

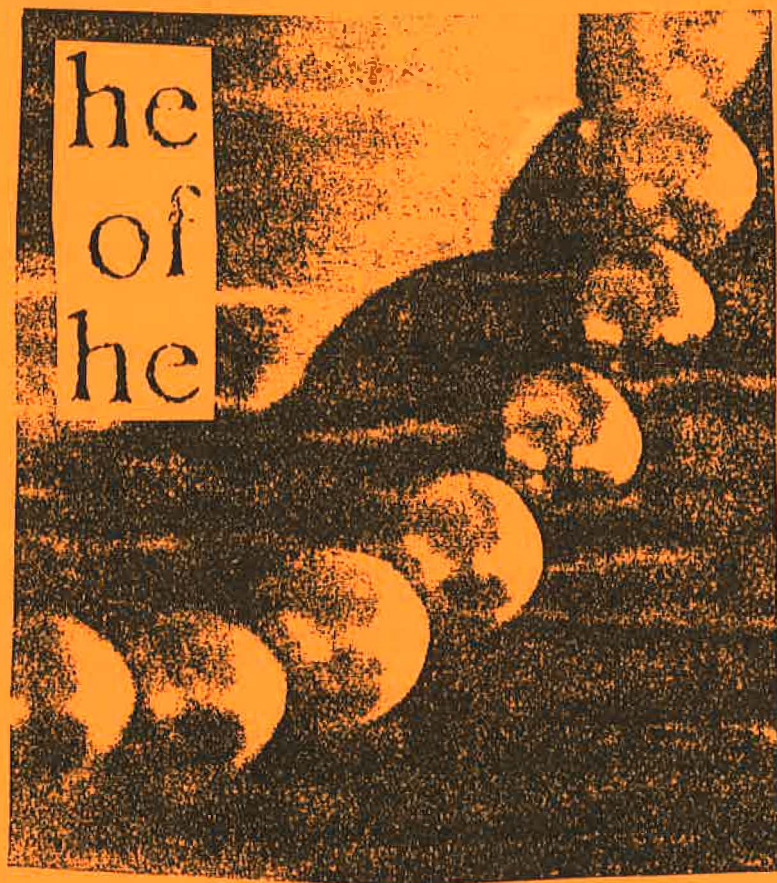
POP STOCK

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IT'S FREE

the girl rock movement: a primer for boys

David Kilgour's Here Come The Cars

the president and the comic book artist



POP STOCK MAKES MY POP STOCK

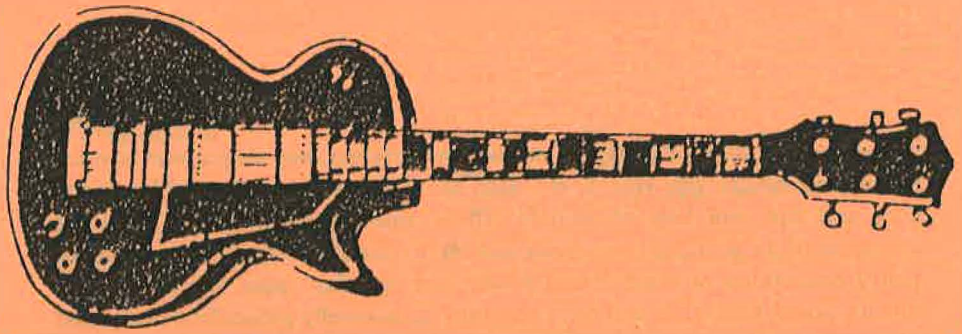
(a dozen assumptions)

1. **If we're self-reflexive, so are we.**
2. **Cardigans are cool.**
3. The U.S. political model—a spectrum from left to right—is inaccurate; a mobius strip would be closer to the truth. (Outlier: U.S. Congressman, Bernie Sanders [independent/socialist, Vermont.])
4. We'll convert to Islam before the metric system.
5. **Peas please.**
6. **Grunge is dead.**
7. The King of Prussia (PA) wakes one morning confused; orders toast with marmoset. His aides correct him: "Marmalade, sir." He is insistent and eats the monkey.
8. If homosexuals started their own army, it'd be bigger.
9. *Penicillin* is the best medicine. *Gravity* makes the world go 'round.
10. Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub...
11. Castrations for Strom Thurmond, Jesse Helms, David Duke, Rush Limbaugh, and Antonin Scalia—I'm buying!
12. *For office use only.*

POP STOCK

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WANG DANG DOODLE

or How The Girls Stole Our Guitars

Oh the chagrin us boys is feelin'!

Everywhere we set our manly eyes is a writ of verbage celebratin' the cause celebre of the girl rock movement. What embaraskment is in our hairy hearts. Our lower lips hang damp and danglin' as we are in amazement and reduced to by-standin'.

How did we get cut out of our own nefarious loop? Was it the three-plus decades of misogyny as art: swimsuited girls licking our geetars, lingeried girls fondling our floor toms, cut-off denim thong short-shorteds girls draping their supine shaplinesses about our tatoood and otherwise undesirable torsos?

Is this comeuppance?

Well, by gad, it oughta be. True, there is some boys among us who've strapped on the Les Paul without gettin' strange and powerfully hungry for the devouement and debasement of our sisters' proud flesh. But not enough. And I, for one, feel it fair to punish the many for the sins of the most.

There is lessons to be learned and the sooner they is, the sooner it will be better for girls and boys both alike. I don't know anybody who strums with their penis and so I don't imagine I can tell the difference 'tween malcish and femaleish clankin'.

Would it kill us to 1) not think, and therefore not sing, about girls as if they was ours to employ in our juvenile fantasies? (I got nothing against juvenalia or fantasies, but put 'em together and impose 'em on others [esp. others who've been subjugated in every other nook & cranny of society] and I find

(continued, page 3)

it obscene and reprehensible) 2) not adorn ourselves, our stages, our posters, our record covers, our videos, etc. with the limbs and breasts and butts and eyes and lips and hair of women whose sole purposes are to keep the attention of 14 year-old boys from Suffolk to Seattle and/or to reaffirm the paltry conception of male sexual power and ego that these anemic musical nitwits would have girls and boys acceptin' as naturally proscribed maleness? 3) take our girl counterparts at face value (same as us), as howlin' guitar and drum molesters and caressers (same as us), just trying to imitate the recorded sounds and sensations that made 'em shiver with joy on 1st, 2nd, & 600th listen (same as us)? They ain't our cupie-doll lessers. They ain't modern fertility-goddess virgin-whores offering themselves as sacrifice to male rockdom.

It is a little-known and even less-acknowledged secret--and it'll come as a shock to most of us boys--but it's true: **you don't need a penis to play guitar, bass, or drums**, (see: Tara Key [Antietam], Kim Gordon [Sonic Youth], Mo Tucker [Velvet Underground]). You don't need a brain, any respect for others, or a shred of dignity neither, (see: Axl Rose). But if you wanna play guitar, bass, or drums and be human, you need all three.

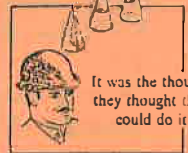


Huffy Henry
hiding the day

HENRY V.



Unappeasable
Henry sulking



It was the thought
they thought they
could do it

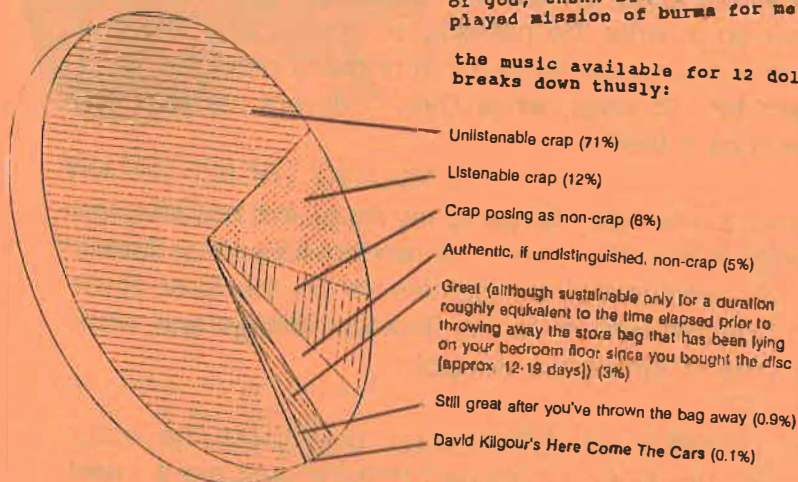


Made
Henry
wick'd
&
away

David Kilgour's

used to be i'd head to the record store, 7 bucks in hand, and pick a piece of pop on a label like atlantic, wb, or capitol. something's changed. i can't say with much certainty if it's me or the world or the "industry", but now it's the disc store/ 12 bucks/india-rock/ and flying nun, teen beat, or homestead. thank god. or, in lieu of god, thank brad larrabee, who, thank god, played mission of burma for me in 1982.

the music available for 12 dollars these days breaks down thusly:



Here Come The Cars



alright, so what, it cost \$20 because it's import-only. but i'll let you in on a little secret: after you get home with mr. kilgour's little piece of digital loveliness, separate it from its plastic and cardboard constraints, and subject it to your laser beam, you'll find yourself wishing that you could spend \$8 more on everything and get this much additional happiness. think of it, for \$8 more, meals, movies, vacations, cars, houses, etc. would yield comforts & joys beyond your most optimistic expectations.

the yield is 13 strummy/hummy songs, all but two worthy of gold orb awards for wonder-arranging & ineffable charm. each track burrows deeper than the last; the guitar nipping here, the bass pinching there, the drums needling and digging-in with the understated warmth of camomile & honey. this is not an artificial warmth concocted in the lab, it's made of guitars and sticks and drums. it is an analog recording (i'm guessing) in a real room with dimensions and materials you can hear.

i'm listening to it as i write about it--i propose this should be required practice for any and all who pass judgement on recorded music, as it is a bullshit test of sorts: if what you're writing isn't right, there's no better way to find out than by reading it while you listen to the music you're trashing or deifying. i'm on track 11 now (i don't know the title because i don't have the case with me at the moment) and i want to stop writing and just listen. what more can i say?

LOVE & ROCKETS:

pygmy twyns o' misery

When Bob Mould loses his last hair O Henry will rise from his tainted grave to unwrite the painting of the last leak, leaving poor Polly to finally go gentle into that ungracious night, hand in hand with Mr. Thomas, while Dylan delivers his plaintive plea. How *does* it feel?

I'm not joined at the index finger to my mug. I'm not affected by the change in any W's format nor rendered liquid by Jack's passing. My presidential sympathies lie on the East River Drive from Spanish Harlem to the Brooklyn Bridge and work their schedules around polio not polo.

Twenty-five people in an olympic-sized pool make the water uninviting. My neighbor's backyard requires just eight. And the puddle in my driveway is crowded with reflections.

I want my very own president, my very own comic-book, my very own alternative rock band. It is time to issue a mandate:

We, the popular culture of the Varying States of America, demand that the buddy-system be installed. We propose a cooperative, interactive conglomerate of 120 million bio-states, each composed of two individuals alternating between the equally prestigious posts of president and comic-book artist.

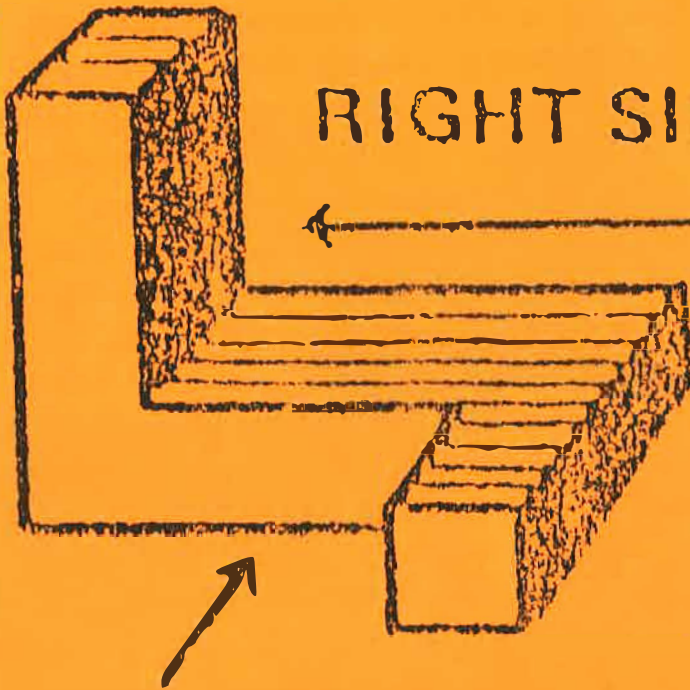
Love & Rockets can have their own state. And they're welcome to form their own alternative rock band, as long as they get a real drummer.

As for the Brothers Hernandez, they can have their own state too, but if they want to call themselves Love & Rockets, they'll have to go to court.

Personally, I prefer Jamie & Gilbert. But that's just me.

projection

TOP



RIGHT SIDE



FRONT

osmotic

Chicago Worthwhile:

I like the Coctails, they are fun and make me happy. I like Leo's Lunchroom it is fun and makes me happy. I like WNUR in the afternoons, especially on Tuesday, when they play fun music by bands like Tsunami and Eggs from distant lands like the District of Columbia that makes me happy. I like Lounge Ax, which, to my mind, is a better place to drink & listen than CBGB's in NYC or The Rat in Boston or The 40 Watt in Athens, GA. (It's because, if you wanna know, the owners--Sue & Julia--are gracious and beautiful people who don't do business with their egos.)

I like ice skating in Grant Park, it is fun and makes me happy. I like Reckless Records' selection of hard-to-find 7" singles but I don't like some of the people who work there--why do they act like I'm raiding their private record collections and keeping them up past their bedtimes?

I like Mint Aundry; perhaps you haven't heard of this lovely lil' band from Chicago, but take my word for it, they are a charming outfit with subtlety, wit, and restraint (rare attributes, indeed) worthy of your immediate attention. I like Quimby The Mouse in New City and Ernie Pook's Comeek (alot) in The Reader--they are fun and make me happy. I'd like a Pimm's No. 1 cup & warm weather, please.