



AS A YOUNG MAN, MY FAVORITE PORN ACTRESS WAS JEANNA FINE

Most of the girls were playing at being playthings, but Jeanna was different. She was dominant and she wasn't playing. She wanted to cum. And I imprinted on that in a very serious way.

A few years ago, I came across an album from a California act called Chemical People. The 1988 record, So Sexist!, features a young Jeanna, hair charged up, pulling her top down on the cover. This was from early in her career, when she still looked very much the punk. In the photo she's unrecognizable from the woman I would later masturbate to.

I became enamored with Jeanna all over again.

I'm given to fixation and I got stuck on the idea of recreating the So Sexist! album art with a current photo of Jeanna, whose real name, it turns out, is the even-more-porn-sounding Angelique.

Reaching Angelique took a year of dead-ends before I grew frustrated and hired someone to find her.

She lived just forty minutes from my folks' place.

I wrote her. She wrote back. I sent her some records.

We talked on the phone. She came to one of our shows.

And she agreed to do the album cover.

Then Angelique was put on a medication that caused some weight gain. She wasn't comfortable with being in front of the camera until that issue was resolved. The album cover was on hold.

But we continued talking. About her family. About her pig and dogs and geese. About her life before, during and after porn. We both indulge tangents, so there's few topics we didn't touch on, if only by accident.

Self Defense lyrics typically focus on other people as a way to talk about myself. Angelique was providing so much focus, it became natural to interview her. I wanted to capture more than her looks.

Her voice mattered.

This album started by examining the seemingly small adolescent influences that shape my adult life. But it became something else. Angelique is more than an influence.

Her story stands on its own, without any need for my filter.

ENJOY OR DON'T

TITHE PIG

Remain here and keep watch with me
Distrust crowds
and don't leave the house
We'll balk, and dither, and grouse
Affirm there's nothing outside
Confirm there's nothing outside
Do your makeup and exercise
Get madeup for only my eyes
Toss your phone, it's useless
Throw your computer, it's useless
The event is purely invite
Our house is exclusive
So take the lamp down
Keep the shades drawn
I want me all to yourself
Pitchforks to everyone else
I want you to never yell
Tithe
Remain here and keep watch with me

NAIL HOUSE MUSIC

I found you in the witch elm
Who put you in the witch elm?
What fool dares to put his hand to me?
The book says, you must increase
And I must decrease
Don't lean on your own understanding
Bullshit spills out during canning

TURN THE FAN ON

A patchy beard
and he's slightly balding
His wife's at home
she won't stop calling
He places lips to nipple
He's crying
He places tongue to clit
and he's sobbing
2oz lighter, but he seems weighted
Leaves with the smell of two women
He drives with the window down
He pets the dog for an hour
Someone talked through the best part
You'll have to start again
Someone talked through the best part
Rewind the tape to its head
A patch of grass outside the clinic
His wife's at home, she gone ballistic
He places lips to palm
He starts crying
Finger to temple
He's sobbing
A half-oz lighter, but seems weighted
He drops her off outside new haven
He drives with the windows down
He pets the dog for an hour
Someone talked through the best part
You'll have to start again
Someone talked through the best part
Rewind the tape to its head

MISTRESS APPEARS AT FUNERAL

Dressed in black
I'm ready for mourning
show ample thigh to keep it sporty
Twice around the block
Sat an hour once parked

Doors creaked open
And everybody watched
Wife is doubled over with grief
She's pretty but pinched
the old model me
Heaven for him
was somewhere between
House cat and stray measured the same
I sit in the back, I wait for my turn
A cousin speaks, I keep eyes forward
I'm crying too much, people may guess
I stifle a choke
They certainly know
Coworkers and friends
How many suspect?
Siblings and mother
Can they smell it?
Wife is doubled over with grief
She's pretty but pinched
the outmoded me
Heaven for him
was somewhere between
House cat and stray measured the same
I kneel at my man, I take my time
Estate is theirs, but this is mine
Wife looks up, she finally sees
Unpleasant mirror, the miserable me
Heaven for him, but what did he leave?
House cat and stray rendered the same

APPORT BIRDS

It's not like you to go without me
It's out of character to go without me
It's not like you to go without me
It must be lonely there without me
I understand the pull of religion
when a loss won't stop itching
It's not like you to go without me
I can't imagine what it's like
without me
It's not like you to go without me
You're having a hard time without me
I felt the pull of religion
when the backhoe starts its digging

ALETTA

Simple folk need their love songs
idiots love an anthem
Dinner bell for the dumb
cattle-call for morons
Repeat a woman's name
keep your verses vague
Motivate yourself a singalong
Oh, Aletta, you have such nice skin
Oh, Aletta, you have such nice skin
Oh, Aletta, you have such nice skin
Oh, Aletta, nose-down in a tailspin
Caltrops for your racing thoughts
spiked pit for your feelings
Your stupid head hunted to extinction
Your wood-paneled brain
stress cracks in the frame
Mold and holes in the drywall

Oh, Aletta, you have such nice skin
Oh, Aletta, you have such nice skin
Oh, Aletta, you have such nice skin
Oh, Aletta, nose-down in a tailspin
The ground tore open
the Devil and I locked eyes

He said, "son, I wanna support ya
but it's like you don't even try"
I waited at the pier for you to resurface
I waited but you didn't notice

FEAR OF POVERTY IN OLD AGE

Spelling errors float in loose grammar
Wrong there again. Wrong too again
Feel dumb once. Feel dumb again
Ring finger cut off your left hand

Ugly lisp, frustrated stammer

Wrong time again, off time again
Hear the squeal of a braking van
Found yourself out of several grand

Partnership is security
Wedding ring a savings bond
at full maturity

Partnership is security
Gravity well sucks at the total annuity
Partnership is security
Spitting rules to maintain sad credulity
Partnership is security
Brain removed to ensure assiduity

Bank error floats in work chatter

Wrong form again, wrong file again
Feel dumb once, feel dumb again
Summer indoors lost your tan

Nasty limp, indelicate manner

Wrong hand again, left hand again
Here, the tragic company man
Stole yourself several hundred grand

Partnership is security, promise me

Partnership is security, promise me
Partnership is security, promise me
Partnership is security, promise me

Street person, piss soaked pants

Wrong mark again, wrong knife again
Feel dumb once, feel dumb again
Winter spent shooting drugs in a van

Will withered and bowed to matter

Wrong me again, wrong this again
Hear the sutures pop with intent
Time to burn the baby grand

WEIRD FINGERING

Life sends no surprises
The handsome are entitled
Life sends no surprises
The well dressed get invited
Life sends no surprises
Big tits win you prizes
Life sends no surprises
It aims piss on the insightful
But who wants you to win?
Who puts the pillow to your head?
And buries you

under your own toilet again?

No thrills are provided
Good ideas are derided

No thrills are provided
The rabble don't dare try it
No thrills are provided
It's religion or it's science
No thrills are provided
It adores the small-minded

But who wants you to win?
Who puts the pillow to your head?
And buries you
under your own toilet again?
No point in striving
The thin go on starving

No point in striving
It's wiggle or it's writhing
No point in striving
The bullshit smells enticing
No point in striving

DINGO FENCE

Do you live nearby?
Do you live nearby?
Do you live nearby?
Maybe we could go to your place now

All the dumb cocks
they get what they want
All the dumb cocks
they get what they want
All the dumb cocks
they get what they want
All the dumb cocks
they get what they want
All the dumb cunts
they get what they want
All the dumb cunts
they get what they want
All the dumb cops
they get what they want
All the dumb cops
they get what they want
All the dumb cops
they get what they want

If you're happy, I'm happy

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This is DW153









