

WRONG BRAIN

IS A CREATIVE
COLLECTION!

TO SUBMIT,

EMAIL:

SAMANTHA PAOLINI@
GMAIL.COM

WRONG BRAIN



MARCH 2010

WRONG BRAIN

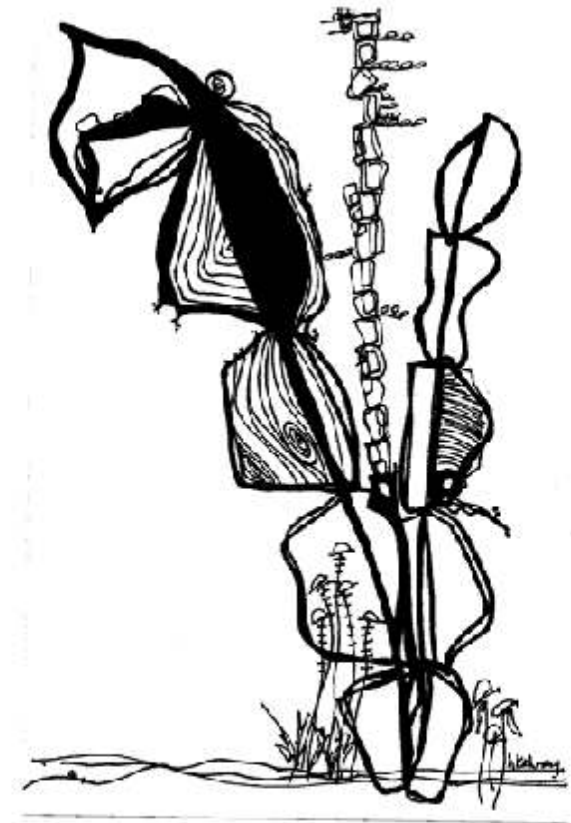
March 2010

CONTRIBUTORS

3 / Heather Kehney
4-7 / Casey Wei bust
8-9 / Sean Kelley
10-13 / Cassie Brazeau
14-19 / Cody John Laplante
20-25 / David Christopher
26-27 / Laurie Todd Paulini
28-29 / Andrew Paulini
30-32 / Tito and Annie Mambo
33 / Meghan Gurecki
34-35 / Kim Goodwin
36 / Casey Todd
37 / Phoebe Waldron
38-43 / Matt Sell
44-46 / Raphael Bastek
47 / Ben Cole of Trapped Inside
48-49 / Gracie Corcoran
50-51 / Sketch E. Whiteface
52-55 / Sam Paulini

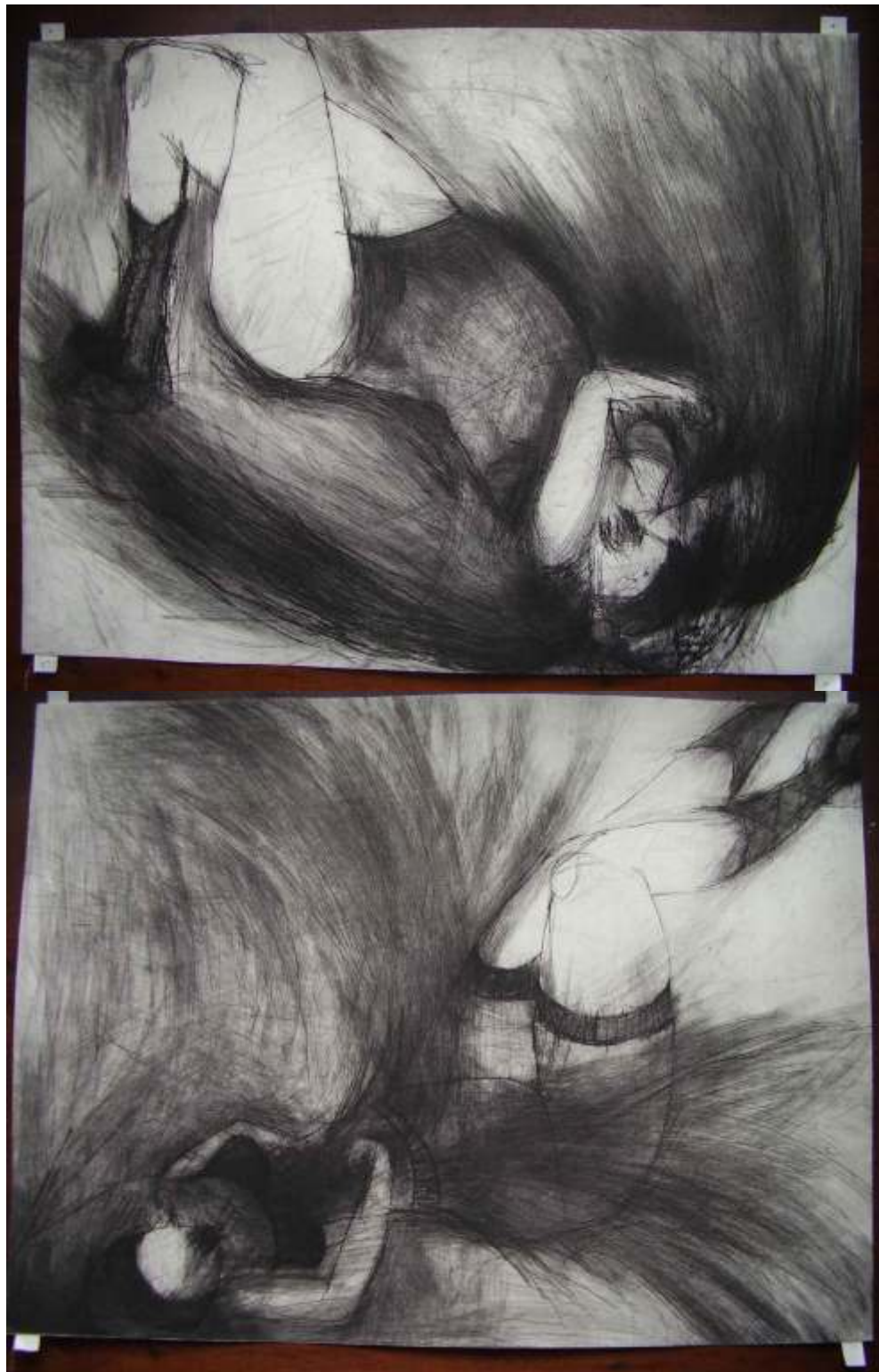


Cover, back cover and edited by Sam Paulini





Casey Wei bust



Casey Wei bust

Things were always kind of weird in Mustache Land but I guess that makes sense. It was this store in the mall I used to work at. We sold style and care products specifically made for facial hair; after all, facial hair is a way of life. It smelled like leather and talcum powder in the store. I used to play with the hot foam dispenser when I was bored, seeing how high I could stack the lather in my hand before it tumbled down to the floor. It was ok if I made a mess, because then I would have something to do; as much as facial hair is a way of life, it doesn't draw too many customers, except around fathers' day.

The weirdest thing, at least for me, was the number of women who came in to buy trimmers and creams. They said they were gifts, and some of them probably were, but more often than not you could see the red patches over their lip where they'd just finished waxing. The ones who bought Softening Crème or bleach I could understand, it was the ones who bought Blackroot Tonic For Growth that freaked me out. Them and the champions. Did you know there were beard championships? Yeah, they grow their beards as long or as full in different categories and get trophies once a year. There's an international meet every July. I saw a guy make his fu man chu into a bicycle once.

So you can see how Mustache Land was pretty strange sometimes. It was worth it though because I got all the styling wax I wanted for free (for keeping the curl in my Snidely) and twenty percent off straight razors. I had built quite a collection. I even had a pair with silver handles and semi-precious stones at the hinges. There were lions' heads embossed in the silver. The blades pulled out smooth. Those two were my favorite but I had enough then to carry a different one in my back pocket every day.

Tony was a bit of a regular at the store. He had some killer muttonchops. He trimmed the front corners into curving points, like batwings. It took some wax to keep them nice and sharp and Tony always went with DeLilac Brand. He said it was for the "particularly righteous hold and shine" but my co-workers and I suspected it was for the lilac sent and pale purple tin.

Earl was another regular. He wore a true full (coverage from Adam's apple to temples; you learn these things when you work at Mustache Land) and came in for comb oil and the occasional bottle of conditioner. I liked Earl because he was a purist; he wore the true full, kept its edges very trim, and only ever cut them with a straight razor. He stuck with a simple wood-handled flip. You could see it poking out of his front pocket sometimes, the end of the handle almost touching his blue and red striped suspenders.

Then there was Kristoff, the Russian I had to cut for mouthing off.

Kristoff's girl was a smoke-show like you don't even know. She wore black skinny jeans almost exclusively. She wore this one cut-and-tied shirt with slashes so deep across the back you forgot she was wearing a shirt at all. She made me want to jump the counter. She made me want to quit my job. She made we want to crawl home and cry because my brain was exploding for her. If Kristoff knew what he had, he never let on. He ignored her hanging off his arm. He snapped at her to "back off" when she whispered in his ear, the one without the blue tooth in. I hated him for his stunner shades and his black polos and his hairless chest. Also his wire thin chinstrap was quite simply a travesty.

The two of them would come in every two or three weeks. They had each bought a mirror. He bought tonic sometimes, which didn't make sense at all. I realized soon enough that he just found excuses to come in so he could walk around the store snorting quick smug laughs at our patrons. It took me longer to realize that he brought his girl in just to torture me. It's so obvious now, and just convinces me that I was right in what I did.

I was alone in the store that day. No managers, no other associates. I was mopping up some hot lather when Tony came in for wax and a chat. Now I wish it had been Earl that came in. Earl would have helped. There'd be nothing left of Kristoff if it had been Earl.

Tony was in the middle of telling me about his date the night before, the killer appletini he had. Kristoff came in. He had his index finger hooked through a belt loop of his girl's skinny jeans. He was talking loudly about Jaegger Bombs and bitches over his blue tooth. She turned around to tickle his face with one of the soft brushes from our display case. She was smiling.

He pushed her away, said "I'm on the phone skank."

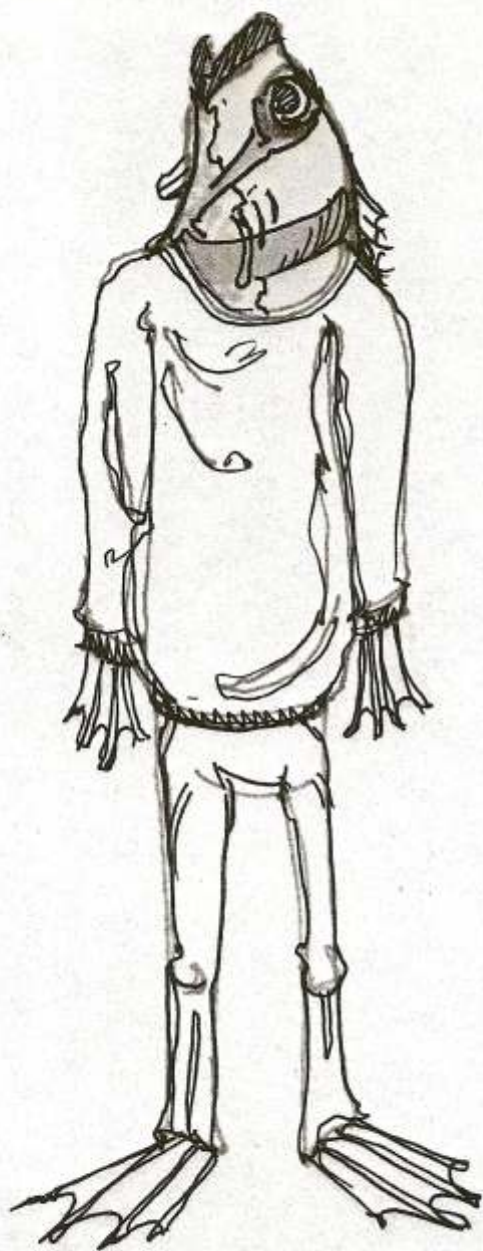
Then I was over the counter, my hand rising up from my back pocket. The first slash opened the back of his black polo and started a red line running like he'd been whipped. He spun and I cut his chest and his face and took the tip of his nose off. He screamed, not like he was hurt but like he was scared. His wrist poured when he tried to bat my blade away. Tony just stood against the wall watching, with his fingertips pressed up against his lips.

When Kristoff fell to the floor I knew he wouldn't be able to stop me. I pushed the squared tip of the blade into his Adam's apple and turned until it crunched. He gurgled and a pool of thick red spread across the tile floor of Mustache Land. I didn't bother to mop up before I left.



New Shapes and Sizes





citizen

I sent myself to a strange place
and it was too expensive to ever go back.

The way their eyes asked me
made the response feel too much like a lie.
I stopped on the corner to talk to them
but sometimes there was nothing
behind the question.

This famed one we paid to listen to, spent to see
he same as his album
planted ourselves in the chatter
and bought what they sold us.

On the way home I put on sunglasses
so that you could keep taking pictures of me
after I'd fallen asleep.

I sent myself to a rotting place
and it reminded me of everywhere we've been.

The only place I could find to piss
was Mitten's grave,
next to a generator big as a tank.

If her life force joined the circuit
how long could it
operate the twelve shrouded stories and

could the answer prove anything
about love?

A heap of charged flesh farts, scratches and rolls over while
blue infomercial repeats grinning introduction.
A refrigerator keeps cool its stains,
an everyday tired mother plucks feline hair from work pants while
the coffee drips, no memories attached.

I sent my expensive self to a place
and it was strange enough to have stayed.

Every streetface was something
I'd never seen before made of everyone
I'd ever seen before—

Which of the rules can we break and when
will you turn you back for long enough?

I rode dark-skinned through a valley
of spangled buildings driven
by boys I had learned to call my brothers.
I leaned out the door and they whooped,
we waved proudly flags of a place I'd never been but they had
all taken me to with words.

In the arboretum I halted the bicycle and jumped onto a bench,
seeing the perfect performance of all of us.
I readied my lungs with new oxygen and then burst into laughter

We Demand Genius

Glitch
for us
glitch pretty
for the system
sparkle glitch
tweak
glitch
like us
pull wire glitch
in a blind flash of light
glitch pretty
please
glitch for sale
final
glitch
Ohh
Ahh

The Dream

I can see all of the reading and writing
i'll ever do. I will love it like a first wife who left.

It will shape me into a sleek, hard
craftsmen. I will assure my students that

with writing one never quite
knows what one is up to because
in the world of writing, one is presented
with such infinite possibilities .

My third book has not yet found
its proper home. I am professing safely
seated at a big state university,
perhaps the same one
from which I bought my degree.

At department meetings we
drink light wine and laugh about it;

We have read all of the same things.

Back at the home I don't own
there are no wives, no children.
Just organized ash, a machine with
an evil eye, 6 apples in a basket.

Somewhere towards the end, I'm walking
up the tweed hill to where I'm told to park.

Against the horizon, there's a lilac bush.

Under it, there's a homeless man on a tuft
of grass with his thrift store banjo singing

liberal arts education
led me to intoxication
now whatever I do
you get for free.

We have read all of the same things.

liberal arts education made
me ashamed of my own nation
maybe when i'm dead
i'll make money.

~~~~~"another day in paradise"~~~~~

A thousand electrical outlets exactly spangle the interstate  
and we are all stopped behind them watching men on  
motorcycles wear leather and jeans and construction boots  
right, travel through the impenetrable and then roar over the  
vacant road exciting. There is a psychic and a liquor store.

All of this money is for spending: read me! She is surrounded  
by useless dusty things and a glowing darkness. Young black  
pretending to be interested in the palm I gave her. She coos  
I tear it away, Ah-ha! Now I know you're lying; I've never  
even been that close to someone! I can't pay for this sell me  
something real sell me your cigarettes! Twenty dollars lands me  
half a pack of psychic cigarettes. Canadian whiskey for use  
with water or alone. They don't even care when I'm born even  
though it was barely long enough ago.

Dead people living as every bench in every old park. Storage  
units peeling off like scabs. One million thrift stores full of their  
skin all run by the same woman: 36, addict eyes, three kids,  
two steps from nowhere  
I'll take it! (laugh track)  
Armadillos, house cats, and vampires sucking off the young  
and mexican. One civilization believed that there was a B-E-  
A-Utiful place that you went to when you were good, and  
dead; we have learned to take their money through the internet.

concern in so many things you forget where you are

I've got to apologize  
to my laptop left her on alone all the live long  
and when i got home he was wheezing  
refusing to cooperate  
he's just let me back in there s  
still nervous clicks here and there

Next i'm sorry body for driving  
yr feet to moist exhaustion  
yr young beard to awful itch  
yr neck to moan and  
eternal flame sinuses

A lament for the shedding  
and reshedding of skin and hair  
A carpet of drafts i can't werk on  
or throw away  
What sort of destiny have  
dishes and clothing which don't  
get clean?

Eyes for this burn  
Mind for this burden

Where am I tonight that my  
fingers twitch with musings  
and my i've-got-to's won't back down  
and my everything is hungry for another sip of

the legitimacy of all discourses--

our hero has been on his living room couch for several minutes now. Two socks perch on the plateau beneath his ribcage. He has come to the couch to put them on so that he could proceed to the store across the street. cigarette. He eyes the ash tray while in formation of a plan B and bursts into a seemingly unstoppable coughing fit. The coughs are accented by utterances of uneagerness. They sound as if they are attempting to sort out a very great deal within his throat that has been long procrastinated upon. He resumes his position: a slouch at the mercy of his stomach, face angled downward against the brilliant Venetian leak of almost noon. cigarette.

On the coffee table in front of him there is a glass of water, colonies of air huddled along its edges. our hero feels in great need of hydration. The soothing properties of drinking water. When he extends his arm his hand falls short by a foot. He closes his fingers several times upon the empty air and then he closes one eye and positions the hand so that, to eye remaining open, he appears to be holding the glass. He attempts to forget about the distance between the two and tips his hand towards his mouth but the water does not flow. After a stillness he groans and leans forward, squishing his gut. The water is warm and makes him feel nauseous. cigarette.

He has emptied himself into the toilet six times since waking two hours ago, smoked a quarter of his new pack. He has been sweating slightly and warmly from almost everywhere. He is lying on the couch with a pillow over his head and his shirt and pants off. The cars are going by at the same volume that they always do. Soon he will have to join them, and then he will have to fry food for eight hours. He does not want to think of food yet. His hand is down his boxer shorts, where he finds comfort. He starts to think about sex, about the physical wonders of the female. His dick is in the light now, his fist wrapped around it, his wrist rotating quickly.

Cindy Cindy Cindy Cindy Cindy... CindyCindyCindycindy  
cincycincincincincincincincincincin--

Every Tuesday and Sunday morning Cindy serves him. She brings coffee bacon twoeggscrambled toast'n'homefries. She wears a skirt and a push-up. She makes her hips switch and her hair bounce when she walks. She whitens her teeth and she is aware that she is indirectly prostituting our hero.

It is soft again and it was never quite hard. He mirrors its flop and then groans at the clock. There are no tissues in the living room. He looks about a bit suspiciously and then wipes his hand through his hair. He dumps himself down the toilet one more time and gets into the shower. He will be late like the last times.

When our hero returns from work, he sits back on the same couch, same perspective. His belly feels better. At work his stomach asked to be full and so he used that the customers had ordered but not eaten. He turns on the television to a channel that shows the lives of six people living together in a large house. The action is set in motion by unscripted reality, but he has his doubts as to what that could even signify. The five people fuck in many different pairs and get jealous of each other. They sit down together to dinner but often storm away in conflict before the meal is finished. In the kitchen there is an open gallon of wine, half empty on the counter. When he cocks his head to the right, it is just within his view. His head is cocked right now.

The doctor said the doctor said the doctor said the doctor said the doctor said

The doctor said that the ulcer in him wouldn't heal and the liver in him wouldn't last unless. He gets up and opens the refrigerator door. There is no soda in it but there are two more cans of beer waiting in their plastic ring. He shuts it. cigarette. Even though he works full-time there is time that is not filled. He can hear the neighbors on the other side of the house piling diner's dishes into the sink. They are a younger couple and an infant son. He has held conversed with them on several occasions, but nothing stuck. Naturally, they do not need his company much beyond confirming that his power has gone out also, or that the trash pick-up is, in fact, late. The program on television has ended and our hero has discovered that the sports channel is airing a women's volley ball tournament. He is happy that he has other women besides Cindy to excite him. He retrieves an adequate strip of toilet paper from the bathroom.

cindy  
cincycincincincincincincincincincin— The doctor said the doctor said the doctor said the doctor said the doctor said cigarette.

our hero sets the oven for 425 degrees and takes a personal pan pizza from the freezer. The bodies in the tournament on the television no longer interest him. The bottle on the counter and the cans in the fridge very much do. The doctor said... He decides to have a glass of wine with his pizza because a glass of wine is healthy. Surely, we see the motive to be arbitrary to his gripping ulterior motive. Surely, so does our hero. He is done the glass before the pizza is warm. Thusly he invites himself to another glass and thusly he comes to see his existence that night as an existence which is independent of the criticism from anyone else, doctor or otherwise.

The frozen pizza is gone and so is the half bottle of wine and so is the pack of cigarettes. our hero has been to the store across the street and replicated them. He has become angered because of the way the store clerk regarded him, and the way that he had said "See you tomorrow, pal." He no longer needs a glass to go with the bottle. He puts on Springsteen's 'Born to Run' and sits on his couch. He pretends that he remembers what it was like to ride fast in cars with friends in 1975, disregarding that he was two years old at the time. The catharsis bobs his torso and sets his face in a tough, squeezed way. Yeah. cigarette. He frees the beer from its 6 pack trap and then from its cans because he finds beer to be much more suited for this album, this evening, than the red wine. He plays side A over again. The bottle of wine has ended up on the counter, still half full but missing its cap. He tosses the cans onto the recycling heap to a collapsing tin cadence. His head is no longer held straight up; it hangs either forwards or backwards, alternating as he makes his way from the kitchen to the living room for the last time of the night.

"shramps like us, baby we boooorn t' ruuuhn!"

our hero crosses the room and cheers an imaginary drink to Bruce Springsteen, who he feels quite certain understands what it's all about. In a single motion, he turns his body and lets it fall to the couch. The couch reacts in the only way that is can, tipping the three inches between it and the wall and then tipping back onto all four legs. He is mostly still now.



# GRAPHITE ADDICTION

david christopher

vilorphan@gmail.com

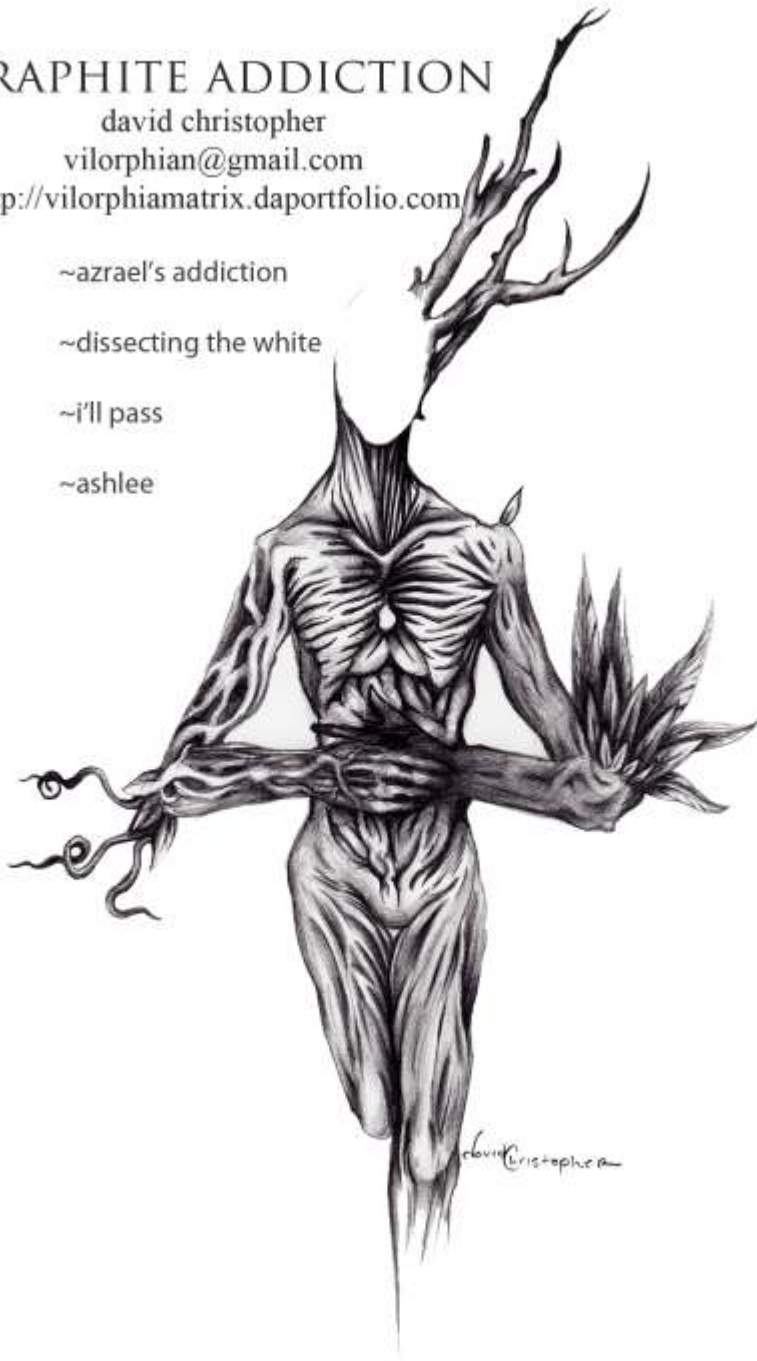
<http://vilorphiamatrix.daportfolio.com>

~azrael's addiction

~dissecting the white

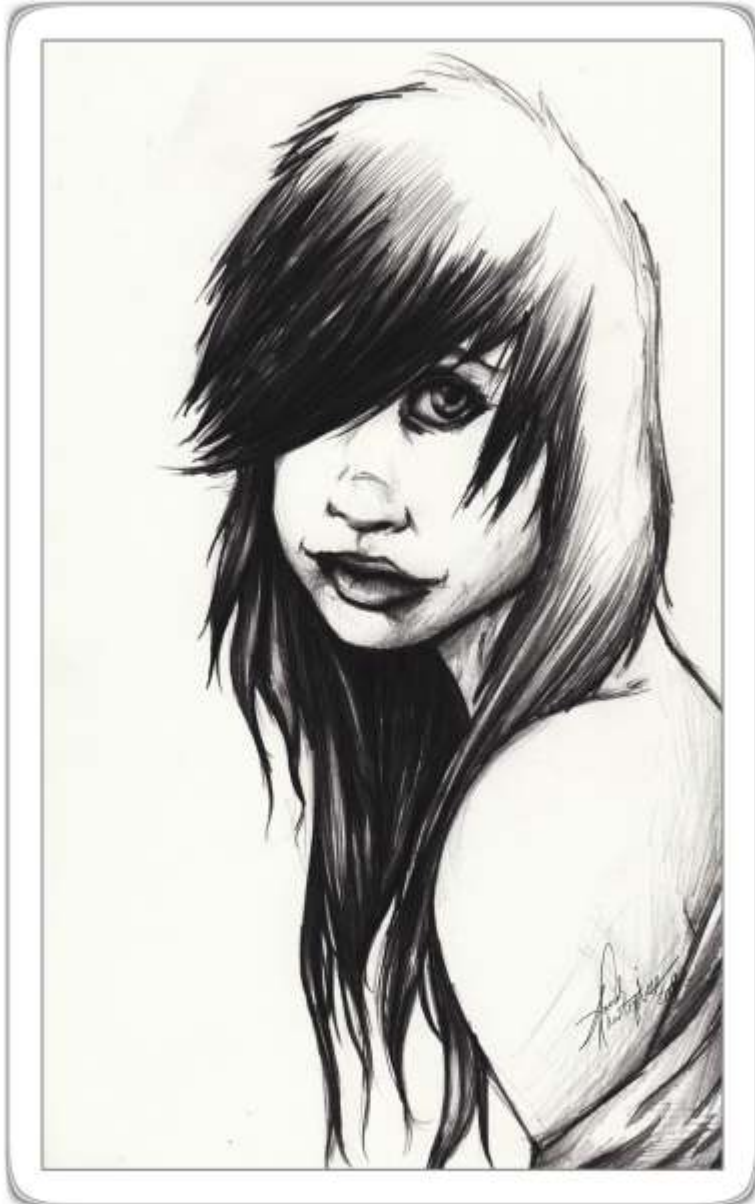
~i'll pass

~ashlee









between all these lines it rains dialogue.

do you think sometime, someday, we can just sit down and get a cup  
of warm coffee.

do you think...we can talk about how things should have been...

---

please visit me at the darkworld gallery july 3rd 2010 for  
my first solo exhibit.

bring friends...

<http://darkworldgallery.com/>

## My Favorite Art/Craft/Sewing Links

Laurie Todd Paolini

<http://www.craftster.org>

An online community with nearly 200,000 members. Find information and tutorials on everything from DIY fashion to fine art.

<http://www.pburch.net/dyeing.shtml>

Absolutely everything you'll ever need to know about dying fabric.

<http://www.flickr.com/groups/582272@N24>

Flickr group about textile surface design.

<http://whatthecraft.com>

DIY fashion and craft community.

<http://www.youtube.com/user/ThreadBanger>

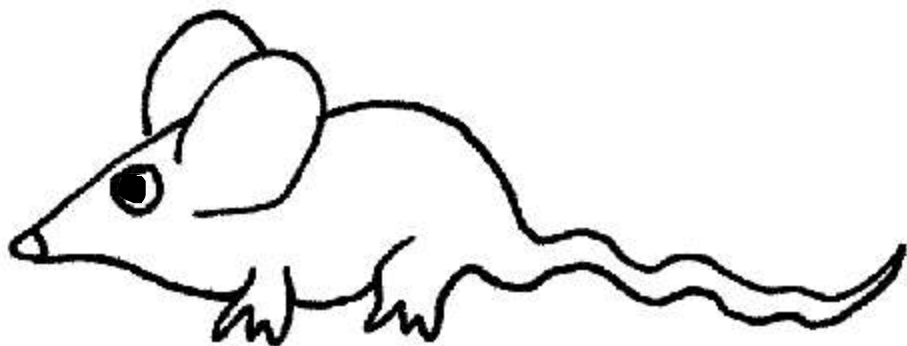
Alternative fashion: recycling, up-cycling and Re-fashioning.

<http://samanthapaolini.blogspot.com>

Sam's fine art.

<http://lalakiitty.blogspot.com>

My blog about art quilting, surface design and sewing.



Art is the proper task of life.

Friedrich Nietzsche

I'd rather be hated for who I am, than loved for who I am not.

Kurt Cobain

It will yet be the proud boast of women that they never contributed a line to the Bible.

George W. Foote

The world today doesn't make sense, so why should I paint pictures that do?

Pablo Picasso

I'm tough, I'm ambitious, and I know exactly what I want. If that makes me a bitch, okay.

Madonna Ciccone

If you want to get laid, go to college. If you want an education, go to the library.

Frank Zappa

The duty of youth is to challenge corruption.

Kurt Cobain

To play without passion is inexcusable.

Ludwig van Beethoven

The woods would be very silent if the only birds that sang were those who sang best.

Henry David Thoreau

I want every girl in the world to pick up a guitar and start screaming.

Courtney Love

When the power of love overcomes the love of power the world will know peace.

Jimi Hendrix







Copyright -  
Tito and Annie  
Mambo 2009

## Techno Honey

(1)

Hey there, honey, are you in my zone?  
And I don't mean by the telephone  
Soundwaves bouncin' thru Outer Space  
My best work is face to face  
Just tell me, baby, what to do  
My Laser Jet is aimed at you

Facsimile doesn't work for me  
All I need is some company  
We all love new technology  
I'm still using my telepathy  
Losing your files causes you fright  
Back it up, baby, be mine tonight

Texting's great when you're riding coach  
I prefer a direct approach  
Tweet or over, it's a short commute  
You'll find out if we compute  
Just tell me, baby, what to do  
My Laser Jet is aimed at you

## Techno Honey

(2)

Forget your pixels and gigabytes  
I don't need cable or satellites  
Your fire-wall, it don't scare me  
Don't need that much security  
Losing your files causes you fright  
Back it up, baby, be mine tonight

Please boot me up, don't shut me down  
Don't want no Geek Squad hangin' around  
Your Floppy Disc makes me act kinda funny  
I gotta be your Techno Honey  
Just tell me, baby, what to do  
My Laser Jet is aimed at you

Just tell me, baby, what to do  
My Laser Jet is aimed at you

Copyright  
Tito and Annie  
Mambo 2001

## HUMAN RACE

(1)

What's that buzzing in your head?  
That's the sound that we all dread  
Heart pumps make you ready to jump  
Time starts now, and I'll tell you how

First, swirl around so you feel real dizzy  
Then, pump it up and make your brain like a fizzy  
Are you good at keeping the pace?  
You have entered the human race

You make a sprint into the bath  
Look at yourself, and you hear a gasp  
Now, fluff and puff 'till you huff and puff  
Look at the clock, and say "That's good enough."

Now, now, decide what to wear  
Look in here... CRAWL under there  
Grab your keys, turn ~~around~~ the car around  
Now you're heading to a new part of town

Lots of racing on the roads  
Cars are lining up at the tolls  
Get to work... find a space  
Plaster a smile all over your face

You're not an actor in a play,  
It's your normal "day to day."  
Plaster that smile all over your face  
Welcome to the human race

## Zip-Lock Bag Fudge (1 ½ C.)

(Amounts in parentheses make a single serving in a sandwich bag.)

- 2 oz. cream cheese - (1 T.)
- 1/4 C. margarine - (1T.)
- 3 C. powdered sugar - (3/4 C.)
- 1/4 C. cocoa - (1T.)

1. Measure ingredients in a 1 gallon freezer zip-lock bag. Push the air out of the bag and seal well.
2. Squish the mixture to mix well. It will be dry at first, but will soon become fudge. It will take about 20 minutes of work.
3. Slit the sides of the zip-lock bag and roll the fudge between the plastic of the zip-lock bag to ½ inch (the thickness of a DVD case) and cut into squares for easy serving.
4. You may press in chopped nuts or coconut.





My heart feels only guilt and my head is filled with doubt  
I want to run away, I want to get out  
I want to be unreachable and far too gone to touch  
Smoke all day and night and drink too much  
Swim with the fishies and fly with the birds  
Sleep with the bears and run with the herds  
Its been way too long since ive been out to play  
My sun shines at night and night is my day  
Find me in the sandbox or sitting on the swing  
Try to conquer my hill for I am the king  
Im finally breaking out of the prison where I live  
Im running to the back yard and im ready to give  
My heart my mind my blood my hand  
Under the stars stretched out in the sand  
I Just close my eyes and breathe real deep  
My night has finally darkened and now its time to go to sleep.

inconceivable  
who can act human better?  
we are animals

paradoxical  
an engineering problem  
why won't you call me?

mating pairs for life  
condors commit suicide  
please don't forget me

eat your oatmeal  
can I tell you a secret?  
I could hurt a fly

a green sprout sprang up  
"Ahoy there!" I called to it  
it cringed and shrank back

maturity ebbs  
hot bath like a mother's womb  
nineteen year fetus

if we had the time  
I'd expose my frontal lobe  
you could pick at it















"Hank Morris opened his eyes.

He was greeted with an unfamiliar scene. He sat in a plain chair, yet a nice chair, unaware of how he arrived in it, with two figures standing before him. The only other objects in the room were a bright, seemingly new, clock and a small stand with a bright, golden chalice on it. The room itself had white walls and a white floor, both of materials which he could not discern, and it was bright, though no source of the light could be determined.

He cast his attention towards the two figures, one of whom he recognized. It was his brother Thomas, dressed in the same attire that followed him to the grave two summers ago. Hank noticed Thomas had no eyes. He didn't find it exceptionally peculiar that Thomas should be standing before him, alive and well (sans eyes, of course), even if Thomas was already dead and buried, victim of some unknown illness. Hank felt that if it was possible, he would've offered Thomas to take his eyes instead. People always told them they looked remarkably alike, with the major similarity being their eyes, both having a rare appearance about them, matching only each other. Hank turned to look at the other figure. It was a young boy, one he had never seen before in his life, wearing a pair of blue overalls and a red sweatshirt. The boy looked oddly familiar. Hank must have seen a picture of this boy somewhere, perhaps on a fridge or scrapbook somewhere, but the feeling was faint and felt of *deja vu*. He seemed to have Thomas' eyes. Hank deemed this impossible. He paid no more attention to the boy.

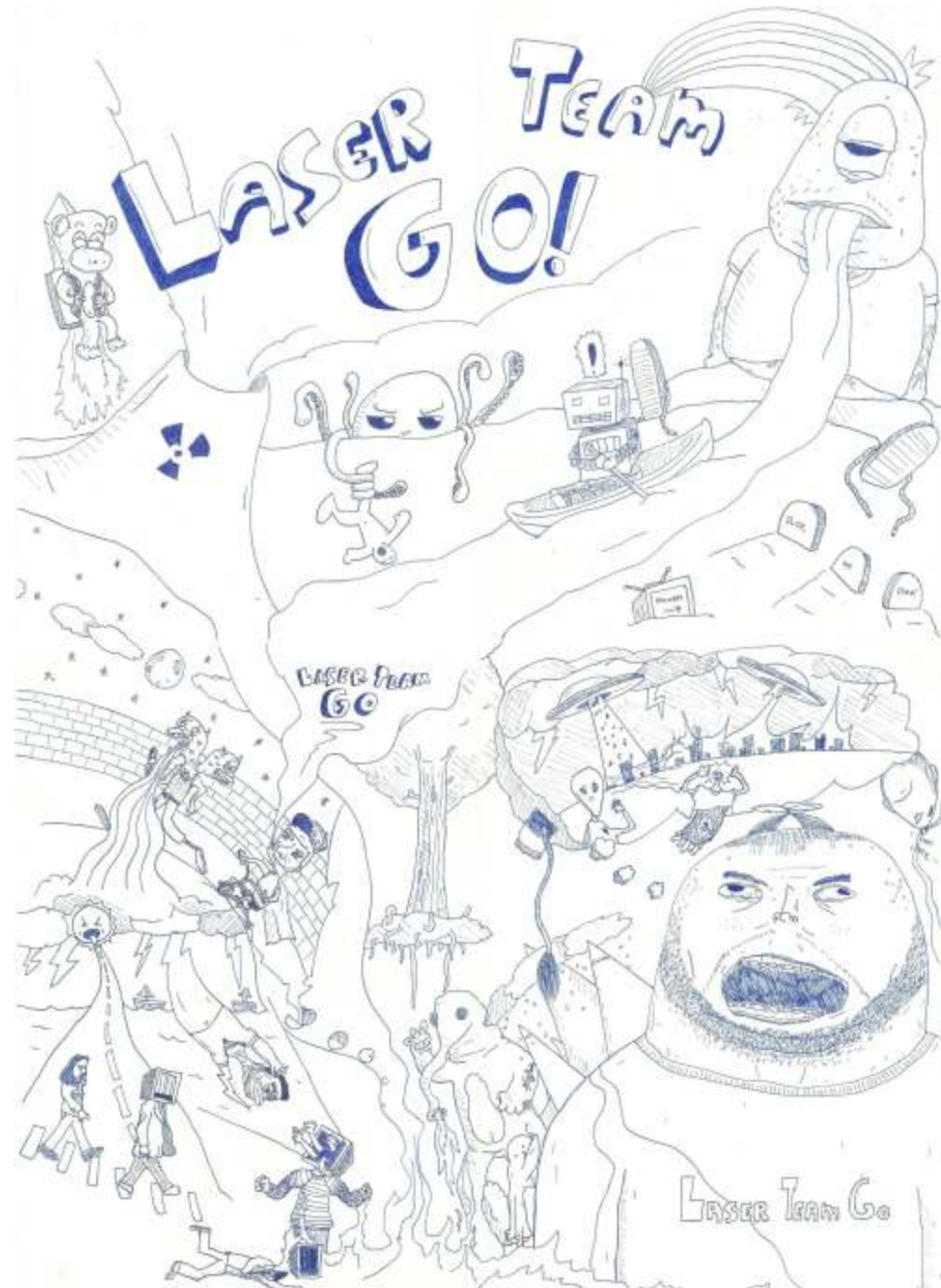
Thomas pointed in the direction of chalice. Naturally, he wasn't exact, but Hank couldn't blame his poor eye-less brother. "Drink," he muttered, "and feel new life beside me." He held out his arm for Hank to take, to lead him towards the chalice. The boy intervened. He shook his head, and Hank was confused. Why would his brother be leading him towards something that this boy disliked? The boy seemed sincere, but if Hank's own brother stood here before him and promised him life, he felt it hard-pressed to ignore his own eyes. He coughed.

The second hand ticked by, an hour per increment, and he could feel himself dying of his desire, yearning to drink. How he longed for the splendor of that glorious golden goblet to be his own and his only, for all eternity, to savor the taste of the life it promised, first at his lips, his tongue, his throat, and ultimately forever within him. How he ached to rise from the confines of this torturous chair, to cast aside the warnings of a stranger- How much could they know?- to be defiant, to be radiant, to be...

His mind was made.

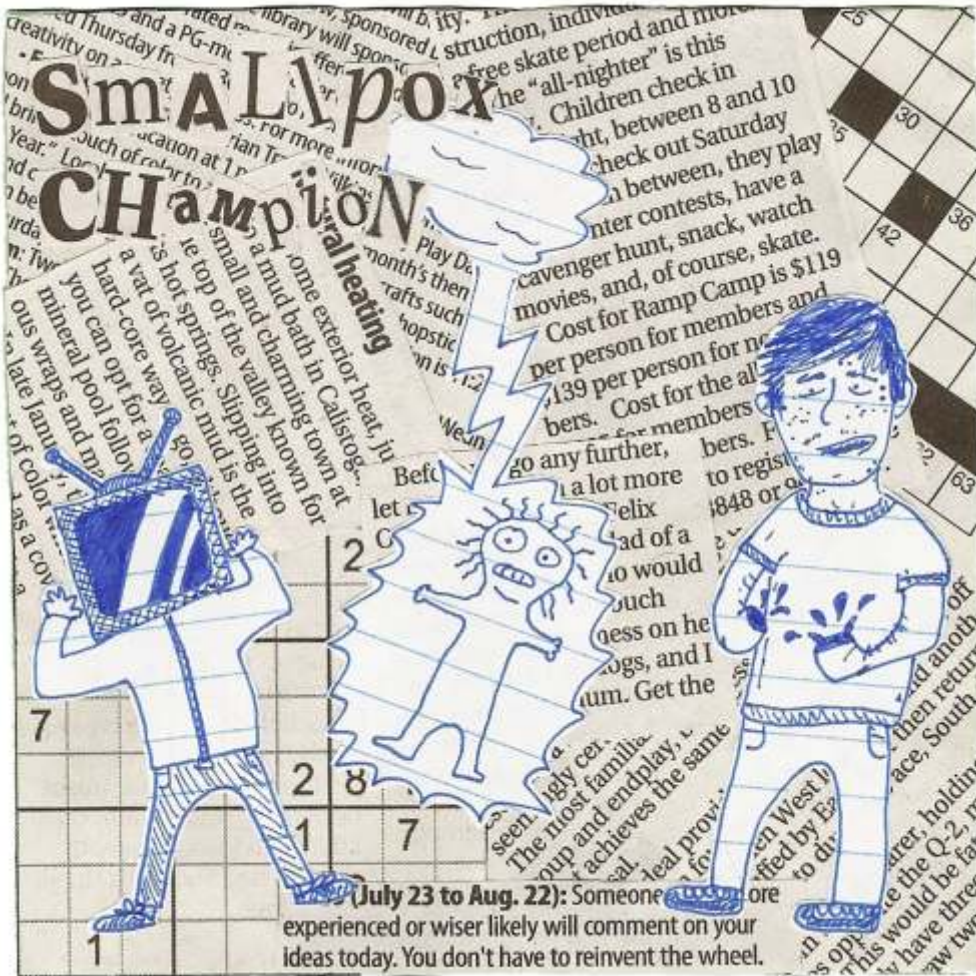
As he rose, each step he took brought him closer to a now rusting chalice, and he quickened his pace, afraid that it would collapse to nothingness if he arrived too late. But the chalice wasn't all that was changing. The room itself warped with each breath, the lighting dimming, dust falling from the ceiling, and the murderous clock- ticking, tocking, louder, mocking- appearing cracked and dim. He quickened his pace and alas reached his goal. He went to take in a great sip, to quench his thirst, but his mouth never found comfort in the taste of the wine. The soft embrace of life that he longed for was instead replaced with a menacing turn of his stomach and a soft groan escaped his mouth. His lips met with cold dust and an empty promise, and his heart suddenly felt the weight of the lie bury itself deep within. His body became a sepulcher for all emotion, and he at last felt nothing.

Hank Morris closed his eyes."





## Ruptured



Standing so tightly, hoping not to collapse

The city structure built by our hands  
make up these maps

Human made and unforgiving

To survive we give up our standard of  
living

To forget the grass and all under the  
asphalt

When our minds incline it will be our  
own fault.





Evenin' kids, it's your old pal Sketch E. Whiteface here. Now I come to you all with a lovely treat -- a little Q&A I had with Mr. Henry Rollins, former singer of Black Flag, actor, poet and spoken word performer. Noticing his spoken word Frequent Flyer Tour is heading to Somerville, MA on March 17 and Portland, ME on the 18th I figured I'd shoot him a few questions I thought some people would like to know. And now our feature presentation...

SKETCH: Big fans of your spoken word will notice that the tone of it has become drastically different since the start. It started out as reading poetry, then spoken word with a serious tone, now it's a balance of comedy and that dash of reality. Was this change a conscious choice or did it just happen that way?

HENRY: I just do the show. I am not sure of how the thing has changed over the years. I am not really working on the form of the thing as much as I am just out there doing it and I guess it changes over the years.

SKETCH: You've mentioned that you don't consider yourself to be an actor despite the 35+ movies roles. But has there ever been an acting gig where you thought you did a good job?

HENRY: I thought I did pretty good on the Sons Of Anarchy show I was in last year. Most of the time I don't watch any film I am in.

SKETCH: "The Henry Rollins Show" hasn't had any new episodes since 2007. What's that status of the show and when can we look forward to Seasons 2 & 3 coming to DVD?

HENRY: We shot the two seasons of it and then IFC dropped the show. It's their money so they have the say. I guess they didn't like the show. I thought we did good work. The 2nd season is on DVD in Australia and I believe they are on download on iTunes.

SKETCH: How are things developing on the West Memphis Three? And also, how did getting the artists for the "Rise Above" album come together? (The album was to benefit the defense of the WM3.)

HENRY: The case moves slowly through the system that will hopefully resolve in new hearing. Things move very slowly

though. Meanwhile, those men sit in prison. We had a couple of people to help us get all the singers. I didn't have many phone numbers to reach these people, so we got some help. Once we asked these people, most of them came aboard very quickly. They were very generous with their time.

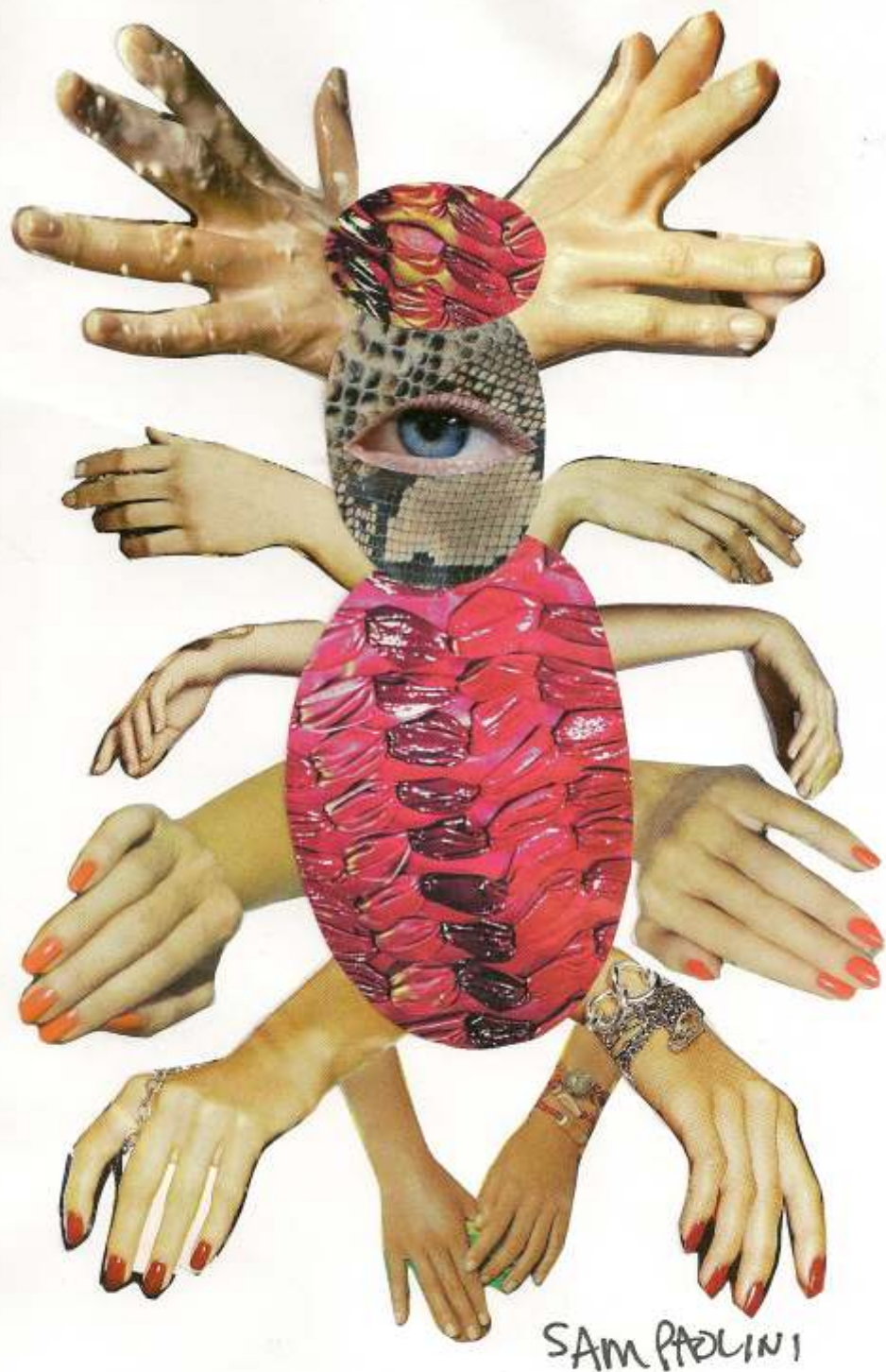
SKETCH: Lately many audiences have been complaining about the way that studios are running their companies (constant remakes, sequels and adaptations, reality shows, etc.) Similar complaints have been made about mom and pop shops going out of business and malls and large retail chains left standing, yet the reality is the American consumer is choosing to go the chains and malls so they are at fault. Do you think that the status of the entertainment industry is in a similar vein, that it's the audiences who are not really wanting it? Or do you think studios and record labels condescend the intelligence of the audience thus lowering the standards of new material or not putting it out at all?

HENRY: The people are going to the malls because the merchandise is cheaper there. They buy from Amazon.com because it is cheaper to do so. That's how it is. It's very hard on those smaller outlets that can't buy in the vast bulk that these other places do and they can't get the extended lines of credit, either. I think the audience wants it but they are low on cash and have found that they can often get things for free online. I know a guy who hosts films from the internet, I don't know how he does it but he always has films on his i-Pod that are still in theaters. I think it's a combination of things, what I listed as well as other factors. It's too bad that it could make it bad for so many hard working artists. The studios have underappreciated the intelligence of their audiences for years. Hence the success of shows that are sharp, those in the industry who have figured out that there are millions of people who want some more intense and thoughtful fare have been very successful.

SKETCH: On your online store you had a video promoting the contents of "Fanatic Vol. 3" while standing in a room where your music collection is housed, a large room full of CDs from the floor to the ceiling and not one gap in it. How the hell do you organize that thing and have you needed to expand the room/store elsewhere to squeeze in a few discs?

HENRY: That's the old room, actually. The room you saw held 24 feet of shelving about ten rows high. The new room has 64 feet of CD shelves, 12 rows high. There's a different part of the room for vinyl and other media. It's all genre/alphabetical. There's several feet built in for expansion for all the media. A lot of work went into the room to get it all built to spec.





SAM PADLINI



SAM  
PADLINI



