

**THE UNCIVIL SOCIETY**



**FULL CIRCLE TOUR 2026**

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# D. DAY JAMBOREE



I first learned about the D. Day Jamboree in 2024. I was in contact with Craig Ibarra the author of “Wailing of a Town”, an amazing oral history about the Minutemen. I had just purchased a reprint of “The Prole”, a zine created by D Boon and Mike Watt. He put me on his mailing list and in early March I received the flyer.

I learned that to be part of this show each band had to include two Minutemen songs as apart of their set. At the time I was working on my “Counter Arguments” project - which interpreted the Minutemen’s cover of “Buzz and Howl” EP.



So I asked myself what Minutemen songs could I possibly learn and play so I could be part of this show. For some deluded reason I landed on the song “Cohesion” from Double Nickels on the Dime.



I gotta admit, I tried to play it on guitar, but I could not hold a candle to D’s understated mastery. I went ahead and put it into my sonic blender and synthesized the idea into an accompanying video with imagery of surface tension, honoring the artists whose songs I have turned into counterpoints and those wacky air walkers.





# CALLING ALL CORNDOGS!

My next project “Originals” was inspired by Woody Guthrie. In my research I learned that there was a facebook group dedicated to securing a nomination for D Boon to win the 2026 Woody Guthrie Prize.



Please understand that I have avoided any participation in social media since it’s inception. When I first heard about it in the early 2000’s it sounded amazing. A space where you could connect and collaborate with people all over the world. Yet, I realized that I am a difficult person who holds beliefs and opinions that are often contrary to mainstream thinking (coupled with the fact I have no social filters and enjoy conflict) I realized that I would not do well in that kind of space. So I doubled down on making zines and physical objects to send through the mail.

I did make a couple of comments in the group and ended up connecting with the organizer, Dave Dean when we struck up a chat about my top 5 Minutemen songs.



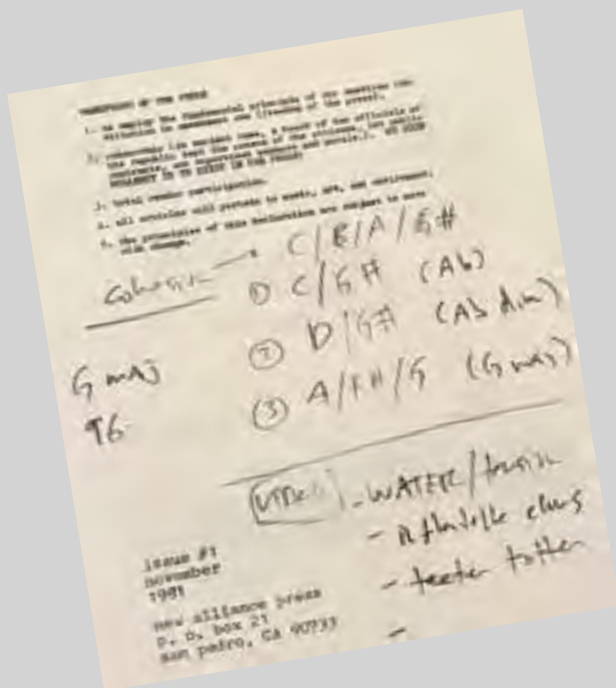
That chat got me thinking about what songs would I play at the Jamboree. Not one to be tethered to reality or social cues, I started to construct a set with the idea that I would spiel my thoughts and reflections about how the Minutemen inspired me as an artist over a bass line from a song.

As I started constructing the script and composing the music I envisioned a live album, kinda like the triple album that was never made and only later became “Ballot Result”

# CALLING ALL CORNDOGS!



The result of this idea became my next project “Hey Corndogs!” a tribute to D. Boon and the Minutemen. I realized that is how I could raise awareness to support the campaign for D. Boon to be posthumously recognized and celebrated for his contributions to music and activism.



To recognize D. Boon as a seminal American songwriter whose life, music, art and lyrics were beacons of justice and liberation for the downtrodden and oppressed seems fitting for this time in our story.

For me, the Minutemen were the first band that opened my ears and mind to music as a vehicle to tell it like I see it without compromise or apology and to play my songs as a way of taking a stand.

Now, more than ever with the events of our world combusting around us - we need to dig deep and channel our inner D in both voice and action to stand up and fight the oppression and injustice being unleashed.

On the record, I act as a Master of Ceremonies sharing D and Mike’s artistic manifesto as outlined in their zine “The Prole”. The opening track, “Start of Time” recalls the hot July evening in Southern California in 1984. Too hot to sleep, too young to be out, the sounds of college radio (shout out to KSPC 88.7) for opening up my mind to bands, songs and ideas that were alien to my cloistered experience in the Inland Empire. When I heard the “Glory of Man” it literally sent a bolt of electricity through me. I called the DJ to ask who the band was, he gushed about the Minutemen and their new record on SST. Within the week I had cajoled my mom to drive me down to Rhino Records in Claremont to buy my copy of “Double Nickels on the Dime”.





# TAKING A RISK

Part of my job includes mentoring students through writing a ten page research paper. This year I was fortunate enough to have a student who was passionate about skateboarding and wanted to use that as a topic. I have been skateboarding since I was 3 years old and was thrilled to support a student who shares a similar passion. I asked him about his favorite skate videos, hoping I would have an excuse to show my Powell Peralta Bones Brigade box set in class under the guise of “academic” research. His aesthetic was more aligned with the Santa Cruz, so I helped him locate the producer of his favorite video so he could interview him. for his paper The student asked me what if he says no? I replied that a “no is a yes waiting to happen”, and if you don’t ask you will never get what you want.



I went home that night and realized that I wanted to perform in the upcoming D-Day Jamboree. So I took a risk and followed my own advice. I sent e-mails to the owners/bookers for the Sardine asking if the event was still happening and when confirmed, I followed up and asked for a spot on the bill. In late December my 20 minute opening slot was confirmed.



Our family was in SoCal to visit my father when I got the news. I was going through family photos and discovered a trove of pictures from my parents. In the 1980’s bin I found evidence of my mother’s second career - being a Jazzercise Instructor during the apex of the Olivia Newton John inspired “Let’s Get Physical” aerobics craze. I realized that if I could include dance choreography into my performance I would be honoring her spirit.

My mom was a PE teacher for 27 years, she was the happiest teacher I ever knew because she got to wear sweat pants to work, play sports with kids all day and never grade a single paper!



We love you and miss you every day!

# HONORING MY PARENTS



I knew that my dad has always loved baseball and playing softball. As I was going through his photos I discovered his 50+ National Championship Ring and his tournament MVP medal.



When I asked him about it he casually said "oh I hit .900 and didn't make any errors that tournament". Shocked at this kind of unprecedented success I asked how he did it and he said "Baseball is a very simple game, I hit it where they weren't standing."



It turns out that for most of the '90's my dad was the hired "ringer" for semi-pro 50 Year and Older National traveling softball teams. Managers would call him up, offer to fly him to the tournament and pay for his hotel. All he had to do was to hit the ball where they were not standing.



I felt a great way to honor him was for me to start traveling to places to share my music and art!

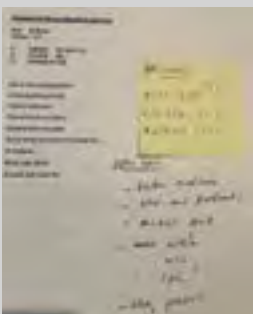
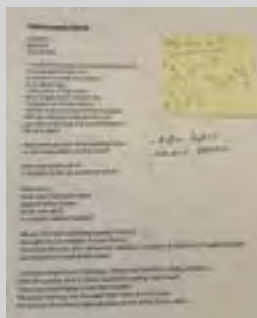
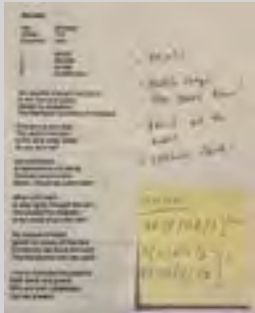
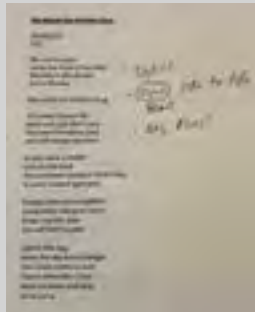
# LEARNING BY DOING - JAN

When we returned from SoCal in January the gravity of what I committed to sunk in. I remember my first night back and being jolted awake by a bolt of anxiety reminding me that I haven't performed in well over 20 years. So I did what I always teach my students when starting a project, that is to make a plan and production schedule.

Initially I thought that I would just play along to the videos with my acoustic bass and noodle out a Minutemen bass line while I was introducing the next song. Inspired by my mom's commitment to exercise I realized that I could honor her spirit by incorporating choreography into my video set. Twice a week I would project my set on the wall and respond to the lyrics with movements - kind of like a cross between a fat clown and a mime. What I valued about this 25 minute workout was I brought back my karate inspired stretching routine. This helped me not only gain flexibility but also minimized the small injuries and strains I caused while moving my body.

Once I determined the set I was going to play - I wanted to keep my set around 20 minutes and play songs that were not complete downers. I learned that with my earlier songs of my first two or three projects I did not consistently write or play time signatures or record the lyrics that made it into my songbook.

My initial attempts at creating choreography were trying to string together a series of disjointed movements. I quickly learned that I needed to be able to find a balance between a gesture that communicated the idea and be able to sustain my energy. One of my favorite performances of all time is James Brown at the 1964 TAMI Show I where he comes out on stage shimmying on one foot. I knew there is no way I would ever be able to hold a candle to this level of kinetic genius - but it was a good template to find what energy my ankles, knees and hips could produce and tolerate without being injured.



# LEARNING BY DOING - FEB

We practice to not only to improve but to encounter potential obstacles and create contingencies. I started including technical elements into my rehearsals. Unsure about how much control I would need over my audio, I purchased a Mackie Mix 5 which could handle all my inputs - the XLR from the wireless mic, Line in from the Projector and line in from my acoustic bass. When I was able to get signal flow I realized the mismatched impedance from the projector was making the audio sound terrible. I was forced to make a decision to either purchase another DI or not include the bass.

While thrift shopping with friends I found a 50" front projection screen for \$10.00 - a sign that I was going to do this performance. To prepare for the trip I found an inexpensive handle system on Amazon and reinforced the cardboard box with gaffers tape and decorated with stickers.

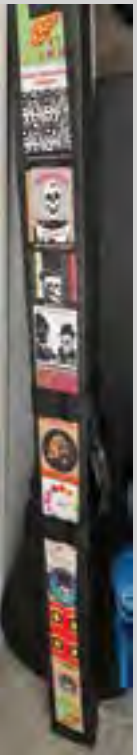


I also incorporated a wireless mic and fake countryman for my audio. The headset kept moving around during rehearsals and became a distraction. I purchased an omni with a good sized clip and that ended up working much better - once I remembered that I had to put the wire under my shirt so any gesture wouldn't rip the cord from the transmitter. I had to practice turning the mute switch off and on - but this gave me a moment to catch my breath and focus as a song was ending. I also incorporated changing the lyrics on the music stand as well - again this gave me a moment to gather my breath and focus on what I was doing next.



I discovered the best way to control transitions was to keep the remote in my hand - but early on while practicing it flew out across the room. Luckily it didn't break, but I bought a back up just in case. I had to Jerry-rig a leash system for the projector remote it held up pretty well.

As I progressed into developing my performance I had to reflect and come to terms with balancing my artistic vision vs. the reality of my own limitations. Initially I thought I would be playing along, and even singing/speaking the lyrics over the video like a karaoke. I learned pretty quickly I do not possess the chops or pipes to deliver a watchable performance. When I lived in Washington DC in the mid 90's I worked as a cook at Food For Thought, one of my co-workers was the drummer in a female punk band and she asked if I would like to be their Go-Go dancer? Of course I said yes. Inspired the image on the cover of Carol Adams book The Sexual Politics of Meat and invoking moves of Kathleen Lynch didn't win the band over enough to make this a full time gig.

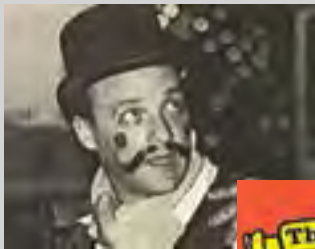


I thought my performance could be part mime, part go-go and part narrator. On my practice notes I wrote the quote from Emma Goldman "If I can't dance I don't want to be part of your revolution" - but as I got closer to the show my mantra became more aligned to Mark Twain "Dance like no one is watching". I also realized that D's Birthday is April 1st, so I committed to not only evoking the physical spirit of D Boon but also to dance like an April Fool with zero fucks given!!!!

# LEARNING BY DOING - MARCH

March drew me deep into my closet to see what elements from past personas I could incorporate. the Mr. O character was the MC of a chaos based televised variety show that I produced for San Francisco's cable access channel in the late 1990's. I was happy to discover the vest was still able to button over my middle aged belly. Initially, I envisioned wearing my A\_Non73 skull mask with my top hat. I learned after one rehearsal not only it is it a suffocating full rubber balloon but I was not able to see through the eyes to read the script or adjust the mixer. To make matters worse the natural reverb created by the enclosure make the countryman shriek with feedback.

My daughter helped me find a really cool half skull mask on Amazon. Once I applied the magic of Velcro to attach to the front of the top hat it worked. While the mask was secured and didn't interfere with the mic, the lower half of my face was exposed. Again my amazing eldest stepped in and taught me how to apply makeup - using setting powder, applicators, and finishing spray - heck even lent me her moisturized make up removal wipes! We spent an afternoon applying and finding the look .



By mid March the reality that I hadn't performed in front of an audience in over 20 years was starting to sink in. I was struggling with the fear of performing and letting it paralyze me. There was a week where I didn't practice and only stared at my costume. I understood that this was part of the process and simply sat with my fear, and let my little guy's doubt echo through me. As the date rapidly approached I was talking to my friend and collaborator of over 30 years Jo-Jo. He had just wrapped up a stint performing in a '70's cover band and offered me sage advice. You really need to perform live.



On the eve of the tour, I gave a full dress rehearsal/performance to my family. The first song they were a little stunned by what I was doing, but by the time the Lemons came on they were all singing along. After the show I asked for compliment sandwiches and was able to listen to both positive and questions about specific aesthetic choices I was presenting. I got packed up, made a lunch for the next day and felt prepared to go.



# THE JOURNEY BEGINS - 3/29

I was left the house super early, as I was pulling out the first song that came up on the radio was Oingo Boingo's "Outside Looking In" a band that was my first pop music love. The next song up was New Order's "Blue Tuesday", a song that I tried to pass off the lyrics as my own poetry as a sophomore in High School, tip my cap for trying. By the time I merged with the I-5 Sly Stones "Thank You" was on the radio and tears were welling up in my eyes over the feeling of love and support that my family gives me to do such a crazy ass adventure. I felt in that moment that many circles on this trip would be closed. Thanks fam! I love you.

The flight was delayed so I masked up and spent my time listening to my set and visualizing the movements. I remember seeing downhill skiers do this in the 1980 Winter Olympics, heck they won medals it could work for me too!

The flight was even more delayed at take off and my tardiness was compounded by spring breakers collecting luggage and not knowing how to rent a car. Luckily the cafe where I had booked an open mic slot was only about 10 minutes away. Like any rock star worth their salt I rolled in 45 minutes late.



Turns out Joe was right about testing things live. The tech that I brought didn't work - the wireless lav was set way too hot, my DI wouldn't give signal from the XLR, so I just stripped it down running the projector into the board and using a SM58. They didn't know how to turn down the stage lights, it really didn't matter because the whole room was so bright it nearly washed out my screen.

Undaunted, I stepped onto the stage, thanked those in attendance and told them I was accepted to be an Aztec in the mid 1908s but realized that my priorities at that moment in my life were to drink tequila, go to Tijuana to get tattoos and fight frat boys instead of studying. Charles the organizer said "I bet you would have been really good at that", I replied "I still am young man, I still am".

There were only 15-20 people in the cafe, half students studying and the rest were the band hanging out. For the most part they were all looking down at a screen. I realized that this was no different than my high school classes, so instead of shrinking I decided to break the 4th wall and run around the room during bridges.

I quickly learned that my Hoka shoes were way too grippy and that I could easily pull or tear something if I went off too hard. The students resonated with the more political songs in the set. As Marching Through Pedro ended I heard one student say "I think I need to check out this Minutemen band". As I was packing up the organizers came up to ask for an autograph. I pulled a Fugazi and asked for theirs instead.



# SAYING GOODBYE - 3/30



The other purpose for trip was not just to perform, but to spend some time with my father who as he puts it “is a short timer”. He recently admitted to me that he has cancer - all the signs are there, yet he never has gone to a doctor to confirm or seek treatment. What can you do,? Men are stubborn.

I think when he saw my mother do everything in her power to fight and lose her battle to cancer, he decided to let nature take it's course. He is down to about 125 pounds and carries that fetid odor that signals your body is losing a battle to faulty DNA.

Our family went down to visit over the holidays. I was really afraid during that trip - afraid for him dying, for my reaction, and my family's emotional response to loss. Now, I am not afraid for him or myself.

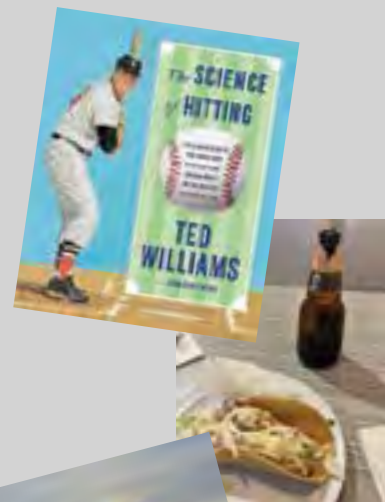


It is really sad for me to see how a life and a place where I have had so many great memories be reduced to an empty shell with some random possessions. It was a typically amazing early Spring day in San Diego and I needed to clear my head. One of our family's favorite places is at the southern end of Encinitas the Swami's meditation garden and beach. When I got there the garden was closed for maintenance.

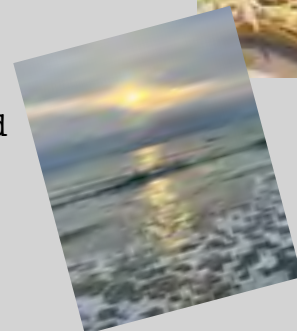


I discovered the city created their own park meditation garden and walking path right next door! I spent a good hour thinking about what makes me happy in life and remembering the good times with my father. I found a unique looking pod a bunch of circle that connected and took it as yet another sign.

My dad really can't eat any solid food these days - he lives on scrambled eggs and applesauce for the most part. He really likes chocolate shakes, and the last time down my wife brought him one from Shake Shack. I went to eat their overpriced and mid food for lunch and brought him a shake. He drank it down to the last drop! After he had his shake I spent the rest of the afternoon reading to Ted Williams “Science of Hitting” to him and comparing his hitting philosophy and approach of “The Splendid Splinter”.



I was hungry when I left and wanted to spend as little time in the grimy hotel room as possible so I walked over to Pelly's Fish Market I for some loco moco clam chowder and some fish tacos - amazing as always. I walked down to Ponto Beach to catch the sun set. It is always grounding to have brother Sea cleanse my feet as I honor Father Sun, Mother Earth, Wind, Moon, Stars and the unknown.



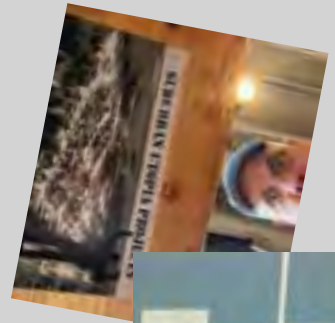
# LOS ANGELES - 3/31

The Broken Yolk was not open so I went to the Starbucks next door. I had heard that Tony Hawk gets a coffee there every morning on his way to his job at his half pipe. The Hash Breakfast scramble hit the spot as always.

After breakfast, I went to see my father. I had just bought him a reprint of the Titan 1960, his Senior year yearbook. It was fun to see pictures of my mom and the wild women she rolled with in a club called the Debutantes. Our conversation drifted into the dynamics and tensions of race and class that were on display in the yearbook. My dad prided himself on being friends to all. He had grown up on near the railroad tracks and went to elementary school with many of the students who came from poverty.

Traffic was light, the rental car had adaptive cruise controls which actually made it fun driving the freeways to LA. The music on my playlist was great, traffic flew until the 605 exchange.

I have only exchanged e-mails with Daryl, the Associate Editor of Razorcake. I wanted to say thanks for all their hard work so I offered to meet and buy lunch. While waiting in My Taco, I realized the possibility of being ghosted was high. But kind of like when I booked my speaking tour in the 90's using "Book your own life" he walks in on time, stands at the door and sees that I am the only gringo in the room, points at me and smiles. Turns out My taco is his regular lunch spot and when he got to the counter the owner said "the regular?"



The Sardine it is the kind of place you walk in and know you are home. Studio 4 and the Stork Club felt exactly the same way for me. So many things resonated with me - the place is a shrine to D and the Minutemen. Recess Ops has merch bins with so much cool stuff! I was able to slap SUP stickers everywhere and scope out the stage.

I settled into the booth up front to watch the game, in walks a diminutive disheveled man - but instead of the bouncers running him out they all said "Hi Randy". I realized that what was left of the front man for one of my all time favorites the Alley Cats.

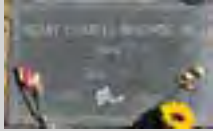
I introduced myself and confirmed it was him. We settled into the booth to watch the Dodgers, I asked him what was the first record he bought, he said he checked out Hank Williams I out from the library and made a recording and used that to learn his songs. I told him that my first purchase was Nightmare City I. We started talking about baseball, and his love for math. It was a great conversation - Thanks Randy!





# SAN PEDRO - 4/1

I went to the cemetery where D is buried and I placed three sunflowers on the headstone. It was grounding to stand there. I thanked him for his art, courage and conviction. I remembered that Charles Bukowski - another Pedro luminary was buried there. It took awhile to find his grave, it felt good to leave an offering and be inspired by his epitaph "don't try"

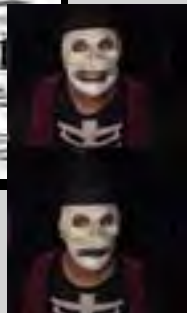


I had one flower left and felt I should honor my mom and dad. I went down to Cabrillo beach and walked out towards the tide pools and breakwater. Once settled I found a stack of fishing weights the triangles felt good in my hands and helped ground me. Getting my feet wet helped get my mind right for the show.

I went back to the room to take a nap and pre-pack for the flight. I was super nervous and let doubts percolate through me. I got to the Sardine early and talked to the regulars who opened the bar every day. I finally got to meet Craig, and yes Michael he is the GOAT! I offered to watch the door and direct patrons to pay at the bar while he set up the merch table in the Whale Room.

I put on my makeup and costume in the very punk rock bathroom and took a picture in the Photo Booth I. It was super inspiring to hear Minutemen songs being played over the PA before I went on. When the clock struck 8 I stepped on stage and started the show. When I announced to the room "Welcome Corndogs", I was loudly cheered.

The songs resonated with the audience the political content was cheered, and so cool so cool was applauded - most people watched the videos, some taped me dancing. It felt great to dance like no one was watching and lean into being an April fool.



I took over the big booth near the front door and spread out my Minutemen shirt took out my zines, cards, stickers and started going around and thanking people for coming and giving them stamped postcards to send to the Guthrie center.

The best compliment I received was from Linda Kite - D's girlfriend, she said "I admit that I really hate the song cohesion - mainly because she had to listen to D noodle out the riffs over the course of a couple of years - but you turned it into a dance song!"

# HOME - 4/2



Going to the car I encountered two raccoons making their rounds, and when ever I encounter any wildlife while out in the morning I tip my cap and say good morning. I was able to make it to LAX with no traffic the through check in without delay - the Alaska agent didn't even charge me for an overweight bag! On board I had a whole row to myself - it felt good to man spread all the way home!



The next morning I unpacked did my laundry and made packages for those who supported me along the way. I brought home Sardine swag for the family. The trucker captain's hat has quickly become my favorite. I also took the time to send postcards and stickers to those who supported me during this journey. I hope you received your gift, and please know I am eternally grateful.

I am excited to revise and update the art in my office by adding the t-shirt and stickers to the buttons and corn dog . I will start planning this for Father's Day.

Before I left for the tour I took my son to the library to return some books. In the large meeting room I heard music echoing out. As the session was ending. I found out who was the organizer, introduced myself and asked if I could bring my acoustic bass.



As the next Saturday approached I was nervous but showed up to jam. Everyone was welcoming and I did my best to read the tab and play along . When the circle came around to me to pick my song to jam I asked if they had Woody Guthrie's "This Land is Your Land". The a kind lady next to me exclaimed, "I love that song, we need this now more than ever".



## **Tour spiel/thank you**

- Mike T. Fournier - for starting me on this journey
- Craig Ibarra - for putting up with my perseveration
- Dave Dean - for helping me connect to the D-Day Jamboree Crowd
- Josiah and Mr. Winner - for giving me a safe space to work out the bugs
- The Sardine - for being an amazing living shrine to the Minutemen

## **SUBURBAN UTOPIA PROJECTS**



*"Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)"*

*-Sly and the Family Stone*



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