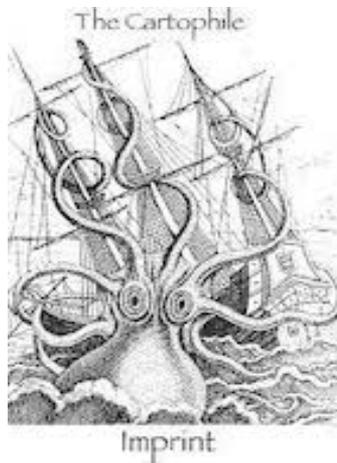


Skullcrushing Hummingbird

Issue 3/ Fall 2023



Laurence Wilhelm Lillvik - Editor



Contributors:

T.A. = Theresa Arrison (Cover)

M.C. = Marina Caamaño

J.C. = John Church

D.C. = Dennis Cooper

M.P.C. = Mary Cronley

J.G. = James Greer

P.H. = Paul Haines

A.K. = Angie Kirby

L.L. = Laurence Lillvik

M.M. = Morgan Miller

H.L.M. = Honah Lee Milne

S.M. = Sam Mallery

E.P. = Emily Pratt

T.R. = Trevor Reick

Y.S. - Yael Schonfeld

S.S. = Steve Seal

M.S. = Matthew Specktor

F.S. = Frank Spignese

K.S. = Kevin Stack

M.T. = Molly Toth

S.T. = Scott Tienken

W.F. = Wyrnfoot

All Photos by Laurence Lillvik



Books



What's the most recent book that you finished and immediately implored your favorite reading buddy to consume so you could chat about it ASAP?



In The Woods / Tana French

I listen to books while working in my studio. Usually 3-4 per week. Since I usually spend part of the time in my studio thinking, I usually miss a bunch of what is happening. Consequently, I can't listen to books with very much substance, otherwise I'd just be a rewinding fool. So my recommendations would be a very long list of very bad murder books. I'll spare you. But Tana French is pretty great! - T.A.

If Ants Had Knives / Art Hamblen - M.C.

Razorblade Tears / S.A. Cosby - J.C.

**The Books and Life of Raymond Roussel /
Michael Sanchez - D.C.**

The internet has broken my brain and I never read now. I did read like half of the twittering machine and I told at least two people about it. - M.P.C.

The Passenger & Stella Maris / Cormac McCarthy

I don't have a favorite reading buddy, I barely have any friends, but I did buttonhole a few passing strangers about what to me was the best books(s) I had read in the past ten years, at least, and written by an octogenarian at that. Gives me hope that I might still be able to produce something decent before I die. - J.G.

Van Halen Rising / Greg Renoff

I can't think of the most recent one, but "Van Halen Rising" by Greg Renoff is the book I keep recommending, even to people who don't especially like Van Halen. - P.H.

Hild / Nicola Griffith

I felt like someone had slipped shrooms into a history book and it turned into a pool I fell into and I'm not sure I've swum back out. -A.K.



Deliver Me To Nowhere / Warren Zanes - L.L.

A Ghost in the Throat / Doireann Ní Ghríofa - M.M.

The Collected Regrets of Clover / Mikki Brammer
Told 3 people. -H.L.M.

Just Kids / Patti Smith - S.M.

Demon Copperhead / Barbara Kingsolver - E. P.

The Maltese Falcon / Dashiell Hammett
Finished it and handed it off last weekend. -T.R.

The Rachel Incident / Caroline O'Donoghue
Insightful, a pleasure to read and skillfully plotted. But I should also note a reread (cheat?) of Robert Boswell's "The Heyday of the Insensitive Bastards" ("I have lip liner." She pats her purse. "Your mouth could use more definition." "It's that big hole in the middle of my face," Greta says. "What more definition could it need?"). - Y.S.

Burn Alpha / Emily Segal
A slight cheat because I read this book in manuscript (hence not yet shareable with others) - M.S.

Titanium Noir / Nick Harkaway - S.S.

Less Than Zero / Ellis & Dance Dance Dance / Murakami - K.S.



UpperDown / Dave Brennan

This doesn't really apply to me. I have many good friends and they like to read, however we don't talk about books. Conversely, my buddy Dave Brennan from Ireland recently had his first novel UpperDown published in Dublin. Reading it was a great experience for me as it was the first novel written by a friend of mine that left me feeling holy shit I can't believe this guy that I've known for so long wrote such a beautiful book. In the past I've known people who have written books of poetry which were digestible and cool and I've known people who wrote novels that were too dense for my personal liking. Dave's book is amazing and a page turner, it's a retelling of the Pied Piper story. I got a shout out in the dedication page however he spelt my name slightly wrong. I hold no grudge. - F.S.

Abigail / Magda Szabo.

I read it all in two days and was seriously sad when it was over. It has been probably a year since I read it and I think about it almost weekly and wish there was more of it to read. - M.T.

**Whole Again / Jackson McKenzie &
Last Days / Brian Evenson**

The real and slightly embarrassing answer would be a self-help book that recently changed my whole life's trajectory. I've implored other fellow strugglers to glance in the direction of Whole Again by Jackson McKenzie. As for the fun answer, I wouldn't shut up about the bonkers & bloody Last Days by Brian Evenson as I was actively experiencing it. I've been going in and out of reading slumps as of late. -W.F



Crush



Who was your first and/or most memorable TV crush?



Apollo (OG) or maybe Luke Duke

Seems I like the brunettes. -T.A

MacGyver - M.C.

*Probably **Mallory** from *Family Ties* - J.C.*

*Probably the identical twin brothers/actors **Keith & Kevin Schutlz** on the 60s TV series *THE MONROES* - D.C.*

Ted McGinley - M.P.C.

I don't remember having a crush on any TV character, but I grew up in a house without television and to this day do not own one. That's my story and I'm sticking to it. - J.G.

*Maybe **Gilda Radner**? - P.H.*

*It wasn't a crush, per se, but a father figure I needed for a childhood spent on the *Crazy Train* -- **Brian Keith** in "A Family Affair" looked almost exactly like my own father, but he wasn't a psychopathic narcissist, so I was mesmerized by the possibility that a father wasn't a source of fear. Is that a crush? Is that love? Is that maybe better than most of my subsequent relationships? If you don't take insurance, I'm happy to Venmo whatever your hourly rate is for therapy. -A.K.*

Agent 99 on Get Smart - L.L.

Mrs. Peel - M.M.

John Schnieder - H.L.M.

Jan Hooks (*sad end for her*) - S.M.

Donnie Osmond - E.P.



Linda Carter, Wonder Woman - K.S.

Rhonda Shear from *USA Up all Night!!* - T.R.

David Duchovny, “*the man, the myth, the monotone*”
(*B. Sharp*). - Y.S.

Kirstie Alley in *Cheers* - S.S.

Maddie Hayes on “*Moonlighting*” - M.S.

*That would be **Morgan Fairchild**. I'm not sure what TV show it was but she was just always hot back in the day. I realize now that she has some sort of overly Anglo Saxon small nose blonde haired beauty thing that may be frowned upon in today's society. Regardless, she was hot as fuck and thinking she was gorgeous does not make me a Nazi sympathizer.* - F.S.

*I had a crush on **Dana Scully** AND on **Fox Mulder**.* - M.T

*Family Ties **Justine Bateman*** - S.T.

Kay Francis (January 13, 1905 – August 26, 1968.) *I saw her when TCM aired *Trouble in Paradise* and I remember becoming obsessed with her and her pouty features. I sought out other films that featured her whenever I had the ability. At some point in my early twenties, while trying to explore answers to my identity, I re-addressed this infatuation as something more than aesthetic.* -W.F.



Live



What is the most tangible moment during a live rock and roll show where you thought: “holy shit, this is the best!?”



Oh jeez. I can't even think. I mean I did see **New Kids on the Block's** reunion tour, so... there's that... – T.A

Doing 'pogo' during **Guns n roses** 1995 in argentina. - M.C.

Happens all the time but most recently with **The Smile** at Bill Graham Civic Auditorium in SF. There's a midway song change that happened during a previously unreleased tune, *Under Our Pillows*, that completely blew my mind. The trio dives into a Can-esque jam at this point and then gradually reduces the tune to a clinic on the possibilities of delay in rock music. At some point **Jonny Greenwood** trades in his guitar for a transistor radio. Epic! - J.C.

Really hard to choose one. Either when I suddenly started pogoing all over the place uncontrollably at a **Gang of Four** gig at Starwood Club in LA on their 'Entertainment!' tour (I've never 'danced' at a show before or since). Or my total confusion mixed with excitement when I saw **Captain Beefheart & the Magic Band** at the Shrine Expositional Hall in LA circa *TROUT MASK REPLICA*. Or the sort of acid-like bliss I felt seeing **The Flaming Lips** at the Palace in LA on the *SOFT BULLETIN* tour. Or when someone in the audience hurled the contents of an entire can of paint all over Danny Elfman when **Oingo Boingo** opened for **XTC** at the Santa Monica Civic because I hated Oingo Boingo so much. - D.C
Ausmuteants in Paris and they were just making fun of pretentious Frenchness by saying in a fancy french voice "Jacques Derrida." It rocked. - M.P.C.

Too many to count. As a performer, possibly the **GBV** show at Maxwell's following our appearance on the Jon Stewart show in 94 or 95. There was no way to get offstage except by going through the crowd, and the crowd wouldn't let us leave, so we played all the songs we knew and then started over again from the beginning. Though now I reflect on it, I wasn't thinking so much "holy shit, this this the best" as I was "I am so goddamn tired, I'm going to sit down on stage now." And I did. As an audience member, the first time I saw **Sonic Youth**, at **CBGB** in maybe 86. It sounded like something completely new. Maybe it was. - J.G.



Almost impossible to answer, b/c almost every live music experience I've had could be classed as transformative -- I mean, at least some degree of epiphany has always occurred, b/c live music = magic. And they're all kind of equal, in my mind? Whether in a room with a couple dozen other folks listening to **Richard Buckner** belt out "Boys The Night Will Bury You" so hard one of the lights went out, or **The Pretenders** on their first tour at the Atlanta Fox in 1981 (before James Honeyman-Scott O'ed on coke), or **Gil Scott-Heron** in a tiny jazz club in London in 1985, or **Three Dog Night** at the State Fair, or watching a new band called **OKGo** open for **TMBG** and they turned a word-for-word scene reenactment from *Les Mis* into a stadium anthem, or the **Beastie Boys** on their 1985 tour (I wanna say they skateboarded on stage?), or sleeping in the back of a tiny Mazda pickup in a Virginia Beach hot, sticky, mosquito-fever-dream of a night in 83/84 to see **David Bowie** from the front row (where my girlfriend's foot got broken by an asshole just before the show started and a roadie lifted her over the barrier and she sat backstage waiting for first aid and Bowie spoke to her as he was going on and it didn't happen to me but I feel like it did), or nearly dying mashed up against a giant stone column in the crowd's rush for the doors when going to see **The Talking Heads'** *Stop Making Sense* tour, or all the tiny venues at Moogfest through the 20-Teens (I mean, in one day I literally ran into **Keith Emerson of ELP** in a stairwell then watched **Giorgio Moroder** do a little talk/demo for maybe 50 of us then watched **Kraftwerk** at a stadium show followed by **The Trachtenberg Family Slideshow Players** and **Death From Above** in a miniscule gay bar), or standing onstage right behind the giant speakers for a **Dumptruck/Dead Milkmen** show in a tiny dive (b/c the entire small floor was death-by-crowd waiting to happen), or watching **R.E.M.** from the wings at the *Murmur* tour in 83, or driving visiting artist **Bobby McFerrin** around at a job in the early 90s and we ate cheeseburgers sitting on the car hood at a local drive-thru and he made up a song about my name. Music, right?!?! None of it was lighting-a-cymbal-on-fire epic, but it's all in there; it's all so foundational. – A.K.



*I saw **Butthole Surfers** play at "The Lyric" a porn theater converted to a rock venue for like 6 months in 1990. (It's where Travis Bickle took Cybil Shepherd's character on a date in Taxi Driver.) I was sixteen and sat in the balcony watching Gibby and Paul can-can kick these bouncers who were standing in front of them on the stage into a crowd who just consumed and pummeled them. Then Gibby lit a cymbal on fire and hit it with a drumstick and the flames kissed the asbestos hanging from the ceiling as negatives of Charlie's Angels episodes and penis skin graft surgeries played on a split screen behind them and then a guy came running out with a fire extinguisher and Gibby swung his guitar around keeping him away from the burning cymbal. - L.L.*

*Getting beat to shit in the pit at a **Husker Du** show. - M.M.*

Ummmmm all of them - H.L.M.

***CSS** playing at Warsaw in Brooklyn in July 2006. They melted face like motherfuckers. - S.M.*

***Luscious Jackson** - E.P.*

***Quasi** playing *The Who* new year's eve (09?) was blistering. - T.R.*

*Probably the happy, raucous energy of a **Gossip** show at Nocturne, quite a few years ago. But also when the **Magnetic Fields** played "Yeah, Oh Yeah," which, out of their considerable repertoire, was precisely the song I was wanting them to play. -Y.S.*

***Primus** on LSD in junior high. - S.S.*

*There have been many, but watching **Nick Cave** wander out of the wings to sing backing vocals on "Atomic Dog" during a **Parliament Funkadelic** show in 1993 is definitely the most indelible. - M.S.*

*There have been many but seeing **Paul Westerberg** on his first solo tour in the early 90s was probably one of those moments. I never got to see *The Replacements* live in their heyday and my fandom was growing just as the band imploded. Also, don't tell my mother but I was tripping on mushrooms which I had ingested earlier with Dave K. in Allston Rock City. I cried and laughed throughout. Footnote: Dave did not accompany me to the show. - F.S.*



Butthole Surfers, *The Vatican, Houston, Texas, 1991-2 New Year's Eve*--partial power outage on stage during a song called "Alcohol", a song known to fans, prominent in live set but not put to record yet. Gibby and his effects rack were still loud and clear through the club's PA. Gibby did an a capella "I'd rather be MC Hammer than Nine Inch Nails" to the melody of Simon and Garfunkel's classic. Their wall of strobes and screens were still powered. If you closed your eyes during the show, the strobes still did their thing right through you eyelids. Leary, Pinkus and King Coffee stirred, waiting for resolution. Stage power came back. "Alcohol" from the top. They did "Communication Breakdown" and "Don't Fear the Reaper" that night as well. I have been trying to have a NYE that good for the decades since. - K.S.

I remember being moved on some weird primeval level when I saw **Swans** for the first time. They brought out pipes from an old church organ and the dude was wailing on them and the bass was so loud I could feel my whole body shaking. I couldn't focus my eyes because the room was vibrating so hard. It ruled. - M.T.

Albany, NY, 1990, **Yo La Tengo**, at tiny beloved now long closed club when McNew kept ramming/rubbing bass on ceiling while Kaplan was in full guitar freakout/meltdown mode and (standing of course) Hubley peacefully tapped out time. Remember thinking: 'I have finally found my home.' - S.T.

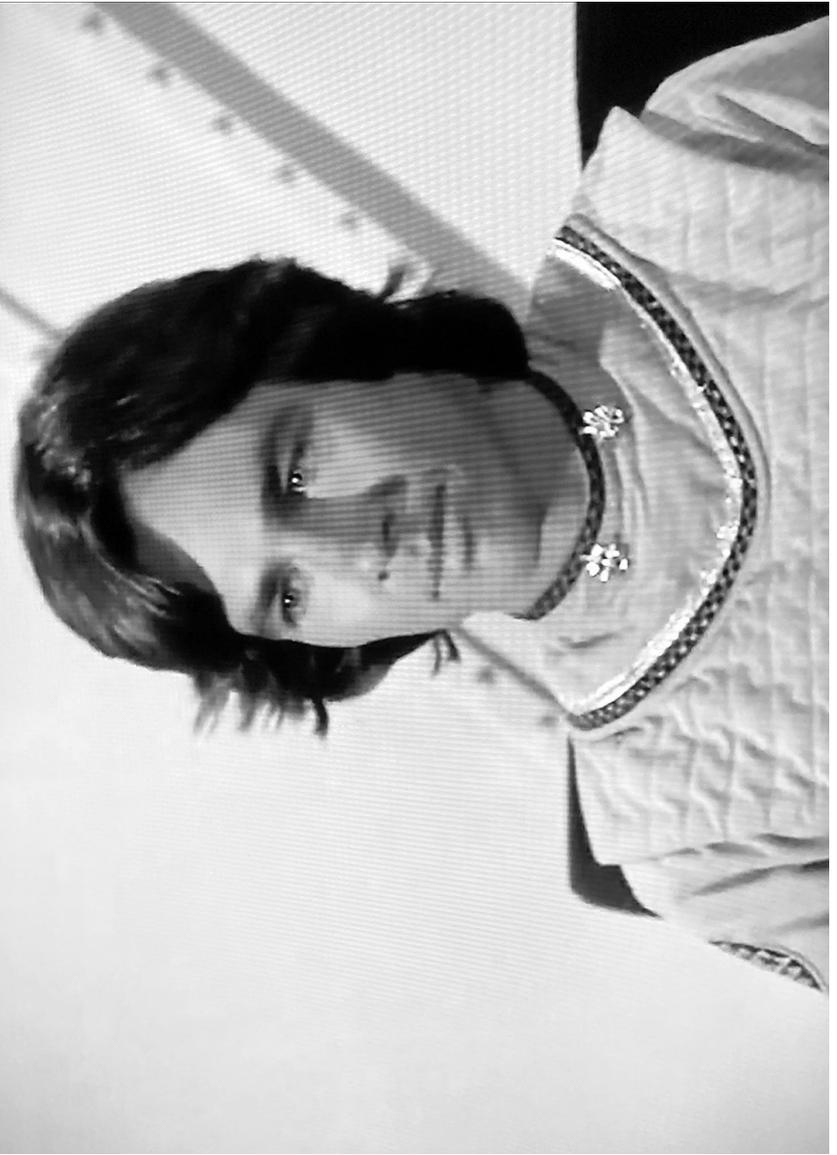
Anamanaguchi. It was the first concert I went to on my own and it had happened at the very early days of the pandemic when no one really know what the fuck was happening. The world was about to be cast into reality shattering oblivion and I thought I was going to die simply for being there. I didn't fully understand the scope of the risk of being in the presence of so many people- I don't think anyone really fully grasped it. There were intricate visuals of scenery and animations generated by a light show rig that reminded me of the Lite-Brite toys, but on a larger scale. By the middle of the experience I was so deeply in the moment that I felt the first stirrings of radical acceptance in the face of uncertain adversity. I was okay with the idea of dying, okay with the feeling of skin against skin, the pressure of bodies building against each other in a wave of movement. It felt grounding and important and re-wired my identity and relationship to being human. Once I was vaccinated and concerts became a thing again, I made it a habit to go to as many concerts as I could squeeze into my life. The tour was for the release of their album *USA* and now I can only listen to it sparingly due to its preciousness. - W.F.



Eat



Lightning version of your
favorite go-to recipe.



Rotini pasta, broccoli, spinach, frozen petite peas, butter, parm (lots o parm!) If I'm feeling fancy I'll put a lil parmesan crusted chicken up on there. - T.A.

Grated beet, red quinoa, gorgonzola cheese, green apple. - M.C.

Pasta with sauteed red onion, garlic, green cabbage and chopped walnuts seasoned with salt and crushed red pepper. - J.C.

I don't cook, I microwave. My current favorite is microwaving a packet of instant mashed potatoes and four different kinds of veggie burgers then spreading the mashed potatoes on two large flour tortillas, cutting the veggie burgers into vertical pieces and laying them on top of the potatoes, and then wrapping the two tortillas-plus-add-ons into burrito shapes. - D.C.

Blend a half can of chipotle peppers in adobo with a toasted poblano and a half container of garden fresh salsa. Cook tofu and onions on the stove then add a can of pinto beans. Add the sauce. Serve over rice with avocado cilantro etc... -M.P.C.

I don't cook. I like ice cream. - J.G.

Paulie's Pseudo Feijoada. Red onion, chicken boullion cube or bacon (or homemade smoked sausage from the Russian place on Holgate,) Chopped collards, can o' black beans, minced garlic, 1/2 of a jalapeno (or serrano), cilantro, cumin seed, a little paprika, coconut milk. (just enough to change the color of the black bean broth from the can, maybe 1/2 a cup?) start by frying the onion in olive oil. add the bacon or sausage. give it a minute. add everything but the beans, garlic, cilantro, and coconut milk. then dump in the beans and add the rest. a couple cherry tomatoes and little shot of apple cider vinegar can also be added. You can serve it over rice or just take it straight depending on how soup-y you like - P.H.

Depths of lockdown vegan curry: Frozen cauliflower, frozen green beans, frozen kale, chickpeas, veggie stock, can of coconut milk/cream, at least 3-4 tablespoons whatever storebought curry seasoning you can find + salt/pepper -- put it all in a big pot, bring to boil, reduce & simmer till frozen shit is cooked; check seasoning, serve over brown basmati rice with lots of fresh chopped cilantro, toasted chopped (unsweetened) coconut & limes. Figured this out when the only food available where I was living in the mountains was at the Walmart curbside pickup. It was life and I still make it sometimes when I'm too tired to be fancy! -A.K.



Make sauce with italian sausage, onion, tomatoes, splash of red wine, garlic, herbs. Cook long. Boil ziti. Mix spinach and grated carrots with ricotta. Cover ziti in sauce. Mix in ricotta. Cover ziti and sauce with mozzarella and parmesan cheese. Bake covered until cooked then uncovered til cheese browns. - L.L.

Insta pot vegan risotto. water and “better than chicken” Arborio rice with vegetables and a ton of brewers yeast. 30 min cook. - M.M.

Oh shit.. ummm... shishito peppers fried in oil with sea salt With a side of GrandMa Jean Chicken- (flour/ eggwash/ panko) baked in the oven OR Rice/ cheese/onion/ tomato sauce stuffed peppers - H.L.M.

Dump big can of whole tomatoes in pan, rip up tomatoes with fingers to make it sauce like, peel off outside layer of onion, cut in half, put in pan, add 5 tbs salted butter, sprinkle in pepper flakes, cook medium low for 15 minutes, discard onion. Baller. - S.M.

tortilla cream cheese green chills leafy greens roll it up - E.P.

beans, rice, tortilla, veggies- failsafe - T.R.

Eggs, cheese and vegetables in a pita. It should be noted that I am usually the architect and initiator of this dish, rather than its actual builder. - Y.S.

Melt Velveeta “cheese” with a can of Rotelle - S.S.

Make farro. Blister some cherry tomatoes and sliced red onions in the oven. Stir the tomatoes and onions into the farro with some pesto and a few handfuls of raw spinach. Tear some mozzarella and some basil leaves over the top. - M.S.

This is called dollar store seafood pasta. I'm not sure if this pertains to the United States but in Japan the hundred yen stores have decent enough food. Here's what you do to make ¥100 store seafood pasta for about ¥500. That means roughly 5 dollars. You buy one can of sardines and one can of anchovies and one can of regular tuna fish. Then you buy a can of tomatoes and a package of spaghetti. Hopefully, you are not a complete neanderthal and have a few things lying around your kitchen. Cut up half an onion. And a couple of cloves of garlic. Fry em. And then add the three above mentioned cans of seafood. Fry and mash that and then add the tin of tomatoes. If you have some diced olives throw those in there too. This is very impressive especially if you want to impress Japanese women. I recommend it. - F.S.



Impossible Burger Salad 1 package Impossible / Beyond Burger Meat, 1 large carrot, ¼ yellow onion, 2 celery sticks, 2 garlic cloves, 3 tbsp Butter, ½ tsp Kinder's Buttery Steak house seasoning, ¾ tsp salt, ½ tsp Smoked Paprika, Onion Salt/ Garlic Salt/ Kinder's Woodfired Garlic Seasoning, Soy sauce / Worcester sauce—use either, splash for taste. Pepper to taste. Any other great spices in the pantry will work as well.

Fresh Spinach, Fresh Avocado

Yummy Dressing: Chop carrot, onion, celery, garlic. Large Chops. Then blend in Cuisinart until minced. Heat butter, add carrot, onion, celery garlic. Season with salt/pepper. Sautee for 10 minutes so veggies soften. Mix in a bowl: Sauteed vegetables / Impossible meat / Seasonings, Form 2-3 loaves. Bake on sheet pan @ 375 for 15-20 minutes—keep an eye on it. Break these loaves up and serve on fresh spinach, with avocado, Italian vinaigrette and Crystal hot sauce. Goddess dressing also works well. You can double the Impossible recipe and make 5 patties. - K.S.

Rosemary dill dumpling soup: chop up a white onion, carrots, and celery. Heat up some oil on the stove, add flour to make a roux. Toss the veggies in. Add dill and rosemary. Splash in some veggie broth. Let it simmer for 20 minutes or so, and while it cooks, mix flour, chopped dill, rosemary, and soy milk to make a sticky dough in a separate bowl. Once the soup is done simmering, toss in spoonfuls of dough, and simmer for about 15 minutes. Sprinkle in more dill just because you can. - M.T.

1. butter small cast iron 2. smash two garlic cloves 3. sloppy crack open of egg 4. thin slice parmesan on top 5. rip up spinach over that 6. tent two halves sourdough over that thus steaming whole for 2 minutes 7. smash down, flip on plate, add hot sauce - S.T.

Grab some ground Italian sausage, red onions, some vine tomatoes, cloves of garlic, and "fancy" truffle marinara sauce (found in Safeway). Chop veggies (not the garlic they get cooked whole) and cook the sausage with aforementioned veggies & garlic tossed in olive oil in a big pot. Season with cayenne pepper, oregano, salt & pepper (and whatever I feel like at the time). Add the marinara once the sausage is no longer pink. Stir, lower the heat, and let it cook until the garlic cloves are soft. Crush the garlic against the sides of the pot so as to mix it in the sauce. I give it a bit more time to simmer (mixing occasionally until it is of a satisfactory texture and flavor) and then serve over spaghetti Al Dente. It's my go to for low energy comfort food on days that fast food wouldn't cut it. Because I made it on impulse with no measurements it's slightly different every time I make it. I just wanted to embody the essence of "a mom's spaghetti dinner". - W.F.

Skullcrushing Hummingbird - The Zine. Issue Three.

This issue was gonna be all interviews but no one responded.*

While it was in the interview stage I thought: I know a few fellows who I dig and have a bit of a fan base and may answer a few questions cuz they think I'm an OK dude.

And they did. Some even liked it!

Interviews weren't rolling in so I put the same questions to my friends and acquaintances.

Very teeny bopper magazine survey style. Music, Crushes, etc.

People answered!

Skullcrushing Hummingbird is an International Arts and Lit Zine. Any questions or future submissions are always welcome: larstonovich@gmail.com

*Except, Trev and Kev, thanks and sorry.

linktr.ee/larstonovich
IG: larstarts

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