

Popsturbation: So you want to be a rock superstar?

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Anthony: Rock 'n' Roll. It's not simply a genre of music; it's a lifestyle. And there is no denying the fact that any full-blooded American — any white male between the ages 18 to 32 with an annual income of 70 grand or more — would sell his first Benz for the opportunity to live a life deserving of a Behind the Music special. Being able to smash your guitar like Peter Dinklage, get rude on stage like Johnny Rotten ...

Dave: ... drop your pants like Ozzy, go on a drug and alcohol binge like Steven Tyler, or, and it pains me to say this, get nookie like Fred Durst.

A: Fact is, we all want to be rock stars. Somewhere deep within our rectal cavities, there is a tiny, overweight Axl Rose screaming and yanking at capillaries, trying to escape.

D: So for this week's hickory-smoked serving of Popsturbation, we decided to enter the realm of a man who has experienced the dream first hand: guitarist and all-out hard rocker of Explosivo, Long Island's one and only Beaker.

A: Greetings, it is an honor to finally be in your presence. We worship you. How's life?

Beaker: Life is good, next question.

D: You are probably the most talented musician in the industry today. When exactly did you first pick up a guitar?

B: The doctors say I had a guitar in my hand as they evacuated me from my mother's womb. It has all been a living, breathing legacy from then on. Rock 'n' Roll was a burning hunger deep within my loins. It itched occasionally. I fondly remember the time my little brother and I started our silly pretend band, "Brothers Who Play Rock 'n' Roll And Get Girls." I was only five at the time and he was two. We still have pictures of the kitchen after I burnt to the ground with kerosene in

an attempt to emulate Hendrix's classic "Star Spangled Banner" solo. The whole neighborhood called us "the hell spawn boys." Now they all want an autograph right across their withered old cleavages. Ah, those were the days.

A: Who are your musical influences?

B: I like everything, especially Yanni. And that whole Garth Brooks/Chris Gaines thing totally blows my mind.

D: Total brilliance! We need more of that sort of trickery in Rock 'n' Roll. It's like he's two different people at once, and they are both more lame than any normal person could ever hope to be! I suppose the sounds of bullies tormenting me and calling me "calculus nerd freak" also had a huge impact on me.

D: When did you know you wanted to be in a band, and when did you get it together?

B: Damn, are you listening to a word I'm saying? I told you, it was a hunger that burned deep in my loins ever since childhood. Please pay more attention. I'm a very important rock star, and rock stars are busy people. Every minute spent repeating a response could be another song written, another guitar solo jammed, another fine young lady seduced.

A: I apologize on my colleague's behalf. How did you get together with the other band members?

B: Dean, Jay and I all went to the same crummy high school. We became friends primarily by starting up a crappy band named aBoyCalledSpite. Steve-o was created by Splurge members Jon and Pauly sometime in the early '90s. He was actually the second model of two drum/sex-bot prototypes ... the first of which could neither



play drums nor sustain an erection. Both were made from old toasters. We later found Steve-o in a junkyard, reformatted his memory and conditioned him for evil. And taught him how to smoke.

D: So you were just like, "Dudes, let's rock out!" And they were all like, "Totally dooooo! Party!"

A: And then you were like, "Let's slam some Fo'ties!"

B: Yup, the rest is history.

D: What does "DIY" mean to you?

B: I think it stands for "Dirty Indecent Yams," which is a concise commentary on how inferior yams really are when compared to, say, carrots cucumbers or beer. Me and Ian Mackaye were just sparking up a fatty when the question first came up ... not the yams question, the DIY one. I told him to sip on my 40oz as I pondered. I came to the realization that Jay and I are idealistic DIY bastards, but Dean and Steve-o have delusions of grandeur. So we hate them. They are only part of this scene because of the pimps and the C.H.U.D.s.

D: What is your philosophy on music?

B: Music should make you want to smile, cry or dance. Other than that, there is no point. When Explosivo puts on a show, it is like a battleground. People will get ble

ed, spat on, sweat on and possibly even peed or defecated on. That's how into our music we are. Man, we're so intense. We use Ouija boards to summon the spirits of Dee Snider and Gene Simmons even though they're not dead yet, although they might as well be since they haven't put out any good albums in years. The reason they have put out crap lately is because we've sapped their strengths for our own ghoulish needs.

A: What do you think of Napster?

B: I think Napster is a good idea, if only for the fact that it helps us learn which "musicians" out there are full of crap. I think it stinks that the whole program might die just because a certain sad old band — whose name begins with an "M" and ends with an "A," and who once released an album called "Kill 'em All" (which was a testament to all that is Rock 'n' Roll), but who also recently released an album called "Load," which brought the shame of a thousand Milli Vanillis upon their once mighty visage — wants to keep people from downloading their watered-down brand of "metal." I won't name any names though. I'm always glad when someone downloads my band's songs off Napster, but then again its not like those downloads are cutting into my weekly \$43,000 royalty checks.

D: Sex, drugs, Rock 'n' Roll. Your thoughts?

B: Finally, we get down to the basics. Without these simple things there is no Rock 'n' Roll. The day I don't find myself waking up every morning naked and freezing in a gutter clutching an empty bottle of Jack Daniels between my shivering arms, covered in my own vomit and discovering strange new tattoos on my ass

that read, in old English lettering, "Liza & Frank Were Here," is the day I will quit Rock 'n' Roll. And what ever happened to the Opium Trade? That was tight.

A: So you get a lot of girls because of the band?

B: Good lord, just walking to class every morning is a covert mission. I have to put on these stupid wigs and fake moustaches to protect myself against being violated by my legions of adoring female fans at Boston University. It's hellish. Sometimes it really wears you out, you know, having sex so much. This semester I actually had to cut back on the number of girls I sleep with. I'm limiting myself to 12 a day. I mean it is true that rock stars are always good in bed and it is true that playing guitar well is analogous to humping well and it is true that rock stars have huge penises, but we are also human beings ... and sometimes we just want to be loved.

D: How do you balance your schedule?

B: I use a finely calibrated cocaine scale.

A: If you weren't in a band, what would you be doing?

B: Homework? Maybe I'd be able to get my GPA up above a 1.0 for once. Engineering is tough.

D: Is it true you are the 8th member of Slayer?

B: No, I was never in Slayer. What a goofy question! I was, however, in a couple bands you may have heard of. I joined The Who for a short stint through Canada and the States back in '89. I also sang some backup for Motorhead during their tour of Argentina in '94. And keep your eyes peeled for me as an extra in the new B.B. Mak video!

A: Well, that's all the space we have.

D: Thanks for your time.

B: Great, now where's my cash?

For further info on Explosivo check out: <http://www.ex-punk.com/explosivo>.