

# PILLBOX

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MANY

VOLUME 3

₱98.00

**PILLMATE  
OF THE MONTH:**  
The Most Scrumptious  
Chick with Luscious Legs  
Unveiled! Hot Hot Hot!!!

Read About Ely's  
Heated Banana  
page 72

Raimund Reveals His  
Rhythm Method  
page 1

Discover the Power  
of Marcus' Crystal Balls  
page 75

Check Out Buddy's  
Wet One  
page 18

And Noel Bares ALL!!!  
page 66

**CHICKS!  
CHICKS!**

**CHICKS!**

**CHICKS!**

UnHEADulterated FUN!

Gels on Film!

**PLUS:**  
A Free Souped-Up  
CAR Inside!





# ED!Logue

Stick up YOUR HANDS ON 3-RACE

YOU CAN READ ON OR D-BASE

FOR WHOM IS DA NOISE

So You SCOPE the zine,  
cough ye Bean

PILL UP YOUR MIND WITH FRUITIES

LIPSING AND TEKKEEN OD

LAUGH AT THE SANG THAT'S PUNNY

They HAVE SPUNK BUNCH OF PUNKS

STICKY HAPPY PEOPLE  
THE HEADS AND THE JAZZHOLE  
THEY DINE BY THE MH WORLD  
WITH WASH N' WEAR STYLE-LESS HAIR



RIGHT, WRITE AND

Lefty

PILLBOX THAT IS HEFTY

STICKER NO HAPPY

EXPLODES TODAY

oh DELAY!

THERE'S NO DOUBT, THE PILL IS OUT AND ABOUT  
AND THE BOX IS WORTH THE WEIGHT  
NO W BURSTING WITH MORE STICKY FLAVORS  
FOR YOUR CONSUMPTION!

GOES N' GELS  
CHICK yer HEADS!  
Run you n minds

AND I'll NEXT  
THYME...  
Headieu!

THE HEADTOR





# PILLBOX

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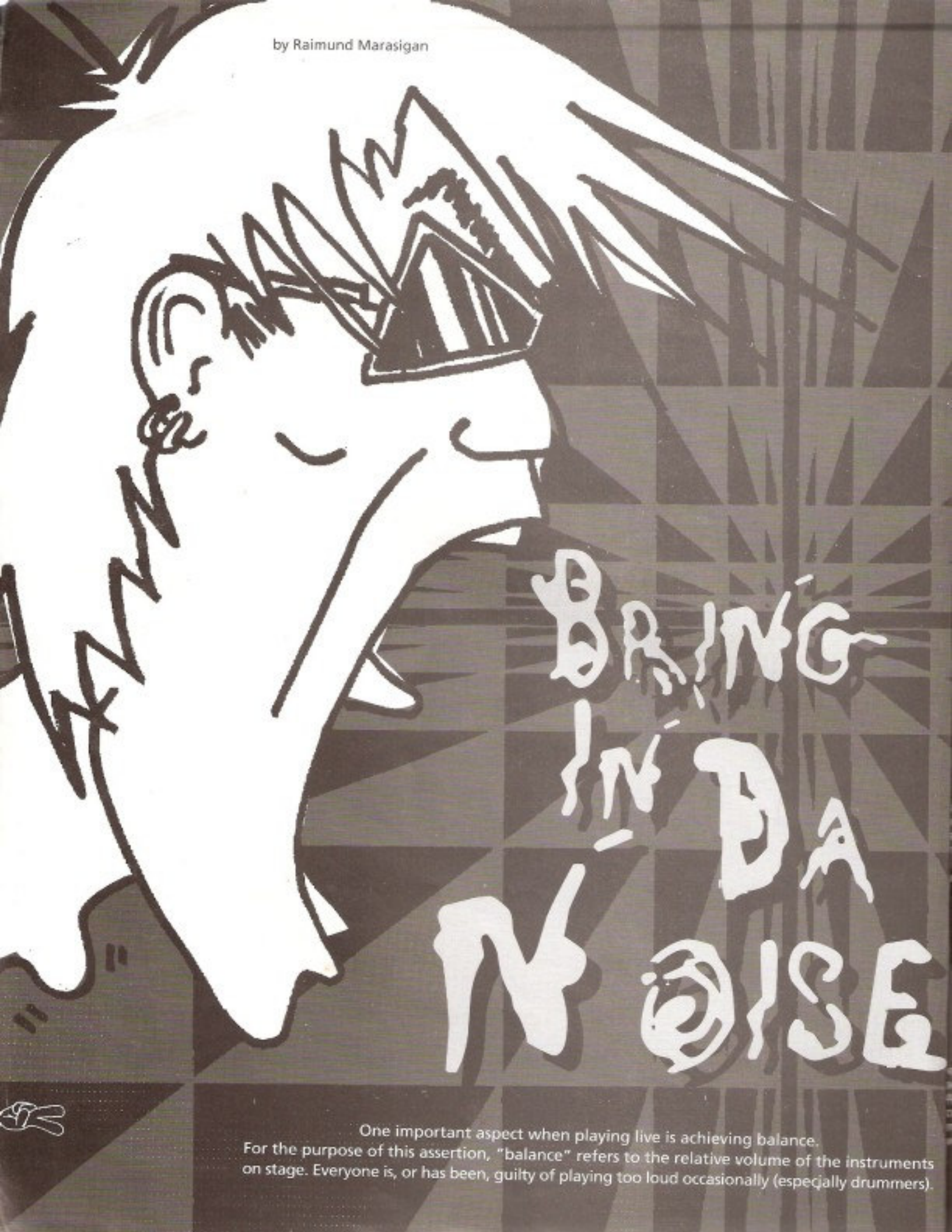
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by Raimund Marasigan



# BRING IN DA NOISE

One important aspect when playing live is achieving balance. For the purpose of this assertion, "balance" refers to the relative volume of the instruments on stage. Everyone is, or has been, guilty of playing too loud occasionally (especially drummers).



## NO ROYALTY FANZINE FILLER

by Marcus



O!  
I'M PUNK BAPPA!  
AND MY HOBBIES ARE  
LISTENING TO DA RADIO,  
READING DA SONGS, AND  
EATING DA BLOODY FISHBALLS!

A-HAY BIBILI AKO NG TAPES NG  
NIRVANA, PEARL JAM, SEPULTURA,  
ALICE IN CHAINS, SOUNDGARDEN,  
RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE,  
PANTEYA

TSAKA YUNG DA RED HOT CHILI  
PEPPERS BAUDI!

TSAKA LAHAT NG KLAS NG GRUNGE,  
TSAKA LAHAT NG DEATH METAL, OK?

TAPOS, I-EMEMORIZE KO YUNG  
LYRICS, KAHIT CHORUS LANG, OK?

TAPOS, MAGPAPAKALBO?  
MAGPAPA-MOHAWK?

MAGPA-LOUNGEER KAYA AKO?  
TAPOS, MAGPAPA-TATTOO AKO,

DAPAT YUNG MAKAKATAKOT!  
AH, DRAGON, PARE!

TAPOS, YUNG DRAGON,  
MAKATUOK SA STICK,

TAPOS, YUNG STICK, MAKATUOK SA  
ULO NI CHARLES MAUSON, JR.!

COOL YU, DI BA!  
TAPOS, DAPAT MERON AKONG BOOTS

O KAYA LUMANG KOUBERS PARA SA  
SLAM DAUCING!

TAPOS, OI! BIBILI AKO NG  
NIRVANA T-SHIRT, HIUDI YUNG  
YELLOW, HUH!?

YUNG RE-E-ED!  
TAPOS, MAGPAPATIKAW AKO,

TAPOS, DI PWEDE NA AKONG  
MAKITRIBU SA MGA KAMUKHA KO!

OI! TAPOS, DI PWEDE NA KANTING  
TUMABAY SA KLAB DREDD!

SA LABAS LANG, HA!

TAPOS, PAG LIUGO, PUPUNTA KANTING  
LAHAT SA MEGAMOL!

TAPOS, MABUHAN NANTIYANG MGA  
HIFHAF NA YAU!

TAPOS, PAG-UMAPUGIN KO YUNG MGA  
KININGINGING BREAKDANCER AT

MGA "YO!" NA YAU!

TAPOS, PAGBUBUGINGIN NANTIYANG SIGAY  
TAPOS, KUKUNIN NANTIYANG YUNG MGA  
DIEMIS NIGAY!

OK BA YU? OI!  
AMEN!!!! GUSTO NYO???

AMEN!!!!!!  
TAYAK YU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
AMEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



There has always been some universal itch to tweak the volume knob to 11 and bathe in the gratifying force of loud music. Yet what most musicians tend to neglect is that when the instruments are not proportionally loud, the sound sucks. I've seen too many shows where the guitar player thoughtlessly turns the amp volume all the way up, disregarding his bandmates, and ending up sounding like a pathetic solo.

Here's another example: Last year I was asked to judge a band contest at the Ateneo. After several bands, two groups stood out exceptionally well. The first group played the remarkable Rage Against The Machine covers and was a crowd favorite; and the second group, though not as technically proficient as the first, won the grand prize. After the contest, some disappointed students asked me why the judges chose the second group, whereupon I began to explain to them the tyranny of poor ensemble mixing. The first group was too confident and excited to play that they neglected to check their collective (volume) levels. They were straining to hear what the vocalist was screaming about. On the other hand, the second group, though not as tight as the first group, nevertheless delivered an admirable performance and had enough awareness to play at the maximum volume levels without drowning out the vocals, thus earning them the first prize.

Now lis'en up! The general rule is: If you can't hear your bandmates, you're probably playing a little too loud. Just take a deep breath and lower the volume accordingly.

Here's what we (the E-heads) usually do when we fail to soundcheck. After setting up (the guitar effects), we check the microphones and proceed to adjust our levels relative to the vocal monitors. As the drummer, I try to listen if I can hear enough of the bass, guitars, and vocals in order to play comfortably; and I try to remedy the necessary adjustments.

For example: If I have trouble hearing Ely, I'll call his attention and ask him to turn his amp volume up, and signal for him to stop when the sound is fine. Or I'll probably ask Buddy to turn down the level of his amp if his notes are slamming my earwax and drowning out the vocals and the other guitars. Then we'll start off the set with a jam while continuously tweaking the levels until it's balanced enough to play comfortably before sneaking into the first song. Some bands that seem to employ a similar procedure are: The Jerks, Rivermaya, The Dawn, Teeth, and others.

Here are a few ways of getting a better stage mix through the use of strategic positioning. If the vocal monitors are still insufficient to my volume requirements, I try moving it to a position relative to my hearing. If the volume is just right and I still cannot hear the bass clearly enough, I'll sometimes ask Buddy to move his amp at a certain angle relative to my position at the drum kit. Another logical trick that Marcus commonly uses when he wants to hear more of his guitar sound without ruining the stage mix is moving back closer to his amp.

Achieving balance is not an easy thing to do, so you have to figure out a diplomatic way to tell your guitarist that he's playing too loud while avoiding bruised egos. Trying to find the best stage mix requires patience and a lot of jam sessions where you can learn the sonic habits of your bandmates. Speaking of sonic habits, Sonic Youth plays delightfully loud noise and feedback and yet you can still hear Kim whispering or Thurston crooning to the microphone. A local group that achieves maximum sonic assault while maintaining audio balance is Electric Church - despite the loud levels, you can still hear the guitar, bass, drums, and vocals.

Before I end, here's another anecdote. Last September, we played a gig at Don Bosco for Kool 106. The set was cut short after a couple of songs because we could not get the balance right. The sound engineer turned off the vocal monitors and it felt like we were rendering instrumental versions of our songs. Another thing to consider is that it's not only the band that has to cooperate, the sound is also dependent on the people providing the sound. So if the band is doing its part and the sound guy is not paying attention, we feel it's pointless to continue. (Our apologies to all the people who expected more songs.)

Now for a final tip in balancing sound. In order for us to crank our volume levels, we usually ask the sound guy to take out the instruments from the monitor mix and just leave out the vocals. This stage procedure simulates the levels in rehearsal rooms. All the guitar and bass sounds come directly from the amp behind you, and the vocals come from your wedge (floor) monitors. Just always remember to avoid unwanted microphone feedback and leakage, or you'll ruin the effect. (We learned that little trick when we played a gig with Rockstar back in 1994.)

Try out the different options for your band - hopefully, I'm not talking crap here - and on your next gig, proceed to rock the house!



# “Pare Ko, Sa Wakas Naoverdrive Ligaya Sa Alapaap Natikman Ko Ang Fruitcake Ni Shirley With A Smile”

**a DOG-EAT-LOG tale** by Eric Santibañez

No, the dog's not dead. Neither is it drugged. Kiwi, my pet, is sleeping soundly as he always does. *Hanep, pare!*

When I first saw the photograph, I knew it was damn unique and started wishing that it would be part of the magic circle. But honestly, though, before all this, I never thought that things would turn out the way they did.

I was just on my way out of a record store after buying a cassette tape of the Eraserheads' *Bananatype* EP when I saw a sign for the E-heads Logo Design Contest.

Cool. But I dismissed the idea as quickly as it crossed my mind.

But staring at this poker-faced monkey on the album cover of the tape I bought, I thought, hey, the contest could mean easy money. Well, of course I could later claim the other reasons I joined were to support my favorite band, to show my talent, for world peace, and all that crap. So I decided to go back and get a copy of the contest rules.

After reading through the small print of the rules inside a moving jeep on my way home, I got a headache.

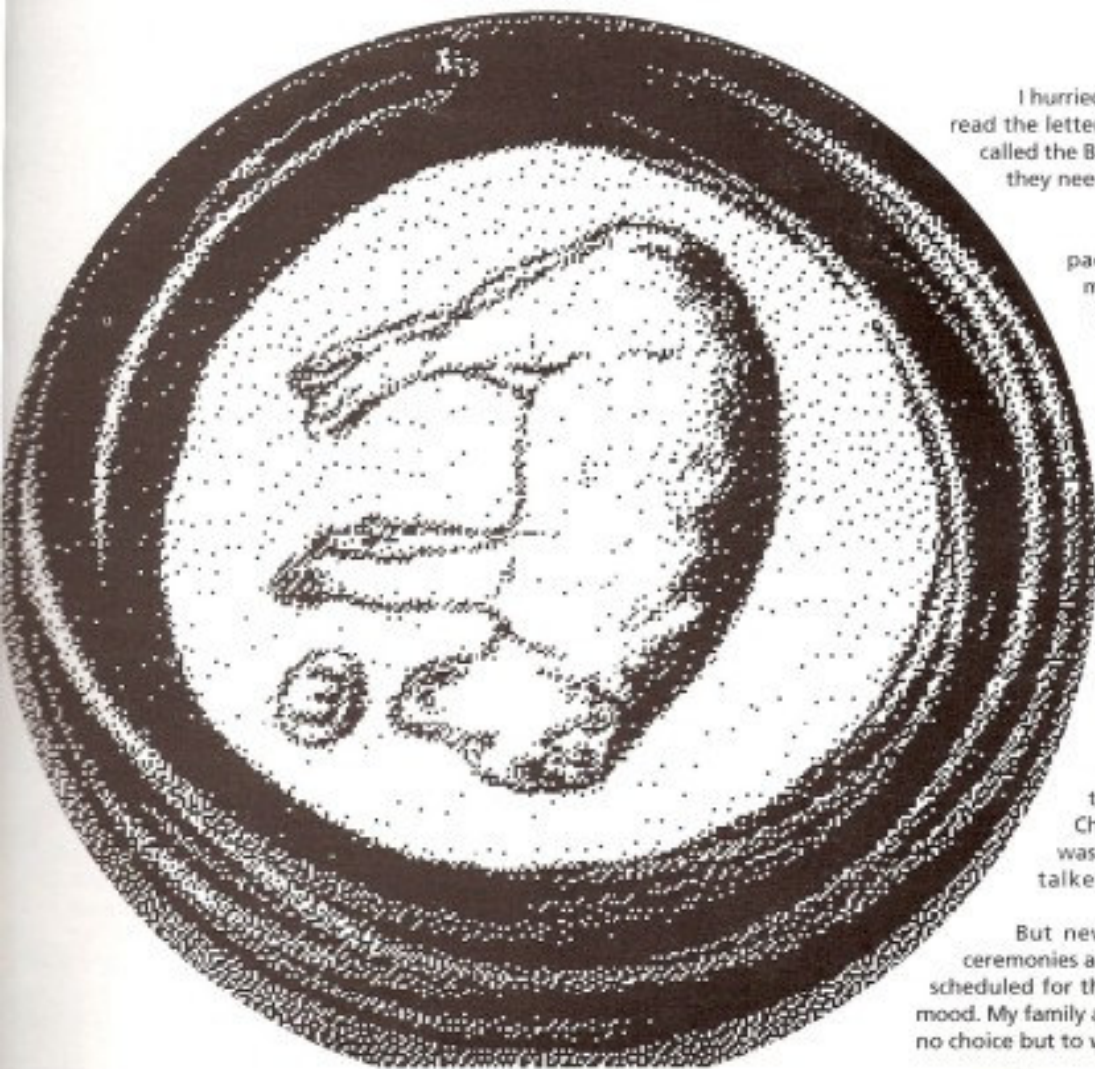
"Stick to the rules" – that is what these contests are all about, I told myself. Even from Day One, I was already imagining that there would be a downpour of entries. I told myself this would be one very stiff competition since contestants were free to use any medium and I had to figure out a way to be different. I then focused on the theme – it's got to have the E-factor. It has to be cool, versatile, unique, timeless, at universal *ang* appeal.

I opted to use photography as my medium, knowing full well that there would be entries from better artists – this one had to be really different.

My first idea: a frying pan with four fried eggs in it shaped like an E. Then my imagination began to work. I thought of replacing the eggs with eggplants, lizards and frogs. Frogs. Clever, but where the hell would I get four frogs, and how in the world would I pin each one to the frying pan? Frogs. But thanks to the froggy idea, it later led me to think of using our four newborn puppies as photo subjects. In my head, I began painting the picture – I would arrange the four puppies to form the letter E and possibly draw a circle around them.







I hurried home and was overwhelmed when I finally read the letter from BMG. This was totally unexpected! I called the BMG office for more details and was told that they needed the negatives.

The first thing I got as part of the prize package was a personalized congratulatory message from the Eraserheads. It was a short song that the guys prepared, but it was glorious music to me and I played it over and over again.

When the news of my winning reached my close friends and co-workers at the hospital, it triggered a series of praise and questions. "How did you do it?" *Pero mas marami ang nagpalibre.* I became an instant celebrity, an overnight sensation, which had me both ecstatic and broke.

Like any frenetic Eraserheads fan, I was so excited over the idea of meeting the band members. The excitement thrilled me to no end. D-Day was September 12 when I was invited to the victory party of the group, who won the MTV Asia Viewer's Choice Award. That night at the Music Museum was unforgettable as I finally shook hands and talked to the guys in the dressing room.

But news of the cancellation of the awarding ceremonies and the opening of the art exhibit, originally scheduled for the next day, temporarily halted the festive mood. My family and I were all set for the big day, but we had no choice but to wait.

The event finally pushed through seven days later at Megamall. Pictures, pictures and more pictures. Kiwi's life-size replica was on top of the other entries. The dog certainly had style. For a second, *para akong nasa alapaap!* My family was with me and I felt so proud of what I had accomplished. When the event hit the papers, *napaluyak ako sa hiya - ang sagwaaa ng kuha ko.*

After all that happened, do you think I'm any different? *Dehins.* I'm just Sticker Happy.

the four puppies were deep in slumber, I quietly tried to carry out my plan. But damn, the pups just wouldn't lay still until finally, three of them woke up. I tried to make do with the one left, Kiwi, and I stretched his legs as well as his head just enough to produce the E-pose. Then quickly I encircled him with a garden hose. So far, so good.

Then I pulled up a chair and took a bird's-eye-view photo of him. But wait, it was not quite the E that I was hoping to capture since the dog's head was shorter than its legs. I rushed to the kitchen and tried to look for something that would complete the E, and I ended up with an egg. Using my mom's nail polish, I painted the egg with an inverted E to flaunt the E-factor. A logo within a logo - this was more than I had set out to do.

But I was later dismayed when the photo came out - it was so simple and so dull. Not one to give up so easily, I had the photo enlarged, but trimmed it to the size of a compact disc and pasted it to one-eighth of an illustration board.

I beat the deadline, arriving at the BMG office exactly one hour before they stopped admitting entries, most of which, not too surprisingly, were intimidating, considering the evident elaborate computer graphics and artwork poured into each entry I saw.

But that was it. I'd done my work. And now I had to go back to my real job and wrestle a graveyard shift.

The long wait was worth it. Over the phone a week later, my dad broke the good news. I won the contest! Half-believing what he said, I asked which prize I got. Honestly, it would have been great placing third or second in the competition. "But no, son, you won first place." I could not believe my ears when he said that.





**Ye Old Disclaimer:** Let's make something clear. As much as we hate talking about our lyrics, we love to talk about recording our music and how some other stuff came about. Here's a collection of some technical insights, recording anecdotes, blatant references, and whatnot when we made these songs. —Raymund Marasigan

SOFT OF HEARING:

# THE STICKER HAPPY FORUM



## FUTURISTIC

**Ely:** This was one of those songs recorded live, meaning *sabay-sabay kaming tumugtog*. I've always preferred it straight and rocking because that's what it's all about anyway. The lyrics are just bits and pieces I've picked up from conversations and it's full of inside jokes, like "*puro laos ang natira*."

I didn't know, until somebody told me, that the line, "Welcome back to the age of jive" was from a Billy Joel song. It was unconscious plagiarism.

**Marcus:** More guitarz.

**Raymund:** The main tracks for this song were recorded live in the studio. Only the vocal tracks were overdubbed. The slow jam in the end where we changed the drum sound is my favorite part. I played my current favorite fill, which is a variation of the gated fill in "Fruitcake" (the song). That same fill was inspired by a song in the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* soundtrack.

## PROLOGUE

**Ely:** Sir Robin always played us different stuff in his car whenever we'd hitch a ride with him to the studios because of color-coding. Most of the time, it would be all sorts of music that I've never heard of before; but sometimes, he would play really interesting stuff, like comedy records.

One time, he played a tape of theme songs from TV shows. Our whole album had already been finished, so we whipped this up during the mastering at EJL. Sir Robin came up with most of the lyrics, and we called on Budz and Lemon to finish things up.

**Raymund:** Buddy suggested a cartoon theme to start and end *Sticker Happy*.

On the last day of mastering at EJL Studios, we composed "Prologue" and "Tapsilogue" on Robin's analog synth. We wanted it to sound cartoony, so we decided to record it employing MIDI on Eric Lava's pro tools (digital recording via computer). I played the main melody and Ely and Robin wrote the words, which actually summarize all the songs on the album. If u pay attention to the lyrics, the theme of each song is represented.





## KALIWETE

**Ely:** I was at this birthday party in Kamuning and I was a bit drunk. I think some people started talking about lefties and righties, and so just to keep things interesting, I announced that I had already written songs about it, even though I hadn't. And would you believe I also told them I had another one coming called "Ambidextrous" to make the trilogy complete?

A week after, I knew I was in trouble because my friends were expecting these songs on the new album. Luckily, a lot of funny things happened that were funny enough to write about. One night, I walked into a bar and bumped into my childhood idol, Rico J. Puno. He was really nice and funny and he gave me a little piece of advice that I'll never forget. It's in the song.

**Marcus:** Mr. Rico J, *umije-patayu sa Dredd*, video shoot, MTV, daletherettes. Recording a distorted acoustic, we couldn't decide which effect to use. It just ended up like that.

**Raymund:** This song begged for a regular rock backbeat, but I wanted to put some swing into it. So I modified one of the main drum riffs of "Overdrive" and (shamelessly) tried to impose some Dave Grohl-ish vibe.



**Ely:** This was the first song we laid down in the studio – in March, I think – along with "Scorpio Rising," which didn't make it to the album. It sounds dated already, since I wrote it in 1989. But I think it still says something about our fears today, even though it was originally about nuclear war and all that sort of stuff.

I'm quite proud of it because it's one of the songs that I did not pattern after anything. It's thoroughly original, in my opinion, including the grinding riff. (It sounds like STP, but I wrote this in '89, okay?) When I played it for the other guys in 1990, reggae was really hot, so we re-arranged it for the *POP-U* release. It sounded funny. I'm glad we reverted it to its original, rip-roaring form.

**Raymund:** This is one of those old songs that had the habit of transforming into several versions – from reggae to punk rock. I guess Marcus and Ely were tripping out on the *Electric* album by The Cult, so the *Sticker Happy* version ended that way.

**Marcus:** This is an old song from the Candelaria "garjam" tape. It was the demo we made *lako* around (?) but it was not pop enough back in 1990. Sir Robin made us a decent demo of it and it was on the *POP-U* album originally as a reggae thing.

I had my guitar tuned to open F sharp, ha ha. Robin let it stay for character *daw*. The off-key guitar bit got the New York engineers shaking their heads. *Sa Electric Lady pa naman. Pero may dubi sila, "invest on a tuner."*

## BOGCHI HOKBU

**Ely:** I've always wanted to do a cha-cha number like Santana's "Black Magic Woman" – something funny and sexy at the same time. This Marcusism seemed like the perfect title for it.

I was tinkering with the second-hand piano I just bought and then the chorus just hit me. Sancho, my housemate, was around at the time and he practically finished the lyrics for me since he's a virtuoso at backwardspeak and at jumbling words. (Find out what we're really saying in another section of this mag!)

It was Sir Robin's idea to bring in the flutist, or "flutician" as we liked to call him. He did a fantastic job and gave the song just the right amount of musical credibility. At the fade out, you can hear Marcus, Enteng, and me singing "Pot-I, Eta ng Bon-I." Have you guessed what it means?

**Raymund:** I didn't know what the words meant until I read the inlay, but since I love playing the percussion on it, I'm glad Ely wrote this silly ditty. The main drum groove is obviously inspired by Santana (his show at the Araneta was amazing) and I was also tripping to Snowboy's album when we recorded this song.

Noel Garcia, Robin, and I played the basic percussion parts and everybody jammed on the breakdown. Strangely, we couldn't find a scratcher for the cha-cha vibe, so that sound was played using a keyboard.

**Marcus:** "Pot-I, Eta ng Bon-I" fade out-coined Bogchi Hocbu. Okikdatklabsanti Goyiptekpispeak, you know, likeolredi "Wow, rapsabidu" (*pero nauna yun sa alak alak tochi*). Ely ords with Sancho Sancho. Recording "Bogchi," Noel keyboards, Taguro, 'Jesus, and Sisar bongoed. Later, we found our way bogchiing in Nueva York. *Salamat, Puff Daddy.*





# MAALAHANIN

**Marcus:** MH – Raymund song. He lives on the Muddy Banks of \$55.

**Raymund:** This song was inspired by so many things: trip-hop, drum'n'bass, particularly David Bowie's *Earthling* album (the verses and the bridge), Depeche Mode, Gang of Four (the rhythm guitar on the verses), The Cure (the guitars weaving towards the end), and Weezer (I was tripping on *Pinkerton* at the time). The analog drum sounds on the verses were played manually by Robin.

**Ely:** Raymund almost did everything on this. Sometimes it's good for the song if the writer takes full control of the arrangement and instrumentation, like what happened with most of the songs on *Sticker Happy*.

My rhythm guitar was directly inspired by The Cure's "Fire in Cairo" and Gang of Four's "Damaged Goods." That's about all, really. It just happened. Or maybe it was just because there were just too many songs that we didn't get to rehearse them all. Raymund just showed up in the studio with this tune in his head. He plays really good guitar on it, as well as single-handedly sings all the harmonies!

Right after the song, somebody blurts, "Wala nang sense ang mundo!" That's Mark Villena of Tungaw. He was with us during our California trip, which provided the inspiration for the next song.



# BALIKBAYAN BOX

**Marcus:** Life in a Day in SF.

**Ely:** Believe it or not, the opening guitar lick was inspired by Sonic Youth – you know, half-strumming, half-plucking. It's also one of the few songs on the album where we used an acoustic guitar. If you noticed, it's all electric and electronica. Raymund was already carrying around a drum machine, and I figured it would be perfect for this song's moderate beat.

It was also one of the most fun to record because it was so easy to arrange; I could have thought of literally hundreds of guitar licks. But the one I'm most proud of is my lead guitar!

Also, the four of us got to play bass. Buddy played on the intro and on the first verse, I played on all the choruses and on the second verse, Marcus played on the third verse, and Raymund played on the coda or outro. It's rather tricky playing it live, though (like most of the songs on the new album!).

While I was laying in my acoustic guitar, Buddy was there with me inside the booth twiddling with his unplugged organ rather noisily, oblivious to the fact that I was doing a take. At the very last note, you can hear me giggle, "Budz, maingay." I decided to leave it in. Don't ask me why. I just thought it was funny, that's all.

**Raymund:** Ely asked me to prepare a drum part for a song he was writing. He just gave me a nebulous description and suggested the tempo to be around 120 bpm.

Before I heard the song, I dreamed of a loop and programmed it onto my drum machine when I woke up. In the studio, the drum machine loop was recorded on one track, and I changed the drum sounds manually on the fly. We overdubbed some acoustic drums and sampled my obligatory and modified "In Between Days" fill (I try to play it at least once on every album). On this song, it kinda reminds me of the "More to Lose" (Seona Dancing) fill.

Everybody played some bass – I'm responsible for the one that sounds like New Order's "Leave Me Alone."

# ANDALUSIAN DOG

**Marcus:** Andalucian Puppy – another old song. Kaedad yata ng "Pare Ko." Peborit namin nuun sa lumang Dredd. Usually, pag Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, kebab at inihaw na pwet. "Don't cough naman on the food, oh Rudy."

The New York engineers complained of "too much happening" – it was the bass thru a bass synth, I guess.

**Raymund:** This is one of my favorite songs, I'm glad we finally recorded it. During recording, I was fooling around with a sampler and decided to overdub some loops after I finished laying down the main acoustic drums. It was painstaking to sync the dense rhythm parts because I didn't know what I was doing.

Eventually, by the time the album was finished, I found out that I should've recorded the loops first, then overdubbed the live drums. The drum parts of this song ended up like a lo-fi, cut-up, pseudo-hip-hop groove. We made some parts sound shitty by sampling at low frequencies and heavily processing some sections, like the bridge.



**Ely:** We had a hard time recording this one, which is surprising since we've been playing it live for almost seven years now. I think the problem was, we never played it the same way twice. So when the time came to record it, we didn't know how to go about the final version! The only consistent thing was the guitar riff and the melody.

Raymund had a field day with this one. I played not-so-good bass here, and I wish I had more time to figure out my lines. We used almost every guitar effect in our arsenal, which prompted the New York engineer to say that the guitars are "crazy." Well, that's what Marcus and I play – crazy guitar.

And oh, during the last dirty guitar break, you can hear Lemon and me doing percussion with our noses.





**Ely:** This was a straightforward recording – the kind I like. You won't notice it, but this is one of the songs where we used a lot of samples. That's because we sampled things you wouldn't expect to be sampled, like back-up vocals and, of course, laughter. That's me and Sancho, taped in MH, during one of our creative "sessions." We were writing a really crazy song called "Spinal Moto" and when we would sing this really funny line, we would both crack up.

I didn't know where to use it at the time, but I taped our guffaws anyway. Subsequently, we became philosophical again and came up with the formula for the meaning of life. "Ha Ha Ha" is about that.

**Raymund:** I originally programmed a techno loop for this song, but Ely asked me to play some live parts instead. The half-time groove I played during the choruses was inspired by a Rage Against the Machine song.

The melodica loop was not really a loop, but I played it live as if it was looped (Wow, that's a lotta "loop" words in one sentence). I was trippin' on Beck's *Odelay* at the time.

**Marcus:** Jah-Jah-Jah – cool noise out of DAT rp6. *Dapat may sisigaw ng "PUTO!"* dun sa parang torotot, pero masyadong nakakatawa with Sancho and Ely getting crazy on the laughing sticks.

*Ginamit ko nga pala yung keyboard amp ni Robert Javier na naka-park sa studio. Salamat, ha. Hindi naman nasira. Odelay!*

H A H A H A

K A N A N E T E

**Ely:** I don't remember anything special that went on during the recording, since it was pretty straightforward. I just wanted to record the damn thing and get it over with.

I think this was one of the first few songs we recorded for *Sticker Happy*. It's a guitar number, one in which we did our usual guitar set-up: a guitar track plugged into a Mesa Boogie amplifier; using natural distortion; and another guitar without distortion plugged straight into the mixing board so that you can, at least, hear the notes. Marcus prefers to just crank it up.

There's a total of three electric guitars here; that's the minimum number for us.

**Marcus:** Eb.

**Raymund:** I wanted to put some 16 beat double bass on the choruses of this song, but it was too early in the morning for me when we recorded it – my left foot wasn't coordinating. When we were about to mix, I still felt that the song needed that solid 16-beat push, so I decided to put that fart-sounding arpeggiated keyboard riff. You can hear it if you listen closely.

This song has basically two grooves: my disco variation and the chorus parts that Ely specified. I think I was unconsciously trying to sound like Jimmy Chamberlin. Evidently, the Pumpkins were on heavy airplay on my car stereo that whole week.



**Marcus:** Dance tayo dyan.

**Ely:** I've never considered ourselves good instrumentalists, especially me and Marcus. But I think we kick ass in this one. Let me hear something local that's as groovy as this.

When I first heard this song, there was only the drums and bass. I thought it was fantastic because the bass line was the most brilliant thing I've ever heard! Raymund told me to whip up some guitar parts, and I replied that it was already perfect as it was – out of laziness, really. But when I listened to the tape back home, I began hearing these really simple, yet groovy, notes. When we got back to the studio, I knew right away that I wanted to use the wah wah. I personally don't like using the digital delay so much, but Nitoboy proved that you could do some wicked stuff with it without sounding like the Edge.

**Raymund:** This is about some adventures I had with my cousins when we were in California. Represent!

The main groove is a preset from my drum machine. This time, I recorded it less painfully: loops first, live drums next. The vibe of the song gave me the perfect excuse to finally use a vocoder.

Recording this song was a bit unconventional. I came in and recorded the drum parts and the song. Buddy figured out the chords when he came in. It's a feel-good song – I just wish I'd thought of a better title.





## HARD TO BELIEVE

**Marcus:** *Matigas Paniwalaan.*

**Raymund:** Buddy played drums for this song. All I did was set up the kit and program the guide on the drum machine.

**Ely:** I'm always looking for a "feeling" in every recording and I just thought this song needed a feeling that only Buddy could provide, so I asked him to play the drums.

I wanted it to be as stripped down as possible – just two guitars and an organ – because I thought it would balance out the electronic feel of the whole album, which was – by that time – already becoming evident.

Buddy was the first one to do the bass, and he went through about a dozen takes before I decided that I wanted to do the bass myself. He was kinda pissed at me for not telling him right away and saving him the trouble, but he got over it in no time. We both know that the song comes first before yourself.



**Raymund:** I'd been itching to do a dance track when we started on this project.

Do you think it's a coincidence that "Block Rockin' Beats" and "The Saint" were on heavy MTV rotation? I think it's destiny – I used to breakdance when I was a kid. But anyway, like "Downtown," this song has a drum machine, sampled loops and fills, and live drums. That wiggly sound is Marcus freestylin' on the keyboard. Ha! Another excuse to use the vocoder.

I didn't know how to end the song. Luckily, I stumbled onto a soundbite from an old tape at home. That distorted drum groove in the end was inspired by the work of Trent Reznor. I can't wait for his new album to come out; his song "Perfect Drug" on *The Lost Highway* soundtrack is absolutely awesome.



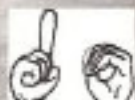
## EVERYTHING THEY SAY

**Ely:** I had absolutely no idea what to do when Raymund asked me to play guitar on this one because I felt that if you wanted to do electronica, might as well leave out the guitar. Raymund and Robin thought otherwise.

So I looked for the weirdest sound my phaser, chorus, and distortion could muster and got out my e-bow, which I still wasn't familiar with. I bought the gadget in California because I loved the way it sounded in songs like "Big Country" and in some songs by Smashing Pumpkins. It's a *gaheto* that you stick near the guitar strings to make it vibrate, giving off a violin-like sound. Of course, that wasn't the sound I was looking for.

On my way to the studio, I was listening to the tutorial tape that came along with the e-bow and I got to the part where it was teaching the method of shifting the pitch of the notes by the distance of the e-bow to the strings. Right, I didn't understand it either. The guitarist who was narrating said that it would take a lot of practice to perfect this method. That's me practicing on "Everything They Say."

**Marcus:** Everything You Say – sampler-happy NU107 PEPE Awards (*boboykot daw si Raymund next year k'se alaws beer*).







## 5 POLIARIUM

**Marcus:** Goldschlager @ Hombang Bogchi Hocbu Live!

**Ely:** The flute-like instrument you hear is also me on the e-bow, and it was recorded before I even listened to the tutorial tape (which is why in some parts, it's a little out of tune because it's really tricky to pull off).

This song has a lot of guitars. Probably six in all. Buddy plays cool rhythm during the chorus. But I think what made this track a bit more interesting (like all the other songs on the album) is the mix of live drums and drum loops – something we've been trying to perfect since "Superproxy."

I had some problems with the vocals at the end part because it was difficult to sing, "Ang pag-ikot ng mundo" over and over again. The solution? Sample the vocals! Boy, I really had fun with Raymund's sampler. I'm proud of those bleeps and bleeps at the ending.

**Raymund:** I didn't dig this song until it was finished. Strangely, it grows on you.

Now, I love to play it live all the time. Hey, I even learned the chords. This was one of the first songs to be recorded so, like "Andalusian Dog," I was laying down the drum tracks the hard way. This song probably has five drum loops and live drums going on – it's almost chaotic. I'm just thankful that Angee (our engineer) was patient enough to sort-out and fix the parts.

During this time, I was listening to a lot of trip-hop (namely Massive Attack), Howie B remixes, and Garbage. Obviously, I'm also a big fan of Butch Vig and the Dust Brothers.



**Ely:** Marcus and I used a very small amplifier for this one. It's a Fender Bronco that I bought at a Handog Sale last year. It's the same amp we used on "Casa Fantastica," but I never used it often because it was just a practice amp.

Sancho turned me on to one of U2 producer Daniel Lanois' formulas for guitars and amps: small amp equals big sound. It made absurd sense to me, so I automatically designated this song to be the lab in which to test this formula. You be the judge. The take ended into a jam session, which we decided to leave in the final mix for a rawer effect.

The cow at the end was added during the mastering. I just brought my Polaroid talking camera and pushed the button which had a cow. Is it the cow on the cassette's inlay card? No one is sure.

**Marcus:** Joey ejaculating.

**Raymund:** The main rhythm tracks of this song were recorded live in the studio (us playing all at the same time). I also got to play a little guitar part in the end when Marcus was taking a break.

My favorite part is the breakdown in the middle when the acoustic guitar comes in. That drum break was blatantly "Sabotaged."



## AMBI DEXTROSE





## PARASAMASA

**Marcus:** Hawakan mo nga sa tenga?!?!?!?

**Raymund:** I got to add some keyboard flava to this song: some digital piano, a dash of digital banduria, a teaspoon of synth, and a sprinkle of digital percussion.

**Ely:** Well, this is the first song I ever wrote on my piano after I learned a few chords, so I was determined to play the piano track myself. Sir Robin booked a slot at Cinema Audio, where we recorded the lounge version of "Kailan," because they have a grand piano there and really nice acoustics.

I should have known that recording was different from banging away at the keys at my apartment. It took me almost fifty takes, and by that time, my fingers were growing numb and I was sweating like hell. Buddy and Robin were there, waiting patiently for me to get the damn song right. I could tell they were just too nice to tell me to get off the piano and let Buddy do it.

In the end, we had to edit all the good takes on the computer to come up with something acceptable. It was like making Frankenstein's monster.

## STICKER HAPPY

**Ely:** This is the only track on the album where we all sing.

**Marcus:** Mission Sticker Vision Infected Sticks Double Track Aphrodisiac Jacket.

**Raymund:** This was partly inspired by "Hong-Kong" (the theme), the Foo Fighters (the groove), the Butthole Surfers, Suicidal Tendencies, and the Beastie Boys.

Again, the groove is another one of those block-rockin'-drum-machine-sampled-loops'n'fills-live-acoustic-drumbeats. Most of the choruses are actually the same sample of Marcus screaming "Stick! Happy!"

I thought the song needed a bridge, so I made one up after the 5-And-Up party/gig at the mall.



## TAPSILOGUE

**Raymund:** I was suffering from a bad cold, so I packed up early, leaving Buddy, Ely, Robin, and Sancho (BMG) to finish the tracks.

**Ely:** Same as "Prologue," only slowed down. Ah, the wonders of technology.



# SILLY OBSERVATIONS AND WHATNOT

## Raymund:

Marcus played synths.

Ely played the main acoustic piano part in "Para Sa Masa."

So far, this is the album with the least female voices we've ever recorded.

The only female voice is from the soundbite before "Downtown."

This album has less guitars than the previous ones.

This album has more drums than the previous ones.

This album has more bass sounds than the previous ones.

Buddy let us play bass.

## Marcus:

"WALA NANG SENSE ANG MUNDO" = Pass the

acid test = Soundbite from homevideo the Ride.

"THE MILKING COW...NOT THE MILKING

COW...NOT!" = Soundbite from polaroyd.



# SANCTUARY

by Robin Rivera

I like to think of the recording studio as some kind of sanctuary. Half the time, it is very, VERY quiet. It almost commands its inhabitants to commune with the calm. It is possible to shut out all the hustle and bustle, the madness and hype, the artificiality and greed that often engulfs its patrons. Yet on the other hand, it can also be home to a menagerie of sounds. Soaring guitars, thundering drums, and screaming vocals are just some of the sounds that can greet one upon entry.

It is very much the same with the E-heads. At times, I have arrived early to see them soundly sleeping, enjoying rare moments of comfort and isolation. I have also witnessed them duck into the studio to escape those who have no respect for their privacy.

Once inside, the E-heads can be compared to toddlers in a sandbox. One second, they could be busily setting up their instruments; and the next second, they could be just laying back on the sofa trying to figure out why a chord doesn't fit. I have seen them totally disagree on an arrangement even before a single note was sounded, only to have them exchanging high-fives after a few notes have been recorded. These scenes and the resulting music could never have come about if the world was literally watching their every move. This is why I think they enjoy studio work so much; because there, they have the privacy to be themselves.


The isolation of the studio also allows them to focus more clearly on their music. Because recording takes so much attention to detail, I try to maintain an environment wherein there is a minimum of distractions. This enables them to explore sonic terrains, to develop new techniques, and to boldly go where no one has gone before with full concentration and awareness.

To the E-heads, the studio has become much more than a room with lots of devices. It has become their refuge, playground, spaceship, and sanctuary all rolled into one.



So there I was, sitting in my favorite spot in the van, reading this absurd chain letter that I took from my Korean bag (Bag One) because he said it was constipating him. Of course, you know that we communicate through mental telepathy. It's really easy to learn, as long as you've grown attached to a certain thing. Try it with your underwear sometime. You'd be surprised at what it has to say to you.

Then I saw something weird. I <sup>had</sup> saw a cow at the side of the road. And what's so weird about that? Well, it was no ordinary cow. It was a Sianese Cow. No, it didn't have two heads. Sianese Cows look like cats. They have whiskers. And they don't grow in our country. If that's not weird, I don't know what is. For a while, I dremant about that cow. It was getting dark, and I was really sleepy.



As was the custom, Marcus and I were ushered into the same room. And what a room it was. It was like stepping into a mansion, not a hotel. It was huge! Hey, a kitchen! A walk-in closet! A terrace! A living room! A mini-golf course! It was beautiful! Too beautiful to be described! Suffice to say that it was like a King's bedroom. And even in our line of work, it was something that we didn't see everyday.

I tried as much as I could to stay awake - the beautiful surroundings and the heavenly climate were just too good to pass up, but I made a mistake by reading a book.

"Great," I said. I was about to hang up when Buddy suddenly asked me if I knew where Julie was. I answered, "No Buds, I don't."

"Yup, nobody's answering," said Buddy.

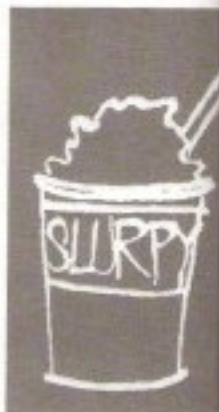
I can't remember what we had for dinner. You can't expect me to remember every single friggin' detail. Don't be so demanding. Maybe good writers can, but I can't. I can't even make things up because it's hard for me. At least you have my word that everything I say in this story is true.

At eleven thirty, the phone rang. Marcus was asleep again, so I painfully extracted myself from my comfortable position and answered the phone.

"We'll pick you up in five minutes," said a woman's voice at the other end of the line. (You know the difference between a girl's voice and a woman's, don't you? This one was definitely a woman. A big woman.) "The show is about to begin."

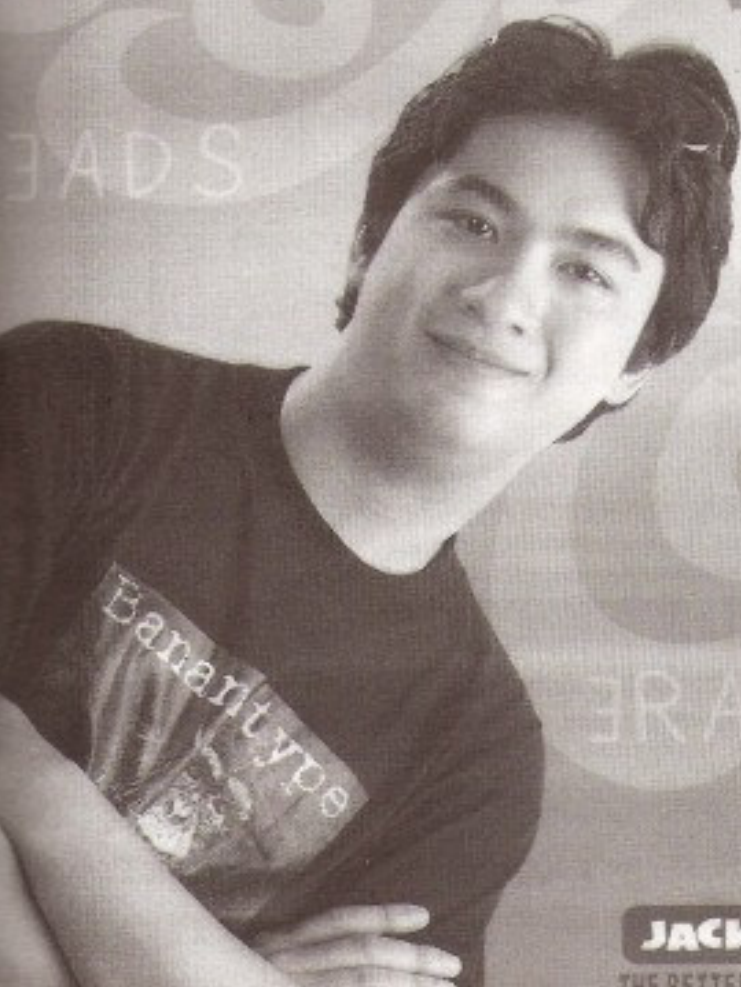
Before I could say anything, the line went dead. I sat there for a moment, thinking how weird the woman sounded. There was a slurpy quality to her voice, as if she was drinking something. No, as if she was drooling. Salivating. Naglalaway. Really weird, man.

\* translated from Tagalog





# RASHLEAS



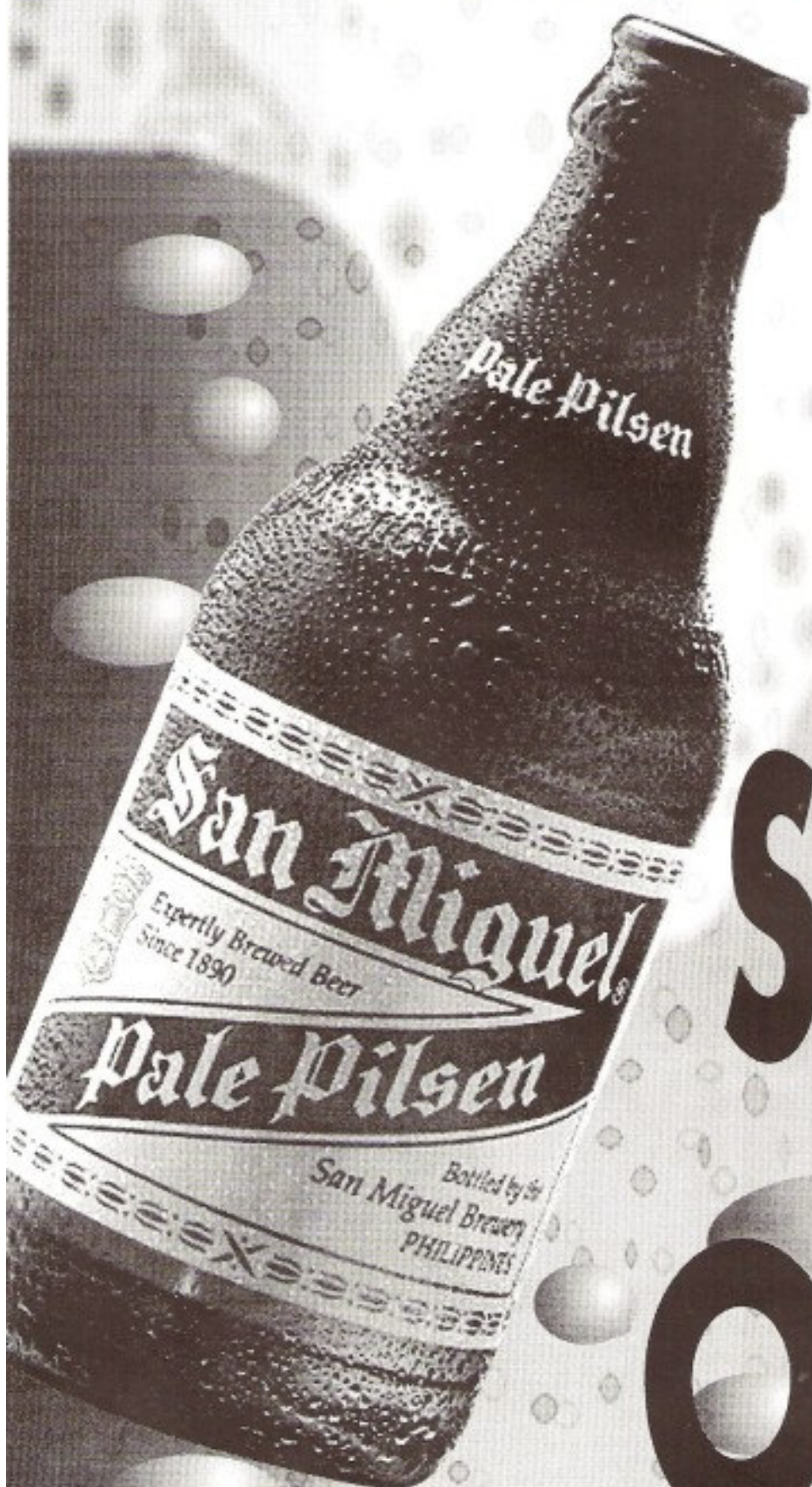
## JACK & JILL

THE BETTER HALF OF HIM





# San Miguel BEER



**Kay  
SARAP  
ng  
ORIG!**



# DELAYED TELECAST HI-VISION FILOFACTS BY DAY-SAN

11:00 P.M.

FRENZIED PHONE CALLS BETWEEN ME AND ANK'S MOM, KOHARO, AND MITSUKURO...LIPS OFFICE GOING OUTS ADJUSTING THE FLIGHT SCHED ONE DAY EARLIER SO WE CAN ATTEND THE WELCOME PARTY...BAND STILL IN REHEARSALS, SHOCKED TO FIND OUT "WE'RE LEAVING TOMORROW???"...QUICK! PACKING MUNDI...RAYMUND: "AW SHIT, BAG-BIKE PA NAMAN AKO TODAY FROM MARMARA"...MAY GAG PA MATMARA.

2:00 P.M.

FLIGHT IS FINALLY CONFIRMED, PATI SI JAMES (COLONEL A.K.A. "THE COCONUT BUT"), PACKING BLUES ("TEAR, HOW COLD IS IT EXACTLY IN TOKYO?")...CALL TIME IS AT 10 A.M.; GOTTA BE AT THE AIRPORT BY 1 P.M...I HAVE THE NERVOUS FEELING THAT WE WILL ONCE AGAIN BE STRUCK BY THE PHOTO-FINISH SYNDROME (REFER TO E-CUPATIONAL HAZARD #3)

11:00 P.M.

AROUND 10:10 A.M.

EVERYBODY IS HERE...HEY, MARCUS! ANG LAKI NAMAN NG MALETA MO!"...HEY, IS THAT ALL YOU ARE BRINGING ALONG?"...HEY AND GAG ARE HERE TO CUSTOMARILY CRY AND SAY, "WE'LL MISS YOU...HEHEHE"...IS EVERYBODY READY TO GO?...DADARA PA TAYO SA BING TO PICK-UP COURTESY JEEPNEYS!! (HUH?)

AROUND 10:30 A.M./BING PILIPINAS

"NEVERTHE JEEPNEY GIFTS, WE MIGHT MISS THE PLANE!"



1:30 P.M.

TOKYO IS ONE HOUR AHEAD IN TIME...WE HAVE ONE HOUR TO GO...THE PLANE IS HUMMING SILENTLY...THE BAND IS ASLEEP...JAMES IS ENTERTAINING TRANSVESTITE JAPANESE WHO DISCOVER THE BAND IS ON THE PLANE...EACH ONE PASSES BY THE BAND'S SEATS TO TAKE A SNEAK PEEK AT THE BOYS FIRST ASLEEP...I FILL OUT DISSEMBARKATION FORMS...TEMPURA, HERE WE COME!

2:20 P.M.

TEN MINUTES TO TOUCH DOWN...I HAVE NEVER SEEN SO MANY FACE POWDERS WHIPPED OUT IN UNISON BY "ENTERTAINERS," MINUTES BEFORE LANDING IN TOKYO.

3:45 P.M.

ARRITA IS SO AUTOMATED (WALKALATORS WITH AUTOMATED INSTRUCTIONS AND SHUTTLE TRAINS) THAT THEY DON'T EVEN NEED PEOPLE TO MAN THE AIRPORT...IMMIGRATION TIME!...RAYMUND APPAKAMALANG "INTERNATIONAL MOST WANTED" YATA...RP-6 X-RAYED/CT SCANNED/SNIFFED BY DOGS/AUTOPSED FOR "POSSIBLE OUBIOUS MATERIALS..."

FINALLY, OUR FIRST BREATH OF TOKYO NIGHT AIR...COLODDDD!!!!...ONE AND A HALF HOURS TO KENO PLAZA, SHINJUKU...NICE HOTEL, PERO DISSENTED BUSINESS DISTRICT YATA ITO, RM...UH OH...WE MEET KIVOSHI (BING REP, NICE GUY, OUTDATED HAIRCUT, TRENCH COAT)...BOW BOW...WELCOME TO TOKYO!...MITSUKURO (PARANG CARLOS TOKYO-STYLE, PERO PARANGS, SPIKY HAIR, GORTEE, WIDE GRIN, MR. THUMB-UP SIGN, ANK PRODU-BOSING)...YES, BOW BOW...WELCOME TO TOKYO!...DOMO ARIGATO GOZAIMASU — THE MOST JAPANESE WE WILL PROBABLY NEED TO KNOW (OR REMEMBER, FOR THAT MATTER) FOR THE NEXT FOUR DAYS...CHECK-IN!

11:32 P.M.

TOMGUY'S...ROOM SERVICE TAYO!...HUNK? ANSI GORENG FOR AROUND 600 PESOS? A FULL JAP MEAL FOR AROUND 1,500 PESOS? GABEEEEEEEE!! WALA NA BANG PERANTS GARA FROM THE PLANE?...BUDDY: "DON'T PULL ANYTHING OUT OF THE MINI-BAR — IT'S A TRAP! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT IT BACK IN — AUTOMATIC CLOSING"...I EXPERIMENT WITH THE FULLY AUTOMATED TOILET...WOW NAIMAN, FIRST CLASS SERVICE FOR MIV, UH, BUTT...WHAT MORE CAN WE ASK FOR?...SLEEP...BREAKFAST TO BE AT 9 A.M. ON THE DOT — THEY'RE NOT MIDDING.



12:20 P.M.

UH-OH, MAJOR TRAFFIC...I AM TENSE, THE BAND IS ASLEEP (OF COURSE, THEY KNOW WE WILL MAKE IT — DON'T WE ALWAYS?)...I AM ALSO PARANOID; IT IS THE NATURE OF THE JOB...I CHECK MY BAG A ZILLION TIMES FOR PASSPORTS, TICKETS, MONEY, CALCULATOR (OH NO, WALA! HOW WILL I CONVERT YEN?), CHEWING GUM, DIETABS, PEI PA KWA, AY KUNG ANU-ANO PA...DIAPERS???

1:05 P.M.

CHECK IN!!!!...WE'RE FINALLY HERE!...BREATHE EASY...KIN MUNA TAYO...AS WE MUNCH ON THE LAST NON-RAW MEAL FOR THE NEXT FIVE DAYS, WE SIMULTANEOUSLY WHIP OUT THE ULTIMATE JAPAN ACCESSORY — CAMERAS!!!...DILLY DILLY DILLY DILLY...PARASAKE MUNA SI RAYMUND (SNA YUNG ANG-BIKE KAHAPON, DI BA?)...DILLY DILLY DILLY...JAMES: "IT'S 3:15, BOARDING NA YATA, AYE"...OH NO! TAKBO!!...LAST TO BOARD THE PLANE, WE LOOK AT JAMES AND DECIDE TO GIVE HIM THE "COORDINATOR OF THE MONTH" AWARD.



A S I A L I V E F O R E A M '9 8







#### RESEMBLANCE

8:00 A.M.

WAKE UP GUYS!!!! MEET YOU DOWNSTAIRS FOR BREAKFAST...GASING!! MAYBE WE'LL HAVE TEMPURA FOR BREAKFAST?

10:15 A.M.

BREAKFAST BUFFET BUSOG...ON TO DISCOVER SHIBUYA!!! OHAYO, WE'LL NEED A MAP, VEH FOR TRAIN TRANSPORT, AND AN INTERPRETER...OHAYO, SO TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD...THIS TRAIN SYSTEM'S CRAZY; NO VENDORS, VENDO LAMAT!

10:22 A.M.

IS IT STILL RUSH HOUR, OR ARE THE JAPANESE ALWAYS RUSHING?...CELLPHONES HERE ARE SO SMALL, THEY FIT IN THE PALMS OF YOUR HANDS (BUT LATER, I FIND OUT THE DOWNSIDE OF THESE SEEMINGLY QUINCE-SIZE PACKETS OF TECHNOLOGY IS THAT ONCE YOU GET A CALL, YOU CAN'T MOVE FROM THE SPOT WHERE YOU ANSWERED THE CALL OR YOU'LL LOSE THE FREQUENCY)...CRUNCH, CRUNCH, WE MAKE A BEEHIVE OUT OF THE SUBWAY MAZE AND OUT INTO THE SQUARE...WOAH! GREAT VIDEO SCREENS WAY UP HIGH WITH COMMERCIALS AND WHATNOT (TIMES SQUARE A LA SHIBUYA) AND MASSES OF PEOPLE IN BLACK...RAYMUND STANDS OUT; HE'S WEARING A COLOR PALETTE COURTESY OF TOMMY...(WHO?)

10:40 A.M. TO 3:00 P.M.

TOKYU HANDS — GUITAR/GADGET PLACE, PRICE TAGS TO BLOW YOU AWAY...WHERE'S MARCUS? COLD WIND, FREEZING TOES, AND LAYERS OF T-SHIRTS, BRARRR!!! SHOP SHOP SHOP (OR, AT LEAST, ATTEMPTING TO...SCHOOLGIRLS! — MICRO-MOVIES AND DROPPED SOCKS, ALL THEY SEEMINGLY HAVE TO KEEP WARM ARE THEIR KNEES! WHERE'S MARCUS?...I'LL LOOK FOR HIM...WHERE'S RAYMUND?...NOODLE HOUSE BUILT FOR SIX...HOW DO YOU SAY "TOILET" IN JAPANESE?...JAMES (THE EXPERT): "TOILET-TA"...THANKS, JAMES-SAN...BACK TO THE HOTEL VIA TRAIN...BUS! MATCHING DISPOSABLE UMBRELLAS...FOLLOW THE LEADER...WORK TIME — GOTTA GO TO BMG JAPAN...SQUEEZED INTO A CAB...WE HAVE NEVER SEEN SO MANY ZEROS ON A TAXI METER IN OUR ENTIRE LIVES!



4:17 P.M./BMG JAPAN

MEET MR. SATO (BOOW), MR. HIROSHI (BOOW), MR. TAKA (BOOW), MS. HELEN (DOUBLE BOOW)...RADIO INTERVIEW ON A "DAY-MAN" (IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL IT?...WILL THERE BE TEMPURA AT THE PARTY KAYA?

7:13 P.M.

"HELLO! THIS IS HIROMI, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD INTERPRETER! THE PARTY IS STARTING NOW...ARE YOU COMING UP? THE 44TH FLOOR, YES?"

7:21 P.M.

HIROMI "HELLO! THE PARTY IS ABOUT TO START. ARE YOU ON YOUR WAY UP?"

7:26 P.M.

"HELLO! THIS IS HIROMI, THE PARTY CANNOT START WITHOUT YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND US?...TEKA, I THOUGHT IT WAS A PARTY!!!!...OMG GUYS, IT'S PARTY TIME, AHK-STYLE!!!...A COUPLE OF SPEECHES AND TRANSLATIONS, FOOD FOOD FOOD, KIRIN!! AND A LOT OF BOUING LATER...THE BAND IS ON THE VERGE OF WINNING THE MR. FRIENDSHIP AWARD FOR "BEST PERFORMANCE IN A NON-MUSICAL REPRESENTATIONAL ACTIVITY"...

10:34 P.M.

MYTSUKHO: "I'M SORRY, BUT WE HAVE TO CLOSE THE PARTY"...[?????]. TRY DOING THAT IN MANILA, BUSTER!



8:00 A.M.

WAKE UP!!!!...BREAKFAST DOWNSTAIRS...GO OUT ELEVATOR, TURN RIGHT, GO STRAIGHT, TURN LEFT, ONE CARD...WAKE UP!!...TWO OUT OF FOUR MAKE IT...WE MEET BENITO, AG, AND KEINO — OUR OFFICIAL TOKYO CONNECTION! THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT...REHEARSALS FOR THE SHOW...PICK UP AT 11:53 A.M. ON THE DOT...

FIRST LOOK AT AHK HALL...AMAZINGGG!! STAGES ON WHEELS; LIGHTS, LIGHTS, AND MORE LIGHTS; A VIDEO WALL OF A HUNDRED SCREENS, AND A PRODUCTION SCRIPT WHICH READS LIKE AN EXERCISE IN RETENTIVENESS...STAGE MODEL MEETING...MIC MEETING...SOUND CHECK... "HEY, MY DRUM TECH'S A GIRL!!!"...CAMERA REHEARSAL...AUDIO REHEARSAL...TAMAGO — OOPS! — SUSHI BABY. "BABY, YOU'RE THE ONE!"...WORK IS OVER...SHOP SHOP!! (HAPLESS-INTERPRETER-NOW-SHOPPING-GUIDE, HIROMI, HELPS US NAVIGATE THE ALLEYS OF SHIBUYA)

7:34 P.M.

JAPANESE HOTCAKES ON WHEELS...RING! RING! (????)...SWEETPRE NATION, PATI YUNG VENDOR MAY MOBILE PHONE...TAMAGO LATE ON TAYOL DINNER WITH TAKA AT A SUSHI BAR...SARAP! CHILLY LONG WALK HOME...PAGALUK SA HOTEL, HUNGRY ULIT.

9:00 P.M.

SATOSHI (MUSIC WRITER AND EXPERT ON HANGING OUT, KABUKI CHOU-STYLE) SNEAKS THE GUYS OUT (MAYBE ONE) TO THE HAPPENING PART OF TOKYO... CRASH ASLEEP AFTER ANSWERING CALLS FROM JAPANESE FANS/FRIENDS, OBVIOUS TO THE WONDERS OF TOKYO NIGHTS, TO BE ENLIGHTENED BY RAYMUND THE NEXT DAY...STILL NO SIGN OF THE ELUSIVE TEMPURA...





FEBRUARY 27

8:00 A.M.

WAKE UP CALL!!! SEE YOU DOWNSTAIRS FOR BREAKFAST! (TODAY, TWO OUT OF FOUR MAKE IT)...

9:00 A.M.

RAYMUND REGALES ME WITH TALES OF KIBUKI CHOU - HANGIN' OUT WITH SATOSHI AND BEING LURED BY A RASTA-MAN SPEAKING TOKYO-NESE TO "COME UP AND JOIN DA PARTY, MAHA!"... A HOLE-IN-THE-WALL CLUB WITH A 20-PERSON CAPACITY... STRESSED-OUT WORKING GIRLS WHO JUST WARRA RELEASE SOME TENSION... REGGAE MUSIC ON THE 7TH FLOOR... COAT-CHECK TAGS WORN AS BRACELETS... MIRIN... LIKE A SCENE FROM A B-MOVIE, IT ACTUALLY FELT LIKE, ANY MINUTE, SOMEONE WILL TURN INTO A VAMPIRE...



11:30 A.M.

"HELLO! HIROMI HERE... IT'S PICK-UP TIME!!"... BREAKFAST? (ONE OUT OF FOUR MAKES IT)... BABY-G C/D TORU GATO BLOWS ME AWAY COMPLETELY... WHERE'S MIRACUS?... WHERE'S ELY?... IN TRUE PHOTO-FINISH STYLE (REFER AGAIN TO E-COUPONAL HAZARD #3), THE GROUP IS COMPLETE BY 11:59 A.M. (LOSING TO INDONESIA FOR THE "LET'S MAKE EVERYONE ELSE WAIT FOR US" AWARD)...

1:00 P.M.

DRESS REHEARSALS... BOXED SANDWICHES A LA GOURMET... HANGIN' WITH YATTA YOUNG, DROWA, UPTOWN (AND DISSIN) EVERYONE ELSE!... TRAPPED IN A/K, SHOPPING ON EVERYONE'S MIND (WHAT ELSE IN NEW?)... I DASH OUT TO BUY A GUITAR... HIROMI IS CAUGHT TEACHING ELY HOW TO SNEAK OUT TO BUY A PAIR OF SHOES... INTERVIEWS... A LONG WAIT... I DASH OUT TO BUY THE PAIR OF SHOES...



SHOWTIME!!! GIRLS WITH GOLD POMPOMS, FLUORESCENT PARAPHERNALIA... CAT-EAR HEROBRANDS AND TAILS... NOW THIS IS A CROWD FOR THE BOYS!... MOST SILVER CONFETTI AND RADIANT SMILES CURVE TO THE CROWDING, THE SHOW CLOSES AND THERE IS A BURST OF APPLAUSE FOR THE PERFORMERS AS THEY EXIT BACKSTAGE... AKAHA-TOUCH -!... YUKO NORD IN TEARS, WE PROMISE TO RETURN... CONCERT!!!... FAREWELL PARTY AT A/K HALL... PHOTO-OPS FOR EVERYONE... YUKO STILL IN TEARS... GOODBYE SPEECHES AND TALK OF ASIA LIVE DREAM '99... SAME LINEUP???... HUGS AND TEARS WITH YUKI... BACK TO THE HOTEL... JAMES CALLS... A.M. 2529 PARTY UNLIMITED - 'AUFF SAID?



FEBRUARY 28

5:00 A.M.

BREAKFAST!... (FOUR OUT OF FOUR MAKE IT!)... ON THE ROAD TO NARITA, WE SEE THE REALITY OF THE MORNING RUSH HOUR... GOODBYE SKYWAYS AND SIX-DEGREE WEATHER!... LAST SECOND SHOPPING TO FINISH UP OUR VEH... WHAT A TRIP!... LABO NATIN, WHERE DID THEY HIDE ALL THE TEMPURA?



2:00 P.M.



NAR... IMMIGRATION LINE BLUES... CUSTOMS CHIKR... "HELLO, GIGI? AND ANG LICENSE PLATE NG VAN? NA-MISS MO BA KATIT?"... AYUN SI TOUTSI... MTH NA TAYO... TRAFFIC... HERT... "AND ANG SKED NATIN BUKAS?"... ELM... "MAY PESOS KA BA DIYAN? I WANT TEMPURA!"



The old man usually woke up at around 4:30. But this time, the hour-long delay on his coffee time probably saved the life and cost a fortune on an otherwise unassuming old fisherman.

His meal consisted of coffee (one cream, one sugar), three crackers (m.y. san), and a banana which was soft and browning (*lamog*). Eating deliberately and slowly, he'd dunk each biscuit three times in his coffee before munching. Then he'd finish off the coffee in quick sips. The banana, always peeled into four, found its demise in four bites also.



His net, lines, and hooks went over one shoulder of a rarely shorn shirt with the word "Tide" on the front, barely readable after countless washings. His paddle (or was it an oar?) went over the other shoulder and cast a shadow much like a 70-year old man with a paddle over his shoulder at around 6 am would.

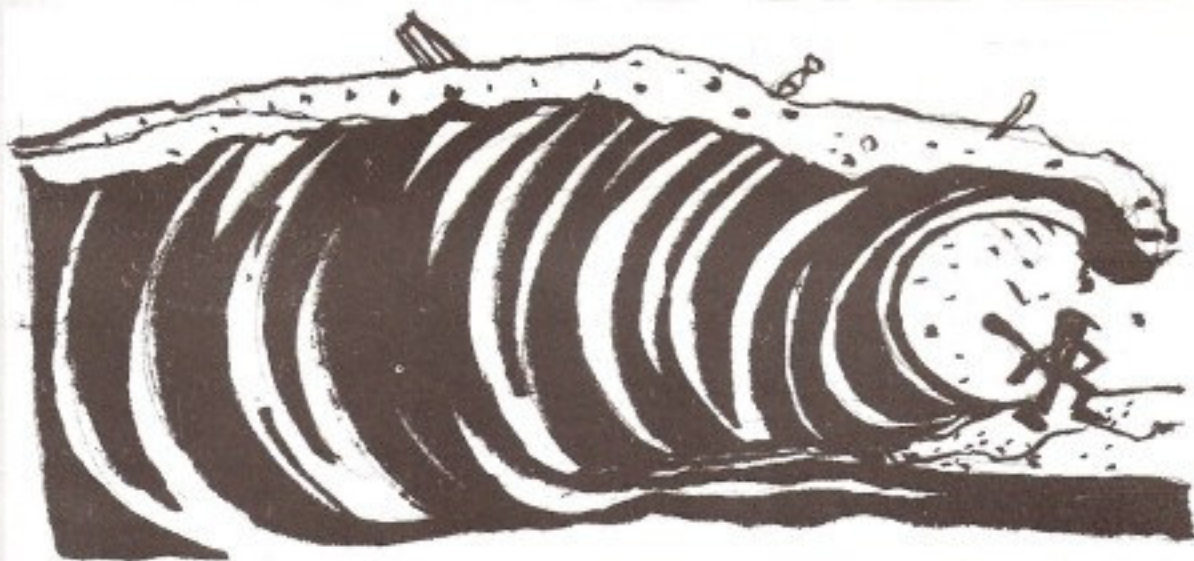
The trip to the beach would have taken five minutes had a local lad shown him a short cut (silly old fart) thru the grove of coconut palms that, like hands, seemed to reach to the sky palms down.





Emerging from the trees, he looked up and down the beach to find it empty. No other soul was there. A lone boat offered the realization that every other fisherman had left and gone to find the day's catch. So hurrying as he did to launch his boat and reap what got away from the other fishermen, he barely noticed a thousand-foot wave coming towards him.

As he looked at it, time slowed down at the sight of so much water rushing to the beach. The word "*tsunami*" flashed thru his mind as he recalled an old fishing joke. On instinct, he reacted the way any other fisherman would. He ran.



He ran as fast as he could – back to the coconut grove, down the main road, back towards his hut as the *TSUNAMI!* hit land, smashing everything it touched, reaching for every bit of ground to smash. And just as he emerged from the grove he'd gone into earlier, he looked back to see the water gone. The wall of water stopped by the coconut trees. The trees of life.

Walking back to check for any salvageable item, he found devastation. Trees uprooted or broken at the trunk, fronds everywhere. Then he found something horrible.

A fellow fisherman's boat, smashed and beyond salvation, was perched atop a tree. Walking further, he found pieces of more boats among the washed-up garbage and seastuff. The smashed remnants of boats were everywhere as he found the beach also strewn with seaweed and flopping fish on the ground.

His boat was nowhere to be found.

And as the sun peeked thru the clouds and rays of hope fell on the old man, he smiled.

"I will build another boat," he said to no one in particular.



## Incredible Retroactive Creation

Okay, okay, Marie. I know I promised you an article several deadlines ago. I also remember me saying that it would be about our trip to New York — how the E-heads had their inky first glimpse of Central Park; how we all trekked to Radio City Music Hall for the MTV Awards; how I stayed behind so I could further cement my status as a Blur fan (O Damon! O Alex!); how I was absolutely thrilled to be staying with dear friends, Caring and James, over at Hell's Kitchen; how we rushed to Friday night shows of Miss Saigon; and all the other wonderful sights. You do realize by the hurried way I enumerated all that, I won't be writing about them.

Instead, I'm writing about my renewed friendship with Net Life™. Yup, that vital link which I have all but given up (except for the occasional important e-mails).

Actually, all I've been doing for the past week is chatting incessantly. I chat and surf during the wee hours of the morning. It's a good thing I don't have a job that requires me to be in an office by a certain hour, otherwise... Anyway, I had a great time reacquainting myself with the whole chat rigmarole. I never thought I'd come to miss those till-five-in-the-morning chat marathons. There are hundreds of channels in which you can chat your heart out. But being a picky person, I content myself to around two or three channels. Quite limiting, don't you think?

I'm currently using an IRC software called Pirch. It is a wonderful software that allows me to connect with a host of different people from various backgrounds and countries at any given time of the day. All IRC software is shareware. You can download them from their designated sites free of charge. You, of course, know by now that most of the stuff over the Net are gratis except some, like those adult sites that charge moolah for their...err...merchandise.

Mostly, I've been hanging around this particular channel trying to befriend the people who inhabit it. Make no mistake, the rules which divine our existence in Real Life™ are very much the same as those in Net Life™. That's why a lot of people start out as "lurkers." They log in but don't necessary join in the discussions. I guess that's a good way of starting things. You first have to observe how people interact before giving them your own version of the universe.

A channel is overseen by a "sysop" (systems operator). They're the ones whose nicks are preceded by an @. It means that these people are not mere chatters, they are gods. And if you don't abide by their rules, you can get kicked out, or worse, be banned by the whole channel. Among the more common rules are: No cuss words, no yelling (typing in CAPITALS), no harassing of fellow chatmates, no flooding, and a whole lot more. Each channel has its own eccentricities.

For example, Cynthia, our art director, has been kicked out of a channel just because she commented that the channel was full of over-cheerful people, like so:

<Dee> Hi Marble!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
<Marble> {((((((((Dee!!!)))))))))

Be warned; some netizens do have the habit of shouting each other's names. It can get pretty annoying. And yes, there is free speech on the Net more than anywhere else, but you have to follow the rules, even if you think they're stupid. Otherwise, you'd better look for another place to hang around. Better yet, you could put up a channel of yer own, where you could create your own world — tyranny or absolute anarchy, the choice is yours.

Think of the whole IRC system as one big classroom with hundreds, or even thousands, of cliques — those small groups who band together because they like certain things. There are channels that cater to fetishes, movies, rock bands, adult materials, and much much more. If you can imagine it, there must be a group that likes it.

Yet sometimes, the channels could be misleading. I remember joining #smashing.pumpkins or something and someone whispered to me:

<Vixey1> Psst...I thought that this was a smashing pumpkins thing. How come all they're discussing is this season's fashion? :)

When you're new to a channel, please remember to put your best foot forward. Don't forget that famous dictum: "You can't make another first impression unless she was drunk the first time." Failing that, you can always change your nick and reinvent yourself as someone else. No one will know better.





Choosing your nick is very important. It gives you an instant character. Be careful, though. It might be a romantic name in your dictionary, but others might have another meaning for it. I once logged in as "Candida." I liked the sound and sight of that name. However, the people I wanted to chat with were repulsed by it. Turned out "Candida" was a slang term for a female yeast infection!!! Boy, did I get a beating for that. Everyone breathed down my neck to change it.

But when you begin to get your groove and start having regular conversations with people, you begin to feel the reason why so many people are logging in precious net hours. Drop by any Internet café (like CyberCafé in Galleria) and chances are you'll see people deep in conversation with others, possibly from around the world. IRC and the Net in general gave the song "It's a Small World After All" a resounding validation. That's why the Eraserheads have already done several chats over the Net. It's a good way of connecting with their supporters from other countries and other provinces on an intimate level, yet in a very inexpensive manner. Then again, the computer console alone costs an arm and a leg, but that's a whole new story.

Here in the Philippines, as well as abroad, parties are now being held solely for fellow chatters. IRC has become the CBs of the '90s. It's not even rare to find out about couples who met each other over the Net. Also common are Real Life™ couples separating, some even divorcing ('Tis true! 'Tis true!) because one of them met someone else over the Net.

As for me, I'm having fun. Next on the agenda is to learn how to abuse the colors of the rainbow on my chat fonts (and figure out how to



make that damn confetti!). And aside from the fact that doing this is cheaper than an overseas phone call and is far more interactive than e-mail, it also enables me to encourage my imagination. You have to be on your toes (or fingers, if you will) when you're chatting. Words and sentences can go by in a blur. By the time you've thought of a very good repartee, everyone could have moved on to another topic.

On the Net, I also get to meet a lot of snobs, feeling-cerebrals, and whatnot. But there are some good people around; you just have to know how to spot them and take care of them. And just like in Real Life™, you'll know it instinctively.



## DESTINATION U.S.A.

Here's a list of the cool (& uncool) places where the 'Heads had their own little adventures (?) during their first U.S. visit. So if you are a true E-heads fanatic & are planning to visit the U.S. in the future, make sure you check out these "E-storical" spots:

1. The infamous E-heads LA residence at 17618 Collins St., Encino, CA  
(Memories here are not worth reminiscing!)
2. The 24-hr newsstand at Hollywood & Cahuenga, Hollywood, CA  
(Raimund & Buddy went browsing-galore!)
3. Freeway 101 (by the White Oak exit)  
(Lemon, Jessica, & Earnest heard the "voice from heaven above" ...Take a left to the freeway, we're going downtown!)
4. Universal Studios-Hollywood  
(They were "tourists," after all.)
5. The New Otani Hotel, Downtown L.A.  
(Probably the "longest" press conference of their lives!)
6. Le Sex Shoppe  
(Ely & Marcus' favorite "bookstore.")
7. The Boardwalk at Venice Beach, CA (Lemon's solo outing! It was the bomb!!!)
8. Guitar Center, Hollywood, CA  
(Amps, effects, 4-trks recorders, & more ...Oh no, it's Beck!)
9. Gentleman's Club  
(Along da riles" in Glendale, CA....  
The home of the best live "circus" acts - ask Ely or Marcus, they know!)
10. The Palace, Hollywood, CA  
(Moshing & crowd-surfing - the Eraserheads' first ever U.S. show!)
11. Las Vegas, Nevada  
(Shopping, video arcades, slots & "more." The night's theme song should have been "Barbie Girl" by Aqua.)
12. Embassy Suites, South San Francisco, CA  
(9th Floor - their Bay Area Headquarters.)
13. The "hippie district" of Haight & Ashbury, San Francisco, CA  
(It was "The ride" - hassle sa mundo!!!)



P.S.  
Don't forget to bring home a "balikbayan box"

by the bootlegger, LSD





NEW

YORK

STORY

by Ely Buendia

Well, alam na nating lahat na pumunta kami sa Big Apple. Ever since we came back, we've been incessantly barraged with the usual question: "What was your most unforgettable experience?" We hate answering this question because it reminds us of high school. Di ba? Para kang gumagawa ng essay on your summer vacation. You try to remember something special that happened to you even though wala naman talaga.



L-R: LEMON, BOSS RUDY, ELY, ELY'S MOM, BOSS SOMEBODY (ON OUR WAY TO D BIG APPLE)

And besides, the four of us had different experiences. I consider my visit to the Dakota building (where John Lennon was shot) to be the highlight of our one-week stay in Manhattan. We also visited the headquarters of BMO International,

a beautiful high-rise at the heart of Times Square, and met with the BMO Big Bosses. I really got a kick out of that. And then there was our little visit to Jimi Hendrix's Electric Lady Studio. Yet I can't speak for the others. And since we went there for the MTV Awards, I guess it's the only unanimous thing worth writing about.

Actually, we didn't expect that the four of us would be able to watch the show kasi we only had two tickets. When we landed in Newark, New Jersey - a few miles away from New York - we'd already decided that if only two would be able to attend the show, then no one would go at all. Besides, we were just looking forward to shopping and the taping of our acceptance of the award the day before the show.

Tuesday morning, we (Boss Rudy, Boss Vic, and the four of us) got up early to go straight to the venue, Radio City Music Hall. Earnest, Jeng, and my Mom didn't have passes so they went shopping and we all agreed to meet them at Fashion Café for lunch.



THE FAMOUS NEW YORK NEWSSTAND, ON OUR WAY TO MTV TAPING AT RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL.







THE DAKOTA, ACROSS CENTRAL PARK.  
JOHN LENNON'S LAST HOME

We met with Caroline from MTV Asia (who took care of us the first time we went to Singapore). The whole building was cordoned off and there were New York cops hanging around. The scene outside was really busy, you can imagine - lots of equipment being hauled here and there, technicians with headsets walking briskly, shouting at each other.

We entered through the side entrance, Caroline leading the way. She talked to the receptionist, announcing that she was with the Eraserheads. I was expecting a loud "Who?!" but, of course, they were already notified. I guess I was just paranoid or insecure, I don't know. That's why I was really surprised that everyone in the venue, from the crew to the MTV people, was quite nice and treated us like they would any other American artists. No one calling you names or things like that. Or maybe we were just in the wrong side of town.

Anyway, they gave us sticker IDs that we stuck to our shirts with pride. Inside, the venue was pretty impressive. It was busier, the sets weren't finished yet (the show was the next day), and the only finished stage was the one where they gave out the awards. The big video screen was already on, showing the logos and stuff.

NOT THE REAL  
STRAWBERRY  
FIELDS, JUST  
THE WALKWAY TO  
LENNON'S  
SHRINE



A REAL NY COP WHO LOVES TO POSE FOR PHOTOS, (AND ON A  
REAL HORSE TOO). HERE WITH FORMER BOY SCOUT ELY



THE JOHN LENNON SHRINE, A BEAUTIFULLY  
SIMPLE MOSAIC IN CENTRAL PARK





(BELOW:) WHERE DA HELL IS MARCUS?? HE'S IN DA BACKGROUND, GIVING PUS A CHANCE. (RIGHT:) AT NIGHT STRANGERS PLACE FLOWERS AND CANDLES. IN THE DAYTIME IT'S GREAT FOR PICNICS.



We were introduced to this girl who I thought was an actress, but who turned out to be the make-up artist. After she put foundation on our faces, we were told to sit down near the stage and wait for our names to be called. We were with an Indian woman and a Chinese singer who did a cover of a Cardigans song in Mandarin. Behind us sat a bunch of black men and women, and somebody told me that they were Puff Daddy's dancers.

Finally, Rahul Khana showed up onstage and I didn't realize they were already taping it. I asked Buddy to do the talking because I was so nervous. We wrote down our little speech, and I think it was Marcus who came up with the "Bogchi" ending.

The next day, we went our separate ways to shop. I went with my mom to Times Square. I spent the first forty-eight hours looking for this videogame shop which I'd only read about in magazines. We finally spotted it, and I think we spent the whole day there. I wasn't even thinking of the Awards anymore, which was at seven in the evening, and I think my bandmates were also preoccupied with other things.

By five in the afternoon, we both decided to go back to the hotel to get some rest because our feet were killing us. We would've gotten a cab, but at that hour, it was impossible, so we had to walk back. Along the way, we passed by Radio City Music Hall and the scene was even busier than the day before. A huge crowd had formed in front of the building, and I saw the stage outside where the Foo Fighters were to perform. There were a lot of TV vans and still more cops. I felt a sense of regret, being so close and yet so far, you know what I mean?



When I opened the door to our hotel apartment, I was surprised to see Raymund already there, all hyped up like I'd never seen him before.

"Pare, we're going!!!" he exclaimed, giving me a high-five.

It took me minutes before it all sank in. MTV Asia, especially with Caroline's help, was able to get us five tickets! We were going to watch the show!

Boss Rudy quickly told me to get dressed. I said I wasn't changing, but apparently MTV had given him the funny instruction that we were to wear the same clothes that we wore the day before at the taping. I almost laughed aloud because those clothes were already in my laundry bag! Luckily, I only wore it for half a day and my mom was there to iron it. But I would've worn a goddamn dress if they told me to! Well, maybe not. I still have some dignity left. But to wear the same thing twice in order to go to the Awards? No problemo!

We were supposed to meet Caroline and the rest of the MTV crew at their hotel in Times Square at around seven, but Buddy and Marcus were still out shopping. Well, if they didn't come back soon, we decided to give the two tickets to somebody else. Sorry na lang! But what do you know, they arrived at the last minute! Lucky guys!

We told them about the clothes and Buddy was incredulous! But, like me, they quickly stopped asking questions and just did it. On our way out, Boss Rudy warned us not to bring our cameras. It was strictly prohibited. Awwwww! Spoilsports!

After we met up with the others and got our tickets, we walked to the Music Hall and joined the long line to the entrance. Raymund spotted a bus that was reserved for the Fans of the Foo's, to be parked later on in front of the stage (on the venue's marquee). At the entrance, a huge guy stood in my way and said in a friendly voice, "You wouldn't





have a camera there, would you?" I said no, and he motioned me to go right ahead in. That was the extent of their strictness. Cowardly me for not taking any chances.

We said goodbye to Caroline and the MTV crew, all of us agreeing to meet near Bryant Park after the show (where the MTV party was to take place). The ushers directed us to the second mezzanine, which was two floors up. It quickly dawned on me that we were going to see very little of everyone onstage.

We didn't sit right away; the mezz wasn't open yet. So we made tumbay at the second floor lobby, watching the commotion downstairs. There were a lot of people wearing black; it wasn't hard to imagine being in some sheik club in Makati on a Saturday night. Boss Rudy and I scored some free drinks at the bar until, finally, the gates were opened. We found our seats and tried hard to act normal under the circumstances. What happened after the lights went out?

The crowd cheered. The Americans around us were every bit as excited as we were. Chris Rock (the host) appeared, and I was right. He looked as big as my thumb. All I could tell was that he was black. He did some wicked one-liners, most memorable of which was his observation that the performers and awardees this year wouldn't be back next year. That really cracked me up. The thing I like most about the humor in this part of the globe is that it's so irreverent and uncompromising. Anybody could be a target, and at least these guys know what's really going on behind the glitz and glamour. They can laugh at themselves.

I can't remember the exact lineup of performers. Well, if you saw it on

CHINESE BREAKFAST AT ST. MARKS NEAR ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS.



(ABOVE:) THE GATES OF THE DAKOTA WHERE LENNON WAS SHOT  
(BELOW:) RAYMOND AND JENG REENACTING THE SHOOTING.

TV, you saw the exact thing we did, only bigger. Plus, there was one performance that no televiewer in the world saw. It was edited out for a very good reason. I'll tell you about it later.

"I'll B Missing You" by Puff Daddy has got to be the worst cover/sample song of the year. Sorry, folks. That's why it was a big letdown for me when he was introduced as the first performer. And it was even a bigger letdown when I saw Sting appear onstage. Now this guy has done a lot of questionable musical decisions in the latter part of his career, but agreeing to sing on a cover song that sucks has got to be the worst idea I've ever heard. Add to that the forced melodrama of the



obligatory church choir and footage of the deceased Notorious B.I.G. on the big video screen, it was corny as hell to say the least. I mean, there's nothing wrong with missing a dead friend and paying tribute and all that, but when everybody at the show started behaving like this guy was Mother Teresa or something and shoved it down the audience's throat, I couldn't help rolling my eyes.







Well, suffice to say that was the only corny performance of the night. Jewel gave an okay acoustic performance, much better than Alanis Morissette's last year, if I might add. Sorry again, folks. The Spice Girls weren't sensational; they were even more boring live. Sorry, Spice fans, but this is one of the advantages of having your own magazine. I almost fell asleep when The Wallflowers performed - with Bruce Springsteen, no less.

The real standouts were Beck, Jamiroquai, and U2, whose performance blew us all away. It wasn't just the music; it was the technical stuff that really impressed me. You see, every performer had their own gear and equipment to set up, their technicians being given only a few minutes to pull the amps and drum kit onstage. But with U2, though you couldn't hear any noise during set-up, the sound that came out was absolutely amazing. It was so clear; it sounded like a recording although there was no doubt that it was live. Oh well, there's still a long way for our technology to go.

Another disappointment was the Prodigy. They were actually my most highly anticipated act of the night. I was doubly excited when Madonna appeared on stage to introduce them, only to find out that their "live" performance was on the video screen. Hey! What gives? Even though I didn't pay a single cent for my ticket, I felt cheated.

Now, here's the funny part. You probably wouldn't believe me when I say that halfway through the show, we dozed off. Sabay-sabay kaming naidlip, including Boss Rudy, while everybody was having fun. Of course it was the jetlag that we still hadn't recovered from, but what made it worse were the long gaps within the performances during the commercial breaks. It was a good five minutes of waiting - and though it wasn't really that long, it was enough to put us weary dateline-crossers to sleep. It wasn't really that bad in the beginning. We would wake up every time the announcer announced that the show was about to resume, asking everybody to go back to their seats. But later on, nothing was able to wake us up. I could just imagine the other people around us wondering what on earth we swallowed. But then again, this was New York. They probably didn't give a damn that five guys were asleep all at once in the middle of an exciting show.

Anyway, when I woke up, I was groggily made aware by Buddy that I just missed Winona



(ABOVE) THE LOCAL 24-HOUR CONVENIENCE STORE. "SORRY GALS, NO HOLD-UPS TONIGHT!" Awwwww!



(LEFT) LOTS OF PICTURES HAVE TO BE TAKEN AT HISTORICAL PLACES.

Ryder. Stupid, huh? It's depressing to think that I won't get another chance to see her in person ever again. What a bummer.

When Chris Rock announced right before the last commercial gap that Marilyn Manson was up next for their first ever live television performance, it was enough to keep me awake. These shock-rockers have been banned by almost every state they were supposed to perform in. They've been at war with senators and religious groups, mostly because of their live antics. I supposed MTV knew what they were in for when they asked Manson to be their last performer of the night. Nobody in the Hall knew what to expect.

When he finally marched onstage escorted by a bunch of men in black (mimicking the U.S. Secret Service), everybody was silent, including the moshers by the stage. The band was there to give a show, naturally, and to throw in some political statements while they were at it.

Manson walked up to a podium with the American seal on it and with a somewhat bastardized American flag in the background, and proceeded to make a speech regarding hypocrisy while shouting obscenities at the audience. He then removed his coat. It didn't surprise me at all that he was wearing a black





leather (or was it lace?) bondage outfit with his butt exposed. The band whipped through a semi-live rendition of "The Beautiful People" while the audience silently watched. It was obvious he was keeping himself in check. After all, this was MTV's show, not his. He ended the song with more obscenities and gave the audience the finger while his band trashed their equipment on stage. After that, we wearily went out to go to the after-show party, scheduled at midnight.

We still had some time left so we went to McDonald's for some coffee. I was tempted to go back to the hotel to get my camera, but I was too pooped to pop. We then walked down to Bryant Park.

FRESH FROM THE LAUNDRY  
AT THE ESSEX HOTEL ON  
THE WAY TO THE AWARDS.



It was the biggest party I've ever been to and I was excited as hell. It was held at this huge, beautiful park in the middle of the city. You could see the MTV logo on the buildings, like a Technicolor bat-signal. The food was enough to feed an army although we didn't eat any. There was a PlayStation section at the southern end of the park, but I didn't get a chance to play 'coz there were too many people. At the center, there was a stage and a band set-up.

We plowed through the sea of people, looking for Caroline, but we couldn't find her. I think there were thousands of people at that party. We stayed by the artists' entrance for a while, hoping to catch a glimpse of the famous faces we didn't get to see that much during the show, but to our disappointment, not one celebrity showed.

And you know what? I saw the girl who sang that novelty song "Bitch," Meredith Brooks. God, she was tacky. She really ruined my night. She looked as stupid and contrived as her song. Have you seen her video? Geez, what kind of a bitch is that? Well, I won't apologize for that. Friends, one Alanis Morissette is enough, okay?

Suddenly, the party band for the night - a new group called Save Ferris from California - was introduced. We slowly made our way to the stage. They're a ska band that reminded me a lot of our very own Put38ka, who were doing this kind of thing three years ahead of anybody in the States.

It was already one in the morning and nothing far out was happening; there were still no celebrities. I had no intention of getting drunk just to make me enjoy the party more. My stomach hurt and I was sleepy as hell. Marcus had gotten lost in another hidden area somewhere, so we didn't bother looking for him. We hailed a cab and went home. I'd never been so excited to go to bed in my whole life.

# Knighthood

by Robin Rivera

It was back in 1980 that I was first referred to as "Sir." I was fresh out of college and had just gotten a job as an instructor in U.P. Baguio. It was probably because my students were only a couple of years younger than me that I felt awkward being addressed that way. I eventually got used to it. I even developed an opening speech to the effect that they could call me anything they wanted OUTSIDE the classroom, just as long as they addressed me respectfully INSIDE. That was then....

Around a decade later, Raymond became my student in U.P. Diliman. By then, I had become "Sir" both in and out of the classroom because the age gap between me and my students had become bigger. But his generation had developed a new wrinkle in the name game. I realized this the first time I saw the credits of the *ULTRAELECTROMAGNETICPOP!* album. I was now "Sir Robin." I found it pleasantly amusing because it sounded as if I was a member of the Round Table. I am still "Sir" because in some ways, I am like a teacher to them; but I am also "Robin" because our relationship has gone far beyond the classroom.

I wonder what original "title" the next generation of students will bestow upon me in the year 2000. Whatever it is, I hope it's something the PARI wouldn't have to censor.





# GOLDEN MEY

## The Titig Gang Expose

A DARIUS EXCLUSIVE

They are the best-kept secret in the universe.

**Their Mission:**  
To monitor extra-gorgeous female bodies.

They are the first and only line of offense.  
They exist only in the shadows.  
They are the TITIG GANG and they *titig* back,  
especially if you *titig* first.



Men have always been fascinated with women, since the beginning of time, or as far as history itself is concerned. What is it about them? Well, maybe I have just been out of the sun too long, but I say that men look and stare in appreciation of their anatomical beauty. And for whatever reasons, nothing has changed. Men still make "*titig*" to those "*gels*" who possess that triple-X factor, if you know what I mean.

So, the legacy continues. No one really knows who invented the *titig*; but now, making *titig* is reaching new heights and higher levels. And if you were to ask me if you could go blind doing this — HELL NO!!!

Just recently, I have discovered the existence of a gang, the "Titig Gang" (or TG for short). Who are they? Well, thanks to a reliable source, I was able to visit their HQ. I chatted with some of the members, and we conversed about the essence and gimmicks of their notorious gang.

I asked one of their members, a.k.a. Caesar, "Why do you exert effort to make *titig* to an attractive *gel*?" He simply answered, "Making *titig* to a *gel* with obvious anatomical superiority will definitely improve one's eye and hand coordination." Hmm, I think I just read that in a top fashion magazine, or was it in the Penthouse issue last month? Anyway, to cut it short, the





TG is still at large and is always in the right place at the right time to surprise every *gel* with their *titig* attack. Actually, they are everywhere, the TG will spare no one. Wherever the *gels* are, they will be there – unseen, unfelt, and always ready to go for the kill (*titig*, that is) during a skirt alert.

The TG has been spotted throughout the metropolis, always ready to *titig* every *gel* they can look at. Glorietta in Makati has been reported to be one of their favorite spots to make *titig*. I asked another member, "Why Glorietta?"

He immediately answered, "*Dahil hindi na uso ang BRA!*" I went to Glorietta the following day and was stunned by the amazing sight. And behold! I thought I just died and went to heaven – not that I'm sure that I'm headed there, but it seemed like the closest thing to IT. The place looked just like how they described it. I had never really looked at that place in any way other than a shopping site. Was I ever wrong!

Another member – who wants his identity to be protected for "security reasons" – says that Galleria is another one of their favorite spots.

"Why?", I asked him (stupid question).

He just shook his head and said, "*Bakla ka ba? At saan ka ba natutulog? Sa ilalim ng bato o sa isang kuweba?*"

So, I personally checked out the place and there it was – the "reason" was everywhere. Only then did I start to understand their cause and why they do what they do. The funny thing is, I was unconsciously becoming one of them. I could just *titig* all day. *GELS! GELS! GELS!* We just can't get enough of them, can we?

They also told me not to forget Megamall, and to always bring a compass or, if possible, shades, because "*gels* love men in shades" (hmm...). So, once more, I couldn't wait to check out the place and really find out why they go into states of hysteria. Again, I wasn't disappointed. It was not only that, but it also occurred to me that *gels* today are getting much cuter than they ever were before (sigh!). And I think these *gels* already know that— that's why they wear what they wear. *Salamat sa Dios!!!*

One time, their leader, Commander Jesus, took me to one of his *titig* spots. Of course, we all know where Greenhills is, right? (If you don't, go get a match or a lighter, soak in some gas, and burn yourself.) Going back, we strolled there for a few minutes and it was really worth it.

These experiences with the TG have literally opened my eyes to

another world of God-given joy. The *titig* spots I beheld together with the TG were paradise. It was like being in your own sanctuary. I swear that these are the places I will always hang-out in for the rest of my existing life.

The members of this gang are geniuses to the truest essence, and therefore are the coolest dudes with the most amazing reflexes one could ever possess in terms of zeroing in on their targets during a skirt alert, if you know what I mean. I really can't say how many members there are out there. But I'm pretty sure they're quite a lot and are still growing in great numbers.

As we came to a close, I asked what they would like to say to all the *gels* out there.

They simply said with extreme excitement, "We are basically harmless. *Hindi kami basta-basta nagpapahalik. Ano kami, CHEAP?* Strict ang parents namin, no! All we want is a good optical dose of our daily *titig* requirement. Don't be afraid to stop wearing those super-sexy and skimpy dresses and skirts. God gave you *gels* a special anatomical gift, so please share it with us. And *salamat sa lahat ng mga natitigan namin at natsambahang nakilala.*" (Suwerte!) Remember: The truth is out there. **MABUHAY ANG TITIG GANG!!!**

Looking at the other side of this whole thing, one question pops into my mind—how does the TG affect the *gels*? Do they hate them?

Well, my prodigies, Ralph Macho and D-Man, just recently interviewed a *titig* victim. Let's just hide her true identity by naming her "Debbie". She narrated to them her "terrifying experience".

"*Tinitigan nila ako ng walang awa; wala akong kalaban-laban,*" Debbie said in a very sad voice.

"Then what happened?", my crew asked.

"*Wala! May dumaan lang na mas masikip at maikli ang damit kaysa akin, at before I even knew it, nawala silang parang bula. As if parang imagination ko lang yung buong pangyayari.*"

"Will this stop you from wearing what you wear, and *ayaw* at *galit* ka ba sa kanila?", they asked.

"*Bakit naman?*" she replied. "Does the TG really exist, or were they just my imagination anyway? *Pero, okay lang 'yon.*" So there you have it. I don't really know who the real victim is. Do *gels* hate being *titig-ed* at by the TG or by any other guys, or do they actually like it?

The investigation continues...





# Secret Weapon Posse Update

by Raimund Marasigan

Since the last issue of Pillbox, there have been some serious changes concerning the E-heads' management and staff due to "musical differences" (he, he, he).

To whom it may concern, here's the official list of E-heads, management, and staff.

WARNING: Beware of Imitation (or misinterpretation).

Pop Infinity Limited Laundry (PILL) is dead.

Low Intensity Pop Sheet Incorporated (LIPSINC) is the NEW E-heads corporation.



Still mainly on guitar and vocal duties, and has been busy exploring the sonic flava of the sticker plano. On some nights, he moonlights with some members of The Jerks, Grupong Pendong, and other Liverpoolians in Bistro 70's.

*Elly*



Newly industrialized with his expanded bass rig. He is currently working on his jazz side-project with Noel Garcia and Sancho

*Buddy*

Still has his guitar FX set-up changing virtually every week. He is now desperately seeking for SIMMs to upgrade his sampler.

*Marcus*



Has won in the crusade against motorcades. He is now looking for anyone who can give solutions to his MIDI problems.

*Raimund*



Multi-instrumentalist spider from Mars, and the latest addition to the E-heads expanded lineup. You'll find him playing keyboards and whatnot in bigger clubs and concerts. Beware of his comy jokes and love-life woes

*Noel*







Concert promoters beware – she's the new road manager. The latest title upgrade comes with more bitchin' power and more killabees per late second. She is also still the reigning ukay queen.

*Julie*

Before working as the E-heads secretary, she used to be a member of the Citizens Drug Watch. She's in charge of providing sound reasoning to absurd predicaments.

*Ingi*



Sound engineer and keeper of the Pipeline. He also provides low-end and SFX to Alcatraz.

*Marck*



Bleach offender, guitar tech, reggae music, and videogame-boy.

*Enteng*



One-man phone army, guitar tech, Tekken expert, and shrimp connoisseur.

*Gary*

**\*\*When you see Enteng and Gary settin'-up (the gear) on stage, the show will begin shortly\*\***

Catering services, the inside story, merchandising retail. If you need posters, t-shirts, food, shelter, love advice, or anything, look for her.



*tita Beth*

Founder, chairman, and host of the Dedemo Mahal Ko Foundation; drum tech; racket scientist; and defender of the universe.

*Darius*





# DELUXE

## Noel's Anatomy of D-Tour



Going on tour is probably the second-biggest dream of any musician. Seeing places you've never been to before, meeting new people, and having a really great time (hey, it's nothing like going to the girl's bathroom) are some of the things you dream of when you're a striving musician. Well, maybe. A lot more happens with the 'Heads.

So what's it like going on tour with the 'Heads? Well, Jon Bon Jovi might agree — it's no "bed of roses." But there are still great times (and better jokes).

First, let's start with the basics. I've learned that packing three pairs of pants, five undershorts, five shirts, three pairs of socks, and two pairs of shoes — not to mention toiletries, beeper, cellphone, and — oh yes — my instrument (which, in my

case, is the keyboard) — just doesn't work. Especially since we're only going to be away for one night. Yes, one night. Contrary to the length of time most people think a provincial gig lasts, a gig only happens in one night. "Pack lightly" is what Marcus says — which I agree with — but I couldn't just pack a shirt and a Discman. I never learn. I do pack heavily.

I've also learned that life is never fair. Small guys like me





would have to stretch and flex them muscles if we have to lug around instruments just about as big and heavy as ourselves. What's with the roadies? Well, they're already loaded from head to toe with the other equipment. But Gary and Enteng do help me out when they have extra fingers to spare. Most of the time, I carry my own load – and it isn't easy.

We leave together – either by van or by plane. We also sleep together – in the van on the way to the airport and in the plane as well. Kinky, huh? Well, you know what I mean. It's about as much time as you'd get to rest. That is, if



you're lucky enough not to be seated next to Buddy when you're riding a turbo-prop plane. The guy manages to come up with plane-crash stories just when the air pockets start feeling like holes in the sky. There just has to be a better way to go.

Upon arrival, fortunately alive and intact, we all are led to our waiting ride to the hotel. Then our room assignments come in.

The rooms, usually four, are divided into respective categories, namely: Smoking, Non-Smoking, Ladies, and the Game Room. I normally get bunked-in with Gary and Enteng in the Smoking Room for somewhat obvious reasons; Buddy (Thank God), Raimund, and Marck Laccay are in the Non-Smoking Room for better reasons; the management is in the Ladies Room for reasons I cannot understand; and Marcus is with Ely in the Game Room for no reason at all. Just kidding. They bunk together because they're the ones who spend most of the time playing – either with the PlayStation (which they always manage to have around) or with uh, well...the PlayStation. It is also for this reason that Gary and Enteng spend most of their time in this room. Maybe we should name it "The Girl's Room" instead, hmmm...



Anyway, we usually have only a few hours to sleep before soundcheck, which is – I must say – only a few hours if you just had a club gig in Manila the night before. And sleep almost never really happens with the managers knocking on your door to check whether you're asleep or not. Buddy always has the room phone busy for room service – for food, that is; Raimund always has a good magazine to read; Laccay – well, as an exception – always sleeps; and the rest are always having fun. Ahhh, the games people play.

Then comes soundcheck, the radio station tour (to promote the show), and the autograph signing. Autograph signing. Somehow, it never seems to be what it's supposed to be. Lots of pictures are taken (sometimes, if I'm lucky, with me along with the Fab Four) by lots of screaming teenyboppers. It's a mob, I tell you. I remember being conveyed along with the group with my feet off the ground. Now, that's an experience. But autographs are, one way or another, signed.

After all the mayhem, we're brought back to our hotel for dinner and, well, rest. I usually take a hot shower after dinner. I never get to do the latter. More games,

more fans waiting at the lobby, and lots more fun happen afterwards. Then it's time for the show.

We get to the venue, wait a while, and then enter the stage. It's great. I swear you get an indescribable feeling when you play in front of a jam-packed gym and you know the crowd is having a great time. Now if only studying in school could be like this. Well, it was just a thought.

After the show, we have to wait a while longer for our gear to be loaded into the van and for our path to be cleared. It's usually a lot more difficult getting back to the van than performing for about an hour and a half. I miss my bed.

Back at the hotel, the fans are usually gathered at the lobby. For some reason my mind cannot comprehend, they always manage to get back there before we do. No traffic. That has to be it.

Anyway, so we're back in our rooms. That's when the fun really begins. Lots of food, jokes, beer, and fun. This happens till about three in the morning or till we're all too tired.



Life is never fair. Being the only one among them who still goes to school, I have this really bad habit of waking up at seven in the morning. That, after a long night, is not fun – mainly because I'm usually the only one up this early. And worse, I can't get back to sleep. This is the time I usually take to think about what *pasabongs* to bring back home. So far, I've always been successful in doing so. A smile in return is more than enough for me. Maybe beauty comes to those who wait.

We all get ready for the trip home; buy all the possible *pasabongs* (we always have to leave the fans behind); and then head for the airport. It's sad when you've seen places you wish you'd seen with someone else; but, in general, it is fun. Well, maybe next time.

We all board the plane. I wish Julie would give me a good seat. Buddy again? Well, you couldn't be seated next to someone who gives better plane-crash stories.





# E-CUPATIONAL HAZARDS

An Anatomy of the Day to Day Ailments of Band Life

by Dr. Day

## 1. Post-Gig Hyperactivity Syndrome:

Residual effects of adrenaline rush experienced during a gig. Energy levels are extremely high. Symptoms include: itchiness to gimmick even if there is nowhere worth going; inability to sleep despite the fact that the city is dead to the world; and a gravitational pull towards the Internet or PlayStation, and the desire to play until the sun comes up and it's already call time to leave for another out-of-town gig.



## 4. Good Morning Ulcers:

Hyperacidity and gastric irritation (i.e. classic tummy ache) due to lack of decent sustenance in the early morning hours. May also be due to indigestion of inappropriate breakfast foods such as: stale airline snacks, day-old donuts, remains of gig food the night before, and nicotine-overload partnered with a carbonated

## 2. Let's-Go Memory Lapse:

Characterized by lapses in memory that it is time to leave and everyone does last-minute-ultra-important-chores or call-of-nature-quiet-times-alone, hence resulting in the following syndrome, the...



## 3. Photo-Finish Paranoia:

The queasiness and gut-churning feeling while glancing at a watch and staring at the traffic, wondering whether we will make it on time or not. Paranoia escalating to mood-swing euphoria upon arrival at the airport or venue in the nick of time (or what we consider as the nick of time).



## 5. Body Distortionitis:

Classic symptoms include a muscle soreness in various parts of the body, particularly in the back and legs due to the immobility of these body parts while cramped in a van with 10 other sleepy, grumpy, and hungry people. This occasionally leads to paralysis of muscles because of the KamaSutra-ish contortions the body makes in order to find just the right position to doze off while in the aforementioned moving (occasionally crawling thru traffic) van.



## 6. Grin-Mania:

Also called the "Sheepish Smile Syndrome." Usually encountered upon meeting concert/show producers who insist on introducing one to every person within a 100 meter radius and re-introducing them every 15 minutes.



## 7. Tulogstesia:

Not an E-ccupational hazard, but I decided to throw this in as one of the therapeutic measures of the hazards. Once said bandmember/staff/management person lays flat on his/her back in the much-revered horizontal position, "Tulogstesia" is the best known treatment, even better than any available anesthetic on the market today.



## 8. Autograph Elbow:

Acute pain and stiffness of band member after signing album layouts (inlays), posters, postcards, magazines, photos, handkerchiefs, t-shirts, caps, notebooks, arms, legs, and other assorted body parts during signing sessions.



## 9. Temporary Blindness Due To Special Effects:

Occasionally experienced as a result of experimentally-creative lighting staff members who find delight in erratic light shows and over-enthusiastic usage of fog machines.



## 10. UFO Encounter/s:

Avoided most easily by the practice of ducking and dodging measures as the Unidentified Flying Objects (i.e. mineral water bottles, coins, stones, crushed tin cans, chips wrappings, unmentionables, etc.) are hurled "for fun" at or on the stage.



## 11. Head-On-Collision With A Van:

Usually the result of stupidity of an individual (i.e. manager) as he/she rushes into a stationary vehicle (i.e. van) and inadvertently crashes into it, hence causing a "bukolitis" on the head and a counter-motion strain on the back of the neck (not to mention a loss of recent memory, i.e. "Hey, who are you guys



## 13. Airline Asar:

The typical experience of one of the following: damaged personal effects; deadma ground crew; VIP lounges with nobody allowed inside (Unless you are...); GAMES in-flight when you'd rather be sleeping; airpockets that feel like aircanyons; airline food that's more like grade-one goodie bags; smoking lounges the size of airline lavatories; ATTITUDE, not ALTITUDE.



## 12. Communication Frustration:

A common experience of the homebase crew who stays behind in Manila and encounters one or ALL of the following: cellphone na naka-off; cellphone na ini-iwan sa bahay; beeper na ini-iwan sa bahay or beeper na hindi nationwide; schedule na di-binabasa; produ na di nagtatapat sa m g a ipapagawa at gugulatin na lang ang grupo.













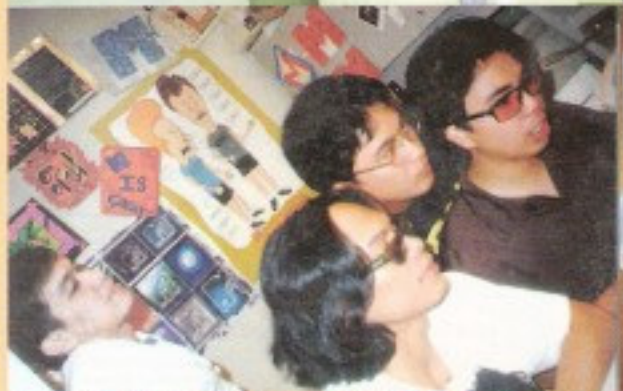
# PILLMATE OF THE YEAR

- NAME:** Coolio Loco
- BREASTS:** Plump and tender
- HEIGHT:** up to the chest area
- WEIGHT:** Right there...
- WAIST:** Black and white, sometimes with green malabrant (but aren'tless!)
- THIGHS:** Sure, why not??
- DATE HATCHED:** I don't really know... there was just this huge ass sitting on my face!
- BIRTHPLACE:** Mary Culbert's Poultry Farm, kitchenal merchandises, basic commodities, and the like
- AMBITIONS:** To get eaten real nice and slow.
- TURN-ONS:** Putting moist stuffing between my legs, occasionally being brushed down with BBQ sauce all over my body; being at the bottom of the bucket with 14 hot, steamy, spicy, juicy pieces of meat all over me (now you know what's really going on inside!); and when people suck on my legs.
- TURNOFFS:** Dark meat; feather dusters; being called "chicken"; people who grab my breasts; and having my feathers ruffled. I also hate little nuggets.
- IDEAL MAN:** ♡ Mr. Kenny Rogers ♡
- I'M HAPPIEST WHEN:** People fillet my breasts while I talk on the phone with my foot in a tub of salt and a rubber band tied around my beak.
- MY FAVORITE THING:** Mature cocks

Eat me! Eat me!  
Yeah! That's right!  
Right there!

Y  
Coolio Loco  
XOXOX





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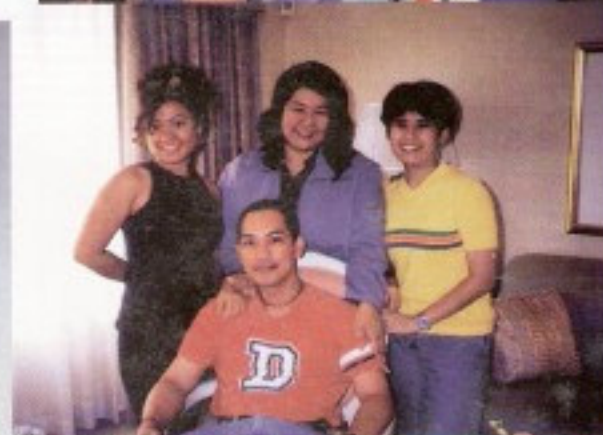
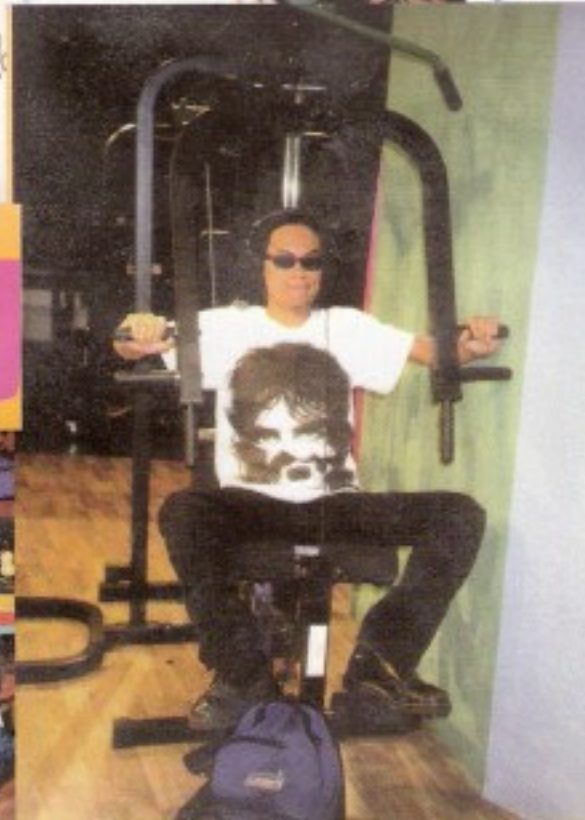
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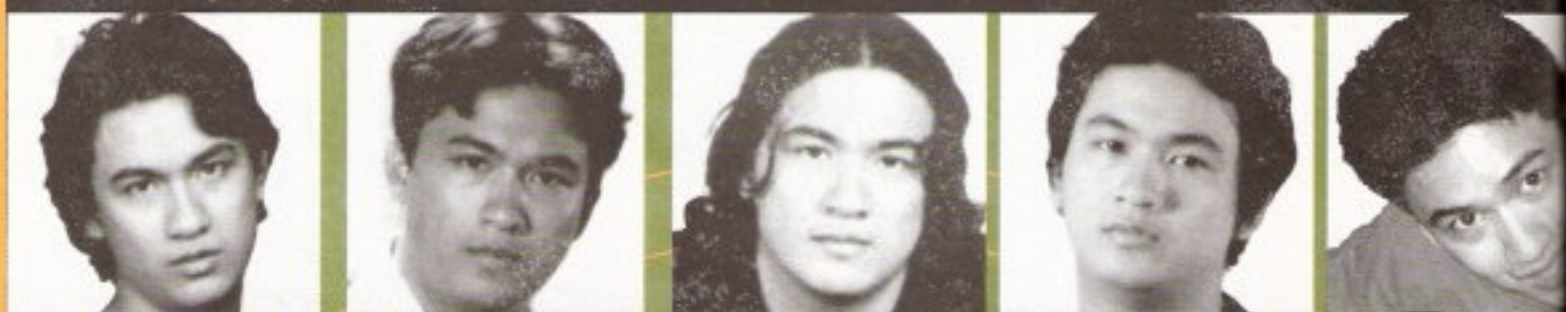


ng





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**WOMEN WHO SHAVE**

Witness the hairbrained styles that were hair then and gone tomorrow! Hair are the hair-raising headchecks taken throughout the years.



**HAIRBAOTILLION**



[ tRIVIA qUeStIoN: How many more times can the word "hair" be used in this feature? ]








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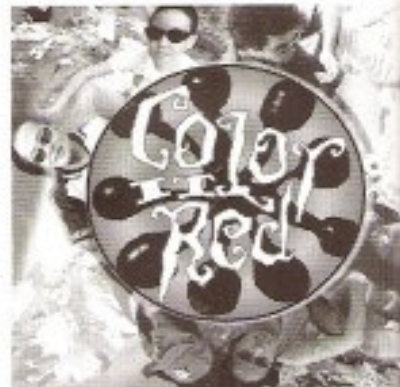
LITO CAMO  
"SINO CAMO?"



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COLOR IT RED  
"FOOL'S CIRCLE"



SUGAR HICCUP "WOMB"



FRANCISM  
"THE ODDVENTURES OF MR. COOL"



YANO "TARA"

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Of Stunning Artists All Distinctly Filipino

GREATER  
KOREA  
ASIA



## SOUND ADVICE



play in a band, and my groupmates and I have been frequently asked by interviewers if we have any advice to aspiring kids who are in bands.

I have never really thought much about giving advice (hey, I'm just the summer, not the band shrink) and I'm sure we could have made some pretty rapid remarks like "brush your teeth early" or "go to bed early," but I hope the following story can shed some light.

Recently, my band had the chance of playing a couple of gigs in America. The whole trip was like a silly movie script – full of fun, trials, misadventures, and clichés.

To be quite honest, the band wasn't really that excited when our managers announced that we were having a gig in the States. In fact, the collective feeling was that of skepticism instead of thrill. This silent dubiousness came from the previous US tours that never materialized in the past. So no one was "officially" excited until everyone was out of the Los Angeles airport.

There were six of us in the group: four band members and two managers. For reasons too tedious to explain, our crew was denied visas by the US embassy (in Manila), so it was a back-to-the-basics-bahala-na-rock-n-roll-manaman-garage-days-revisited set-up. No sound engineer, no session keyboard player, no roadies, no secretary, no stage director, no stage technicians, no light guy, and no spare guitars (extra luggage). But it wasn't all that bad. With some luck and a little prayer, a couple of friends (with US visas) promised to help us.

The first was Jaime Godínez of Soundcheck (the sound company), who flew in

from Manila the night before the L.A. show. Fortunately, Jaime had previously worked at the Palace (the concert venue) as Gary V's sound engineer, so he was somewhat familiar with some of the house personnel, equipment, and procedures. After working with Gary V's monster MIDI set-up, and with foreign groups who visited the Philippines like Sting and Pearl Jam, our group was easy-as-pie to Jaime. We had the most basic set-up with two guitars, a bass, and a drum kit. In fact, one of the opening acts even had more high-tech gear and instruments, plus a bunch of friends who helped them set up.

Next to follow were two friends who acted as stage technicians and doubled as guitar, bass, and drum techs. Sancho, who actually works as an A&R manager at BMG Pilipinas, and Mark (a friend who was having a timely vacation in the area), who used to play in the band Tungaw, are accomplished guitar players and have already had experience in concert productions.

We played two shows, one in L.A. and one in Oakland, and luckily there were no major foul-ups on stage. Both shows surprisingly went well despite "irregularities" in the production. We were overwhelmed by the warm and wild

support of the Pinoy crowd who came out for the show.

Like any other tour, we had our share of fun – kicking back with cousins, friends, and strangers; going about the usual and unusual tourist spots; and having our share of homesickness and mishap. We fell into the usual tourist clichés like: almost getting arrested a couple of times; getting lost; getting on each other's nerves; being absurdly helpless with no phone, no pager, no car, and no cable TV in the middle of nowhere; and almost missing the flight home. A lot of times we managed to talk our way out of these "events," we learned from all the American movies we saw back home. I avert the spooky thought of what could have happened if we were in China.

Now, where does the "advice" fit into all this crap? Well, all I can say is, in spite of all the problems we had during those two unpredictable weeks in a foreign country, the band survived because we've been through worse times in the old college days when we were starting our little band. We had no manager, no money, no crew, no gigs, no homes, no instruments, no audience – well, almost nothing – but we shared something that has always been important to us, and it's definitely not toothbrushes. We shared music. Now go and wash the dishes.

[On occasion, the band has been known to share home movies, video games, CDs, books, and food.]



(top left) Mark Villena (ex-Tungaw), Ely, Marcus, Beck, the Fan, Buddy; (top right) Lost in L.A.: the postponed pictorial; (bottom left) at Universal Studios; (above) the Palace (L.A. gig venue)





## The Eraserheads in Singapore

by Claire Alcoba-Miranda

# WORKING GIRLS

The Hard Rock Café in Singapore is haunted. Regina, a bright-eyed Singaporean with Kim Basinger lips, tells me that in one of the pictures on the second floor – “one of those old ‘70s bands,” the guitarist’s eyes move. “And you hear voices,” she asserts.

Muffled voices of phantom guests? “No,” Regina giggles, “the pillars are built funny.” A banner outside Hard Rock announced that the Eraserheads would be performing there on October 7. There didn’t seem to be a problem with the acoustics that night.

Despite an onset of nerves the hour before they took the stage, the golden boys of Filipino music played an inspired set, no doubt boosted by an ecstatic and homesick Filipino crowd. You could tell the confidence was back when Ely quipped, “Bush couldn’t make it tonight – so here we are.”

The band (and the support staff they brought along) would attribute their jangled nerves to doubts that they could manage to fill Hard Rock Café. Had people in Singapore heard enough about them to come out and watch? And just how many Filipinos were there in Singapore anyway? Had the Eraserheads’ music reached them?

Something told me that despite these legitimate concerns, the E-heads wouldn’t do badly that night. I escaped a long, drawn-out meeting at the MTV office, told my colleagues I’d meet them at Hard Rock, and got there halfway through the Eraserheads’ set. The place was packed.

People were standing on chairs and spilling over onto the floor past completely occupied tables. I

picked my way through the crowd and found Vic Valenciano of BMG Records Pilipinas. He pouted at me, berating me for missing dinner with them that night, then quickly smiled proudly and pointed out some important-looking people in suits who Vic identified as from BMG International. They stood

# BRILLIANT

out in the sea of friendly Filipino faces, yet they bobbed their merry heads in time to the music and were occasionally spotted jumping up and down.

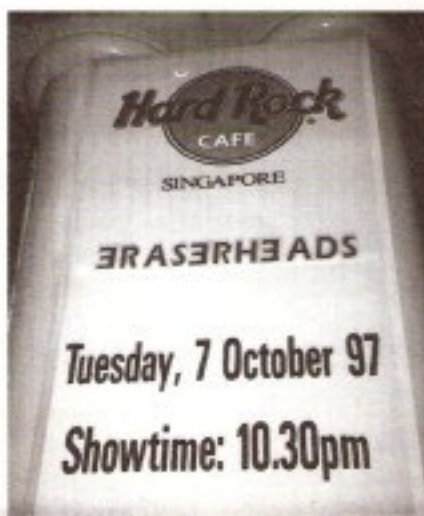
I could almost see the thoughts racing through their minds: “I don’t know what they’re singing about, but it sure makes me feel good.”

I could understand the enthusiasm of the Filipinos filling the place – about 300 on the main floor and a smaller crowd gathered on the second floor, leaning over the railings and watching the band from above. This was, after all, the Eraserheads.

But what warmed my heart was the support of the foreigners: a young European couple struggling to sing along because they envied everyone who could; MTV VJ Mike Kasem, who had come alone and was watching intently from beside the stage; MTV executive Dan Levi and his wife; our manager from Indonesia, Daniel Tumiwa; and the others, like Regina, whom I’d invited from work.

Regina grabbed my hand and searched desperately for a way to catch a glimpse of Ely’s face. Above the music, she told me she failed to find any Eraserheads album in Singapore. “Even at Tower,” she said. “I looked all over.”

Then when the E-heads started *Ang Huling El Bimbo*, she scrambled onto a chair and waved her hands excitedly: “Oh,







it's that song!!!" She gazed on, enchanted, and I had to remind myself that she couldn't possibly understand the words. But everyone else certainly did. I listened, hair standing on end, as hundreds of voices joined in singing the words to *Alapaap*, *Harana*, and *Trip to Jerusalem*, drowning out Ely's voice.

Later, we went upstairs for a closed-door reception. MTV marketing manager Anne Phey and, of course, Regina, begged to be introduced to the band. She spent the next hour having her "Sticker Happy" poster and CD autographed, chatting with Marcus and asking him about his days at U.P.

The boys were giddy with the success of their set, nerves and doubts finally blown away. Raymund was telling me how they all loved their hotel rooms – the crisp, white sheets, the warm showers, and the mini-ref "*na laging may laman!*"

# IN BOXES



# GARBSTERS



I found the band's manager, Day, and went over to stand beside Vic to get introduced to some more BMG people. Flushed and euphoric from tequila and the promise of a distribution deal for the Eheads in Japan and Australia, Vic told me to spread the good news. There was talk, too, of similar gigs in other Hard Rock Cafés across Asia.

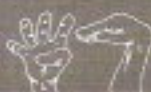
The E-heads were doing it – breaking geographical (and language!) barriers from a shockingly small stage barely two feet above the floor. The stage at Club Dredd is probably bigger. The effect was an atmosphere of old Beatnik coffee houses, where audiences could sit on the floor, and where performers were so close to you that if you held out your hand, your fingers could brush their shoes.

"That's them," the girls on the floor seemed to be thinking. "It's the Eraserheads and they're right in front of me."

It was a warm and rainy night. Feelings of homesickness swell when you're with other Filipinos, all of you far from home and wishing the person beside you was someone else. So, in a way, like Regina had said, the Hard Rock Café was haunted that night. The working girls sitting on the floor, the grown men huddled together beside the bar – all of them had pictures of their lovers and friends tucked away in their wallets – loved ones so far away but always hovering nearby like ghosts.

Or were they? Because they seemed to be standing right in front of you. These mildly scruffy boys singing the wistful *Balikbayan Box* or telling the bittersweet story of a girl who looked like Paraluman suddenly reminded you of the kid brother you're putting through college, or the guy who once courted your sister.

And the words to the songs – if you didn't know any better – you could swear you'd written them yourself.





# Stereotypes



**We always get a lot of "What do you listen to?" questions in interviews.**

**I don't have a CD player in my car, I find it too fuzzy. Instead, I have a regular cassette car stereo and a bunch of tapes that rotate on it, depending on my mood and based on my humble music collection.**

**Here are the 10 (in no particular order) that are on heavy rotation this week:**



**In the car:** David Bowie: **Earthling** • Atari Teenage Riot: **Burn Berlin Burn** • Drum'n'Bass mixed tape c/o Diego • Early **Electronica** mixed tape c/o Marie • DJ Shadow: **Endtroducing** • Luscious Jackson: **Fever in Fever out** • Beck: **Mellow Gold** • P.O.T: **P.O.T.** • The Charlatans: **Tellin' Stories** • Smashing Pumpkins: **Siamese Dream** **In the apartment:** Squarepusher: **Hard Normal Daddy** • Goldie: **Timeless** • Ben Folds Five: **Ben Folds Five** • LTJ Bukem: **Logical Progression** • Sneaker Pimps: **Becoming X** • Blur: **Blur** • Phitek: **Modus Operandi** • Pharcyde: **Bizarre Ride II** • Tower of Power: **Back To Oakland** • Beastie Boys: **Paul's Boutique**

## Raimund



## Buddy



**Here are 20 CDs (whether illegal or not) that were found in somebuddy's car:**

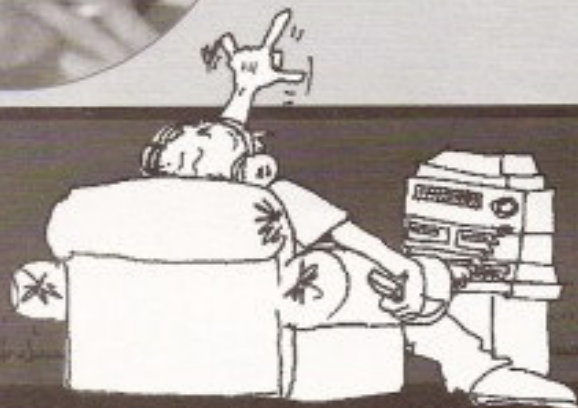
Eraserheads: **Fruitcake** - *Is it wrong to listen to your own music? I miss the album.* • Eddie Murphy's **Greatest Comedy Hits** • Michael Hedges - *For Promotional Use Only. Not For Sale.* • Miles Davis **Acoustic** • Blur: **The Great Escape** • Cibo Matto: **Viva! La Woman!** • Portishead: **Portishead** • Monty Python: **Life of Brian** • John Lennon Yoko Ono: **Double Fantasy** • Kenny Loggins: **Return to Pooh Corner** • Harry Connick, Jr.: **Lofty's Roach Soufflé** • Stevie Wonder: **Talking Book** • Jaco Pastorius: **The Birthday Concert** • Carlo Montoya: **Flamenco** • Swing Out Sister: **Kaleidoscope World** • Rocky Horror Picture Show Soundtrack • Sting: **Ten Summoner's Tales** • Sting: **Soul Cages** • The Police: **Synchronicity**







**CAR:** Bessie (The Cow) Original Movie SoundTrack – for long drives • Bob Marley: **Legend** – for hot, sunny day drives • The Cult: **Electric** • Yano – for whenever I miss Dong • Beastie Boys: **ChickYerHid** • Atari Teenage Riot • Jorge Mamon **Loop Explosion Dorroughs** • Popong Landero – for heyv! traffic • Bob Dylan • Dorothy (Bessie II) **HOMIE:** I have 200 CDs like dat • **Killing Me Softly:** Da Remixes • XXXLoops • Flaming Groovies: **Teenage Head** • Eraserheads: **Sticker Happy** • Flaming Lips • KMFDM • Jonnie Winter • The Beatles Box Set • Juan De La Cruz Box Set



**Marcus**

**Car Sounds:** Yano: **1st Album** – Still the album I'm greatly insecure about. • **Rage Against the Machine:** **1st Album** – PAMPAGISING! This album keeps me awake when I'm driving way past everybody's bedtime. • David Bowie: **Changes** – Still looking for a copy of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars, but this compilation contains really great songs. • Chemical Brothers: **Dig Your Own Hole** – Great for when you're on your way to a party. • E-heads: **Sticker Happy** – We made it; it should be in my car. • The Cure: **Galore: The Singles 1987-1997** – He may not be as good a songwriter as he used to be, but Robert Smith's still up there next to Lennon on my rock altar. • VST & Co.: **Awitin Mo, Isasayaw Ko** – In case of emergency, break ice! • Sneaker Pimps: **Becoming X** – Really, really sexy. Play only at night! This album makes long trips really enjoyable for me. • America: **History** – Driving music at its best. • **A Compilation of Classical Music** I dubbed onto a cassette that's great for traffic jams. Every motorist in the city should have a copy of this. **Home Sounds:** The Beatles: **The White Album** – The greatest rock'n'roll album of all time. 'Nuff said. • The Beatles: **Abbey Road** – The second greatest rock'n'roll album of all time. 'Nuff said. • ABBA: **Super Trouper** – The third greatest rock'n'roll album of all time. Just kidding. But next to The Beatles, they wrote the catchiest songs on this planet. I also recommend ABBA Gold. • Simon & Garfunkel: **Negotiations & Lovesongs/ Bookends** – Sometimes you need to fill your house with the sounds of silence. • Stone Temple Pilots: **Tiny Music** – They're way cooler than Pearl Jam, and they're the only band from the grunge era that I really liked other than Nirvana. • **Saturday Night Fever** – This album can make any house groove! Use with caution, though. Not for the faint-hearted. • **Rocky Horror Picture Show** Soundtrack – Great songs, great sense of humor, great musical. • Prodigy: **Fat of the Land** – Purely techno muzak. Great for hearing, not listening. Goes well with video games. • Placebo: **Placebo** – For when I'm not sure what I want to listen to. • Elvis Presley: **The Complete '50s Recordings** – Long live the king!





by Marie Jamora



## Q & A with Matthew Rosen

# VideOK

Introducing the lasergun-slinging stormtrooper and psychedelic director...

The name to blame for sticky videos and munchy 'headvertisements...

— Just another chippy off the E-block!

Presenting the creator of the shaggadelic *Kaliwete* and the kaleidoscopic *Bogchí Peechy!*

### = The Crunchy Interview With The Chosen Rosen =

\* Motoh is the generic name of Videok-



## HISTOR-3

**Q: How did you initially hook up with the band?**

**3:** Though their manager, Day. We were actually working on something else together. She was doing something with Hit Productions, and she asked Hit who could do blue screen because she wanted to do some blue screen effects, and so Hit actually put her in touch with ME so that we could do effects together. And it just so happens that she is also the manager of the Eraserheads, so when the E-heads needed an MTV, she asked me to do it.

**Q: Before meeting them, what did you already know about the band?**

**3:** I've worked with them before. We did a Chippy commercial together, so I knew a lot about the band. And actually, I like their music. The new album is great. I REALLY like *Sticker Happy*, but *Cutterpillow* is also good. I particularly like "El Bimbo." I like the MTV of "El Bimbo."

**Q: What other music videos have you directed?**

**3:** I did Vanna Vanna, that was the first film I did. Then I did the E-heads, and then I did Jaya. I'm in the middle of shooting one right now.

**Q: What do you think of the E-heads' old videos? Do you think you could've done better?**

**3:** Tough question! (laughs) Okay, it's difficult to say you could do better because an MTV, directorially, is about style and design, and that depends entirely on the individual. I would have done them all differently – not necessarily better – but I would have done them more differently. But I was impressed with all of them, actually. They were all good. They were all pretty good. "Trip to Jerusalem" was splendid.





## LEFT-3

**Q: Who are your influences and/or inspirations when it comes to directing?**

**E:** Difficult to say. I like the work of Bowie, The Cure – musically, I'm that way inclined. Directorially, I like the work of De Palma.

**Q: What was your reaction when you first heard the song "Kaliwete"?**

**E:** I liked it. It's my kind of music.

**Q: What images or ideas came into mind? Did you already have a notion for what you wanted in the video?**

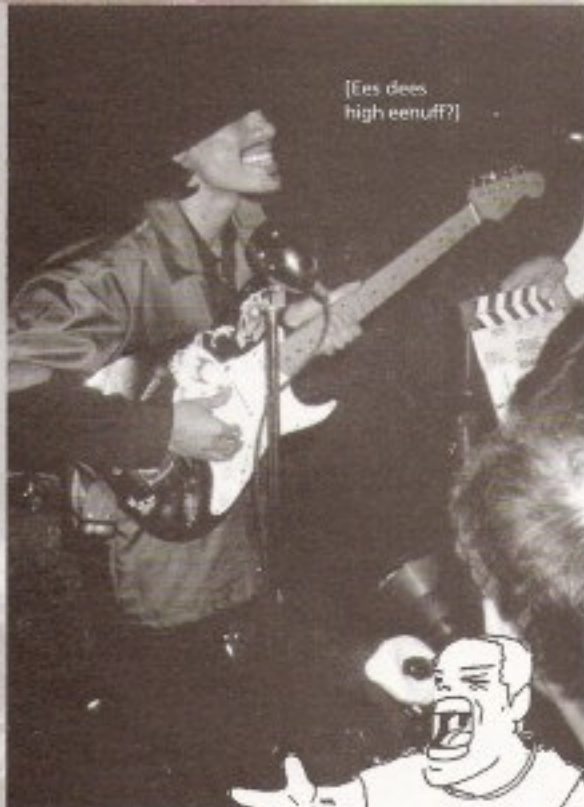
**E:** Yes. When I went to the first meeting with them, I already had an idea for them. It's just whether I maintained that idea or not. 'Cause even when I hadn't heard the soundtrack and I hadn't spoken to them yet, from the music I knew from them and from the fact that we've worked together before I knew them, I had an idea. I had a plan. It was to make the MTV kind of European-looking. Give it more of a band feel.

In fact, I've been sounded off by Day, the manager, that they were after a performance video. And actually, what we got was very close to what I was looking for, although the treatment was not only mine, I shared it with the band. But it was very close. We were really on the same track, although we had very different ideas about the execution. But for the overall look, we both had the same ideas.

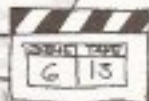
**Q: What were the clashes in ideas, in execution?**

**E:** There wasn't really a clash in execution. It was in planning. I was looking for something, I think, slightly weirder. And they were looking at something more slapstick humor. I think what we got was a really good happy medium between the two. So the funny bits are theirs (laughs) and the weird bits are mine. But I really liked the jive together.

In fact, what happened on the first meeting was that they gave me a shot list. Raymond had broken down the soundtrack – which normally I have to do, so it was a really welcome sign for me – and he'd already broken down the lyrics and came up with a well-prepared shot-for-shot list. And then we discussed that in the first meeting, and with the stuff on the shot list, I could have shot just like that (snaps fingers). I was quite happy



[Ees dees  
high eenuff?]



[Matthew in a  
rare hunched-  
over position  
(observe  
pictures on  
wall).]



[Price check!  
Swiss cheese?]



with it. It was prepared so that I could have actually shot it. But when he gave me the shot list, he didn't have an overall idea on how it would look, it was just what he wanted to show. And what he wanted to show was very coherent, so there was no problem with that. So we discussed looks, and at the time, I was planning to do something European-looking...

**Q: Define European-looking.**

**E:** Um, (pause) wow (laughs). Okay, European-looking is, for me, more realistic in treatment, slightly more down-to-earth, more grainy. I find American MTVs more glossy, more glitzy. So I like something more down-to-earth and not over. If it's a humorous MTV, American MTVs are glossy with the humor and the English will be more under, more subtle, and will very rarely will have glitz and glamour. So that was the difference.

I was looking for something kind of grungy, but NOT really experimental-looking. And I'm in love with the claustrophobic set, which I think a lot of MTV directors are. I think the reason for that is because when you normally work in production, you require an extra-large amount of space – for the number of equipment, for lighting, for motion. And because MTVs are something even rebellious to a cause, you rebel against the idea of standard filmmaking. So the MTV gives you the chance to do something that you would never normally do.

In commercials, which is what I do most of the time, you're required to have a lot of space so that you can be ultimately creative. So I think





when directors – particularly European directors – are given a chance to do what they want, they like to rebel against the standard filmmaking procedure where the claustrophobic set is an absolute never-go-near. So I wanted it to do something with a claustrophobic set.

### The 3rd DEGR-3

#### Q: What did you think the song meant?

E: Actually, I didn't think it meant anything until I asked the band that. After I had it translated, I asked them, "What does it mean?" – because it's so sublime and surreal – and they refused to tell me! They giggled a bit, but they refused to tell me. I think they didn't because they wanted the MTV to be as sublime and as nonsensical as the song. And as we were shooting through the MTV, they were giving little hints at what they actually meant, but they deliberately didn't tell me.

So what I what I drew from the song is what you got on the MTV. I think they were happy with the fact that it wasn't necessarily what they were talking about.

But for ME, when I first saw it, it had sexual overtones written between the lines. There was (pause) related feeling in it – that's what I got from it – like someone had been hurt by a girl. And these were all the things she did, and now it was kind of like a payback; which is why with this, the MTV is actually REALLY sexist. It's a REALLY sexist MTV. So that's why, halfway through it, we got a payback on the guys, with them strapped to a dentist's chair and the girl with the drill (laughs). So that's the payback on the guys and she gets off that, yeah.

#### Q: Who thought of the concept of the girl and who to portray her?

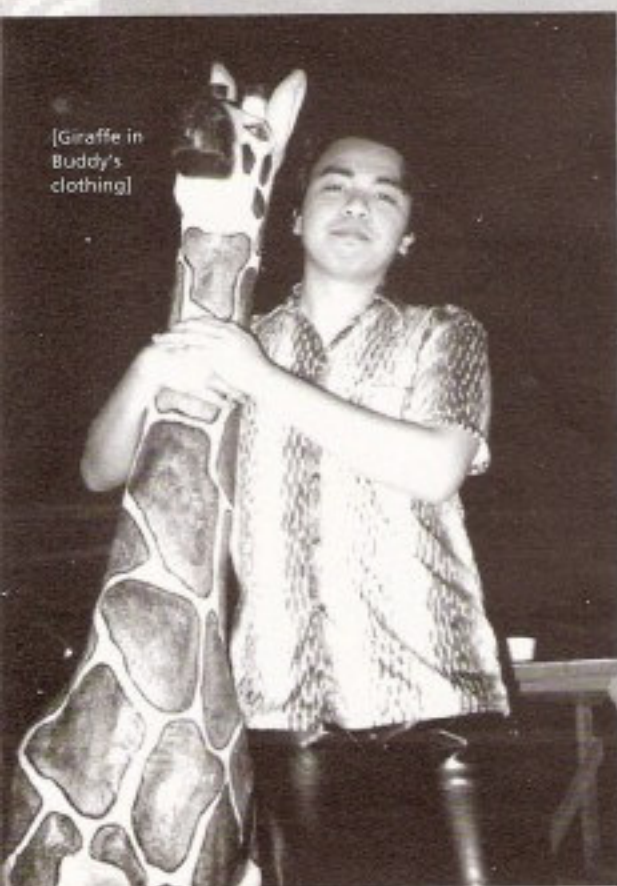
E: The girl? I can't remember. I always planned to put the girl in it, ever since I heard it. I think that Francis, the production designer, put Day in touch with her. And the girl is Dess – she's a dancer.

#### Q: During the shooting of the video, did you discover any of the band's whims or nuances? Any anecdotes you'd like to share?

E: They're crazy (laughs). They're absolutely crazy. They all have their own little personalities. I find Raymund incredibly creative – visually – and he helped SO much in the MTV to bring style and look. I find Ely...you know, I could relate Ely to a Lennon – a John Lennon – in the way he acts, in the way his mind works. He's a brilliant guy. I admire



[Giraffe in Buddy's clothing]



him a lot – not just in the way that he writes, I love the way that he writes, but – intellectually, he's a brilliant guy. Marcus is an absolute nutcase, and so is Budz, actually. Budz is also an absolute nutcase. No, actually, he's the friendliest, *siguro*. He's the easiest to talk to and everything, but the least...wild.

#### Q: Any flashes of brilliance you witnessed on the set?

E: The whole shoot was flashes of brilliance. You know, we discussed the shot list before we started rolling because I worked on it and put in my little bits in between before we went in. It's because the night before I shoot, I normally just listen to the song for four or five hours just over and over again, and I was up really late that night just listening to it. And I just had some REALLY weird ideas – like the speaker in the toilet – that stuff came to me the night before. I remember the stuff we were doing with the girl, Dess, also came to me the night before. And I put that in, so that was a surprise for them when I presented it to them. They liked it, and we shot everything.

Throughout the shoot we were saying, "Hey, it would be a good idea if..." or everybody got to go, "What if I do this? Hey, why don't we go and..." And then when we shoot, it's like, "Ah, I like that. What if we put this..." So everybody had a go.

Yeah, it was a very spontaneous shoot. In fact, we shot TONS of material. I think the shot list that we had was already very full and we probably doubled the amount of shots. And I used EVERYTHING in the edit. I think there was just one frame that didn't make it. One frame of Dess that I didn't use, simply because there was no room for it.

#### Q: Was it true that it was during the shoot when the band was informed of winning the MTV Viewer's Choice Award?

E: Yeah, so you can imagine the buzz that went up in the shoot. Wow, HY-PER! They were so excited. And they couldn't get off the phone. They were calling everybody. There was this big BUZZ because they



won the MTV award. So THAT was a good thing; that was the interesting thing on the shoot.

**Q: If you could explain the video, its style or its story, to people who haven't seen it yet, how would you describe it?**

**E:** There is no story. It is just a MASS of visual impact. The thing there is that it's a secret – there's no story. It's got a slight theme, though. But the idea is that when you make something like that, you make it to be sensible enough to use a theme where you can put in it anything you like.

So, you can ask one person about the MTV, "What do you think?" And they could say, "You know what it's about? It's about this and that..." Then you can ask somebody else and it could be something completely different. And whatever they pull from it, it's fine, because I don't need anybody to know what I was doing. And the same goes for Ely; he doesn't need anybody to know what he was saying. So if the same goes for him, the same goes for me. I don't need anyone to know what it's about.

### Technicalities

**Q: What are the working habits of the band? Were there any problems with the technicalities of the video?**

**E:** The only problem I had, technically working with them, is that they like their music SO LOUD. They're very professional; they don't like to lipsync, they really sing it. Even though we playback – we have to playback for timing reasons – when we edit, we have to match the master DAT, so they have to lipsync. And even though they lipsync, they sing. They sing loud, really.

And because it got so noisy in there, Raymund – who was in the back – couldn't hear the monitors. And since I didn't want to put monitors on the set because it was so crowded already, we had the monitors up SO LOUD and I was right next to it, so I couldn't hear anything for a WEEK after that shoot! There was a ringing in my ears for the week afterwards!

But otherwise, they're INCREDIBLY professional. No problem at all. I think they must be used to lipsyncing, if not, they're naturals. But they're probably used to it.

We also had logistical problems on the shoot because it was on the day of the typhoon. They were in Baguio the day before and they got split up on the road. So, Raymund arrived first at 5 o'clock in the morning because he didn't get held up, and then the rest of them trickled in later because of the typhoon.

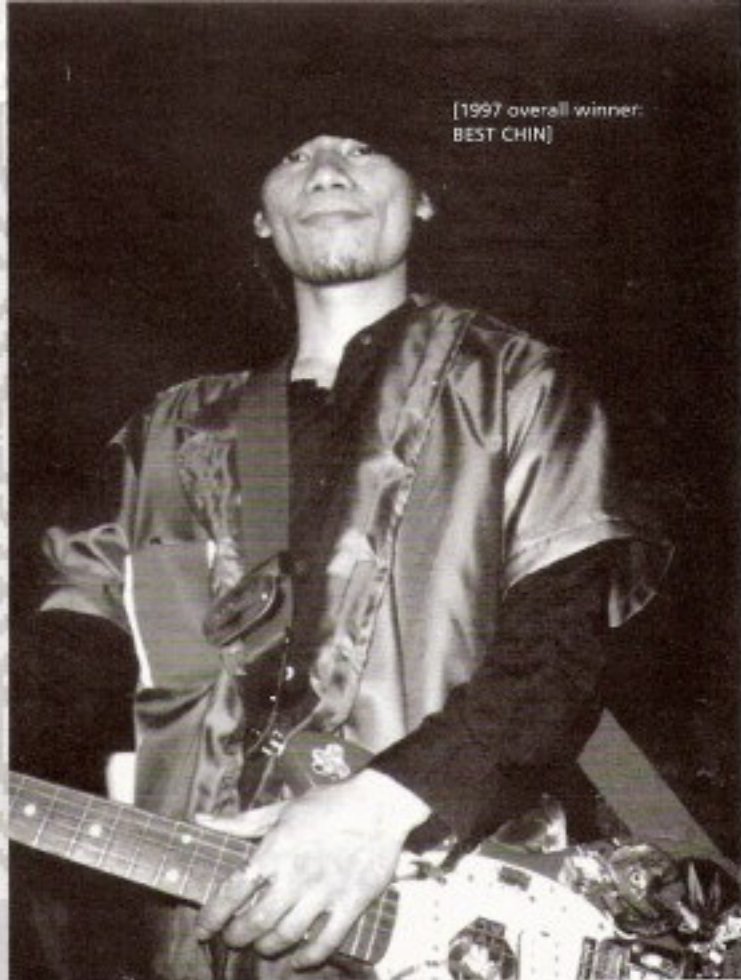
We also had a brownout halfway through the shoot. And since the studio we were shooting in was kind of low – it's in South Pasong Tamo – we were literally waist-deep in water. So we all just had to stuff and sleep till the electricity came back on, which was about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. We shot from five in the morning until about four in the morning. But we all slept overnight because we couldn't do anything. I mean, they didn't have any working lights in the studio or anything. So when the lights went out, then, BOOM! (smacks hand) BLACK! After a while, no one could find their way out and everyone just flopped and slept where they were.

**Q: You mean every time you shoot it lasts 24 hours?**

**E:** No, it's never 24 hours. Personally, I only work until midnight, then I pack up and go. I don't like working in the wee hours – you don't think well; you don't produce well; but, there was no option. The guys are REALLY busy; it's very difficult to tie them down; so to get ONE day out of their life, I was lucky. And they had other things to go to. You know, they were expected to shoot off to do other things. And then another problem was that we worked with a VERY limited budget.

**Q: How different was the original edit from the final?**

[1997 overall winner:  
BEST CHIN]



**E:** Well, first you make that you call an "offline," which is a rough cut of the video that's very cheap to produce so that everybody can muck about with it. And then when you actually pay for the expensive online, that's it – nobody messes around with it.

So we made an offline and we showed it, and then everybody had a little bit of influence, particularly Raymund. But from a directorial point of view, I say this with much pride, the MTV that I showed them on the offline was not the MTV that you saw because they changed it – not a lot – but they changed it. And the finished product is much better than the original edit that I did. Raymund put in a lot more frames, doubled up a lot more frames than I originally put in, which made an already-wild MTV even wilder. But I prefer his edit.

**Q: Who did the wardrobe for the band in this video?**

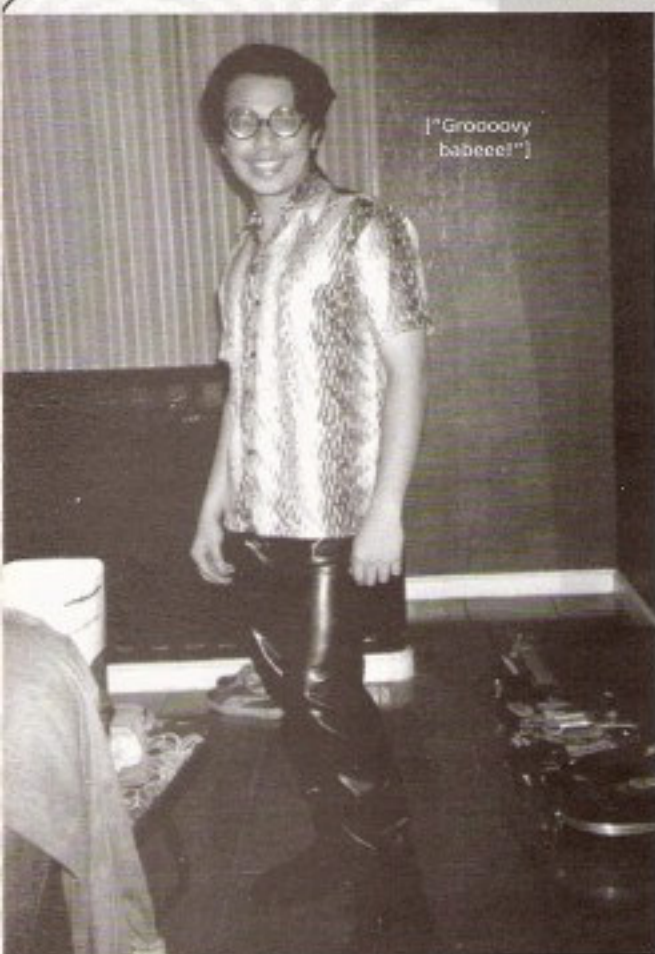
**E:** I'm not sure if their wardrobe was by them, or their wardrobe was Francis'. Francis (Reyes) was the production designer. He's an absolute genius. And the style that they had was very Francis; that's how he works. I don't know if that's because they're all friends and all have the same culture, or if Francis really designed what they wore for the shoot. I also use Francis in commercials as well and it looks the same. The design looks the same as for what he does for MTVs.

**Q: So how would you describe his designs?**

**E:** Outrageous and outstanding. There are different kinds of production designers. But there are only a couple that can do TRUE fashion design, and I think he's one of them. You know, MTV is powered by fashion. MTV and fashion are very closely knit. They run hand in hand.







embarrassing. Because THEN, the fashion of that era was effects- motivated. And not subtle effects – really cheesy effects like wipes and mosaics and pixellations.

And in that video, I think I was the first person ever to use the Gemini, which, at the time, was the first ever digital effects machine. Because I was working at a company that was tied up with the RNDD department that MADE the first digital effects machine. And we put mosaic in this MTV and I THINK it was probably the first time. And we just mosaiced this old twiggly dancing thing in Boytronic, and the audience got up and clapped! You know, all we did was press a button! And it was the first time they ever seen it.

NOW, you put a mosaic in an MTV and it's considered "retro."

### Retro-spective

**Q: Now after the video's completion, do you have any regrets?**

**E:** Yeah. I regret that we didn't have more money. The budget was low. But, you know, they're all low. What can you do?

The production design was brilliant with the limited amount of money that we had. But it could have been THAT much more with a little bit more. I could have shot more film stock; there were a couple of things that were a little raw that went in. And these were okay because, as it goes, the MTV was written to complement what we were capable of doing – which is an important thing to do if you've got a limited budget.

But the fact that it was imperfect goes with the style of the MTV. There were a few things I would have liked to have done: a few more shots would have made it better, a better quality dolly, or maybe have more lights on the set – not that it would make it any brighter, but it would've added a different kind of lighting. More money would have helped.

**Q: What are you most proud of in the video?**

**E:** The overall. I mean, with any video, if you break it down to little things of what you're proud of, then there's something wrong with the overall. For me, the overall feel of an MTV is what counts. And I'm very proud of the overall feel. If you don't achieve a style in an MTV and you just work on the visual impact, it doesn't work. And I think it's a very close-knit whole style of MTV.

And fashion will spread because people like it. So if you look over the MTVs throughout the years, what they mirror is the fashion of the society of the time. And I think what we've got now is the fashion of the society of the time. I like it, seriously.

You know, the first MTV I ever did was in 1982, and I look back now on those MTVs and I laugh (laughs). Yeah, they're embarrassing and I'd never show it to anyone, but they won the Cannes Film Festival in '82. Two of the MTVs that I did in '82 won the Cannes Film Festival, but to look at them today, I would not dare show you.

### Résumé

**Q: What videos did you do in '82?**

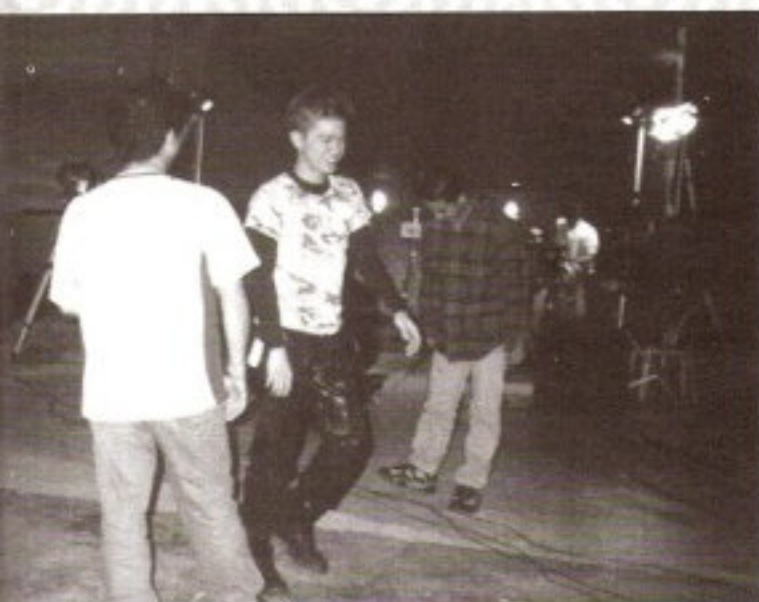
**E:** Oh, okay. In '82, the two that won in the Cannes Music and Video Festival – I won Best Cinematography for "Little Blonde Ballet Dancer" by Electric Theater. And then I got Best Special Effects for "You" by a German group called Boytronic.

**Q: Are you proud of them?**

**E:** I was at the time. I'm probably still proud of them now, but when you look at them NOW, it's







[The beginnings of a breakdance showdown!  
(observe man in background scuffing shoe)]

#### Prospective

**Q: Do you think that this video, or the song, is of international caliber? Do you think the band can make it abroad?**

**E:** I think the fact that they won the MTV award for this year means they've MADE it abroad. Now they went to the States, they picked up their award, they MADE it abroad.

If you're thinking about selling abroad – (pause) musically, definitely. Yeah. The thing there is that their strength is their lyrics. It's not just their music. Their music is great, but their strength is their lyrics. Although they do English songs as well, I don't know if they have plans to hit internationally. If they do, I think they could do it. I definitely think they'd make it faster and easier if they wrote in English, but I don't think making it abroad is their main goal. I think they will still write in both Tagalog and English. But I think if their songs are Tagalog, they will definitely have a tougher barrier to break abroad. They're music definitely can make it; their lyrics can as well.

**Q: Do you think you'll be working with the band again?**

**E:** I hope so. I hope so.

**Q: If you could direct another song on *Sticker Happy*, what would it be?**

**E:** "Andalusian Dog." What would I do with it right now? Something...psychedelic.

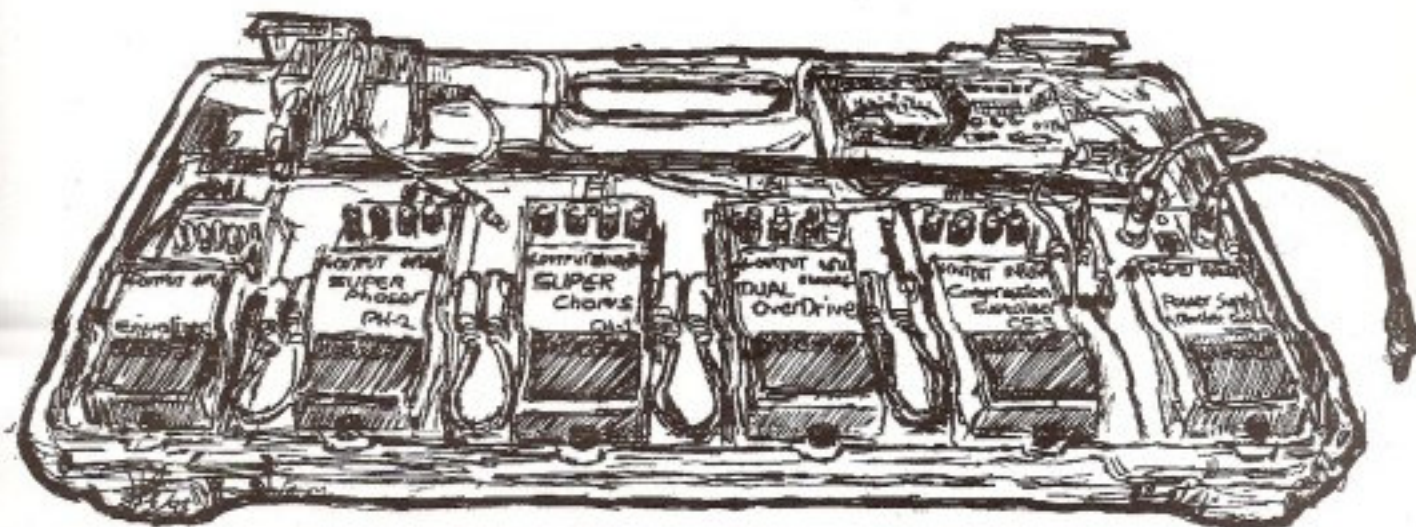
**Q: Any advice you'd want to give to the band, or to any future director that will work with the band?**

**E:** (shaking his head) I don't think it helps. Because, you know, MTV is not a technically-based media. It's completely creative. So that creativity in an MTV is mine and what the band puts in is the band's. If somebody else does it, it'll be his. If I give any advice, it will be completely null and void. You do what you want, that's the essence.

**END**



## GAHETO #1: ELY'S SET-UP



*Gaheto 1*

Illustration by Ely Buendia



# THE HATCHETS THAT WOULD NOT BE BURIED

To forgive is divine, but to forget is ridiculous

by Ely Buendia

## 1. Mother Superior

She taught us a lot of essential life lessons, like you really can't trust anybody. I used to think that there was still something more powerful than money, like love, friendship, honor, and truth. But I was wrong. We work because of money; we'll die if we don't have money. We'll kill for money; we'll stab a friend in the back for money. It may sound very bitter; that's because it is.

But it's good to know that we also taught her one very important lesson, one that I'm sure she'll never forget for the duration of her professional life: *Mga rockstars lang ang may karapatang maging rockstar!*

## 2. LA 105

Funny, now they're playing techno. The only thing that's more brainless than dissing us is inciting kids to pick up rocks and hurt somebody who has different tastes in music than theirs. This poor excuse for a radio station gets the ultimate Brainless Award for doing both.

## 3. Balitang K

Another sorry excuse for a TV program. First, they declare that we no longer exist, then they dig up this old, dumbass backmasking story. What's up with that? *Hoy, kung meron sa staff niyo na galit sa 'min, sa ibang paraan niyo na lang ilabas ang galit niyo, pwede?*

People – the media, in particular – accuse us of being a bad influence on the youth. *Eh, anong ginagawa nila? Sila dapat ang pupuntahin sa Senate. Sinisira nila ang utak ng mga kabataan. Nananahimik ang buong mundo, tapos magpapalabas sila tungkol sa mga demonyo at kay Satanas.* How irresponsible can the media get? Now we know.

## 4. Ed Formoso

Don't get me wrong, we owe the guy a lot. After all, he helped us get a record deal. But I just don't know why he abandoned us in the middle of the recording for *Ultraelectromagneticpop!* and made our first album a living hell. It sounds like it too. Ever wonder who's "Dem" in the production credits? "Dem" is them, us, kami. And who the hell is Skuss Osomroff? *I-backmask niyo.*

## 5. Ecosoc

Ask Raimund about this one.

## 6. CMT

It's stupid, it's pointless, it's a waste of time and money! The government should be teaching the kids to make love, not war. Now what will it be?

## 7. Circuit City

Somewhere in a really big mall, a bunch of nitwits managed to make a certain short-tempered member of a band lose his top and make a scene in a very public place. The employees of this computer game store were inefficient, irresponsible, discourteous, and – above all – thought-impaired. Now I'm just wondering, did they just happen to pick on me or was it just my karma?

## 8. The Guy Who Threw the Rock in Naga

It was my hometown. I was born there. All my relatives are there. It was the last place in the world where I expected it to happen. A sudden pain above my eyebrow and blood dripping down my face shattered my sense of security forever. People like

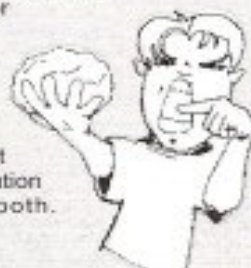
the mysterious Naga rock thrower made performing live anywhere less enjoyable for me.

## 9. The Guy Who Threw the Rock in Surigao del Sur

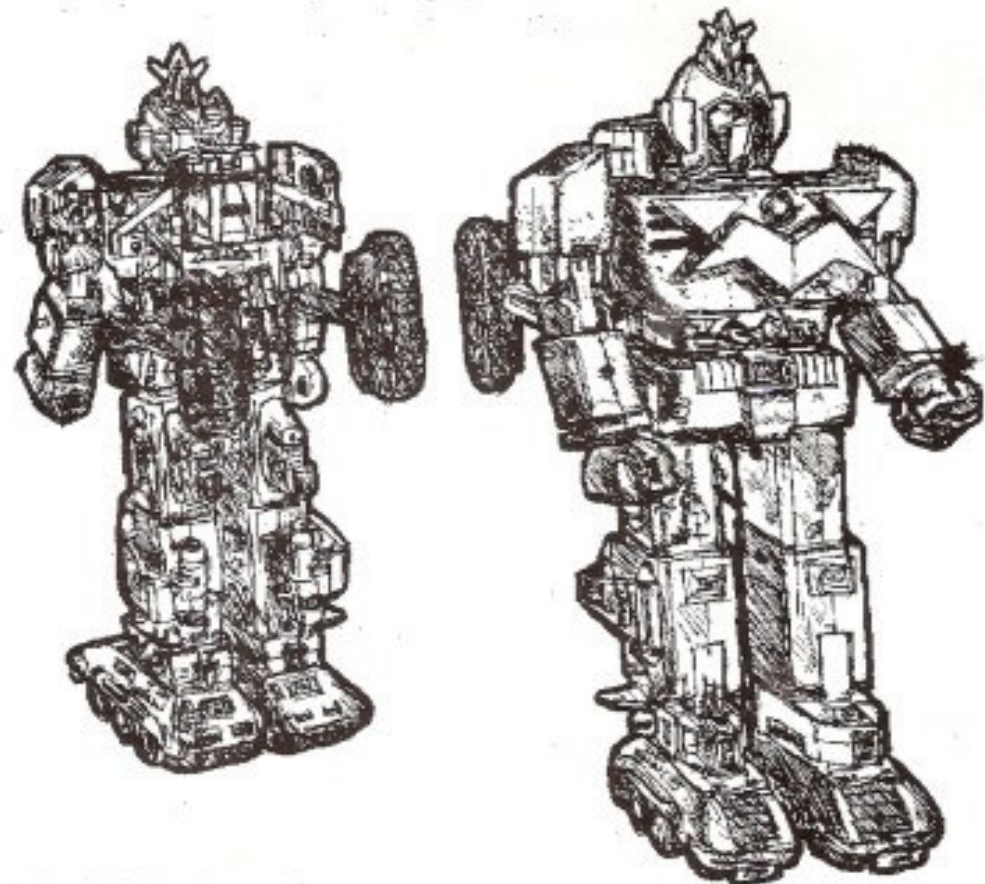
This one hurt a lot more. Some asshole threw a rock the size of a bowling ball at the stage. It was heavy as hell, but it still managed to reach my right foot. I almost fainted from the pain. Imagine if it hit someone in the front row on the head. The show was over even before we played a single note. To the people of Surigao, we apologize. And we're sorry to say this, but we're not playing there now or hereafter. But heck, we suck live anyway.

## 10. Ferdinand E. Marcos

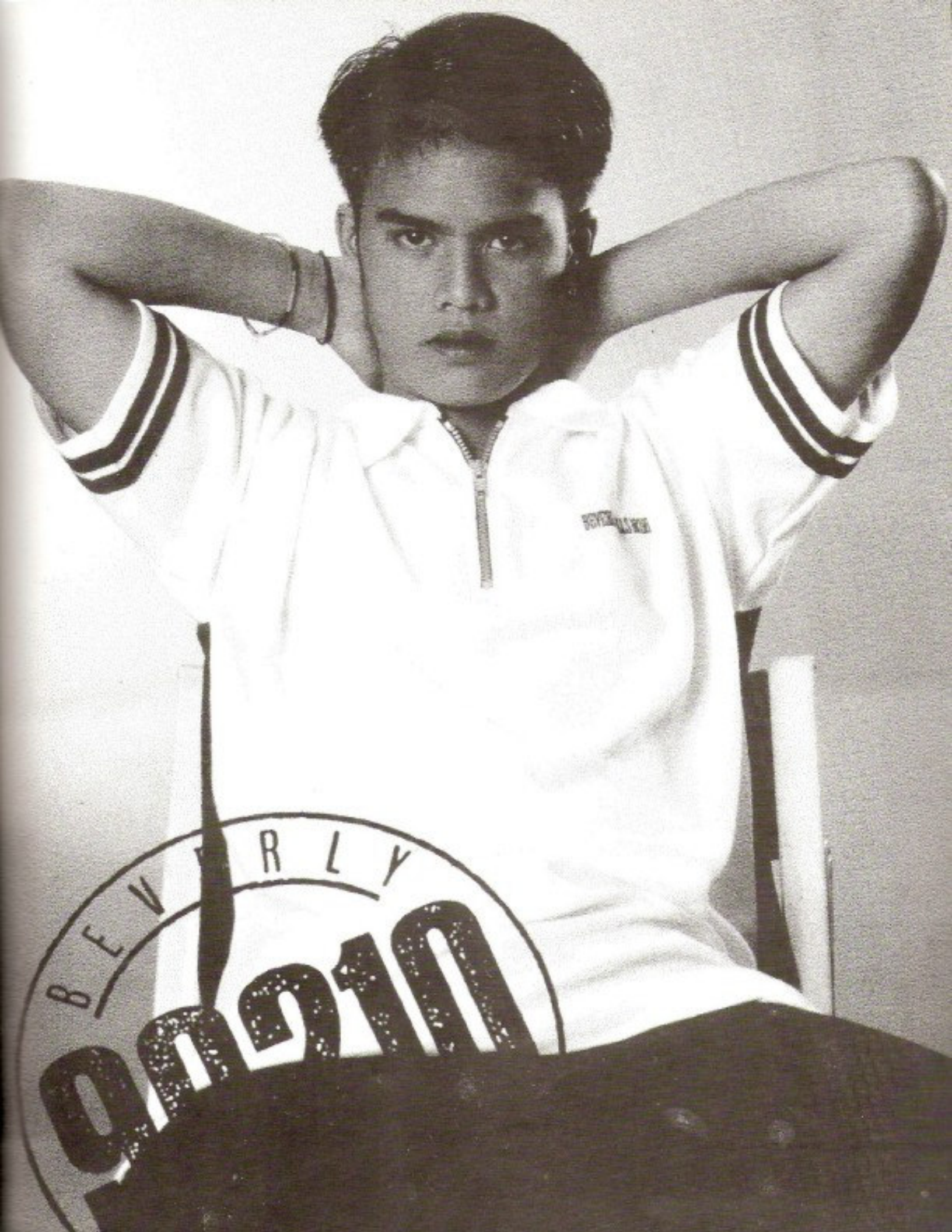
Among the other "questionable" things he did, he banned all the Japanese robot shows on TV – including Voltes V, the Elvis of all giant robots. That was in 1978. But back then, we had no idea what Martial Law was. We didn't care. We still lived in a different world. But then, like the Bozaniens, Marcos invaded that world. We had to grow up without ever knowing how the story ended. I don't know how it affected the others, but at that moment, my childhood officially ended. It was a reality check that came too soon.



## GAHETO #2: VOLTES V











# MUSIC NOOK

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Last October was the NU Rock Awards, and during that weekend, a couple of stories were written about it in some newspapers. And here's what I got to say to y'all who's been dissin' the winners and the show:

Fuck you!!! If you didn't like the show, next year, go watch the Awit or Katha awards. Someone complained that it's the same people every year. Well, fuck you, stupid! It's the same people who toiled and released albums and worked the pathetic gig circuit this year – every nominated band that night deserved to win.

If you want it any different, I dare you and your band to go write some music, record an album, deal with record label executives, deal with know-it-all press people, play your ass off for the whole year, and I'll even send you my award gift wrapped.



# DISSING 2 B CLEVER

It's been a slow year in rock; NU deserves some credit in making things a little interesting. Without NU, we'd all be listening to LA 105. (No, please!)

All the bands that night survived the harsh underground scene and are now struggling to survive the mainstream. Wise-ass disrespectin' is now passé – it's killing the scene. Show some support; the weakening "rock" industry needs it.

'Nuff said, here's a rundown of the performances I really enjoyed that night.

Indio I was cookin' with a new bass player in tow; Rico of Elektrikoolaid was lockin' that reggae groove with Brutus. Razorback rocked the house with a twin guitar assault. Who could forget the butt-shakin' act of P.O.T. with Cookie Chua on back-ups and (was that) Johnny Saulog on funky keys? Color It Red had some amazing sounds that night – the present lineup includes Mike Villegas (back) on guitar, Sam on keyboards, with Nino adding some bluesy harp licks.

After the show, we headed off to the BMG party at Malate and tripped out till dawn.

by Raimund Marasigan







Once upon a time, there was a scientist who dedicated his whole existence to discovering the meaning of life.

He was convinced that life could be explained by a simple equation, just like you would explain an apple falling and a hot stove burning.

He cut himself off from the world and lived in a place that was so secret, even he didn't know where he was.



When he reached his one-hundredth birthday, he painstakingly baked himself the cake his mom used to make.



He took out a picture of his family and loved ones and put it on the dinner table.

He sat down and blew the candles.







He took out the guitar that his father gave him and sang "Happy Birthday to You" to himself.



Suddenly, he thought of the answer. It was so simple! So easy! And it was funny in a way.

The whole world would be saved. The world must know of his discovery! Finally, no more hunger, no more pain, no more suffering - peace at last! Heaven on earth!



He ran to a blackboard, erased everything on it, and wrote the equation down.



But as he looked at it, he suddenly blacked out and fell unconscious to the floor.

When he awoke the next morning, he realized that he had forgotten the meaning of life.

He quickly felt safe in the knowledge that he had written it down the night before.



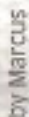
But when he stood and looked at the blackboard, he got mad when he saw that his equation had been erased and something else had been written.

It was simple. And it was funny in a way. It said:

HA HA HA.

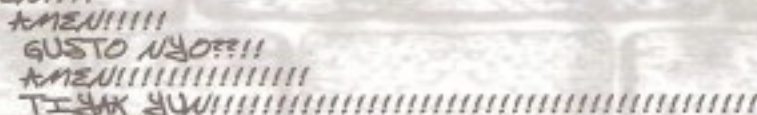






## PUNK ZAPPA 3

TAPOS, MANOOD KANTI NG UNDERGROUND CAUCERTS,  
KANTIT HIINDI UNDERGROUND, BASTA MAINAGAY AT GRUDGE, DI BA?  
TAPOS, HIINDI AKO MAGDA-DRUGS- DAPAT WALANG AMPITS, DI BA?  
TAPOS, TITIUGGILIN KO ANG T-SHIRT KO PARA MAKITA NILA YUNG TATTOO KO  
TSAKA YUNG HIKAW KO!  
TAPOS, MAGHIHIDBAW AKO,  
TAPOS, SYEMPRE MAGSA-BACKSTAGE-DIVE AKO-  
SAYA WALA DUU SI DENNIS-- AH HIINDI!  
ANKYFT NA LANG AKO NG FLAGPOLE,  
TAPOS, DUU AKO TIFALON,  
SYEMPRE SASAKUPIN AKO NI KURT;  
GINAWA YUN NI EDDIE VEJDER, DI BA?  
TAPOS, PAG DI KO TRIP YUNG VACALIST,  
BABUTAHIN KO SA PARA MAY MAIKWENTO AKO KAY LOLA!  
SHET! NA KAY LOLA PA YUNG TAPE NG PUTEYRA-- HI LOLA!--  
TAPOS, PAG PAGOD NA AKONG MAGHIDBAW,  
MAG-ISLAMDANCE PA RIN AKO SA GITNA NG SAMPIT!  
TAPOS, MAGYOYOSI AKO!  
TOS SYEMPRE, DAPAT PEACE LANG 'TOL, DI BA?  
TAPOS, DAPAT HIINDI AKO MAPRAWING!  
MAPRAWING! MAPRAWING!  
TAPOS, PAG Tapos NA YUNG CAUCERT, SYEMPRE UWI NA AKO,  
TOS PAG NASA BAHAY NA AKO,  
MANOOD NA AKO NG "HOUSE OF NOISE" SA CHANNEL 3!  
WOW, IDOL YUN, PARE, HIGH TECH!  
SAMPUNG ORAS PURO NOISE!!!  
TAPOS, MAG-NARAZ AKONG MAGGITARA!  
TAPOS, BIBILI AKO NG TYCOBRATE INTERGALACTIC MONSTER SHREDDER  
EFFECT NA GADGET!  
TAPOS, BUBUIN KO NA YUNG "THE ARMPITS BAND!"  
TAPOS, GAGANA NA KANTI NG ORIGINAL KOMPOSITIONS,  
GAUITU!!!  
DJAUDJARAU DJARAU!  
TAPOS, DOUBLE-TIME- DDJJAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
TAPOS, LEAD!  
TAPOS, PARADA NAMIN SA RADIO YUNG DEMO!  
TAPOS, TAPOS, SYEMPRE MAGUA-NUMBER THREE (3) NA KANTI SA COUNTDOWN!  
TAPOS, IBEENTA KO ANG ORIGINAL KOMPOSITION NG 5.000 PESOS PARA SA  
COMPILATION NI DJ SKUSS MAHARSHIBABARAMDASBOBOROSHI,  
KILALA NYO SHA??!  
TAPOS, SYEMPRE MAGUA-NUMBER ONE NA KANTI!!!  
TAPOS, DI BA I-RERELEASE NA KANTI SA MAJOR LABEL!  
TAPOS, MAG-TU-TOUR NA KANTI-  
BABS!!  
SA BUONG PILIPINAS!  
SA BUONG PILIPINAS!  
TAPOS, SYEMPRE KUKUNIN NA KANTI SA MGA KO-MERS-SHALLS, GAUU!  
TAPOS, PAG DUMATING NA YUNG MGA ROYALTIES,  
TSAKA PAG MADAMING- MADAMI AKONG PERA,  
TOS, BIBILI NA AKO NG TIG-TU-TWO NA KOCHER!  
TSAKA SYEMPRE DI MAY PAMBILI NA UMAMU AKO  
NG MGA SUSUOD PAUG ALBUMS NG VIRVAHU!  
SHIT! TRAFFIC NA UMAMU SA EDEN!  
AHHA, BILI NA LANG KAYA AKO NG BOBBIGGY MARLEY TAPES?  
NUKHAW MAS TSHEKWENGOKWENO YUNG  
YELLOW, GREEN, RED NA BROWNIES!  
PASTA NGARUD MANONG!!!  
PAIPA-DREADLOCKS NA LANG KAYA AKO!?  
MAG-MANAGE KAYA AKO NG BANDA?  
MAGTAYO NG STUDIO?  
HIGH!  
AMEN!!!?  
AMEN!!!!  
GUSTO NYO???  
AMEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
TIYAK YUN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!





• Oasis • Suede • The Seahorses • Beck • Smash Mouth • Radiohead  
 • Blur • Stereophonics • Days of The New  
 • Live • Ash • Texas • Blackgrape • Billie Myers  
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| • Billie Myers — Kiss The Rain                | • Days of The New — Touch, Peel & Stand  |
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# MONSTER RADIO

# #

# 1

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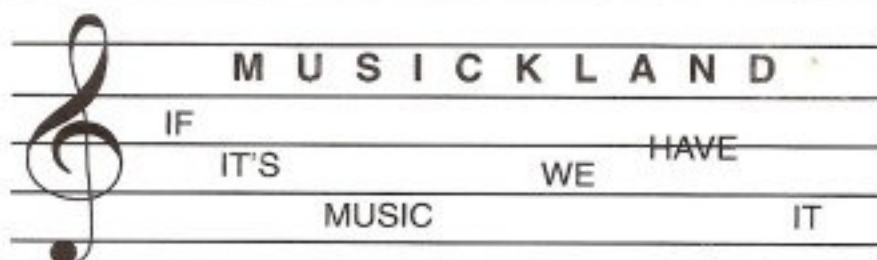
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No wonder RX 93.1 was rated the Number One pop music station in the Radio Research Council  
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# Lyrics You Won't Find Anywhere Else



Modi getsnah ang reksli?  
Yaka toye ang linsa  
Rapa sa yohin waga ni  
Didihabubuwen  
Chesanchosanchesan  
at Dodorohahaha...

## CHIBOG BUHOK

Chibog Buhok 2x

Gawan natin ng lyrics  
Itong kantang ito  
Hanap tayo ng  
meaning  
Marikina  
Alabang  
Nabotas

Chibog Buhok 2x

Putok tayo ng lobo  
Sabay suot ng DMs  
Biglang pasok si Sisar  
Maalalahanin  
Maginhawa  
Maningning

Chibog Buhok

Here's the guitar-crunchy, saging-munchy  
real deal—

Ely and Sancho's banana spiel peeled!  
So strip the skin and give the EP another spin.

## BANANATYPE + I CAN'T REMEMBER YOU

Hey! What's your name?  
Hindi niyo ba alam na  
ako'y lasing?  
Lahat-lahat sa ating  
bayan  
Nagsimula sa himagsikan  
Hindi niyo ba alam na  
ako'y bitin?

Hey! What's your game?  
Hindi niyo ba alam na  
ako'y praning?  
Lahat-lahat ng  
himagsikan  
Nagsimula sa ating bayan  
Hindi niyo ba alam na  
ako'y bitin?

Doobie-doobie-doobie-  
doobie-doobie-doobie

Hoy! Mga bulag!  
Hindi niyo ba nakikita na  
ako'y bangag?

Bukol-bukol ang aking  
kama  
Kasama mo si Jun  
Kazama  
Napanood mo ba ang  
"Halimaw sa Banga?"

Hoy! Mga bingil!  
Hindi niyo ba talaga ako  
naririnig?  
Ngunit kung gusto mong  
makunan  
Dumalo ka sa aming  
hapunan  
Hindi mo ba ma-feel na  
ako'y astig?

Doobie-doobie-doobie-  
doobie-doobie-doobie

Hoy! Mga pipi!  
Wala na ba talaga  
kayong masasabi?  
Amoy daga ang aking  
kwarto  
At ang pangalan ko ay  
Motohh



Panay na lang ba toyi  
ang buwang-bibig?

Doobie-doobie-doobie-  
doobie-doobie-doobie  
Doobie-doobie-doobie-  
doobie-doo  
BANANA!

I can't remember you  
I can't remember you  
I can't remember you  
But I love you

U R not my mother

U R not my father  
U R not my sister  
U R not my brother  
U R not my teacher  
U R not my preacher  
U R not my lover  
U R not my sphincter  
U R not my blister  
U R not my dinner  
U R not my master  
U R not my maker  
U R not my keeper  
U R not my cursor  
U R not my finger  
U R not my V'ger





# Fruit Notes

by Raimund Marasigan

## F R U I T C A K E

I insisted on putting this new fill I got from the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* soundtrack. That effect on the fill was partly inspired by the "Seeds of Love" intro by Tears for Fears. The drum groove on the bridge betrays my Larry Mullen, Jr. (U2) influence, laced with some erratic Ringo fills.



## S H A D O W

The simple drum parts for this song were recorded late after a long, but fruitful, session. It took me quite a number of takes to finally get the part down.



## F L A T T I R E

In this album, most of the songs I wrote came out of some freestyle jams on guitars and bass with Jeng (Keltscross) at home. The guitar parts I played were influenced by Sonic Youth, the drum fill was Foo Fighters-inspired, and the solo ride cymbal riff on the bridge was from Weezer. I found an excuse to play a major seventh chord for the choruses of this song.



## SHADOW BOXES ACCOUNTANTS

I think I was absent or late for this song.



## G A T E K E E P E R

I was searching for this tremolo effect in my head when Angee (our engineer) showed me how to do it. I'm glad it worked fine for the song. The main drum fill in this song is something I've seen from Dennis Chambers. Rico Blanco was in the studio during the vocal tracking, so I asked him to sing some parts. And he did - what a nice guy. During this time, I was very much fascinated by the Garbage sound.







## OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS CAROL

This was a tough song to record because I'm very poor at playing swing rhythms, and Ely wanted the verses to have different drum pattern variations. The drum patterns were very much influenced by Jimi Hendrix's "Manic Depression" and the Chili Peppers' "Breaking the Girl." It took a lot of brainstorming and some homework to prepare me for this track. The snare work on the bridge was played by Robin. The drum set-up for this song had a couple of bongo drums, which I mostly played during the verses.



## TYROSNOW

The drum pattern for this song has a shuffle reggae feel.



## TRIP TO JERUSALEM

This was another tough song to play with its numerous and seemingly unrelated tempo changes and patterns. The verses had my twisted bossanova grooves. Ely insisted that the 2/4 bridge should be a bit faster. The tough part was coming back to the slower original tempo at 4/4 time. Ely also wanted the growing anxiety of the musical chair game, so we played that build-up in the end.



## SHADOW READS THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY

I can't remember where I was when they tracked this.



## FRUIT FAIRY

I was trippin' out on Supergrass during that week. The intro and ending were definitely Sonic Youth-inspired.



## THE FABULOUS BAKER BOY

This song reminds me of The Commitments and some softdrink commercial. I played some percs and some keyboards.



## LORD OF THE RHUM

I guess Marcus was trippin' out again on the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, and I was probably listening to the Butthole Surfers. He had some very strange sections where I had to write down the arrangement as I laid down the drum tracks.

## LIGHT YEARS

My favorite song on the album. The drum parts were blatantly from the Ziggy Stardust-era Bowie. The snare rolls were Jimmy Chamberlin (Smashing Pumpkins)-inspired though.



## CHRISTMAS BALL

Here's another song that came out of the Jeng jams. During this time, STP's *Tiny Music* was on heavy airplay in my car stereo. Somehow, I found an excuse to use a double bass pedal after the bridge. Rico Blanco played the extra keyboard flava.



## MONO VIRUS

Sounds exactly like the lo-fi demo I made at home. This time, it was me trippin' out on the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, the Raincoats, the Beasties, Beck, and Pussy Galore. I really love playing percussion and its way of moving a track.



SHADOW@BUTTHOLESURFS.CO

I wish I had a model



## RISE AND SHINE

I love playing this song to start out live sets. My favorite parts are me screaming "1, 2, 3, 4, 5!" in 4/4 time and Ely's harmonies in the end. I always find a way to sneak in those tribal floor toms in every album.



## SANTA AIN'T COMIN' NO MO'

Marcus suggested the reverse drum pattern for the intro. I was thinking of "Billie Jean" when I was laying down my drum tracks for this song.



## CHRISTMAS PARTY

An '80s-inspired party song. Check out the drum sounds and the groove. I listened to some old stuff by Prince before recording this song. Here was another lame excuse for me to use the twin pedals. The fill came out of watching a Dennis Chambers video; I guess he played it in some of the P-Funk tracks.



## CHRISTMAS MORNING

I was takin' a break buying instant mami, so they all decided to sneak back into the studio to record this song.

## HITCHIN' A RIDE

I've always wanted to segue two different songs together since I heard "Head Over Heels" and "Broken" by Tears for Fears. Here's another song where I got to use that groovy tremolo effect by Angee. The chord progression of this song was recycled from an old song that we haven't recorded yet. I was probably trippin' out on the Presidents of the USA that week. The arrangement was partly inspired by Feet like Fins.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY, HAPPY NEW YEAR TOO

I had a bad night - Jeng and I spent it on the South Superhighway where my car broke down. I was late, sleepy, hungry, cranky, and I badly needed a bath. It was one of those rare moments where I got the drum take perfect on the money.





# DECISIONS

by Robin Rivera

Recording, as Ely might have mentioned in a previous article, is a laborious, detailed, and painstaking process. In many cases, each instrument is recorded separately. These independently recorded performances are usually called "takes." One of the luxuries of modern recording technology is that one can re-do a take until one is happy with his/her performance. But when is one truly satisfied?

The E-heads usually come into the studio with a pretty clear idea of how they want their music to sound. So, their only real problem is one of execution. I can honestly say that their playing has improved greatly since they started. I would attribute this to their habit of always trying to do things beyond their own technical capability.

I clearly remember Eli's realization that "surf" guitar playing (on "Paruparong Ningning") could be so difficult. Then there was Raymund's titanic struggle to keep time in "With a Smile" (yes, playing slow can be HARD). Buddy almost gave up on the wide arpeggiated leaps on an ill-fated Marcus piece from the "Fruitcake" album (the one that was "connected to the end of the last cut"); but at the end of the day, he was the only one who got all the stops right. But, Marcus takes the cake. His legendary "six-hour guitar track" (six hours to record a BACKING track) on "Ang Huling El Bimbo" was a test of skill, stamina,

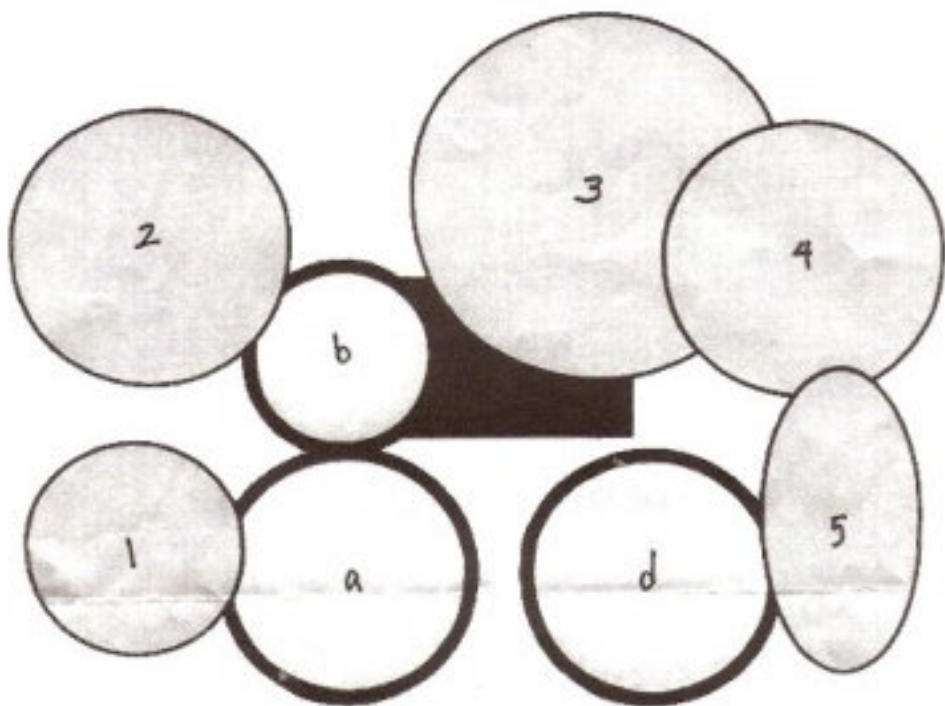


and patience for all of us. Every time someone else tried the same part, they failed miserably. The fact that Marcus finished the track was a miracle, and that he wanted to change it the next day was typical of him.

One also has to consider that a recorded piece gets played a gazillion times. A miniscule "error" can seem more pronounced with each playing. Each note must have a reason for being. So, if there is an error, we just keep trying to fix it. But if the track calls for an unorthodox approach in the first place, we debate until the relationship between the performance and the approach to it becomes crystal clear.

In the end, we have developed a simple but effective rule on standards. We ask people, "Can you live with it?" It's almost like being married to the performance. And it's also like being asked, "Do you take this note for loudness or softness, anticipation or delay, flatness or sharpness?" It's never easy, but the E-heads make decisions like this many times, every single recording day.

## GAHETO #3: DRUM SETUP



### CYMBALS:

1. 14" hi-hats
2. 18" crash
3. 22" ride
4. 18" crash
5. 16" china (optional)

### DRUMS:

- a. 16" snare
- b. 12" tom
- c. 22" kick
- d. 16" floor tom

### Raimund's Usual Live Kit Set-Up

Unlike the guitar players, I never bring my own kit (unless we're recording). The venue or the sound reinforcement company provides one for me. As you can see, I've quite a simple set-up. Nowadays, I prefer to use only one rack tom and a floor tom. I think it was Marcus who first suggested this set-up.

Sometimes, Darius (the drum tech) sets up two floor toms. Most of the time, I bring my trusty ol' kick pedal that psychologically makes me play an alien kit comfortably. Sometimes, if I'm not lazy, I also bring my china and/or 10" splash.

I set my seat very low because I mostly play heel-up. I also have my cymbals low, so I could easily reach them. For some reason, I got used to playing my hi-hat cymbals quite high from the snare drum (which probably explains why I can't do a decent sixteen-beat pattern).

I like to tune drums. I play a lot of ghost notes, so I tune my drums quite tight except for the kick, which is quite slack. Got that tip from the drummer of Sky Church (thnx, man).

A word of advice: if you like playing loud, save yo' ears - wear some earplugs. You can get them from any music shop, sports shop (the plugs swimmers use), or hardware place (airport personnel and construction workers use them). They're fairly cheap, and hey, even Lars wears them. If you're like me and always loses your earplugs, some good ol' tissue paper will do.



# NOEL'S ARCHIVES

(The Playbox Interview with the Pillboy)

Meet the new 'Headdition to the band!  
Get to know the very big little David Bowie fan!

*Ano ba ang kanyang mga pinaninindigan tungkol  
sa kanyang buhay?  
Naniniko ba siya ng mga 'Headdicted fans?  
Ano ba ang mga paniniwala niya tungkol sa 'Headministration?  
Naninibago ba siya sa bagong banda?*

It's the Know-it-well Noel revealed!  
The keybanging 'Headbanger unveiled!  
Presenting...the Noel With Cheese!

Interview, editing, and transcription by Marie Jamora



The atmosphere of Tumbang Preso was suitable for this pill-good encounter, and, coincidentally, "Kaliwete" was being played over the radio stereo system.

Playbox: How ironic.

Pillboy: Yeah, how ironic having "Kaliwete" over the pipes.

Playbox: Well, we at Playbox found your musical background so interesting that it was worth more than an interview.

Pillboy: "Interesting." Well, it is interesting because I started learning my first instrument at the age of five and a half, I guess. My mom made me go through the piano, and it was really hell for me at the time 'coz at FIVE and a half, you're more interested in watching TV rather than learning an instrument.

I didn't take it up again until when I was 13. But I had the interest already 'coz when I was 7, that's when I learned the guitar. Simple rhythm guitar - A, E, D - then you graduate to C and G, the 3-stringed type of G and not the bar-G. My hands were

still too little then; actually, they still are. And then that's when I started REALLY liking music 'coz I had a lot of it back then. You had bands like Credence Clearwater Revival, Grand Funk Railroad...those kinds of bands.

I put up my first band when I was 15. I was in second year high school back then. Nerds, the Revenge of the Nerds, The Nerd Herd - we were The Nerd Herd back

then. We were all nerds then anyway, admittedly. We had a guy on drums whose name is Manny Salvador. He really wears thick glasses, and he had this younger brother, Jonny, who had to play the guitars for us. I played keyboards, rhythm guitars, and backup vocals back then. We had a bassist named Je Bautista, who was the manager of Put3Ska. We were into The Ramones, The Clash, The Plasmatics...Well, we did Blondie. Admittedly, we did Blondie. After all, Debbie Harry is still a looker, right?

When I was 17, that's when I was already in La Salle in Taft. I put up another band there - we called it The Fundamentals of Fun. We had two girls along with us - Millette Zamora on bass and Rina Calica on vocals, drums, and guitars - and two guys. I handled the guitars and vocals, and Bobet Madukdok handled the keyboards for us. The music we played back then were the types of "Melt with you" by Modern English, "China" by Red Rockers, Heaven 17...that's pretty cool, di ba?

Then when I was 19, I started having this interest in the drums. This was in 1983 - '83 to '84. It's difficult to think about it because it's 1997. And when I was 21, I had this interest in the saxophone, so I took it up. I had a friend who had this alto saxophone and he really wasn't using it anyway, so I borrowed it from him for about two years and eleven months, I think. And it was REALLY a long time before I even had the nerve to return it.

When I moved to another college, AMA Computer College in 1986, that's where I really had this "first big break" with the music scene. Back then, there was this girl group who called themselves Pagan Away and they really needed a vocalist back then. There was this good friend of mine, some dork named Leland Sacris, who came to me and said that he knew that there was this group looking for a vocalist. And I still really wanted to be in the music business back then, so "Sige, I'll go to the audition." And I did!







We were supposed to meet in this studio, and I waited there for about three hours and no guy group came, so I was wondering if the girls waiting back there were the group. So, finally,

I asked them if they were waiting for a vocalist named Noel. And they were. And we were already there! It really was an accident. Actually, they were hesitant to even take me in back then 'coz, well, you had to be a girl. And they had this gig coming up in about three days and they really needed to practice, and so did the vocalist, whoever it was they'd be able to get. So I finally agreed to sing for them, if only for that gig. And we stuck together. And until now, we're still together. We're not really a group now - some of us have already gotten married, two already work in Hong Kong, one is already working for this animation firm, one is a nurse, and I'm still a bum (laughs).

Back in 1982, that's where I met Teddy Diaz. We had a couple of projects together. I also played for Ironic Trauma - I also sang for them, and I also sang for Stabb. Teddy pulled out a couple of players from Ironic Trauma with Gugut Salgado of the now-famous Moonpools and Caterpillars.

In 1988 to 1989, I had this group with Noel Dugenia - he played the drums for us back then. I think he sometimes does session for Color it Red as a drummer now. Along with Mary-Ann Ariñez on saxophone, we also had a vocalist back then named Laura Austria, and a bassist named Third Gonzalez. We really didn't have any guitar players back then, so I had to bear the brunt of it. The band's name? Claire Soiree. It's a funny name, actually. It's not an ordinary name.

It was in 1990 when Patrick Reidenbach of Club Dredd called me up and he asked if I could play guitars for them - the Skavengers - because Chickoy Pura was leaving the group to attend to his REAL group, The Jerks. So I played for them, and I was a member of the Skavengers till 1992.

Around 1992 to 1993, we put up this band called Maryana together with Buddy Zabala on the keyboards, me on drums. We had Mally Paraguya of P.O.T. handling the bass - back then he was also part of the Skavengers. Mary-Ann Ariñez played the sax for us - she is the manager of Immaculate, and she now has this jazz group called Mar Malade. We also had Color it Red's G.P. Evaristo on guitars. We played jazz, popular jazz, back then.

I also played heavy jazz with a heavy band called Heavy Weather. We had Edsel Tolentino with Bong Bello



on guitars, and they both played rhythm and lead guitars. Kiko Bonna was on bass and I was on drums. We played jazz, and back then, jazz wasn't really the kind of thing. And we only wrote three songs - that was "Watermelon Man," we did Chick Corea's "Spain," and we also had an original which wasn't much of an original back then.

In 1994, sila Buddy asked me to play for the first time along with them for their gig, Jamboree, which was held in Folk Arts. December 3, 1994 - God, I remember. It was the first time I ever played with them. Everybody should remember their first time with a famous band like them. It was cool 'coz I handled a whole lot of instruments - I did percussions, I also did guitars and played with keyboards at the same time. It was really interesting 'coz it was a big production. They had these BMX riders and skateboarders and in-line skaters doing back-flips and all that stuff along with what we were playing! We could hardly keep our eyes on what we were supposed to do on our instruments.



THAT was an experience for me. I really liked it.

I started playing with them NOW in January. Actually, I started on January 15 at Chatterbox. That was a really bad show 'coz I hadn't played any instrument for that long a period, back from 1994. I was lost, I guess. I was in limbo. I really didn't know what I wanted to do. Well, I DID go back to school. And Ethnic Faces asked me to be their manager. That was why I didn't handle any instrument back then.

Ethnic Faces asked me to be their manager, and, that time, Jack Sikat left the group AGAIN. I had to fill in for his shoes 'coz I had contracts to fulfill. I had to sing for them, and that is really what occupied my time since 1994 till 1995. And then in 1996, I started going back to school.

January last year, Buddy asked me to play keyboards for them 'coz they had songs in *Fruitcake* they really wanted to do that they couldn't do live. When I started playing with them, actually, I really didn't know what was better. Them playing without a keyboardist

or me doing worse for them 'coz we really sounded BAD, and I think it was because of my playing back then. I really wasn't used to playing the keyboards again.

Oh last year also, I took up the interest of playing the trumpet. I bought Buddy's trumpet that he bought in







Hong Kong 'coz he didn't have time to practice it. I wanted to take it up 'coz I was so interested in Chet Baker and I am so into jazz now. I really mellowed down last year.

I guess that's it. Musically, that's my background. It's not much, really. And if you have to compare to other musicians, you'd have more of an experience, really. You'd have to be really serious with the music business. All in all, I've been on and off in the music business for about - well, if you start counting from 15 when I started my first group - I've been at it for about 16 years already! I just hope you don't know how to add (laughs).

Since I was a fluctuating type of musician, if I'd want to make it big in the music business, I guess I'd still have to learn a lot more. With the 'Heads, I still am learning a lot more. Basically, what I'm learning now is how I am supposed to conduct myself along with a group when you're not really part of the group. You'd have to understand that these guys are a quartet. Just because you play for them doesn't mean you're a quintet. It's simple courtesy. I actually go by the band's rules of courtesy...which isn't much (laughs).

No no no, the band's rule of courtesy is that if it benefits the group, then all the better. If it benefits only one individual, then I guess you'd have to think twice about it, right? And in this case, with people starting to think that I am really a valid member of the group, it would only benefit me. It won't benefit them. And I think that's the simple courtesy there.

**Playbox:** What do you think of the band's development throughout the years?

**Pillboy:** Actually, if you compare how they sound now as to how they sounded back then, it's a far cry. And it's not because of the technological development we're having. They've really grown, musically.

I mean, I remember Raymund! He couldn't even



keep a beat, a steady beat. He couldn't! He'd stumble a few times, try to pick it up, and it'd just go worse! That was how they were back then. Marcus had no sense of volume; he always kept a loud guitar. I think some of us still think that he does. Ely, well, he makes better songs now. His voice really hasn't, uh, improved. You'd have to agree. It is part of the APPEAL of the group. And, well, Buddy is an exception. I don't

mean to segregate him, but he is an exception. Buddy's always been this ruler type of musician. He's more of a perfectionist when it comes to his playing - both on the keyboards AND on the bass. He's a good keyboardist. He's a good piano-player. Like you could ask him to play lounge music, and he'd do it! He's REALLY good. I admire him for that. I try to pick up a few things from him. I'd lay away from sitting beside him on the plane, though.

But collectively, they've changed. They've really grown. I admire them for that. Their lifestyles have radically changed, you can imagine that, 'coz they were nothing before. They really weren't a known band, and now, they are the biggest band in the land. I used to take them home in my car - and I still use that car - and now they have got different cars and they're all NEW, brand new, right? So, those things you understand. Cool yun.

**Playbox:** Any last words you'd like to share?

**Pillboy:** Actually, I want to thank the band for even considering me. I was already this guy in limbo with no work to do, who even started listening to Chet Baker. And sometimes, you do get depressed because you'd like to do a lot more things than just hang around. And this is something I really appreciate. It's given me a whole lot more room. Now I get to do things I never used to do. Well, good things at least. Experience. And I think that's what I need. I've had too much of an experience. And I still haven't found the right experience I want.

The opening synth chords for "Harana" comes on the same radio station in less than an hour's time.

**Pillboy:** This is overkill!

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# GAHETO #4: MARCUS' SETUP

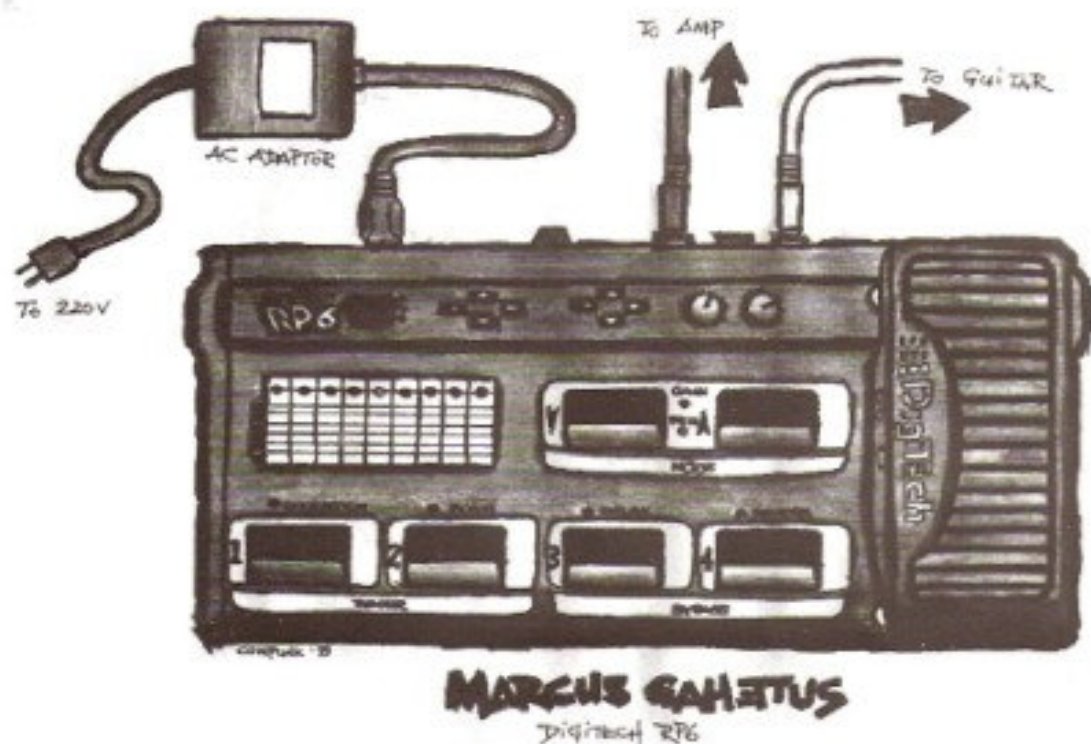


Illustration by Joey Cowpunk Navera

# GAHETO #5: BUDDY'S SETUP

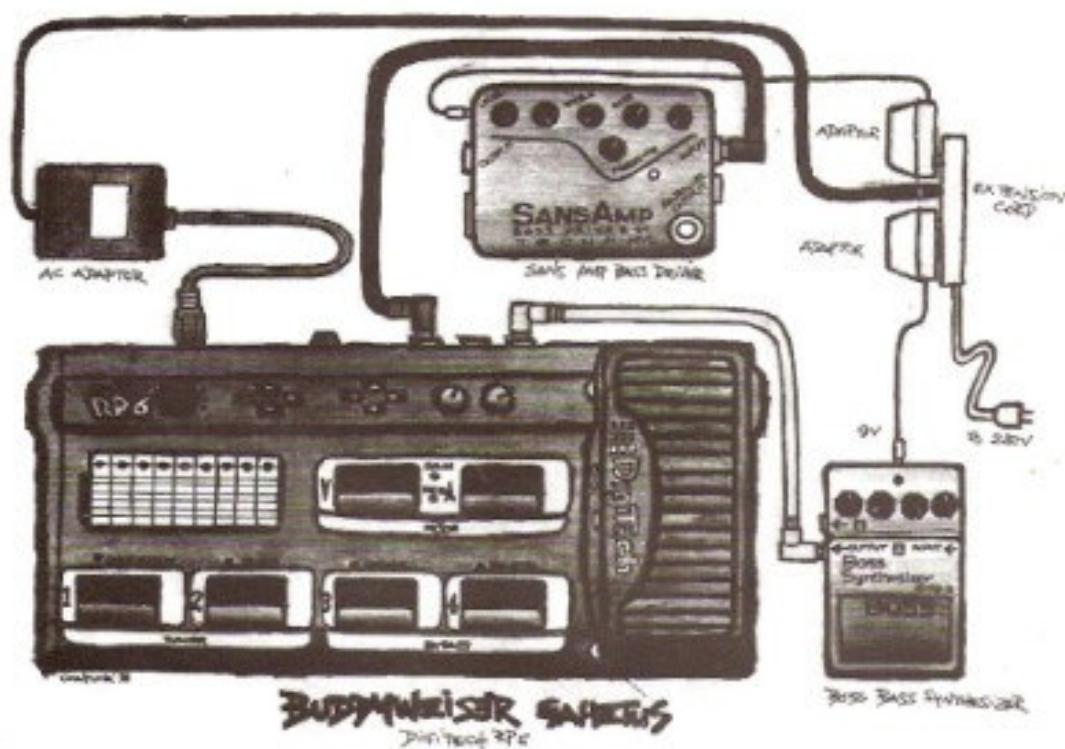
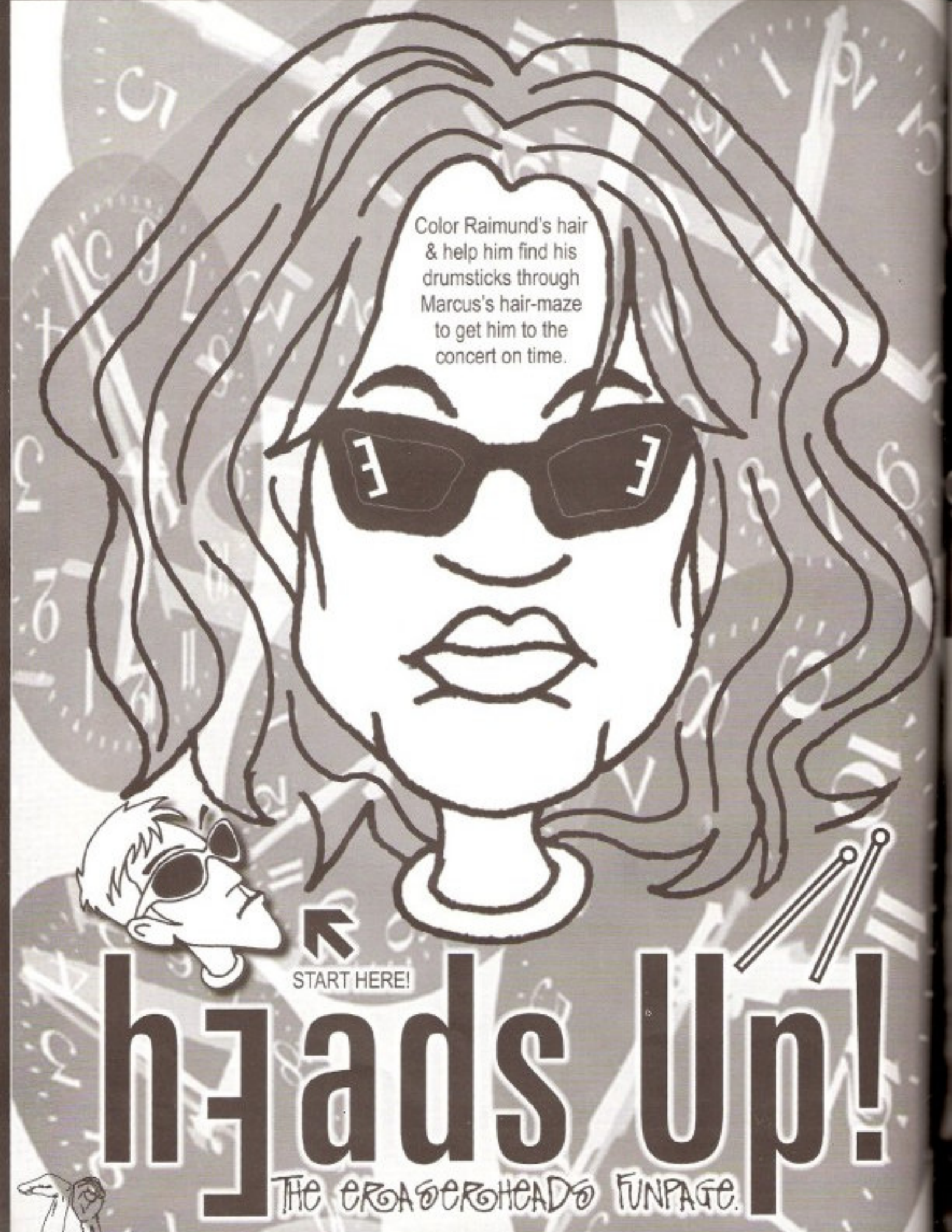


Illustration by Joey Cowpunk Navera





Color Raimund's hair  
& help him find his  
drumsticks through  
Marcus's hair-maze  
to get him to the  
concert on time.

START HERE!

# heads Up!

THE ERASERHEADS FUNPAGE.



Unk i fy

E ly's  
face  
b y



r aw ing

c o o l spec t a cles!

Buddy's

Sp o t  
The



d  
iffer en ce





by Ely Buendia

# How to Make a Coffee con Banana Split

**This is perfect in places where they serve coffee and banana splits. There's something cosmic and philosophical about merging something hot with something cold and eating it. *Magnifico!***

■First, order a banana split. Then, some brewed coffee. Remember to order the banana split first if the menu is alphabetically arranged.

■The banana split is traditionally served with three scoops of ice cream, usually chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla, with chocolate syrup on top. Check if one banana is split in half and placed properly on both sides of the boat-shaped glass bowl. There should be a red cherry on top of the middle ice cream scoop (it's usually the chocolate one, if you're that meticulous). If the food served to you fails to meet any one of these requirements, pack your bags and get the hell outta there. These establishments should not be encouraged!

■I'm not that particular about the brewed coffee, only that it should be brewed and from the finest beanery ever. If it's a decent place, they'll even put in some extra sugar and cream in their cute, prophylactic packaging. But you won't need cream and sugar unless you're diabetic and need them very badly. Otherwise, the ice cream will provide just the right amount of sweetness. Now, here comes the hard part.

■Tell the waiter, or whoever, to bring your two orders at the same time. Time is of the essence here, because soon, they will turn into each other – meaning, the coffee will get cold and the ice cream, hot. We don't want that to happen. If the service is good, there should be no problem; but if it sucks to kingdom come, you will have to learn to adapt quickly.

■Place the banana split and the coffee cup close to each other on the table, approximately one tablespoon apart. Do not touch the red cherry. I don't care if you like cherries or not, just don't touch it. You'll have to trust me now. We've gone this far. Believe me, not eating the red cherry will prove to be a very important factor in your enjoyment of this delectable dessert.

■Are you still with me? Now, take one of the scoops, it doesn't matter what flavor (although I'd recommend the vanilla first because I love strawberry and chocolate), and FALL it on the coffee. Now's your chance! Finish off half of that scrumptious strawberry while the vanilla is still melting under the coffee's hot advances. Don't worry, I'm quite sure you can eat faster than the ice cream can melt. However, it won't hurt if you check it once in a while. No use taking



risks. Once you have successfully eaten to your heart's content, it's time to experience the magic.

■By this time, enough ice cream should have melted to sweeten the coffee and make it wonderfully warm at the same time. Take the cup by the handle and bring it to your lips. If you did everything right, you will have tasted the perfect blend of heaven and hell, body and soul, fire and rain, yin and yang, light and dark, Sodom and Gomorra, Romeo and Juliet, good and evil, John en Marsha. The whole universe will be running through your lips and sliding on your tongue and sliding down your throat and splashing onto your stomach. Everything will be one.

■But don't get cocky just yet, this is just starting. After the first few sips, dig down on that coffee cup with your spoon and scoop up another version of heaven. It's tricky at first; a scoop of ice cream floating in coffee is one elusive critter. But you can learn this skill in no time. Just make a quick, short scoop sideways and you should nail that mother. You'll also want to take the other scoop and transfer that into the cup too.

■After that, you're basically free to do whatever you want with it. Experiment. Try out different sequences. You can develop potent combos that will greatly increase your chances of achieving Coffee con Banana Split nirvana. One favorite combo of mine is the sip-scoop cup-scoop bowl-scoop bowl-sip-sip-scoop cup combo. You won't get it on the first try, but with enough practice, you'll be doing ten-hitters blindfolded in no time. It all depends on your strategy and involves some decision-making – nothing you can't handle. But whatever happens, make sure you enjoy every minute of it. That's the whole point of all this – enjoyment.

■Is that it? Well, not quite. Remember that little red cherry you didn't touch (or at least, I presume you didn't)? Look at it now. It's still there, right? Huh? It's still there? Then admire it. It's the final touch. It's the perfect testimony to your unending search for the truth. Now, ask for the check and pay for your food, you pig!







# ErASer-HEaRd?

by CynthiaB.

Half the fun in listening to the E-Heads' music comes from trying to understand the songs without looking at the lyric sheet, so I asked some friends to do just that. We did come up with interesting results – proving that precise pronunciation is NOT a prerequisite to being an ultraelectromagneticpopular rock band vocalist.

## LeGEnD:

**song** = song the eraser-headed lyrics were taken from

**eraserheads** = correct lyrics

**eraser-headed** = misheard lyrics

### song

With A Smile

**eraserheads**

"Of the things that could go wrong along the way..."

**eraser-headed**

"Baby you can put cologne along the way..."

### song

Shake Your Head

**eraserheads**

"I was born upside down..."

**eraser-headed**

"I was born as a clown..."

### song

Futuristic

**eraserheads**

"Futuristic! Futuristic!"

**eraser-headed**

"Future's at stake! Future's at stake!"

"It's a mistake! It's a mistake!"

### song

Waiting For the Bus

**eraserheads**

"Laundry on my back, ultraviolet rays..."

**eraser-headed**

"Laundry on my back, aren't you proud of me?"

### song

Trip To Jerusalem

**eraserheads**

"Come see me stomp..."

**eraser-headed**

"Come see me snore..."

### song

Trip To Jerusalem

**eraserheads**

"It never ends..."

**eraser-headed**

"It never rains..."

### song

Harana

**eraserheads**

"Wag nang malumbay; ang pag-ibig ko ay tunay..."

**eraser-headed**

"Wag nang malunggay; ang pag-ibig ko ay gulay..."

### song

Fruitcake

**eraserheads**

"Take a bite, it's alright..."

**eraser-headed**

"Think about...your life..."

"Say goodbye, it's alright..."

"Take a bath, it's so hot..."

### song

Kaliwete

**eraserheads**

"Baka ika'y ma-karma oh..."

**eraser-headed**

"Baka ika'y ma-kabaong..."

### song

With A Smile

**eraserheads**

"You can never be too happy in this life..."

**eraser-headed**

"You can never be too happy if you cry..."

### song

Kaliwete

**eraserheads**

"Niyaya niya kami sa kubeta..."

**eraser-headed**

"Niyaya niya kami sa Luneta..."

### song

Old Fashioned Christmas Carol

**eraserheads**

"We're here to sing the staples..."

**eraser-headed**

"We're here to clean the stables..."

### song

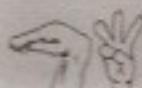
Downtown

**eraserheads**

"Come over little pretty kitty eye..."

**eraser-headed**

"Come over and look at me in the eye..."





Dubai, petro-medico  
magkakaunayan na koo, tala  
umit at mabe el mnyo  
talam ng mihingang ko. Ad  
tla gumagalar ang kamat  
el este, kutsón el bastar  
yun na nga etni, hindi ka  
makuhang tumayo't idalat  
ang áking mga mata  
saagapit. Masarap? ang  
ilang? sa nang karibi kong  
pakialamang nakikibabasa  
ilang eh, gufo pang dalin  
ko ang kwento,



# DORROUGHSCOPE

by Madam Fafa and Gorje Mamon

## ARIES

(March 21 - April 19) Mag-ingat sa pagmamaneho. Wag kang masyadong paglolomi. Sundin ang payo ng mga kaibigan mo. Dahan-dahan sa pagmamaneho lalo na't naka-tekken ka na. May matitira pang tekken pero pipitikin mo pa. Mag-ingat sa pagbaba ng van. Tatlong beses ka na nauntog. **Lucky band-aid:** Mediplast

## TAURUS

(April 20 - May 20) Mauubusan ka na ng bhegtu sa banyo dahil maaga lahat sila pumasok. Wala na ring pagkain dahil walang pera ang mga kasama mo. Wala na ring malamig na tubig kaya hindi ka na rin makapag-juice. Mag-tea-batts ka na lang tapos lhogtu uli. Sana paggising mo kinabukasan na at nakaalis na sila para may bhegtu na uli. **Lucky day:** Kahapon

## GEMINI

20) Sundin ang nararamdaman. Sige, okey yan. **Lucky ka ngayon, eh**

## CANCER

(June 21 - July 22) Igalang ang mga natutulog. Iyan ay tahimik at nahihimbing. Tiyak pag naggising, baka di mo malaman ang gagawin. Matulog ka nang maaga ngayong gabi at meganda ang tulog para sa kutis. Ingatan ang kutis. **Lucky soap:** Kahit ano, basta imported. Maganda iyon para sa kutis

## LEO

(July 23 - August 22) Huwag maniwala sa mga nakikita. Malabo ang mga iyan. Magpatingin agad ng mata. Makihalubilo at makisaya. Gamitin ang lakas sa mga gawaing-bahay na dapat ay ginagawa mo noon pa. Hindi yung gimik ka na lang ng gimik. **Lucky chore:** THE KUSINA CHALLENGE

## VIRGO

(August 23 - September 22) Binibenta ka ng opismate mo sa bosschips niyo. Ibenta mo rin. Loko ba siya? Mag-sick leave; kunwari may sakit ka sa бага. Magbakasyon para lumamig ang ulo. Ang init-init na dito. Pumunta ka ng Baguio; sakte malamig ngayon doon. Maganda yun sa бага. Tsaka sa ulo. **Lucky event:** Makakaboso ka sa opismate mo

## LIBRA

(September 23 - October 22) Ngayon ang matagal mo nang hinihintay na pagkakataon. Magdiwang at magbunyi. Mag-relax-relax ka kahit konti. Gumimik. **Lucky payo:** Magpahula ka na

## SCORPIO

(October 23 - November 21) Wag bibigyan ng malisya ang pangangapitbahay ng asawa. Malamang nakikipagtong-its lang silang dalawa ng kapitbahay niyo. Huwag husgahan ang kapwa at lalong-lalo kung umaga na. Niloloko ka lang niya. Pero masuwerte ka sa pera sa mga susunod na mga araw dahil mas magaling na ang asawa mo magtong-its kay sa 'yo. **Lucky song:** Salamats

## SAGITTARIUS

(November 22 - December 21) May matutuklasan kang bago. Mag-ingat pag full moon. Swerte ka pa rin kasi hindi ka pa pinapalayas ng landlord mo kahit madalas kayong magtipar hanggang madaling araw at hindi ka rin nakakabayad sa takdang oras. Ang swerte-swerte mo talaga. Mag-ingat nga lang sa kapitbahay mong madalas nakasimangot. Bigyan agad. Wag maniniwala sa mga sabi-sabi. **Lucky number:** 2

## CAPRICORN

(December 22 - January 19) Ang mga panaginip mong nakakatakot ay walang kahulugan. Kaya wag kang matakot. Bagama't sa mga susunod na mga araw ay hindi ka makakatulog, kaya't bumili na ng maraming pampa-lhogtu. Maggatas. **Lucky planet:** Mercury

## AQUARIUS

(January 20 - February 18) Mababastusan sa iyo ang nililigawan mo. Kung ano-ano kasi ang pinag-gagagawa mo daw sa kanya. At sino daw si neo-Bogchi? Pag may nilaga may nag-tiyaga. Pakainin lahat ng alaga mo ngayong araw. **Lucky color:** Basta green

## PISCES

(February 19 - March 20) Mag-impok. Para may pamasahe papuntang Hong Kong. Sarap Chinese food. Doon! Mag-muni-muni at bigyan ng oras ang sarili. Maligo, okey diyan. **Lucky bogchi:** Hocba



# THE DEATH OF PINO



**Have you noticed the number of boy groups on MTV lately?**

Here's a tale of some shows I've been to lately.

Last September, we (E-heads) were in Cebu to do a free show at a mall parking lot to promote *Sticker Happy*. We were supposed to play five songs, but we ended up doing only four and a half. The gig was prematurely cut short when some stupid people climbed up the house speakers, causing them to fall and trip the main power line.

Everyone felt bad, disappointed, *bitin*, [insert your own sentiment here]... The promoters, the band, the fans - heck, even the security - showed signs of frustration. Trying to console me, one Cebuano proceeded to tell me how two previous (unrelated) shows by a foreign group and Wolfgang suffered a more severe fate when the fans trashed the venues.

Wassup with dat shit, man? Is that supposed to make me feel better? Busted equipment, broken chairs, and pissed people? No wonder some promoters are getting wary of getting "rock" bands to play because of the potential damage they have to include as unnecessary expenses.

It was alleged that in 1996, the mayor of Davao banned "rock" concerts due to violence. (This probably explains why a majority of bands, including the E-heads, have not been to Davao lately.)

A few months ago, I accompanied a friend to the Bush concert at the Ultra. To be honest, I'm not a fan of Bush (no offense to all ye Bush fans), but during the latter part of the show, I saw the all-too-familiar "flying debris" tossed by "smart" (read: idiotic) concert fans. The band was evidently pissed and confused. I was seated behind the mixing console and I found out from the sound engineer's songlist that Bush cut one song out of the set.

I could perfectly sympathize with the band.

I was also at the Rage Against The Machine (RATM) show at the Cuneta Astrodome, and they really rocked the house. The whole place was moving collectively to a powerful RATM groove when some "smart audience members" (read: assholes) started chucking rubble at the band. RATM finished their set but did not even bother to say goodbye.





# Y C K



What a wonderful way of expressing hospitality! Bands travel thousands of kilometers to a wonderful new place to share music, only to find out that the people suck. It happens all too often; I've heard similar tales from other groups like The Youth, RiverMaya, FrancisM, and countless others. Shows cancelled or cut short due to unnecessary violence.

On the other hand, we played a couple of shows in Hollywood and Oakland last May, and they were two of the more memorable shows we've played in a long time. The crowd was in an electric state of blissful moshing, prompting the band to extend the set to more than two hours. It was such a thrill to NOT see people getting arrested or purposely getting hurt. The kids were slamming, pogoing, diving, surfing, and generally just rockin' out; yet somehow there was this unspoken oneness of everyone looking out for each other.

That same week, I went out to see Spearhead (a rap band) at the House of Blues, a couple of punk bands at the Garage, and some heavy metal groups at the Whisky. The usual L.A. crowd was mixed black, white, Latino, Asian, and whatnot. But as soon as the music started pumping, I somehow sensed a unifying vibe between the crowd and the bands. I guess the right word here is "respect."

The audience respected the bands (even the front acts) and the bands returned that respect by playing amazing sets.

I can perfectly remember that wonderful vibe I felt; and I was fortunate enough to experience it from both sides of the house - on stage and on the floor.

Now, what am I really trying to say here? As a musician and a fan, good shows are rare, priceless memories. On the other hand, bad shows (particularly those due to violence and disrespect) downright suck.

So to all you fools who attend concerts looking for trouble - fuck that shit! I don't need your money. Don't bother comin' to my gig and ruinin' the vibe. Take your money and shove it up a policeman's ass and experience top-rate violence in the first degree.

Now pay attention: concert violence should stop before promoters start neglecting "rock" shows to bring in "hassle-free" boy group acts (no offense to boy group fans). If you think that Pinoy rock is still worth saving, better learn some respect and you shall be respected.

This also goes out to all ye "rock" (in the broadest sense of the word) bands out there. Peace.





EF-EF-EF-AY-AY-AY

Everybody wants...

# WUBBLICITY

STARTED  
JAN. 9  
1993

FINISHED  
FEB. 4  
1998

BMG RECORDS (PILIPINAS) INC.

E=mc<sup>2</sup>  
Thoughts on Relativity"  
by the  
**MENTAL FISH**

Madonna Erotica

OUR WORD  
FOR THE DAY  
IS UNUTTERABLE.

TESTING  
DUMMIES

PAKED  
BROTHER

KAMATI  
TO, OKAY?

EINSTEIN  
IS RELATIVE-  
LY WEIRD.

NEXT OF KIN  
IS RELATIVE

THE NEW MISSION

SO ULTRA-IMPOSSIBLE  
YOU'LL PUKE

GOOD MORNING JIM. UGLY TIP.  
YOUR MISSION, SHOULD YOU DE-  
CIDE TO ACCEPT IT, OR ELSE, IS TO  
FIND GINGKO STARRR AND TELL  
HIM HE'S SHOWING OFF AGAIN.  
AND THEN KIDNAP KRIS ARUMBO  
AND TEACH HER HOW TO ACT.  
FINALLY, COLLECT ALL MA-  
CLEAR WEAPONS AND THROW  
THEM AT THE SUN. AS  
USUAL, THE AGENCY WILL  
DISAVOW ANY KNOWLEDGE  
OF YOUR SHENANIGANS  
SHOULD YOU BE STUPID  
ENOUGH TO GET KILLED. THIS  
MESSAGE IS ACTUALLY AN  
ATOM BOMB AND WILL SELF-  
DESTRUCT IN EXACTLY TWO  
SECONDS. GOOD LUCK.

one of these guys said that  
RIGHT TIME?  
DECIDE NOW!!!

RELATIVITY IS  
SOMETHING LIKE,  
WHEN TIME FLIES SO  
FAST WHEN YOU'RE  
TALKING TO A PRETTY  
GIRL THAN WHEN  
YOU'RE SITTING IN  
A HOT STOVE BECAUSE  
YOU'RE IN PAIN IT FEELS  
LIKE HOURS BUT IT'S  
DIFFERENT WHEN  
YOU'RE TALKING TO A  
GIRL WHO'S SITTING  
ON A HOT STOVE...

RELATIVITY IS UNUTTERABLE.

ASO  
TO, OKAY?

PO3 WAS MY FAVORITE PO3  
YOU DUMBFUCK! I GOT YOU  
NEVER HEARD OF PO3, YOU  
FUCKING SWINE! (K3AO)

IGNORE THIS!!  
SPACE FILLER  
MEANINGLESS!

HEY, WAITER!  
THERE'S A BOWL  
IN MY SOUP!

POETRY IN  
MOTION  
by E-BANANIMAN  
ROSES ARE RED  
VIOLETS ARE BLUE  
MAKE THIS FUCKING  
FERRIS WHEEL  
STOP OR ELSE  
I'LL PUKE.  
ON YOU,

POSTED IN  
Motion  
PART 2

HEY, BORED  
KA NA BAY  
NALONGKOT AT  
WALANG MAKADAP

TEKKEN

Q. WHY?  
BECAUSE  
Q. IS IT TRUE THAT  
MORTALS ARE  
HEZ IT'S A LIVING.  
Q. ALL THING LIKE AFTER DEATH  
UP IN THE LIVING?  
Q. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE  
HARDEST WORD TO PRONOUNCE?  
WELL, I REALLY CAN'T SAY.  
Q. WHY DO STARS TWINKLE?  
HAVING THERE'S SOMETHING  
WRONGS WITH THE WIRING  
Q. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU  
CAN'T ANSWER?  
YES.  
Q. WHAT IS IT?  
THIS PARTICULAR QUESTION!

SPATIAL  
OFFER!!!

TWO NEW BOOKS BY DR. ELY!

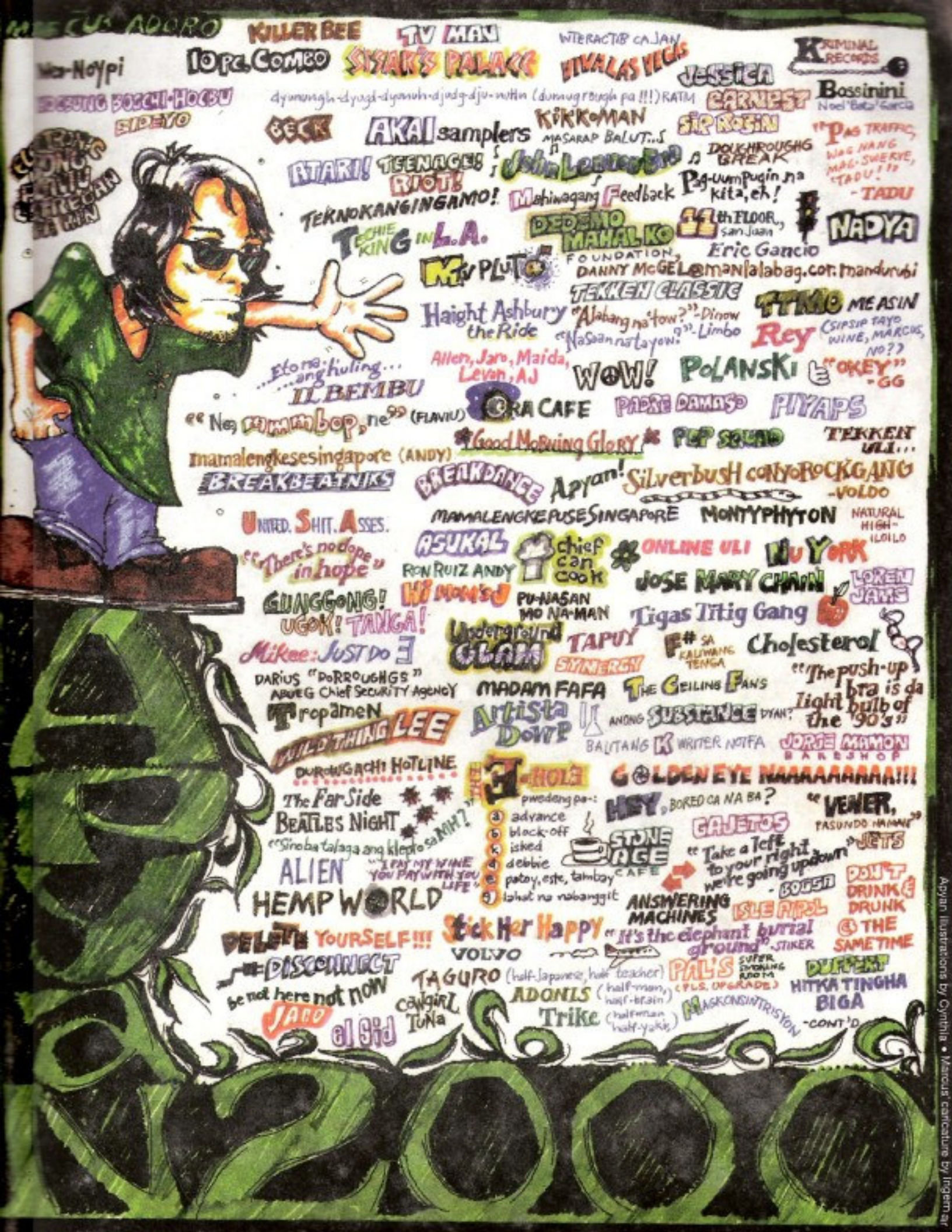
DO IT  
YOURSELF  
HOW LATE  
BASTARDY  
DR. ELY

WAKING  
UP  
THE  
LATE  
ROBE  
DR. ELY

FINALLY! SITTING ENCYCLOPAEDIA PUBLICATIONS  
PUBLISHES TWO OF DR. ELY'S THREE MASTER-  
PIECES, BOTH PRODUCTS OF YEARS OF RESEARCH  
AND GROVELING. ① DO IT YOURSELF (YOU LAZY  
BASTARD) IS DR. ELY'S ANSWER TO MANY OF  
HIS FANS WHO ARE HUNGRY FOR THE "HOW-TO"  
IN LIFE. FROM COOKING, EATING, SLEEPING,  
SHITTING, IT'S ALL HERE IN AN EASY TO READ,  
STEP BY STEP SYSTEM THAT'S A MUST FOR EVERY  
HOME. (ALSO INCLUDES THE CLASSIC ESSAY, "HOW TO AVOID  
GETTING RUN OVER BY A PINK BULLDOZER"). ② THE TITLE  
SAYS IT ALL (OR DO WE HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT?) THIS BOOK IS  
CRAMMED WITH FANTASTIC INFORMATION FOR THE "LAYMAN".  
FOR EXAMPLE, DID YOU KNOW THAT 1 AND 1 IS 2? OR THAT WE  
NEED AIR TO BREATHE? IT'S ALL HERE AND MORE! DEFINITELY A  
MUST HAVE FOR KNOWLEDGE FREAKS! PAY ONLY P500 (CASH INCL.)  
TWO THIN BOOKS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE THICK BOOK! ORDER NOW!

DR. ELY'S  
CORNER  
"THE SITTING  
ENCYCLOPAEDIA"





**ME CU ADORO** **KILLER BEE** **TV MAN** **INTERACTIB CAJAN** **VIVALAS VEG** **JESSICA** **KRIMINAL RECORDS**  
**Ma-Noypi** **TOP COMBO** **SYRARS PALACE** **Bossinini** **Noel Bata Garcia**  
**BECK** **AKAI samplers** **KIRKMAN** **SIPROGIN** **"PAS TRAFFIC"** **NAG NANG** **MAG SWEET** **TADU!!**  
**RTARI! TEENAGE!** **RIOT!** **John Lennon** **DOUG THROUGHS** **BREAK** **Pag-uumpugin na** **kita, eh!** **-TADU**  
**TEKNOKANGINGAMO!** **MAHINAGANG** **Feedback** **2nd FLOOR,** **San Juan** **Eric Gancio** **NADYA**  
**TECHIE KING** **IN L.A.** **DEDENO** **MAHALKO** **FOUNDATION** **DANNY MCGEL** **aman/alabag.com:mandurubi**  
**MY PLUTO** **TEKKEN CLASSIC** **Haight Ashbury** **the Ride** **"Alabang na'tow?"** **Dinow** **g" Limbo** **Rey** **MEASIN** **CSIPSIP TAYO** **WINE, MARCUS,** **NO??** **"OKEY"** **-GG**  
**Eto na huling...** **IL BEMBU** **Allen, Jaro, Maيدا,** **Levan, AJ** **WOW!** **POLANSKI** **PADRE DAMASO** **PIYAPS**  
**"No, mambop, ne"** **(FLAVIU)** **ORA CAFE** **Good Morning Glory** **PEP SOUND** **TEKKEN** **ULI...**  
**mamalengkesesingapore** **(ANDY)** **BREAKBEATNIKS** **BREKIDANCE** **Apyan!** **Silverbush** **caty ROCKGANG** **-VOLDO**  
**UNITED. SHIT. ASSES.** **ASUKAL** **chief** **can** **cook** **ONLINE ULI** **WU YORK** **JOSE MARY CHAIN** **LOREN JAMES**  
**"There's no hope in hope"** **RON RUIZ ANDY** **PUNASAN** **MO NA-MAN** **Tigas Titig Gang** **F# SA** **KALIWANG** **TENGA** **Cholesterol** **"The push-up** **bra is da** **light bulb of** **the '90's"**  
**GUANGGONG!** **UGON! TANGA!** **Mikee: JUST DO IT** **Underground** **TAPUY** **SYNERGY** **MADAM FABA** **THE GELLING PANS** **ANONG** **SUBSTANCE** **DYAN?** **BAUTANG** **K** **WRITER** **NOTFA** **JORGE MAMON** **BARESHOP**  
**DARIUS "PORROUGHS"** **ABUEG** **Chief SECURITY AGENCY** **Tropamen** **ARTISTA** **DOWP** **3-HOLE** **prwedeng pa:** **HEY, BORED CA NA BA?** **"VENER,** **TASUNDO** **MAHAY"** **JETS**  
**WILDTHING LEE** **DURINGGACHI HOTLINE** **The Far Side** **BEATLES NIGHT** **"Sinoba talaga ang klepto sa AMH?"** **ALIEN** **"I PAY MY WINE** **YOU PAY WITH YOUR LIFE"** **HEMP WORLD** **ANSWERING** **MACHINES** **ISLE APPL** **"Take a left** **to your right** **we're going updown"** **-BOFFEN** **DON'T** **DRINK &** **DRUNK** **@ THE** **SAMETIME**  
**DELETH YOURSELF!!!** **Stick Her Happy** **VOLVO** **TAGURO** **(half-Japanese, hair teacher)** **ADONIS** **(half-man, half-brain)** **Trike** **(half-man, half-yak)** **PAL'S** **SUPER** **SWINING** **ADONIS** **(PLUS, UPGRADE)** **HITKA** **TINGHA** **BIGA** **-CONT'D**  
**DISCONNECT** **be not here not now** **JARO** **al Sid** **ca ngirZ** **TuNa**





**PILLBACKS**