

## Negativland

### "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For [specia"]

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(5:51)

C: "Now, we're up to our long-distance dedication. And this one is about kids, and pets, and a situation that we can all understand, whether we have kids, or pets, or neither. It's from a man in Cincinnati, Ohio. And here's what he writes:

"Dear Casey, This may seem to be a strange dedication request, but I'm quite sincere, and it'll mean a lot if you play it. Recently, there was a death in our family. He was a little dog named Snuggles. But he was most certainly a part of..."

Let's co...Let's start again...from, comin' out of the record... Play the record, okay?... Please...

CBJ: You can't get on the frequency that I'm on, ya dumb son of a bitch.

C: "That's the letter U, and the numeral 2. The four-man band features Adam Clayton on bass, Larry Mullen on drums, Dave Evans, nicknamed 'The Edge', on..." ...this is bullshit, nobody cares...these guys are from England, and who gives a shit?!

CBJ: Oh, yeah...

C: It's a lot of wasted names that don't mean diddly-shit!

CBJ: I... Fer sure, fer sure, you guys don't know where he's at, you don't know shit about him...

C: This is bullshit, this is bullshit...

CB1: Sounds like he's portable, too.

C: Who gives a shit, who gives a shit?

WCB: Yeah, it is close...

C: Diddly shit, diddly shit, diddly shit, diddly shit,

CBJ: Yeah...

WCB: Damn right.

C: Nobody cares!

WCB: It's been getting  
stronger all the time here...

C: Snuggles.

CBJ: Yeah...

C: Snuggles.

CBJ: Oh, yeah...

C: Snuggles.

CBJ: Oh, yeah, OK...

C: He was a little dog,  
named Snuggles.

[Dog barking]

C: This is American Top 40.

This is American Top 40.

This is bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

CBJ: Ahhh, ya can't get ahold  
of me, ya little fuckin' twerp  
cocksucker... [whistle] Fuck you!

CB2: So when we find ya,  
we want your blood.

CBJ: Here we go with the shit  
"Tryin' to find 'im" again, "Oh,  
when we find 'im..." You goddamn  
haven't found, you couldn't find  
your fuckin' asshole if your fuckin'  
butt wasn't connected to it..  
Buncha fuckin' white-ass honkeys,  
man, ya can't find shit, stupid  
bastards.

CB2: I wanna meet you...

Definitely, I don't think you  
got the fuckin' balls.

CBJ: You haven't found anybody,  
anywhere, anytime. You never have  
given out his correct address, his  
fuckin' right-on description, or a  
car, or nothin'. You got some fuckin'  
bullshit info... Ha, you haven't done  
shit with 'im.

CB1: We didn't find you yet?

We really didn't find you  
the first time?

CBJ: When was the first time, huh?

When was the first time? Hey, why  
don't you give out his, his address,  
an' what he looks like, and his car,  
and all that fuckin' information.

Goddamn, you got somebody there, I  
dunno who, but go ahead and get all

that shit outta you, why don't you go over there and knock on his fuckin' door man, ya, ya think ya know where he's at and all this shit...

C: ...See, when you come out of those up-tempo goddamn numbers, man, it's impossible to make those transitions... and then ya gotta go into somebody dyin'...

[Dog growls]

C: Goddammit if we can't come outta a slow record, I don't understand it...

CBJ: [unintelligible]

C: Why are we doing these instrumentals? Cause we got 'em? I don't understand it.

V1: This is also nothing new.

C: I don't understand it.

V1: This is also nothing new.

C: I don't understand it.

CBJ: [unintelligible]

Cocksucker!

V1: I think that people read more into the music than is really there...

C: Will somebody find out the goddamn answer?

V1: In the 50's, they considered it vulgar and despicable to have songs like "Teach Me Tonight," "Let's Do It" by Cole Porter, "All of You" by Cole Porter--those were considered euphemisms for something dirty.

C: Who gives a shit?

V1: Some vulgar, dirty act.

C: Diddly shit, diddly shit!

V1: The Kingston Trio sang a song that used the word "damn". It was banned on the radio.

C: Goddammit!

V1: In the 60's, there was a song called "Louie Louie"...

C: Goddammit!

V1: ...it was played upside, backwards...

C: Goddammit!

V1: ...every way they could play it, looking for the dirty message.

C: Goddammit!

V1: They never found the dirty message; the FCC was brought in.

C: Oh, Fuck!

V1: Uhh, in the 70's, people went through the same period, looking for the dirtiness of the song.  
S (Coven): SATAN!...HAIL, SATAN!  
V1: I...waaat?  
S: HAIL!...[Whssshhh]  
V1: I...  
S: HAIL!...[Whssshhh]  
V1: I.. I really don't think that the Satanic message is there...  
CBJ: Go out an' fuckin' find him, man.  
C: Snuggles.  
CB2: Be prepared to meet your Maker...  
C: Fuck!  
CB2: I'm after your ass, boy.  
CBJ: Aaaur, sounds like one of those gay Bay boys...  
C: Snuggles.  
CB2: Definitely. Meet me at Mohr Lane and, uh, Monument. I'll personally meet you.  
C: Fuck!  
CB2: You'll see me...  
C: Snuggles.  
CB2: ...I'll be wearin' a red and white baseball cap, says "ABC Auto Parts" on it.  
C: OK...  
CB2: Can't miss me, son.  
C: OK...  
CBJ: Oh, he sounds like a real fancy dresser now, doesn't he, ha, ha?  
C: OK...  
CB2: I'm gonna whup your fuckin' ass.  
C: OK, I want a goddamn concerted effort to come out of a record that isn't a fucking up-tempo record everytime I do a goddamn death dedication! It's the last goddamn time, I want SOMEBODY to use his fuckin' brain, to not come out of a goddamn record that is, uh, that, that's up-tempo and I gotta talk about a fuckin' dog dying!!!  
CB3: That guy gets himself into so much shit!  
CB1: ...stupid shithead again...  
CB3: Who knows? He might be the straightest kid in town.  
C: Boy, is this fuckin' ponderous, man. Ponderous, fuckin' ponderous.

CB3: Eat shit and die, Richard!  
C: "This is American Top 40, right here  
on the radio station you grew up with,  
Music Radio 138..." Oh, Fuck!  
CB1: Oh, fuck you, Liz...  
CB3: Well, fuck You Too, Richard.  
CB1: Auuuw, fuck you, Liz!  
CB3: Fuck You Too, Richard!  
CB1: You'd like to, yeah,  
wouldn't ya?  
CB3: Oh, I'm such a nice  
kid, though.

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Dave Watson, Severed Heads Liberation Front (Re-  
release the \_Stretcher\_ EP!) Frezier Balzoff (Ottawa),  
Ontario, Canada Email--aj153@Freenet.carleton.ca "A  
man is measured by the depth of his anger."--Eddie  
Abstinence is great, when practiced in moderation.

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