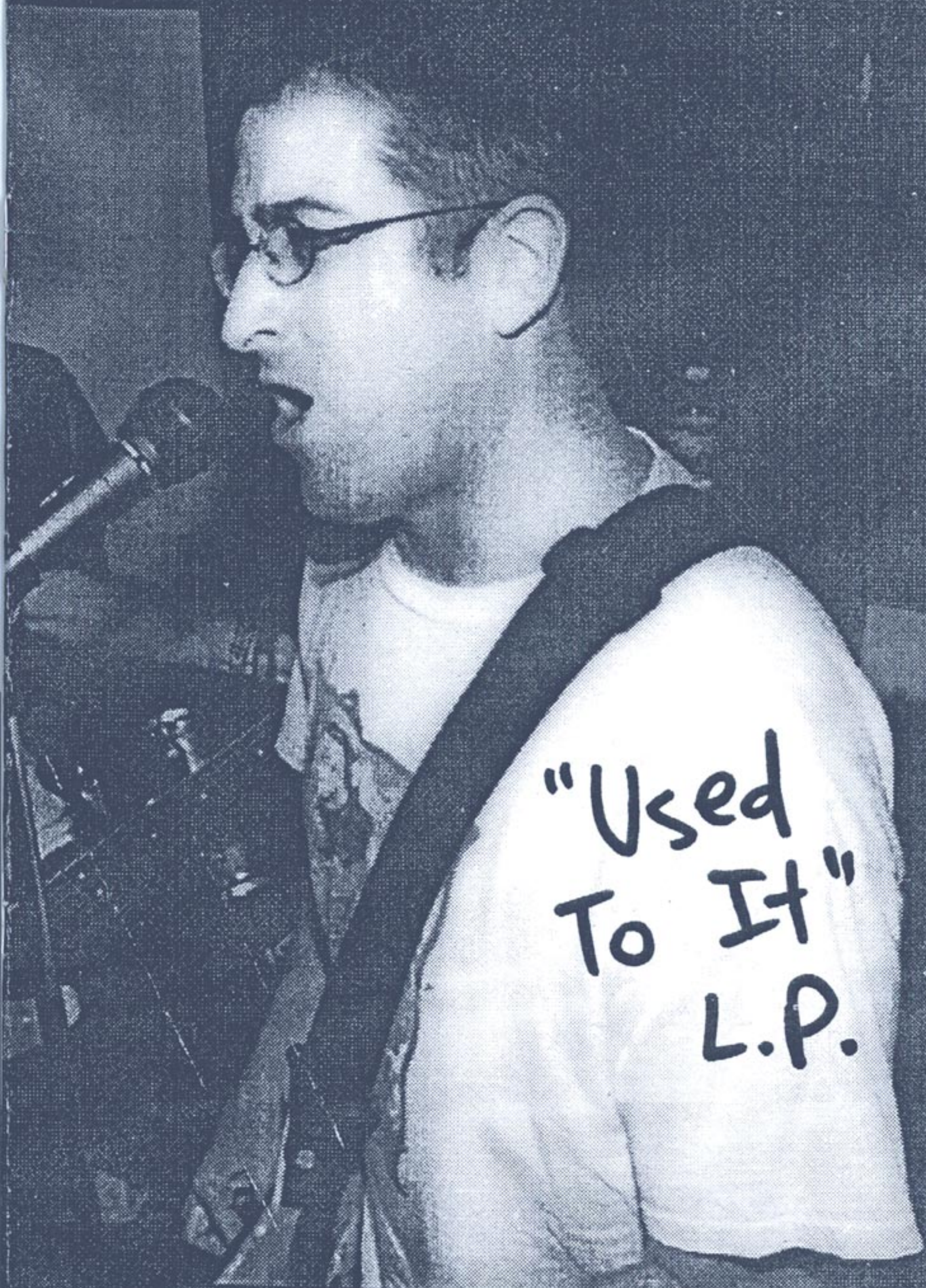


ONION FLAVORED RINGS

"LYRICS, PLAYING IN THE STREETS, CORBETT, ETC."



"Used
To It"
L.P.

'NOW IT CAN BE TOLD'



BY CORBETT REDFORD,
S.P.A.M. CEO

As a "former" "songwriter", I used to find a bit of a center for myself through writing. The writing of a new song found me taking on my days with a bit more vim and vigor than I had had before a new song's creation. The excitement from that creativity I got was due to what I can only say felt like I was part of making some new discovery, capturing a new base finding, could apply to what made me, well, me. Likes and dislikes, character traits, ethics, stories, all that jazz, all about me could be found in my songs. Let's not talk about my dwindling hope of ever making music again. Let's talk about those people who still can help and do by singing and shouting about the shit that makes them believe in taking another step.

Onion Flavored Rings brought a new clarity to my life I have not found since my early 20's. Every one of their songs tore through me. Songs about the link between overt cynicism and suicide, growing out of chaos, addiction. Songs about being lonely as fuck for reasons beyond you, songs about being lonely as fuck for reasons fully because of your own damn self.

Shortly after what I like to call the "trajectory incident" a September or two back, I saw the Rings play at SF's Mission Records. At a point during their set that night, they began to play their song "Remarkable". Before Steve kicked the song off, Iggy made some odd, poor jokes about burning bodies. I really didn't take me until about halfway through the song, what it meant to me in my life at that very moment.

Steve, his straightforward but never banal song writing, aggressive singing and driving guitar might have reminded one of a forensics teacher insisting on about science or sociology to a batch of bored, lazy students only to pull a hermit out of his hat, making something wondrous and adventurous that explodes brightly for the entire zit riddled class to oooh and aaah at.

Paul, laying a foundation for melody and mythm with inspired, lilting harmony vocalization and urgent, dancing, solid as all get out bass lines. I have to mention lovely Benicia, Paul's hometown and the fact that it has had a seemingly never ending good natured rivalry with my hometown Pinole in the quest for the sweetest sound in punk. Benicia wins. We all know it. Paul is one of its purveyors and notably one of its smiths. Drawn from a dear ilk he is.

And Iggy, does anyone play the drums more fast and true-hearted, with more of a need to find genuine fun in his bones? More "breakneck"? Fuck, I don't think so. You know he is the one who smiling, asks his band mates "Hey guys, want to play for a bunch of drunk, loud loopy folks who don't know the first thing about good music and not get paid a dime for it?". Iggy doesn't try. Iggy does. And if he doesn't he WILL find a different way and kick all your asses. by gawd. A regular one man cadre he is.

Recap: The song was "Remarkable". The band: Onion Flavored Rings. Iggy made his comment about burning flesh or something. The song began and I started to look around the room. The song rang thru Mission Records. "They were both remarkable people/ People just like you and me".

With the recent disaster in New York, I had been a bit on edge when leaving the East Bay for SF around that time. I have this sick, strange belief in people. I am one of those who believe the British suck but most people are inherently good and will do good shit when it comes down to making shit better. Ok, so with Iggy's morose comment, the words of the reaffirming song ringing and the current world climate surrounding everyone in that room, I began to well with emotion. Perhaps all these songs about odds ideas, missed chances and finding remarkable qualities in your fellow human. Onion Flavored Rings were going on about, may soon materialize in an all-to-real scenario for me or someone I don't know standing right next to me. I may be dodging falling buildings with someone I didn't know a second before only to find something remarkable about them a second later.

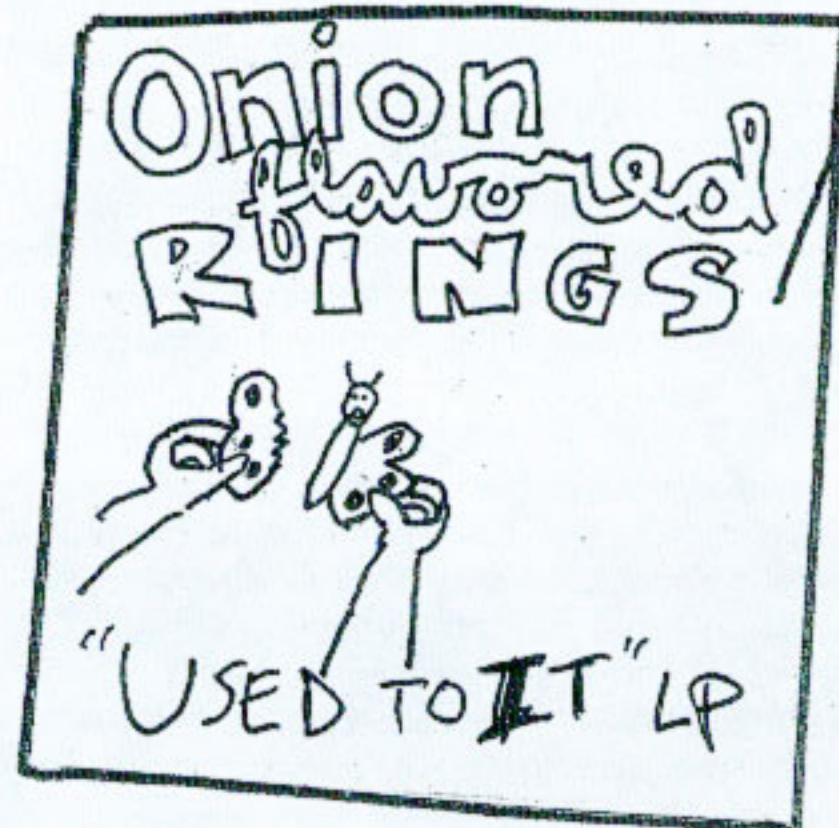
Maybe I try to believe, people are not all shit and real change is possible if we were actually forced to work with one another more often. Acceptance of difference, redistribution of wealth, is that too much for a boy to ask for? Aye, aye, aye. I don't know. Maybe I would just be smushed and the person I don't know next to me would just take my empty wallet. People are people. I think the point is to move forward, but to stay observant as to not let the great things life has to offer evade you. Look back but don't dwell or good shit will pass you by.

I am going to write a song tonight.

SIDE ONE...

I Kill Butterflies

I kill butterflies. I make babies cry.
I laugh when puppies die.
I break angels' wings. I crush fluffy things.
I poison birds that sing.
I just laugh, you know I'm so cynical.
Making fun of everyone else.
I like you to think I hate everyone,
But I just hate myself.
I'm always feeling tense. I have no confidence.
I mock in self-defense.
I just laugh, you know I'm so cynical.
Making fun of everyone else.
Don't you know that I'm just killing time,
Until I kill myself? Until I kill myself!



n Such an Idiot

ook up from my book and see her standing next to me.
nd we both talk, but, you know we don't talk about too much.
nd I could kick myself for my lost opportunity,
ause the whole time I'm achin', achin' for her touch!

h-ah-ah-ahhhh, I'm such an idiot.
h-ah-ah-ahhhh, I'm such an idiot.
h-ah-ah-ahhhh-ahhhhhh-ahhhhhh!

One day I met a girl and played backgammon on the beach with her.
Ve got along so well, she took me with her back to her house.
nd if I'd told her how I felt, I'd be with her right now.
kept my mouth shut, and now I'm all alone.

h-ah-ah-ahhhh, I'm such an idiot.
h-ah-ah-ahhhh, I'm such an idiot.
h-ah-ah-ahhhh-ahhhhhh-ahhhhhh!

'm sitting at the door and see her leaning on the stop sign.
he's talkin' with her friends, I love the way her hair's a mess.
think of all the times I tried before and did it wrong.
She walks by, I put her out of, out of my mind!



THE CURSE

and
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FLAVORED
RINGS

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BENICIA 2nd 3rd

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MARCH 31

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ON EAST 5TH, HEAD SOUTH (DOWNHILL) AND TURN
LEFT AT THE SIGNAL (MILITARY EAST). 789 IS AT
THE CORNER OF HOSPITAL & MILITARY EAST.

Quantum Physics

You may think there's such a thing as matter,
But if you look at the deepest levels,
You might see a billion interactions
But there's nothing there.

I think it's the shame of quantum physics....
Logic seems to be so fundamental,
Like it must be most of what is nature.
But if you apply it to an atom,
It just falls apart.

I think it's the shame of quantum physics,
And they have the nerve to call that science,
When it's only faith, uncertain of anything at all!

Now we're in a universe expanding,
And it might expand until forever.
Or it might collapse back into nothing.
But what did the Big Bang bang on?

I think it's the shame of quantum physics,
And they have the nerve to call that science,
When it's only faith, uncertain of anything at all!

Remarkable

I met a man
Who only had two hands,
And only had two eyes,
And so he felt shortchanged.
He told me how bored he was
With his own day-to-day.
But I know the desperate things
Only truly lonely people say.

I met a girl
Who lived in this world,
And only in this world,
And so she felt too plain.
She told me about her plan
To one day get away.
But I know the desperate things
Only truly lonely people say.
These are unremarkable people.
People just like you and me.
People who feel left out of life.
Cheated by their inescapable normalcy.

Wish I could say
They got together one day,
And had a happy ending,
But that would be untrue.
They both lived their quiet lives, sad and all alone.
They might have been happier
If only they had known:

They were both remarkable people,
People just like you and me.
People who want more out of life,
But feel held back by inescapable normalcy.

Crawl Out of Chaos

How did we crawl out of Chaos?
How'd we cross barriers of energy?
Shouldn't all matter be scattered
To a universal homogeneity?

There should be nothing in this void!
All we create will be rubble...
Systems are victims of entropy.
Why do we go to the trouble,
Fighting inevitability?

Everybody's always asking
Why we've gotta die,
But this only begs the question,
"Why are we even alive?"
And how did we crawl out of Chaos?
There should be nothing but somehow,
We're in this cosmic asymmetry,
Verging on our non-existence,
And an instantaneous nihility.

Everybody's always asking
Where we're gonna go.
But how we got here to begin with,
That's the thing I wanna know, and...
Everybody's always asking
Why we've gotta die,
But this only begs the question,
"Why are we even alive?"
And how did we crawl out of Chaos?

Addiction

Feeling weak and stupid,
Feeling like I failed again.
I swore I'd never do it,
But there it is and there I am.
And then an hour or two later,
I'll be layin' on my back,
Wishin' I could take it over,
Wishin' I could take it back.
But it's all gone: addiction.
Staring at the ceiling,
Staring back into my eyes.
Couldn't fight the feeling.
I don't know how I ever tried.
I remember when I started,
I was fourteen, it was just for fun.
And there were other things in my life,
But now this thing is number one.
I can't believe I'm in it.
I can't believe I never quit this game.
But every time is different,
And every time is just the same. And then....

REMARKABLE (F,C)
ADDICTION (A,C)

BUTTERFLIES (G,A)

E. SEVEN (EGAC!)

CONTRARY HEART (A,F)

BROKEN PROMISES (G,A,E,F,G)

MUMMY (skull icon)

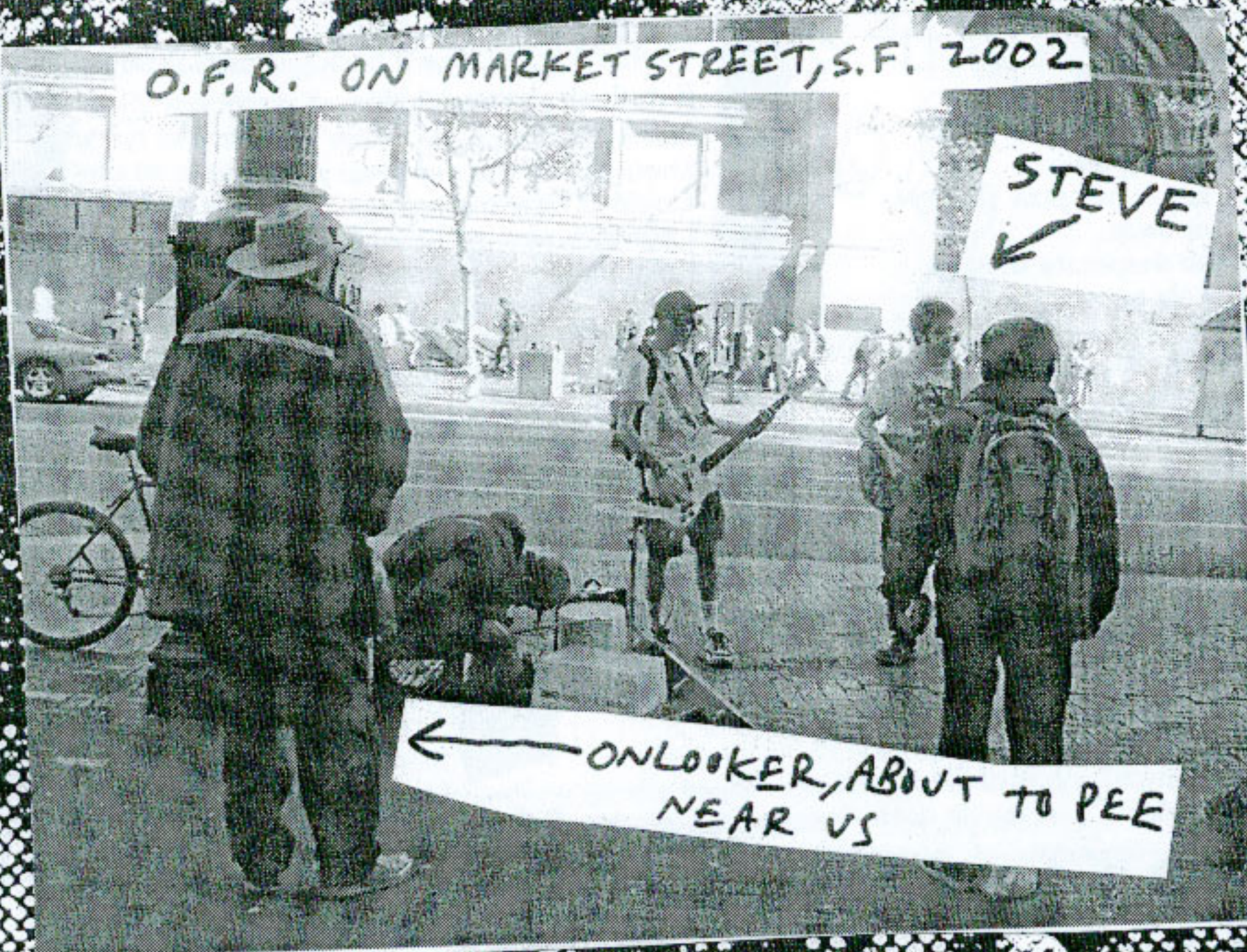
OVER, IT OVER G D G
USED TO IT C G F G

DEAF
FEAR
DEAF
A Z F C
A Z F G
F E D G

QUANTUM PHYSICS CGA, PG - CBA, PG
PASCIST OFF UN FACTORY AF. EBF

THE ONION FLAVORED STORY... AN INTERVIEW WITH STEVE FUNYON, GUITARIST by IGGY SCAM, DRUMMER

O.F.R. ON MARKET STREET, S.F. 2002



TEN YEARS AGO, I INTERVIEWED STEVE FOR SCAM #2 ABOUT HIS ADVENTURES AS A STREET MUSICIAN IN MIAMI. I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH, BACK THEN, TO GET TO PLAY MUSIC WITH STEVE SOMETIMES IN DOWNTOWN MIAMI AT RUSH HOUR, BUT STEVE MOSTLY PLAYED IN THE FUNYONS WITH SIR ROBERT PLAYING TRASH, BUCKETS AND STREET SIGNS AS DRUMS AND MARIO TELLING BAD JOKES AND SINGING SOME BACKUPS. THE FUNYONS WERE KNOWN FOR PLAYING ALMOST ALL THEIR SHOWS UNANNOUNCED ON THE STREETS. NOW THAT I'M IN A LOUD BAND WITH NORMAL DRUMS WITH STEVE I WANTED TO INTERVIEW HIM AGAIN ABOUT THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN STREET ROCK AND INDOOR ROCK...

IGGY: When I first heard of you, I knew of you as The Guy Who Played Music In The Streets. I remember you played pretty regularly for a couple years. What were people's general reactions to The Funyons?

STEVE FUNYONS: I recently saw a videotape of us playing one night, years ago, all over Miami Beach. It reminded me of what a typical night was like. Usually, it was setting up all of Robert's weird garbage that he used for drums somewhere, starting to play, and hoping a pedestrian or two would stop and a crowd would start to gather..

Playing to one or two people is weird, but five or six is pretty intimate and enjoyable, and if you can get more than that, you're like a sidewalk rock star. I mean, we've played to a crowd of 50 people. Like, there was a show at Washington Square where we had all these people coming out to watch us between bands inside and we played really good and played for a really long time. That was kind of amazing. But when I was watching that video, I remembered that there's like 10 minutes of us playing and the rest of the night is us walking around, trying to find a good place to play. It's like fishing: you drop in your line and nothing bites and you try to stick it out. But then again, it's not like fishing cuz it's not relaxing.

IGGY: I remember me and you played a lot in the daytime, and Robert was more the night time drummer.

SF: Yeah, like we'd pick a day in the middle of the week and go downtown. But, I think it was Robert who played with me on the Metrorail.

IGGY: That was me!

SF: No, you played with me on the MetroMOVER. Robert and I actually played in the Dadeland South Station.

IGGY: Wow... That's a big gig. What happened?

SF: We actually got away with it and I think that was enough.

IGGY: The Metromover thing was a little different, I remember. That's where we actually got on and played a song and then you asked if anyone minded if we played another one. It was all silent and then one guy in the back was like "uh, yeah, I kind of mind." and that was the end of that. There was this awkward tension the rest of the ride with everyone just glaring at him.

SF: Yeah, I prided myself on being really polite. I mean it's one thing to play on the sidewalk where people have a chance to escape...

IGGY: If we'd been in the Bay Area, of course, we would have stopped the train until the whole car reached a consensus decision on it...

SF: What I liked about Miami Beach is there's so much tension there. There's so many people who want something. There's all this energy that's pent up and frustrated, thwarted desire. So a lot of people would take that out on us. I remember singing and not missing a beat while a guy was literally an inch from me, screaming in my face, "You suck! Go home!" while we played and I just kept going. I don't know if a lot of people would do that. I actually find it stimulating. I think it's probably better to get someone so worked up that they're screaming at you than have them totally ignore you.

IGGY: In "Used To It", probably the one of your songs that people have the strongest reaction to, you sing, "Tired of crying for a cold world." Does the street musician fight the cold world?

SF: It does do that, but I don't know if that was the plan. The public has always treated me badly and it's time for me to treat them badly in return.

IGGY: When THE FUNYONS started, you played some shows in bars, but mostly in the streets. What was the motivation for that? Was there some ideal you were living up to?

SF: I had stuff I wanted to say and I wanted to say it to as many people as I could that normally wouldn't be at clubs listening to music. I think you get a lot more honest reaction from people who aren't expecting it, more instinctual... I wanted to meet real people and get a real reaction. Civic authenticity.

IGGY: Uh... Aren't we playing with them next week?

SF: No, that's Civic UNauthenticity...

IGGY: Dude... So, um...

SF: I always thought THE FUNYONS were just what you heard if you happened to be on the sidewalk at a certain time and not what you took home and listened to alone. It was the whole idea of having to go out and be outside and hear these songs in a weird place. THE FUNYONS never really recorded anything, although we tried a couple times, because I was never really that pushy about it. That's just not my motivation, to have a record of it.

IGGY: How do you feel now about the music moving away from being this fleeting thing to being an actual record, this document of the songs.

SF: It's probably because I'm older and feel a greater sense of mortality, maybe, when I look back at my life and think, "Well, what have I contributed to the world?" It's probably not much more than these songs. I was thinking it'd be nice to have a definitive recording of these songs that people can listen to. But then there's always something you can remember from years ago like that one guy on the street who was dancing and wouldn't let us stop or the cabbie who gave us a free ride home and showed us a song he wrote on guitar because he saw us play. That's

something you can't put on a record.

IGGY: Now that we've been in this band a year, playing some of the old FUNYONS songs in a more conventional way, do you have any feelings about how different it is to play more traditional punk shows inside a space? Do the songs come across differently?

SF: Obviously, people get a different idea when it was just me and Robert on the street. You could actually listen to the lyrics more clearly. But at a club, by the time you get to the third band, you probably don't want to know the lyrics too much and you just want to jump around.

IGGY: We've never actually played in a club, by the way.

SF: Yeah, The Vista in Eureka was the only by the way. I like the idea of playing garage sales more than bars.

IGGY: I'm into trying to find places that you can still play loud at, but still have it be more communicative than at a bar. Its good to take some of the FUNYONS' idea into what we do.

SF: Its good to take it to people. Its easy to insulate yourself from certain ideas. I have alot of fucked up ideas. I'm sick and depressed inside and I feel like I have all these poisonous thoughts that I express in songs. I want to inflict that on other people (laughs). I guess I've always wanted to convey to people that I know I'm a weirdo, a misfit, outside the mainstream, mentally and emotionally, but my ideas exist and I don't think they're all bad. Not that people should necessarily agree. If they hate it fine, but at least they heard it.

IGGY: Do you have any thoughts as a sometime street musician on the shrinking amount of public space available in our cities? About the commercialization of every single fucking inch?

SF: Well, its funny, cuz when I tell people I play music in the streets, the first thing they ask me usually is "How much money do you make?" Like, they're asking how well I did at commercializing that space. Well, the money in playing on the streets is awful. On your best night you might make what you'd make in a minimum wage service job, unless you're playing some kind of bullshit acoustic folk covers of top 40 songs.

IGGY: Do you think people appreciate listening to street musicians or do you think people just appreciate the IDEA of street musicians?

SF: I think people would probably rather just think that there's people like me out there than actually stop and listen. But, you've got to consider that you've got to be in the mood for it. When I wrote "I'm Used To It" I was much younger, and I was lamenting how people won't look you in the eye when they're walking down the street, how there's sort-of self-alienating thing people do... But now I think how sometimes I might be walking and I might be angry or depressed for some reason and I don't want to see people, so I understand that more. Then again... that doesn't really explain why EVERYONE'S that way. If everyone's really angry or depressed on the street all the time, I guess that's pretty sad. But, I think its like when people laugh at the movies when someone dies. Its because they don't know what to do. I think people don't look you in the eye because they don't know what to do. That's why elevators are awkward. I'm doing my part in elevators, though. I work on the 4th floor and I ride in the elevator a couple times a day and I don't stand facing the door. I stand facing the back or other people and see what happens. Why should we be like that?

SIDE TWO!

Broken Promises

All you can do is wait,
The phone don't ring from watchin'.
All she can do is take
Her time while you're forgotten.

Now she knows all about you.
How can she live without you?
How could she ever doubt you?
I saw her here without you.

All you can do is ache,
Till she comes to her senses.
All she can do is fake,
She sees no consequences.

Now she knows all about you.
How can she live without you?
How could she ever doubt you?
I saw her here without you.

With all her broken promises spinnin' in your head,
Consider maybe what you heard ain't what she said.

All you can do is lose,
So you pursue no further.
It's the excuse she'll use
To move on to another.

Contrary Heart

Gonna make your mother hate me
With every thing I do.

Gonna make your father hate me
With every single move.

'Cause I've been burned
And I have learned
That there is no way I can
Be liked by all of you.

Gonna tell your mother that I'm
out on parole

Gonna tell your father,
don't know when we're coming home.

'Cause I've been burned
And I have learned
That if your parents like me,
Somehow you won't.

It's hard to love such a contrary heart,
And I know you know it's true.
But if you disregard the ones you love
Well then how can I love you??

If you call me up, I'll make an excuse
To get off the phone.

If you come to visit,
I'll pretend I'm not home.

'Cause I can burn.
Hope you can learn,
'Cause if you can't my dear, well...
You'll wind up all alone.

It's hard to love such a contrary heart,
And I know you know it's true.
But if you disregard the ones you love,
Well then who the hell can love you??

Used to It

I can see you walking down the street,
And I know, our eyes won't meet.

I can see you on the sidewalk where you stand,
But I might as well be the invisible man, but...

I am used to it.

Saw you standing in the supermarket aisle,
You look away if I threaten to smile.

In the elevator yesterday,
You don't know what to do, so you just look away, but...

I am used to it.

There were so many nights when I cried...for you....
There were so many nights, but now...I'm through!
Because

Now I'm used to it, now I'm used to it.
Now I'm used to it, now I'm used to it,
And I'm tired of crying
For a cold world.

Tired of endless, 5-hour marathon shows? HERE'S A...

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THURSDAY MAY 23 7:00PM

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OF SHUTHELL. READINGS BY MELISSA KUSH, AND MAYOR MIKE

AND A TEN HOUR AND ALL FOR FREE. AT!

6:30-10:00 PM. OPEN CASE FOR VALENCIA (4-215)

Mummy

It always starts with the disbeliever,
The one who never thinks the legends are true.
He likes to see first, and not the reverse,
He walks around like he's got something to prove.
He always stays when the others run away.

He likes to say he's too smart to be afraid.
He opens doors leading to forbidden rooms.
He walks right down into Tutankhamen's tomb.
And when he sees one, he screams, "Run!"

Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!

When old King Tut died, clever Egyptians
Embalmed a holy man to sit-by his side.
When Tut awakened, to make his journey,
The priest, a mummy now, would serve as his guide.

When Tut was gone and the priest was all alone,
He put a hex on his pyramidal home.
Then went to bed for three dozen centuries,
Until a grave-robbing ghoul disturbed his sleep.
And when the stone slipped, exposed crypt:

Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!

The hieroglyphics, they should have warned you,
But to a know-it-all, they don't mean a thing.
Even a gold throne, sacred and unknown,
Could mean a lot to friends of Tut, the boy king.

And then your men started coughing up their blood,
And one by one, keeling over in the mud.
The lesson taught, the tuition paid in death,
But did you learn to respect the mummy's wrath?
Oh no, you'll just die, and never know why:
Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!

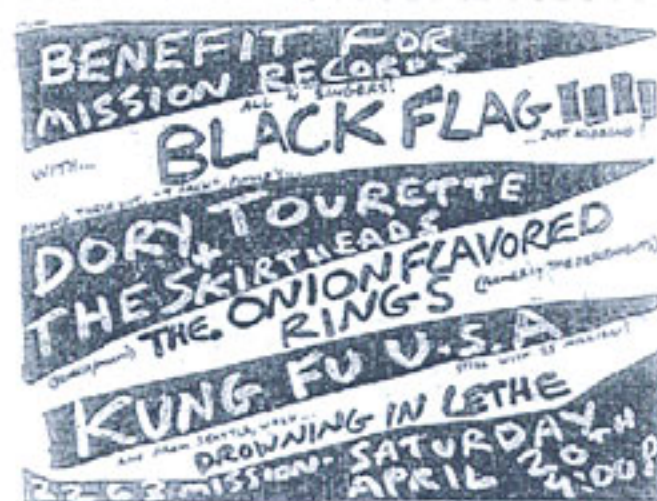
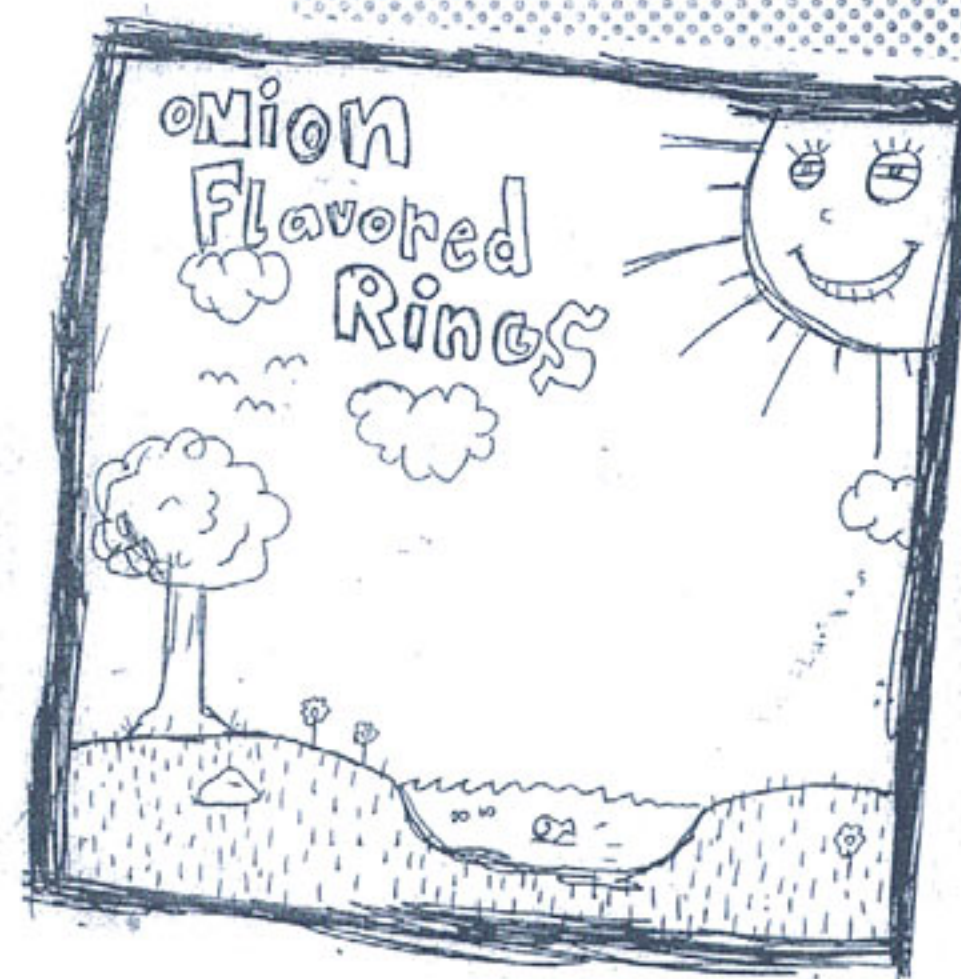


Over, It's Over

Well you act like this must be a shock.
Well I'm sorry my dear, but it's not.
I have seen this day coming for weeks.
Now it's here and you can't even speak.
I expected more courage from you.
I thought you might tell me the truth.
Everyone does what they want.
Explanations come after the fact.
Don't attribute to philosophy
What is ideologically free.
When it's over it's over,
That's what they say.
When it's over, it's over,
But I never thought you would end it this way.
Now you can have it your way.
And I won't call you up every day.
You can live your life just as you please.
But you'll just have to live without me.
When it's over it's over,
That's what they say.
When it's over, it's over,
So let's just call it a day.

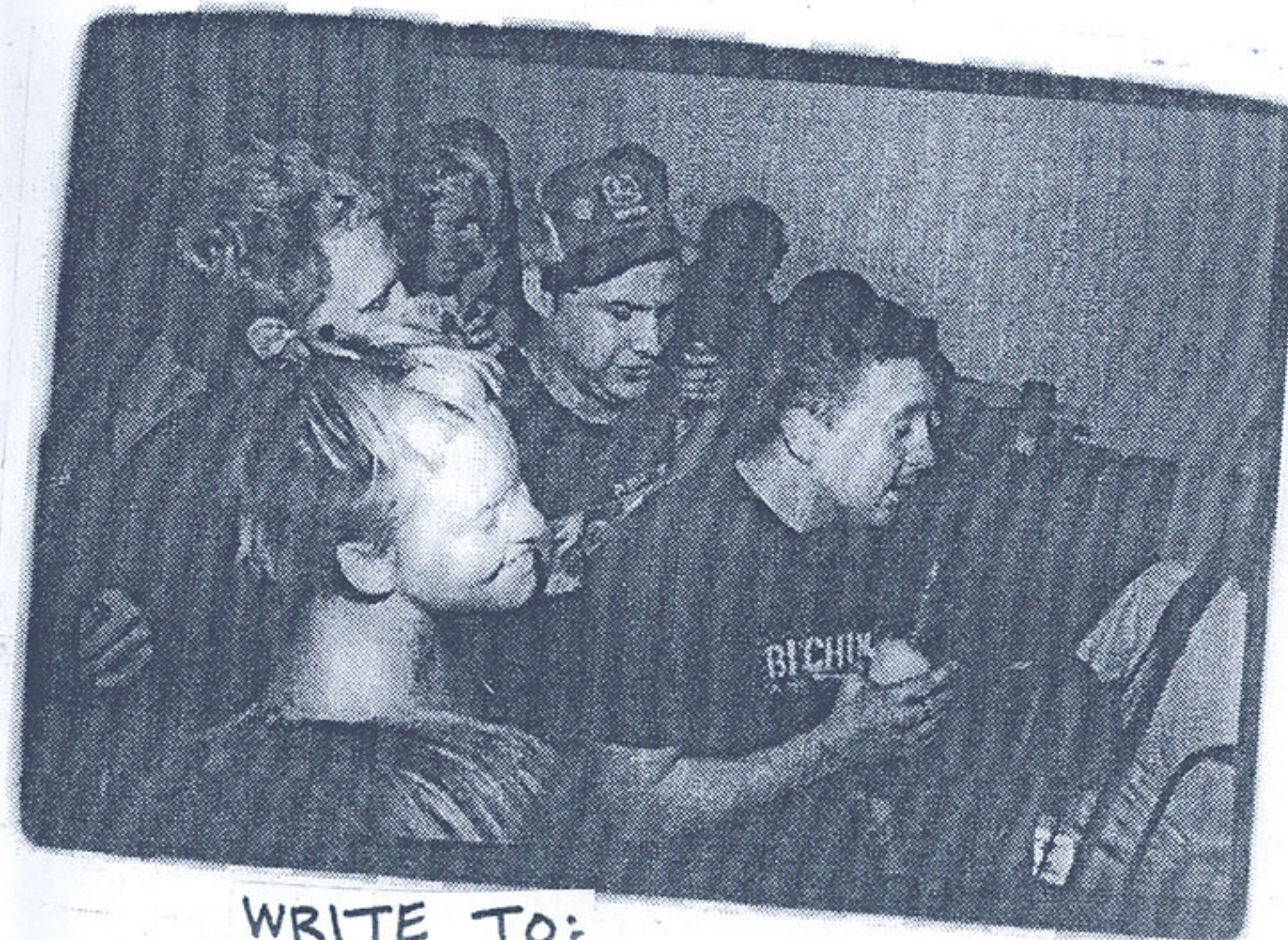
End of the World (aka. NO INDIAN CRY)

I put my trash in the trash can.
Won't make no Indian cry.
Next day it's gone, so it must be okay.
Somewhere it's piled up high!
The only rule that is always true in Nature is this:
You defile your environment every day you exist.
A 1968 Beetle,
Must be some kind of a joke:
The guy who drives it tells me not to eat meat and then
Drives off in billows of smoke.
The only rule that is always true in Nature is this:
You defile your environment every day you exist.
We're only yeast in human form, and as long as we're around,
We're like a fungus that's building up even while it's tearing down.
All your work to avert extinction only decelerates.
We can never bring it to a halt; we can't cheat our fate!
But I'm recycling bottles.
I'm riding trains and not cars.
And I accept a certain rate of decay,
So I can play my guitar.
The only rule that is always true in Nature is this:
You defile your environment every day you exist.
The only rule that is always true in Nature is this:
You defile your environment every day you exist.



THANK YOUSE

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ANANDI, THERESA, BITCHIN', THE CURSE,
JIMMY, CINQUE, JOSH PEACH, BEN
AND CASA FANTASMA, DAVID DONDERO,
ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT, MODERN MACHINES,
THE FUCKPIT, CHASED & SMASHED.



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ONION FLAVORED RINGS
1111 14TH AVENUE #11
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JOE DEMAREE RECORDING ENGINEER.

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AT FANTASY STUDIOS IN BERKELEY.

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