

# My Little Underground



LA CITY'S A SUCKER



GET ME OUTTA  
THIS STINKIN'  
TOWN!



ISSUE



#1

January 2023



**MUSIC** [1953]

by Frank O'Hara (from 'Lunch Poems')

If I rest for a moment near The Equestrian  
pausing for a liver sausage sandwich in the Mayflower Shoppe,  
that angel seems to be leading the horse into Bergdorf's  
and I am naked as a table cloth, my nerves humming.  
Close to the fear of war and the stars which have disappeared.  
I have in my hands only 35¢, it's so meaningless to eat!  
and gusts of water spray over the basins of leaves  
like the hammers of a glass pianoforte. If I seem to you  
to have lavender lips under the leaves of the world,  
I must tighten my belt.  
It's like a locomotive on the march, the season  
of distress and clarity  
and my door is open to the evenings of midwinter's  
lightly falling snow over the newspapers.  
Clasp me in your handkerchief like a tear, trumpet  
of early afternoon! In the foggy autumn.  
As they're putting up the Christmas trees on Park Avenue  
I shall see my daydreams walking by with dogs in blankets,  
put to some use before all those coloured lights come on!  
But no more fountains and no more rain,  
and the stores stay open terribly late.



Like most people of my certain disposition, (teen-aged girl from California suburbs with varied artistic interests and a strange obsession with the band 'Sonic Youth' and Robert De Niro in Taxi Driver) it's been a dream of mine to move to New York. Somehow, against all odds, I made it there and moved to Greenwich Village in August 2022! + For the few short months that I have lived there, it feels like everything in my life changed significantly in some way. I also ended up becoming very into the independent music scene out here. I documented most of my experiences through photographs, drawings, and journal entries and the whole purpose of this zine is to share it all with you! the public! What you're about to see is New York through my point-of-view, along with all the wonderful bands I saw, friends made, and adventures had in hopefully what is the first of many installments of 'My Little Underground' (named after the Jesus & Mary Chain song!) ... enjoy! ♥ - SHAN





# QUICK RECOLLECTIONS FROM THE BEGINNING

I think the greatest feeling was the day my parents finally left (sorry mom & dad) and I was completely free. To finally be autonomous and able to roam the streets of New York on my own was such a gift. I remember the first thing I did was walk out of my dorm into Washington Square Park with a shit-eating grin plastered across my face. I knew absolutely no one in this city and while it felt really lonely it also felt exhilarating. I walked to the closest record store I could find (Generation Records ☆) and bought *Mezanine* by Massive Attack & *Floating Into The Night* by Julee Cruise on CD. I was really happy that day. Nothing beats your first taste of freedom. This initial high quickly led to homesickness, but I got used to it eventually.

## September 6th - Built To Spill

The first ever concert I went to in NY was Built to Spill!! at Irving Plaza. I was too scared to ask anyone to go with me so I just went alone. I remember I got to the venue only an hour early and ~~no one~~ was there and I got really embarrassed so I decided to walk around. *Bad Decision*. Ended up getting lost somehow around Astor Pl, lost my mask to a gust of wind, walked all the way back to my dorm, got stopped by 2 people asking me "which state only has one syllable?" (maine) before trying to get me to donate to breast cancer... It was a mess. Eventually saw the show though and it was fucking great. Doug can play a guitar like no other.

ADULT T-7 Screen 3  
AFC New Yo  
10 W Houston St  
New York, NY 10012

DO NOT LEAVE

07:30 PM Fri 10/14/2022

Screen 3 NR

Seat T-7

ADULT \$10.00 Veb

Price: 10.00 Tax: 0.00

9005334417002

HYBOX3 Cashier: 3026

10/14/2022 07:13 PM

September 26<sup>th</sup>: I saw fucking Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth and Richard Hell in the flesh this day. It was so surreal. They did a poetry reading as a part of ecstatic peace's Rockin' Roll roundtable during their residency at the Algonquin Hotel. I remember walking in and seeing them at the bar and being absolutely floored that they were real. Thurston really is like 8 feet tall and Richard seemed so oddly kind and tender. Hearing him read poems about his mommy issues in his raspy drawl really showed me his soft spot. Don't get me wrong, Thurston is a dick, but this little event he put on was pretty cool.



I got Covid almost immediately which sucked. Got stuck in my dorm room for like the first 10 days of class. Fear Anna brought me every meal. Once I got over Covid though my ass went all over town. Went to the Lou Reed exhibit at NYPL which was so sick. They have this huge listening room that constantly plays his high-fidelity demos, old guitars, photographs, memorabilia, and his entire record collection. I also got to go to a free, Scaevola/Polo Perles/Ethel Cain show at La Poisson Rouge. I knew literally none of them before hand but my friends at home were huge fans evidently. It was a cool show but really sweaty. I remember as I was leaving the venue I had a massive headache and it was raining a little bit and head in the ceiling fan by title fight started blasting out of some speakers. I had the worst piece of pizza in my life, ~~that~~ walked back to the dorm with Allison and Kennedy, and immediately passed out.



Observation: Everyone in New York has so many tattoos! Maybe I'll become a tattoo artist, or just finally get a tattoo... maybe an ephemeral one so I won't have to commit to it forever... I've always wanted one of the beat happening cat ~~cat~~ I think it is my spirit animal, I am that cat! And Teenage Caveman by Beat Happening is me if I was a song. I think I'd get it above my right knee next to my birth mark or on my left arm just below my shoulder.



from jill ↓

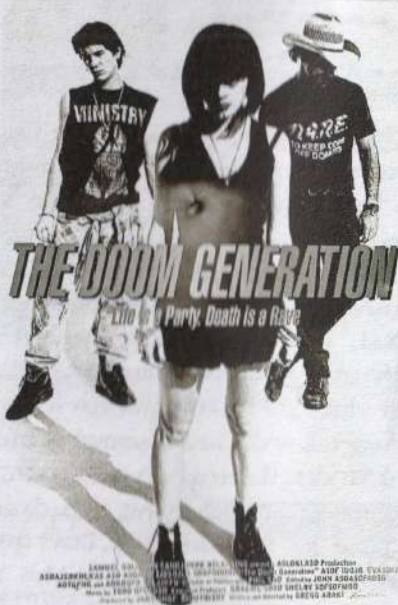


photo of me + connor taken  
at his 17th B-day party



'The Doom Generation' Poster

STUFF ON  
THE WALLS  
OF MY DORM:



vinyl insert from  
'DIRTY'

Not Pictured:

A swirlies poster, photograph of  
Brooke, Pierrat Le Fou poster,  
slowdive record insert, bikini  
kill record insert, wednesday  
poster + post card, a cut-out  
of one of monet's water lilies,  
a picture of Cooper on a bench,  
photo I took of HotlineTNT,  
Basquiat postcard, a picture of  
AJ playing guitar, a photo of  
Laura, a photo of cole on the  
beach, a photo of Lane, ... Lots  
of other things.

"BOTTLE ROCKET is RESERVOIR GEEKS. A hip comedy."



**bottle  
rocket**

ADRIAN PAUL PRODUCTION "BOTTLE ROCKET" A FILM BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN CASTING BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN MUSIC BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN EDITOR BRIAN KOPPELMAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER BRIAN KOPPELMAN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KOPPELMAN BRIAN KOPPELMAN PRODUCED BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN WRITTEN BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN DIRECTED BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN

↑ my favorite movie poster  
ever

computerwife setlist (10/27/22)  
show @ mercury lounge

LEARNME BE B9  
YOU MAKE IT LOOK SO EASY B8  
HAPPY GIVE C7  
LEAPFROG D3  
VACATION B7  
MELANCHOLIA C4  
PATHEMATIC D9  
HE HEHE D2  
IGNORANCE FACTS H

A24

sticker  
(embarrassing)

silly photo of mitch  
+ mckenna



movie ticket stubs →



drawing lane made  
of her and I



free Truffaut post card  
from posteritati

IFC Center Presents  
**In the Mood for Love**  
Saturday, Aug 27, 2022 9:50 PM  
w/ a bunch of film festival  
never saw again



a postcard of Jello Biafra  
I got in Barcelona.

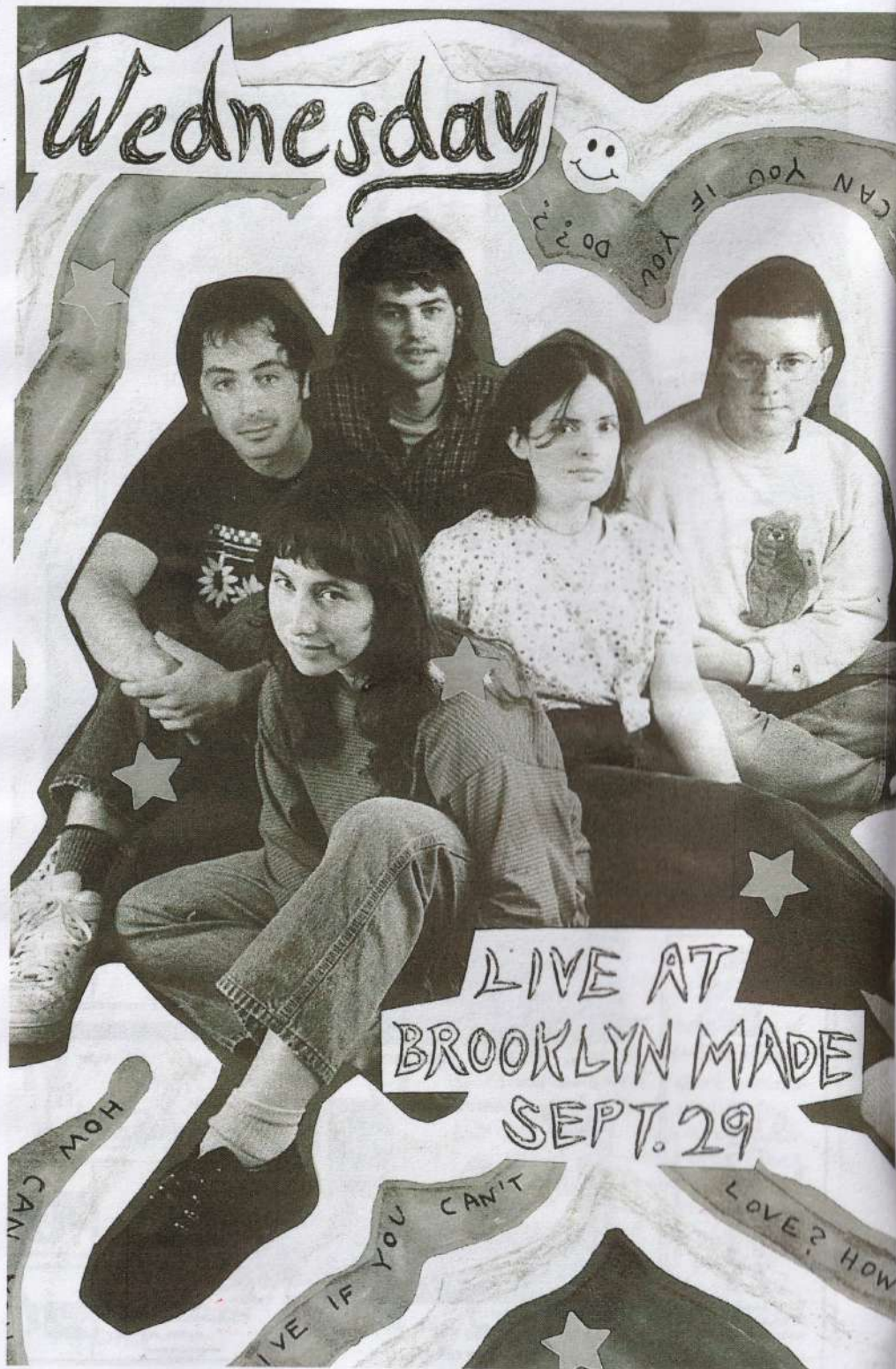
w/ Kennedy + Allison  
IFC Center Presents  
**Fallen Angels**  
Saturday, Sep 17, 2022 7:30 PM

FILM FORUM  
THE 400 BLOWS w/ cooper  
2:40 PM  
09/30/22 2:40 PM  
\$15.00 General

w/ mitch  
IFC Center Presents  
(70 mins late) **Blue Velvet**  
Saturday, Oct 1, 2022 11:50 PM

w/ Kennedy + Allison  
IFC Center Presents  
**Twilight**  
Friday, Oct 7, 2022 11:55 PM  
against my will.





The hours between the mid-afternoon of September 29th & the early morning of October 1st were probably my favorite of all the time I spent in NY. I'm still not entirely sure how it all came together, but I'm very grateful that it did. This was the weekend I spent with Cooper, someone I'd only met once before very briefly about 5 months prior. We bonded over our mutual love of Jerry Hsu, Dinosaur Jr., movies, and this band - Wednesday! At some point we planned out this whole trip where he'd come to NY to see them and Pavement (next page) with me. The whole thing was a little crazy and surreal. ★★★★★★

When the day of the show finally came, I had been looking forward to it for so long I couldn't believe it was actually happening. We got to the venue really early and ended up walking around Williamsburg for a while to pass the time. We even ran into Karly! Cooper said hello but I was too scared to. (I ended up meeting her later in December. She was recording a live session for WNYU while I was doing my show which was crazy! We talked about the exhibit at the MOMA where the guy taped pictures of dicks to the walls. I spoke with her management too, they said the decline of western civ was one of Karly's favorite movies, we talked about TAGABOW, and they told me when the next album was being announced and released!)

When we finally got inside the venue, the show started really late. I don't remember much about Truth Club (the opener) other than they totally rocked. Wednesday was insane. Karly wore black lipstick, a grey tube top, and baggy jeans. She can scream into a mic like you would not believe. When they played Bull Believer she just let everything out. Everything they played sounded even better than the recordings. There was also more moshing than I expected, but it was clear everyone was having fun. The band's energy is so contagious, it's impossible to have a bad time at a Wednesday show. Twin Plagues is already one of my fav. albums so I can only imagine how great the next will be! ☺





Over the past few months, Pavement have quickly risen to becoming tied with Sonic Youth for my favorite band of all time (something I never expected to happen). Every album and every song have become my comfort music, and maybe it's because I get brought back to this day whenever I hear the voice of Stephen Malkmus, but I've come to really love everything they've done and just all of them as a band. Needless to say, I was incredibly excited for this show.

Cooper and I started off the day by spending over two hours looking at vintage movie posters in Posteritati (what happens when you let two movie geeks loose in a place like that), but that's besides the point of this section. Following our little side quest, we decided to check out the temporary



Pavement Museum which had set up residence on the lower west side. The whole thing sort of felt like an elaborate joke but in the most endearing and goof-ball way. The whole space had been decorated with hundreds of vintage Pavement posters, photographs, and memorabilia. Sprinkled throughout the room were old television sets paired with headphones playing non-stop music videos and footage of old live performances. In several glass cases were old magazines, records, tour passes, notebook pages with Malkmus' notes, and a pair of handcuffs. On the farthest left wall they had all their old tour shirts and merchandise hung from floor to ceiling (I accidentally knocked one off the hanger it was really embarrassing.) In the back right was a mock stage with mannequins adorned the clothing worn by the band during their infamous Lollapalooza tour performance where they had been pelted with mud (as highlighted in the Pavement documentary—which I recommend

for any fans), still covered in dirt. I think my favorite part was the small jar of Gary Young's old toe-nail clippings.

The show itself was everything I could have ever wanted (well-almost. They didn't play either of my most favorite songs, *Heaven is a Truck* or *Give it A Day* (or *No More Kings*—sorry Coop), but the set was still great so I'll let it slide...) We ended up behind these four middle-aged guys (who were clearly pavement fans in college) who kept rehashing their glory days talking about their favorite bands to see live, how they used to skateboard, and about their lives now as adults. It was really silly to hear them try to talk all cool. I'd say the major demographic for this show was just old dads who liked pavement way back when and it set such a wholesome vibe for the whole night. It was sweet to hear everyone sing along as best they could and everyone yelling their hearts out to "Two States" was something that made me really grin. My favorite songs to hear live were: *Gold Soundz* (obviously), *Spit on A Stranger*, *Box Elder*, and *Summer Babe*. Compared to what footage I had seen before, they clearly cleaned up their act a lot since the last time they toured and sounded better than ever. (Also the opener was pretty great too! shoutout *Water from Your Eyes*.) After the show we met up with Mitch and got *Wingstop* at midnight and ate it on a random sidewalk in Flatbush as it started to rain (probably not our best idea) and talked about the different sections of christianity and ketamine therapy for some reason.

The whole thing felt very bittersweet once it was all over. Cooper and I had this whole thing planned out for months and we'd finally gotten to do it but now it was just done. I'll probably always remember those last few hours I spent with him, walking around Manhattan, sitting on this staircase by my dorm listening to music as it rained and running up and down the streets of midtown at two in the morning trying to find the open entrance to Penn station. Overall, it was a weekend for the books. But, the following day, I felt hollowed out. I grown really used to having him by my side and the absence was palpable at first, everything just felt wrong. With every subway ride, and every step through the city, I could feel this ghost constantly trailing behind me. It was like the day after loosing a tooth when you feel that gross, slimy part of your newly-exposed gum with the tip of your tongue, and you know that something important should be there but just isn't anymore. Eventually you get used to it's absence, accepting the gap in your mouth as a permanent fixture, and you can try to fill it in with something, your tongue, or perhaps a shiny false tooth (or if you're lucky, a brand new one will sprout from its roots and grow back to its proper place.) But sometimes, you are just left with an empty, unfillable gap. I guess only time tells with that sort of thing. Life returned to feeling utterly normal.

- ANNIVERSARY

Let's

I think i may be in love with  
Stephen Malkmus

Let Us

Just

Letture

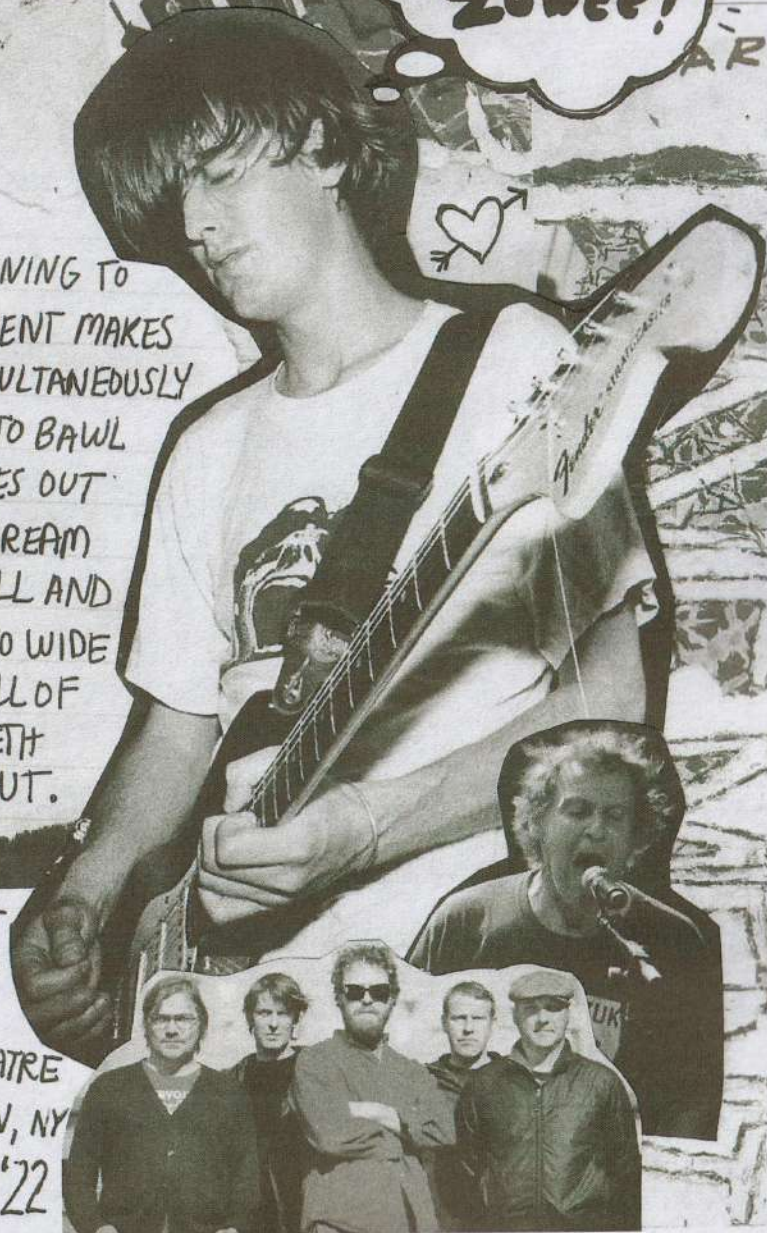
Wowee  
Zowee!

ART

LISTENING TO  
PAVEMENT MAKES  
ME SIMULTANEOUSLY  
WANT TO BAWL  
MY EYES OUT  
AND SCREAM  
AND YELL AND  
SMILE SO WIDE  
THAT ALL OF  
MY TEETH  
FALL OUT.

PAVEMENT  
(1ST RAD)

LIVE AT  
KINGS THEATRE  
IN BROOKLYN, NY  
SEPT 30 '22



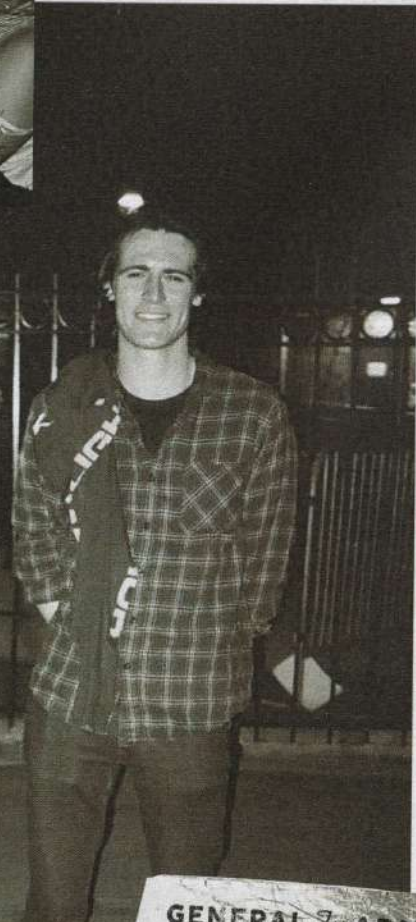




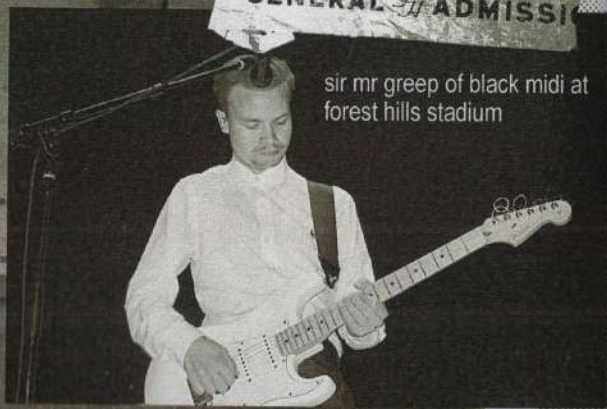
wednesday mosh > )



photo of me and mitch outside king's theatre by coop!



GENERAL ADMISSION

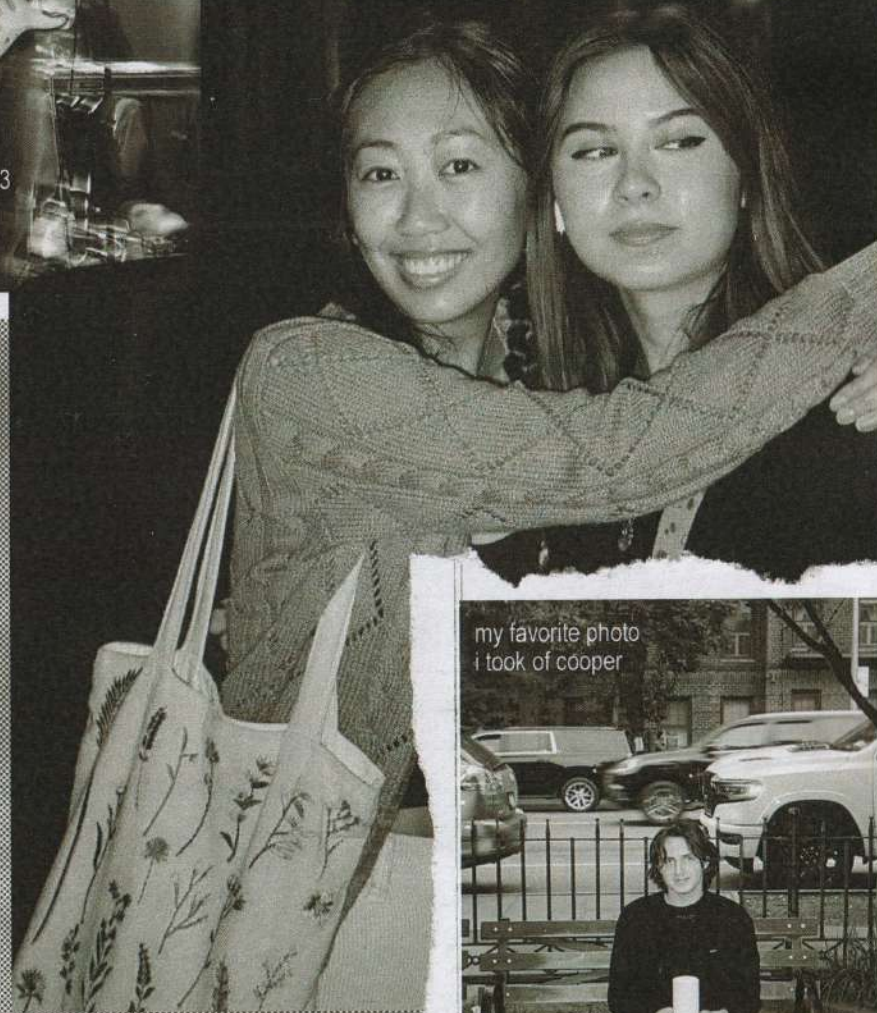


sir mr greep of black midi at forest hills stadium



karly!!!! <3

allison & kennedy waiting for the train to take us back to manhattan after a long day in brooklyn



my favorite photo i took of cooper



receipt from L train i think i bought a sweater

L TRAIN VINTAGE	
1377 DEKALB AVE	
BROOKLYN NY 11221	
TEL X7184436940	
DCA LIC 1427213	
17-34	10-08-2022
	0170
DEPT 61	*10.00
SUBTTL	*10.00
TOTAL	*10.00
CHARGE	*10.00
ALL SALES FINAL	
THANK YOU	
PLEASE COME AGAIN	



# THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

WNYU89.1

WNYU89.1

WNYU89.1

WNYU89.1

SO YOU  
THINK YR PUNK,  
HUH?

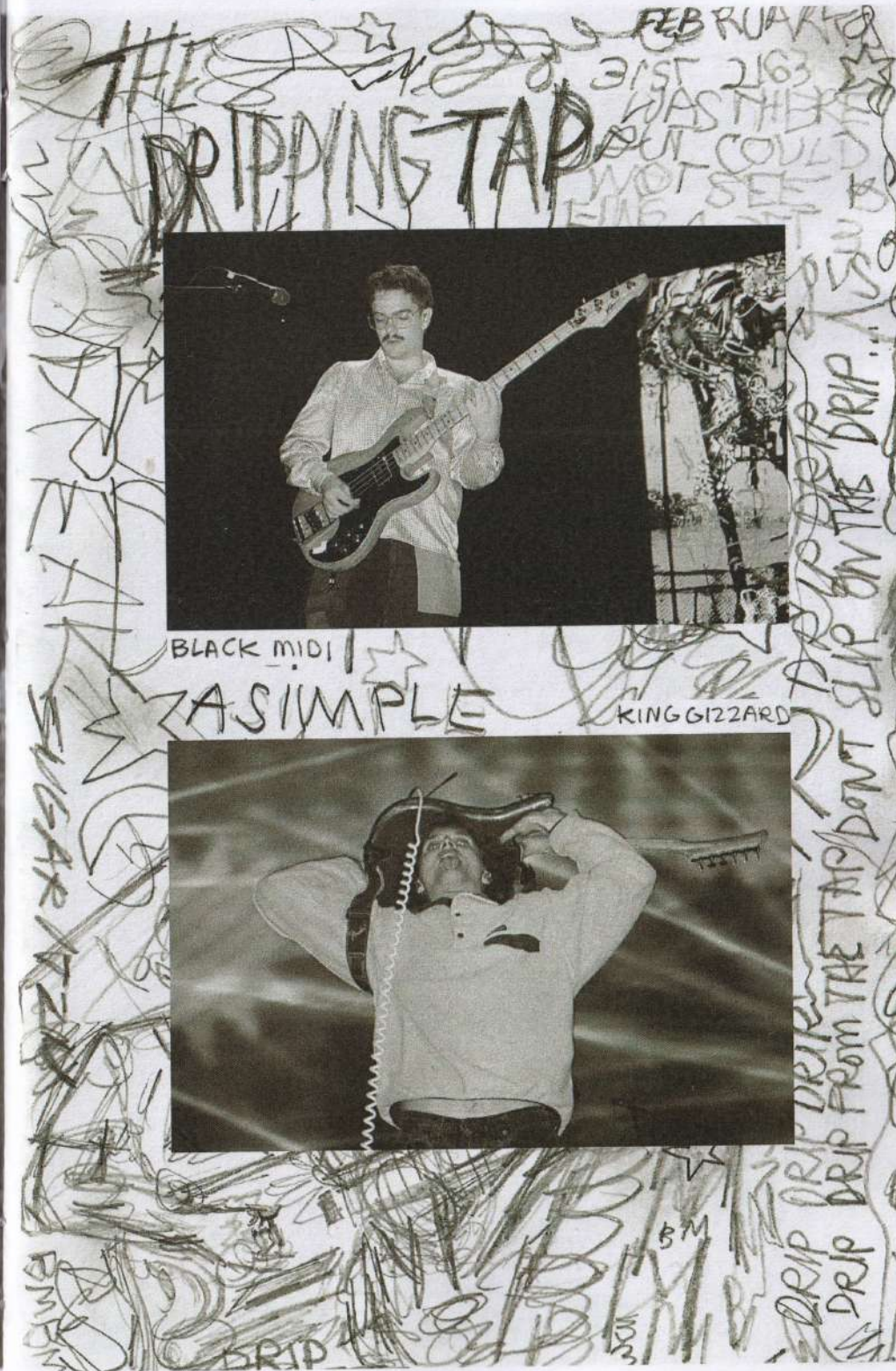
SHANNON@WNYU.ORG



A NEW SHOW ON COLLEGE RADIO AIRWAVES

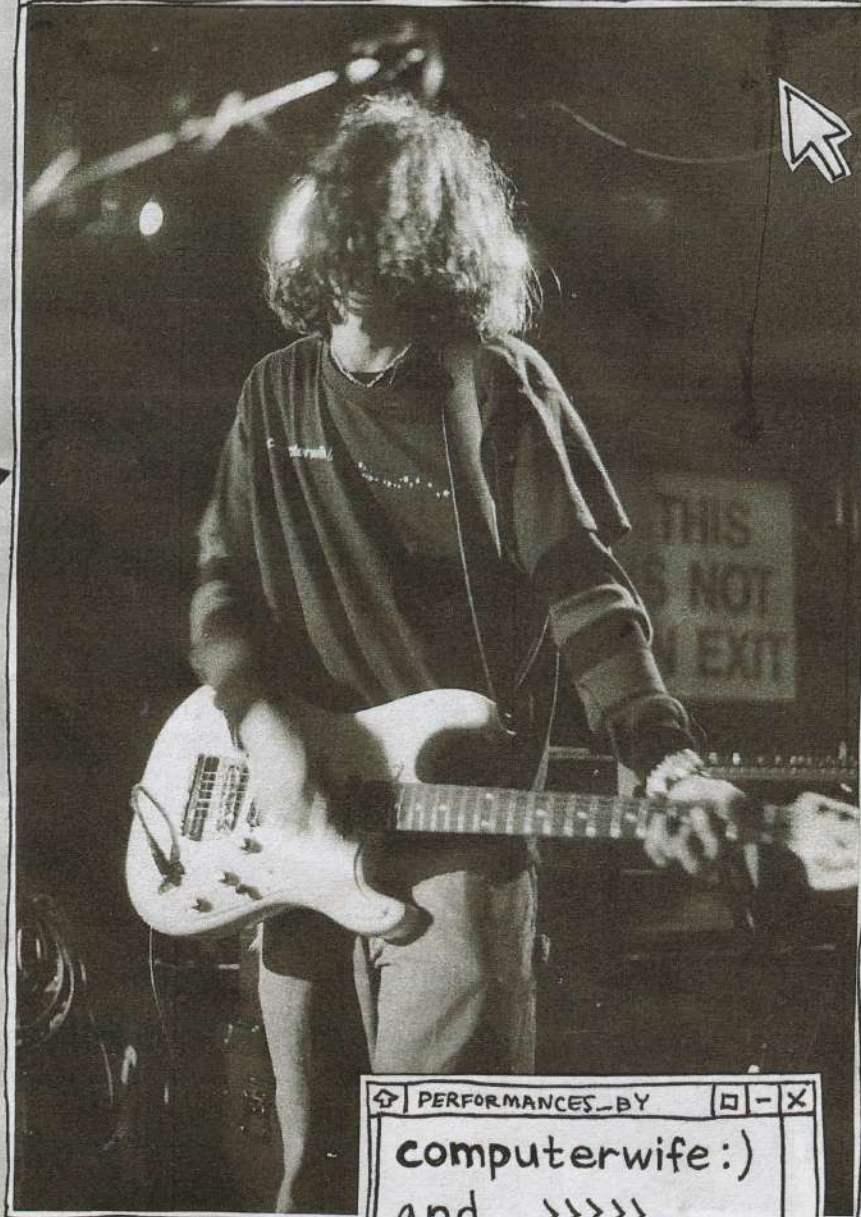
LIVE EVERY SUNDAY  
12-2 PM EST  
ON WNYU.ORG

PLAYING ALTROCK/PUNK/HARDCORE/WHATEVER FROM  
CALIFORNIA BANDS AND INDEPENDENT LABELS





OCT-27-THE-MERCURY-LOUNGE



DINOBOY↑

PERFORMANCES-BY

computerwife:)  
and... >>>>

**PANCHIKO**

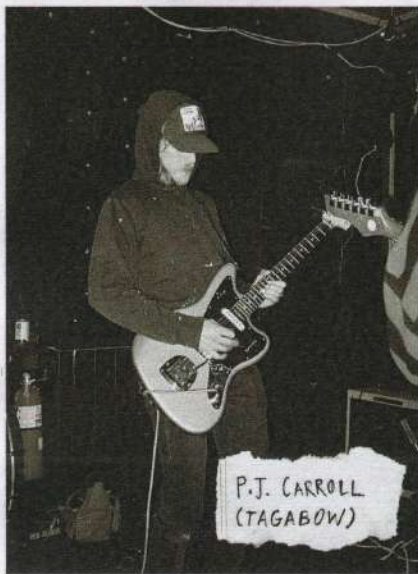


MY-LITTLE-UNDERGROUND

THE PANCHIKO BOYS WERE REALLY SWEET + SILLY AND LET 5 WNYU MEMBERS ON THE GUEST LIST! FINN, AMÉLIE, TENN, SYLVIA, + I GOT TO MEET THEM AFTER THE SHOW TOO! WE LEARNED THE BASSIST WAS ALSO A TREE SURGEON + THAT THEIR ALBUM COVER WAS JUST TAKEN FROM THE 1ST IMAGE THEY COULD GET WHEN THEY SEARCHED UP 'ANIME' ON THE ANCIENT INTERNET. WE ENDED UP HANGING OUT WITH COMPUTERWIFE FOR A BIT TOO. IT TURNS OUT ADDIE HAD A WNYU SHOW AT A POINT! HER + DALTON (DINOBOY) WERE TOTALLY COOL (AND LIKED MY PHOTOS!)







P.J. CARROLL  
(TAGABOW)



PLASTIC



BRIDGET BAKIE  
(HIGH.)



CROWD @ THE BROADWAY



JARETT DENNER  
(WAVEFORM\*)



DOUGLAS DULGARIAN  
(TAGABOW)

# OCTOBER 30<sup>TH</sup> AT THE BROADWAY IN BROOKLYN WITH: HIGH., PLASTIC, WAVEFORM\*, + TAGABOW

[THEY ARE  
GUTTING A  
BODY OF WATER]

I WAS REALLY EXCITED FOR THIS SHOW AND BOUGHT TICKETS AS SOON AS IT WAS ANNOUNCED. THE BROADWAY REMINDS ME A LOT OF THE D.I.Y. VENUES BACK HOME (SD). IN TOTAL, THERE WERE MAYBE 80 PEOPLE AT THIS SHOW FOR A REALLY FUN TIME.

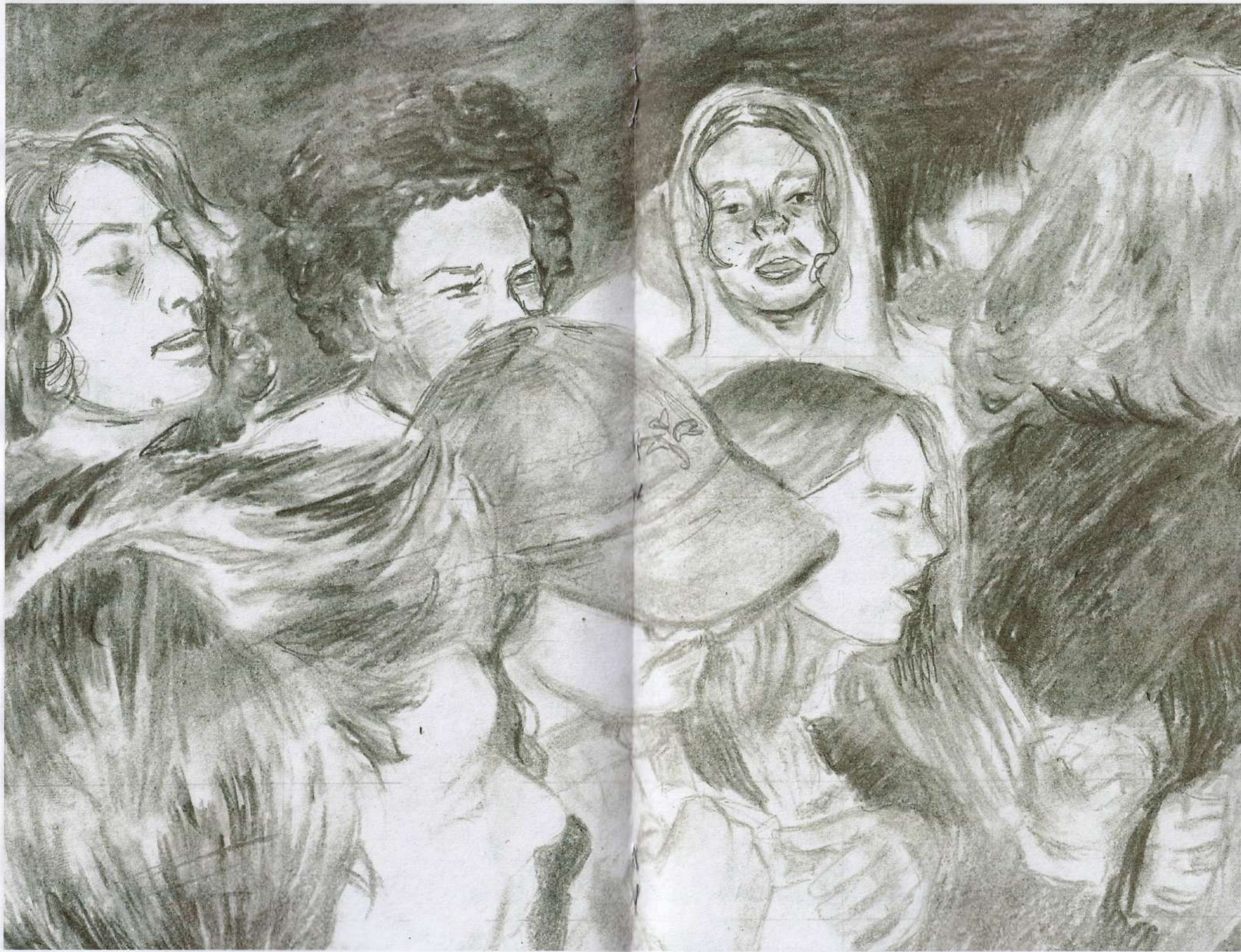
REALLY EARLY (20 MINS LATE) AND PRACTICALLY NO ONE WAS THERE. THE HOUSE WAS ORTABLY LOUD SCREAMO ON FIRST. I HAD NEVER BUT LEFT THEIR SET A HUGE COOL AS FUCK SHOEGAZE GROUP. PLASTIC FOLLOWED AND WERE THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC. DAN ACTUALLY ENDED AND STOOD RIGHT IN MY VIEW. I BUT THEN HE HOPPED IT WAS HIM. THEY

I ONLY LISTENED TO WAVEFORM\* THE FOLLOWING WEEK. EVERY SINGLE SONG IS PERFECT, I CAN'T GET ENOUGH. FINALLY, THERE WAS TAGABOW. ALL OF MY FRIENDS MADE FUN OF ME SEEING A GROUP CALLED "THEY ARE GUTTING A BODY OF WATER," BUT THEY ARE IDIOTS (SORRY!) WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE MISSING. IT TOOK A MINUTE TO GET USED TO THEIR PERFORMING STYLE (A CIRCULAR FORMATION WHERE THEY ALL FACE EACH OTHER), BUT ONCE THE MUSIC STARTED, NOTHING MATTERED. IT WAS EASY TO GET LOST IN THE CROWD, BANGING YOUR HEAD ALONG TO THE GLORIOUS NOISE. LUCKY STYLE WAS A FAVORITE FOR ME THIS YEAR AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT TAGABOW DOES NEXT.

BESIDES THE BAND MEMBERS MUSIC WAS UNCOMF- GRINDCORE. HIGH. WENT HEARD OF THEM BEFORE FAN. VERY NONCHALANTZY GROUP. PLASTIC FO- THE DRUMMER

HUGE UP NEXT MY MOST (SEEN HERE!) UP PUSHING PAST FRONT OF ME, BLO- ALMOST GOT MAD UP ON STAGE & I REALIZED WERE PHENOMENAL. WAVEFORM\* THE FOLL- WAS TAGABOW. ALL

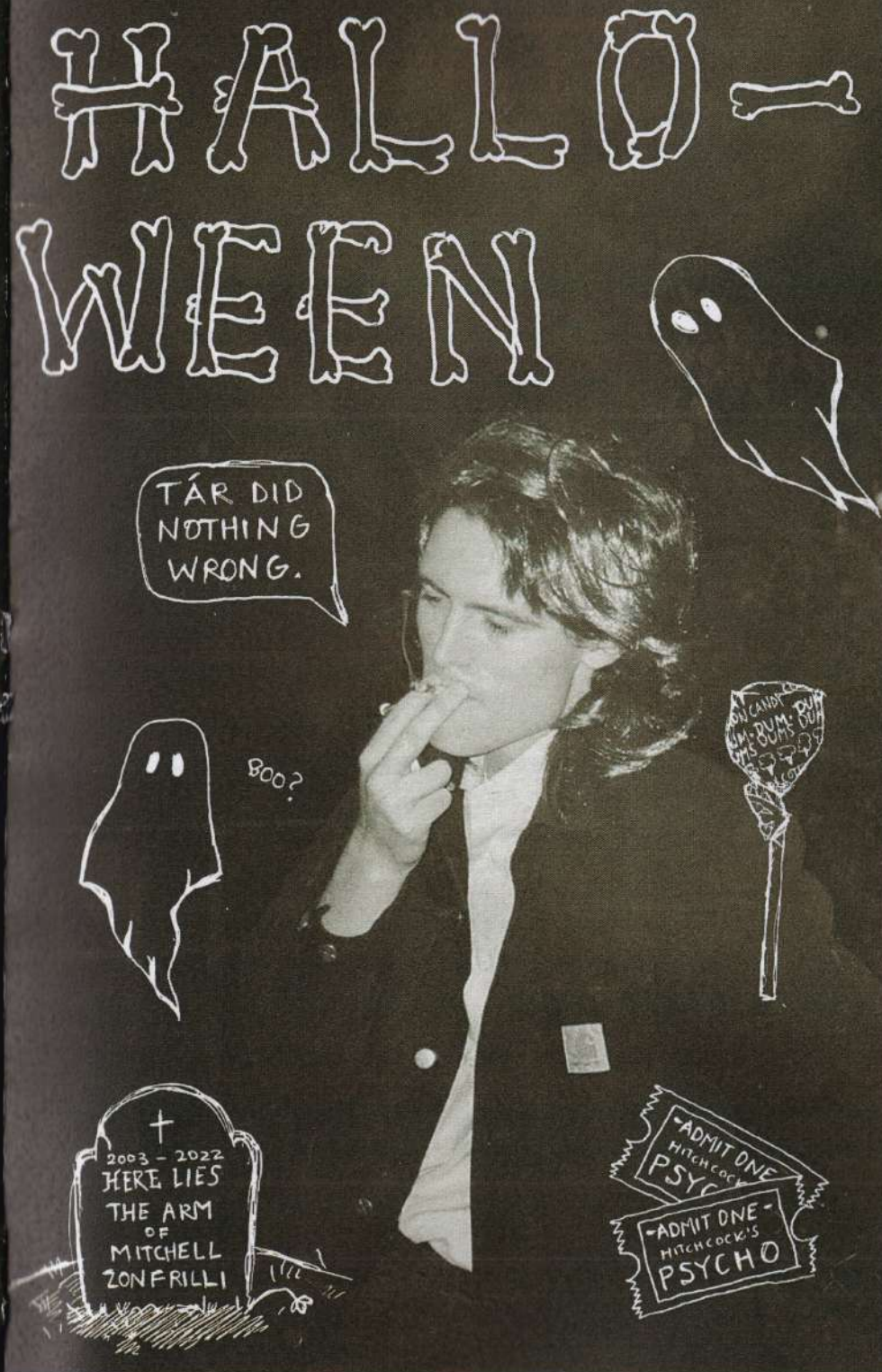






10/31/22 (A Jumbled Recollection)

Halloween was strange. For the first time in what felt like forever, I didn't dress up. I wanted to be Serena from the MTV cartoon *Downtown*, or Laura Dern's character in *Blue Velvet* (Sandy?) but it was too cold to wear a dress. Mitch dressed up as (the real) Lydia Tár with a cheap wig and a thrown together costume that worked surprisingly well. We went to the Halloween parade with 2 friends from his program but we couldn't see shit so we bailed before it got too hectic. I got a lollipop from a lady dressed as a witch sitting on a staircase. — I think it was cotton candy flavored, it turned my lips blue. It started raining (perfect) so we got an umbrella from my dorm and walked to Tompkins. Mitch smoked and I took some silly photos of him. At the last minute, we got tickets to see *Psycho* at Village East. On our way over we stopped outside a bar where a weezer cover band was playing. We listened and laughed as they butchered Hash Pipe and Undone. An old man came up to us and started freestyle rapping over the sdo in. Say It Ain't So but left pretty quickly when he realized we didn't have any money. We kept walking and Mitch got hit by a car. He asked me if I would have left him on the curb if he had gotten seriously injured (of course not...). We finally saw *Psycho* and together we downed 2 large bags of peanut M&M's (caramel) ~~from some place~~. The film was just as great as I remembered. Not too bad of a night.







# MY WEEK WITH JILL

NOVEMBER

YOUR RECEIPT  
THANK YOU  
CALL AGAIN

THE FIRST WEEK OF NOVEMBER BROUGHT NOT ONLY THE LAST OF THE YEAR'S WARM WEATHER, BUT ALSO MY DEAR FRIEND JILL ALL THE WAY FROM CALIFORNIA TO VISIT MITCHELL + I! FOR THE 5 DAYS THAT SHE WAS HERE, I THINK I LEARNED MORE ABOUT MYSELF AND ABOUT THE TWO OF THEM THAN I HAD IN THE ENTIRE TIME WE'D BEEN FRIENDS (WHICH I GUESS RELATIVELY ISN'T THAT LONG TO BE FAIR). ON THE FIRST NIGHT, AFTER EATING HALAL CART FOOD IN CENTRAL PARK AND A SLIGHTLY HECTIC RUN TO TARGET, MITCHELL TOOK HER B-I TOOK US TO THIS PARK THAT OVERLOOKED THE EAST RIVER + ROOSEVELT ISLAND. WE SAT THERE FOR HOURS JUST OPENING UP TO EACH OTHER (UNTIL WE GOT KICKED OUT!) WE WERE ALL JUST IN THE RIGHT MOOD WHERE WE'D ANSWER ANY QUESTION ASKED (NO MATTER HOW EMBARRASSING THE ANSWER MAY BE.) THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I REALIZED HOW LITTLE MOST OF MY FRIENDS REALLY KNEW ABOUT ME / JUST HOW MUCH I'D KEPT BOTTLED UP. (I THINK THAT'S PART OF THE REASON WHY I WANTED TO INCLUDE A PERSONAL ASPECT TO THIS ZINE, (EVEN IF I'VE HIDDEN IT BETWEEN MANY CONCERTS + PICTURES) SO THAT I COULD WORK ON LEARNING TO SHARE MORE OF MYSELF.) I REMEMBER THE FIRST THING WE TALKED ABOUT WAS SHARING OUR FIRST KISS STORIES (I WAS SIXTEEN, IT WAS DIRECTLY AFTER WATCHING ROGER RABBIT, & IT WAS TERRIBLE.) AND I REALIZED IT WAS LITERALLY THE FIRST TIME I HAD TOLD ANYONE ABOUT IT. THERE WAS MUCH MORE I WISH I COULD ACCURATELY RECOUNT BUT I THINK I'LL LEAVE THE REST TO MEMORY. THE WATER WAS BEAUTIFUL THOUGH, AND THE LIGHTS FROM BROOKLYN + A NEARBY BRIDGE MADE EVERYTHING SWIRL WITH RED + ORANGE TINTS. I GOT 16 BUG BITES TOO.



THERE IS SOMETHING SO RIGHT ABOUT REACHING THE END OF ADOLESCENCE AND WALKING AROUND IN AN UNFAMILIAR PLACE AND TIME WITH PEOPLE YOU'VE JUST MET (OR HAVE KNOWN FOR FOREVER.)



WE SPENT THE NIGHT EXPLORING AN EMPTY CENTRAL PARK. WINTER WAS FAST APPROACHING AND WE COULD SEE THEM SETTING UP THE ICE SKATING RINK. WE SANG AND DANCED IN EMPTY TUNNELS. WE GOT LOST AND WALKED THROUGH BUSHES AND UP ON HILLS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE. WE FOUND THE LAKE AND LAYED DOWN



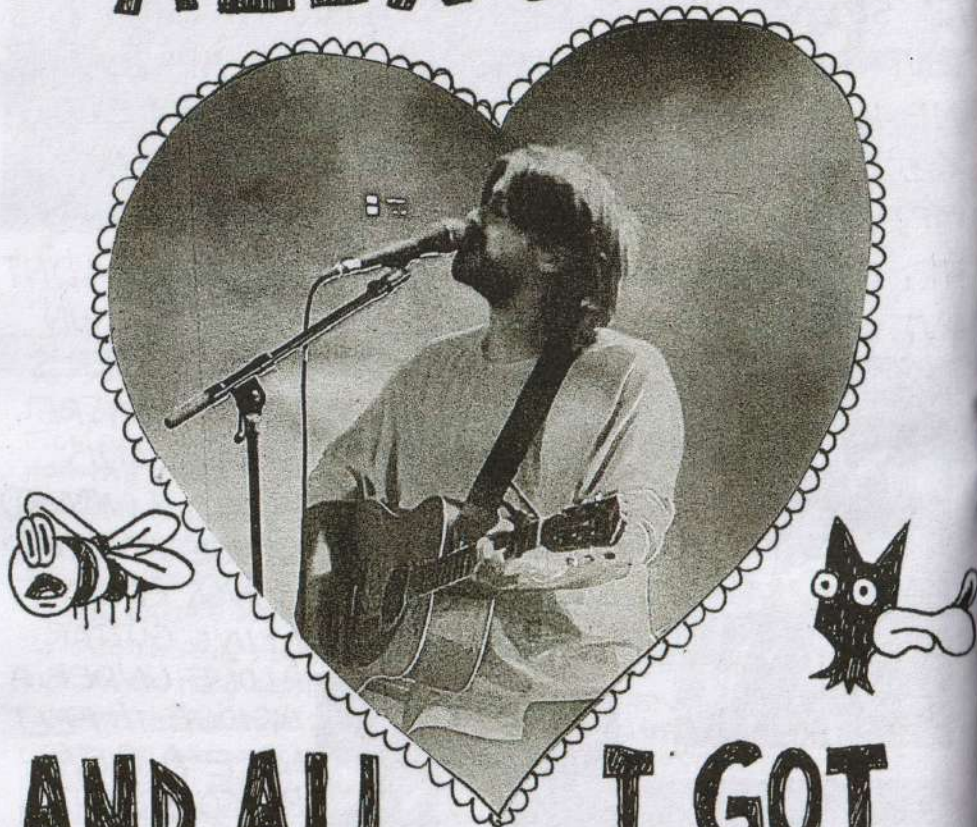
IN SILENCE ALONG THE WATER'S EDGE. WE TALKED ABOUT WHERE OUR LIVES WERE HEADING AND WHERE THEY WERE NOW. I WATCHED GROUPS OF PEOPLE DANCE UNDER THE MOONLIGHT TO SONGS I DIDN'T LIKE AND A MAN PLAYING GUITAR

ALONE UNDER A BRIDGE. I FELT LIKE A REAL PERSON THAT NIGHT.





# I WENT TO AN ALEX G SHOW



## AND ALL I GOT WAS LICE.

(NOT ACTUALLY. BUT WE DID WAIT TILL ONE AM IN  
THE RAIN TO SEE HIM ONLY FOR HIM TO  
HAVE ALREADY LEFT... STILL LOVE YOU ALEX...♡)

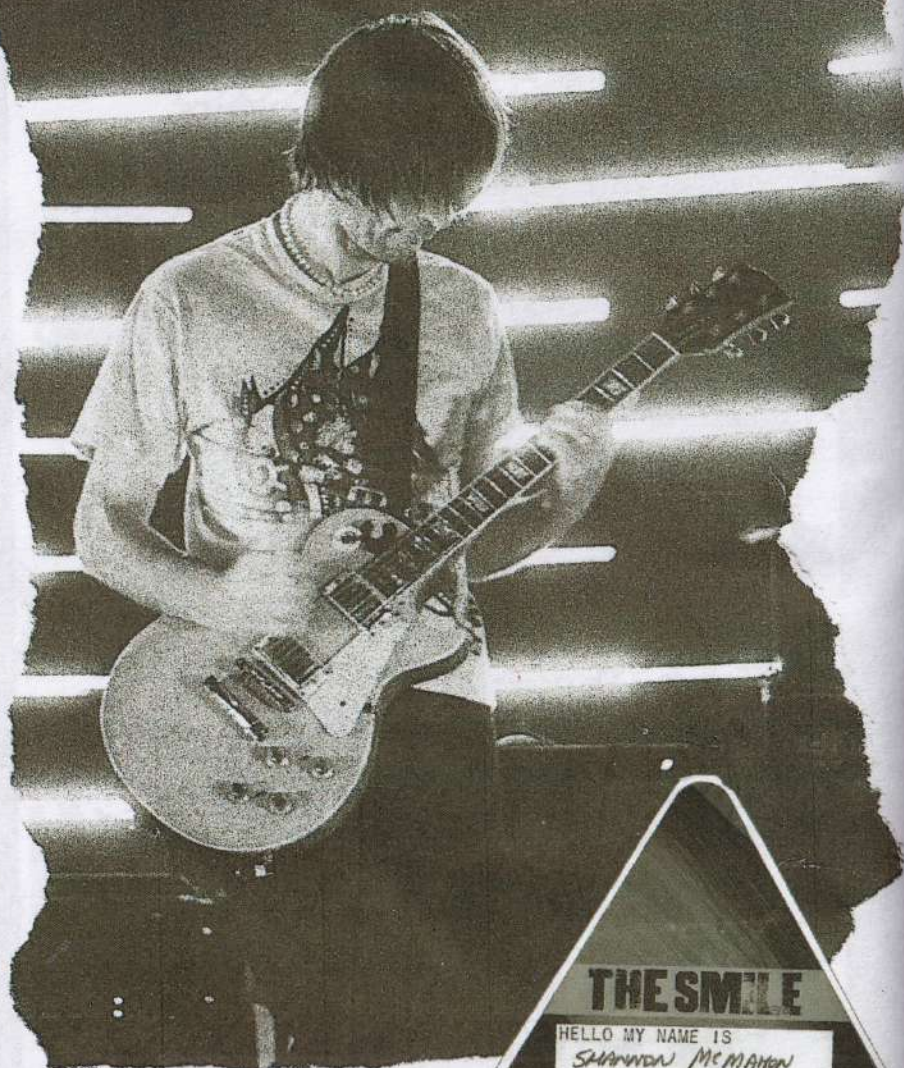
### SONGS I LIKE RIGHT NOW! 🐼

Strangers by Portishead  
Stunted by Remember Sports  
Keen on Boys by The Radio Dept  
Spit on A Stranger by Pavement  
True Love Waits (live version) by Radiohead  
Stick Around Awhile by The Snogs  
Shark Smile by Big ~~Thief~~ Thief  
Foreigner by Cryogeyser  
Mrahc by Title Fight ★  
Days of Candy by Beach House  
Motorbike by Momma  
Randy Described Eternity by Built To Spill  
I Am The Cosmos by Chris Bell  
★ Toothache by Wednesday  
Takyon (Death Yon) by Death Grips  
Bagel Breath by Horse Jumper of Love  
I'm Alright by Redd Kross  
Jeremy Parker by Swirlies  
Ceremony by New Order  
Spell by waveform\* ★  
Dead by High. ★  
Summer Teeth by Wilco ★  
Wire Transfer by Hotline TNT  
The Moon by The Microphones  
Like A Fool by Superchunk  
Touch and Go by Palm  
Life in Mono by mono ★

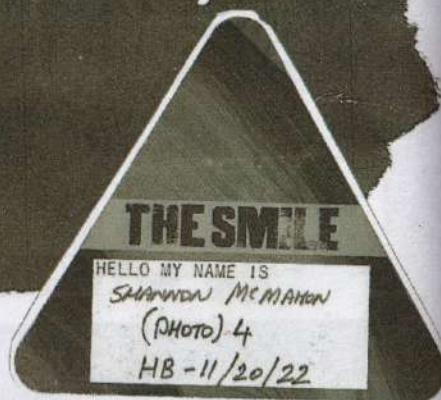


EVENT CODE HM1120 SECTION/FLOOR FLOOR GEN ADM K-CONS EHM1120  
 \$ 00.00 GENADM/STANDING 00.00 14X  
 THE BOHEMY PRESENTS  
 FLOOR THE SMILE  
 WWW.THESMILEBAND.COM PP609HAM  
 GAG 51 HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM GAG  
 20NOV22 311 WEST 34TH STREET, NYC K 00.00  
 SUN NOV 20 2022 8:00 PM 51

Buy tickets at Ticketmaster.com  
 ticketmaster



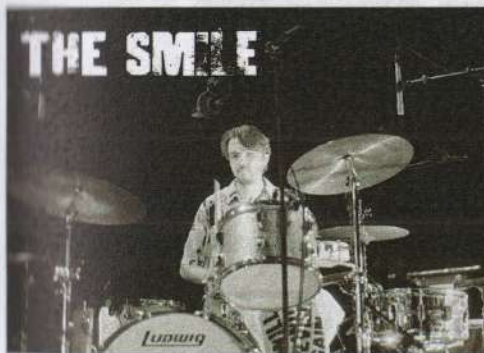
jonny greenwood



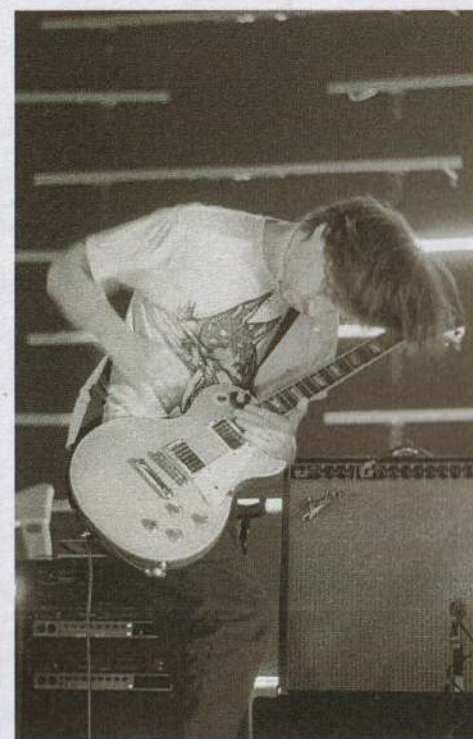
Robert Stillman opened with a set of live sampling cassette tapes blended with the gorgeous soft sound of his saxophone, creating an ambience that made you want to close your eyes and feel the sound course through your body. Next, was The Smile. My greatest takeaway from this night was that I was a foot away from Thom Yorke. I don't normally get starstruck like this, but something about his presence was so ethereal. He danced with prowess and his vocals reverberated off of every surface. Jonny's guitar playing (+ harp) was energizing and lively but still retained an angelic sound. Tom Skinner held everything together like glue. I can safely say it was the most entrancing show I've ever been to.



ROBERT STILLMAN



THE SMILE





# pretty sick

@BABY'S ALL RIGHT

NOV. 22

+ MITSUBISHI  
SUICIDE

+ NEW YORK

MITSUBISHI SUICIDE WAS THE FIRST OPENER. IMMEDIATELY, I WASN'T REALLY IMPRESSED. IT WAS CLEAR TO ME THAT THIS GROUP WAS CONCEIVED AFTER 3 GUYS WHO

REALLY LIKED SLINT DECIDED THEY WANTED TO START A BAND BUT AMONG THEM THEY HAD 2 GUITARISTS + 1 DRUMMER AND ONE OF THEM WAS FORCED TO PLAY BASS (BUT STILL PLAYED IT LIKE A SECOND GUITAR.)

THEIR PLAYING BEGAN A LITTLE DISORGANIZED + MESSY + INTERSPERSED W/ THEIR INSTRUMENTALS WERE RANDOM BITS OF SCREAMING. BUT AS THEIR SET WENT ON THEY REALLY TIGHTENED UP! THEIR SONG, 'SONG FOR CHIARA H' SHOWS SOME PROMISE AND I EXPECT THEM TO ONLY IMPROVE.

NEW YORK

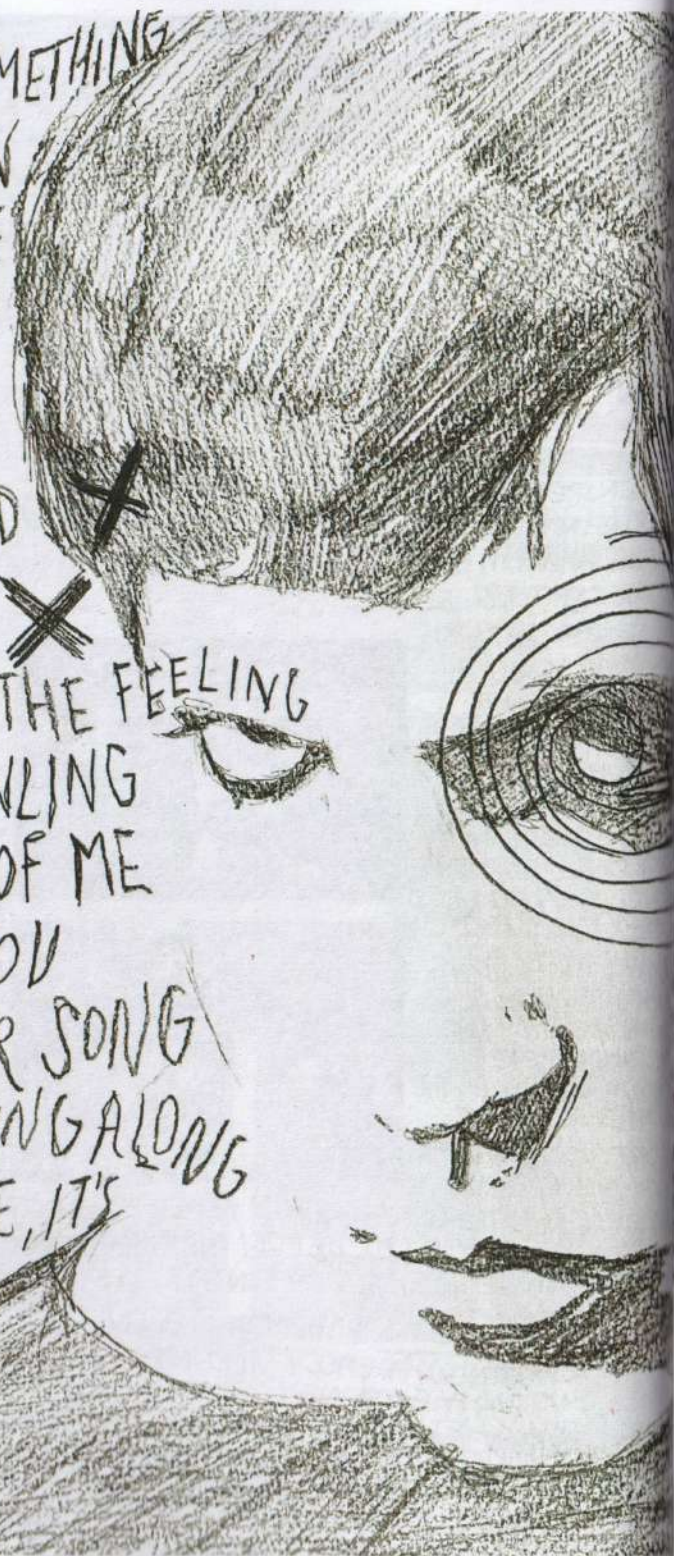
YEAH, THAT'S THEIR NAME. THEIR SET WAS REALLY SICK BECAUSE THEY PERFORMED IN THE AUDIENCE! THIS (SORT OF) GLITCH POP DUO MAKES MUSIC UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE REALLY HEARD BEFORE! JUST GENUINELY A LOT OF FUN THEY HAD A FEW DANCE MOVES. FAV SONG: SKINNY JEANS

PRETTY SICK - THE MAIN EVENT! IT WAS NOT SURPRISINGLY REALLY VIOLENT REALLY FAST BUT IN A GOOD WAY. SOMETHING ABOUT SABRINA'S SONGS CAN REALLY GET PEOPLE TO MOVE! THERE WAS CROWDSURFING, PEOPLE JUMPING ON STAGE, INTERPRETIVE DANCE + LOTS OF BEING PUSHED AGAINST THE STAGE. MIGHT BE THE CLOSEST I'LL GET TO EXPERIENCING AN OLD STYLE PUNK SHOW! AWESOME TUNES FROM PRETTY SICK!





THERE'S SOMETHING  
SHIFTING IN  
THE DISTANCE  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT IS  
DAYS AS DEAD  
AS NIGHTS  
EXCEPT FOR THE FEELING  
THAT'S CRAWLING  
UP INSIDE OF ME  
AS YOU  
SING YOUR SONG  
AS YOU SWING ALONG  
AND YOU'RE, IT'S  
YOUR SONG



SEPTEMBER 10TH - TRAVEL DAY: WITH ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT BEFORE RETURNING TO CALIFORNIA, MITCH AND I DECIDED TO MAKE THE MOST OF PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION BY SWELLING ALL OVERTOWN. THE DAY BEGAN WITH WEAVING THROUGH AN ARRAY OF TOURISTS, INFLUENCERS, & SALESMEN WHILE WALKING ALONG THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND RACING THROUGH DOWNTOWN & THE BATTERY TO GET ON OUR ROCKAWAY - BOUND FERRY. WE SAT ON TOP OF THE BOAT FOR THE FIRST HALF. I DESPERATELY TRIED TO WATCH THE SKYSCRAPERS SHRINK AWAY AS WE SAILED OUT, BUT THE WIND WAS SO STRONG MY HAIR COVERED MY FACE AND CLUNG TO MY GLASSES (AND PROBABLY FLEW ALL OVER MITCH - SORRY.) I FELT MY HANDS GO NUMB AND DECIDED THEN TO FINISH THE REST OF THE TRIP INDOORS. WHEN WE REACHED THE ROCKAWAYS IT FELT LIKE WALKING INTO AN INDUSTRIAL DYSTOPIA. THERE WERE LARGE BEIGE BUILDINGS WITH SMALL WINDOWS AND LARGE DIRT FIELDS LINED WITH BARBED WIRE FENCES. EVERYTHING WAS BARREN, GRAY, AND COLD. THE BEACH REMINDED ME OF ETERNAL SUNSHINE AND THE PROSPECT HUMMER EP BY ANIMAL COLLECTIVE. WE WALKED ALONG THE JETTY AND WATCHED THE WATER. MITCH TRIED TO LIGHT A JOINT BUT IT FELL IN A PUDDLE AND BROKE APART. IT WAS SAD IN A KIND OF HILARIOUS WAY. THE SUN SET AND THE WORLD TURNED A PRETTY SHADE OF DARK BLUE. WE HAD TO RUN TO THE NEAREST HALO GREENS FOR HOT HANDS TO KEEP FROM FREEZING TO DEATH. THAT WAS THE END OF OUR ROCKAWAYS EXCURSION. FROM THEN ON WE LET OUR INTUITION LEAD. ON THE TRAIN BACK WE ASSIGNED ALL OF OUR FRIENDS TO SUBWAY LINES & TALKED ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE BACK HOME. WE INITIALLY GOT OFF IN BK TO GET DINNER BUT QUICKLY CHANGED OUR MINDS, DECIDING TO GO TO KATZ'S DELI LIKE IN WHEN HARRY MET SALLY. WE WAITED IN THIS LONG LINE TO GET IN AND WATCHED IN HORROR AT ALL THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE DRESSED AS SANTA WALKING THE BAR CRAWL OF SHAME (FUCK SANTA CON). WHEN IT CAME TO ACTUALLY GETTING FOOD, NEITHER OF US WERE CONFIDENT IN HOW THE OVERLY COMPLICATED SYSTEM WORKED AND RATHER THAN ASK, WE SAVED OUR PRIDE AND GOT WAIT SERVICE. WE SAT UNDER A FRAMED PHOTO OF JOAQUIN PHOENIX LABELED "WAKEEN PHENIX" IT WAS THE ONLY PHOTO ON THE WALL NOT TAKEN AT THE RESTAURANT, I THINK THEY JUST PRINTED IT FROM THE INTERNET. AFTER DINNER WE WALKED AROUND CHINATOWN USING ONE OF MITCH'S PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY RULES - WANDER AIMLESSLY ALTERNATING BETWEEN TAKING LEFT & RIGHT TURNS. WE FOUND OURSELVES BY THE METROGRAPH ONE OF THE FIRST PLACES WE HUNG OUT TOGETHER MONTHS EARLIER. EVENTUALLY WE ENDED UP IN A BODEGA WHERE I GOT A GRAPE CRUSH + HE GOT A RASPBERRY GINGER ALE (?). WE WALKED ALL THE WAY TO EAST RIVER PARK AFTER THAT. THERE'S THIS BENCH RIGHT BY THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE AND THE BASEBALL FIELDS THAT OVERLOOKS THE WATER. WE SAT THERE LONG ENOUGH TO LOSE FEELING IN MY FINGERS + TOES. WE TALKED ABOUT ART AND HOW I THOUGHT IT WAS POINTLESS FOR IT TO HAVE DEEPER MEANING BEYOND JUST BEING ART (I PROMISE IT'S NOT AS BAD OF A TAKE AS IT SOUNDS YOU JUST HAVE TO HEAR ME EXPLAIN IT IRL.) WE ALSO DISCUSSED WHETHER OR NOT ART SHOULD BE ANALYZED ACADEMICALLY. HE TOLD ME ABOUT HIS EXCURSION WITH JILL, GETTING HIGH IN DOMINO PARK (I WON'T SHARE THAT FOR HER SAKE.) AT SOME POINTS IT'D BE SILENT AND WE'D SHIVER TOGETHER IN THE COLD. I WISH I COULD REMEMBER MORE, BUT IT WAS A NICE DAY, I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT.





(The first snow of the year was this night.)

DEC 11TH - CAFE WHA?

### Sentence Unscramble

SKY asked me to go to CAFE WHA? (a bar known for once hosting Jimi Hendrix + Bob Dylan)

The house band was playing - a group of 30-somethings who covered all the pop songs that played on the radio when I was a kid.

They were honestly great, but something about the whole set up was undeniably sad. The demographic of the place was a bunch of half-drunk people 30 years our seniors.

Sky and her friends got up during the set and danced with everyone else in the room. I mostly sat and watched. I've always been jealous of the people confident enough

to dance in public. I got up with them eventually

after being asked twice by sky. My dancing was just glorified standing and swaying while nodding my head. (My secret is I like to dance when I'm alone. It usually consists of me jumping up + down while flailing my arms and it's something nobody will ever see.)

I could imagine myself then in my 20s half-drunk + sad, stuck in a place like this. It made me more depressed but it kinda

felt right. I think, for right now, I'm in the right place for this time in my life.

(I had a lot of fun though, don't get me wrong!)



THE  
FINAL  
DAYS

+ DEC. 14TH - LAST DAY

WALKED AROUND ROCKEFELLER + BRYANT PARK W/ AMELIE, JO, KATE. WENT IN THAT BIG TOY STORE. FELT LIKE A LITTLE KID AGAIN.

DECEMBER 12/13 - GOODBYE (SORTA, NOT REALLY)

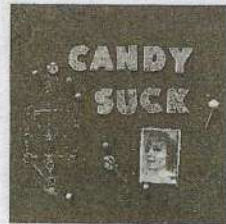
This is a direct, kinda melodramatic, transcription of a note I wrote on my phone after the final movie night with mitch: "Just saw it's a wonderful life. I don't know what to do with myself anymore. It's 12:30 AM, December 13th, I just hugged mitchell for the first time since meeting him. I'm sitting on my toilet now, a little depressed from what I just sat through for the past nearly 3 hours. I'm thinking back to all the time I spent with him these past 4 months. Mitch was right there with me for basically every week of my time here and going forward it will be impossible for me to separate him from my memories of New York at this point in my life. It was nice to have someone from home to experience this turning point with me. I'm going to miss his company next year a lot more than I'm willing to come to terms with in this moment. Selfishly I hope he'll come back here some day while I still am so we can keep on with our little adventures. But I know he'll do great things back home and wherever he's off to after that. Hell, I'll probably end up living in whatever city he eventually plans to perfection one day (completely walkable with open streets and plenty of parks I imagine - it'll be wonderful, no cars! - mitchville! Utopia!) All this to say, it's not the very end. To quote Bogart in a film that he has still yet to see: 'I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.' No use in getting too sentimental though, I'll see him again in a week. I have to go finish my essay now."



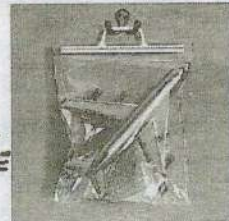


# MY TOP ALBUMS OF 2022

#1



**Candy Suck #2**  
by: IDI ET AMIN  
IMMEDIATE FAV.  
FOUND THEM FROM  
A TAGABOW INSTA  
STORY POST. AWESOME  
SWIRLING DIRT-  
GAZE FROM SLC!  
A BAND TO WATCH.



**Ants From Up There** by BCNR  
COMMON WHAT  
TOP LIST ISN'T  
THIS IN. FUCKING  
AWESOME  
ALBUM + EVERY  
ONE KNOWS IT.

FAV SONG: HEARTKICKER

FAV SONG: GOOD WILL HUNTING

#3



**God Save the Animals** by ALBG  
I LOVE YOU ALEX!!  
BUT SERIOUSLY HAS  
SOME OF HIS BEST  
TRACKS TO DATE.  
SOUNDS AWESOME  
LIVE.



**Household Name** by MOMMA  
ONE I INITIALLY  
OVERLOOKED.  
MOMMA IS DOING  
THE 90S GRUNGE  
GIRL RESURGENCE  
RIGHT!  
THE BEST.

FAV SONG: RUNNER

FAV SONG: MOTORBIKE

#5



**aLight for attracting attention**  
by: THE SMILE  
IT'S NO RADIOHEAD  
BUT STILL PRETTY  
DAMN GOOD.  
WONDERFUL  
SPACY PRETTY  
SOUNDS.

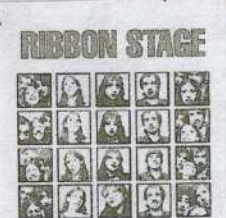


**lucky styles**  
BY: TAGABOW  
ONE OF MY  
FAVORITE BANDS  
THESE DAYS!  
DESTINY XL IS  
MY FAV BUT THIS  
WAS STILL SOLID.

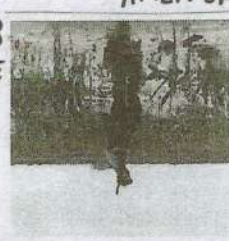
FAV SONG: THE SAME

FAV SONG: KMART AMEN BREAK.

#7



**Hit with the most** BY: RIBBON STAGE  
SWEET TWE  
FROM KRECS.  
REMINISCENT OF  
THE OLD OLYMPIA  
POP UNDERGROUND.



**Animal Drowning** by KNIN  
VERY GOOD  
INSTRUMENTALS  
EASY TO GET LOST IN  
LISTENED TO THIS  
FOR THE 1ST TIME  
ON AN NYU BUS,  
MADE THE  
EXPERIENCE  
MUCH BETTER.

FAV SONG: PLAYING POSSUM

FAV SONG: BLEED

**Honorable Mentions:** NICKS + GRAZES by PALM, MOWING THE LEAVES INSTEAD OF PILING THEM UP by WEDNESDAY, HELLFIRE by BLACK MID, DEMO 02 by FULL BODY 2, BEDLOCKED by BEDLOCKED, LOVE LIVES IN THE BODY by SOFT BLUE SHIMMER, BOAT SONGS by MJ LENDERMAN

# BEST FILMS

THAT I SAW  
FOR THE 1ST  
TIME IN 2022!  
☆☆☆☆☆

LET'S START THINGS OFF BY SAYING - BONES & ALL WAS MY FAVORITE MOVIE RELEASED THIS YEAR!!



IT MIGHT JUST BE BECAUSE THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT WAS AT THE NYFF PREMIERE WITH LUCA & A LOT OF THE CAST, BUT I REALLY ROCKED WITH IT IT'S THE KIND OF MOVIE THAT GIVES YOU AN EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE / RESPONSE AND I REALLY LOVED THAT ASPECT. (+ TIMOTHÉE CHALAMET CMOONN!)

☆☆☆☆☆

## OTHER MOVIES I LIKED

- LOST HIGHWAY • FALLEN ANGELS • KIDS.
- VIDEODROME • JULIEN DONKEY BOY.
- STREETWISE • TOTALLY FUCKED UP.
- BRAZIL • OUT OF THE BLUE • STALKER.
- MAN BITES DOG • PUMP UP THE VOLUME.

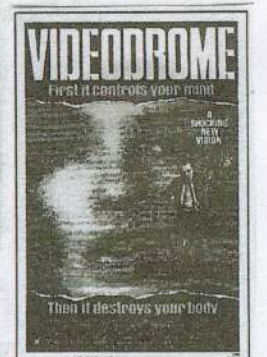
... AND MANY MORE

I ♥ Gregg Araki



'long live the new flesh!

instant all-timer, laterally just the best david lynch film.



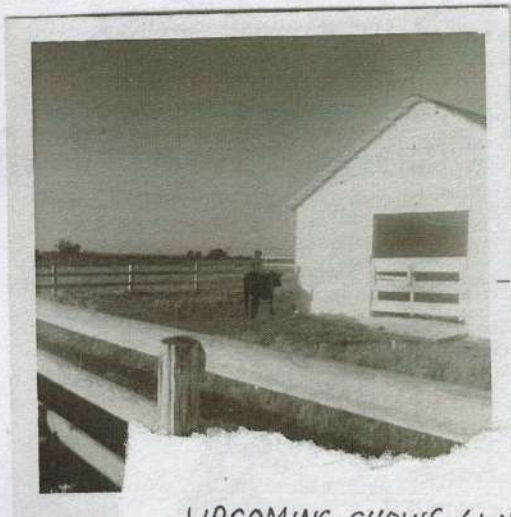


NEW JERSEY AS DECIDED BY MITCH + ME

(A) - AJ (B) - JILL  
(C) - CONNOR (D) - DEV  
(G) - GREY (J) - JOAN  
(L) - MCKENNA  
(Q) - KIRRA (R) - ROBIN  
(S) - ME (Z) - MITCH  
(2) - ANDREAS  
(4) - MORGAN  
(7) - BROOKE



"I like to remember things my own way...  
how I remember them,  
not necessarily the way they happened..."



UPCOMING SHOWS / WHAT TO  
EXPECT NEXT ISSUE:

- Full Body 2 / High / Wince / <sup>Buff</sup> Ginger
  - LUCY / Evanora Unlimited / Taraneh / <sup>Ivy</sup> Knight
  - <sup>new</sup> Wednesday album review - Duster
  - Unwound ?? Yo La Tengo ?? maybe?
- we'll see what happens!



Running away, I  
got something to say  
You're in my way, So  
goodbye yesterday.  
I'm gonna run and  
find, A place where  
I can hide, some-  
where that no one knows  
Someplace that no