Working Class Stiffs

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

By

Jill Paige Weiss

Thesis Advisor: John P. Gee

Ball State University
Muncie, Indiana

May 2003

Graduation: May 3, 2003
Proposal

For my senior project in drawing, I want to record the creative process of being in a band and making music. I will create a working band with myself playing guitar and writing most of the music. I will also have a drummer, bassist, keyboardist, and another guitar player. The band will practice, have performances and ultimately make a recording. This entire process will be documented through sketches, journals, recordings, and photos. From the very beginning stages, the writing of songs will be recorded by writing down chords, notes, and lyrics. Practices and brainstorming sessions will be recorded on tape. By comparing the early stages of songs with the final recordings, I hope to greater understand my own creative process. Events, feelings, conflicts, ideas, and goals of the band will be written down in a journal. This will show how the band evolves over time.

Another part of the documentation will include more formal drawings and paintings. This visual art will be created as a response to the music being written or experiences gained by being in the band. Portraits of the band members, videos of performances, photographs and flyers from the shows will add to the visual explanation of the creative process.

The goal is to attract an audience for the band through a visual presentation. Hopefully, someone who would not normally like the music of a hard rock band will be intrigued into listening by the visual component. I am also interested to learn how the drawings will affect the music and vice versa. By keeping careful and thorough records, I hope to understand and share my creative process as well as the final product.
Artist Statement

Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew

This project is a sketchbook, a photo album, and a mixed tape. I wanted to express the complete experience of my band, Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew. Of course, this might require a live performance in a dark bar after several shots of cheap whiskey. The challenge was to bring the atmosphere of loud rock and roll music, bad tattoos, cheap liquor, and ripped flyers to the sterile museum setting. This could only be accomplished with a combination of various media. Therefore, this project includes entries out of our band journal, sketches, flyers from shows, a short documentary film, several drawings, and the recording “Working Class Stiffs”. These are intended to show the creative process of making music and give insight into the way the band functions. The final recordings, video and formal framed drawings could be considered the end product, but they depend on each other and the other elements to create the desired environment.

This Honors Thesis is reliant on the discoveries I made while working on my Senior Drawing Thesis, “Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew”. This show taught me that my art and music are codependent. Music demands and influences the creation of a drawing. A drawing inspires the lyrics for a song. I obtained a book from the library, The Record as Artwork by Germano Celant, that reinforced this thinking by presenting me with other artists that worked in a similar manner. “Terry Allen, for example, takes in a sense what is the standard definition of a record - a recording of music - and redefines it with his songs that narrate his drawings … Similarly, it could be said that the drawings illustrate the songs, for in Allen’s art neither aspect dominates the other; both can stand
alone as art objects, but create a richly multi-dimensional situation when they are brought together."

I had intended for my Honors Thesis to simply be an extension of this drawing project. I submitted the same proposal for both. I thought that I would continue making music and art co-dependently and have two separate but related shows. After my drawing show, I realized that my Senior Project had only addressed half of the issues I raised in my proposal. My drawing show represented my personal discovery of the relation between my song writing and artwork. However, I glossed over the proposed documentation of Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew. Thus, I decided to use my Honors Thesis to document the creative process of the band. Somewhere between the paintings, recordings, and journals, I have captured intense bursts of creativity and tedious composition. I found art in the documentation of a small town garage band, and music in a tube of paint.
Background

During Christmas Break of 2001-2002, I was on the tour with my punk band, the Barely Legals. This was my first serious band and I was consumed by it. I wrote most of the songs and booked all of shows. I was improving at guitar quickly and we were developing an impressive fan base. We made two CDs and went on two tours. Everything was going our way except for one problem. We all hated each other. After about a year, the Barely Legals began to fall apart.

Our drummer quit because he had another band, the Lou Reeds. We found a replacement, but he wasn’t nearly as good. Our sound began to regress. Next, we had to kick out the lead guitar player because he couldn’t seem to show up sober to a single gig. The only original members remaining were the bass player and myself. We kept playing together with Matt filling in on guitar.

At the same time Matt’s own band was having difficulties. He and his brother, Paul, had been in bands together their whole lives. Their project at the time was an industrial, metal endeavor called Monster Pagan Death Ride. They had been through several singers and their latest was moving away. I wasn’t a big fan of their sound, but I was intrigued by the amount of technology they used; programming, synthesizers, and sampling. I agreed to fill in until they could find a full time singer.

Back at Barely Legals practice, the setbacks continued. I had written a new song called Synthesizer that I wanted to add to the set. The bass player was diligently opposed to the idea of adding keyboards. He wanted the band to remain a straightforward pop punk band, not mixed with any other music genres. I felt creatively stifled by such strict
rules. There was no room for me to grow as a songwriter with the Barely Legals and I dissolved the band.

Matt and Paul were having strikingly similar difficulties in their band. Besides being short a singer, they were not happy with their guitar player. Although he was quite technically proficient at his instrument, he didn’t have a creative bone in his body. Matt and Paul had to write all of his parts for him, which took away from what they wanted to be doing. Also, Monster Pagan Death Ride stereotypically fit into a specific genre. All of the songs had to be dark, depressing, and evil to adhere to the set sound. As an artist, Matt felt very limited by these requirements. He would often write songs that were melodic and airy. He also wrote pop songs that the band was not interested in playing. Matt wanted to be in a band where he could write whatever kind of music he wanted and he broke up his band.

Matt, Paul and I began playing together almost immediately. Creating music with them felt like having a huge weight lifted. We were free to do whatever we wanted. Our creative output was high and we came up with five songs in a matter of weeks. It seemed obvious that we had a good working relationship. The formation of a serious band seemed imminent, but we needed more members. First, we auditioned drummers. We played with many skilled percussionists, but didn’t really click with anyone. After several months, in June of 2002, we played for the first time with Susan. She had recently quit playing with a pop band called Madeline Frown. Right away, she fit into what we were doing . . . but what were we doing?

Once the band had been created, we had to decide on a direction. We really needed a theme and a name. We were hit with the question, ‘what do we stand for?’ Our
first idea was to incorporate abstract and universal themes in order to reach a wide audience. We came up with the name the Underground Continuum, which encompassed several ideas we were tossing around. This name associated us with independent music around the world and throughout all time. The idea was that our music has been influenced by innovative bands of the past, so we must strive to make new discoveries in order to influence the future of underground music. The word 'underground' gives credit to all of our influences in one fell swoop. In our view, it is not the popular radio bands that are doing anything creative in the music world. Instead, innovative sounds come from bands that never get famous because they are too radical or ahead of their time. We wanted to make music for the sheer joy of playing and creating, not to make money or get on the radio. We wanted to stay underground. The word continuum was Paul's idea. It came up during a discussion prompted by a book on the roots of consciousness. We became intrigued by illustrations of the tree of life and ideas associated with this image. The underground roots are just as important as the branches, and the branches mirror the roots. We translated this idea into the process of making music. Most people will only see a finished product – a concert, a CD, a video. However, the most important thing to the musician is what is underneath these polished works. Practicing, song writing, and recording – the creative process – is what consumes the musician on a day-to-day basis.

We really like the name the Underground Continuum and the eternal and abstract themes we had associated with it. And then reality hit. People don't ponder over a band's name. No one could even pronounce continuum, let alone understand what we were trying to say. While the name was descriptive and insightful, it was not marketable. No matter how much we hated it, we had to try and be somewhat marketable in order to
get shows. The title seemed too academic to be a rock band. It just wasn’t cool. We decided to go back to the drawing board in order to find a name that could balance rock and roll with an intelligent message. We had a brain storming session, during which we wrote down every band, image, object or theme that we all agreed on. We found a mutual contempt for several things: industrialization, capitalism, America, our jobs, bosses, commercialism, the radio, and Christianity. And after racking our educated brains, we also decided skeletons and black clothes are pretty sweet.

At first we mentioned these last items as sort of a joke. It seems so stereotypically punk, goth, or metal to be attracted to skeletons. But why do so many “weird”, “alternative” kids like these images? This prompted research into the subject.

“Skeleton” according to the Oxford English Dictionary is defined:

The bones or bony framework of an animal body considered as a whole; also, more generally, the harder (supporting or covering) constituent part of an animal organism.

Also listed in the Oxford English Dictionary was the term Skeleton Army. This was a group of homeless people in the eighteenth century that was opposed to all things Christian. One of the Christian charity groups that they reacted against was the Salvation Army. Despite the fact that they were homeless and hungry, they refused charity. They often attacked members of the Salvation Army by throwing stones. Since they were so emaciated and few in number, they earned the name Skeleton Army.

We felt somewhat inspired by the story and sympathetic to this early group’s distaste for Christianity. The name Skeleton Army seemed to be a possibility, but we needed to put a twist on it to make it more personal. The word ‘army’ seemed too
aggressive for what we were trying to convey, so it was replaced with ‘crew’. ‘Skeleton Crew’ had other meanings as well. A skeleton crew can refer to a factory shift that is short several workers and has barely enough people to function. This had relevance to our band for several reasons. We were all working dead end, minimum wage jobs. We felt overworked and underpaid. ‘Skeleton Crew’ was also symbolic of the underground music movement. Mainly, just that there is barely enough of us to keep it going, but we continue on anyway.

The next step was to get on the Internet and see if the name was already taken. There was a rap group by the same name as well as a metal band from Ohio. Neither of these groups had it copyrighted, so we decided we would run with it anyway. In order to distinguish ourselves and put some flair on the name, we decided to tack on the words ‘days and nights in the’ to the beginning. The point of this was to create a feeling for fans of being a part of the group. The Skeleton Crew wasn’t limited the four people playing instruments, but everyone on the underground scene. Everyone involved could be a part of the experience – a part of our days and nights.

Since the beginning of the band, we had been diligently keeping a journal and accompanying sketchbook. The journal contained entries describing band activities and sketches responding to the music. We also recorded all of our practices so we could playback and improve on our songs. Once I began working on my thesis, I realized the importance of these pieces to my project. Basically, the journal, sketchbook, and recordings documented all the feelings and activities of my band since its infancy. Before examining these pieces, I only knew that I wanted my project to relate art and music. Now, however, I had a more specific direction. My project would be the
documentation of the creative process of my band. The sketches, journals and tapes would nurture the production of a CD, video, and formal drawings.

I have edited the journal and included some selections from it. I also included some copies from part of the sketchbook. There is a tape of the documentary, which should help to capture our live feel. Most importantly, however, is the music. A CD has been included along with a fully illustrated insert. The imagery for this album comes from photographs of the band and drawings I have made. The three main drawings are also depicted in the original form by the enclosed slides. These drawings relate directly to the album and were created simultaneously with it.

In order to explain these drawings, I have to credit my main artistic influence. This show is attributed to an obvious admiration, imitation and appropriation of the work of Larry Rivers. I only own a couple of art books, but my favorite and most worn is Larry Rivers: Art and Artist. Every piece in this show is influenced by him to various degrees. During fall of 2002, I began to adopt his layering techniques. Mainly, letting bottom layers show behind edges or figures or through translucent top layers of paint. His palette of bright blue, yellow, and pink made its way into my work, especially in the most recent pieces. I also admire Rivers’ compositional techniques. He uses large areas of flat color fields juxtaposed with areas of extreme detail. He states, “I thought of a picture as a surface the eye travels over in order to find delicacies to munch on...” Like Rivers, I have tried to make each drawing a field for the eye to search, and within this field I have drawn little gems for it to enjoy. The main pieces that I was working from were Double Portrait of Birdie, French Money, Cedar Bar Menu II, Disque Bleu, and Parts of the Face: French Vocabulary Lesson.
Evaluation

*Working Class Stiffs* (nine-song album, released on Wooden Man Records. 2003.)

This album is our first professional recording as Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew. It was recorded by Tyler Watkins, a graduate of Full Sail Recording School. He had tracked such famous bands as Weezer and the Insane Clown Posse. In order to maintain the highest level of focus, we decided to rent out a space where we could be completely isolated. We ended up spending about four days in an Odd Fellows Lodge in Anderson, Indiana. It was sort of a camp out with instruments. The only thing we did for over forty hours was eat, sleep, record and drink a lot of beer.

The process began with just drums and guitar, as Susie and I put down the rhythm tracks. Next Paul recorded his complicated bass lines and I went back and doubled all of my guitar tracks. I earned the nickname “the one take wonder” because I got all of my parts right on the first try almost every time. Matt’s tracks were another story. Since he is such a perfectionist, we spent almost an entire day just tracking Matt’s guitar. The mix of alcohol and sleep deprivation soon became a problem, and we were all sick by the time we got to vocals. Matt went first and all of his vocals went well, but Paul and I were losing our voices. Despite the fact that the vocals were not finished, we decided to call it quits somewhere around the thirty-hour mark. The entire last day was spent mixing.

After we had time to listen to and critique our album, we picked out the elements we were not satisfied with. We called Tyler and asked if we could go back and fix a few things. A few weeks later we spent twelve more hours adding more vocals and keyboard
parts, as well as thinning out the mix. When we were satisfied we took the finished product to Deric Shannon at Wooden Man Records. This is a Muncie based label featuring the Lou Reeds, Arcade, The Lipstick Vogue, and others. Deric agreed to pay for the pressing and the album we called "Working Class Stiffs" will be officially available in May 2003.

Of course, the real work took place before we were anywhere near to recording. In the nineteenth issue of World Art, David Thomas states;

> Ordinary people only see the ashes of art, or the failures, or frozen moments. Only rarely onstage do bands achieve reality; mostly it's in rehearsals, in lost moments. Nobody ever sees that or knows anything about it."

This album is a result of long hours of jamming, arguments, achievements, and bursts of ideas. The songs give insight into who we are and what we stand for. I hope that by dissecting a few of these tracks from this recording I can try and convey these lost moments. I will explain the meanings of three drawings: *Tonight, Tonight; Bleed On Me; and I Paid the Rent*. I will also reveal the creative process behind four songs, which will serve to represent the entire album. These songs are: *Dance to the Underground, Bleed On Me, Synthesizer; and I Paid the Rent*. Often I will use the same title for a song and a drawing because they were created simultaneously.

*Synthesizer* (track 1.)

*T.V.*
*I don't miss it anymore.*
*I don't miss it anymore.*

*B-sides*
Won't be around no more  
So get out on the floor.

_Synthesizer, Synthesizer, Synthesizer._

_Rock and Roll is bored,  
The kids are wanting more._

_I have seen the new disco!  
Welcome to the end of it all._

_Synthesizer, Synthesizer, Synthesizer._

_We were so wrong,  
And we wasted all those songs._
_Punk rock don't stand a chance,  
'Cause we found a new way to dance!_

This is the first song that we played together. It is actually the last piece I wrote for the Barely Legals. The band broke up because of my desire to add keyboards for this song. "Synthesizer" deals with my mixed feelings on using a synthesizer in my music. My musical roots are in punk rock, which demands that things remain raw and emotional. Synthesizers are polished and programmed. Although I wanted to break free of the restrictions placed on me by staying within the category of punk, I had nine or ten years of punk rock sensibility to undo.

On one hand, I saw electronic music as "the new disco." That is to say it seemed trendy, repetitive, and non-expressive. I envisioned it infiltrating rock 'n roll music, ruining the rawness and power it can have in the hands of the Stooges or the Ramones. I worried that there would be no more b-sides, garage bands, rebellion or spontaneity; that everything would be controlled by a few major record labels catering to the masses; that there would never be another Iggy Pop, Sid Vicious, Johnny Thunders, Kurt Cobain. This fear inspired the lyrics to the song Synthesizer, especially the line quoted above.
On the other hand, I could see a bright future for electronic music. We had written songs using the synthesizer to imitate an orchestra of stringed instruments. I would never have had access to a real orchestra, so the synthesizer offered me an unprecedented opportunity. The song itself is a contradiction. It is written in the traditional style of a late seventies punk band, except that the lead instrument is the synthesizer. Therefore, the structure of the song itself explains the contradiction in meaning.

The last part of the song was added after the rest was written and serves as a conclusion to the struggle I was undergoing with the synthesizer. It answers the question, "is electronic music 'the new disco'?" That answer is, no, it is "a new way to dance." I decided to embrace the synthesizer and add it to my list of songwriting tools.

The "we" quoted in the lyrics refers to my former band. I realized that we shouldn't have tried so hard to stay within the genre of "punk." We tore ourselves apart because we wanted to go different directions and ended up wasting a lot of time writing songs, performing, and touring. Punk is not dead; it's just really tired. There was no more room for me to be creative within this narrow genre. The spirit of punk forced me to rebel against the genre of punk.

_Bleed On Me_ (track 3.)
_Bleed On Me_ (30" x 40" acrylic, graphite, photocopy, oil pastel. 2003.)

*You wanna use a note for your last goodbye,*
*That's so cheap, but I'm not surprised.*
*It's your third try, they found you just in time,*
*And no one wonders why you can't get it right.*

*You scream look at me it's suicide,*
*Threaten me with something that I haven't tried,*
*You told them, I'm to blame.*
You've got my attention, now what to say?

Nothing from me,
Make your cuts deep.
I will watch you bleed.

You can bleed on me.
You can bleed on me.
You can bleed on me.
I won't be guilty,
I'll always be clean.

This song and the painting of the same title deal with the irony of a past experience. I was cleaning my house one day, when I happened on a folder from high school that I had forgotten all about. It contained all of the notes that my boyfriend in high school had ever written me. It showed the progress of this relationship from its average early stages to its warped later stages. As I started college three hours away from him, I quickly began to lose interest. By the time it became clear that our relationship was over, he began to use suicidal threats to try and keep my attention. This sealed the deal. I have always thought of suicide as weak and pathetic. To anyone willing to attempt this action, I say good riddance. That may seem harsh, but after three threats from this boy, I had to wash my hands of the situation. I had to learn to accept the fact that he might kill himself, that it wasn't my fault, and that I shouldn't feel guilty. The lyrics from the song take this idea one step further: "(You'll get) nothing from me, make you're cuts deep, I will watch you bleed. You can bleed on me. I won't feel guilty, I'll always stay clean."

This song makes it seem like I have been harboring all of these negative feelings towards him for years. In truth, I rarely think about this traumatic breakup and was only reminded of it upon finding a folder full of correspondence. He was my best friend in
high school and I feel like I grew up with him - a childhood friend and first love. I have a tattoo of his name with blue and purple flowers around it that I got when I was 15. There is so much irony in this situation. On one hand, I have these great memories of hanging out, learning to skateboard, going to school dance. On the other hand, I can't just call him up like an old friend because of the extremely messy ending to the relationship. The irony is the purity of the relationship versus the bloody ending. There is also a sick irony to the girlie, adolescent tattoo of him name being representative of his blood and my bitterness. The corresponding drawing is made in pastel feminine colors representative of this tattoo. However, instead of flower imagery, I used skulls and crossbones. Using these pastel colors to represent suicide, summarizes this experience.

This was an innovative drawing for me because I changed my working style. Most of my work this year has included a bottom layer of watercolor wash covered with prismacolor, ink and pastels. In making the drawing, I completely abandoned my usual methods of blocking out shapes with watercolor and drawing back into them. Instead, the entire piece is done with acrylic. The only other elements are a few outlines in oil pastel and one in graphite and a photocopy. I love the layering in this piece and consider it to be my most sophisticated attempt at the process. The layers vary in level of transparency and hue. Although I abandoned watercolors, I stuck to a watercolor-influenced palette of muted shades. The composition was extremely influenced by the work of Larry Rivers, especially Menu.

*I Paid the Rent* (track 4.)
*I Paid the Rent* (30” x 40” watercolor, prismacolor, chalk and oil pastel, acrylic. 2003)
I thought that we could get away.
Dodge the madness.
Rip us a hole in time and space.
You can come too.
Standardizing and running out of time.
Machine is building, so take you place in line.
Why are you looking at me strange?
Gears are turning and I am in the way.

I wish there was a higher place.
To escape to.
I guess I'll settle for my brain.
I will meet you.

Standardizing and running out of time.
Machine is building, so take you place in line.
Why are you looking at me strange?
Gears are turning and I am in the way.

With calloused hands, I pay the rent,
To barely make my hunger quench.
We're short of hand and long of day.
In case you thought you'd get away.

Just get in line and lend a hand,
Life slips away with falling sand.
Before we die, we'll make a noise.
A way to vent — frustration employed.

I paid the rent.

It seems ridiculous that my entire band works a minimum of forty hours a week
and we end up going hungry by the end of every month. We eat cheap food and only the
basics: bread, canned soup, Ramen. We don't have cable. We don't have drug habits.
We don't have expensive cars or clothes. Where does all the money go? We paid the
rent. The system is designed to keep the poor, poor.

This song and corresponding drawing is about feeling poor, down trodden, trashy,
and hopeless. Money has so much power, and for us who don't have it - the power to
keep us in our rut. A lot of the bands that get popular have bought their way in. I don't mean they paid off a record label or anything. Where we're at right now, we just paid $600 to make our recording. Luckily we're on Wooden Man Records and our label will press the album. Otherwise that would be another grand. Then there's distribution. In order to get some recognition promotional packets need to be sent to bigger record labels, promoters, distributor, clubs, radio stations, press, and other bands. Each packet should contain a CD, a video, posters, stickers, shirts, and photographs. All of this adds up and can easily keep a talented band from putting out any music at all. Even if you get a tour booked, you have to buy merchandise to sell at shows and get a reliable tour van. The only thing this band wants is to play our music in front of people. It sucks that money has to be an issue.

The song and drawing also deal with the idea that there aren't enough of us. By the word 'us' I mean two different groups. The first is that there aren't enough people in any working class movement. It seems like with the amount of people who complain about too much work for not enough pay, we should be able to make some changes. However, a lot of workers don't want to organize for fear of losing the jobs that are the issue in the first place. This is how we got our name. There is a skeleton crew of people trying to make such changes, but never enough. The second meaning for 'us' is the band. Like our name suggests, there aren't enough of us on stage. In a more perfect world we would have a keyboard player. Right now, Matt, Paul and I switch back and forth during the set on the keyboard. Also, all of us our really into our chosen instruments. None of us really want to be singing as much as we all do. It would be really great if we could find a dynamic singer.
I made the drawing only after spending a lot of time studying, photographing, and sketching my band mates. Right from the start of this project I knew that I wanted to include a band portrait. However, I wanted to really master capturing the character of each individual. I have always been proficient at drawing myself because of the number of self-portraits I've done in printmaking. Matt was fairly easy to draw because I spent a semester drawing him for an independent study project. Even in my early sketches I was able to realistically draw the physical features of Paul. He pretty much looks like Matt being that they are brothers. However, it took a number of months to really capture his intensity. Susie was my most difficult subject. Matt and Paul both have sharp distinct features, which makes them interesting drawing subjects. Susie has small delicate features. I found that one wrong line would ruin the likeness. More specifically, one feature drawn too heavy-handed could ruin the drawing as well.

I started this drawing by marking off various sizes of squares with a pencil. I filled the majority with watercolor washes in bright colors. I made some transfers out of a guitar book on scales. I painted mini portraits of all of our friends with watercolor all over the paper. On top of these watercolor faces and square areas of washes I began to draw the band members in chalk pastel. All of the faces turned out as I had expected except for Susie. As I mentioned previously, she is the most difficult to draw and I messed it up several times. I ended up having to cover up my mistakes with acrylic because it was the only thing that I could find to cover up chalk pastel. This explains why the face on the far left is worked into more than the other three. There is also a shadowy face in the background on the right side of the composition. This is meant to represent our unidentified missing member.
This piece is most influenced by my five drawing classes, one independent study and this past year I have spent under the tutelage of John P. Gee. I have had four semesters of figure drawing that have provided me with my skill in drawing people. Before these classes I could not draw faces at all and now portraits are one of my favorite subjects. The covering the page to the point of being crowded and the working of the surface to its breaking point is also something I have learned from Mr. Gee. I also took his suggestion to add in imagery from the tattoos on my left arm, which accounts for the winged skulls. These were added to personalize the image, but also to unite the composition.

This is one of the most visually effective pieces that I have made, as well as the one that took up the most time. I worked on this piece the entire semester, putting it aside and taking it back out. From it I have learned that extra time is well worth the effort. It seems that the other pieces in the show could benefit from the attention to detail that I gave this piece had I more time.

*Dance to the Underground* (track 7.)
*Tonight, Tonight* (26" x 34" watercolor, oil pastel, acrylic, graphite, photo copy gel transfer. 2003)

*You say I’ve got stars in my eyes.*
*I think that this could be my night.*
*Tonight, tonight.*

*A bit distracted by a bottle of wine.*
*I’m going to take what is mine.*
*Tonight, tonight.*

*I am done with where I’m from.*
*Trading in my pic for a gun,*
*Going far away and you can’t come.*

*Some would say I’m better on my own.*
Never was afraid of being alone.
I know I'll make it on my own.

I'm not afraid to stand alone.
I've been afraid to dance though.
We're bringing down a sound,
Down, down, down through the underground.

Down, down, down, down and all around.
All around, all around, everywhere, and underground.

Dance, dance, dance to the underground.
All around, all around, everywhere, and underground.

I am done with where I'm from,
Trading in my pic for a gun,
Going far away and you can't come.

And I know I'll make it on my own.

The song “Dance to the Underground” drew inspiration from the lyrics of the Murder City Devils (Die Young, Stay Pretty Records): "You were a star in the mirror, before you were a star upon the big stage, honey and I said baby... you've got stars in your eyes."

To me, this line means that the subject of the song recognized her potential to be a star before anyone else did. My song deals with this idea as well. However, it also expresses my desire to move on from my past and to start making things happen for my new band. It expresses my desire to leave my past behind, especially the side of me that I saw as unmotivated and untalented.

This desire to leave my past behind, also deals with my removal from my parents. Once I had decided to play seriously in a band, I had to deal with my mother's negative reaction. I wanted to hurry up and finish school, so that my band could tour year round. This also meant working a crappy job that I could quit whenever an opportunity to tour arose. My mother wanted me to finish school strongly, apply to grad school, and get a
great job. Like any sane parent, she just wanted me to be all right. I think every kid has that desire to do what their parents want them to, so they will be proud. And it’s not always easy to ignore these feelings. However, I have to follow my own dream and lead my own life. The contribution of the artist to the world is the product of his/her sharing a dream.

The lyrics in the first part of the song directly address my mother and are unapologetic for my decision to become a musician. The trading in of a guitar pick for a gun is intended solely as a symbol and not in any way as a threat. It simply means that instead of going to grad school and working a good job (while playing guitar in my room in any spare time I might be able to find), I am going to make things happen for my band and aggressively pursue my goals. The imagery in the drawing Tonight, Tonight was inspired by a flyer I made in the fall for Battle of the Bands. In fact, a gel transfer from that flyer appears in the upper right hand corner of the piece. The image of the girl with the gun was actually supposed to become a logo for the band, and was not intended as a self-portrait. However, quite a few people have asked me if the image is representative of me. Perhaps, then it is an unintentional self-portrait, especially considering how well the image works with the lyrics discussed earlier.

In my usual style, I began this drawing with watercolor to block out the basic forms and composition. Then I applied two gel transfers from photo copied Skeleton Crew flyers. Next concentrated on the image of the girl. I painted layers of acrylic until I reached a saturated build up. I used graphite and oil pastel to work on the outlines in between layers of acrylic. I worked into the skull image on the bottom right of the
composition in thesis same manner. Most of the rest of the drawing is made up of layered color fields of acrylic paint.

While working on the song and image, I drew inspiration from a band called Rancid (Hellcat Records). Tim Armstrong, the front man for the band, has a raspy voice and messy guitar tone that I am sure I have emulated in my own music. Beyond that, it is his lyrics that really influenced this song, especially the line, "When I got the music, I got a place to go." These words reinforced my decision to follow my dream because no matter where it takes me I still have art and music.

The second part of the songs deals with one of the surprising things about Muncie - the impressive underground music scene. For the most part, the bands here are united and dedicated to helping each other. They're also dedicated to making creative original music. Most college towns just have a handful of cover bands playing frat parties and a couple hippie jam bands. Muncie has punk, metal, pop, noise, indie, synth, grunge and industrial bands as well as kids making techno and hip-hop. From my own experiences as well as the stories I've heard from other bands, Muncie is a better place to play a show than Indianapolis. To find a better scene, one would have to go as far as Chicago or Cincinnati. Despite the large amount of diversity in musical genres, the scene itself is held together by a few key people. One of these people is Deric Shannon, who played bass guitar in my first band, the Three Hour Turd. His serious band is the Lou Reeds who have been around the longest of any of the local bands, besides the Retreads. Deric just started up Wooden Man Records and he is putting out the Skeleton Crew album this summer. He has influenced a lot of my opinions on the music scene. Deric often stresses the importance of making music as a product of sheer inspired creativity and not as the
means to an end, such as money, fame, radio play. This has become an important philosophy to me and has come out in much of my work.

It would be really easy to make it big if we played regurgitated pop tunes or big-business-backed Christian "rock". There are a lot of obstacles to overcome just to play original music. For example, touring for a small band is nothing like what people imagine. Four musicians and all of the equipment are shoved into a van. You only have room for a change of clothes and a few blankets. You eat cold food straight out of the cans, which are stored under your seat. You sleep on dirty floors, if you're lucky. If you're not, you sleep in a park or sitting up in the van. You barely get paid enough to make it to the next show. You're hungry, tired, extremely smelly and hopefully pretty drunk for the whole tour. So why would anyone want to do this? We love music, not money or fame. Really, it doesn't seem that difficult when I'm on tour. It sounds a lot worse to talk about it. We meet new people who also have their own bands and we get to hear the other creative and original stuff that's being made all over the country. New music doesn't happen on the radio. It happens in basements and garages. The Skeleton Crew would rather deal with all of the inconveniences to play original music, if taking it easy means selling out.

"I'm not afraid to stand alone," means I am brave enough to write original music despite the fear of rejection or failure. "I've been afraid to dance though," deals with the fear of really putting all of my emotions out on the line. It's easy to stand in a crowd and bob your head along with a band you like, but it's much more difficult to stand in the front and dance to the music. And people are going to make fun of me. I've accepted this. But other people are going to be touched and supportive.
Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew: The Documentary (film. 2003.)

Our drummer, Susan Polcz, who is a telecommunications major at Ball State, created this video. It is a mix of practices, performances and interviews. The interviews give some insight into our message as well as our goals as a band. Much of the footage comes from a performance at the Speakeasy in Muncie, IN on April 18, 2003. This was in conjunction with my senior drawing show. Matthew Sharp, also a telecommunications major, provided the footage from this performance. Other clips are from a performance we made on the television show BSU Latekite. In attempt to capture the previously mentioned ‘lost moments’, we wanted to include shots of us practicing and just hanging out. In the January 2002 issue of Artforum, Jan Tumlir states:

We all know that artists dream of being rock stars. One symptom of this desire is the proliferation of performances and installations mixing sonic and visual elements

This film gives the viewer a taste of our live stage energy that is not possible from the audio recording alone.


Since the first day that we sat down as a band, I have kept every piece of paper that we have written on; sketches, diagrams, doodles, lyrics. As soon as I got the ideas for my senior drawing project and my honors thesis, I started organizing these scraps of paper and pasting them into a sketchbook. I also purchased a journal for the band to
write down ideas, qualms, events, evaluations, or whatever they wanted. This journal sat in our practice space and during down time, we took turns making entries. The sketchbook was also open to any members.

The idea for this came from an article I chanced upon in the October 28, 2002 issue of Newsweek. The article was based on the recently published journals of Kurt Cobain, the lead singer for the band Nirvana (Sub Pop Records). The guitar style of Kurt Cobain has been extremely influential on me. I was interested in his journals because I thought they might be the secret to understanding his creative process. While I didn’t gain much insight into his troubled mind, I did appropriate his idea.

The band journal filled up quickly and we’re on to our second one. Also, much of the writing is nearly illegible. Therefore, I have selected a few entries to represent the entire journal. I have also copied some of the pages in order to portray their original content. Included with the entries are copies from the sketchbook. I have left all spelling errors, profanity, and general nonsense as it was originally written. Editing or changing would misrepresent our state of mind at the time the entry was being created.
Summary

I understand my creative process better, since I documented events, feelings, and changes in the band journal. I know my band mates better because they also wrote took part in the project. The included paintings summarize my work for this final year at Ball State. I have grown a lot as an artist thanks to my education and specifically my mentor John P. Gee. I have stopped trying to pick between my music and art. They are essential to each other. Seeing my band presented in such an academic manner as this thesis required has forced me to take my music more seriously. After all, this is what I want to do with my future.

I have decided not to continue on with school after I graduate in May. This project will serve as the basis for the promotional packets that I will be sending to record label with the hopes of gaining tour support. I am going to just focus on the band and creating art. Also in May I begin working for Wooden Man Records, booking shows for all of the bands on the label. I hope to continue to produce art and write songs in the same manner I created this project.
Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew
“Working Class Stiffs”
Track Listing and Lyrics

Track 1.
“Synthesizer”

T.V.
I don’t miss it anymore,
I don’t miss it anymore.

B-sides
Won’t be around no more
So get out on the floor.

Synthesizer, Synthesizer, Synthesizer.

Rock and Roll is bored,
The kids are wanting more.

I have seen the new disco!
Welcome to the end of it all.

Synthesizer, Synthesizer, Synthesizer.

We were so wrong,
And we wasted all those songs.
Punk rock don’t stand a chance,
‘Cause we found a new way to dance!

Track 2.

“Broken Thing”

Trying so hard to find a way.
Stuck in this cell there’s hell to pay.
No way to fly and no way out.
Deep inside you, you’re filled with doubt.

Letting go of this I grasp the flame to burn
Pushing all of you never to return
Breaking though the door into the hidden black
Facing sleepless dreams, I’m never coming back.
You won’t break me this time.  
You won’t drag me down.  
You won’t chain me to you.  
I will not be bound

Can’t seem to get through  
Your jaded point of view  
Trying,  
Trying so hard to understand.  
Seeing this world through your eyes,  
Well it must be  
Such a broken thing,  
Broken thing,  
Broken thing,  
Well, you won’t break me.

Track 3.  
“Bleed On Me”

You wanna use a note for your last goodbye,  
That’s so cheap, but I’m not surprised.  
It’s your third try, they found you just in time,  
And no one wonders why you can’t get it right.

You scream look at me its suicide.  
Threaten me with something that I haven’t tried.  
You told them, I’m to blame.  
You’ve got my attention, now what to say?

Nothing from me,  
Make your cuts deep.  
I will watch you bleed.

You can bleed on me.  
You can bleed on me.  
You can bleed on me.  
I won’t be guilty,  
I’ll always be clean.

Track 4.  
“I Paid the Rent”

I thought that we could get away.  
Dodge the madness.  
Rip us a hole in time and space.
You can come too.
Standardizing and running out of time.
Machine is building, so take you place in line.
Why are you looking at me strange?
Gears are turning and I am in the way.

I wish there was a higher place.
To escape to.
I guess I’ll settle for my brain.
I will meet you.

Standardizing and running out of time.
Machine is building, so take you place in line.
Why are you looking at me strange?
Gears are turning and I am in the way.

With calloused hands, I pay the rent,
To barely make my hunger quench.
We’re short of hand and long of day,
In case you thought you’d get away.

Just get in line and lend a hand,
Life slips away with falling sand.
Before we die, we’ll make a noise.
A way to vent – frustration employed.

I paid the rent.

Track 5.

“Follow Your Heart”

Nothing
(Could the truth,)
In me
(Further lies?)
Empty
(Certainty,)
Hollow
(Clouds up minds.)

Follow your heart ‘cause you die alone.

Nothing
(Could all faith,)
In me
(Be denied?)
Empty
(Searching void,)
Hollow
(And cloudy skies.)

Follow your heart 'cause you die alone.

Dreaming of phrases,
Spoken by sages,
Sealing in our fates today,
Shouting them out just to,

Follow your heart 'cause you die alone.

Track 6.
"The Sun"

Desert planet,
Just a golden eye,
Heat that makes me wanna . . .

Skin is burning,
From the golden ball,
If I trip I know I'll . . .

The sun is burning in the sky.
The sun is burning up my mind.

Guts are searing,
From the song inside,
I can run, but I can't . . .

Voices bouncing,
Round inside my head,
Will they stop when I am . . .

The sun is burning in the sky.
The sun is burning up my mind.

Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha . . .

Track 7.
"Dance to the Underground"

You say I've got stars in my eyes.
I think that this could be my night.
Tonight, tonight.

A bit distracted by a bottle of wine.
I'm going to take what is mine.
Tonight, tonight.

I am done with where I'm from,
Trading in my pic for a gun,
Going far away and you can't come.

Some would say I'm better on my own.
Never was afraid of being alone.
I know I'll make it on my own.

I'm not afraid to stand alone.
I've been afraid to dance though.
We're bringing down a sound,
Down, down, down through the underground.

Down, down, down, down and all around.
All around, all around, everywhere, and underground.

Dance, dance, dance to the underground.
All around, all around, everywhere, and underground.

I am done with where I'm from,
Trading in my pic for a gun,
Going far away and you can't come.

And I know I'll make it on my own.

Track 8.
"Keep Moving Forward"

Will the scientists rewind
The damage they have made?
Selling out ecology
Is digging our own grave.

Keep moving forward,
Selling our future,
Keep moving forward,
Keep moving.

Wish that all the industry
Was taken back in time.
Keep moving forward,
Selling our future,
Keep moving forward,
Keep moving.

Track 9.
"Life is the Fight"

Every game's the fucking same,
Close your mind now and obey.
I'm insane 'cause I won't play.
I am wearing out.

Life is the fight
Of yourself
Against everything else.

Find your own mind
Without doubt
Focus everything out.

Time to make a fucking change
But thought control stands in the way
Music burns into my brain
Time is running out.

Life is the fight
Of yourself
Against everything else.

Find your own mind
Without doubt
Focus everything out.
Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew
Selections From
The Band Journal and Sketchbook

I research artists, read their biographies, learn about their lives and mostly try to understand their pain and internal conflicts—the stress Michelangelo was under, the death Edgar Allen Poe was faced with, the health and relationship problems of Frida Kahlo, the alcohol abuse of Jackson Pollock. Although they all faced different problems, one theme remains consistent throughout all of their lives; they directed their pain into their art. They used their art to address the issues they were dealing with or as an outlet for their pain.

Last time I looked inside my head and really thought about pain and traumas was two years ago—it almost ruined me. I tore myself apart. I couldn’t handle my own feelings, so I never worked through them. Now I try to stay on the surface; I make art about music because it is safe for me. I love music—it is the one positive thing that I do.

My music is safe too, though not as much as my art. I often write music about music or the scene or being in a band. So I make this art—this safe art—just to make myself feel better. I concentrate on the flow of the paint and the quality of the line like it is some form of therapy, like it’s fucking yoga. The images I make are pretty—that’s it—I want to make art that is pretty to me. This seems wrong; making art to be therapeutic to myself. Why should anyone look at it, then? It doesn’t reveal who I am at all, so why should I have a show and hang it on the wall for people to look at and think about if there is no deeper meaning...no attempt at communication. I don’t want to change the look of my art, because I have developed and am developing a style that I like
very much, but it needs content. It needs thought behind it. From now on I will make myself think through and write out subjects I am going to write about before I start.

--Jill

I think I’ve regained some confidence as far as playing drums goes, because I wasn’t really nervous once I sat down at the party; sat down at the drums set, I mean. Now I just need all those shit heads in basement bands to earn their egos, or else quit asking me questions like, “Did your boyfriend teach you how to play?”

I’ve been feeling ambitious, though, since we haven’t practiced for a week. I’ve been working on rudiments and all that stuff. Maybe you’ll be able to tell a difference.

--Susan

I am the gear head of the group. In the roles that always seem to be played automatically upon the formation of any worthwhile band, that is me. This is my only calling. I would be making music on bricks after the apocalypse. All the shit that happens throughout the day is just filler that tastes horrible compared to the time I’m working on/towards/about music, my band, and all the aspects of its production. I say “my” band because I take it personally. Most other things I don’t, because I’m not in them, really. There is always something to buy to make everything work smoother. There is always more work to be done and I revel in it. In this instance in my life every scratch I make into the stone walls of opposition is fulfilling in itself.

--Matt
Even back in the day, I was doing finger picking and a couple other different styles that aren’t usual. I think I use a few flavors that others may not choose to use…slap bass…Matt and I have been playing together for years and years, and I’ve built my bass style and he’s built his guitar style around each other.

--Paul

miles from home

the voices of the skeleton army⇒non-committal. Skeleton army part is really rock ‘n roll, adding more words before the name⇒art work⇒the whole name⇒paintings, art, only “skel army”⇒stickers, shit. What phrase to put ahead of it?

Days and Nights in the [group] ???

Nightmare…in the skeleton crew

Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew

--Everyone

Matt and I live in the smallest apartment. We have a tiny bathroom you can’t lean over in, a kitchen you can’t cook in, we sleep in a loft so there is room to have a dresser underneath it. We just got rid of our mice. Our living room is kind of nice, though.
There's no room to have a couch or even a chair. We sit on two oversized pillows. We are surrounded by art supplies because it is on this side of the room that I draw. In order to draw, I have to clean the dirt off the floor and tape down a piece of paper. When it is time to eat, I cover up the drawing with a piece of cardboard so we can put a pizza or a pot of macaroni and cheese on it.

On the other side of the living room is all the band equipment. There is barely enough room to practice when we all get together...when it's just me and Matt it's barely livable.

--Jill

Last night Paul left practice because his girlfriend had some kind of emergency. That's just fine and everything, but last time he didn't show it had something to do with her too. She seems really needy and I think she would rather that Paul weren't in a band.

I'm afraid of what kind of emergency she's going to have right before we go on tour.

--Susan

I hope Paul and Susan will make it on tour. It is really hard when it's just something you book yourself and not through a record label. During one summer with my punk band, I lost around fifteen pounds in two weeks. Basically, you starve to death and don't get any sleep. I know Matt will be okay because he was on that summer tour. The only thing with him is he gets grumpy without coffee and cigarettes—two things you
definitely can’t afford on tour. Also, me and Matt fight so much just living in the same house, that being crammed into a van could be disasterous.

Susie should be okay on tour, she thinks she eats a lot but she really doesn’t. Also, she is used to staying up all night working on projects.

So I guess I just worry about Paul. Susan and Matt will have fun on tour; I can see Paul hating it, though.

--Jill

Matt is staring at me
Like he hates me
But he says he isn’t
Thinking about me at all.
Imagine that.

--Jill

The Halloween show went really well. Everybody played awesome and the vibe in the crowd was energetic and positive. We got really good feedback afterwards, too.

Carl’s Misfits band was fun. I’m really sore still from dancing. Kevin and Maria’s band, The McFlys, were really fun too. This really horrible girl band played last. One girl in it is really good, Carrie, but the rest of them can’t play their instruments.
Feedback from Halloween:

First two songs mentioned favorites (Die and Rock)

Robot voice a hit

Guitar solo sucked in last song (yeah, but it was funny)

We have a lot of changes in dynamics

Everyone thought we must practice a lot

“Complicated punk rock”

“Synth rock with a punk spirit”

--Everyone

Next on our “to rock” list is Battle of the Bands at Dill Street. I’m definitely not looking forward to that. A bunch of frat boys who listen to Dave Matthews are not going to like our band, and if they do, we should rethink what we’re doing. It’s audience vote, which sucks, because basically whoever brings the most friends wins. There’s no way any of our friends are going to set foot n Dill Street.

--Matt and Susan
Band Movie Notes

Walking in on Matt and the drum machine
Guys slapping me in the face because of Jill
The line magically appears, a la Pulp Fiction

--Susan

I have a critique tonight with Gee. I missed last week because I slept through my alarm. Who needs an alarm for seven p.m.? I work too much. I don’t get enough sleep. I don’t get enough food. I always feel like I’m about to get sick. I don’t have any fun. I’m tired. I don’t want to go to my critique. I don’t want to make art, I can’t make art, I can’t write a song…

I have no inspiration. There is no more feeling; I want to go to bed.

--Jill

Band Movie Notes

Handicapped parking drumstick joke

“guitarded center”

Slothdick=Lurch. I did not even ring for that guy.

“Swish” sound effect
Ramones tab: “Duh” and coloring
Drummer guides: addition
Girlfriend lost and found
Kicked out of special glass room
After dude tries to make Turd play acoustic, all the chicks in the room smile and they have Jewel teeth.
Separate drinking fountain for drummers
Band practice in guitared center slowly moving shit around

“What’s up, Guitarded Center?? We are Days and Nights in the Skeleton Crew!”

--Paul → Susan → Jill

That hippie show was kind of lame, but we had the fucking greatest time with The Sump Pumps. We played kickball (well, I didn’t, obviously) and then after we rocked, we invited them back to Muncie to the second show of the day at the Student Center. They ruled…everyone was surprised that we brought them, and we each just played a half a set. We’re hoping to play with them again soon. It was cool to see another band that was kind of electronic. The hippies’ generator sucked, though, so a lot of our equipment didn’t work. Logan was getting on my nerves that day, but we talked about it since then and I think it’s okay.

We played the night before that at The Speakeasy, and we now have like four videos. Taylor Dasher taped for us, and he claimed to know Paul before the weird beard—we
were jealous. The show on Friday was good, I think it rocked more than anything the
next day.

--Susan

It hasn’t dawned on me yet that this is real life—this is happening—it doesn’t feel
like it. It’s all a game to me. I saved up money and quit my job. You went away to the
desert. I didn’t miss you when you were gone. I wouldn’t let myself think about you. I
saved money for rent but I’ve already spent half of it on wine and whiskey. I went to the
liquor store twice, and then the bar.

I’m not dumb. I know everyone here hates me. All the girls just want to be
wanted—they want to be me, me and Susie. I’ve drunk more than anyone here ‘cause I
started at noon with half a gallon of wine then liquor. Now people without faces are
buying me beer, but I refuse to see them or take them in because I can’t let them take
anything from me. They want me to rub off on them but standing next to them makes
them sadder. Whatever. As long as they keep on me booze.

They drain me. Susie is the only one I let in.

No matter where I go people are surprised to see me, except at a bar or liquor
store. “What are you doing here?” Like it’s weird for me to be buying groceries or
drinking coffee.

I mostly think about food and booze. What does it say about me if everything I
think about is consumable?

--Jill
On Saturday, Jill and I wanted to have some fun since Matt is in Arizona. We decided to go to Indy to get *Book Your Own Fucking Life* in hard copy, then try to get into the Def Leppard Concert for free. On the way, we decided to stop in Andertucky and get Paul. It ended up being the fucking bane of the day... Jeff was there, acting like an idiot with these apples, and it was really awkward. Paul didn’t want to go, so we just stayed in Anderson all day with Jeff and Logan.

We started drinking about this time, but we drank that wine in a humungous jug that makes me feel shitty. I laid in the backseat of Jill’s car for a million years, I think. We came back to Muncie, and Jill and Jeff tried to steal beer at Dingo’s house and we got kicked out. It was hilarious. Later, they went to the Speakeasy while Logan and I went home to my house. He was acting kind of weird, but maybe that’s because someone let Jeff decide how much tequila should go in the blender not that long before. Jeff got kicked out of The Speakeasy for breaking glasses; I predict that in a few months, he won’t be allowed anywhere in Muncie. Jill got kicked out of the bar, too. She called me before she came home.

“Susan?” she said.

“Yeah.”

“We have to talk in code,” she slurried. “If you’re there alone with Logan, say ‘Band practice is on Sunday.’”

“Band practice is on Sunday.”

“If he’s being creepy, say it’s at seven.”

“It is totally at seven.”
“If you need me to come as fast as I can, say we have to pick up Judi,” she said, dripping with drunken concern.

“We definitely have to pick up Judi, dude.”

“I’ll be right there!”

Jeff came back before she did, with a pocket full of hood ornaments. He got pissed off and threw them all over the floor. He collected them quickly and ran out the door.

Next, Jill was pounding on the door, with about four other people. We put her to bed and I made Logan sleep on the couch. The next morning, Jill was really sick. I had left to go to that stupid AHS 100 lecture, and when I came back, everyone was there and she was awake. She had blood alcohol poisoning, and I was freaked out. I didn’t realize how much I worry about her.

She got better in time for the Whiting Dinner, and I went to Red Sun Buffet. After that, we went to my mom’s house to eat again...then, we went to Paul’s and ate again. We are humungous zeppelins now.

---Susan
Bibliography


Miles from home

The voices of the skeleton army are non-committal. Skeleton army part is really good and Noel adding more words before the name "at rock whole name paintings art only skeleton army" sticky sheet what phrase to put ahead of it.

Feedback from Halloween:
- First 2 songs mentioned as favorites (Die & Rockabilly)
- Robot voice a hit
- Susan Rocks (ahh)
- My guitar solo sucked in the last song (yay but it was funny)
- We have a lot of changes (as in how to fast slow to hard)
- Dynamics
- Everyone said we must practice a lot so we must be pretty tight
- "Complicated punk rock"
- "Synth rock w/ a punk spirit"
- We have the equipment to we should use it more (we intend to use more synth & sampler)
- General positive feedback.

Jill
THE UNDERGROUND CONTINUUM
days and nights in the...
SKELETON CREW
We just recorded at the T-Com for a video on a late night ball game. The people were really good. When we got there, some people made a comment about Susan not really being the drummer. He asked her if she was the singer. He said he was sorry if he offended her later in a way. They also said "this is gonna be the test take". A few times of fusing of the beginning. The white was really nice, this guy in yellow was nice and was really diplomatic. One of the guys in the T-Com recording said he went to the recording studio to see us again. Some guy was joking on his friends about how "another snare" was missing. Susan and I told him it was a ten, but I don't think it registered with them. Jill must have moved off Paul's bass cabs ten times before we even played the song all the way again. I thought Jill performed very well. I suggested that we have some vision exercises to sharpen up our moves. I noticed the first take that I moved horribly. The second time I repositioned myself so that I looked at it. I was happy with my performance with that. I didn't move well enough at all (on accident) and I had to leave early because he is much less cool to be out tonight. We all went to Cafe and got our food free from a waitress that is really cool and knows Judy. I think she involves Jill & Susan. She's really great to please, I must go. We're sitting around talking about pow; hanging out with vs., ex-boyfriends and prospective situations that could be cool.
brazil.

chain caste proxy;

saababanks.
days nights in the
skeleton crew.

thurs. feb. 20

the speakeasy.
SATIN WARSHIP

- If I'm going down then so are you
- I could drown alone but I think I'll take you
- We don't have a captain for this ship
- too busy drowning to learn to swim

reflections salt

BENEATH THE WAVES
SAND & WATER MAPS &grave

SAILS WITHOUT WIND
LOST WITHOUT SOMETHING WITHIN

WINDS OF NO CHANCE
EMPTY HEARTS

CHANCE OF DROWNING BLOODY HANDS

*RE SOUNING THE LOST WORDS ARE SOUNING LAST

*CHANCE REFLECTIONS

*NO REFLECTIONS

*LOST HOPE AND NO DIRECTION
do I really mean what I say in my songs?

Does my art reflect me in any way?

Am I really “in love”?

I'm not very introspective. Can I really be an artist. Do I dare assume other people should look at my art –

Don't have any right to have an art show – to say come look at my art – do I have the right to ask other people to look at & think about my art when maybe I haven't even thought about it all the way through. Even as I write this a million other distractions are going through my head.

No says I am always distracted
he doesn't even know.

What was our goal when we started out?

It had a lot more to do with art than it does now. We've almost become a punk band or at least a rock band. Where's all the electronic shit? – the drum triggers, the loops, the samples, the programming? Where are the posters, the flyers, the propaganda?

It was supposed to be a mix of documentation, our stage show, performance & recording.
Days and Nights in the...

SKELETON CREW

HIGH-ENERGY SYNTH PUNK

at
Dill Street
Battle of the Bands
Friday, Nov. 15
J. S. 1
I. 2
24.31
23-62
54.61
62.75
76.97
98.12
124.135
148 (to 158)
days & nights in the...
Skeleton Crew
A great furnished position - my room can't be a professional decorator...

Into futuristic, revolutionary or sales do you think it's easy to be your own business owner...

...you are as Image - you pass yourself outside this reality *gregory bike services...

...Ask bob what the most business compact cab...

(whats) eden 4x10 speaker cab w/ adjustable vents $1260

eden 300w u/s $484.7

H258XVL Hartke 3x5" 400w Bass Cab $899.7

H410TP Hartke 4x10" 300w 2oh $555.6

H4.5XL Hartke 4x10" 400w cab - 5th Birthday $899.7

Horn 350w bass amp $619.7

W1600 Eden Road Runner 2x300 w amp $138.7

W7400 - $1,040.0w $128.6 a.m.
Friday, Feb. 7
10pm at e Speakeasy
(on Dill St. behind Greek's Pizza)

3 Bands:

Arcade
(a boy band)

Days and Nights in the...

Skeleton Crew
(it's dance, it's pop, it's noise, it's punk ...
it's $1 bud lights anyways)

Retreads
(they're doin' it for the dudes ... 
even the ones dressed like chicks)

Drag Show:

Featuring:
m.c.: Rosepetal and
...days and nights in the SKELETON

senior drawing thesis in two acts

act one

atrium gallery
april 8 – 12, 2003
reception thursday,
april 10 from 5-8 p.m.
CREW
by jill weiss

act two
I don't want to paint anymore. I want to play music. I want to book shows. I want to go see bands & drink beer. I want to do something outside. I want to go camping. I want to read a book that doesn't have anything to do with art. Maybe a book about ships.

I want to go running & paint my nails. I want to wash my car & have clean laundry. I want to sleep & order Chinese food. I want to take books back to the library on time. Remember to water my plants. I want to do nothing all day. I want to take a bath instead of a shower & eat fresh pizza instead of frozen pizza.

I want to hang out at Kevin's house all day & not have to leave. I want to play guitar all day. I could do all of these things if I could stop painting. I don't want to make art anymore.