

Ladies and Gentlemen, Renaissance Magazine is proud to present...

The bout of all bouts, the fight of the Millennium, the brawl that will leave you gasping for air- we give you...

Rich

**Short and
Sweet
Boucher**

Professor Scott

**Flower Soup
Annand**

VS.

A brief history...Rich and Scott both dream to revitalize the Newark, Delaware artist community, the only problem being they **clash like two male rams in heat**. See them now as they ruffle it up for both your enjoyment and mine, though vicious mudslinging and denouncement, we present to you, one-time only, a sold-out event, put on the raingear, it's time for.....

M E N T A L I N D E L A W A R E

First, Scott will take the podium with... The Decline of the Newark, Delaware Scene

There was a time when Newark, Delaware had THE absolute strongest local scene in the tri-state area, with the exception, of course, to Philadelphia.... people would come from, not only all over Delaware, but from Maryland, PA, and Jersey, every weekend because of what Newark had to offer here. On any given day all of Main Street would be covered with punk rockers and skateboarders, sitting around the mini mall and in front of Scott's ice cream parlor. You always knew what band was playing this weekend at one of the churches of girl's clubs, because if it wasn't for one of the bands passing out their flyers on main street, you'd see one on a telephone poll or get handed one in the hallways at school. And chances are you knew the bands playing, because you'd eventually have to meet them on Main Street. There was a small club in the ghetto of Wilmington called The Barn Door, and almost every band at the time played there, and many had their first shows there. Of course everybody stood around saying, "there's nothing to do in Newark", and while there really wasn't for the most part, at least they could say it while standing around the sidewalk, or sitting in one of the arcades on Main Street, or Jude's Diner, or one of the many coffee houses that lined Main Street. It always seemed like there was nothing to do, but looking back at those 5 years ago, it was the best time of my life. And the whole Newark scene was covered by everybody's favorite local band magazine... Big Shout. I learned about the bands that literally became my idols. I didn't really care too much about the corporate rock bands of Mtv, because they were untouchable, not only at \$50 per ticket, but because NOBODY ever came to Newark. And I seriously found that many of these bands were not only as good as the Mtv bands, but they were better. Bands like The Lexicon of Bad Words, Puddle, Jake And The Stiffs, Zen Guerrilla, Spindrift, Nero, Blacklight Rainbow, Clear, Boy Sets Fire, The Absurd, The Caulfields, Brill, Railhed, Walleye, and every teenage girl from Newark's wet dream, Schroeder, who was sort of like Newark's answer to a boy band. Without any doubt, Schroeder was THE hardest working band in Newark, and they did a huge amount in keeping interest in a Newark scene. At the time, if you were between 13 to 25 and from Newark, you most likely knew who these bands were, and they were all Big Shout wrote about. Occasionally they'd mention some Mtv band who played in Philly, but the majority of it was Newark, Delaware rock bands, and encouraging people to come out and supported their scene.

Now, in Spring of 2000, this is what Newark has become: there IS no more Newark band scene. A few of the good bands from Newark got out... Zen Guerrilla is on Jello Biafra's label Alternative Tentacles and recently Sub Pop, Boy Sets Fire is on Victory now, and the Caulfields were on some major label for a while putting songs on movie soundtracks, but most of the other bands broke up. The ones who didn't can't even get a show around here anymore. Pressure from the City of Newark to not rent halls to bands anymore, the Newark police and the local community closed off all the church halls and other places from even renting to us anymore. The Barn Door in Wilmington closed down all together, opening up again later, but not allowing bands to play anymore. The mini mall was turned into Rainbow Records, and Newark has lost BOTH arcades (one in the mini mall and one in Newark shopping center) in the last couple years. Judes Diner was sold to some people from another country who would not allow anyone to sit in there without a minimum purchase and



HEY! THIS ZINE IS BY
SUZIE
RAMONASUE@AOL.COM
766 S. 4th ST.
P.M.B. #3
PHILADELPHIA, PA
19147-3137

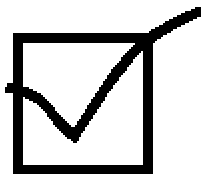
Moxie is refreshingly silly, considering half of it is made up of hate mail sent to her telling her to stop.-KC

then closed down all together. The pool hall Q-stix decided to cater solely to the hip hop crowd, and refused to do allow people in who are quote "punk or goth" or "guys in make up or female clothing" because "we don't want freaks in here". And if all this wasn't bad enough, the City of Newark has basically banned people (ESPECIALLY young people) from even walking down Main Street or in any of the 2 shopping centers. Police patrol Main Street, giving out huge loitering fines to anyone who stops to talk on the sidewalk, and they've put Wackenhut security in the shopping centers who use physical violence on 15 year old girls who stand around talking to their friends. What has this town come to?

My band Flower Soup has been around since 1995, and I've been right in the middle of it, as well as trying to turn it around every chance I get. For the last 3 years I organized noon to midnight shows called Flowerfest, allowing any rock band who wanted to play a chance to be heard. But a scene, or a community, is not something you can re-establish by yourself. And people are so intimidated by the police and local businesses that they refuse to even hang out, or come to the shows when they are put on. And I place a huge amount of blame of this to Big Shout magazine. First let me state that Big Shout is no longer run by the same people who started it, but it has been passed off to many different people, who just did not know how to handle a local magazine. The people were so fascinated with being able to get backstage at a Dave Matthews Band concert and say the words "hi dude" to them, so they could brag, "I met a band on a major label", that they have sacrificed the entire Newark scene for their own personal interest. Now you have to realize, as stupid as it might sound at first, most people will NOT pay attention to a band they've never heard of before. People will not go to a show, even if it's free, to see a band they've never heard of, unless they're just going to have a place to talk to their friends. Now with the exception of the punk people who will stay around to watch any band with instruments (the way I always was), even if they came to see a certain band, they will walk out on the band they never heard of before. When there's nobody stirring interest in bands outside the day of the show, there is no interest in having shows. When Big Shout sold out, they took Newark down with them. The only thing that held people together in Newark WAS the under 21 crowd, but the local bands were the entire backbone of the scene structure. Everybody knew what they were doing this weekend... they were going to the show. But of course you can't put the blame on any one single thing... there were several contributing factors, such as the Unitarian Church and Girls Inc banning bands from playing due to pressure from the City of Newark not wanting a lot of teenagers in one place at the same time (although recently Girls Inc has been renting out to bands again, although they've all been out of state and not one Newark band has been asked to play). The Newark shopping center was also a HUGE loss to Newark, because 4 years ago, you'd have 50 people up there on any given night hanging out, 100 on weekends, and for the most part there was never any problem. Then with pressure from Q-stix and several other stores in the Newark shopping center, people were no longer allowed to stand nor talk on the sidewalks for any reason, people were not allowed to sit in their cars or in the parking lot, and anyone playing a radio was actually banned from the shopping center, being told they would be arrested if caught back in the shopping center. A short time later, the City of Newark passed the exact same laws for all of Main Street, and now College Square shopping center. And even though we are the ones who pay taxes and their salaries, we are not allowed on our sidewalks in our own town. When you put all of this together, people just gave up. It was a no win situation for the most part, and people just don't want to get involved in something they might get yelled at for doing. Of course I blame Big Shout. Of course I blame the churches and local halls who gave into the City's requests and stopped renting to bands. And of course I blame the Newark shopping center, the Newark police and the city of Newark. But most of all I blame us as Newark townies for not standing up for ourselves.

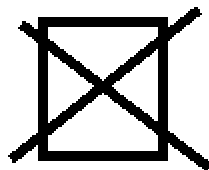
We've got this whole summer to fight back. We have a responsibility to hang out in large groups on Main Street even when we're told not too. We also have a responsibility to put on cheap and free shows and poetry readings and give the young people a place to hang out who don't have a lot of money, and we need people to write zines again and keep these bands and our town always fresh in people's minds. And when a band puts a show on, they're doing it for you, to give you entertainment, so the least you can do is show up. I mean, come on, if you live in Newark, Delaware... it's not like you have anything better to do. **-Scott Annand**

Hey everybody, cast your vote here!!!! Tell us who you think should win "The Battle for Newark"? No, silly, don't cut up my magazine, I worked hard on this thing! Just e-mail me at **sayyesto108@hotmail.com** with your latest stylings, and drop me **the vote that counts!!!!**



Rich
Boucher

OR



Scott
Annand



(This is Mark, our official vote counter)

dark music provided by
www.tappingthevein.com



And now, Renaissance is glad to give the other side of the coin, the flip side of the pancake, the other half of the sandwich: up-to-the-minute preapocalyptic ravings on the ills, thrills and spills of a life lived here, let's give a hand for Rich Boucher....

So, the police in Newark want to enact an 11 pm curfew for Newark's youth. I had a gentleman approach me recently to ask if I would read an anti-curfew screed on the mike at the Jam'n' & Java café . I told him I would have to read it first, of course, before I committed myself to endorsing anything like that on my open mike. I want to know the reasons why the youth of Newark are up in arms about this proposed curfew. This thing is actually directed at the layabouts who aren't headed anywhere, aren't supporting any businesses, and are intimidating the older folks and the residents of Main Street. Yes, folks, people live on Main Street- that thoroughfare is not there just for your amusement. Who are these people who are up in arms about a potential curfew? You flatter yourselves if you think you're special.

The police in Newark are focusing on "roving packs of teens"-and I'm all for it, Charley. Fuck these kids who just want to "hang out" on Main Street! Get a destination, losers! At least the drunk and stupid UD undergraduates pay for the time they spend there. Whatever happened to supporting local businesses? You just try to get one of these lost souls to cough up a measly \$1.50 to support the café they want to hang out at- it's like torture to them. But they've got plenty of money for a pack of Marlboros!

I presume I'm supposed to be in support of the fight against a curfew because it's a "prejudice" against teens? Please. Like these kids have the world against them. Try having to get up every morning at 5 or 6 for work to pay your bills, Junior. Try living your life on Main Street in Newark, where, every damn night of the week these poor hard-working souls have to put up with the inbred and retarded low-rider drivers from Elkton, Maryland, as well as the doltish and noisy college kids stumbling out of the bars and hollering at each other as though they were the only people for miles around.

Like I give a shit what these oversized-pants wearing, cellphone-toting, mumbling, headphone-addicted, Newport smoking dregs think of me. In my role as the host of the Jam'n' & Java poetry open mike here in Newark, I'm sick to death of dealing with sullen little pukers giving me shit when I remind them of the cover for the event. You can afford it, wastoid. Cough it up. Trust me, no one wants to hear that you have no place to go. You think you're oppressed? YOU DO NOT KNOW OPPRESSED. You don't. You only think you do, because you can't have your way this time. "Oppressed" is going to jail for your beliefs. "Oppressed" is being born a second-class citizen by virtue of your gender. "Oppressed" is not being told to move along when you're sitting on the sidewalk in front of a business you have no intention of patronizing. The author, who does not even possess the stones to put his name where his money is, completely obliterates any force his argument might have possessed by calling himself a "proud loiterer"-jerk! Idiot! Where do you come off demanding respect when you won't pay your bills??? This anti-curfew activist is also way off base citing the First Amendment in his screed- I know of many business owners on Main Street who would not consider the mumbling and rainbow haired sulkers a "peaceable assembly"-especially when they assemble in front of their front doors and scare off potential customers. Also, all over his little handbill is the word "rights", but the fact of the matter is that Newark kids under the age of eighteen simply do not have all the rights accorded adults in the country. That's just the way it is, Skippy.

Look, the "youth of today" need something to do, correct? Let them congregate where they will, so long as they cough up a few bucks apiece, to help support the business whose space they're using. A good faith measure. Proof that they aren't comatose! -Ever unrepentant, **Rich Boucher**

And now it's my turn... First, the billboards in Wilmington, DE coming up I-95 northbound are horrible. They shamelessly flag out how dull and half-assed we are as a city, and how scared we are of artistic innovation. WSTW and WRDX? Give me a break. Secondly, Hot Topic is the only establishment that will not display my magazine upon asking permission. I can understand not advertising, but if your people are so hip and cool and so into music, why won't they even look at my magazine? Someone that works there even told me they'll just throw it away if I leave a sample for the employees to peruse, and he said himself that he saw it and ignored it. What the fuck is up with that? Maybe if I sell out and become commercial you'll let me grace your holy rag rack!

HOE E'ZINE

<http://www.hoe.nu>

A WHOLE BUNCH OF STUPID SHIT THAT WILL HOPEFULLY MAKE YOU LAUGH. WELL, OKAY, IT'S AT LEAST WORTH TAKING A LOOK AT, IN ALL HONESTY. OH, I GUESS THERE'S WRITING THERE. THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT, BY THE WAY. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? YEAH, PEACE OUT. HAVE A GREAT DAY. I MEAN THAT.

Bracket-When All Else Fails- Fat Wreck Chords

Listening to this CD makes me want to hop on my skateboard and roll up to the first house party in Pacific Beach that I come across. The odd thing is that I'm about 3500 miles away from PB.

Nerf Herder- How to Meet Girls- Honest Don's-

Silly skate rock about cheesy 80's and 90's pop culture. There's a really funny song about two metalheads falling in love in the mosh pit at a Pantera show. Still trying to decide if they're the kind of band for you? These guys opened up for the Bloodhound Gang at the Electric Factory in late April.

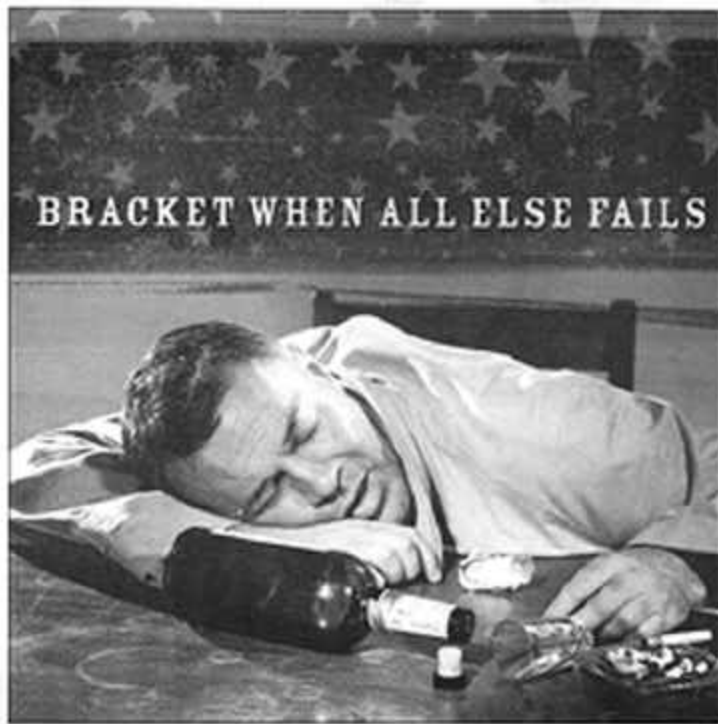
by Yvette Tucker

Tales of Eva

On a lunch date in DC with a strange man:

Eva betrayed the narrow minutes driving ahead of herself through ancient corridors of worldly religions that claimed to know God. A strange man spoke to her of sphinxes, the infinity of sand and told her he was around the time of Abel, great oracles and seals. Eva thought he was greatly tormented. Up until that moment she thought she knew suffering. Each thought piled high, one on top the other, then spiraled like a winding staircase. As the minutes turned into an hour, stories of men and sin turned into a turbulent mass of nonsense. What Eva finally figured was, she was never going to drive to DC for lunch with a strange man again.

BRACKET WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS



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"Bracket is growing on me like a fungus even as i write...Taking over my nervous system. losing...free...will. BUY IT!
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"My favorite pop/punk band is back."
-Baby Sue

"Catchy, quirky, guitar-driven powerpop with moody, thoughtful lyrics and melodies to make your eyebrows arch."
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"How can these guys write so many great songs?....I love them all."
-Eye deal



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-> "An Important Reminder"

another great gift from the "hogz of entropy"

-> by Mogel

www.hoe.nu

-> Taken from HOE #1000 (1/9/00)

Expression is progression. Please remember that. Expression is your ability to interact with a THING and have something HAPPEN. You will find, that it's particularly pleasing when the producer and the produced are the same thing. Being yourself doesn't mean you can't be someone else, too. You are not yourself, you are someone else--you.

Get it?

Expression is art, entertainment, media, thought, writing, ideas, sounds, images, uniqueness, listing things, self-awareness--living. And if you're not living your life, you're living the life someone else handed you on a plate, smeared with some shit you can't identify and wouldn't want to, even if you could.

And why are you doing that? Does it make you feel you have power? Does it make you forget how empty your life can be? Does it give you a BONER?

What do those things really mean? Sorry to be so off-base and confusing. Can we pretend sincerity is "OK" if it's self-aware? I'm talkin' about bein' real, of course.

I'm talkin' beyond the hedonistic urge of "WOW!". Toutin' that "it's just entertainment!" ethos, where tasteless sucksters pretend that thought pulls the punch--but real punches do damage, no matter *how* you look at them. I'm talkin' beyond the pretentious, the art fags--sittin' in their delusionary "cool lunch table", jerking off to a fancy camera angle. I'm definitely talkin' way beyond the people that hide behind "cultural relativism" as a means to justify something fully intended to give Rico Suave a throbbing erection.

What I'm suggesting is this: it's good to think about it.

Here it is, real simple: men with money make the media. They demographically study you. They decide what everyone likes in common. Those things are simple things (I LIKE DA BOOM BOOM BOOBIES). They use their accrued money, money that you've flooded them with, and they produce the same time-tested, lowest-common-denominator bullshit over and over again. Why shouldn't they? It works! You've proved it, by throwing your money at them over and over again. They're banking on your bad taste. They are us. We all hear a lot of really shitty things getting praise. In reality, it's because we don't know any better. Chronic crap, Pavlov-style.

I am not dissing you because you like crap, I'm dissing you because I expect more. I'm only anti-establishment if the establishment just SUCKS.

How many of you jackasses talk about the PeRFeCt SoURCe CoDe--so down on Microsoft, aren't you, but you still cried when you saw Liv Tyler's stunning performance in ARMAGEDDON, didn't you? How many cliches do you NEED?

One Man, One Gun, One Mission

It Was A Clean Wound, The Poor Bastard Probably Never Saw It Coming

The Killer Was A Pretty Scary Killer

Isn't It Funny How Tragedy Brings A Family Together?

Armed With A Wet T-Shirt, She Ran For Her Life

High School Sucked Quite A Bit

A Natural Disaster Can Certainly Be A Bad Thing

Adorable Child Gets Murdered, Everyone Cries

A Number of Bullets Are Being Fired, People Are Dying As A Result

Misunderstood And Loving It

Pretty People Who Do Zany Things And Shit Blows Up

Originality is difficult, but if we keep apathetically embracing crap, we're like autistic retards, talkin' the same bullshit year after year. Is that really what you want to be like?

So **The Bank**, has reopened under the name "**Transit**", and they are giving us various styles of nights instead of catering specifically to the gothic crowd. However, they are keeping in the tradition on **Thursdays**, when **Juliette** has her goth party. **Knobhead** spins on the main floor, and **Scott Laroque** takes the basement while a guest DJ is upstairs; both the basement and the upstairs serve alcohol. It's \$6, all ages, 21 to drink, and yes, they still have the velvet furniture and chandeliers.

FROM A FLY

She sat in the corner. A blue spotlight shown down, reflected off the silver microphone, and speckled her face. The constant murmur of conversations could be heard around the room and back again. It was ten o'clock and the show was to begin. People had gathered from their suburban worlds to see the Lady Day who would soothe their hearts and take them back. Back to a time of peace and love, a time with a purpose, a cause. Before their long hair receded away, and their VW's turned to BMW's.

As she started, with the familiar melody in her smooth silky voice, the conversations died. Like a magical piper she cast her spell, and entranced the room. Coffee was forgotten and cigarettes were left smoldering in the ashtrays. Some of them swayed with the rhythm, some just stared in amazement. The bartender, polishing his bar, looked up just long enough to catch a subtle wink from the entertainer. He just smiled and went back to his bar. He has seen it all before.

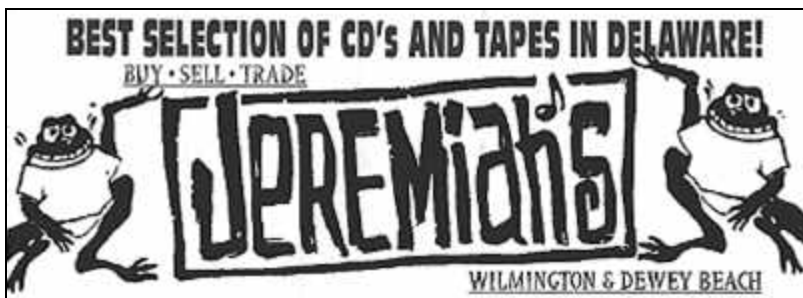
At the end of her first set she announced a short break, and the trance ended. The coffee began to flow again. The waiter, roaming from table to table, was accepting her compliments, as if the entertainer had left. In reality she sat at the bar sipping her drink and talking to the bartender. Quietly she had faded into the background.

The square room, no larger than a school class room, was decorated in a slightly melancholy way. Black and white portraits of moderately famous people, whose names you couldn't remember, hung on the dark brown paneling. The two ceiling fans, square with each other and the walls, slowly spun circles with little effect on the smoke filled room. There were three flies at the bar. One was the owner, discretely drinking coffee and Jack from his ceramic mug. He was a robust, hardy, fellow in a tan cashmere sweater who only broke his stern face to share a joke with the bartender. The place was dimly lit and soft jazz played quietly in the background.

Climbing out of the audience, she regained her seat on the wooden stool. The spot light returned and the murmur hushed with the radio. She talked a little about herself and the songs she sang. This brought the audience closer, and by the third song they were singing along with her, some even attempting a little harmony. She stood no longer as their past or their youth, but as their dreams of tomorrow. She stood as a reminder that they were all artists in their own way and they do not have to give that up with the past. With a few magical words she joined artist and audience.

I remember leaving the bar; I could still hear the singing after the oak door closed behind me. And as I walked home I was reminded of the many free spirits that go unnoticed in my own everyday world.

-Shawn O'Neill



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