



FOUR DAYS in FLORIDA

BY TRACEY



Tracey Trance

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*FOUR DAYS IN FLORIDA*

A Story from the Rhythm N' Booze Tour  
Late Summer, 2013 feat.  
Hurricanes of Love & The Savage Young Taterbug



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We woke up in jacksonvegas, as frank calls it, to find that he'd just spray'd his first bit of graffiti using the name 'KANG PUBES' right there on the side of the building we'd play'd at the night before. the can was pretty much spray'd-out but he managed to get a freaky little piece up and was hysterically enjoying the morning due to the fact that his use of pube shaving as a versatile metaphor had now crossed over into street art. frank had recently grown very fond of tickling his perspective on things with each new variation on the theme of pubes and their shaving. either charles or myself was usually the first to get up but on this day frank was out terry'ing the early september grounds of a hot and humid morning in northeast florida, wylin' out and eventually needing to dogg some food. during breakfast at a little industrial zone diner the lord was finally like, 'o hell no' and got the jacksonville rain bucket out and poured it on down like vegas bringing much relief. we then headed for neptune beach due to having such an unforgettable time there the afternoon before meeting the self-proclaimed former wrestler/fighter Rock Python who looked like a sorta young and wiry scandinavian billy budd type who walks alone down long stretches of beach in

some '50s lookin jeans and no shirt with crazy clouds huge above, his shoulders permanently raised in the back to round out his skinny-ish arms which he was convinced were huge, walking until he got laid - all the while squinting around at the arms he used during his electrifying fights up until some kinda injury. i like to think there was some truth to his tales, chucky sure ate it up but frank wasn't buyin it as much - just really into the psychadelic nature of the encounter at the holy neptune beach and vybin with the guy. we'd soon parted ways with rock when kristen, who was out travellin with frank and us, and also not buyin it, was like, 'gosh frank you like those kindsa strange homeless guys so much you're going to turn into one of them-' and charles and i just looked at eachother like, 'he's IZZ one'a them'.. but Rock didn't show on our second little beachday, we just burp'd a few beers and smokes in between dips in the water then dipp'd down in the handi-bus towards orlando to play at Uncle Lou's.

I'd playd orlando once before and it was with frank way earlier in the year around the 8th of february. we'd just been down in miami at INC and our touring crew of BANG BROS!, Scott Stapp, Tracey Trance was together @Lou's for one last burp-down following an amazing week down the 95 from new england and it was another fun night on that joyous trip. the place is a basic older strip mall kinda 1 free pool table concrete square run by the man himself, one'a the least expected daddies of venues being a lil older and african but lou is SO chill with whatever. the Scott Stapp just mentioned is an anarch'ish concept duo comprised of frank and his homie contex a'capella-ing some classicly unclassic songs from their radio youth days while destroying things and ballooning whippits, shotgunning beers, smashing more stuff, yelling - o man to see frank inhale a huge balloon shirtless oxygen eye contact lookin homeless as hell turning red and then yelling the exhale in a following way that

was all - out - biblical stuff!! with continued smashing crescendo and contex's accompaniment on some shitttty circuit bent toy as an alltogether comment on noise and totally absurd. and it was our luck for on that exceptional february eve at Lou's the two were even more prepared with a freshly curb-score'd and worn down white whicker patio set like one you'd see at the golden girls' house - which is also in orlando.. maybe miami - anyway the scott stapp boys had also set aside a hand'full of roman candles and 1 saturn missiles purchased at Hobo Joe's fireworks in greensboro, SC a few days before so needless to say the set that night was truly off - tha - chain. meeting and playing with burp'd-out dudes like Hell Garbage and SLOTS topp'd it off and i often reminisced about Uncle Lou's during the time since. we were getting so hype'd about Lou and the gang on the drive there that once it was a little dark out i was like, 'aw whattha hek ~ lets burp it up' and so we had some pineapple and a lil rum goin in some juice bottles cruizin it and vybin together in the handi-bus jammin some good florida radio and havin such a burp'd-out time that i lost track of one basic thang - so we started to run out of gas and luckily we were able to drift it right over into a hwy rest stop. i wasn't fully thinkin and figured at the time that there was just somethin wrong with the lil bus itself mechanically spark-wise due to some recent distributor coil work in baltimore without considering the possibility of gas-less'ness but i still had some crucial coverage so called a tow truck. the tow to uncle lou's was no problem for the truck but he only had two seats besides his and since there were four of us.. then this older fella who happen'd to be stoppin at the rest stop was talkin with us and eventually offer'd to take two of us. frank and kristen rode in the tow truck and chuck and myself got in the backseat of this guys sedan. he was was all about talkin to us about stuff and things quickly progressed to his divorced aspects of having kids and being a gay dude and makin it work and bein cool with everybody and his daughter being a prostitute and all kindsa crazy

stuff. his way of speaking got gayer and gayer through the ride so charles was having a field day and trading dick sucking stories with this chill old gay 'anything-goes kinda orlandian who was just down for some conversation more than anything and it was all good. frank and kristen probably had something to say about their lift but i can't recall.. got the van drop'd at a safe spot near Lou's and burp'd it on in there and standing there by the little bar counter is dylan who plays as Hell Garbage and it was extra burp'd out from then and pleasantly surprised he was on the bill. no saturn missiles or white whicker patio furniture smashing with a baseball bat nor too many people but a chill time and dylan took some video and i used his phone to take of vid of parta his set which was great. he is an exceptional noise dude who keeps it retarted'ly minimal and pure. the 'noise part' i was incorporating into my set was set up in an exceptional way on this night and it made the best sound i got the whole trip! didn't ever get that one down but when it work'd boy it sure work'd !! a gross bald head orlando dude in really long plaid shorts kept trying to talk to me during charles' set so when the sounds sorta unleash'd into country noise style i went totally berzerk half cuz i was really feelin it and half to get the dude away from me so i was flailing and spinning all around as crazy as i could while chuck was blastin' it for me. the huuge terry that works there as the bouncer/pool table mover/bar back is amazing to chill near and around. sitting at the bar next to him as he's lazily dogging a huge to-go styrofoam container of nachos and just chillin out before closing time sets the bar for just straight livin-it. our plan all along was to just crash behind the bar in the little alley-yard that uncle lou often sits in and push the van to a near-by garage in the morning. frank and kristen set up a little tent tucked back by the building and chuck and myself laid some blankets on the grass between the dumpster and the alley with trees and backs of houses along the other side. a pretty chill florida alley, they rarely seem dirty, just really used in some spots and then

some room for whatever, like the buildings around this little strip of burp'd out commerce - the structure next of us protruding from the end of the mall back to the alley, ending the strip of alley yard and across lou's lil parking spot from our campsite seem'd to have room for whatever. "dentist's supply store?!" read frank from the letters on the door to it and then said somethin like,"yeah right, whatever kinda creole shrimp runnin that joint isn't just making his money off of supplying dentists with equipment" a little white building in an alley with that kinda label did sorta reek of being a front and the south is full of creole shrimps of which frank would speak of often during our time together in the south on this trip. the creole theme had been recently incorporated into his slang and creolians and the creole mafia in general now cattergorized many of the shrimps of which frank was known for speaking about but never eating. after staying up late and burpin with the can dude and another little sesh with the crazy bald head plaid shorts dude in the alley we laid to rest beside this suspect dentist supply store in uncle lou's alley.

charles was the first to peek out from below the covers on this next morning only to see a creeping old white dude with a pistol next to and checking out frank and kristin's tent.. chuck acts asleep as far as i know and i'm still sleeping until woken up by two orlando cops with guns out and stuff, askin what we're doing there and everything. we get up and explain ourselves and our situation with being about to get the handi-bus look'd at and touring and all when it turns out charles had seen the cops first show up and talk to the creepy white gun man who turn'd out to be the dentist supply shop owner who no longer was packin' but had for sure put in the unnecessary call and wanted our butts outta-there. so the cops were chill enough after putting the guns away and talking and we all went our separate ways relieved but fuck'd up a lil from that kinda wake-up. frank and kristen went to eat some food somewhere and charles found some air

conditioned bar that looked horrendously yuppie but they loved him n' hooked him up with a bloody mary and had the breakfast club on one of the TVs while i went to find out that we'd just ran out of gas and nothing was wrong with the handi-bus except i remember'd the tow dude the night before mentioning a back tire being bald and sure enough it was getting down there. we cruised out and found a back way up towards gainesville through some nice lake zones and enjoyed the beauty of north florida till we found a lil used tire joint in Apopka. the place was way burp'd out and they gave me a pretty good deal on some decent used tires and decided to do both rears. on the chill patio of the tire place we notice an oil change place across the street and we have plenty of time and since the '68 handi-bus had made it to florida again from washington it was a good 1/2 way time for a change and they had no penzoil signs up and i'll use pretty much anything except penzoil. 1st Performance Auto Center it's called -went in there, it was chill they could do it right away, they sed pull'er in and so i did just that without hesitation. i usually clear off the top of the engine compartment, sorta free it up from road trinketry and tapes-galore so it can be opened up to reveal the engine in between the two front seats but this time i just hopped out since there wasn't toooooo much junk on there and went out to chill with the others,. they do the oil change and such, we get back in and back that sucker up and turn it out back onto the florida back state road hwys, the van and all its glories. we're chillin and cruising up through some melon land and piney forest bits, back west a lil towards i75 to roll on the big interstate for the rest of the way and we're gettin a lil closer but still on the country road, passin a lil abandoned green boiled peanut stand with a little pull-off and then up another little slope when suddenly the bright crack of a crazy explosion sounds out from the middle of the handi-bus shocking the four of us into a frenzy all yelling "AAH WHAT THA FUUUCK!!!" grippin the steering wheel i realize there's no power to the van as i

check the rearview and start to veer over, seeing shards of wood blowing around wildly behind us. with little green and neon orange spray paint highlights visible on the chunks i knew right away they were pieces of the doorstop that had somehow exploded amongst the the vehicle - we'd veer'd into a sorta park amongst the turn around area in the middle of the road to check on things and bitch about what was happening - upon opening the dog house it was easy to see that one'a the boys at 1st performance auto center accidentally knock'd one of the doorstop wood pieces in onto the engine and then closed it up after doin the oil - it's easy to drop stuff in there and and they just weren't careful about what they were doing. a little over a hundred miles later the wooden piece eventually vibrated up until it hit the front belts and then the metal radiator fan exploded the thing, knocking off the main timing belt and taking a big chunk outta the old fan cover. the suggestion was made that we coast the thing back down the grade to the abandoned green boiled peanut stand so the homies got out and pushed as i steer'd. once the lil bus had enough momentum to glide down they let go and just walked behind, all looking like they were far away from far and it was one of those deep-into-a-trip moments as they grew smaller in my side view mirror and i sailed'er down towards the vacant stand and parked just next to it down on the little side road. we checked out the little area and it seem'd chill - no abandon'd beers in the abandon'd cooler, just a gray truck parked there. a chill zone to wait for a tow but i was feeling and thinking anything but chill feelings and thoughts - lots of thoughts. frank's phone had a little juice but was struggling for bars so i gosh darn'd my way back just up to the other road to get better reception for chewing out the dudes at 1st performance auto center. i explained the deal to the head guy there who didn't feel like they were responsible at all and was playing it off so i truly let him have it east coast style cuz i was really pissed off and o man he made it so much worse - saying that since we were 110 miles away that it

must have been something else and it was too far away to tow back and they wouldn't pay for any sorta repairs and i was freakin out on him until then he gave me a code to some tow business they use and have credit with and so i called them. we went through the whole situation and got to where he was gonna help us with a tow and then asked what the vehicle was and it turns out the handi-bus weighs too much for any of their trucks and that we were further outta luck. he was at least sympathetic as we hung up and then i shed one sad and distressed little tear by the road out there feeling so screwed as i noticed a white pickup truck pull down in along the gray truck amongst the otherwise abandoned green boiled peanut stand. i was sorta sure i still had a tow on my coverage and proceeded to call them as my homies chilled down over by the gass'ful but beltless handi-bus.. while working out the holy tow i casually noticed a clean champagne-brown sedan pull down in past the homies towards the two trucks at the peanut stand. the white truck pulled out and the sedan cruised in a circle behind it, synchronizing a u-turn around a cypress in the middle of the little side road and back up towards the road road at a vvveerrrryy sssllloooww speed and the rides crawled on down the way towards i75 as we once had. i wrapped up the business of the tow call, was feeling considerably less stressed and mosied back towards the crew only to find them in a fresh little frenzy of their own over what had just gone down at the stand. frank was wyilin out in a fidgety but hush'd sorta way all open-eye'd and dancy in his crocks, charles was looking like he'd just been really surprised and wasn't about to prefer to do the talking and kristen looked worried and then even more worried cuz there was apparently a creole gangster standing back by the gray truck left over from what had just gone down at the abandoned green boiled peanut stand (the a.g.b.p.s. we'll call it) and i could tell things definitely weren't chill as i slowly turned around and bared witness to the evil yellow eyed creole gangster seriously evil-eyeing us, half behind and peeking

around the parked gray truck. “okay so don’t look over there - what the hell is going on!?” i asked, and frank filled me in: the white truck had rolled in with two gangster ass creoles, they both got out and one had dreads, tucking a pistol under his shirt and talking with the yellow-eyed one, dropping him off at the gray truck and getting back in the white truck and pulled out just as the champagne-brown sedan pulled down, which it turns out was full of old white grannies. four legit old white grannie ladies. they had pulled in and done the synchronized tandem cruise-out tailing the dready gangster white truck super close behind and away, leaving the yellow-eyed one there to stare us down and creep our asses the fuck out. i was like, “holy shit!, dang this IZZ fuck’d!” frank continued going off about the creole mafia as you can imagine and his gangster fantasies seemed to be coming true in the most creolian way but his main point was that we had to get out of there as soon as possible and we all agreed. we acknowledged the holy hour of light till dusk as a terry rolled by on a bicycle and assured ourselves the tow truck would most likely there before dark and then we heard the gray pickup start up. we were all freaked out and not looking. the creole pulled out and drove away from us and we let out a sigh of relief as the truck disappeared down the side road. with the yellow-eyed creole gone we were at ease to discuss the psychedelic nature of the gangsters and grannies and how much they might care about how ‘much we might have seen’ kinda stuff and ideas were flying all around. then frank and kristen walked the side road to see if a red building not too far down the way was a little store at which to score a drink. charles and i chilled in wonder, amazed at the current situation and enjoyed a van-temperature beer in the once-again-peaceful scene of the a.g.b.p.s. - “it seem’s like such a chill little pull-off like one i would camp at alone in my truck on any given drive” and charles was like, “ya it’s a chill little zone”, dragging from a cig. but there was no question it was a gangster-ass spot. frank and kristen eventually

strolled back and we could tell right away they hadn't found drinks and were still very much worked up by what was happening - frank was like, "homies!! duuudes! we just got passed by that yellow-eyed creole gangster in the gray truck and he gave us the most gangster and evil snarling grill crazy look that we've ever seeeen!!! tha dude's piiissed!!!" and he impersonated the creole's open-mouthed mangled tooth chewey grimacing wild snarl and kristen was like, "yea it was baaad." apparently the creoles were as pissed at us as i was at 1st performance auto center in apopka. just then the bicycle terry rolled by again which got us goin' about how he was also most likely in on it with the creolians and was giving them updates on weather or not we were still there. shit was off - tha - chain. the tow truck eventually show'd up and luckily had a kang cab for us prawns. the young tow man was really chill and we all rode up together, totally filling him in on the gangster situation we'd just experienced. he got a real kick outta the term 'creole mafia' and it was a fun little ride. we weren't booked to play that night in gainesville, initially planning to spend a day visiting some homies near williston - maybe fish high tide at shell mound near cedar key and eat at pyper kub. getting the belt back on the handi-bus was an in-and-out no-charge evening fix at some newer commercial auto place in ocala. i think frank and kristen ate at the golden corral near the shop and even though i was starving i decided to hold out for some boiled peanuts. seeing that ocala has like 300 burp'd out motels on this one strip, we figure'd it would be easy to find a cheap one to stay at since they all looked like they rented hourly but we encountered strange dead ends with every attempt due to either the desk person acting hella creepy or the rates being unreasonably high. then, due to my boiled peanut hankering, the thought of heading further up i75 towards all the amazing boiled peanut road stops in the heart of florida's peanut country ocured to me - the little highway town of micanopy - we could easily stay at one of the all-time-chillest motels the Micanopy Inn! (pronounced

Mih-can-O-pee)

long before this point frank had already reverted to using what he called his 'facist device' to look up bits of info and, in particular, on-line reviews of these dumps. so as we pointed the handi-bus up towards micanopy frank hacked his way towards reviews of the inn. he was extremely pleased to find a plethora of scathingly condemn'full descriptions of the place, scores of first hand accounts from people who regretted staying there and zero-star ratings. i assured them all that the place was super chill and we kept driving as frank read the reviews aloud to us in this one voice he'll use when reading that is hilarious and i wish i could write it somehow but it was sorta like a well enunciated and descriptive motherly tone - and cracking up the whole time but still keeping the nice slow paced motherly voice going through the reviews like a sorta demented kindergarden lecture and using pauses effectively. some of them were pretty creative in their criticism and others just straight-up rant style; kristen naturally reacting to the claims like,"are you suuuure this place isn't gonna have bedbugs??" and just cruisin' on up... until there it was the old micanopy inn, chillin there amongst the spaced out country streetlights, big yards and florida trees around it, the highway hummin along nearby with Cafe Risque on the other side - the titty joint with semi parking and the underpass walkway to the gas station that sells boiled peanuts. nothin' had changed in the 1/2 year or so since i'd been there except when we pulled up there was a chill white dude at the front desk when it'd previously always been some indian pimps. we went in and the vibe was amazing with this dude who was livin and workin there, he seemed like a lazy boater sorta golf playin terry and we mentioned the whole on-line review thing and he was like,"O man! they're AWFul!! - just terrible!!!" and we were like, "yah no kidding!" smiling. he went on to say how the place was kind of a dump, yeah, but the previous indian proprietors

sold it for pretty cheap and the people that bought it were working towards gettin all the rooms in order and such, generally amazed at the symphony of internet bashing due to the place being so chill. we agreed it was a chill place and were happy to be there. only \$40 for the four of us! all the rooms are motel style each with its door to the outside world and we got a key to a room on the second floor. we climbed up the outdoor stairs at ease, love bugs flying around everywhere and turned the key. during early/mid september in florida you are sure to find out about love bugs. they are in season and everywhere, especially micanopy. the room was covered in dead love bugs but other than that it was as chill as any room in any motel, straight micanopy inn livin for the night. we were all amazed at the amount of dead love bugs around the big window area, especially frank, and he flopped down on the far bed, continuing his orration of all the crazy reviews and to look up theories on why love bugs even exist which is a subject often debated throughout florida during love bug season - weather or not they were designed in a futile laboratory to be mosquito predators and why they fly around tandem style with their asses adjoined. they eventually die while doing-it. frank continued his burp'd-out orration and one notable reviewer explained how they would not recommend that their worst enemy stay there - not even a traveling band of filthy hobos! we shared more ideas about the creoles and the a.g.b.p.s. and the occasional review reading never got old because of how chill the place was, so frank continued to bust one out ev'ry so often. we all showered and probably watched some Cheers or local news or baseball hilights and most likely jam'd coast2coast AM realizing that burp'd-out motels, radio and inexpensive diners are some of the only things we have left.

we burp'd it out and slept good and all'a that. when i got up i realized the micanopy inn was for sure number one now on my list

of roadside havens and i'm pretty sure everyone else would say the same. frank, kristen and charles gathered up their stuff as i went down and warmed up the van, backed it up to the lower level next to a true golden boat of a gassy early 70's cadillac, remarking how it had the old handi-bus beat in length by at least a foot and a half, utterly oblivious to the fact that leaving it running there was about to be a serious issue taken up by the old cadillac man who was posted up in the room nearest my exhaust pipe. by the time we got all the blankets and things down the stairs his shades were drawn and frank noticed that he was not lookin' too happy. i then further made the mistake of laying my lil pile of sleep woools on the edge of his busted gold ride while i unlocked the side doors of the handi-bus so the others could put their stuff in.. just then the codger swings open the door to his room and yells, "GET THAT SHIT OFF MY CAR!" in a classic pissed old man way that startles us pretty good. "AND GET THAT SHIT OUTTA HERE YOU'RE STINKIN UP MY ROOM!!" - "okay!-okay! ya! okay man i'm moving it right now sorry! jeez!" i replied, snatching my blankets off and hustlin it up as he was now outside of his room and actually waving an old crutch at us, i could understand his point with the exhaust but he was comin' on wayy strong. so we hastily pulled away, all laughing and doing imitations of the old man's yells as we ventured towards a sunny day of doing whatever before playing in gainesville that night. the gang was all down to go eat at Pyper Kub which is a little airport diner/restaurant that i had a fascination with while living for two months in Williston during the spring of the year before. a little mom & pop out-of-the-way place that uses the piper cub airplane bear logo as it's logo - except the bear is reversed and they spell it differently and it pretty much can't be beat as far as images go on xeroxed menus (many honorable mentions possible \* - Witham truck stop diner: Medford, OR comes to mind). i idolized the place and its owners, eventually recording a tape down there that used the same bear

image but i cut the letters on the menu up to form the words 'tracey trance' on the sign that the bear holds, keeping the title as PYPER KUB because it has such a ring/look to it and there's a lyric or two about diners. we cruised up and over towards williston, winding through the biker daddy peanut and equine hills west of gainesville in anticipation of the holy breakfast spot. its not that long of a drive from micanopy but i'm pretty sure frank was getting to the point of needing to dogg something so we were happy to pass williston, cruise the country road a little more towards the unmistakably rural williston airport, then on down the long straight street that has the sign with the cartoon mammal on it at the corner pointing down the way and le'me tell ya that bear was looking 'good as ever and as we pull up they're all like,"o man there it is!! i never imagined it like this but this is chhiillll!" and it was open and runnin - almost empty like always and super chill like always. Carol and Dave own the place and Carol was there like always and she gives big hugs. poppin in at several month intervals with a different crew of friends has become sorta routine and it's a warm feeling every time, kinda extended family-like. carol always reminds me that, "now i just wana know that you're doin okay ya know baby cuz you know i worry about people when thay don't come in for a while and all so you be sure you give me a call once in a while and leme know youre doin' okay sweetie alright?" in an old '50s sorta Lucille Ball mama kinda way. the food was good as usual, its not super cheap but very reasonable and Carol vybes it out. A&A in Bronson is the cheapest and also highly recommend but you can tell the food is just a little cheaper, still good tho and also has awesome waitress ladies! Dave arrived and he was tellin us of his service days and about how they used to run a motel in Providence, RI and it was kinda near some adult movie houses and they did hourly rates and it was kinda what they had to do to sell the rooms and times were tight but the sex biz, according to dave, is usually doin okay even during troubled financial

times and ya gotta do what ya gotta do. then we burped it back out on the patio for a sec and the old vet cook who usually seems kinda piss'd about somethin and holding it in was willing to share that his anticipation of this one 'old fat bitch' in particular showing up for the saturday night karaoke that evening was gettin him down and he was not looking forward to her singing. we were near the end of our round of beers and after seeing how carol and i were vybin charles insisted that i present her with a copy of my pyper kub album and i agreed it was the proper occasion to do just that. i hadn't yet because i feel like if she listened to it closely she'd worry about me traveling around so much with the risks and stuff - also the fact that i'd simply ripped off their business' identity for a little music art project but what tha hek they did the same thing pretty much so i told her i had somethin for her and went out to the handi-bus to grab her a copy and charles took a photo of me handing it to her in front of the entrance. her and dave appreciated it and 'next thing ya know they'd hung it on the wall near the signed Patty Wagstaff stunt-flying exhibition poster. on previous visits there i'd usually just be sitting waiting for the meal burpin some coffee and would often look up and digg the name patty wagstaff and its an extremely burp'd-out honor to have the pyper kub lp up on that wall in there. throughout breakfast carol asked us about fifty times if we were coming back for karaoke later and we had no choice but to say yes. i bought a highway construction site neon green pyper kub t-shirt and we burp'd on out of there to go find out if some of my terry ass friends around williston were home so we could surprise them. they're pretty much always home so we bought some beers and ice'd up the cooler to go and pay a visit to my hoo'doo daddy friend michael who i met due to the bus breaking down near his house the prior spring. while phoning in the bus tow he putter'd up on his busted old riding lawn mower, his fucked up dog brittany hobbling along behind to say hay and that if i needed anything his place was right down the

way and i could chill there and stuff. he kicked it for a sec and i could tell he was a true daddy - cajun as hell - maybe in his early 50s and burnt totally out but still boppin' and weazin' like brittany. we talked a minute more and i ended out givin him a decent little sample (by east coast standards) of the west coast pineapple and he was obliged as a motherfucker. we traded numbers and began chillin from time to time. we'd go fishing and he'd talk all about the old florida biking/partying days and some dark southern historical shit about certain zones and would point out places that used to be amazing but are no longer chill. we'd kept in touch but i had recently gone swimmin' with that phone and was on a new one - didn't have his number so we roll'd to his crib but brittany was the only one there to meet us along with zeus the friendly young pinkish-grey pit who'd sure grown up a bunch since the spring was rollin around. we burp'd a couple in the sun behind the gate amongst the torched patio area - and i'm not talkin' tiki torches i mean this burp'd-owt porch is scorched. nobody show'd so we just left a kind little (by west coast standards) package by the front door to his old white trailer with a note explaining how we'd stopped by but had to keep going on tour and stuff so regretfully wouldn't be back soon. then we cruised on down alt 27 hwy west towards bronson to see if Richard and Charleena were home and if Jose was around, passing along the way the little yellow building that i rented part of during the ol pyper kub days two springs before during my first two-month-burp attempt at florida livin. it was a fun sorta tour within a tour to take these guys on and they found williston to be a really chill sorta zone - but they had yet to meet richard or charleena. the handi-bus was runnin good in the sun and even though there wasn't enough time to hit the cedar key gulf area before karaoke we would be able to kill whatever lil amount of time no problem cuz as soon as you start to chill with richard and charleena time kills itself pretty dead-like and it just goes and goes. we get to their little side road and pull down to their

trailer which is next to richard's dad's trailer. richard hears the double honk and queerly flings open the door-that-has-no-steps-up-to-it all fast and crazy-like wearing only a pair of gray/brown 1/2 underwear 1/2 boxer kinda shorts, losing it at the sight of us with his hair tied back and whispering as he smiles and waves then then back inside yelling about our arrival. we could hear charleena rustling about and yelling back then they both appeared out of the other door that has steps to it. by then we were outta the bus and i gave them both big hugs and introduced them to frank, kristen and charles. charleena was bouncing their little girl LeeAnne whom i'd met in the spring and we all lightly patted little leanne on the back as richard, who is always crookedly bent down, gestured in the area of charleena's belly, announcing back up at us wide-eyed that we should pray for a boy because she was pregnant again and we were like, 'WOW, yea for SURE' then he was like, "o yea and you remember those seeds you gave me that i planted in the little pot and then we all told 'em to 'grow!?' well they're GROWIN!!" - and i was like,"hheelllll yeeah man!" richard's smile is charmingly crooked and mischeivious under his crazy brow, with receding longish thin hair that's barely able to tie back in most places and no facial hair and smooth perma-shirtless skin. the content of his various tattoos range from amazingly cliché and burped out whole-heartedly sincere. my favorites are his taz, the hear no evil see no evil speak no evil jesture heads, and the classic 'fuck' and 'you' - on the left and right calf in olde english caps for his probation officer to see as rich leads the march down the pee test hallway - speaking of which, my man happens to cliam that drinking milk with a little bleach is a sure fire way of passing clean urine. charleena is much younger than richard and you'd think they'd never ever be a couple but they really make it work somehow. she sings along to all the new country on the radio while boppin leanne and bitchin about jose and how richard can't buy any more twisted teas until more diapers somehow get

paid for. charleena is into every girl and almost every guy and will make really forward passes at any girl that somehow chills at their place. like saying to me, "i'm gonna fuck that girl" and truly believe that she's going to but since the girl in question is sitting right there she comes off as a little too forward. richard has a bad back apparently from earlier years of roofing and fence work up north that gives his posture the look of always bending into the conversation, his physiognomy omitting permanent mischief and since he's retained a decent northeast accent the way he'll bend in and say the word 'dude' is all drawn out bronx style and its like he's in on it - 'dood', with that crooked smile and bent brow. pure gravy gravel. jose is the illegal mexican homie who stays around the same sandy yellow backroads between williston and bronson as richard and charleena. he's a really sweet dude who gets wrapped up in helping them find rides to the BP station down jus a little there on the highway or to dollar general in bronson and they're always lovingly picking on him in obnoxious but funny ways and getting into little fake fights until somebody packs a bowl and then it's all good for like five minutes till something starts getting yelled about. jose always seems to have a looming court date on the horizon and on each of which it seems like they're about to deport him for good but it just never happens which is awesome because jose is cool as hell and does nothing wrong, but basically does nothing at the same time - tho he was currently working planting melons and richard said jose is one of the fastest and best on the melon field. so we're all just burpin on their little front steps listnin to some tunes late in the afternoon early evening and jose eventually rolls up with this crazy lookin girl who's also really chill and it was awesome to see him - i always hook him and the gang up with some trees since they're always hurtin' - they get some schwaag stuff there le'me tell ya, if anything at all. the only hard time i give jose is over how he needs to buy back the acoustic guitar he pawned and start writing some



*Tracey Trance*



*Hurricanes of Love*



*The Savage Young Taterbug*



*Tracey and Frank, chillen next to a painting of Frank by Tracey on a wall in NYC, February '13*



*Tracey burpin' at the Pyper Kub, February '13*



*The Handibus*



*Tracey inside the Handibus*



*Tracey messin' with his rig, last gig of the tour, Oakland, CA*



*Trace chillin' Florida style*

gosh darn country songs. richard was already pretty twisted on tea when we arrived and now so was charleena. they hadn't eaten at all so were pretty much wylin' out and they knew we were all headin to pyper kub for karaoke so they gathered some stuff up for leanne and after a little confusion we found ourselves all rollin deep in the handi-bus, leanne in shottie with her baby seat strapped in and everyone else piled in back, except jose and his chick were just gonna stay and chill and smoke. we jam'd some live dead on the way and richard sang along with it all raspy. it mighta been leanne's first time ever hearing jerry - strapped into the shotgun seat of a rust white and blue 1968 gmc handi-bus with Bertha on the glovebox headin to pyper kub for karaoke.

as we walked up from our parking spot we could hear a muffled 'behind the green door' being sung and it was amazing to walk in and then hear it all bright in the light green marine decorated interior of pyper kub. the old lady singing it was moving with an awesome little sway from side to side and boppin with the mic back in the corner, rarely having to consult the screen cuz she knew her shit. carol had always tried to get me to show up for saturday karaoke but this was my first time - she hustled by smiling and waved at our crew as we made our way to a table. i was a little worried about bringing richard and charleena because of how burp'd-out they'd gotten and they didn't have the best vibe with carol even when they were sober and there for breakfast. it was clear that charleena, who is a pretty big girl, was pretty much starving and starting to slouch all mumbly and lean on the table, unable to make any sense of the menu and tiredly looking up, begging richard to get her something as soon as possible. he was kinda holding it together and leanne was chillin and chucky and i were trying to think of what to sing as we were served budweiser bottles. i waved to some ladies who i recognized as breakfast regulars and frank and kristen were vybin and ready to

order as the same old lady was set to do another number. a different instrumental version of 'behind the green door' kicks in and she straight-up sang the song again! charles and frank and i mighta been the only ones in there who really appreciated the psychedelic back to back nature of this ladies performance but it was legendary. when the tune was over one of the old lady regulars said she liked the first version better. i decided on singing something by the grateful dead so i went over to dave who was chillin and running the show. he explained how he'd just scored his own karaoke set-up in leu of paying somebody else to come and do it; he was happy to have us there using it and after scopin' the book i told him to put me down for 'touch of gray'. chucky put in for an oldie that i can't recall but i do remember that before he sang he whispered to me somethin like he was gonna make at least one person cry. nobody cried but it was a cool version. my touch of gray was pretty decent but it dragged on a little - i forgot how many verses there were. i tried to kinda sway like the green door lady a little and dave's EQ was clear. 'not too sure but i wanna say that frank did a song by Extreme or some kinda glam grunge hair band and really went for it, knocking it outta the park. carol would come by our table to make sure richard and charleena were hanging in there and then she'd walk away kinda glancing back at me like, 'are these dudes alright??' i'd kinda smile a worried smile and nod. at some point i realized a song had been going for a while that i didn't recognize and there was singing but i look over and there was no one in the corner holding a mic so i was curious, then looked around to see one of the old breakfast regular ladies, the cool one, still just sitting way back at her regular table but with a cordless mic, leaning on her arm and singing right over her food with absolutely zero emotion physically but kinda killin it vocally. i ask charles in amazement what the song was and he said it was somethin from the lion king and i was further blown away by the karaoke going down at pyper kub. Richard and Charleena

were breathing heavy while dogging their food by now and things were going okay even though richard would get really loud every so often. i took a drink of my beer in hope that we could ride it out a few more songs and as i'm putting the bottle down i see the vet cook walk outta the back towards our table and he's eye-ing me down bigtime. he got closer and motioned to me in a way that meant we had to go outside for a little talk - he didn't seem aalll that pissed off but i immediately thought, "o man he's gonna tell me i gotta get them outta here, shitt," i got up from my seat to follow him out to the night's vacant patio and i could tell whatever he was gonna say he was gonna make it quick and to the point: "listen, a lady just came back and complained that she could see one of your balls hanging outta your shorts from across the room so you've gotta change the way you're sitting or fix your shorts or do something about it because all i need right now is this lady comin up to me and complaining to me - it's not like i give a shit, hell, what's fucked up is that the bitch probably liked it! , okay?" - "o man i'm so sorry yeah of course, dang i forgot that the seem had ripped on these shorts i'm really sorry about that man i'll make sure it doesn't happen again" - needless to say that was pretty psychadelicly embarrassing. we finished our beers and checked the time as richard and charleena made terrible sense of their dinner check - its among the most foreign of things to them since they never leave the trailer unless they find a ride to the BP or dollar gen so the rest of us helped in getting it together and we informed carol and dave that we had to leave to play in gainesville and continue our tour out west. Carol was happy we came and sang some but i could tell she was worried for little leanne so i assured her that they were usually really good parents - just broke as fuck and kind of obnoxious. "now you take care of that baby" she said to richard and charleena as we left to give the little family a ride back to their trailer. further experimentation with karaoke continued inside and as we pulled away down the long straight airport road, circular

headlights beaming into the dark, i'm pretty sure charles and frank also started to feel that familiar 'o my gosh i've gotta play tonight' excitement.

i'd played in gainesville a few times before, as had chuky and frank and its such a fun and pretty little gangster ass college town to visit and play. our dude andrew chadwick has been endlessly helpful there who i met with the help of michael collins the krishna prawn and musician - andrew is a top-notch show organizer and unique performer. he shaves everybody's pubes with his freakishly live dj sets utilizing a library of congress tape player, two cheap record players and a mixer, gradually piling dancehall and early reggaeton pressings on top of each other with the needle jumping around due to his unorthodox placement of the vinyl chunks - many of which are truly just 1/2 or 3/4 chunks of what was once circular vinyl. he'll achieve the occasional loop when a tone arm and needle can actually hang on to one of the chaotic and crooked little stacks in full spin and when he gets it the achievement is very danceable - fuke'd up, ya, but danceable! frank likes to joke around about breaking chadwick's balls and really giving him hell for having booked us and so do i because he's so lovably helpful and organized but somehow some shit is always going down during visits to gainesville so during the ride there we were looking up info on the show and pretending to talk hella shit on poor andrew. frank slurched for the flyer with his facist device and to our surprise found that one of the scheduled bands was apparently from micanopy, which isn't all that far from gainesville but it was seen as a kinda coincidence and the name of the project sounded pretty burnt so we figured it would be good. frank and i had played at the venue before and it's a really chill spot and the sound inside is bouncy\*bright. some chilled out artist dude lives up in a lil loft and holds it down - Display Gallery it's called and it's right on the corner of a burp'd-out downtown block with big windows. probably the craziest evening i've ever lived was

experienced at this place during the trip down earlier in the year with scott stapp and bang bros!(keyword: trip) but that evening's story requires a great deal of censoring as a digital precaution and it'd be like a million-words long so i'm gonna just say it was unforgettable. we pulled up to the saturday night display gallery corner after scoring more beer and maybe some food i'm not sure cuz we mostly just wanted to drink a lot of beer and play sum freaky sets. considering all the crazy happenings the previous couple'a days and, what with the creole mafia gaining momentum on us and everything, i was sure that franks set was going to be a classic. his sets used to be maybe 30% stories vs songs even before these past few days but now my man was burpin on probably 85% stories and just building and building - almost never a repeat tale. i imagined him feeling like a humongous ballon full of story gas and chadwick was setting him up with a needle and a spot where which to pop the sucka, belching it all out. frank preferred to play last due to how he would stretch out with the stories and so immediately started giving chadwick hell in a scary terry monster voice, shifting around yelling, "i only headline chadwick you know that - i guess yool hafta reprint your little fliers cuz the orders wrong chadwick you know i only headline!" and cracking us up, but also making andrew a little nervous as he was weaving about the place setting things up. an old geezer sorta artist dude was getting his costume together and it looked like a frog flower sorta thing stuffed and made with all bright colored fabric. i got the feeling that he does a different kinda conceptual thing every show and he lead this one off with a killer set called Frog i think, or frog \_something. once a few people showed up he lip sync'd and gestured in the costume along to a twisted song that sounded like european children's folk dubstep while a black-suit skeleton dude did some choreographed moves behind him and it was a great one-song set. then andrew play'd a lil set as Ironing since his crazy dj set up is on ironing boards and he did it right. let's just say i

wish i could say the same for the next band. then the next band was the micanopy thing and it turned out to be extra awful. the few that'd left before it turned into many people leaving during it and let's just say the vibe inside was no where near the good foot on which it had started out. so i had been burping for quite a while quite steadily by that time and feelin' all sorts a that crazy gainesville energy and, due to being forced out by the lame sounds, was inspired to reach for the 100strip of black cats right there inside the handi-bus as we chilled out next to it down the sidewalk from the corner. we were barely able to hear the cracker ass tones and conniving amongst ourselves while sharing a spliff. i've never purposefully sabotage any art but at this point i felt like that was what the performer was doing and even though it seemed like frank and chuck were willing to ride it out but i guess i was really on one so i was like, "no way" and walked briskly down the sidewalk towards the corner and fire'd the suckers up next to the open door that would allow its amplification within the showspace - a completely jerkful move i know but o my god it was painful. i ran back near the hand-bus and the strip only burnt about 50 of em up before it either jammed up or chadwicks stamping on it was what did it, either way it further shook things up pretty good between poor andrew and us and he made it clear that we can't be setting off fireworks and i made it clear that we can't play shows with that kinda stuff going before us and making everyone leave and we both should have known better in our own ways but ya i'm pretty much to blame and i did feel sorry for getting him all riled up and stressed out and shit. so eventually we all three played and there was still a few people there to dig it and andrew or his buddy usually video the shows that are part of their Action Research series. AR:116 \_\_\_\_\_ i'm pretty sure it is, if by chance you feel inclined towards yoo-boobing any of the evenings performances (or any other AR installments such as Forced Into Femininity or sumthin but hey thats up to you). i remember giving my little noise segment

a good harsh treatment and chuck played great and much to our pleasure frank incorporated the tale of our close encounter with the creole mafia surrounding the a.g.b.p.s. and it almost seemed like his balloon was so full of story gas to the point that it was attempting to burp out everything at once and was slightly all over the place but he really came through with a great impersonation of the yellow-eyed gangster's facial expression he and kristen had witnessed from the passing gray truck while strolling. i might be known as a kinda crazy dude amongst the few gainesville show-goers that have attended one of our little gigs there but we still managed to be offered a place or two to stay and i apologized again to andrew and things felt okay between us and i'm assuming he probably got a good night's rest. he always makes flyers and puts them up and posts videos and anybody that does all that is my man.

the next day chadwick announced online that he was going on hiatus, effectively not booking any more shows for an uncertain amount of time which really hit home when frank read the news aloud, fresh off the facist wire while rollin out the next morning. i was like, "daaamn, we pushed chadwick over the edge! daaann that suucks, i went too far but shiiit!" andrew had for sure earned himself a break, as some honky had just commented on-line, but the gravity of my little rainbow weighed heavy and we'd woken up in a house with no bathroom. the handi-bus was creaking a new creak from down along the front end and it sounded a little tooo metallic as the low morning's overcast humidity was reaching a level unbearably similar to the morning in jacksonvegas. and being a sunday morning there weren't too many lubers out in the shops with their grease guns handy so i resorted to buying a piece of china crap from the autozone which just made a mess and i still have yet to return it. trying to grease with a faulty gun in some crazy humidity is well worth avoiding and we figured the creak wouldn't become a

big deal before finding a place along the way. so with another night-off ahead of us, then a show in new orleans Rotten Milk had booked for us the following night, we headed on up the 75 from gainesville towards the 10. the weirdly low morning overcast had just lifted a ways and now there were some crazy rain clouds moving around adding a strange vibe to the early part of our late morning drive. through the swirls of rain i noticed that a busted BP billboard had advertised down on it a 7-day-a-week shop on site and it was coming up within a few exits so i was like, what the hek let's get this creak checked out and top-off the gas tank. we took the exit and saw the BP through gray patches and wet gusts. after pulling in we noticed the 'shop area' of the lot right away, exclaiming how burp'd-out it appeared compared to what didn't even come close to be a classy station. frank laughed saying, "o man it looks like this place was just dropped here by a helicopter by some creole mafia shrimps just to fuck with us!" it was a 1/2 plastic 1/2 tin shanty kinda structure on some aged pallet flooring that was strewn with shit just hanging out in metal buckets. three grease monger terrys were chilling there watching a tiny television in outta the windy weather. while pumping the gas one of them happened to come over to pay the the handi-bus a knowledgable compliment and i told him about how the thing was creakin' and he said to wheel'er on over. after getting a load of these dudes i was really unsure of what to think. two of them would talk to me in a breakin-it-down sorta way off to the side and that i shouldn't get in too deep with the other grease daddy but the other one seemed to have the final say in the little shanty shop and he was a dumpy sorta smudged up fella wearing very broken in and classic shop attire and he'd taped his glasses together in the middle a long long time ago and, if i had to guess, the outer-most bit of tape was probably applied in the late '90s. dude was straight out of the past and so were the other two, which i like in mechanics but i just couldn't decide what do when, forget the grease points on the front,

these guys presented me with some very believable and concerning issues regarding the rear end of the vehicle. apparently it had recently started hemorrhaging oil from the rear differential and was at the point where if we would have kept going another hour or so the thing woulda been completely empty and the grinding driveline against the rear axle's metal parts inside would have conducted so much heat that the issue would have quickly and undoubtedly set fire to the spiritual hand-bus. since frank and kristen always rode in back they echoed much appreciation for the info but they also shared some doubts about getting any serious work done at the shanty that the creoles had just helicoptered in. i received a quote from the now dripping daddy with the masking tape specs and it was something a little over \$1,200. once he'd handed it to me he went around the corner or something sketchy and the other two old shanty mechanics propositioned me with the idea of getting it out of there and up to one of their sons' garage up 75 a ways. like 60 miles of a ways it turns out and since we were out of tows would hafta drive it there and i was like, "didn't you jus' say we were about to catch on fire in no-time?" - "yea, cuz you're already almost empty but if we fill it fulla oil here and seal it up 'best we can it should make it there." the rain had just let up a little and we were all sorta weighing possible irresults. charles was into how junk'd-out the place was and i'm sure that if he were ever to run a business it'd be something comparable. he asked if he could venom-up his cobra while we waited and he plugged in his shiny phone which was pretty much the only thing he and the bossman didn't have in common. outside i was breaking it down with the two dudes about their sons' place and they said it'd be cheaper, guaranteeing they could get it done that night unless something else crazy came and we discretely discussed the matter as we walked over next to the bus which was suspended up on their busted little lift. one of them reached over and freely shook the back right tire up and down a little which was quite

an effective use of a physical aid, explaining right away the recent baldness and further proving the point that this baby was a handful of miles away from disaster. finding anything in terms of willing mechanics on a sunday night when you're not from around there is basically miraculous so they were either gonna take us for all we had due to my earlier mentioning of a credit card as my method of payment for such occasions or they were going to prove to be some true road angels. half-lying to glasses daddy about gladly paying for a differential refill but then going on to a hotel for the night to wait and see about second opinions monday morning felt kinda half-sad and so that's what happened except we cruised right onto interstate 75 and up towards the exit number specified by the other two dudes without a mile to waste and whammy know when about ten little ol' miles into the drive charles'z bitch-ass jolts up like kevin's mom in the home alone airplane as he remembers that his embilical-phone is still plugged in back at the shanty garage. "WAHT!?! - o maaaaan, shiiiiiiit,, okay but you know that if this shit catches on fire within 20 miles of this destination your creole behind owes me a 1968 hand-bus!" and we soon exited for our potentially very regrettable turn-around. needless to say i was laying on the, "of all the low life, fore-flushing, sack of ..." kinda stuff in the direction of his front seat cake shop.

by the time we were approaching our exit, after chuck's little detour, we thankfully hadn't caught fire despite going nearly eighty miles when we'd originally agreed that sixty might be chill. according to the directions explained to me by the shanty duo, the shop of the recommended son should be right off to highway to the west of the exit in the back of a closed truck stop so the more we thought about it the sketchier it seemed and as soon as we saw the supposed building itself it was clear that our good faith in the situation could result in any sort of unimaginably twisted encounter

at any time and, yep, that was indeed the building. it was a humongous former christian truckstop that looked like it'd been closed since the early '90s after many renovationless years and we all expressed some sorta concern as we pulled around the side of the place towards the back. the extremely high roof of this massive and busted structure ceased to cease at the rear and we rounded its bend until a completely open and trashed mechanic zone revealed itself. there was a whole buncha shit hanging out everywhere, covered by the length of the roof that extended over the area way high above. the enormous empty building was rivaled only by the enormously barren parking lot surrounding it. there was an operational truck scale over towards the highway all open and everything with plenty of room to pull around but nothing was definitely happening. it was early afternoon and the old conspiring mechanics had said they'd meet us there but as we pulled up the only one around was a buzzed head greasy younger dude in his mid to late twenties who definitely belonged in this crazy place. i went over to talk to him as he was sitting in a chair and passing the time with a flip phone and smoking a c and he looked up. "hey man, how's it goin?-" so we were sent up here by..." and told him what was happening with us and he knew of the daddies and said that the son would be there sometime soon and we were free to chill out and wait. he seemed alright and charles was all like, "well well well what do we have here" the young man for sure appeared to be a working man unless he just never changed his clothes and stayed in shape. i just couldn't get over how hard it was to imagine this place turning out good work. he mentioned some things within walking distance which we'd pretty much seen because it was a tiny area and we were into the idea of buying some beers at the gas station market across the way so the four of us went for a stroll over. "this place is fuuuckd," - "yea this is easily the most creolian town i've ever been in" - "they've got us" - "this is definitely fucked,... but that dude at least seems chill, hopefully the son is cool"

- “i need to burp.” we got to the store and it was full of all the USA miscellania like betty keychains and truck stickers and red sticks of meat. the cooler was in back so we went around and i grabbed a twelve pack of something cold and cheap. as i approached the counter we were hit with the ultimate diss - one that no unlucky traveler with a lil’ cash for some suds EVER wants to hear, “no beer on sundays.” the creoles had really out-done themselves this time. we couldn’t believe it. i slumped back to the cooler and returned the symbolic twelve pack. charles and i were in shock. frank was kinda okay with it because there was still hope for dogging at the restaurant on the other side of the highway and kristen, who burped for sure, but wasn’t quite as into it as us, was making every attempt at hanging in there. she and frank made their way to the restaurant to get something to eat and chill as charles and i walked back towards the huge closed christian truck stop knowing that there were at least like three van temperature beers in the hand-bus. we kicked it there checking out the project racing truck they had 1/2 built couldn’t wait to tear up some local terry track and the humongous cedar stump chipper that was all opened up looked like nightmare of a project and there was a style-less RV hangin-out mid job. we burped and talked with the young dude whenever he would shuffle by as he went around sorta tidying up the shithole. he eventually lost the shirt and was sorta saggin without any undeez which is the sorta thing that always provides charles with about an album’s worth of lyrical inspiration. after another little bit the two daddies rolled up in an old mini van. we started talking and asked how they were gonna manage without a proper lift since i hadn’t noticed one. they pointed near where our shirtless homie was standing and he wheeled over their half-lift contraption into the open-most bay and since the deal was just with the rear i nodded and backed the hand-bus up to it. the son arrived and was as burp’d-out as the rest of ‘em. he had messed up short black hair, pretty tatted sleeves and was a little bit of a doughy

boy but still greasy and a little bit country, mostly running around the far end of the zone in a black t shirt and greasy jeans. it seemed like it'd be a little while before they had the differential apart and we wouldn't know the full diagnosis until it was. the old daddy who had initially paid the bus the compliment back at the stormy BP was deepest into the process which i saw as a good thing. he said he owned one just like it back in the day but his was white with a three-on-the-tree. regardless of how this all turned out he said he would gladly take it off my hands. the handi-bus has such a friendly appearance and it's rare to see one traveling 'cross country so it earns the respect of many and it's the type of old ride that mechanics dig working on because the same old chevy parts interchange and there's only so many ways it can get messed up. often, yea, but only in so many ways. (rust never sleeps) once the thing was opened up the daddy who was totally grease'n down called me over to reveal the deal. he dipped a long handled magnet into a little black pool of oil at the bottom of the open differential and pulled it back out. "ya see that there? all those little metal shards? they're gettin shaved off" a that main turning sprocket thang in there. they call it the pumpkin and as the oil was all drainin' your drive-line that turns this sucker started just shaving it down and that's what'd eventually heat up and your back right wheel was about to wobble off." the magnet was absolutely covered in small greasy metal shavings and the dude wiped off the magnet with a rag and dipped it again to bring up even more of the shaved pumpkin pubes mixed with oil. the handi-bus' potential fire starter was so real i couldn't believe how the lousy little serendipitous creak up front had lead us to this huge discovery and this fucked up shop. but shit was happening as frank and kristen walked back up to the rear of the shitty old christian truck stop. he was still worried but i told him how i was less worried now and that charles and i had actually been having a chill time there. the greasiest old daddy came up with the other one, wiping

his hands and sayin' how they were gonna head to the scrap yard to find a replacement for the shaved pumpkin and frank at least dug the central relevance of the pube metaphor. the other daddy explained to us that he had a room in the gangster looking hotel just beyond some shrubby trees that bordered the side of the huge lot opposite from the highway. it sounded like our kind of possibility and none of us had showered in several days and he said that was cool as one of his big and dumpy old grease hands presented us the key. we grabbed an extra pair of shorts or a towel maybe and walked over towards the motel. i've always had a thing for big old broken-in parking lots since my early skating days as a kid. as we walked over through the open vibes and grassy cracks the strongest feeling of 'really being out there' throughout the whole trip came over me and i started to sing the little chorus from a song of mine as we neared the shrubby trees on the edge, "far-away far-away far away far..." and my homies felt the same way.

we rounded the scrubby foliage to see an office-less strip of brown. windows and doors repeating down and a low roof. a scary terry indian pimp and a tough shirtless terry terry were standing outside half-way down talking and they eyed us as the four of us approached. the number on the key thankfully corresponded with a door that was thankfully way before where they were standing. we enter the room and one dim light is on and the television is quietly tuned into whatever channel. none of the other switches made a difference and the place was dark and gloomy. my towel was somewhere in the handi-bus and there were none to be found in the terry little dungeon. we had more doubts about this place than any place we'd ever been - ever. and since frank was especially conscious of our party including a young lady he was especially vocal about how the place was ripe for an exodus. no matter how schwag the bottle of counterfeit axe wash looked and being without a towel i

seriously considered rinsing off the morning with a shower. shit, it felt like we had to rinse off our whole lives hanging out in that place. we'd already talked earlier about just getting a hotel here in haunted old jessup might be a good idea (which when frank looked it up while at the restaurant he found out that jessup is famously haunted) at least so we could do the holy bathing thing and definitely not chill at this creepy place until the handi-bus was done, which we figured was about a 50/50 chance of being that night. we were just about to get up and bounce the hek outta there when the big lumbering key-handing grease daddy appeared in the door emotionless and huge, slightly closing it behind him allowing the late day light to peek in for just a one-last moment - standing there as if it we'd reached the end of a slow-walking killer scene in a scary movie and the slow-walker could just stand there now because the fast running huntees were cornered. i was convinced we were about to find out the true meaning of the word creole. it was the scariest moment of the whole trip. during that instant i felt like a young fertile cat trapped in a stiffly frightening trailer about to get its pubes shaved. he finally spoke after what seemed like forever, but was probably only three or four seconds, and asked in a voice deep and lazy if any of us had heard about a missile that had been fired at washington DC but missed and landed up in canada somewhere. his wife had called him earlier saying she'd heard about it. sort of a crazy topic but way chill compared to what my imagination had in store. we had a little talk and he was like, "what, i thought y'all were gonna get cleaned up and everything, - are the accommodations too crummy for ya?" - "aw naw,, we don't all have our towels (or somethin') and just decided to all go in on a room together in 'case the work isn't done tonight we'll already have a room and stuff.." - "well okay, but we should have it done for ya all by tonight" and i realized it would be a while since he hadn't yet left for the pumpkin patch. we gave him back the key as we walked out together, thanking him for the

kind offer then diagonally crossing the parking lot towards the other motel place that looked way chiller but still crappy over beside the never on sunday market.

leaving that room was ecstasy and we were of course all freakin out about it but frank was really losing it and was like, “homies! du-huuudes we ‘coulda just had our pubes muthafukkan shaayyvved!! for reeeal!!! , a missile?! wha-hahaat?? we have GOT’ta find a room someplace - ANYplace - whatever it takes, i’m gonna talk to these shrimps at the desk in this place - i’ll even pay for the whole thayng homies as long as it gives us like one whole hour of time to chill but i don’t know because this place is so creole!” - “ya thay are ON our SHIT today!!” me and charles chilled by a light pole in the corner of the market lot near the motel office while frank and kristen went in to the decent looking but run down sorta place. they came back with a key and frank said the indian terry we’d seen hanging out in the lot by the old grease daddy’s room at the scary place was working the desk which sounded pretty creole. he went for it anyway, desperate to chill out for a little while and we walked up the drive as the two adjoined room buildings were up a curvy little wind above the office building. charles complimented on the faded color scheme of their empty pool as we wound around and up towards where the room was supposed to be. the number on the key was like 123 or something and so we scanned the front of the two buildings as we approached - no 123 so we figured it must be around back - the back rows of rooms didn’t have it either. after checking around the whole thang again we were like, “nope” - “o man” - “o no” - “what tha,?” - “this is unbelievable” - “so the room just doesn’t exist?” “of all the creolian...” - “@&\$#%\*.” frank went back down to the office building confusingly amazed and probably about to leave his body while chuck and kristen and i took one last confused look. on our eventual way down frank had just left the

office, heading up towards us and walking in a way that i'd never seen before with a look on his face that i'd never ever seen and whatever had just happened clearly wasn't good. he was for'real out of his shit this time and actually about to explode into a full blown hurricane of love - hysterically comin'-round-the-mountain and towards us, "dude this is so fucked this time omg my fucking god we gotta get outta here we hafta - the dude at the desk said that the room isn't up here at all, no - - this is unbelievable homies, this is unfuckingbelievable omg this is so fucked i can't believe it there was no mention that the room was over across the street in that fuuuhhkt place and so of course i said oh hell no no way with the handi-bus running 'good as ever. we floated on a spiritual state road's nighttime cut-over at ease,, winding diagonally southwest towards the frightening 10 - praying that it would be our last night in florida for a whiiiiille and that an actual motel, shit -even a chain, would present its righteous self. the 10 is fuck'd west of san antonio but we weren't anywhere near that shit - the major ones are all fuck'd in their own ways but over between there and LA any more it seems to've become the most constitution-free zone around. with maybe a good two hours tops of driving in me it was apparent we'd b finding a place within the state and then we realized what was up and hustled across a wet county border right before the closing of the market area to the gassy little gas station. pheww!!! a handful of exits later an official highway accommodation sign for the up and coming exit had a Quality Inn logo that was commercially printed on it - not hand made, not burp'd-out and it clearly still had all its pubes and everything so frank was down and so was kristen and charles agreed it would be worth putting on his tab. the quality inn was white with red and some gold, well lit with clean lines and some chill landscaping in-between the here's and there's. our man working the desk was barely of high school age - like freshman or sophomore for sure, short and

blonde and it turns out he is the chilliest young motel dude around, on a similar career path as that that of the chilliest old motel dude at micanopy inn (chillest motel lady - The Ireland's: Gold Beach, OR). the rate was chill and charles was in love with the boy and we went and kicked it down in what was a seriously nice room - o man did we kick it down - one of the all time most necessary burps. after some golden girls or something i went to grab a wool blanket or two out of the hand-bus and burn. it had gotten pretty late by then and the nighttime kid was out there in the quiet night peacefully watering the in-betweens and loop-around grounds under a mix of hotel and parking lot light.

# Tracey Trance

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## *FOUR DAYS IN FLORIDA*

### Companion Audio Cassette

#### *Side A:*

1. Tracey Trance ~ “Give it a Rest”  
Recorded Early September, ‘13  
Portland, Maine
2. Hurricanes of Love ~ “Full Set”  
Recorded Early September, ‘13  
At Uncle Lou’s, Orlando, Florida
3. Hurricanes of Love (Frank Hurricane) ~ “Off tha Chain” (Excerpt)  
Excerpt of a comedy tape found on the Rhythm N’ Booze tour recordings
4. Tracey Trance ~ “Thankin’ the Breeze>Space>Burpin’ How R U Ridin’?”  
Recorded Live Early September, ‘13  
Portland, Maine

#### *Side B:*

5. The Savage Young Taterbug ~ “Full Set” (Columbia, SC)  
Recorded Early September, ‘13  
Columbia, South Carolina
6. The Savage Young Taterbug ~ “Jeans”  
Recorded Late August, ‘13  
Portland, Maine
7. The Savage Young Taterbug ~ “Scotts Gravy”  
Recorded Early September, ‘13  
At Uncle Lou’s, Orlando, Florida
8. Tracey Trance ~ “Way Back Home”  
Recorded Late August, ‘13  
Portland, Maine
9. Tracey Trance ~ “Spray Crew (I Wanna Paint Sum Too)”  
Recorded Late August, ‘13  
Portland, Maine

*All insert photographs by Vinnie Smith*

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