

Popsturbation: Dead, Dave and Durst

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It turns out this Halloween, Popsturbation is going as a group of idiots who can't seem to get their Daily Free Press assignments straight. Consider the article that included mentions of the Olsen twins and David Hasselhoff our cute little outfit. We've settled down, come home, split up the candy (and throw out the Good N Plenty, because who really eats that?), and regressed into our lives of banality. And all that before Halloween has even begun. Yes, friends, such are the benefits of having a Thursday column when Halloween falls on the following Wednesday.

Music cults have existed since the dawn of time. The Cavemen had their bone-playing rock groups (insert loud, self-effacing white guy laugh here), some women-tossing shock groups, and a whole lot of facial hair. Turns out that today's music cults also sport an excess of facial hair. Only now, there are designer clothes (if you consider Adidas and Abercrombie designers) to go with the aural conformity. The aesthetic monotony of some of these head-bobbing lemmings brings tears to our eyes. What is more disturbing than the glut of cargo pants and Birkenstocks (read: Jesus boots) is the typical answer to the question, "Why do you like this band?" The answer is, of course, "because the music touches me." Vague and intangible, what this reply really means is "because I like consuming various substances at their concerts." We present to you the primary offenders of diversity.

Phish / Grateful Dead

But fellows, these are two different bands. This is true, and it is important to note that we have not grouped these bands (and their followers) because PhishHeads are the new DeadHeads. No, there are more absurd things the two followings have in common. Both bands have ceased to perform. Both have Ben & Jerry's flavors named after them (and dang, are they delicious). Their fans travel across the continent, sleeping in tents, going days without bathing, to see their favorite band. The combination of



Face it kids, the Dave Matthews Band suck.

marijuana smoke and pheromones is absolutely enchanting, and even the band members usually find themselves unable to leave the stage, caught in a 30-minute jam session over the same six notes.

Dave Matthews Band

What do you get when you rip off the world beat rock styles of Peter Gabriel and Paul Simon, mix in the vocals of a drunken Sting, and fill a football stadium full of white teenagers? That's right, a Dave Matthews Band concert. The crappy domestic beer flows like so much plaid and Abercrombie. Never before have an organic band been able to incorporate so much technology (read: cell phones and beepers going off) into their music without losing that human quality. And any band that hooks up with the producer of Aerosmith's worst albums has got to be on the right track. Gimme back my pre-torn khaki visor.

DAN WINTERS/PHOTO COURTESY

Korn & Limp Bizkit

Generally speaking, when one used to think of nappy hair, dirty dreadlocks, baggy pants, Adidas, Puma and backwards Yankees caps, they would have probably associated the style with underground hip-hop and urban subcultures. Hell, we still do, a b-boy will always be a b-boy, an MC will always be an MC, and sadly, Roger Corman will always be involved with the film industry until his eagerly anticipated death (by way of bare-breasted, lasergun wielding, mutant alien women). Now, thanks to the likes of Jonny Davis, Freddy Durst, Ricky Schroder and countless other angry suburban boys, we can no longer don my red Yankees cap and sparkling Adidas pants with delight. Halloween is a daily holiday for all mindless white guys who grow in their goatees nice and thick and head to their local ghetto - the town in their state

where the average family has an income of 100 grand or less - to pick up and dress up in the latest hip-hop garments. This must stop, immediately. Big dumb face (Wes Borland) has quit Limp Bizkit to pursue further failure with his band Big Dumb Face. This is not a sign of hope for the many who pray to their god every night wishing for Anthrax to invade Jacksonville, FL and blow Durst off the face of this sad, sad planet. That's right, Durst is holding auditions for an "ill guitar player." As for Korn, I [Anthony] would rather pick it out of Dave's compost heap before listening to anymore aggro-crap. We don't play guitar, but we are definitely ill.

In closing, the above described are just the big three. There are many more cults of music fans. Frankly, we find nothing more unsettling than the throngs of pre-teen girls dressed up in very little to imitate Britney, Christina and Pat Benatar. Actually, the post adolescent females (we know why the guys are yelling, and what they are yelling) who scream for them are worse. Emo folk tend to support a specific group of bands, but usually do not traverse the country to show their support. Have you seen these kids? They're starving as it is. They don't need to go for days in their '86 Volkswagen on uncooked Ramen noodles and angst. The old ladies who go to Vegas and Atlantic City to see charming sleazebags like Wayne Newton and Tony Orlando could be considered a cult, but we all know they're just going to see a little cuff-loosening and baked-in tan. It's not about the music for them but the liquid sex that is oozing from every pore of those past-their-prime, singing pension stealers.

Which reminds us, next time some old person gives you pennies for Halloween, don't be angry. It is a heartfelt statement to give when you don't have much. But we all know they have candy in the house somewhere. All old people do. So find a way to get even and enjoy your cavity-stricken holiday.

Popsturbation prefers the Vincent Price (or is that Bob Dylan?) rap in "Thriller."