Pag ka simple pero medyo weird kasi ayaw gumamit ng silya o salumpuwit, kaya ang unang dumating sa isip ko eh maraming lavandera to its,

Ano? Kamo! kung saan kami nagkita? sa kwan Po! sa Pro League ng Basketball, first assignment ko sa Half time Showtime na show ng VITV bago mag-umpisa ang 3rd quarter ng 1st game yun na yun! in very short simple term eh, sila na sha sa ni Rap na kumpare ni Marcus at Uly na taga Bag Yo' na Kumare nila si Ann at Marami Pang iba.

yun ang umpisa ng may katapusang umpisa, it was August of 1995 ang kundisyon ko noong i-book ko sila na Maitetelecast as live yun pala Zavlie, kaya sumimangot ng kaunti si elea at nag-patawa nalang ang mga kolokoy si ginta ng Hardcourt sa Araneta.

Si Mark I. ang nagbass Guitar Absent ang mister Zabala noon nasa Bakasyon po sha! ang hindi ko makakalimutan yung sinabi ni Ely para sa Short spiel noon, kaya first time kung na meet to its ganun pala sya. Magtampo medyo Tarantadinger di, pero Okey ang kinalabasan nang 1st Assignment ko People laugh while Claping because of Mark I na Dance step na pati John Travolta hindi kayang gayahin O kopyahin nang kahit sinong Dance Instructor ng mga Ballroom duds. masaya at pinalakpakan ang dakilang Ulo.

TRIVQUES;

ANONG tawag? sa magagandang tsique na mahilig manood ng show ng EHEADS. (clue:) (1) LALAKI SHA !@ (2) MAHUSAY UMAWIT!!!

KUNG ALAM NINYO ANG SAGOT SA SIMPLENG TANONG IPADALA ANG INYONG SAGOT SA 1/8 SHEET PAD NANG VELO PAYPER KASAMA ANG INYONG KOMPLIT ADD: AT MANALO NG TICKET SHOW AT GIG NILA AT MA MEET SILA TILL MORN: Remember sabi nga ni Zaldy Zerep: The night is Young and so are we, but only GOD can make A tree... here to eternity.

AEPREN FLAVTU!

by Mark Laccay

Khablammm! Wait a minute.. "Phi, phy, phoe, phum, I smell the blood of Mr. Ely!"

Ely Buendia and the rest of the all-star cast of 1896 cast arrived as the second stanza of "Wag Mo Nang Itanong" was being sung. Martin tossed him a mic and asked him to get onstage and sing. With his mild-mannered reaction, Ely did what Martin asked him to do. As he went onstage, the whole nation screamed and shouted, "Wow, si Ely!", and everything went well after that.

so much for blasphemous intrigues.

The time ticked fast, the studio personnel started to panic (they usually do), the stage director stood on the far right of the stage, clapping his hands over his head and pretending not to be seen on camera. Everyone was frantic especially Mr. Ariel Rivera 'coz he dunno the words! The PAs were blaming each other for this unconceivable mistake. The Eraserheads were very ah, ooh, gee, ah, very excited of what would happen next and how they were gonna pull off this live nationwide television broadcast. gig.

I was giggling while setting up for the band. The rest of the guys masked their nervousness and prayed that the power shortages in the past would strike again for just one more time to delay the show in time for Ely to make it. The Man above was wise, all knowing and very good. He knew that the Eraserheads would pull off this gig even without Ely.

While soundchecking, an idea was born. The power of the sunglasses came into the picture. Buddy goes, "Vince, kanta ka!" and gives his shades to Vince. "Sige, meron ako." Vince answers back and brings out his new pair of shades.

Mr. Ariel, instead of singing a duet with Mr. Vocalist, sang with Mr. Guitar Tech and got a lot of reactions from the crowd. Some cried, others got mad and the rest looked confused over the situation.

Khablam! The honorable Romeo Lee's famous words have been chosen as the title of this column. It would speak about the best moments, classic jokes and backstage humor of the Eraserheads during tours, concerts, interviews and even telephone conversations.

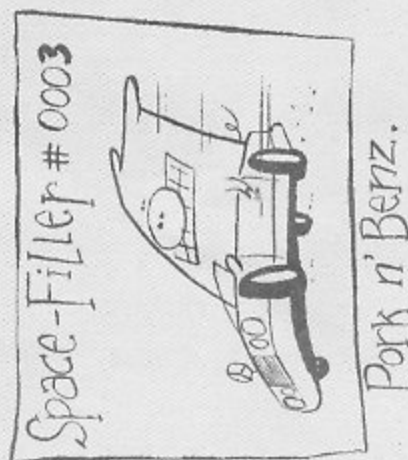
The author, a close friend of the band, has been working with them ever since their very first mainstream album. He is also a musician and has a band of his own that plays whenever its members are free from household chores.

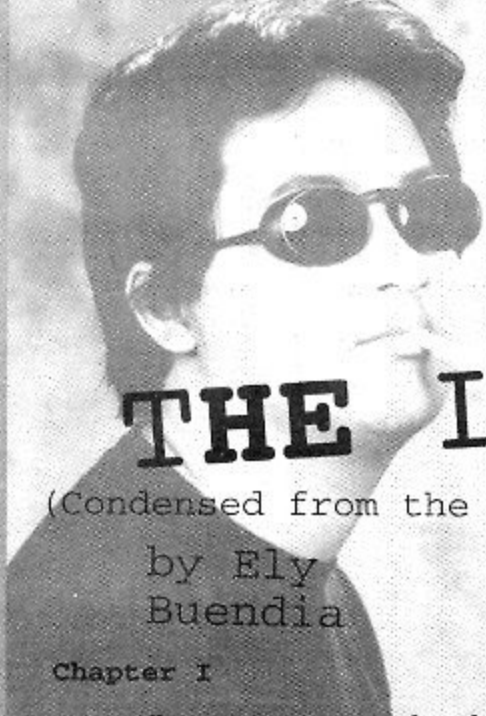
Well, so much for the author. Let's break it down and get funky.

June 1, 1996. 10:30 a.m. The catch was for Ely to leave his place by this time, go to GMA 7 then proceed to Channel 2. Well, he left at 11:00 a.m. Marcus, Vince and I were to be at Channel 2 by 11:30 a.m.

As we waited at Channel 2, one by one, they came. First to arrive was Mr. Bass Player. Of course, he was with his mom and sister who just flew in from Zamboanga a couple of days ago. Second runner-up, funky groovalistic Mr. Simon Lemon. Was with his pretty "preind" Jeng Po. When they came in the studio, the show went on as usual. A typical Sunday variety show starring Pops and Martin.... Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!!!!

Two hours passed and Mr. Ely still wasn't around. The P.A. of the show kept on paging him, but to hell with the traffic of Manila, or was it someone else's fault? Anyway,





Note: To protect the individuals involved, all the names of the participants have been changed, as well as the dates, places and the actual events themselves. Pseudonyms have also been changed. Other than that, everything you will read here is true and in fact did happen...

THE LEGEND OF THE

(Condensed from the book "I Was A Member of A Chain Letter Gang")

by Ely
Buendia

CHAIN LETTER

Chapter I

Have you ever wondered who wrote the very first chain letter in the world? Or when it was written and why? I bet you haven't. I bet it never crossed your road. Not that I blame you, who cares about a harmless piece of paper anyway? Especially if you haven't seen one in your life. But it's such a provocative and fascinating question that I'm utterly amazed that no one has ever thought about it before. It's probably one of the world's greatest mysteries and yet not one historian, scientist nor clergyman has ever ventured to investigate and clear things up with the populace. How can this be, when chain letters have so much consequence on our lives? Indeed, it affects our emotions, our thoughts, our appetites, the very way we conduct our day to day communion with our fellowmen but still we don't have one single clue as to the chain letter's origins. Not one person has dared to look for an answer to this riddle.

Well, maybe I'm wrong about this. Maybe some of you have indeed asked the same questions that I have. If that is so I am grateful, my friend. For I feel safe in the knowledge that I am not alone in this dilemma. That someone out there has the guts to at least wonder.

But that, I think, is where the similarity ends. For I am not just a man who wonders. I am a man who does. And just what did "the man who does" do, you ask? Why, I am the only person on earth that I know of who has dared to seek out the answers to all my questions. And all the things I have learned will make a man shudder to death just thinking about them. Now I'm revealing everything in the story I am about to tell. A story which I have kept inside me, burning like a hot stove. A story which will probably shake the foundations of Christianity as we know it, as well as shatter many unquestioned myths in our world's history. A story that will drive any man crazy.

I know what you're thinking, dear reader. But I assure you I am not crazy. I wish I were, because then this would only be a fool's paranoid nightmare and nothing more. But no, this story did take place, and I don't care what happens to me anymore. I don't care if they find me. The world must know. You must be warned.

Chapter II

It all started innocently enough. The band was making its way up North inside Nirvana, the Boss Van. We were on our way to Vigan for a free concert and as usual I was sleeping in my favorite spot. I must have been dreaming a very beautiful dream, because I was quite chuffed when somebody woke me up. It turned out to be no one you could shake a milk at. It was my knapsack, Bag One.

Now Bag 1 was an obedient fellow who was given to me by a Korean that I met in Quezon City who was asking for directions. I've been to many trips with Bag 1, and Korean bags like him always knew better than to disturb his master's slumber. I was ready to jam his zippers when I suddenly realized he was merely calling my attention to a bundle of letters, fan mail if you will, that our PA gave me that morning. Bag 1 wanted them read, pronto, because as he put it, they were making him "constipated". Amused, I started scanning through the big bunch of envelopes, looking for something interesting.

Usually the first thing that attracts my eye is the penmanship. If the address was nicely written and legible, it says a lot to me about the sender and at least guarantees zero-eye-strain on my part. So I picked one that didn't look much, it was quite plain, as white as light and as light as white but it easily won me over because the address was computerized. In my book, you can't get more legible than that. By virtue of its legibility, the letter was eligible.

I guess by now you've already guessed what the envelope contained. If you guessed that the envelope contained a chain letter, then congratulations. Give yourself a pat on the back. If you've guessed correctly then you have indeed been following this story closely; something which will be required of you from here on, for the bizarre chain of events which followed my opening of the envelope will be difficult to grasp and digest all at once. Indeed, you will need a heavy hand and a steely stomach.

Chapter III

There was nothing overtly wrong with the chain letter in the envelope. Actually, it was quite normal. Your typical chain letter. But then again, we live in a strange world. This is how it went:

Dear Nice Friend,

I have a gift for you. Once you've touched this, you must keep it. It was played since 1887. You must copy this word for word; then give it to fifty-three (50-3) other people. They must be all girls who are kind and cheerful and have no history of fainting. On the fifth day, at exactly 12:34 drink a glass of lukewarm milk with 1 ounce of salt facing west without any clothes on and say the first and last name of the boy you like. If you tear this you'll have bad luck with boys but that's not all. This letter started in Naga City and spread throughout the world. It is now in the internet and has even reached Mars. Just make 53 copies and send them to your friends and relatives. You will see the result. Send it within ten (10) days and please do not laugh because something might happen to you.

Mr. Buenaventura - He made fun and laughed at this. He lost his teeth and his family.

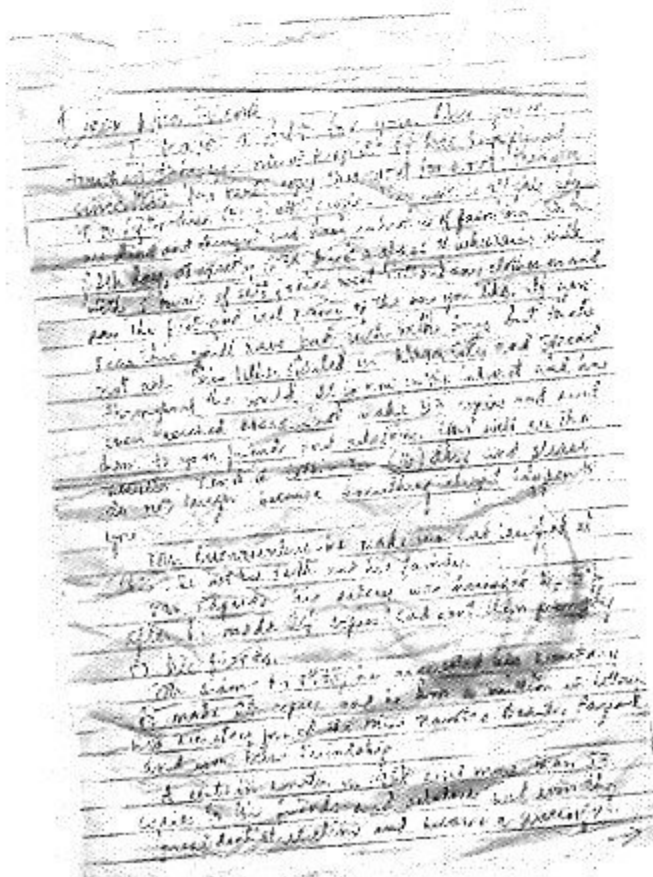
Mr. Caparas - His salary was increased by 5% after he made 24 copies and sent them promptly to his friends.

Mr. Sison - In 1975, he requested his secretary to make 24 copies and he won a million in lottery. His secretary joined the Miss Navotas Beauty Pageant and won Miss Friendship.

A certain senator in 1968 sent more than 53 copies to his friends and relatives and won the presidential elections and became a successful president for 20 years.

Q'b6zx83*, a Martian, ate this chain letter and he exploded into green globules.

Please do what you are told within ten (10) days. Don't ignore this letter. Let us pray to our Mother of Perceptual Health. This is not a joke. Remember, in 10 days you will receive a surprise.



It wasn't my first time to receive a chain letter. I remembered getting four all in all, three in high school and one in college. I paid no attention to all of them. To me, chain letters were at best, a silly superstition and at worst a royal pain in the ass. Right up there with Friday the 13th and Valentine's Day. I mean, it's not enough that you're being told to do a lot of silly things just because you were promised some unknown great reward but you also have to be intimidated into doing it, otherwise you'll get a nasty surprise. Suffice it to say, there's something terribly wrong with that arrangement. Anyway, I'd proven my point four times already by ignoring those doomsday warnings and just getting on with my life, reward or no reward.

So I put the chain letter back in the envelope and never gave it another thought, although I remember mentioning it to the other guys in the van, which made us all chuckle. Even Nirvana the Boss Van, who was always quiet, had a good laugh over the letter, but as the journey progressed further North we all forgot about it. That is, until the things started going awfully wrong.

To be continued!!! Watch for it next issue! Or else!



→As far as I can remember, the E-heads have never been fashion plates nor ambassadors of good taste. However, we have a couple of ideas about what we want and do not want to wear. As a general precept, we try to wear stuff we deem stylish yet functionally comfortable. →Starting with footwear, low-cut sneakers are the top choice (Adidas, Puma, Converse, Reebok) As far as hi-cut basketball shoes go, only Marcus and I occasionally wear them (they're great for supporting tired ankles when drumming). From

time to time, Buddy and Marcus would sport work boots or mountaineering boots. On tour, we sometimes bring along mojos because they're great for beaches. →Regarding pants, the choices are pretty varied. Ely and Marcus favor straight comfort-fit denims as well as the occasional flared cut; Buddy can be found wearing khaki pants or comfort-fit jeans; I like to wear all of the above ('cept for the flares) as well as loose pants and jogging pants (Adidas lord pants) during shows because they dry quickly. Everyone loves corduroys and buys them in different colors whenever possible. These lightweight pants look good and feel great. On warm days, Buddy and I sometimes wear shorts. →Favored upper garments are usually old sports shirts. The colors look good on stage plus they don't look bad even after heavy sweating. Vintage shirts are also preferred as well as shirts with uncommon prints or design. People often ask us who designs our shirts. Now here's the dark secret: we actually purchase them from relief good stores called "ukays" located in local markets all over the country. Nobody pays attention to these unfashionable goods so they are sold for a measly sum. During the Ultraelectro... tours, we bought some vintage Adidas shirts in Bacolod for P 100.00 a piece. A little later, Adidas (the company) saw us wearing these shirts and started giving us free

gear (not an endorsement deal). We accepted them gratefully because we wear them anyway. Not a bad deal for something that started as a bargain. The other shirts we



wear come from our groovy parents, lolos and uncles or were discovered inside family bauls.

→For accessories, shades are the most popular and they come in an assortment of colors, styles, sizes and ages. We used to get them from our friend Nella Sarabia (UPSC) but lately, we've been pickin' them up from anywhere like crazy. Everyone wears a watch although it's nothing fancy, just functional (I still can't figure why we're always late). I usually don't wear mine (Wanda the wicked watch) as it always falls off or gets scratched from drumming.

“The other shirts we wear come from our groovy parents, lolos, uncles or were discovered inside family bauls.”

E-W

Oftentimes, Marcus is the only one who dons beads for bracelets or necklaces. As far as I know, no member of the E-heads has had any part of their body pierced or tattooed. I've been meaning to get one for years but I can't decide on the artwork.

→For socks and undies, we prefer nothing elaborate, just regular ones. Marcus seems to be the only one who sports funky socks and mismatched shoes (as seen in the Pepsi commercial) once in a while. →Lastly, the hairstyle. We were hoping we'd win "The NU 107 Worst Haircut By A Duo or Group With a Funny Name" award. Since college, we've never recovered from a bad hair day. I don't think anybody should imitate our



hairstyles for it could be hazardous to one's health or it could mean losing one's friends. Anyhow, in defense to my own dissin', our hairstyles are all hassle-free and wash-and-wear. I don't even own a comb or brush so this really proves that our hairstyles are perfect for touring musicians.

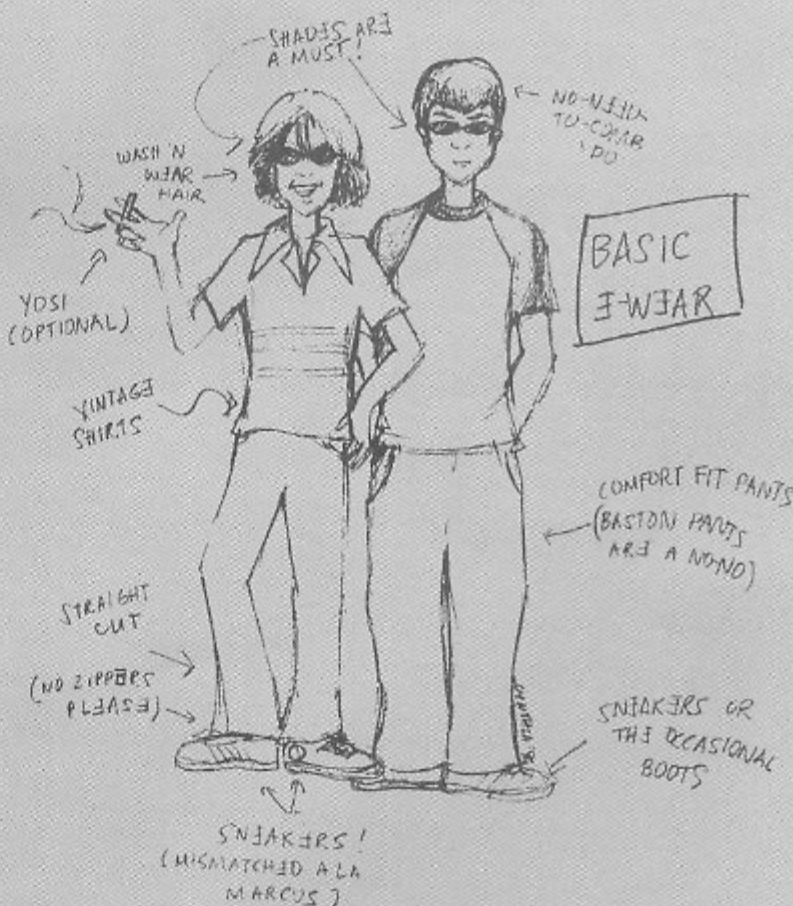
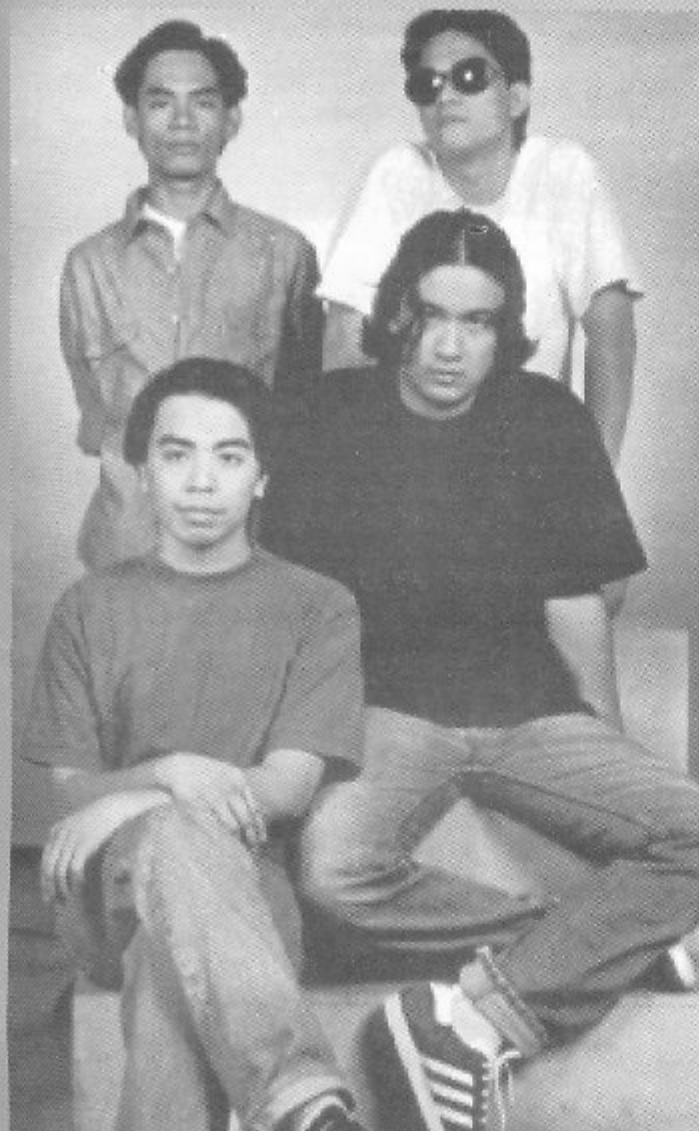
→Despite our fashion tastes (or the lack of it), there are some styles we would never want to get caught flaunting. (No offense meant for the guilty ones. This is a prejudiced account.)

→For starters, it's a no-no to sport cowboy boots, baggy pants, spandex leotards, bicycle shorts or ill-fitting Hawaiian shirts. Definitely, no mullets (hairstyle which is short on top and on the sides and long in the back).

→Regarding fashion for women, the E-heads just love to watch all the sharply dressed lovely ladies in the audience. Many a time, we forget their names but we might remember what they wore that night.

→As far as rock 'n' roll go, fashion comes around but the song remains the same. (Now, where did I hear that?).


BY RAYMUND MARASIGAN



EaR

by Buddy
Zabala

POETRY



How Low Can You Go?

I. PRE-GIG DICTUM

Amp beside
bass astride
Free your mind
Reach inside

II. POST-GIG FACTUM

Praise the man who pampers
his bass
on a velvet interior of
a solid flight case
loosen the strings when not in use
wipe them clean; keep in
a cool, dry place



RAMBLIN' MAN

Buddy Zabala - circa 1994

for fear to overtake my heart is far easier
than facing the fire of uncertainty

nor mending hurts of past
then building hopes of now

the near-famous Adam said something like
"white on white". I somehow feel
the same as a stick figure against
prison bars.


not that walls or traps befall me, hardly.
perhaps i imagine so.

one by one, thoughts of me shooting power pellets up
my nose, raindrops reflecting oceans in turmoil,
bedsheets turning into cling wrap, engulfing me,
smothering; and probably more of nothing I
can think of

perhaps it's nothing at all.

perhaps it is fear.

of fear itself?



USEFUL TIPS FOR PREGNANT BAND MANAGERS

by Annie

I am pregnantly managing two bands at present, the Eraserheads and Sugar Hiccup. It is not exactly hard work but not an easy job either. First of all, I cannot (mentally and physically) give them the time that they truly deserve. Secondly, things will never be the same again because I could not rock and roll the way I used to in the past. I know they understand, at least, I think they do. But even if they don't understand, here are some useful tips for band managers who are in that interesting stage...

- 1 To save your baby from ear defect, stay away from their gigs for the meantime.
- 2 Learn to enjoy boredom. For the first three months, you have to do practically nothing which is a far cry from doing practically everything when you were still working.
- 3 Get used to depression. You will have attacks every so often during and after the nine month period. Read the Desiderata, it might help.
- 4 Avoid getting involved in petty quarrels. All bands are prone to this when they get together.
- 5 Smile even if one of the band members wrecked his car.
- 6 Travel by day. It is easier to locate possible piss stops.
- 7 If the band wants a vacation, give it to them. Even non-pregnant people need it.
- 8 As much as possible, meet with them only once a month or only during extreme emergency to avoid the temptation of going back to your old rock and roll lifestyle.
- 9 To avoid stress, try to postpone meeting with first-time producers; old-time producers who still haven't produced a successful concert in the past five years and pretend that they have; and producers of the old school (try to figure that out).
- 10 Make your band (and in my case, the record company) feel that you haven't abandoned them. Reassure them that they will still have a job for the next couple of months by presenting to them your plans, even if they are just that - plans.
- 11 Go on working, you'll need it to feed your child.

Hey, is there anyone around?



COUNT ME DOWN!

by Mark Laccay

Did you notice that the ERASERHEADS can communicate to all ages through their songs? Even babies can understand what they are saying. Here are the top 10 songs that were voted in by babies from 3 months to 1 year old.

TOP 10 SONGS WITH BABY TALK

10. CASA FANTASTICA
- Pa pa pa pa pa
9. ALAPAAP
- Pa pa pa pa
8. MINSAN
- Ah ah ah aah
7. MAGASIN
- Ooh ooh ooh ooh
6. PARE KO
- Ito ooh ooh ooh
5. LIGAYA
- Too too too too
4. WITH A SMILE
- Tee dee dee dee
3. EL BIMBO
- La la la la
2. YOKO
- Sabay sabay ay ay
1. SLOW
- Fi - ine



Laccay says:
"It's not the belief,
it's the beer."

IRASERHEADS


Name: EL CID
 Address: E-HEADS VILL, QC
 Signature: *[Signature]*
 Favorite Apparatus: POWERDRIVER
 Color of pick/sticks: ORANGE JOOS
 Dream Picnic: STRAWBERRY FIELDS
 Ideal Philosophy: IDEAL WITH YOU LATER...
 Name of Game: TEKKEN 2
 Favorite Size: 36-D
 Favorite Time: DARK AGES
 What destructs you most onstage: MARCUS
 Number of sockets in room (do u shave?): 5IVE
 What's the frequency Kenneth?: STIPE IS A FAG
 Favorite "For Rent": P12,000/MO. APPLY 4 WATER
 & ELECTRICITY YERSELF
 Favorite Lost Items: VIRGINITIES
 Famous Last Words: "WHAT THE FU..." "ARE U SURE?"
 Favorite Constellation: THE SHINY ONES
 Favorite Vowel Movement: TOO MANY TO MENTION
 Favorite Chord: AUGMENTED T
 Name of Car: TRASH
 Shade of Shades: PALE HORSE
 Student No.: 87-02798
 Mineral Water: COLD

Brand/Color of Underwear: WHITE JOCKEY
 Favorite Blue Color: AQUAMAROON
 Chair: RE-KLEIN
 Signs of D Time: "I'M ONE OF YOUR MILLIONARE FANS"
 Favorite Leo: MARTINEZ AND BUENDIA
 Favorite Ism: FREEMANISM
 Favorite Smell: BEAUTIFUL
 Blood Type: THICK, HOT AND SPICY
 Favorite Beach: HEIDI FLEISS
 Favorite Gym: GYM CARREY
 Favorite L-300: NIRVANA THE BOSS VAN
 Most Unforgettable Hitch: JEEPNEY STRIKE '87
 Longest Amnesia With Details and Why
 (limit answers to 101 words or more): ...
 Favorite Adverb: PERFUNCTOR-ELY
 Favorite Pro: "PRO GAGO KAYONG LAHAT"
 Sucking Tindahan: TITA BETH'S
 Number of Autographs Signed: 1,257,356.35
 Favorite Ukay² Site: BAGUIO PUBLIC MARKET & PAGADIAN
 Favorite Excuse When Late: "SI MARCUS KASI..."
 Favorite Duo: SPIDER-MAN
 Favorite F-Word: FIL-HARMONIC
 Number of Jeans: 505
 Diameter of Mouth: 35 KM.


Name: HECTORIUS AVANCENIUS ZABALLUS
 Address: Amsterdam
 Signature: *[Signature]*
 Favorite Apparatus: TV Remote
 Color of pick/sticks: fleshy
 Dream Picnic: tea on a grassy beach
 Ideal Philosophy: HEE HOO EEZ EEZ HOO HEE EEZ EEZ
 Name of Game: HOT POTATO
 Favorite Size: 31 1/2
 Favorite Time: THE END
 What destructs you most onstage: 2-peso coins,
 2x4 pcs. of wood, an occasional guava
 Number of sockets in room (do u shave?): 8 (yes)
 What's the frequency Kenneth?: THE MONSTER 93.1
 Favorite "For Rent": afartment
 Favorite Lost Items: titanium paperclips
 Famous Last Words: "They can't hit an elephant at this
 dist..."
 Favorite Constellation: FLAVIUS major
 Favorite Vowel Movement: NADIA
 Favorite Chord: Si.
 Name of Car: Impulsia, Vilma, Aw shit!
 Shade of Shades: blah
 Student No.: 88-39880***

Mineral Water: rainforest
 Brand/Color of Underwear: GOLD TOE/white
 Favorite Blue Color: elementary
 Chair: SOF-SOFA
 Signs of D Time: "Where's your diploma?"
 Favorite Leo: Martinez
 Favorite Ism: FREEMANISM
 Favorite Smell: oregano
 Blood Type: AB psych
 Favorite Beach: ring islet, Honda bay
 Favorite Gym: FLEX
 Favorite L-300: yours, Ann
 Most Unforgettable Hitch: 1st day of college, fly's open
 Longest Amnesia With Details and Why
 (limit answers to 101 words or more): DUH...
 Favorite Adverb: Just Do It!
 Favorite Pro: CURE
 Sucking Tindahan: roam
 Number of Autographs Signed:
 Favorite Ukay² Site: Sta.Cruz Market, Zamboanga City
 Favorite Excuse When Late: beeper foul-up
 Favorite Duo: DENUS
 Favorite F-Word: Freemanism, Fewlion, Ate Fe
 Number of Jeans: 8

SLUMBOOKII!

Name: BLEMON MARASIGAN
 Address: SSS-MKNA GROOVE SQUAD
 Signature: 
 Favorite Apparatus: ELECTRIC FUN
 Color of pick/sticks: PALE
 Dream Picnic: UNDER THE MILKYWAY
 Ideal Philosophy: GLUE IT YERSELF
 Name of Game: BLOCK OFF
 Favorite Size: ONE SIZE BIGGER
 Favorite Time: LATE
 What destructs you most onstage: V-CAM LED INDICATORS
 Number of sockets in room (do u shave?): 13 (YES, ONCE A WEEK)
 What's the frequency Kenneth?: BEEKTOR ADAM 1-2-TRES
 Favorite "For Rent": MUSHROOM 4-RENT
 Favorite Lost Items: SELENA BMX
 Famous Last Words: SHA
 Favorite Constellation: KOWLOON
 Favorite Vowel Movement: BP INTL
 Favorite Chord: SONIK C SHARP 7TH8.
 Name of Car: FLOOD
 Shade of Shades: DARK
 Student No.: 88-34958
 Mineral Water: COLD BESIDE THE FLOORTOM

Brand/Color of Underwear: GREY/WHITE OR NOTHING
 Favorite Blue Color: MY ADIDAS
 Chair: STEREOBLOCK
 Signs of D Time: DUAL TRANSIT
 Favorite Leo: GALI
 Favorite Ism: DISM
 Favorite Smell: FEMALE
 Blood Type: HIV NEGATIVE
 Favorite Beach: CLOTHING OPTIONAL
 Favorite Gym: DA STAGE
 Favorite L-300: VAN NA WHITE
 Most Unforgettable Hitch: W/ COOL PIGS IN UP
 Longest Amnesia With Details and Why
 (limit answers to 101 words or more): AAH...
 Favorite Adverb: SINCERELY
 Favorite Pro: AFPRO
 Sucking Tindakan: NATL. BOOKSTORE
 Number of Autographs Signed: LESS THAN REQUIRED
 Favorite Ukay² Site: MONGKOK
 Favorite Excuse When Late: CALL 2 EARLY
 Favorite Duo: M&M
 Favorite F-Word: POOFIE
 Number of Jeans: MORE THAN 8
 Diameter of Mouth: 15 UNITS

Name: MARCUS
 Address: URANUS
 Signature: 
 Favorite Apparatus: TOUR BAG AND CD CASE W/ DOOBIECASELOGIC
 Color of pick/sticks: RED
 Dream Picnic: SA ZOO
 Ideal Philosophy: DO WHAT U DIG, DIG WHAT U DO
 Name of Game: THE NAME GAME
 Favorite Size: FITS ALL
 Favorite Time: TIME BOMB
 What destructs you most onstage: ELY'S BUTT
 Number of sockets in room (do u shave?): 12, 13
 WHEN I'M SHAVING
 What's the frequency Kenneth?: IT'S NOT THE FREQ
 IT'S THE TEQ
 Favorite "For Rent": APARTMENT
 Favorite Lost Items: MY SO-CALLED INNOCENCE
 Famous Last Words: AMEN!
 Favorite Constellation: FLAVIUS MAJOR
 Favorite Vowel Movement: UHH BEBE
 Favorite Chord: E MAJ W/ YOSI
 Name of Car: KIRSTEN
 Shade of Shades: POLARIZED
 Student No.: 88-356??
 Mineral Water: FREE
 Brand/Color of Underwear: EARTH TONE

Favorite Blue Color: "BLACK & BLUE" BLUE
 Chair: 4-LEGGED MONOBLOCK
 Signs of D Time: FURTHUR
 Favorite Leo: ROMEO LEO
 Favorite Ism: FREEMANISM
 Favorite Smell: THE "WHAT'S THAT SMELL" SMELL
 Blood Type: MATAMIS YA-AN
 Favorite Beach: BORACAY, PALAWAN, PAGUDPUD
 Favorite Gym: SAME AS ELY
 Favorite L-300: VAN NI ANN
 Most Unforgettable Hitch: HITCH W/ UP POLICE IN '93 (W/ RAYMS)
 Longest Amnesia With Details and Why
 (limit answers to 101 words or more): AH...
 Favorite Adverb: JET LEE
 Favorite Pro: PROCREATE, PROSTI DA SNOWMAN
 Sucking Tindakan: TINDAHAN NI VERGIE
 Number of Autographs Signed: MENI MENI TEKKEN
 PARSINS
 Favorite Ukay² Site: BAGUIO
 Favorite Excuse When Late: KASI ANG AGA NG CALLTIME MUHLACH NI JULIE EH PACANAS
 Favorite Duo: AKO ATSAKA SI POCAHONTAS
 Favorite F-Word: NE, FLAVIU NE!
 Number of Jeans: 9
 Diameter of Mouth: FREE SIZE FITS ALL ELASTIC
 WHEN WET



A lot of people ask me what I do with the earnings I get from work. There's this misconception that the E-heads are livin' the high life and squandering plenty of cash. To be totally honest, the only change that money brought to our way of living is the fact that we (almost) never ask money from our folks (unlike when we were in college). Before, the E-heads used to live in dormitories and boarding houses funded by our beloved parents. Just recently, we found out by chance how the real world works. For obvious reasons, we're not eligible to stay in UP dorms anymore and we are too far away to live with our parents (especially Buddy). Thus, started our search for the ultimate apartment.

After several months of hits and misses, Buddy now resides in an apartment he shares with three friends. This is located somewhere between Marcus' and Ann's place. Ely and Marcus share a two-storey dwelling (which happens to be the usual meeting place) somewhere in Quezon City. I share a modest place with my brother and two friends in a place just down the street, around the corner and approximately 25 minutes away by car from Ely's place (without traffic, that is). Lastly, Ann may not want to be found if she's not in her parents house.

As I was saying, here's where the moolah all come down. We pay the rent, electric bills, water bills, phone bills and fuckin' taxes. We also got expenses (like regular people) for food, transportation, all sorts of maintenance and some other shit your parents may know about. On the upside, having all these responsibilities made us more aware of the price of independence, thus, making us value our work and keep us from spending unwisely.

Occasionally, we give in to a few humble pleasures like collecting books, CDs and tapes, magazines, video games, videos and cheap shades. As far as I know, the only slightly expensive stuff that the E-heads collect are musical instruments. But then, whenever we purchase one, we think of it as a self-liquidating investment.

Now before I start sounding off like an accountant, I suggest y'all check out the piece about the E-heads' favorite collections within the pages of this rag and liquidate.

It was a typical day in the life of the Eraserheads and company. It was February of 1995. They were cooped up in a radio station somewhere in the middle of Dipolog City waiting to be called by the organizers of the concert. While waiting and waiting for the show to start, this pursuit of excellence came about - the much awaited, the much talked about, the most credible:

Eraserheads Awards

(Believe it or else!)

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| #1 Pop Station
LA 105 | Best Duet by a Solo Artist
Jude Michael | Best Hairstyle by a Rock
Manager or Duo
Jing Garcia and Dodong Viray | Heaviest Rhythm Section
Ethnic Faces |
| Best Music Awards
Awit | Best Label Manager with Long Hair
Sancho | Most Number of Bathing Suits
by a Rock Manager or Duo
Ann Angela | Heaviest Duo in a Female
Buntisa |
| Best Acceptance Speech
Sir Robin Rivera | Best A & R Without Long Hair
Vic Valenciano | Best German Speaking Manager
Herr Robbie | Best Rap Group or Duo
Wendy's Double Iced Tea |
| Best Sticker
PROBAN | Most Prolific Drummer
Harley | Best Brushed Hair by a Group
Alamid, then and now | Best Supporting Drummer,
Live or on Television
Dex Aguilera |
| Best Glue
Elmer's | Best Vocal Arrangement by a
Guitar Tech
Enteng | Worst Brushed hair by a Group,
Manager and Crew
Eraserheads | Best Visual Guitar Effects by a Drummer
Nonong |
| Best Pillow
X-Men Hotdog | Most Intense Tamborinist
Robert Javier and Marcus Adoro | Best Short Hair Band with
Long Hair Single
The Weeds | Best Duo in a Band or More
Yano |
| Best X
Emmanuel | Best Back-Up Vocals by a
Solo Artist in a Band
Wency Cornejo | Deepest Name Band
The Abyss | Best Rock Spiel Based on a Previously
Unpublished Material
"Okay ba kayo d'yan?" |
| (the joys of an old man)
Best DJ
Raim, the ghost DJ, | Best Parallel Parker by a Guitar Player
in an All-Female Band
Jeng Tan | Kinkiest Name Band
The Tits | Best Prediction by a Drummer in a Radio
Station before a Gig
"Magkakalat tayo mamaya" |
| Mr. Monotony in Action
Best Actor in a Rock Band
Paco | Best Worst Parallel Parker by a Guitar
Player in an All-Male Band
Marcus Adoro | Heaviest Metal Group
Titanium | Best Second the Motion by a Manager
in a Radio Station before a Gig
"OO nga!" |
| Best Actress for the Band
Rosanna Roces | Highest Falsetto by a Male in a
Noontime Show
Ely Buendia | Hardest Rock Group
Diamonda | Greatest Manager of a Rock
Romeo Lee! |
| Best in Costume
KISS | | | |

This was also where and when the band formally named the coming album "Cutterpillow".

If you're wondering why you're the only hothead out in the streets...



It's probably because:

- a) You have no car stereo
- b) You're not tuned into the Magic

Ain't nothing you can do 'bout the traffic, so you might as well enjoy the ride.

Be like the cool ones who have put us in the #1 spot for 2 consecutive years.



MAY 1996 PSRC COINCIDENTAL CAR AUDIO SURVEY

STATION RATING

FM-BAND STATION	TOTAL RATING
DWTM	5.9 %
DWLL	4.8 %
DWSM	4.1 %
DZMB	4.0 %
DWLS	3.9 %
DZMZ	3.4 %
DWRK	3.2 %
DWKX	2.5 %

MAGIC 89.9 WTM

WE RULE THE STREETS AND THE RATINGS PROVE IT

VIDEO GAMES - RAP - ROCK - INTERNET - FUNK - LAB SONG - CHICAGO BULLS - POP

ACTION-PACKED A BLOCKBUSTER HIT!

AVAILABLE AT RECORD OUTLETS NATIONWIDE

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!
IT'S THE MUCH-AWAITED NEW ALBUM
FROM

Francism

**YOU WANNA
TRY MY
KUNG FU?**

迎春

HAPPY BATTLE

FEATURING:

HARDWARE SYNDROME - EVIL STEPSISTERS - ELY BUENDIA - PLANET GARAPATA - EDDIE SIOJO - TRUE ASIATIK TRIBE



**A GREATER EAST ASIA RELEASE
UNDER BMG**

BMG
BMG RECORDS
(PILIPINAS) INC.

MANILA HEMP 200

1 **SHA na SHA!**

2 If you don't cough,
you won't laugh!

3 **BEER!**

4 MAALALANAHIN ST.

5 **456** BAGUIO - Pakibalik ng shades

6 **ANO KA BA?!!**

7 Meron ba tayo?

8 select RULES!

9 POWERPAGE SUCKS - disgruntled subscriber

10 **FUN?** JUICY PACANA c/o P.I.L.L.

11 Wala nang motorcade, Wag nang mag-soundcheck

12 **MARK A. FERNANDEZ**

13 Paulanan na yan!!! -joey

14 **BAEK** vs. **BRUCE**

15 May show kayo tomonow?

16 **W**ala daw sha dito

17 **SARAH'S**

18 PA-ADVANCE

19 **ETAWAGAN** MODAW SI TITA MERCY

20 **BASTA** DOOBIE TO DEATH TAYO!

21 **SHE!! PHONE!!**

22 ad-da-da-da!!

23 Ho-meboy

24 Keep the tansan man!

MORON TASTE, MORON FLAVOR

25 **TRICYCLES** R PEOPLE 2

26 The car ahead of u is always slower than U.R.

27 May noodles ka?

28 **CONGIRLS & FRUITCAKES** ESTIL • TIA • JENG • SHIELA

29 Tee-dee-dee-dee Gurls

30 **GINGLES**

31 St. Mary's

32 **BEHROUZ**

33 YUN LANG PALA YUN

34 You're NOTHING, EH PARANG IN YIGAN

35 Among sounds mo ngayon?

36 **MINIMANPS**

37 **BUT WHY?**

38 These guys talaga, O

39 **SO BLOW ME**

40 Yuck!!

41 **NOONTIME TOONS**

42 **THE FATHERS**

43 **JAW ♥ DARRYL**

44 mang Jess & ate Pi (BADING)

45 **REMY MARTIN ALLAN**

46 **DANDAN + DUDUY + DENNIS**

47 Marimar, OYE!

48 **BLOCK-OFF**

49 **Tequila! Tequila! Tequila!**

50 **Agot's** BODY SHOT

51 **WENG-WENG**

52 **ACID**

53 **ULYOPAO**

BANANE

54 **OZONE**

55 **FM**

56 **PBA**

57 Kung ayaw mong masakitan

58 SUBUAN MONG MUCKA MO

59 **R-R-R-ING**

60 **GANRYU, YOSHIMITSU, LEI, DJACK, ROGER, WANG**

61 **KILL JUN**

62 **TOKYO SKA**

63 **AMBILIS TALAGA PARE, HINDI KO MASABING GUSTOKO**

64 **PUSPUNANAM**

65 **LASLANANAM**

66 **TOENINAM**

67 **UKAY**

68 **VILMA**

69 **TARA & SUNSHINE**

70 **Bell Bottom Blues**

71 **FREED KILLER**

72 **OLD SCHOOL**

73 **pink floyd**

74 **Ringo Starr**

75 **the BEATLES**

76 **DA DOORS! DA DOORS! DA DOORS!**

77 **SAVANNAH**

78 **PEQUE**

79 **CHECKPOINT**

80 Pwedeng magtanong?

81 **PICTURE W/ D-D-K-TION**

82 **Natatandaan mo paako? Aro kanya?**

83 **SINO PA?**

84 **CYNTHIA**

85 **SPIDERMAN**

HIP-HOP SUPERVISION

86 **BB**

87 **BONG "FLAVIU"**

88 **ESTREGAN JAMS JESSICA ZAFRA**

89 **Salama S**

90 **Pa-KISS**

91 **GINANUN SI KWAN**

92 **SHARKY'S**

93 **CLUB DREDD**

94 **PIPOL (HI)**

95 **BISTRO 70'S**

96 **MAYRIC'S (FRIDAYS)**

97 **GREEN LOGIC**

98 **E-HEADS**

99 **US TOUR**

100 **\$ HK**

101 **STOP**

102 **TO BE CONT'D**

103 **NEXT ISSUE**

BY MARCUS



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