

THE MAKING OF *BIG BOYS DICKS*

Mark Goodman



Raul's ticket window, Austin, Texas, 1980

The 1980 punk rock scene in Austin, Texas centered on Raul's club, featuring the Big Boys, the Dicks, and their fans. *BIG BOYS DICKS* is a history and photographic portrait. From the book's introduction: "My own life changed in July 1980 when I moved from New York, where I spent a decade photographing children in one small town, to teach photography classes at the university in Austin. I was in my early thirties, lived three blocks from the Drag, and regularly walked about the neighborhood carrying a 120mm twin-lens camera with a flash plugged into a 510-

volt battery pack, asking people if I might photograph him or her on the spot. My brief encounters with punk rock participants were casual and unplanned. A student's boyfriend played bass in a band (the Shades), and the night they played at Raul's (along with the Big Boys), several of us went to see and hear them after class. On a Sunday afternoon, *a punk fashion show* was held at Blitz, *a secondhand clothing store—and more*, featuring short performances by the Stains and the Dicks; the *Torn Panties*, not a band, but a gang of girls who ran around with the Dicks, dressed in DIY costumes for the event. By chance, I photographed at the Dicks' first record release party held inside Inner Sanctum Records (now, a Starbucks), just around the corner from the Drag and a couple of blocks south of Raul's where the Dicks and the Big Boys and other band members (none of whom I knew anything about), fans, and college students congregated."

Although many of the pictures I took in and around Raul's club seemed exciting at the time, the negatives were exasperating to print. I placed each 120mm roll of developed film into transparent file sleeves before cutting out individual square frames of the punk rock scene to enlarge; I soon threw away most of what I printed and also some of the negatives—a form of do-or-die extreme editing—but kept the remainder in a small bundle held together by a rubber band, stored in a drawer out of sight. Then I turned my attention to photographing other places. In 1982, I bought a camera with a 100-degree angle of view fixed lens and chose a new subject, Austin's original square mile, the central business district. I circled around this mid-point and the razing of the forty-year-old Woolworth's five-and-dime (and every other structure on that block but one) at Sixth Street and Congress Avenue, where One American Center was being constructed; this 32-story skyscraper symbolized a small city's ambitions to become a major metropolis. Nearly four decades later, One American Center barely stands out among Austin's dense skyline.

In the mid-aughts, I made two unique books about my parents that included four identification photos and biographical medical notes, a kind of his and hers *memento mori*. Starting in 2007, I began working with Peter Williams at AgavePrint to create three small 24-page rectangular books of images and text, later boxed together under the title, *Self-Portrait*. The first contained family snapshots from my childhood; the second was a short reminiscence accompanied by twenty 35mm and 4x5 inch photographs taken before, during and after attending a Minor White photography workshop in 1970; and the third was about my experiences at Apeiron, a photography teaching center, located five miles south of Millerton, New York, a school and village where I immersed myself as a photographer. After completing this personal history trilogy, I wanted to make a fourth book using the punk rock pictures, negatives still unprinted but never forgotten. I selected a few that looked promising after digital corrections were made, but when viewed as tiny snapshots on palm-sized rectangular pages (the size of the previous books) they seemed cramped and muffled. It wasn't until they were presented larger on 10x10 inch square pages that they became energized. As the book's scale expanded, more than a handful of pictures would be needed. I gambled that enough relevant and vital negatives survived to shape a book that rang true.

From spring through fall of 2008, I wrote a text and shuffled through my remaining pack of negatives deciding which ones to include. I didn't work from a blueprint, but tried to improvise something visual that would be the equal of a short song played in tune very fast. The photographs and text were laid out as a book on Peter Williams' computer; after our work sessions, I sometimes left with a laser printed version that recorded where we left off. I cut out and taped these individual pictures onto blank sheets of paper held together by a binder clip—a book dummy that I assembled and reassembled; at other times, I placed the pictures on the floor to eyeball and ponder, moving them around, again and again, as if doing a jigsaw puzzle or seeking answers from a Ouija board. Once or twice a month, Peter emailed me a PDF of page spreads that I scrolled through on my computer, trying to envision a book I could hold in my hands. The earliest rectangular version and all subsequent laser prints weren't saved, but nine work-in-progress PDFs from 2008 still exist. Five of them, plus the next to last PDF from the 2015 Blurb book, can be seen below.

June 3, 2008, work-in-progress

The text was roughly put in and a listing of band names in alphabetical order stuck on at the end. Eighteen photographs were included in this semi-undisciplined structure; the first two pictures were band flyers taped to a wall promoting shows. First, *Big Boys June 5* with the collaged caption, "Whose remains are in the bag?" and, the second, *the Dicks, the Inserts and the Rejects—Raul's*, with the slogan, "Workers of the world unite! Workers of the world start a band!" This version's concluding image showed remnants of innumerable band flyers stapled or taped to a telephone pole on the Drag. These three photos were always going to be somewhere near the beginning and ending of the book. Of the images on facing page spreads, only the portraits of the two young women remained opposite each other throughout subsequent layouts; in the portrait on the left of this pairing, anomalies caused by film developing "gremlins" and a harsh direct flash reveal what made printing these negatives in the wet darkroom infuriating, but were later resolved by Peter Williams through digital printing means.

June 26, 2008, work-in-progress

The checkerboard endpaper pattern first appeared here, but was later removed from the 2008 book due to registration issues and replaced with a solid black sheet; the checkerboard, however, found its way back into the 2015 Blurb book and onto its dust jacket. A short list of punk rock band names opened this version of the book with double page spreads, names "A" through "I," opposite the photo of Glen Taylor's guitar, and "J" through "V," opposite the Randy Turner photo at the microphone holding a gun; these two images would later be placed directly across from each other. Within a month the band names were also eliminated from the 2008 book, though in the 2015 Blurb book they were restored as an afterword. This was the first version that included, *Sources: A Selected Bibliography*, and the final title page typography (designed by Peter Williams) that was used with subtle refinements throughout all later editions. Two photos on facing pages that struck a

harmonious chord across the book's gutter, reading as if both were almost one—a sort of visual duet—stayed in place. A few pairings were changed, other photographs added, but the book's sequence of pictures—its flow and melody and variety—was beginning to take shape.

July 18, 2008, work-in-progress

The solid black boxes—editorial humming—were placeholders for as yet to be determined pictures. The search for the book's finale continued.

July 30, 2008, work-in-progress

The book's prelude was recognizable, but needed one more band flyer photo to kick things off. The sequence was mainly in place, black boxes gone, and image print quality improved; the photo of Raul's graffiti covered ticket window near the end of the previous version was replaced by the image of a guy with his arms waving in the air dancing to the music of the Shades, becoming the conclusion of the book's main section. The postlude was still random; images—simply parked—not yet placed.

November 4, 2008, work-in-progress

This was almost the final iteration of the 2008 book. The leadoff picture was found—a flyer for Next, a band playing at Raul's, taped to a pole on the Drag; the last section of pictures was in order, and the two neck-and-torso "portraits" faced each other. The thumbnail page was positioned opposite the list of titles for each photograph. The bibliography heading was shortened from *Sources: A Selected Bibliography*, to a less academic sounding, *Sources*. Across from the colophon page, a photo of the scrawled words, "Kill. No tourist death to you," written on the outside wall at Raul's, became the ending. Just before printing the book, a change was made to the colophon page. Meredith Miller at Punchpress bound the books, but did not make slipcases; instead, Jace Graf at Cloverleaf Studio fashioned clamshell presentation boxes.





2008 *Big Boys Dicks* with presentation box

(Book photos courtesy of Cloverleaf Studio)

A sixty-four page, hardbound book with an ivory cloth cover in a subtle checkered pattern; hand-sewn binding and headbands in white silk thread; BIG BOYS DICKS stamped on the front board of the cover in black foil; and a Mylar dust jacket. Box is a full cloth drop spine with silver paper lined tray base interior; and BIG BOYS DICKS stamped on front board of the box in silver foil.

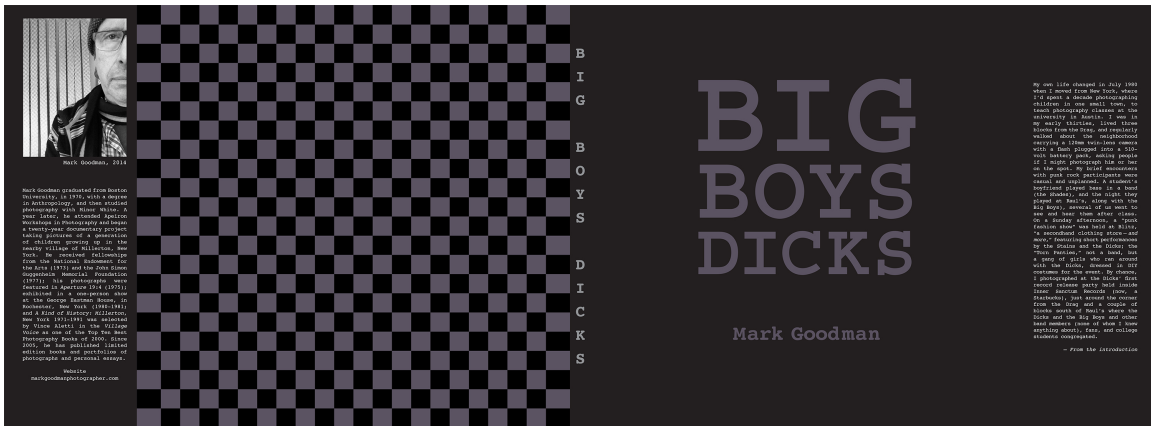
Size of book: 10 1/4 x 10 1/4 x 7/8 inches

Size of box: 11 1/8 x 10 7/8 x 1 3/8 inches

Limited to an edition of five copies

These books were never sold. Perhaps a secret admirer covets one copy (# 4/5) lost in 2014 by a delivery service company, if it wasn't destroyed somewhere along the transit line. Another copy (# 3/5) may be seen at the University of Texas at Austin, Fine Arts Library Special Collection.

ML 421 B54 G6 2008, Library Use Only.



2015 dust jacket *Big Boys Dicks* Blurb edition

December 2015, the next to last Blurb version

The dimensions of this sixty-two page hardbound book increased from the previous 10x10 inch version to 12x12 inches; the text was shortened and re-edited; *Sources* was changed once more, this time to *Suggested Readings*; the checkerboard end papers and an expanded list of band names were restored, and an illustrated dust jacket added. The sequence of photographs in the Blurb edition remained identical to the 2008 book with one exception; the close-up of the guitar (Glen Taylor of the Dicks) and the gun pointed at the audience (Randy Turner of the Big Boys) were reversed, making the pair seem less like a battle of the bands. This PDF incorporates that change, however, the two thumbnails weren't reversed; a few Blurb books were printed before that correction was made.

Copies of the December 2015 Blurb edition & the October 2015 Blurb Proof #1 may be seen at the University of Texas at Austin, Fine Arts Library Special Collection.

ML 421 B54 G6 2015 & ML 421 B54 G6 2015B, Library Use Only.

The link to the BIG BOYS DICK page on the BLURB site:

<http://www.blurb.com/b/6763580-big-boys-dicks>

The link to MARK GOODMAN'S web page:

<http://www.markgoodmanphotographer.com>

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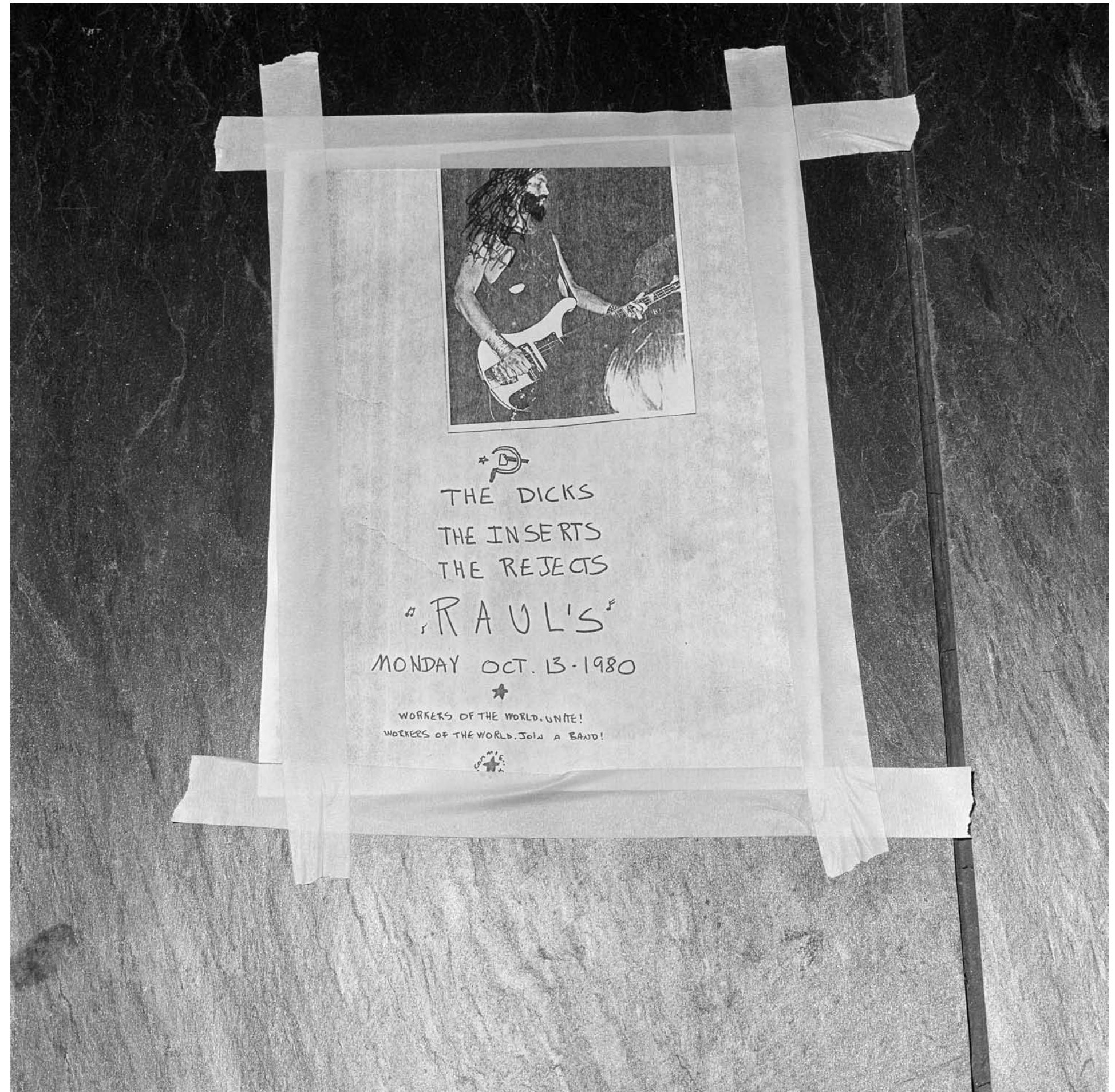
June 3, 2008, work-in-progress

passing belief. most
BIG BOYS
JUNE
5

those relations are in the bag?



BIG
BOYS
DICKS



SCENE SEEN

Roy "Raul" Gomez, a fast food franchise distributor, owned Raul's Nightclub (some called it a dive), though he was rarely present. Joseph Gonzales, a large man who carried a gun, was the proprietor, and Bobby Morales, an even larger man, was the bouncer. The club opened in January 1978 at 2610 Guadalupe Street in Austin as a bar featuring accordion-driven, Tex-Mex (Tejano) music. Guadalupe, commonly known as the Drag near the University of Texas, runs about a mile or so and cuts the western edge of the campus delineating the educational complex on the east side from the commercial interests on the opposite side. Beyond the Drag, the West Campus residential neighborhood housed the majority of UT's numerous Greeks: fraternity brothers whose identity was defined by sporting white golf hats at all times and their sorority sisters who, because of the way they arranged their hair, were called bow-heads.

Live music in Austin in the seventies comprised the cosmic cowboy transcendental sounds of peaced-off rednecks, ex-hippies in cowboy boots and blue jeans, blending folk and country; or pissed-off outlaws, country musicians reacting against the clean cut image and sound of the Nashville Music Industry, who put authenticity back into honky-tonk hero songs about sex, drugs, and drinking. By the end of the decade, "looking for love" smooth urban cowboys were fleetingly in all the discos and other "wrong places"; while the hard-driving wild electric guitar heroes entered the scene with black-influenced blues and rock music brought back home after being electrified by British bands. The loud, louder, loudest hardcore punk DIY ("Do-It-Yourself") sound that started to shake some people up in 1976 when the New York anti-hero band, The Ramones, shouted out stripped-to-the-basics, fast, untutored, raw songs, without a nod to either blues or country, and were immediately followed and exploited by the manager-

created British bands, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, before they and their coterie exploded almost overnight into clichés and entrancing myths.

All three groups toured Texas. The Ramones appeared live at the Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin on July 14, 1977 and The Clash on October 4, 1979. But it was the Sex Pistols surprising gig at Randy's Rodeo in San Antonio, a boot-scooting country & western dance hall and former bowling alley, an hour and a half drive south of Austin on January 8, 1978 (Elvis Presley's birthday), that sparked the possibilities of musical performance being transformed into highly charged performance art for the half-dozen central Texas real or wannabe musicians who attended. That night, the Sex Pistol's drummer and bass guitarist kept the background beat while the self-destructive Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten, more than trying to sing, verbally baited and antagonized the decidedly non-punk crowd by screaming at them such things as, "All cowboys are faggots!"

Three weeks after the Sex Pistol event, during Raul's one night a week open to non-Tejano music performers, two new Austin music groups, the almost all-grrrl band, Violators (three teenage girls -- Kathy Valentine, a future member of the Go-Go's; Carla Olson, later of the Textones; Marilyn Dean -- and Jesse Sublett, the one token guy on bass) and the Skunks (Sublett, again, with Fazz Eddie Munoz, later of Plimsouls) performed their garage band-style act. Joseph Gonzales soon convinced Raul's owner to let him open the stage to the slew of other quickly forming local punk rock-style bands (by the end of the year there were at least thirty in Austin and hundreds more in cities and college towns across the country) even though Gomez didn't particularly care for the music. By summertime, four or five good, bad, and worse bands (some with only three

or four songs in their repertoire) regularly started taking to the stage after auditioning for Gonzales.

On September 19, 1978, the Huns' lead singer, Phil Tolstead (who earlier, along with all of the Violators, Eddie Munoz, and Steve Earle, had separately, attended the mayhem at the Sex Pistol's gig in San Antonio) was arrested on-stage at Raul's for abusive language, disorderly conduct, and resisting arrest at the band's debut performance. A uniformed police officer, who was called inside the club on a noise complaint by two plainclothes policemen who were already present, didn't like what he was seeing and hearing. The Huns and the audience were throwing garbage and beer back and forth at each other, recreating their notion of a perfect performance of punk pandemonium. With the arrival of the officer at the club's entrance, Tolstead started staring him down while shouting out a song about STDs, Eat Death Scum! -- "I hate you! I hate you! I want to bludgeon your pussy with mace!" The cop slowly made his way towards the stage to tell the band to lower the volume, but when he finally stepped onto it, Tolstead took him by surprise and fleetingly kissed him on the lips. As he was being handcuffed, Tolstead yelled, "Start a riot!" Of the one hundred and twenty people present, five patrons were hauled off to jail by the two plainclothes cops, while more than fifteen squad cars arrived at the scene. Raul's ceased being an unknown Tejano bar, and suddenly became the punk rock club in Austin.

News of the event ran in The Daily Texan, the university student newspaper, since most of the Huns were Radio, Television, and Film undergraduate majors. It became a national issue when Rolling Stone picked up the story, and an international one when the British magazine, New Music Express, ran it, too. This extensive publicity created an intense curiosity among college students at

the state's largest university to see what was happening two blocks north of UT's College of Communications. On the 1995 reissue of their 1979 album, Live at the Palladium, Tom Huckabee, drummer for the Huns, claimed: "But our mission wasn't musical." The band had formed less than six months earlier and most of them couldn't seriously play their instruments; nor could Phil sing -- he had the look and the moves, but not the voice. (Five years later Tolstead found God and became an evangelist.) Huckabee continued, "Our mission was to stir the shit, cure boredom, and strip the gears of musical privilege in Austin, represented by the folk, blues, and cosmic cowboy oligarchies." They were provocative poseurs, though Huckabee and others summed up some of his band mates simply as "assholes." This probably wasn't an altogether pejorative statement since the Huns' immediate role models, Johnny Rotten and Sid Viscous, were called the same as they fomented the appearance of anarchy between themselves and their audiences -- the flash of being revolting and incendiary.

For three years, the fun of raging, drinking, dancing, and watching bands battling their instruments, each other, and their audiences pulsed from Raul's on the Drag nightly. It became the nexus where punks and frat boys, art students and skaters, teenage runaways and ex-hippies, the lost and confused and the few who had discovered newly workable identities, eyeballed, crossed paths, confronted, or sidestepped one another as clashing and contradictory communities. Each group was the others' freak show. Punks in leather jackets paraded up and down the street. Frat boys drove muscle cars back and forth along the Drag, at times throwing empty long necks (Lone Star beer bottles) at the punks standing outside of Raul's. When frat boys ventured inside the club to holler "Faggots!" and harass the punk bands with cat calls, spit, beer,





and play-act at violence or in earnest, they were answered back with, "Suck my dick!" or "Go start your own band!"

To memorialize and promote punk rock at Raul's, a two 12" disc LP, *Live at Raul's*, was released in 1979. The music was recorded at the club during specially arranged, sparsely attended afternoon sessions (this quiet atmosphere left out the raucous and boisterous interaction between the bands and audiences which was the critical aspect of the nighttime experience) and featured five groups: The Explosives, The Standing Waves, Terminal Mind, The Next, and The Skunks. Each band had two songs apiece, one on each disc symmetrically sequenced -- order, not chaos; it was a sound track lacking the essence and energy of the true synergetic experience. In early 1980, after two years of ownership, Gomez, whose intention had been to expand the audience and market for Tex-Mex music outside of Hispanic East Austin, but who had inadvertently set the stage for an altogether different music scene, sold the club to Steve Hayden who kept the name and an exclusive punk music lineup; the club closed for a two month remodeling and then reopened with a refurbished interior and a new sound system. Scores of punk bands from Austin and around Texas played Raul's. Sharon Tate's Baby played the club sixty-six times. The Psychedelic Furs headlined Raul's on their first national tour in 1980. Big name performers -- Patti Smith, Elvis Costello, Blondie, Cheap Trick, and The Clash -- were invited to drop by after hours to jam with the locals when they were in town, and sometimes they did. A second double 7" album, *Recorded Live at Raul's Club*, was made on September 19th and 20th -- the second anniversary of the Huns' riot. This time only the

Big Boys and the Dicks, two of the most popular bands during Raul's third and final year, were featured.

The Big Boys first played at Raul's in November 1979, though Randy "Biscuit" Turner, lead singer of the band, had been attending the club before the Big Boys formed. Randy was thirteen years older than Chris Gates, the youngest band member, who was still in high school when they first met in 1974. Tim Kerr was a few years older than Chris. The three were skateboarding pals initially, not musicians. Chris and Tim decided to form a band after hearing Biscuit's stories about his nights at Raul's and the Battle of the Bands that he'd witnessed there. Both Chris and Tim played guitar and they asked Biscuit to be the singer since that's what he did while skating; he had natural in-your-face front-man presence. Biscuit was openly gay, often dressed in costumes on stage and off (gold choir robes, jumpsuits with ballerina outfits underneath, a Goth clown get-up, muumuus, cowboy outfits, and, at least once, only sawdust and motor oil). He was off-the-wall, had a sense of humor, and was fun to watch. The music the band created and later developed was diverse, not just loud or fast or angry, a concoction of funk and ska, reggae and rock -- a.k.a. skate punk. The music and the personality of the band was summed up by the title of the album they released in 1982, Fun Fun Fun. In the beginning, punk music was not only Do-It-Yourself, but also Do-Whatever-The-Fuck-You-Wanted; later, attitudes, fashions, and behaviors solidified into a more limited and rigid ideology. The Big Boys remained active as a band until 1984; during that time, they made a debut single, Frat Cars, three full-length LP albums, a 12" EP; and the split

live album with the Dicks. In 1993, two retrospective CDs, The Skinny Elvis (early years) and The Fat Elvis (last years), were issued.

Gary Floyd created the Dicks as a poster band in 1980. Xerox flyers were the common means of advertising shows; 8 1/2 x 11 inch handbills were stapled and taped to telephone poles and walls up and down the Drag and downtown on Congress Avenue and Sixth Street, the entertainment district. Floyd's first posters promoted gigs by a "band" that didn't know how to play, in clubs that didn't exist, but made people aware of them, even convincing a few that they'd actually heard them. After "disbanding" the two members without instruments, Floyd, who like Biscuit was a cross-dressing openly gay singer, joined up with Buxf Parrot, Pat Deason, and Glen Taylor -- three straight "terrorist thugs" who played bass, drums, and guitar -- giving Floyd the newly found confidence to be totally outrageous. The Dicks became a performing band, released the 1980 7" EP single, Dicks Hate the Police, and continued playing hard and fast rage music that was raw, manic, and off-key for two years before Floyd moved to San Francisco in October, 1982 where he created a third version of his band that lasted four more years. A reissued CD collection, The Dicks 1980 - 1986, with twenty-one songs, came out in 1997. Later, reminiscing about his days in the Austin punk rock scene, he felt that the experience for him was less about jumping on a musical bandwagon that was inspired by the Sex Pistols, than it was the means and excuse to change his personal life for the better.

My own life changed when I moved from rural New York State (where I spent a decade photographically documenting children in one small town) to Austin in July 1980 to teach at the University of Texas. I was in my mid-thirties, and during my first four months in Austin, I lived three blocks from the Drag at 21st Street and Rio Grande. I regularly walked throughout the West Campus

neighborhood, up and down the Drag, and around the campus with my two-and-a-quarter square camera around my neck, asking anybody (but children) if I might photograph him or her on the spot.

My brief encounters with punk rock participants were casual. A student's boyfriend played bass in a punk band (The Shades), and the night they appeared at Raul's (along with the Big Boys who also performed), several of us went to see and hear them after class. On a Sunday afternoon, a "punk fashion show" was held at Blitz, "a secondhand clothing store -- and more," that featured short performances by the Stains and the Dicks. Then, by chance, I photographed the crowd at a Dicks' record release party held at Inner Sanctum Records on 24th Street, a record store and forum for spontaneous conversations on all things relating to rock 'n' roll, at that time celebrating its tenth year of operations. This was just around the corner from the Drag and a couple of blocks south of Raul's, where the Dicks and the Big Boys and other band members (none of whom I knew anything about), fans, and UT students killed time between afternoon classes packed in the small store and adjacent parking lot. The only person who spoke to me at this event was a frat boy wearing a sport jacket, tie (he loosened it for the occasion), Ray Ban sunglasses, and a "Fuck Off & Die!" button that he pinned to his lapel. Unsolicited, he proudly explained that he fit into any world -- the punk world, the frat world, the business school world -- by adding a few accessories; he then began shouting along with everyone else as the Dicks started to perform their single. Perhaps it really wasn't as much a world as it was a mixer -- a social opportunity for people to get acquainted,

try on roles for size, pose, flirt, and fantasize about themselves, and each other.

Since I went to all of these events as an interloper only to photograph, by springtime when I discovered that I preferred walking in the intense heat of the late afternoon along quiet, almost deserted streets, I stopped. I became fascinated with the play of sunlight on buildings in the central business district, many of which were being torn down to make way for new office towers in the never-ending revitalization of downtown Austin. On April Fool's Day 1981, Raul's permanently closed. Hayter sold the property to a frat bar franchise named, The Texas Showdown Saloon, an operation that featured commercially manufactured background music in a venue with a beer garden, pool tables, and dart boards; it is still successfully operating more than a quarter century later. In the end, the jocks and homecoming queens took back the field. What was once scrawled on the outside wall of Raul's ticket booth directly by the front door, "No tourist death to you," a threat and a promise, of Us versus Them, became Raul's and the punk habitués' own epitaph.⁵ Spot, Aces 88, Action Toys, AK47, Austin Stranglers, Bag of Wire, Bang Gang, Big Babies,

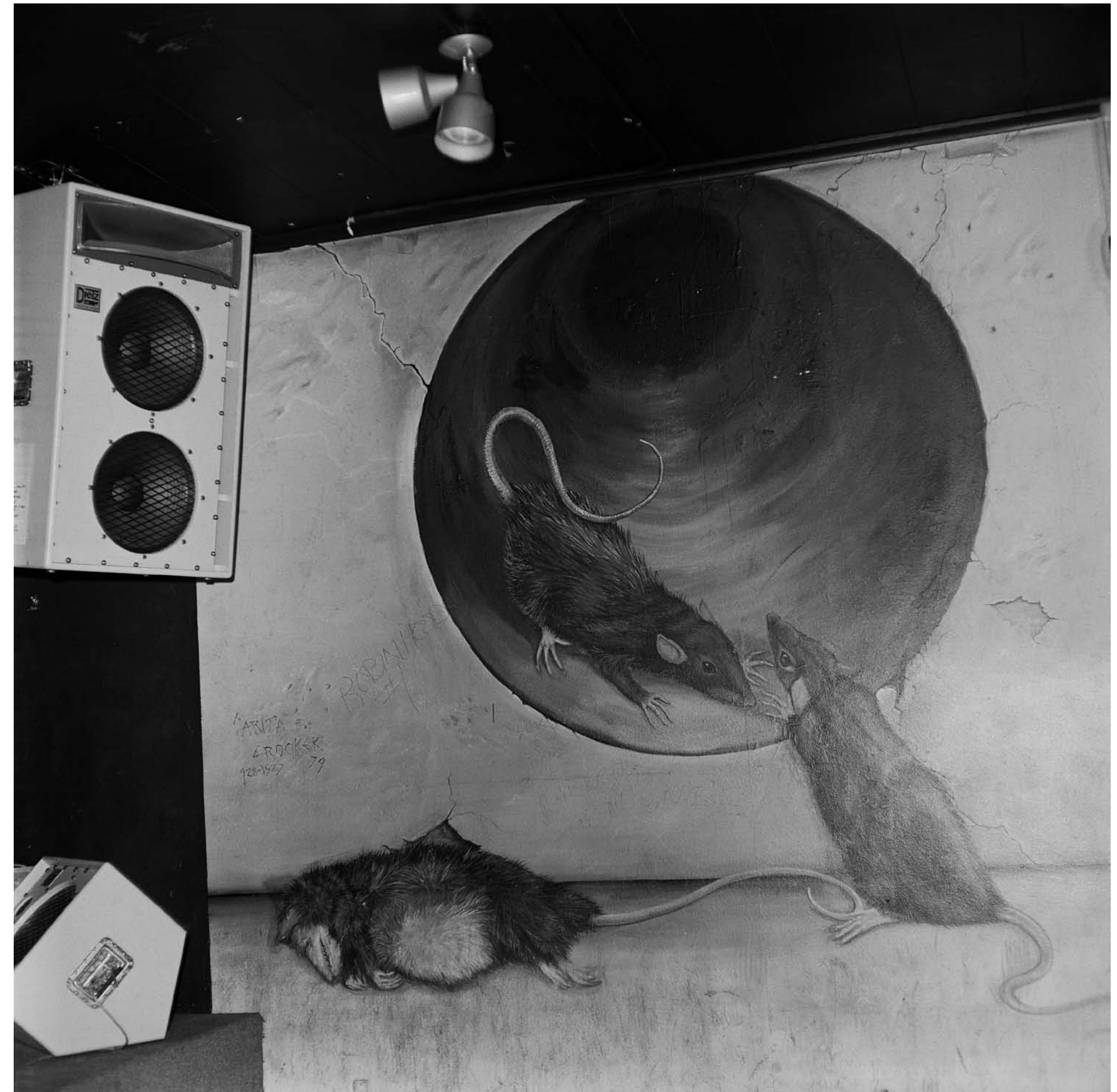
Big Boys

Bizarros, The Blame, Bobby Soxx, Bodysnatchers, Bomb Squad, Boy Problems, Butthole Surfers, Casa-Novas, Charismatics, Chickadiesels, Commandos, Complete Control, Court Reporters, Cringe, Culturecide, Da Da Curve, D-Day, Degenerates, Delinquents, Delta 72, Derelicts, Devices,

Dicks

Dishes, Dot Vaeth, Dirty Rotten Imbeciles, Droogs, Eddie and the Inm'8s, Ejectors, Electric Tools, Electros, The Enemy, Roky Erickson, Explosives, F-Systems, Fad, Final Notice, Finz, Fix, Foams, Fragments, Fuck Ups, Fudge Tunnels,

Gator Family, Gays, God On Drugs, Happy Death, Haskells, Hates, Hickoids, Hole, Hormoans, The Hugh Beaumont Experience, The Huns, Inanimate Objects, Incomparable, Ideals, The Infected, The Inserts, Insex, Invisibles, The Jacks, Jerry's Kids, The Jitters, Joy Division, The Judys, Kamikaze Refrigerators, Killerwattz, Legionaire's Disease, Lewd, Lift, Mannequin, Marching Plague, Max and the Make-ups, Meat Joy, Millions of Dead Cops, Mistakes, Mydolls, Mystery Dates, Non Compos Mentis, Nervebreakers, The Next, No!, Not For Sale, Offenders, Other Guys, Perverted Popes, Plastic Idols, Playthings, Plutonians, Radio Free Europe, Radio Planets, Ralphs, Rattlecats, Reactors, Really Red, Recipients, Re*Cords, Red Rockers, Rejects, Reptilicus, Sally and the Norvells, Scarecrows, Schematics, Scratch Acid, Secret Science, Sensuous Plastique, The Shades, Sharon Tate's Baby, Skylab, Skuds, Skunks, Skyscrapers, Sluts, Spies, Stains, Standing Waves, Stick Men with Rayguns, Stiff Kittens, Superman's Girlfriend, Teenage Popeye, Teenage Queers, Telefonos, Terminal Mind, The Tix, Toxic Reasons, Toxic Shock, Uncalled 4, Uranium Savages, Vamps, Vast Majority, Vendettas, Violators, Volumatrix, Voracious Tarts, Vomit Pigs, Whoom Elements



Mark Goodman 1980 & 2008

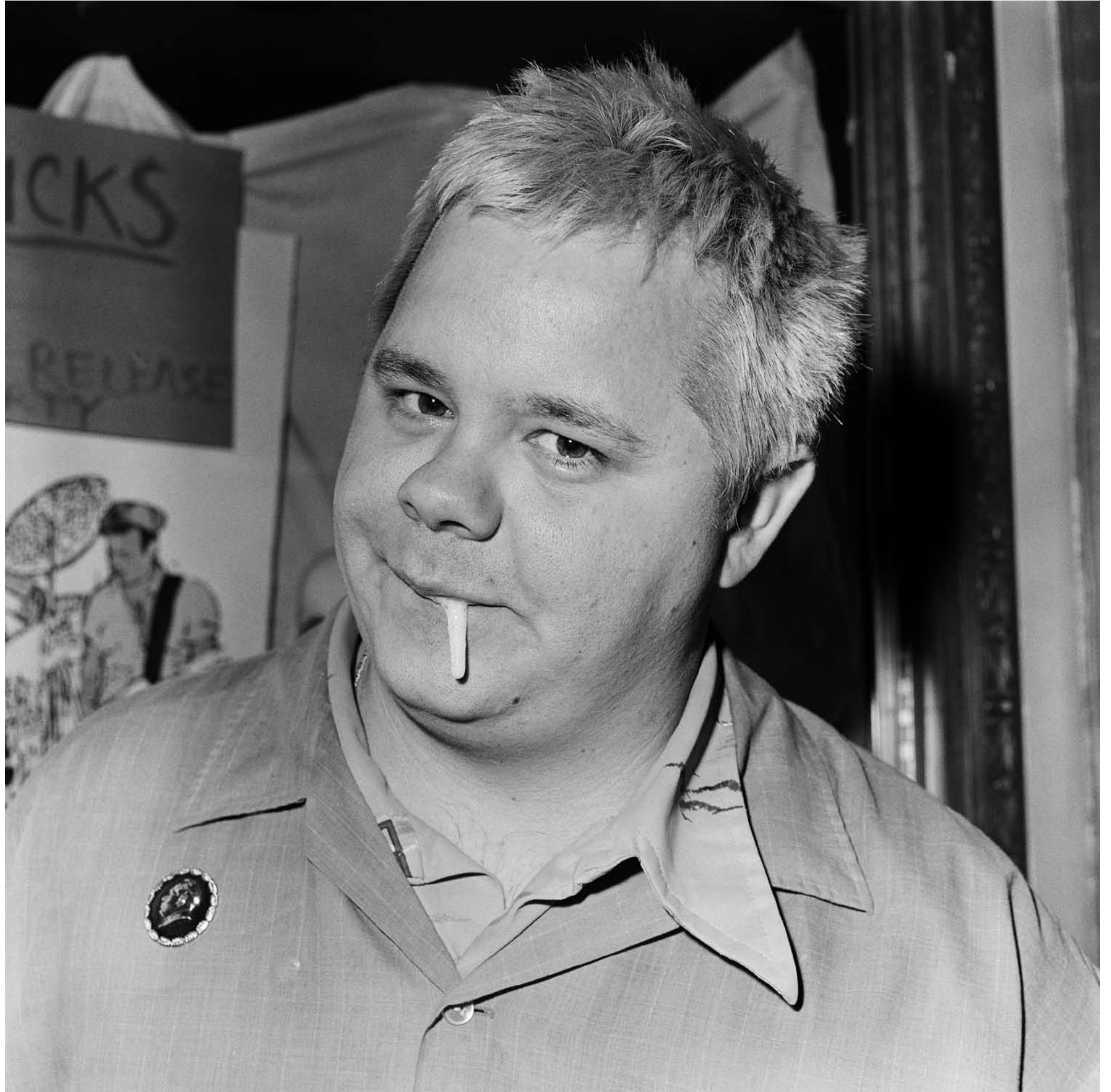
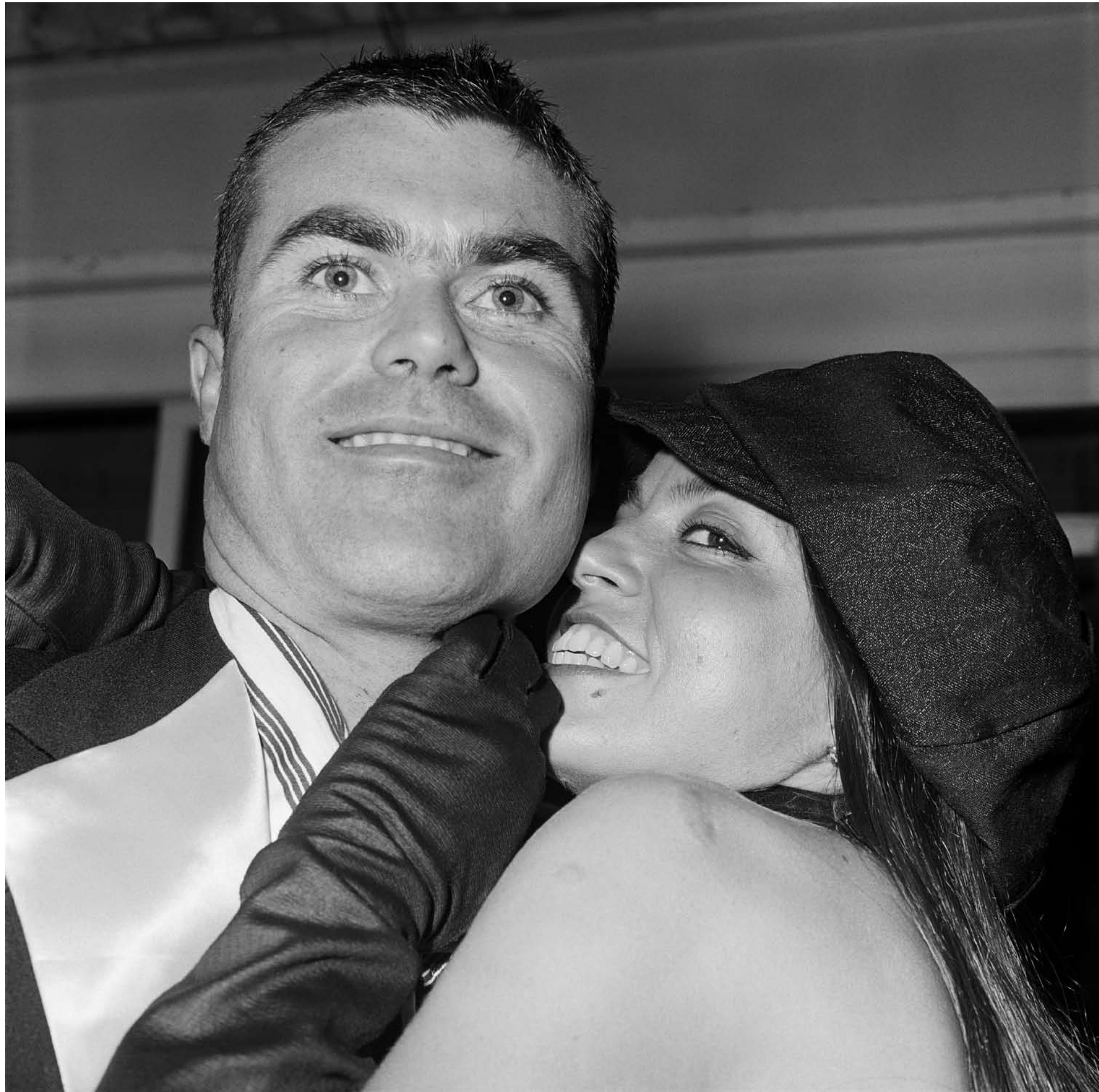
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2007

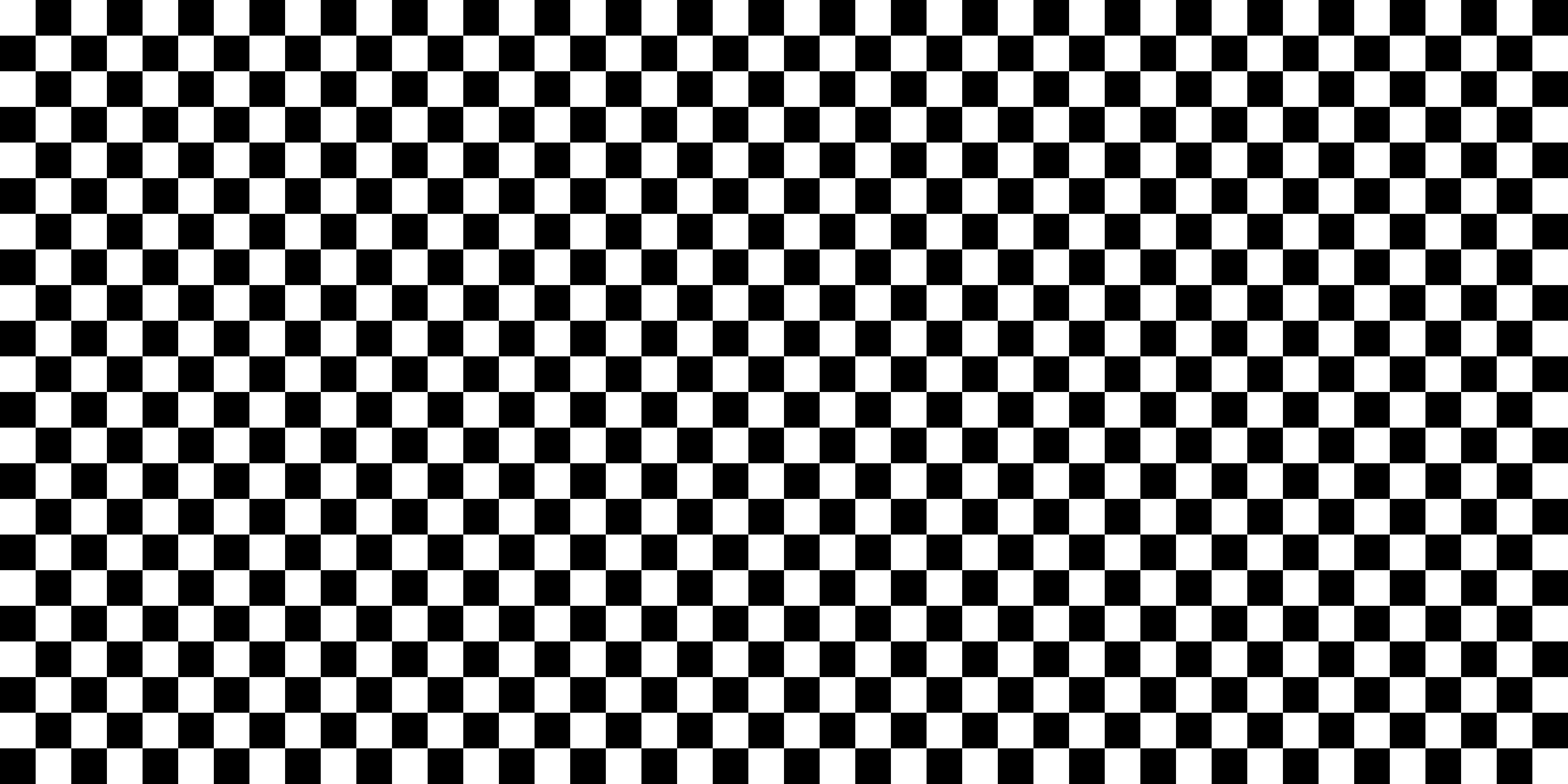


Scans & Pigment Printing by
Peter Williams, AgavePrint
Austin, Texas

Letterpress and binding by
Meredith Miller, Punchpress
Austin, Texas

Limited to an edition of five of which this is # _____

June 26, 2008, work-in-progress





Action Toys, Big Babies,
Big Boys, Bobby Soxx,
Boy Problems,
Butthole Surfers,
Joe "King" Carrasco,
Chickadiesels,
Court Reporters,
Crotch Rot, D-Day,
Delinquents, Delta,
Derelicts, Dicks,
Eddie and the Inm'8s,
Electric Tools,
Roky Erickson, Explosives,
F-Systems, Fad,
Final Notice, Foams, Gators,
God on Drugs, Haskells, Huns,
Ideals, Inserts, Invisibles,

Jacks, Jerrys Kids, Judys,
Kamikaze Refrigerators,
Mistakes, Next, Norvells,
Offenders, Perverted Popes,
Radio Free Europe,
Radio Planets, Ralphs,
Reactors, Re*Cords,
Red Rockers, Rejects,
Mike Runnels,
Secret Science, Shades,
Sharon Tate's Baby, Skunks,
Sluts, Stains,
Standing Waves,
Teenage Queers,
Terminal Mind,
Uranium Savages, Vendettas,
Violators



**BIG
BOYS
DICKS**

Mark Goodman 1980 & 2008



SCENE SEEN

Roy "Raul" Gomez, a fast food franchise distributor, owned Raul's Club (some called it a dive), though he was rarely present. Joseph Gonzales, a large man who carried a gun, was the proprietor, and Bobby Morales, an even larger man, was the bouncer. The club opened in January 1978 at 2610 Guadalupe Street in Austin as a bar featuring accordion-driven, Tex-Mex (Tejano) music. Guadalupe, commonly known as the Drag near the University of Texas, runs about a mile or so and cuts the western edge of the campus delineating the educational complex on the east side from the commercial interests on the opposite side. Beyond the Drag, the West Campus residential neighborhood housed the majority of UT's numerous Greeks: fraternity brothers whose identity was defined by sporting white golf hats at all times and their sorority sisters who, because of the way they arranged their hair, were called *bow-heads*.

Live music in Austin in the seventies comprised the cosmic cowboy transcendental sounds of *peaced-off* rednecks, ex-hippies in cowboy boots and blue jeans, blending folk and country; or *pissed-off* outlaws, country musicians reacting against the clean-cut image and sound of the Nashville Music Industry, who put authenticity back into honky-tonk hero songs about sex, drugs, and drinking. By the end of the decade, "looking for love" smooth urban cowboys were fleetingly in all the discos and other "wrong places"; while the hard-driving wild electric guitar heroes entered the scene with

black-influenced blues and rock music brought back home after being electrified by British bands. The loud, louder, loudest hardcore punk DIY ("Do-It-Yourself") sound that started to shake some people up in 1976 when the New York anti-hero band, The Ramones, shouted out stripped-to-the-basics, fast, untutored, raw songs, without a nod to either blues or country, and were immediately followed and exploited by the manager-created British bands, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, before they and their coterie exploded almost overnight into clichés and entrancing myths.

All three groups toured Texas. The Ramones appeared live at the Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin on July 14, 1977 and The Clash on October 4, 1979. But it was the Sex Pistols surprising gig at Randy's Rodeo in San Antonio, a boot-scooting country & western dance hall and former bowling alley, an hour and a half drive south of Austin on January 8, 1978 (Elvis Presley's birthday), that sparked the possibilities of musical performance being transformed into highly charged performance art for the half-dozen central Texas real or wannabe musicians who attended. That night, the Sex Pistol's drummer and bass guitarist kept the background beat while the self-destructive Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten, more than trying to sing, verbally baited and antagonized the decidedly non-punk crowd by screaming at them such things as, "All cowboys are faggots!"

Three weeks after the Sex Pistol event, during Raul's one or two nights a month open to non-Tejano music performers, two new Austin music groups, the almost all-grrrl band, Violators (three teenage

girls – Kathy Valentine, a future member of the Go-Go's; Carla Olson, later of the Textones; Marilyn Dean; and Jesse Sublett, on bass, the one guy) and the Skunks (Sublett, again, with Fazz Eddie Munoz, later of Plimsouls) performed their garage band-style act. Joseph Gonzales soon convinced Raul's owner to let him open the stage to the slew of other quickly forming local punk rock-style bands (by the end of the year there were at least thirty in Austin and hundreds more in cities and college towns across the country) even though Gomez didn't particularly care for the music. By summertime, four or five good, bad, and worse bands (some with only three or four songs in their repertoire) regularly started taking to the stage after auditioning for Gonzales.

On September 19, 1978, the Huns' lead singer, Phil Tolstead (who earlier, along with all of the Violators, Eddie Munoz, and Steve Earle, had separately, attended the mayhem at the Sex Pistol's gig in San Antonio) was arrested on-stage at Raul's for abusive language, disorderly conduct, and resisting arrest at the band's debut performance. A uniformed police officer, who was called inside the club on a noise complaint by two plainclothes policemen who were already present, didn't like what he was seeing and hearing. The Huns and the audience were throwing garbage and beer back and forth at each other, recreating their notion of a perfect performance of punk pandemonium. With the arrival of the officer at the club's entrance, Tolstead started staring him down while shouting out a song about STDs, *Eat Death Scum!* – "I hate you! I hate you! I want to bludgeon your pussy with mace!" The cop

slowly made his way towards the stage to tell the band to lower the volume, but when he finally stepped onto it, Tolstead took him by surprise and fleetingly kissed him on the lips. As he was being handcuffed, Tolstead yelled, "Start a riot!" Of the one hundred and twenty people present, five patrons were hauled off to jail by the two plainclothes cops, while more than fifteen squad cars arrived at the scene. Raul's ceased being an unknown Tejano bar, and suddenly became *the* punk rock club in Austin.

News of the event ran in *The Daily Texan*, the university student newspaper, since most of the Huns were Radio, Television, and Film undergraduate majors. It became a national issue when *Rolling Stone* picked up the story, and an international one when the British magazine, *New Music Express*, ran it, too. This extensive publicity created an intense curiosity among college students at the state's largest university to see what was happening two blocks north of UT's College of Communications. On the 1995 reissue of their 1979 album, *Live at the Palladium*, Tom Huckabee, drummer for the Huns, claimed: "But our mission wasn't musical." The band had formed less than six months earlier and most of them couldn't seriously play their instruments; nor could Phil sing – he had the look and the moves, but not the voice. (Five years later Tolstead found God and became an evangelist.) Huckabee continued, "Our mission was to stir the shit, cure boredom, and strip the gears of musical privilege in Austin, represented by the folk, blues, and cosmic cowboy oligarchies." They were provocative poseurs, though Huckabee and others summed up some

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The Big Boys first played at Raul's in November 1979, though Randy "Biscuit" Turner, lead singer of the band, had been attending the club before the Big Boys formed. Randy was thirteen years older than Chris Gates, the youngest band member, who was still in

high school when they first met in 1974. Tim Kerr was a few years older than Chris. The three were skateboarding pals initially, not musicians. Chris and Tim decided to form a band after hearing Biscuit's stories about his nights at Raul's and the Battle of the Bands that he'd witnessed there. Both Chris and Tim played guitar and they asked Biscuit to be the singer since that's what he did while skating; he had natural in-your-face front-man presence. Biscuit was openly gay, often dressed in costumes on stage and off (gold choir robes, jumpsuits with ballerina outfits underneath, a Goth clown get-up, muumuus, cowboy outfits, and, at least once, only sawdust and motor oil). He was off-the-wall, had a sense of humor, and was fun to watch. The music the band created and later developed was diverse, not just loud or fast or angry, a concoction of funk and ska, reggae and rock – a.k.a. *skate punk*. The music and the personality of the band was summed up by the title of the album they released in 1982, *Fun Fun Fun*. In the beginning, punk music was not only Do-It-Yourself, but also Do-Whatever-The-Fuck-You-Wanted; later, attitudes, fashions, and behaviors solidified into a more limited and rigid ideology. The Big Boys remained active as a band until 1984; during that time, they made a debut single, *Frat Cars*, three full-length LP albums, a 12" EP; and the split live album with the Dicks. In 1993, two retrospective CDs, *The Skinny Elvis* (early years) and *The Fat Elvis* (last years), were issued.

Gary Floyd created the Dicks as a *poster band* in 1980. Xerox flyers were the common means of advertising shows; 8 1/2 x 11 inch

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My own life changed when I moved from rural New York State (where I spent a decade photographically documenting children in one small town) to Austin in July 1980 to teach at the University of Texas. I was in my mid-thirties, and during my first four months in Austin, I lived three blocks from the Drag at 21st Street

and Rio Grande. I regularly walked throughout the West Campus neighborhood, up and down the Drag, and around the campus with my two-and-a-quarter square camera around my neck, asking anybody if I might photograph him or her on the spot.

My brief encounters with punk rock participants were casual. A student's boyfriend played bass in a punk band (Shades), and the night they appeared at Raul's (along with the Big Boys who also performed), several of us went to see and hear them after class. On a Sunday afternoon, a "punk fashion show" was held at Blitz, "a secondhand clothing store – *and more*," that featured short performances by the Stains and the Dicks. Then, by chance, I photographed the crowd at a Dicks' record release party held at Inner Sanctum Records on 24th Street, a record store and forum for spontaneous conversations on all things relating to rock 'n' roll, at that time celebrating its tenth year of operations. This was just around the corner from the Drag and a couple of blocks south of Raul's, where the Dicks and the Big Boys and other band members (none of whom I knew anything about), fans, and UT students killed time between afternoon classes packed in the small store and adjacent parking lot. The only person who spoke to me at this event was a frat boy wearing a sport jacket, tie (he loosened it for the occasion), Ray Ban sunglasses, and a "Fuck Off & Die!" button that he pinned to his lapel. Unsolicited, he proudly explained that he fit into any world – the punk world, the frat world, the business school world – by adding a few accessories; he then began shouting along with everyone else as the Dicks

started to perform their single. Perhaps it really wasn't as much a world as it was a mixer – a social opportunity for people to get acquainted, try on roles for size, pose, flirt, and fantasize about themselves, and each other.

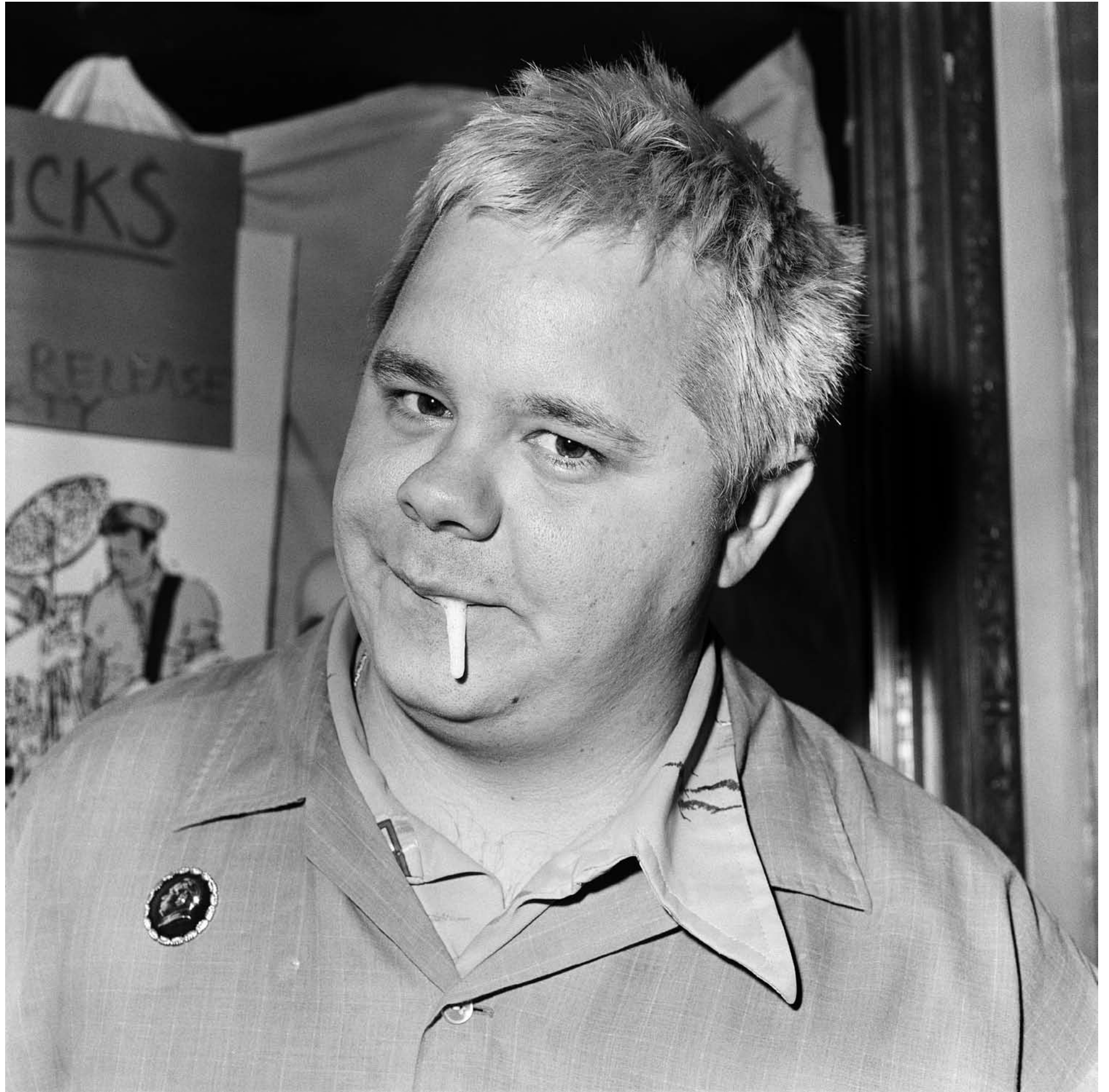
Since I went to all of these events as an interloper only to photograph, by springtime when I discovered that I preferred walking in the intense heat of the late afternoon along quiet, almost deserted streets, I stopped. I became fascinated with the play of sunlight on buildings in the central business district, many of which were being torn down to make way for new office towers in the never-ending revitalization of downtown Austin. On April Fool's Day 1981, Raul's permanently closed. Hayter sold the property to a frat bar franchise named, The Texas Showdown Saloon, an operation that featured commercially manufactured background music in a venue with a beer garden, pool tables, and dart boards; it is still successfully operating more than a quarter century later. In the end, the jocks and homecoming queens took back the field. What was once scrawled on the outside wall of Raul's ticket booth directly by the front door, "No tourist death to you," a threat and a promise, of Us versus Them, became Raul's and the punk habitués' own epitaph.























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THE DICKS

THE INSERTS

THE REJECTS

"RAUL'S"

MONDAY OCT. 13-1980



WORKERS OF THE WORLD. UNITE!
WORKERS OF THE WORLD. SOLD A BAND!



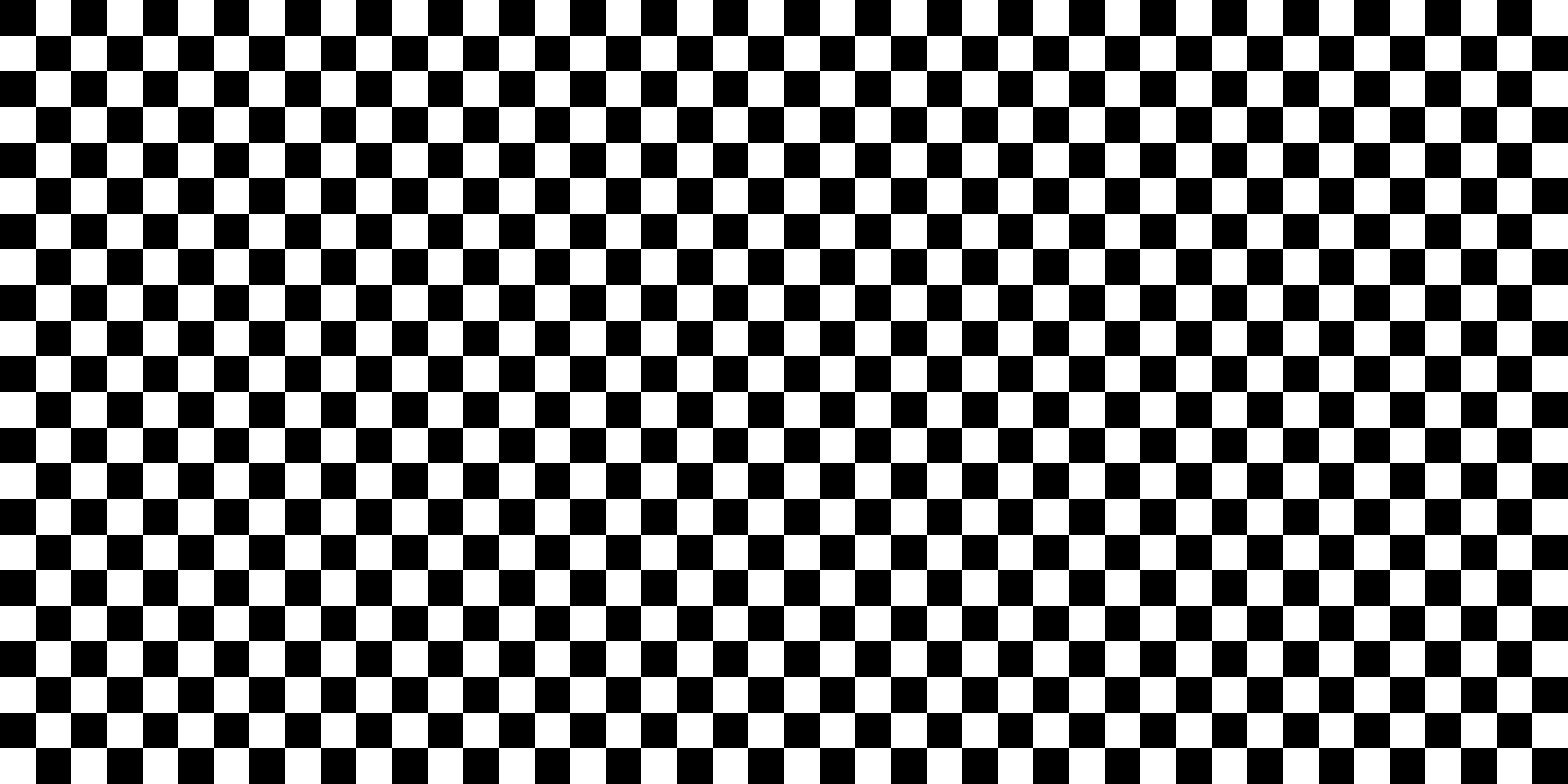


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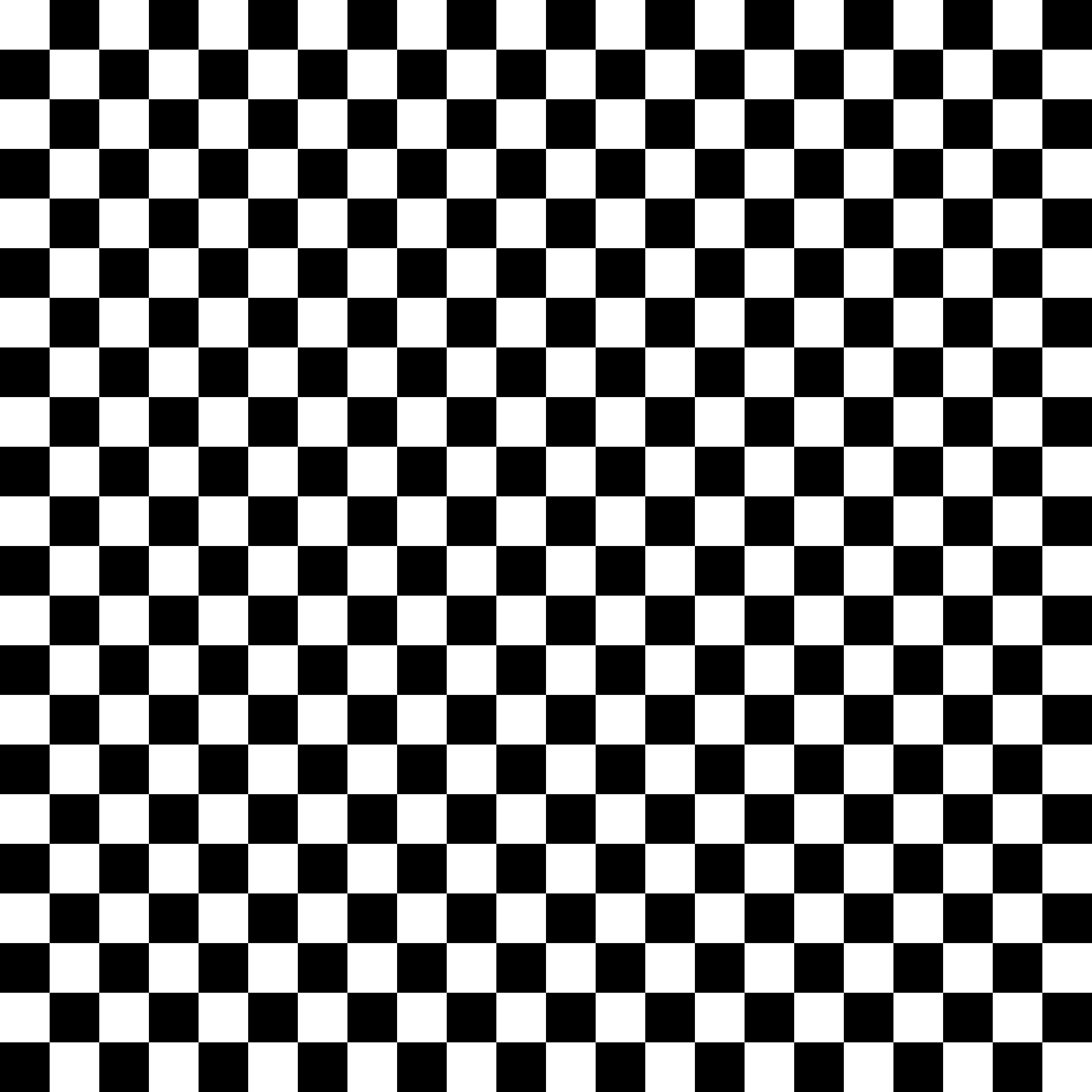
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Photographs and text by
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Limited to an edition of five of which this is # _____



July 18, 2008, work-in-progress





Action Toys, Big Babies,
Big Boys, Bobby Soxx,
Boy Problems,
Butthole Surfers,
Joe "King" Carrasco,
Chickadiesels,
Court Reporters,
Crotch Rot, D-Day,
Delinquents, Delta,
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My brief encounters with punk rock participants were casual. A student's boyfriend played bass in a punk band (Shades), and the night they appeared at Raul's (along with the Big Boys who also performed), several of us went to see and hear them after class. On a Sunday afternoon, a "punk fashion show" was held at Blitz, "a secondhand clothing store – *and more*," that featured short performances by the Stains and the Dicks. Then, by chance, I photographed the crowd at a Dicks' record release party held at Inner Sanctum Records on 24th Street, a record store and forum for spontaneous conversations on all things relating to rock 'n' roll, at that time celebrating its tenth year of operations. This was just around the corner from the Drag and a couple of blocks south of Raul's, where the Dicks and the Big Boys and other band members (none of whom I knew anything about), fans, and UT students killed time between afternoon classes packed in the small store and adjacent parking lot. The only person who spoke to me at this event was a frat boy wearing a sport jacket, tie (he loosened it for the occasion), Ray Ban sunglasses, and a "Fuck Off & Die!" button that he pinned to his lapel. Unsolicited, he proudly explained that he fit into any world – the punk world, the frat world, the business school world – by adding a few accessories; he then began shouting along with everyone else as the Dicks started to perform their single. Perhaps it really wasn't as much

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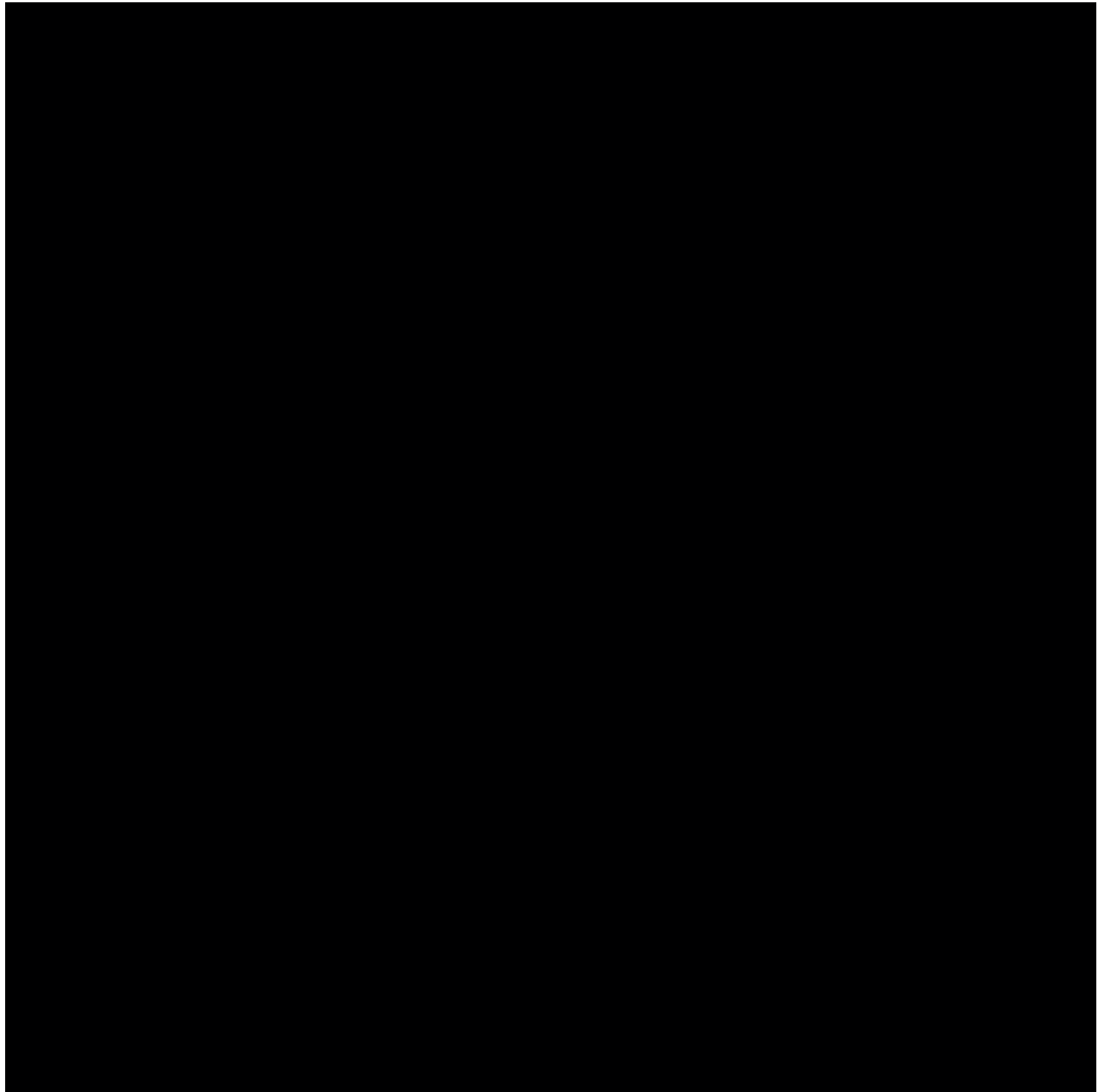
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BIG BOYS DICKS



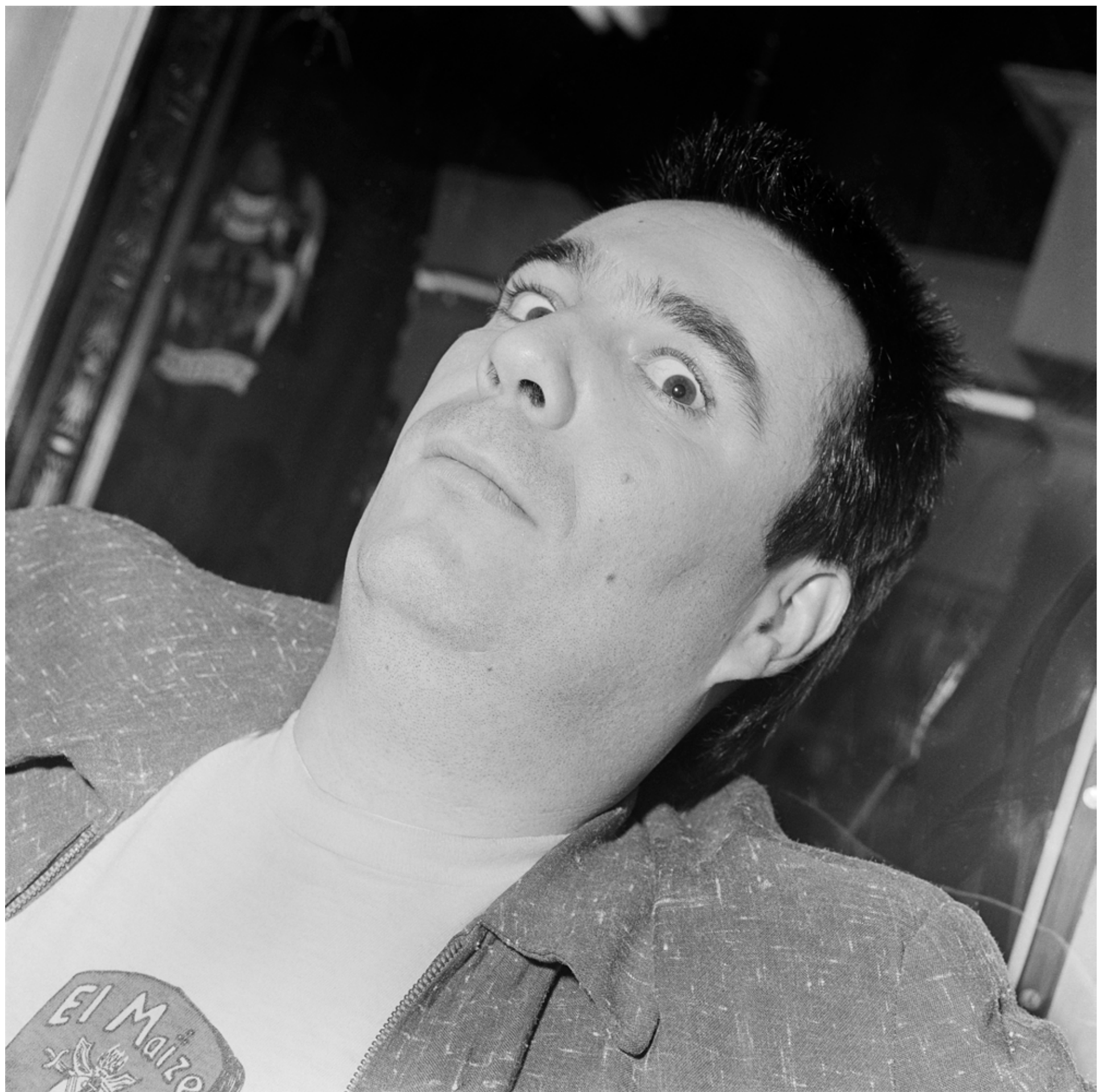


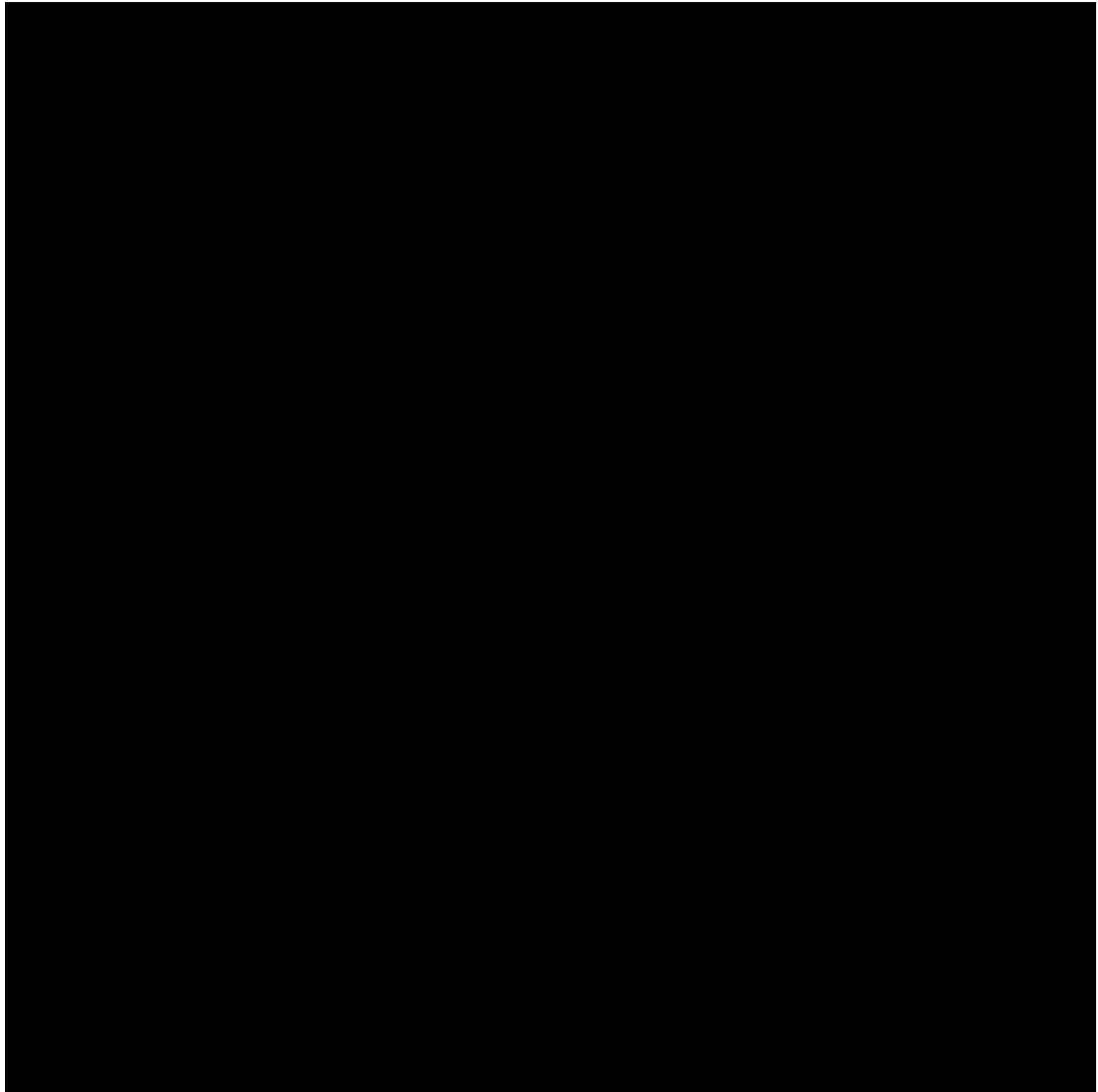
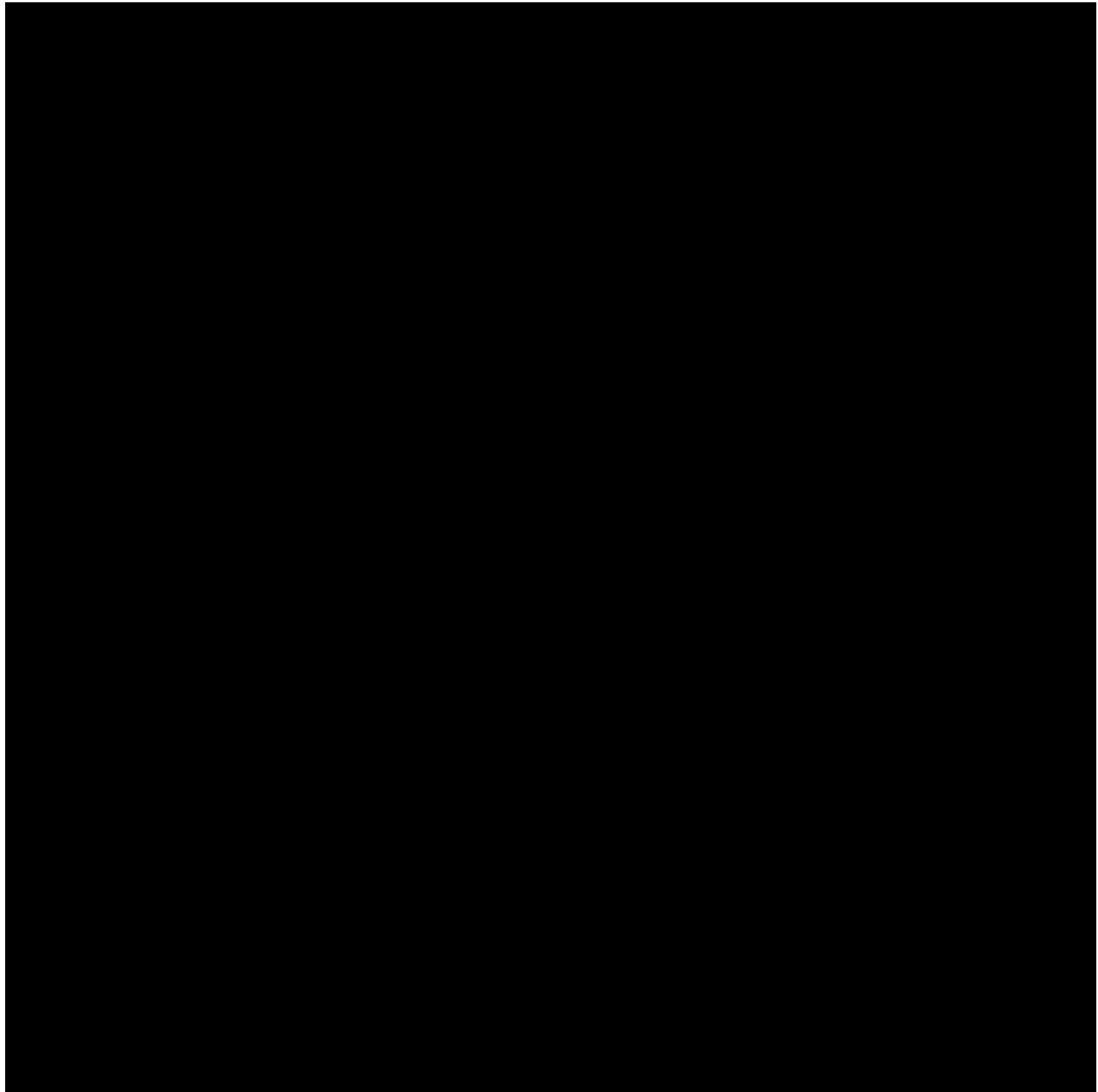






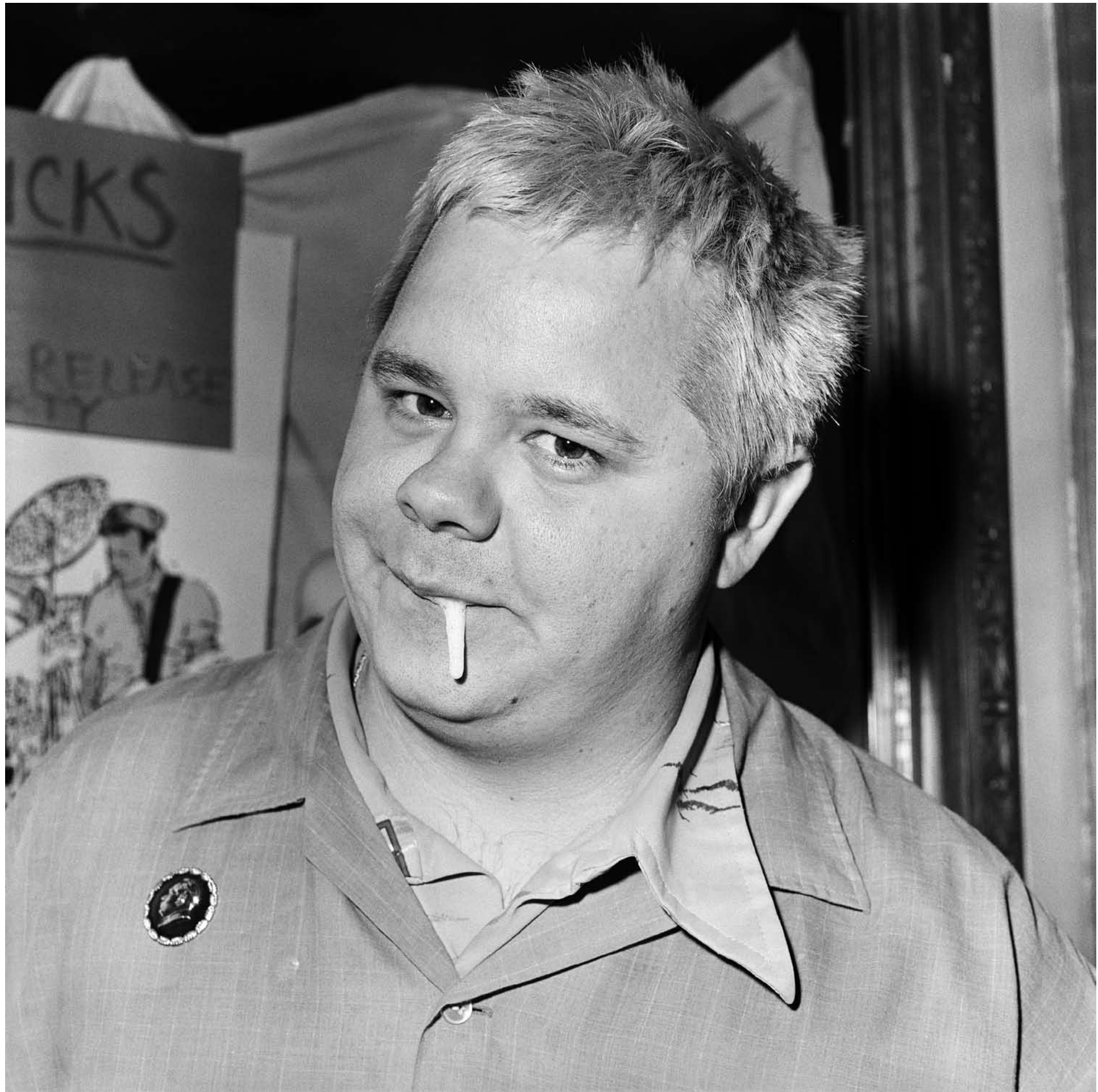












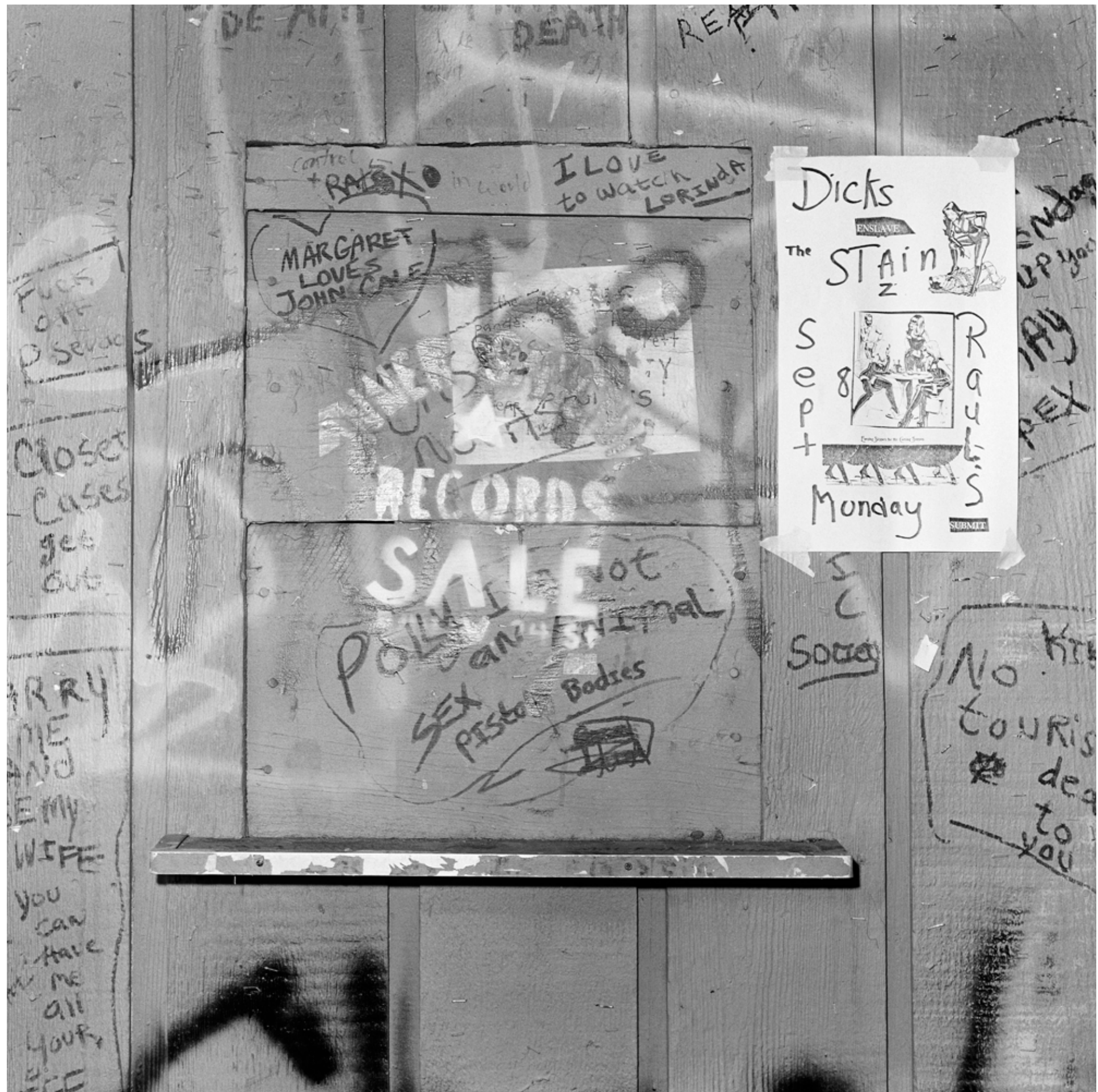












DEATH
REAR
I LOVE to watch LORINDA

MARGARET LOVES JOHN CAE

RECORDS SALE

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FUCK OFF P SERVICES

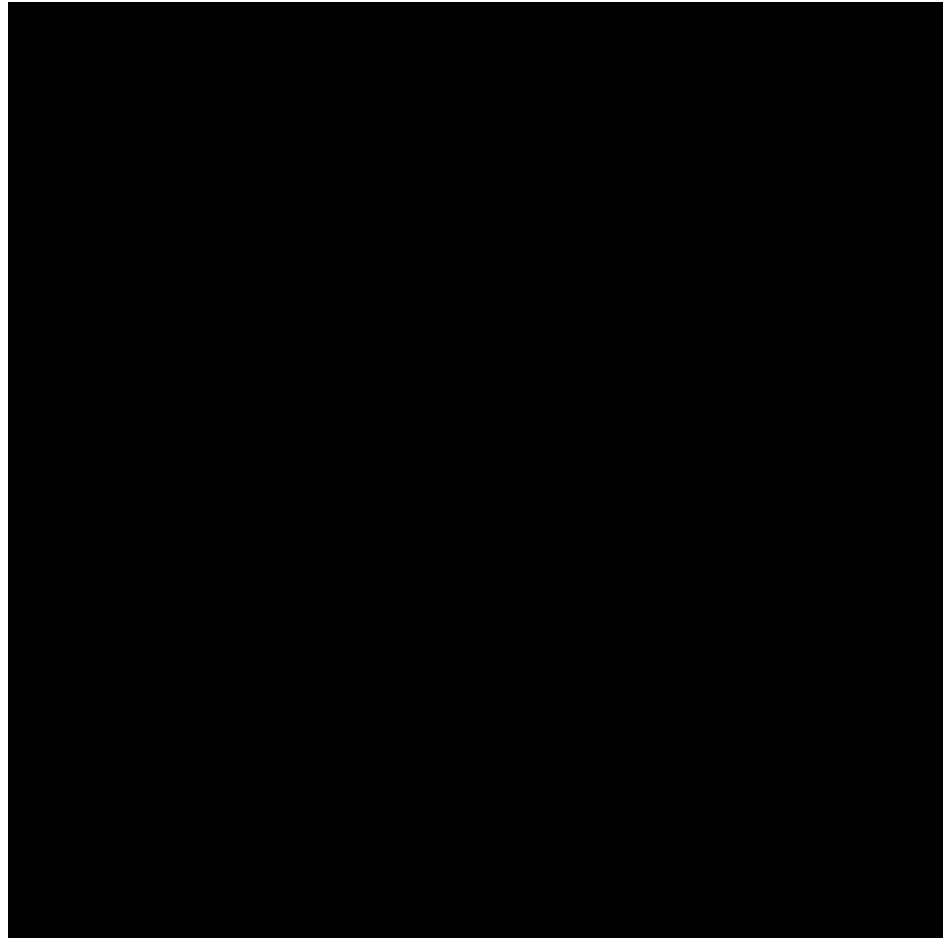
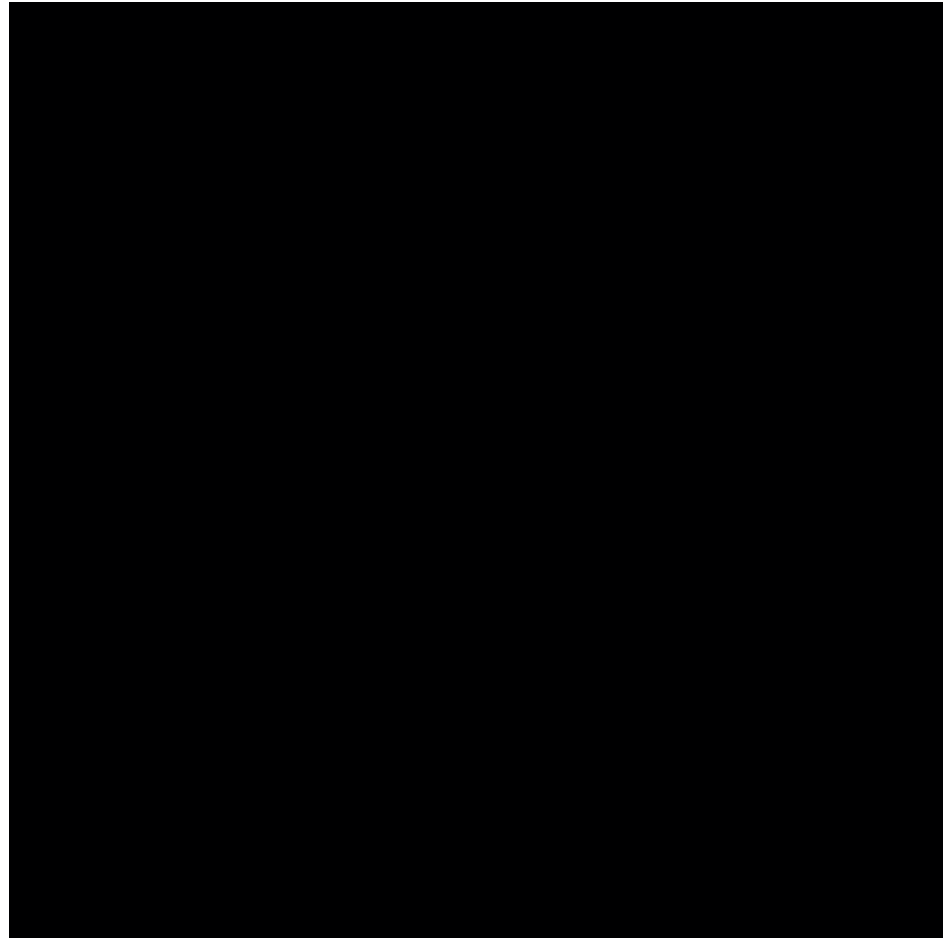
Closet Cases get out

ARRRY ME AND MY WIFE YOU CAN HAVE ME ALL YOUR LIFE

Dicks
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S E P 8 +
Monday
RAUCOUS
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No kids TOURIST dead to you



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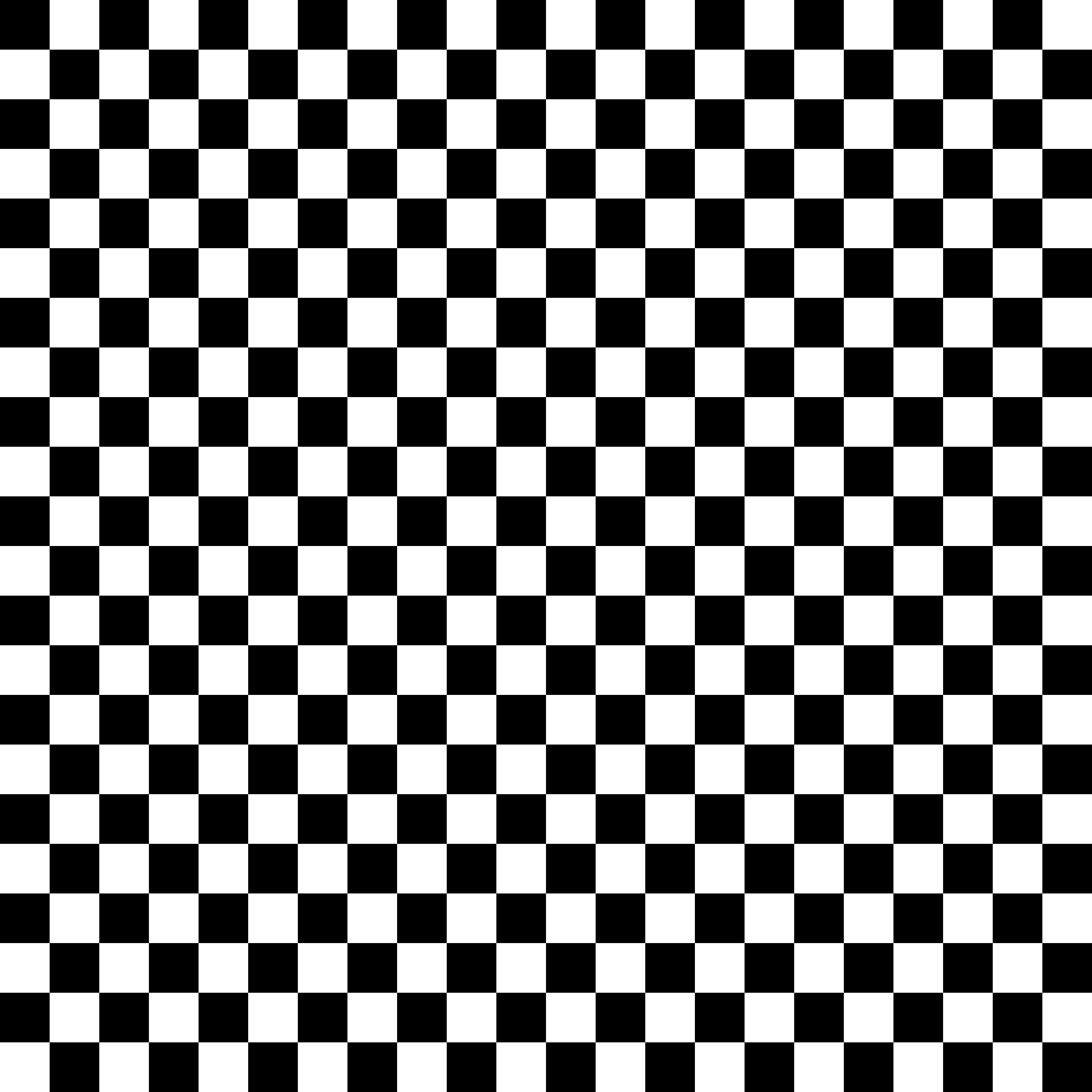


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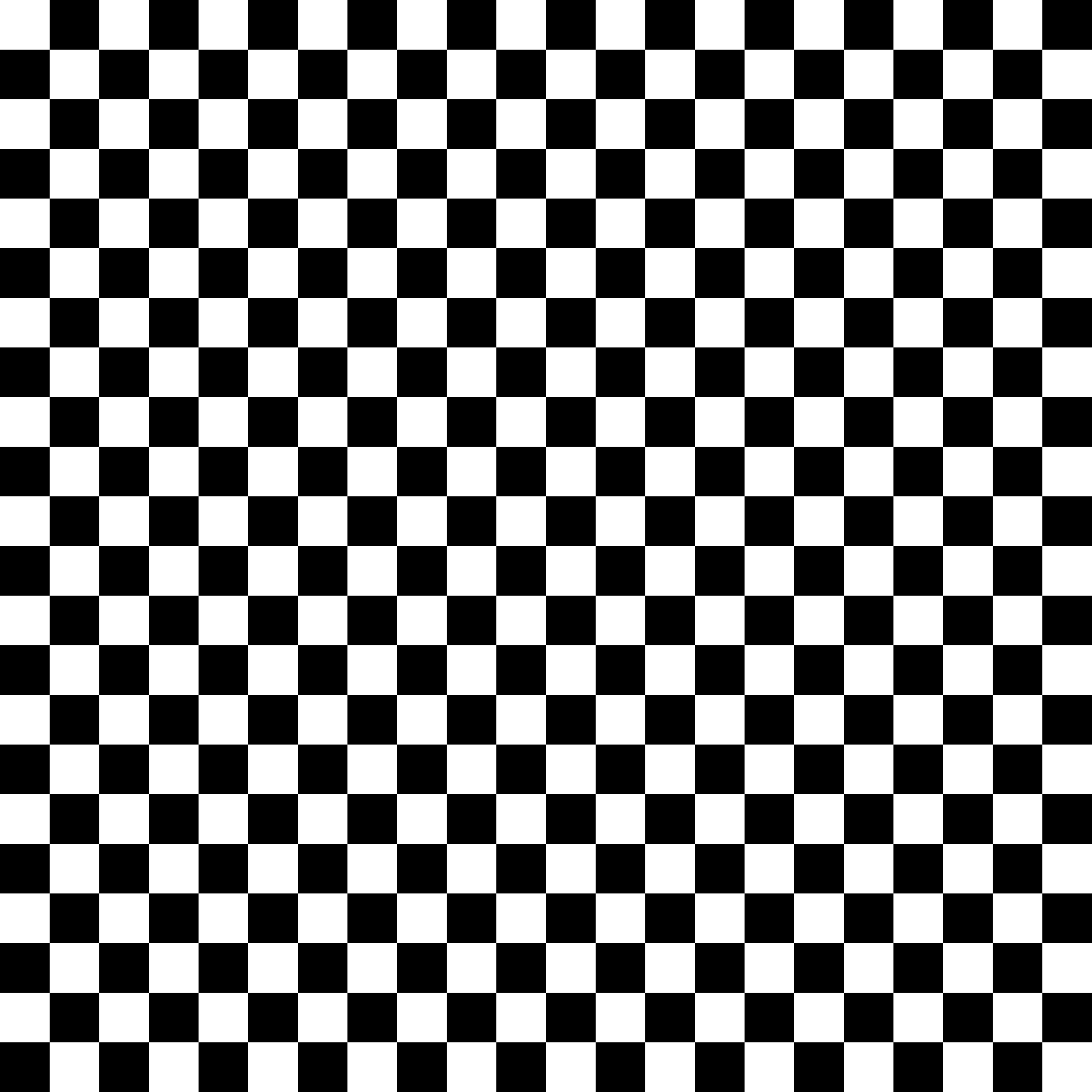
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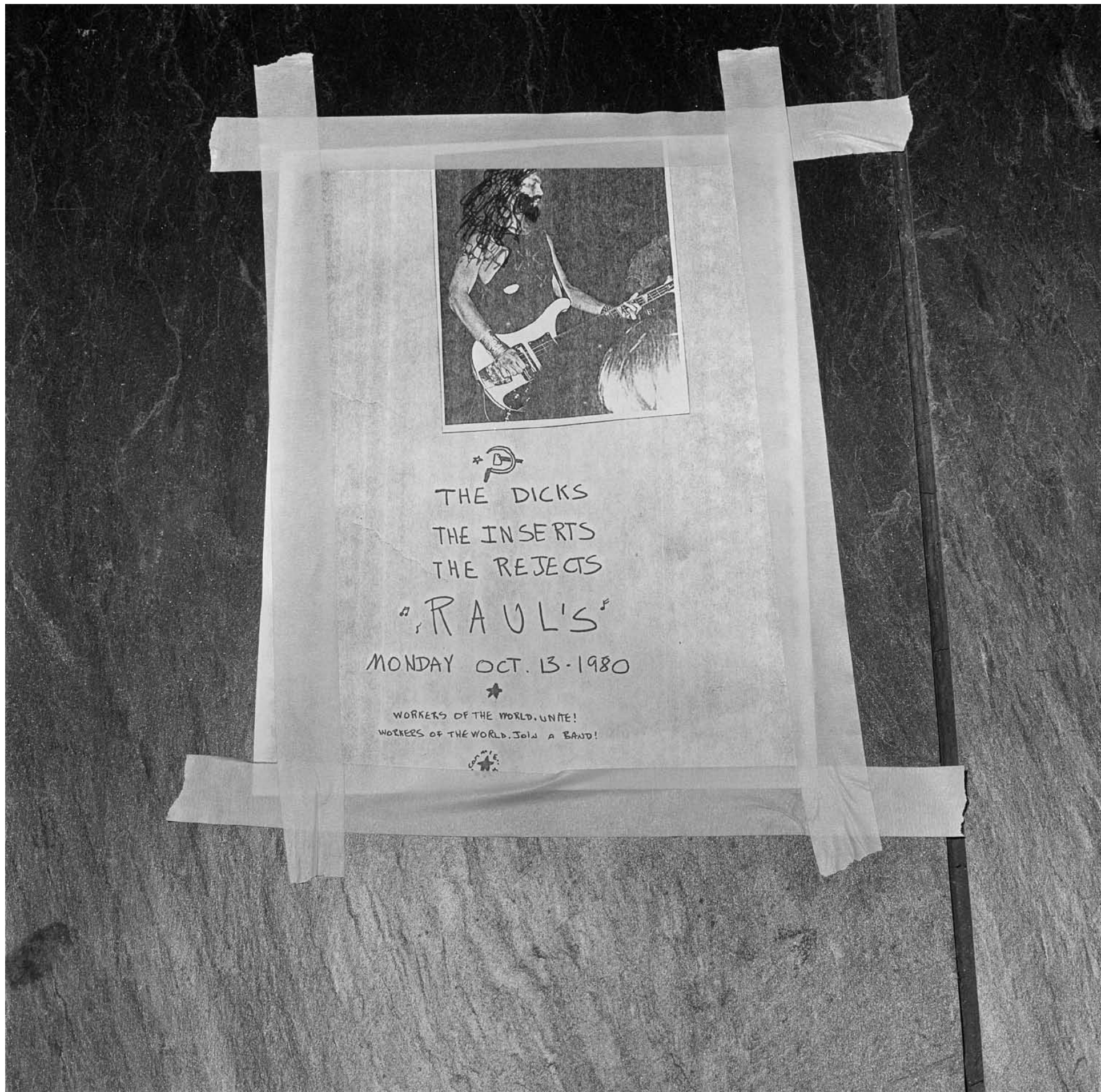
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1980 & 2008

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July 30, 2008, work-in-progress





**BIG
BOYS
DICKS**

Mark Goodman 1980 & 2008



SCENE SEEN

Roy "Raul" Gomez, a fast food franchise distributor, owned Raul's Club (some called it a dive), though he was rarely present. Joseph Gonzales, a large man who carried a gun, was the proprietor, and Bobby Morales, an even larger man, was the bouncer. The club opened in January 1978 at 2610 Guadalupe Street in Austin as a bar featuring accordion-driven, Tex-Mex (Tejano) music. Guadalupe, commonly known as the Drag near the University of Texas, runs about a mile or so and cuts the western edge of the campus delineating the educational complex on the east side from the commercial interests on the opposite side. Beyond the Drag, the West Campus residential neighborhood housed the majority of UT's numerous Greeks: fraternity brothers whose identity was defined by sporting white golf hats at all times and their sorority sisters who, because of the way they arranged their hair, were called *bow-heads*.

Live music in Austin in the seventies comprised the cosmic cowboy transcendental sounds of *peaced-off* rednecks, ex-hippies in cowboy boots and blue jeans, blending folk and country; or *pissed-off* outlaws, country musicians reacting against the clean-cut image and sound of the Nashville Music Industry, who put authenticity back into honky-tonk hero songs about sex, drugs, and drinking. By the end of the decade, "looking for love" smooth urban cowboys were fleetingly in all the discos and other "wrong places;" while the hard-driving wild electric guitar heroes entered the scene with

black-influenced blues and rock music brought back home after being electrified by British bands. The loud, louder, loudest hardcore punk DIY ("Do-It-Yourself") sound that started to shake some people up in 1976 when the New York anti-hero band, The Ramones, shouted out stripped-to-the-basics, fast, untutored, raw songs, without a nod to either blues or country, and were immediately followed and exploited by the manager-created British bands, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, before they and their coterie exploded almost overnight into myths and clichés.

All three groups toured Texas. The Ramones appeared live at the Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin on July 14, 1977 and The Clash on October 4, 1979. But it was the Sex Pistols surprising gig at Randy's Rodeo in San Antonio, a boot-scooting country & western dance hall and former bowling alley, an hour and a half drive south of Austin on January 8, 1978 (Elvis Presley's birthday), that sparked the possibilities of musical performance being transformed into highly charged performance art for the half-dozen central Texas real or wannabe musicians who attended. That night, the Sex Pistol's drummer and bass guitarist kept the background beat while the self-destructive Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten, more than trying to sing, verbally baited and antagonized the decidedly non-punk crowd by screaming at them such things as, "All cowboys are faggots!"

Three weeks after the Sex Pistol event, during Raul's one or two nights a month open to non-Tejano music performers, two new Austin music groups, the almost *all-grrrl* band, Violators (three

teenage girls – Kathy Valentine, a future member of the Go-Go's; Carla Olson, later of the Textones; and Marilyn Dean – along with one guy, Jesse Sublett, on bass) and the Skunks (Sublett, again, with Fazz Eddie Munoz, later of Plimsouls) performed their garage band-style act. Joseph Gonzales soon convinced Raul's owner to let him open the stage to the slew of other quickly forming local punk rock-style bands even though Gomez didn't particularly care for the music. By summertime, four or five good, bad, and worse bands, some with only three or four songs in their repertoire, regularly started taking to the stage after auditioning for Gonzales.

On September 19, 1978, the Huns' lead singer, Phil Tolstead (who earlier, along with all of the Violators, Eddie Munoz, and Steve Earle, had separately, attended the mayhem at the Sex Pistol's gig in San Antonio) was arrested on-stage at Raul's for abusive language, disorderly conduct, and resisting arrest at the band's debut performance. A uniformed police officer, who was called inside the club on a noise complaint by two plainclothes policemen who were already present, didn't like what he was seeing and hearing. The Huns and the audience were throwing garbage and beer back and forth at each other, recreating their notion of a perfect performance of punk pandemonium. With the arrival of the officer at the club's entrance, Tolstead started staring him down while shouting out a song about STDs, *Eat Death Scum!* – "I hate you! I hate you! I want to bludgeon your pussy with mace!" The cop slowly made his way towards the stage to tell the band to lower

the volume, but when he finally stepped onto it, Tolstead took him by surprise and fleetingly kissed him on the lips. As he was being handcuffed, Tolstead yelled, "Start a riot!" Of the one hundred and twenty people present, five patrons were hauled off to jail by the two plainclothes cops, while more than fifteen squad cars arrived at the scene. Raul's ceased being an unknown Tejano bar, and suddenly became *the* punk rock club in Austin.

News of the event ran in *The Daily Texan*, the university student newspaper, since most of the Huns were Radio, Television, and Film undergraduate majors. It became a national issue when *Rolling Stone* picked up the story, and an international one when the British magazine, *New Music Express*, ran it, too. This extensive publicity created an intense curiosity among college students at the state's largest university to see what was happening two blocks north of UT's College of Communications. On the 1995 reissue of their 1979 album, *Live at the Palladium*, Tom Huckabee, drummer for the Huns, claimed: "But our mission wasn't musical." The band had formed less than six months earlier and most of them couldn't seriously play their instruments; nor could Phil sing — he had the look and the moves, but not the voice. (Five years later Tolstead found God and became an evangelist.) Huckabee continued, "Our mission was to stir the shit, cure boredom, and strip the gears of musical privilege in Austin, represented by the folk, blues, and cosmic cowboy oligarchies." They were provocative poseurs, though Huckabee and others summed up some of his band mates simply as "assholes." This probably wasn't an

altogether pejorative statement since the Huns' immediate role models, Johnny Rotten and Sid Viscous, were called the same as they fomented anarchy between themselves and their audiences — the flash of being revolting and incendiary.

For three years, the fun of raging, drinking, dancing, and watching bands battling their instruments, each other, and their audiences pulsed from Raul's on the Drag nightly. It became the nexus where punks and frat boys, art students and skaters, teenage runaways and ex-hippies, the lost and confused and the few who had discovered newly workable identities, eyeballed, crossed paths, confronted, or sidestepped one another as clashing and contradictory communities. Each group was the others' freak show. Punks in leather jackets paraded up and down the street. Frat boys drove muscle cars back and forth along the Drag, at times throwing empty long necks (Lone Star beer bottles) at the punks standing outside of Raul's. When frat boys ventured inside the club to holler "Faggots!" and harass the punk bands with cat calls, spit, beer, and play-act at violence or in earnest, they were answered back with, "Suck my dick!" or "Go start your own band!"

To memorialize and promote punk rock at Raul's, a double 12" disc LP, *Live at Raul's*, was released in 1979. The music was recorded at the club during specially arranged, sparsely attended afternoon sessions (this quiet atmosphere left out the raucous and boisterous interaction between the bands and audiences which was the critical aspect of the nighttime experience) and featured five groups:

Explosives, Standing Waves, Terminal Mind, Next, and Skunks. Each band had two songs apiece, one on each disc symmetrically sequenced – order, not chaos; it was a sound track lacking the essence and energy of the true synergetic experience. In early 1980, after two years of ownership, Gomez, whose intention had been to expand the audience and market for Tex-Mex music outside of Hispanic East Austin, but who had inadvertently set the stage for an altogether different music scene, sold the club to Steve Hayden who kept the name and an exclusive punk music lineup; the club closed for a two month remodeling and then reopened with a refurbished interior and a new sound system. Scores of punk bands from Austin and around Texas played Raul's. Sharon Tate's Baby played the club sixty-six times. The Psychedelic Furs headlined Raul's on their first national tour in 1980. Big name performers – Patti Smith, Elvis Costello, Blondie, Cheap Trick, and The Clash – were invited to drop by after hours to jam with the locals when they were in town, and sometimes they did. A double 7" album, *Recorded Live at Raul's Club*, was made on September 19th and 20th – the second anniversary of the Huns' riot. This time only the Big Boys and the Dicks, two of the most popular bands during Raul's third and final year, were featured.

The Big Boys first played at Raul's in November 1979, though Randy "Biscuit" Turner, lead singer of the band, had been attending the club before the Big Boys formed. Randy was thirteen years older than Chris Gates, the youngest band member, who was still in high school when they first met in 1974. Tim Kerr was a few years

older than Chris. The three were skateboarding pals initially, not musicians. Chris and Tim decided to form a band after hearing "Biscuit's" stories about his nights at Raul's and the Battle of the Bands that he'd witnessed there. Both Chris and Tim played guitar and they asked "Biscuit" to be the singer since that's what he did while skating; he had natural in-your-face front-man presence. "Biscuit" was openly gay, often dressed in costumes on stage and off (gold choir robes, jumpsuits with ballerina outfits underneath, a Goth clown get-up, muumuus, cowboy outfits, and, at least once, only sawdust and motor oil). He was off-the-wall, had a sense of humor, and was fun to watch. The music the band created and later developed was diverse, not just loud or fast or angry, a concoction of funk and ska, reggae and rock – a.k.a. *skate punk*. The music and the personality of the band was summed up by the title of the album they released in 1982, *Fun Fun Fun*. In the beginning, punk music was not only Do-It-Yourself, but also Do-Whatever-The-Fuck-You-Wanted; later, attitudes, fashions, and behaviors solidified into a more limited and rigid ideology. The Big Boys remained active as a band until 1984; during that time, they made a debut single, *Frat Cars*, three full-length LP albums, a 12" EP; and the split live album with the Dicks. In 1993, two retrospective CDs, *The Skinny Elvis* (early years) and *The Fat Elvis* (last years), were issued.

Gary Floyd created the Dicks as a *poster band* in 1980. Xerox flyers were the common means of advertising shows; 8 1/2 x 11 inch handbills were stapled and taped to telephone poles and

walls up and down the Drag and downtown on Congress Avenue and Sixth Street, the entertainment district. Floyd's first posters promoted *gigs* by a *band* that didn't know how to play, in *clubs* that didn't exist, but made people aware of them, even convincing a few that they'd actually heard them. After *disbanding* the two members without instruments, Floyd, who like "Biscuit" was a cross-dressing openly gay singer, joined up with Buxf Parrot, Pat Deason, and Glen Taylor – three straight "terrorist thugs" who played bass, drums, and guitar – giving Floyd the newly found confidence to be totally outrageous. The Dicks became a performing band, released the 1980 7" EP single, *Dicks Hate the Police*, and continued playing hard and fast rage music that was raw, manic, and off-key for two years before Floyd moved to San Francisco in October 1982 where he created a third version of his band that lasted four more years. A reissued CD collection, *The Dicks 1980 - 1986*, with twenty-one songs, came out in 1997. Later, reminiscing about his days in the Austin punk rock scene, he felt that the experience for him was less about jumping on a musical bandwagon that was inspired by the Sex Pistols, than it was the means and excuse to change his personal life for the better.

My own life changed when I moved from rural New York State (where I spent a decade photographically documenting children in one small town) to Austin in July 1980 to teach at the University of Texas. I was in my mid-thirties, and during my first four months in Austin, I lived three blocks from the Drag at 21st Street and Rio Grande. I regularly walked throughout the West Campus

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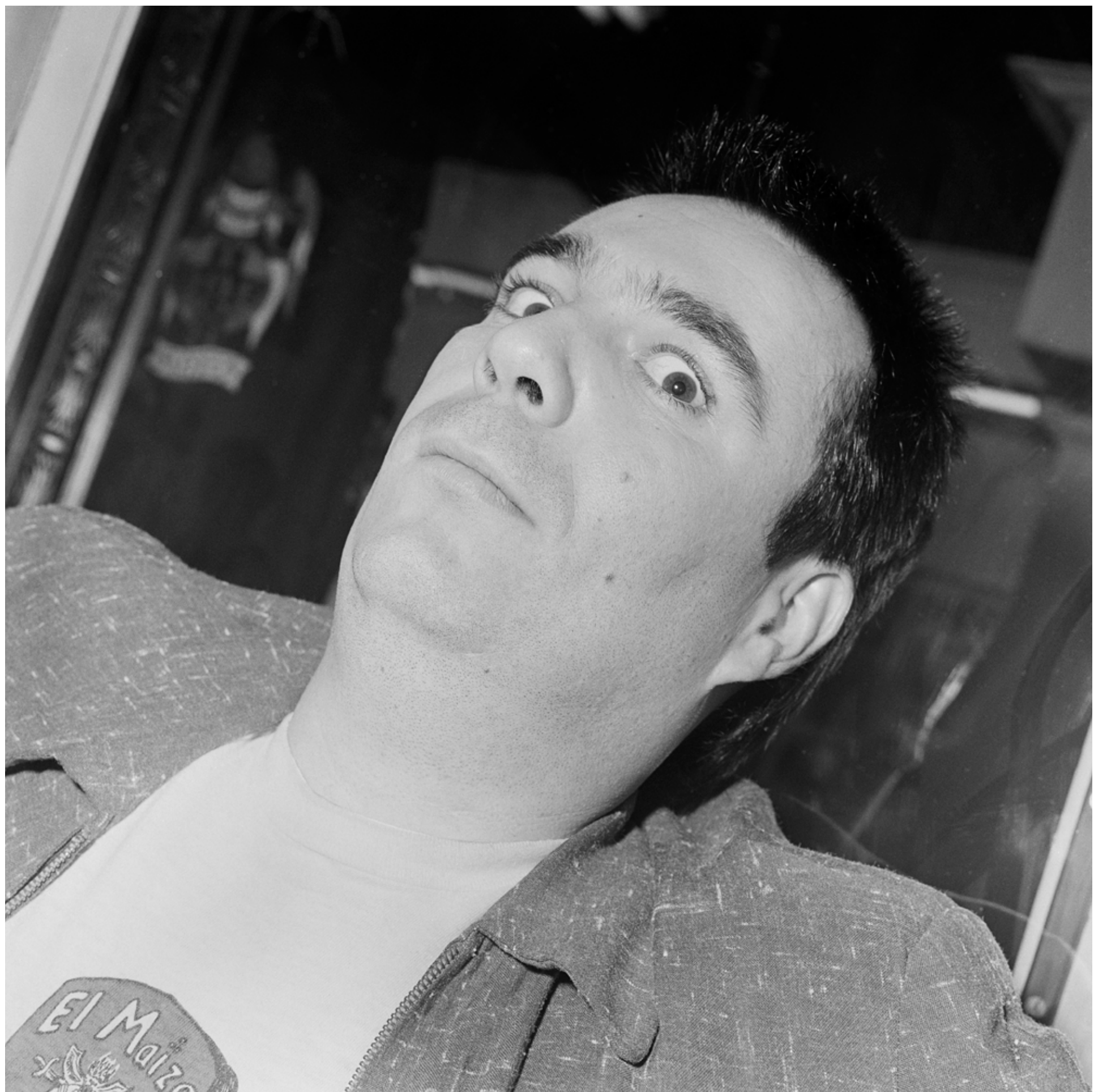








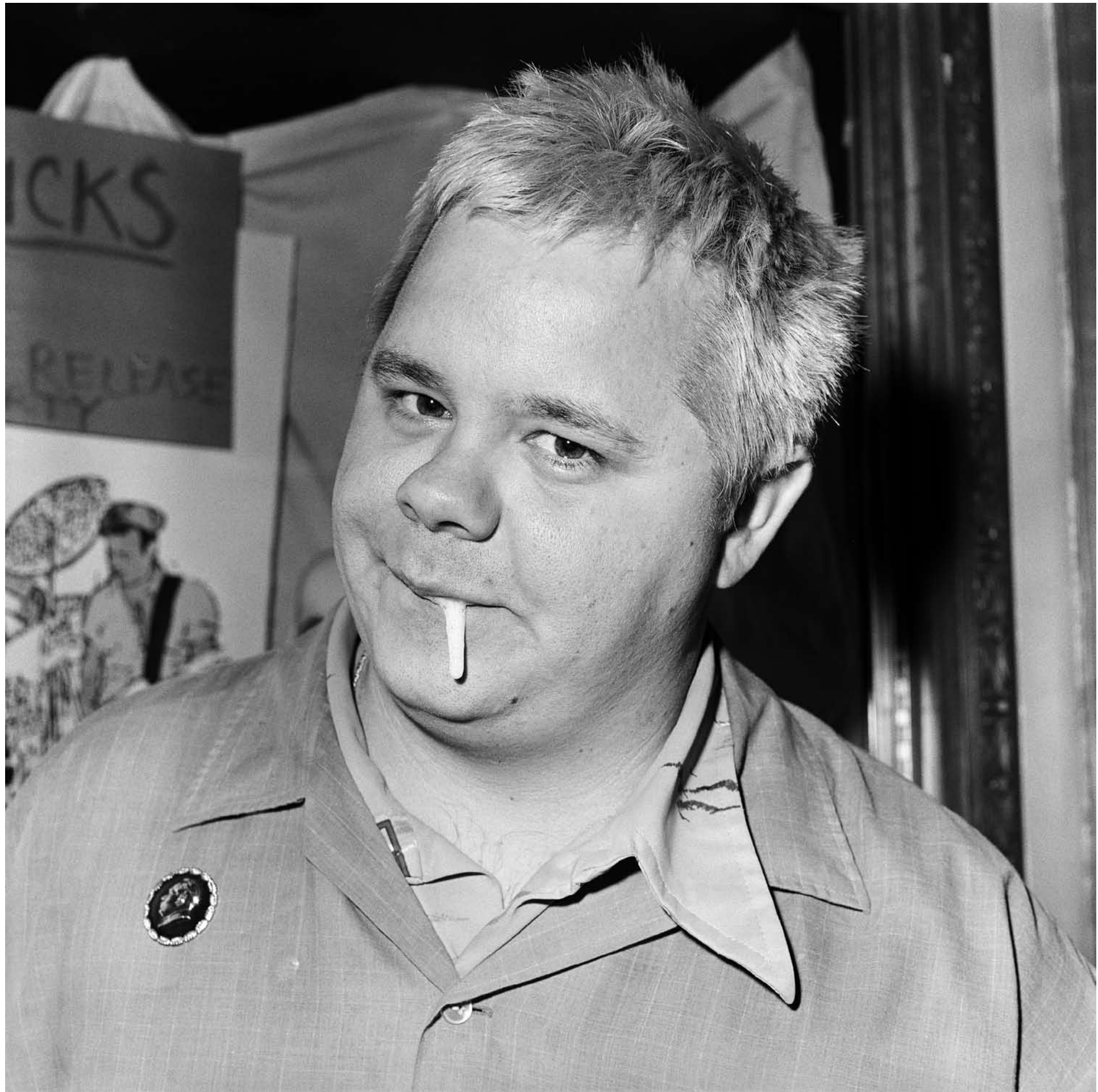














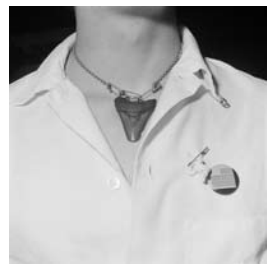












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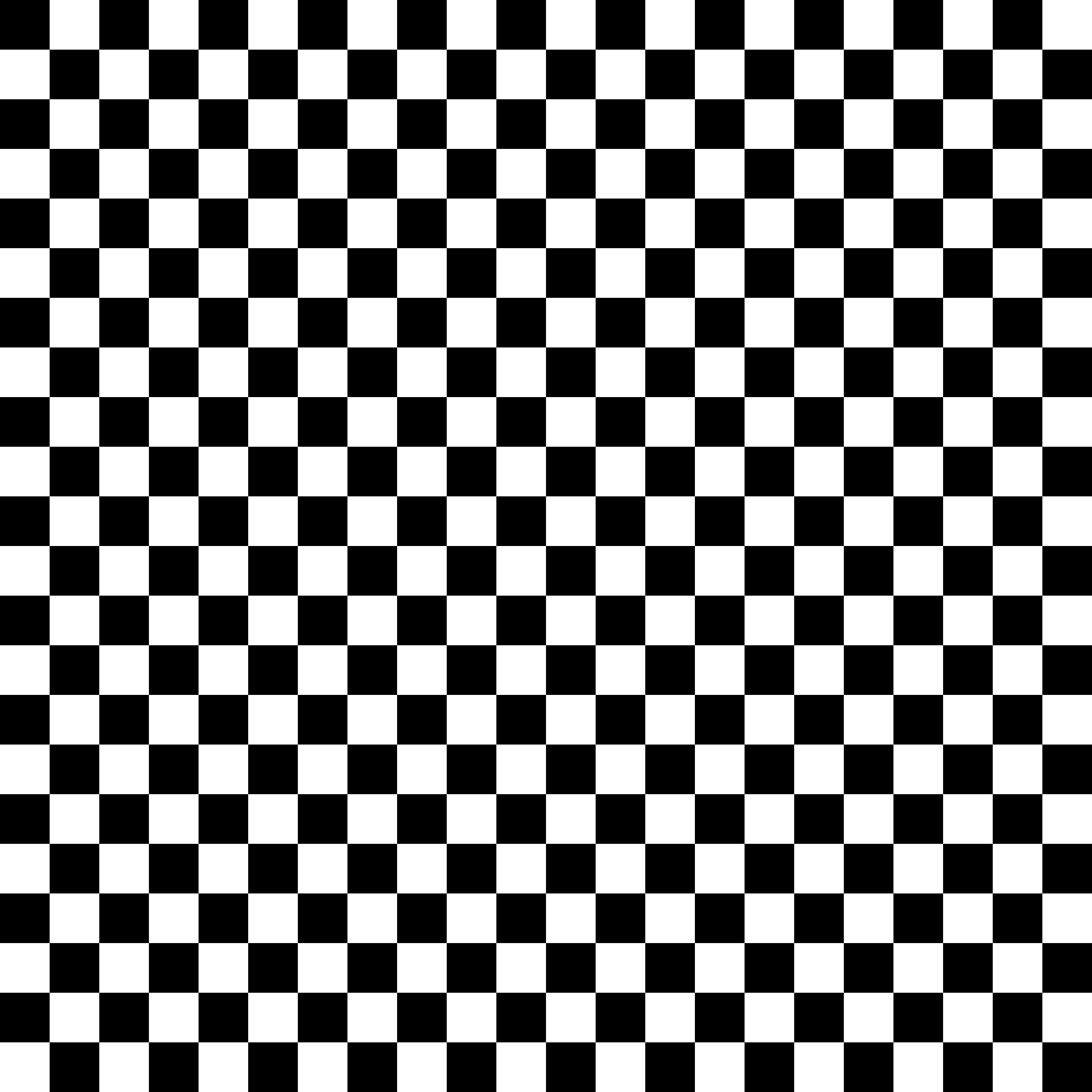


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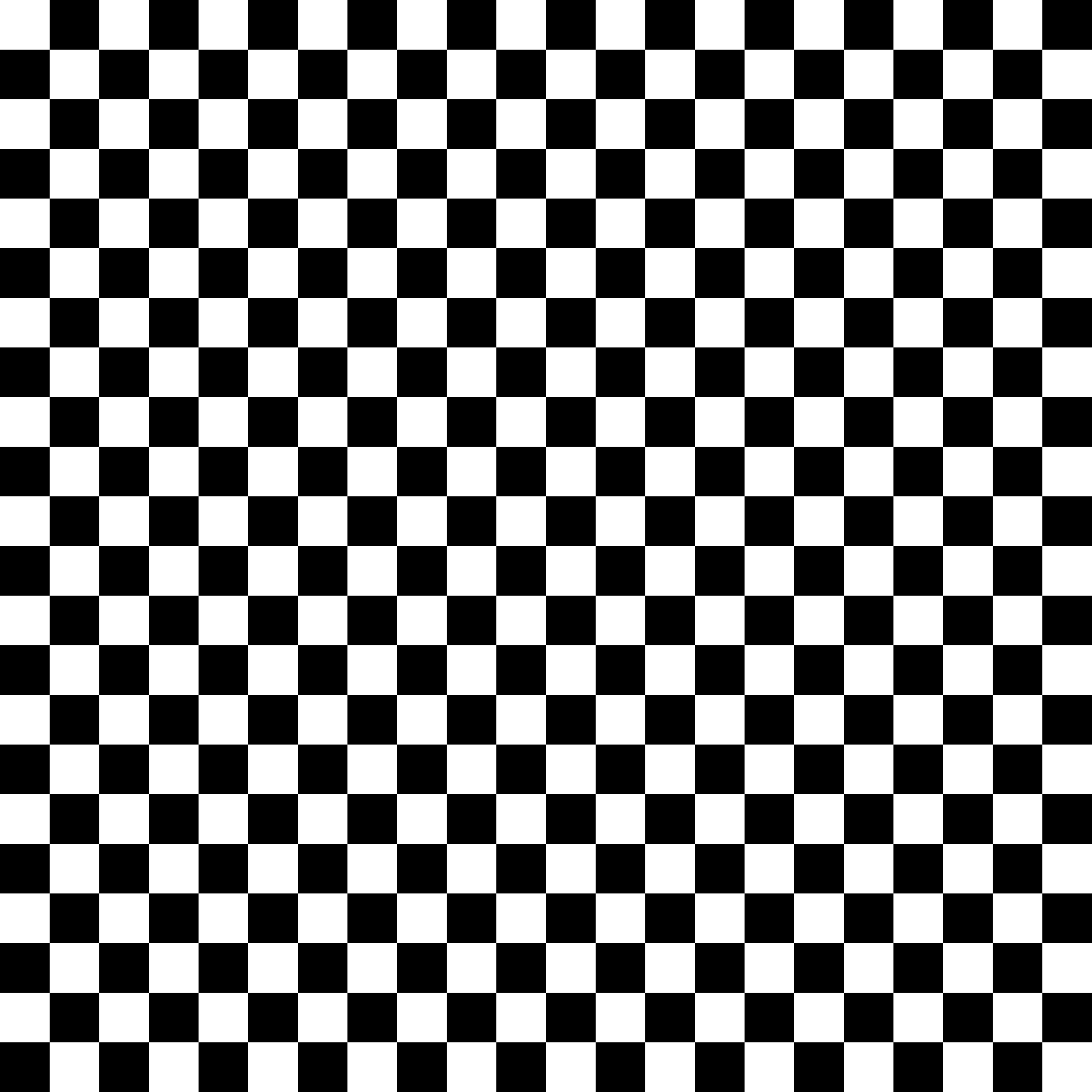
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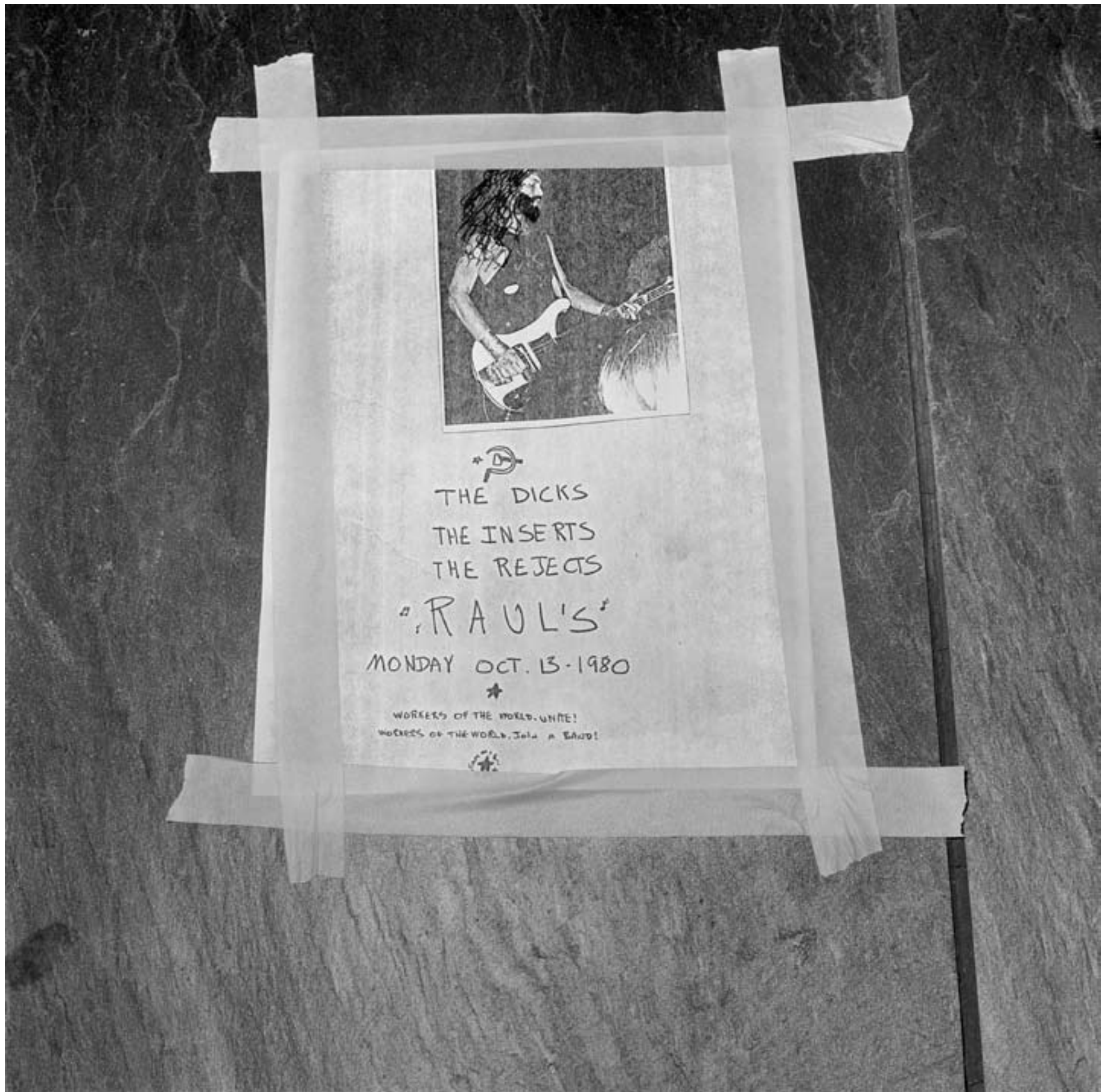
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November 4, 2008, work-in-progress







**BIG
BOYS
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Mark Goodman 1980 & 2008



SCENE SEEN

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Three weeks after the Sex Pistols' event, during Raul's one or two nights a month open to non-Tejano music performers, two new Austin music groups, the almost "all-grrrl" band, the Violators

(three teenage girls – Kathy Valentine, a future member of the Go-Go's; Carla Olson, later of the Textones; and Marilyn Dean – along with one guy, Jesse Sublett, on bass) and the Skunks (Sublett, again, with Fazz Eddie Munoz, later of the Plimsouls) performed their garage band style act. Joseph Gonzales soon convinced Raul's owner to let him open the stage to the slew of other quickly forming local punk rock style bands even though Gomez didn't particularly care for the music. By summertime, four or five good, bad, and worse bands, some with only three or four songs in their repertoire, regularly started taking to the stage after auditioning for Gonzales.

On September 19, 1978, the Huns' lead singer, Phil Tolstead (who earlier, along with all of the Violators, Eddie Munoz, and Steve Earle, had separately attended the mayhem at the Sex Pistols' gig in San Antonio) was arrested onstage at Raul's for abusive language, disorderly conduct, and resisting arrest at the band's debut performance. A uniformed police officer, who was called inside the club on a noise complaint by two plainclothes policemen who were already present, didn't like what he was seeing and hearing. The Huns and the audience were throwing garbage and beer back and forth at each other, recreating their notion of a perfect performance of punk pandemonium. With the arrival of the officer at the club's entrance, Tolstead started staring him down while shouting out a song about STDs, *Eat Death Scum!* – "I hate you! I hate you! I want to bludgeon your pussy with mace!" The cop slowly made his way towards the stage to tell the band to lower

the volume, but when he finally stepped onto it, Tolstead took him by surprise and fleetingly kissed him on the lips. As he was being handcuffed, Tolstead yelled, "Start a riot!" Of the one hundred and twenty people present, five patrons were hauled off to jail by the two plainclothes cops, while more than fifteen squad cars arrived at the scene. Raul's ceased being an unknown Tejano bar and suddenly became *the* punk rock club in Austin.

News of the event ran in *The Daily Texan*, the university student newspaper, since most of the Huns were Radio, Television, and Film undergraduate majors. It became a national issue when *Rolling Stone* picked up the story, and an international one when the British magazine, *New Music Express*, ran it too. This extensive publicity created an intense curiosity among college students at the state's largest university to see what was happening two blocks north of UT's College of Communications. On the 1995 reissue of their 1979 album, *Live at the Palladium*, Tom Huckabee, drummer for the Huns, claimed: "But our mission wasn't musical." The band had formed less than six months earlier and most of them couldn't seriously play their instruments; nor could Phil sing — he had the look and the moves, but not the voice. (Five years later Tolstead found God and became an evangelist.) Huckabee continued, "Our mission was to stir the shit, cure boredom, and strip the gears of musical privilege in Austin, represented by the folk, blues, and cosmic cowboy oligarchies." They were provocative poseurs, though Huckabee and others summed up some of his band mates simply as "assholes." This probably wasn't an

altogether pejorative statement since the Huns' immediate role models, Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious, were called the same as they fomented anarchy between themselves and their audiences — the flash of being revolting and incendiary.

For three years, the fun of raging, drinking, dancing, and watching bands battling their instruments, each other, and their audiences pulsed from Raul's on the "Drag" nightly. It became the nexus where punks and frat boys, art students and skaters, teenage runaways and ex-hippies, the lost and confused and the few who had discovered newly workable identities, eyeballed, crossed paths, confronted, or sidestepped one another as clashing and contradictory communities. Each group was the others' freak show. Punks in leather jackets paraded up and down the street. Frat boys drove muscle cars back and forth along the "Drag," at times throwing empty Lone Star longneck beer bottles at the punks standing outside of Raul's. When frat boys ventured inside the club to holler "Faggots!" and harass the punk bands with catcalls, spit, beer, and play-act at violence or in earnest, they were answered back with, "Suck my dick!" or "Go start your own band!"

To memorialize and promote punk rock at Raul's, a double 12" disc LP, *Live at Raul's*, was released in 1979. The music was recorded at the club during specially arranged, sparsely attended afternoon sessions (this quiet atmosphere left out the raucous and boisterous interaction between the bands and audiences which was the critical aspect of the nighttime experience) and featured five groups: the

Explosives, Standing Waves, Terminal Mind, Next, and the Skunks. Each band had two songs apiece, one on each disc symmetrically sequenced – order, not chaos; it was a sound track lacking the essence and energy of the true synergetic experience. In early 1980, after two years of ownership, Gomez, whose intention had been to expand the audience and market for Tex-Mex music outside of Hispanic East Austin, but who had inadvertently set the stage for an altogether different music scene, sold the club to Steve Hayden who kept the name and an exclusive punk music lineup. The club closed for a two month remodeling and then reopened with a refurbished interior and a new sound system. Scores of punk bands from Austin and around Texas played Raul's. Sharon Tate's Baby played the club sixty-six times. The Psychedelic Furs headlined Raul's on their first national tour in 1980. Big name performers – Patti Smith, Elvis Costello, Blondie, Cheap Trick, and The Clash – were invited to drop by after-hours to jam with the locals when they were in town, and sometimes they did. An album with two 7" records, *Recorded Live at Raul's Club*, was made on September 19th and 20th – the second anniversary of the Huns' riot. This time only the Big Boys and the Dicks, two of the most popular bands during Raul's third and final year, were featured.

The Big Boys first played at Raul's in November 1979, though Randy "Biscuit" Turner, lead singer of the band, had been attending the club before the Big Boys formed. Randy was thirteen years older than Chris Gates, the youngest band member, who was still in high school when they first met in 1974. Tim Kerr was a few years

older than Chris. The three were skateboarding pals initially, not musicians. Chris and Tim decided to form a band after hearing "Biscuit's" stories about his nights at Raul's and the Battle of the Bands that he'd witnessed there. Both Chris and Tim played guitar and they asked "Biscuit" to be the singer since that's what he did while skating; he had natural in-your-face front-man presence. "Biscuit" was openly gay, often dressed in costumes onstage and off (gold choir robes, jumpsuits with ballerina outfits underneath, a Goth clown get-up, muumuus, cowboy outfits, and, at least once, only sawdust and motor oil). He was off-the-wall, had a sense of humor, and was fun to watch. The music the band created and later developed was diverse, not just loud or fast or angry, a concoction of funk and ska, reggae and rock – a.k.a. skate punk. The music and the personality of the band was summed up by the title of the album they released in 1982, *Fun Fun Fun*. In the beginning, punk music was not only Do-It-Yourself, but also Do-Whatever-The-Fuck-You-Wanted; later, attitudes, fashions, and behaviors solidified into a more limited and rigid ideology. The Big Boys remained active as a band until 1984. During that time, they made a debut single, *Frat Cars*, three full-length LP albums, a 12" EP, and the split live album with the Dicks. In 1993, two retrospective CDs, *The Skinny Elvis* (early years) and *The Fat Elvis* (last years), were issued.

Gary Floyd created the Dicks as a "poster band" in 1980. Xerox flyers were the common means of advertising shows; 8 1/2 x 11 inch handbills were stapled and taped to utility poles and walls up

and down the "Drag" and downtown on Congress Avenue and Sixth Street, the entertainment district. Floyd's first posters promoted gigs by a "band" that didn't know how to play, in "clubs" that didn't exist, but made people aware of them, even convincing a few that they'd actually heard them. After he cut loose the two members without instruments, Floyd, who like "Biscuit" was a cross-dressing openly gay singer, joined up with Buxf Parrot, Pat Deason, and Glen Taylor – three straight "terrorist thugs" who played bass, drums, and guitar – giving him the newly found confidence to be totally outrageous. The Dicks became a performing band, released the 1980 7" EP single, *Dicks Hate the Police*, and continued playing hard and fast rage music that was raw, manic, and off-key for two years before Floyd moved to San Francisco in October 1982, where he created a third version of his band that lasted four more years. A reissued CD collection, *The Dicks 1980 - 1986*, with twenty-one songs, came out in 1997. Later, reminiscing about his days in the Austin punk rock scene, he felt that the experience for him was less about jumping on a musical bandwagon that was inspired by the Sex Pistols, than it was the means and excuse to change his personal life for the better.

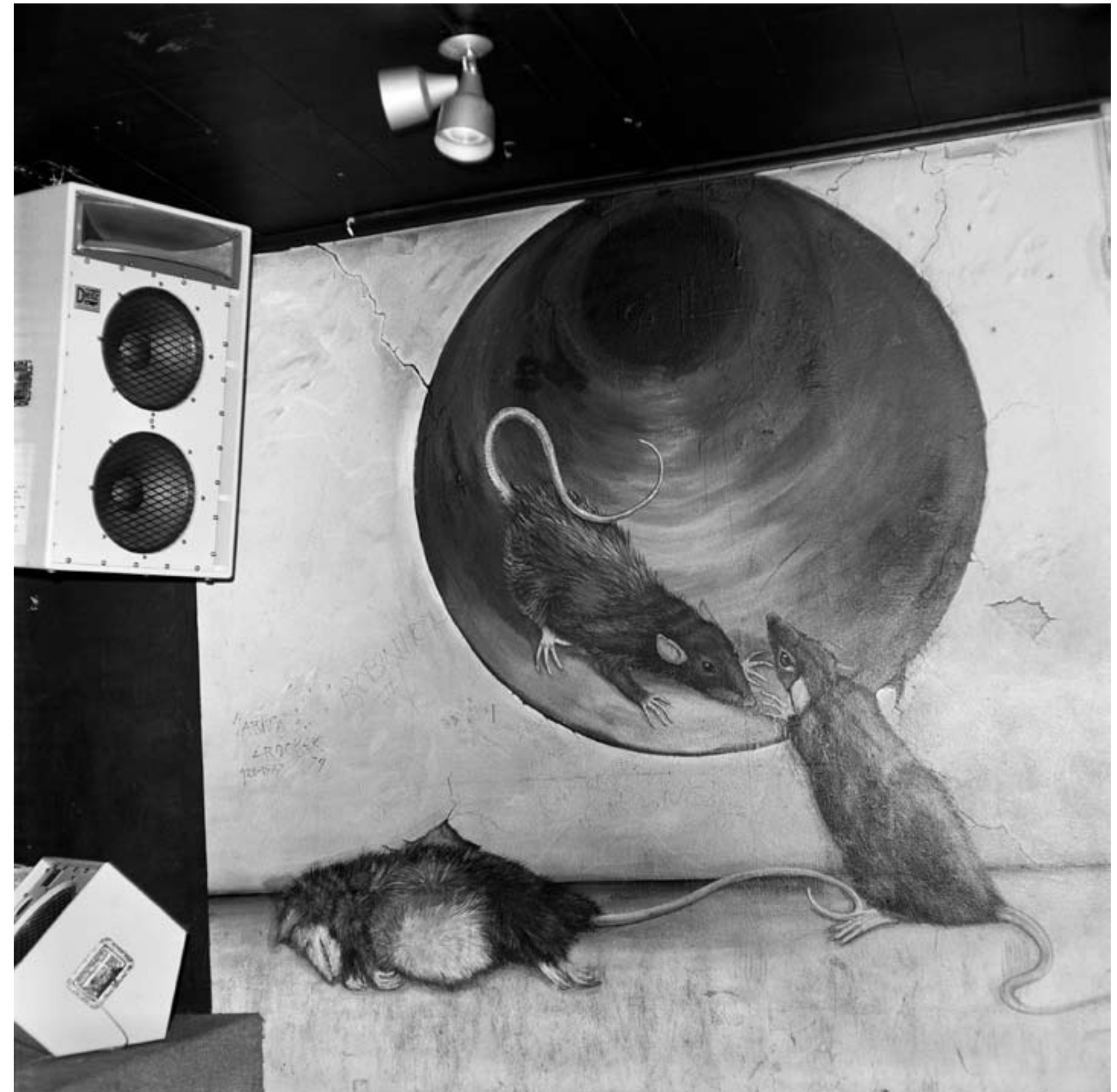
My own life changed when I moved from rural New York State (where I spent a decade photographically documenting children in one small town) to Austin in July 1980 to teach at the University of Texas. I was in my mid-thirties, and during my first three months in Austin, I lived three blocks from the "Drag" at 21st Street and Rio Grande. I regularly walked throughout the West Campus

neighborhood, up and down the "Drag," and around the campus with my 120mm Mamiya twin-lens camera around my neck, asking anybody if I might photograph him or her on the spot.

My brief encounters with punk rock participants were casual. A student's boyfriend played bass in a punk band (the Shades), and the night they appeared at Raul's (along with the Big Boys who also performed), several of us went to see and hear them after class. On a Sunday afternoon, a "punk fashion show" was held at Blitz, "a secondhand clothing store – *and more*," that featured short performances by the Stains and the Dicks; the "Torn Panties," not a band, but the gang of girls who ran around with the Dicks, dressed in costume for the event. Then, by chance, I photographed the crowd at a Dicks' record release party held at Inner Sanctum Records on 24th Street, a record store and forum for spontaneous conversations on all things relating to rock 'n' roll, at that time celebrating its tenth year of operations. This was just around the corner from the "Drag" and a couple of blocks south of Raul's, where the Dicks and the Big Boys and other band members (none of whom I knew anything about), fans, and UT students killed time between afternoon classes packed in the small store and adjacent parking lot. The only person who spoke to me at this event was a frat boy wearing a sport jacket, tie (he loosened it for the occasion), Ray Ban sunglasses, and a "Fuck Off & Die!" button that he pinned to his lapel. Unsolicited, he proudly explained that he fit into any world – the punk world, the frat world, the business school world – by adding a few accessories; he then began

shouting along with everyone else as the Dicks started to perform their single. Perhaps it really wasn't as much a world as it was a mixer – a social opportunity for people to get acquainted, try on roles for size, pose, flirt, and fantasize about themselves and each other.

Since I went to all of these events as an interloper only to photograph, by springtime when I discovered that I preferred walking in the intense heat of the late afternoon along quiet, almost deserted streets, I stopped. I became fascinated with the play of sunlight on buildings in the central business district, many of which were being torn down to make way for new office towers in the never-ending revitalization of downtown Austin. On April Fool's Day 1981, Raul's permanently closed. Hayter sold the property to a frat bar franchise named The Texas Showdown Saloon, an operation that featured commercially manufactured background music in a venue with a beer garden, pool tables, and dart boards. It successfully operated for more than a quarter century. In the end, the jocks and homecoming queens took back the field. What was once scrawled on the wall next to Raul's ticket window directly by the front door, "No tourist death to you," a threat and a promise, of Us versus Them, became Raul's and the punk habitués' own epitaph.



BIG BOYS DICKS



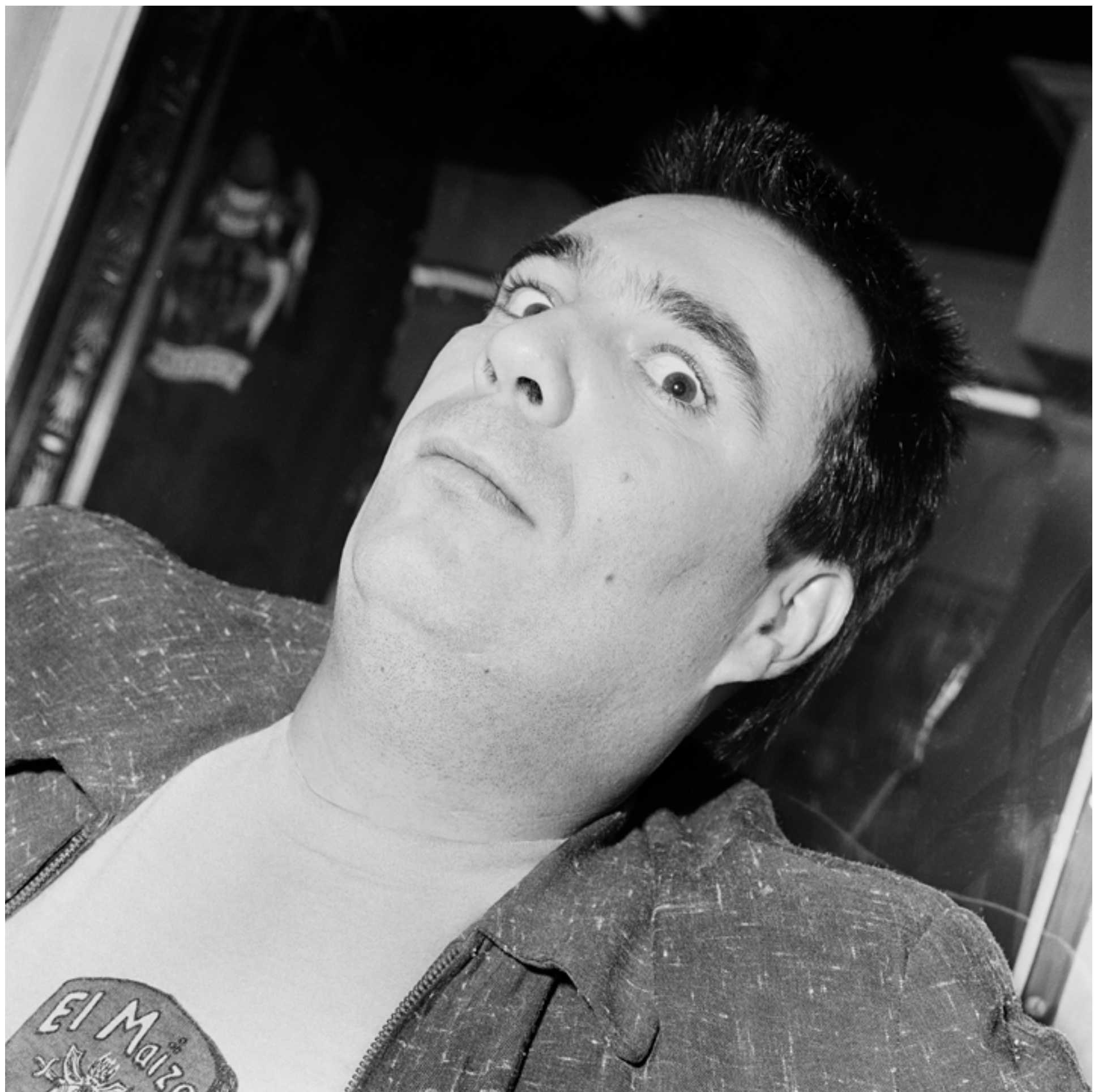








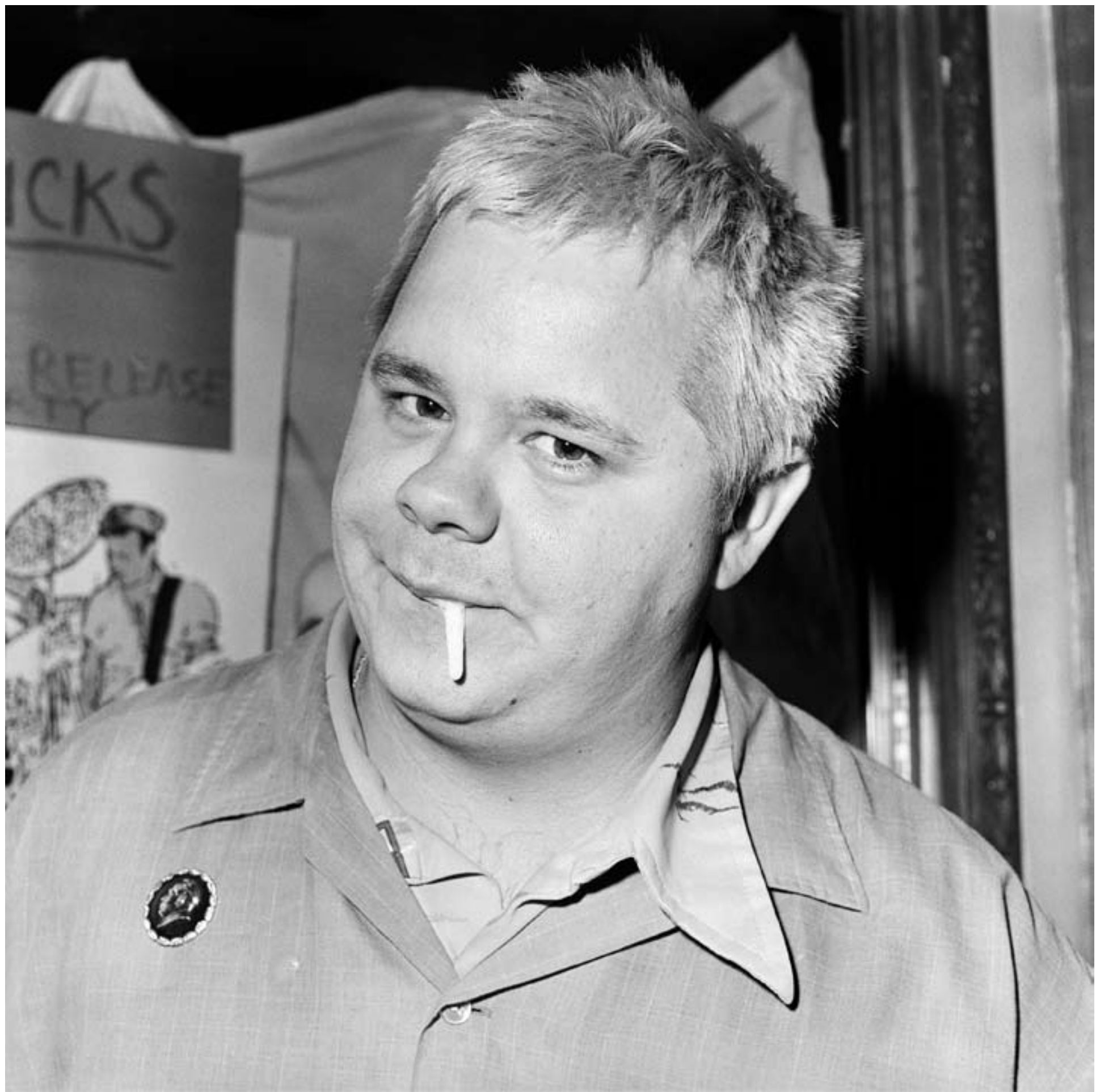


























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- 5) Ken Lieck, Young, Loud, and Cheap. The Skunks, The Band That Broke Austin Out of the Seventies, The Austin Chronicle, December 8, 2000
- 6) Margaret Moser, Holiday in San Antonio. The night the Sex Pistols went off at Randy's Rodeo, The Austin Chronicle, January 10, 2003
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- 12) Jesse Sublett, never the same again: a rock 'n' roll gothic, Boaz Publishing Company, 2004



TITLES

- 1) Handbills taped to a pole on the "Drag."
- 2) Handbill for the Big Boys, June 5, 1980.
- 3) Handbill for the Dicks, the Inserts, and the Rejects, October 13, 1980.
- 4) **BIG BOYS DICKS, Mark Goodman, 1980 & 2008**
- 5) Chris Gates, Big Boys' guitarist, wearing a Raul's T-shirt.
- 6) The Rat Mural inside Raul's.
- 7) Buxf Parrot, Dicks' bass guitarist.
- 8) Singing with the Dicks. Blitz concert.
- 9) Gary Floyd, Dicks' lead singer. Blitz concert.
- 10) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 11) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 12) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 13) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 14) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 15) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 16) Randy "Biscuit" Turner, Big Boys' lead singer.
- 17) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 18) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 19) Glen Taylor, Dicks' guitarist.
- 20) Randy "Biscuit" Turner, Big Boys' lead singer. Raul's.
- 21) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 22) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 23) Gary Floyd, Dicks' lead singer.
- 24) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 25) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 26) Greg Murray, Big Boys' second drummer.
- 27) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 28) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 29) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 30) Tim Kerr, Big Boys' bass guitarist.
- 31) Dancing to the Big Boys. Raul's.
- 32) Dancing to the Shades. Raul's.
- 33) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 34) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 35) Handbills stapled to a pole on the "Drag."
- 36) Wall scrawl next to Raul's ticket window.



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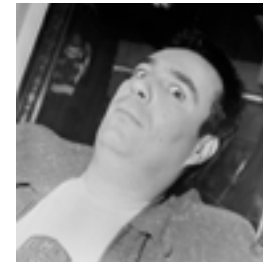
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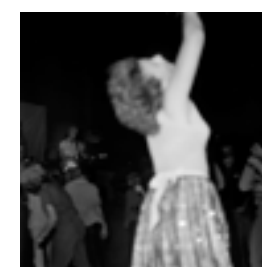
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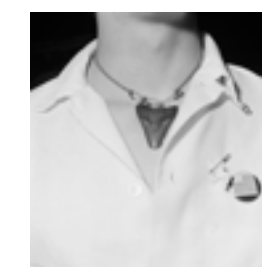
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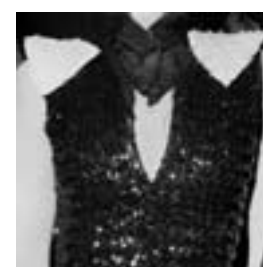
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Scans & Pigment Printing
Peter Williams
AgavePrint
Austin, Texas

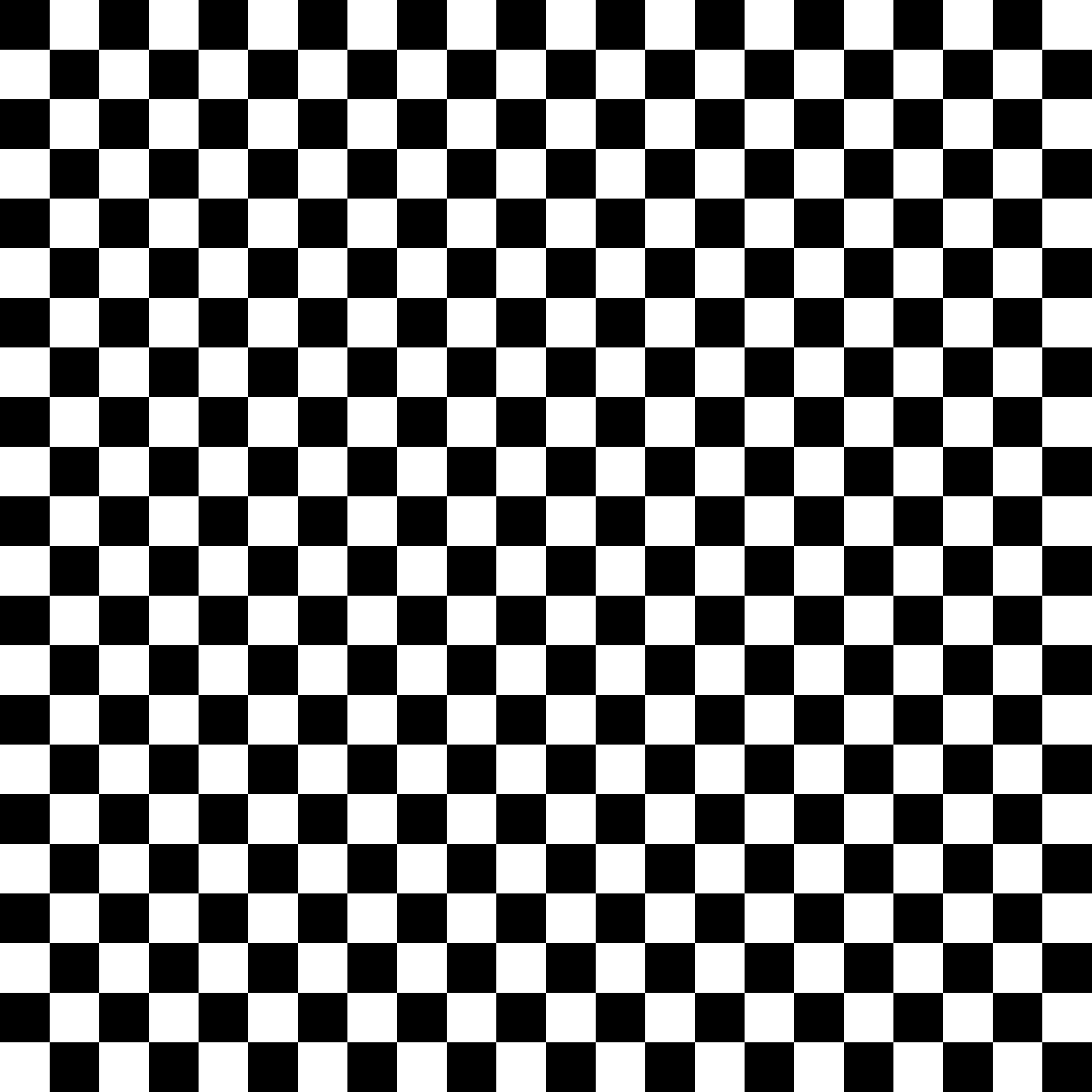
Binding & Slipcase
Meredith Miller
Punchpress
Austin, Texas

Peter Williams made critically important suggestions during the six months we worked on this book together while it grew three times in size from its first incarnation.

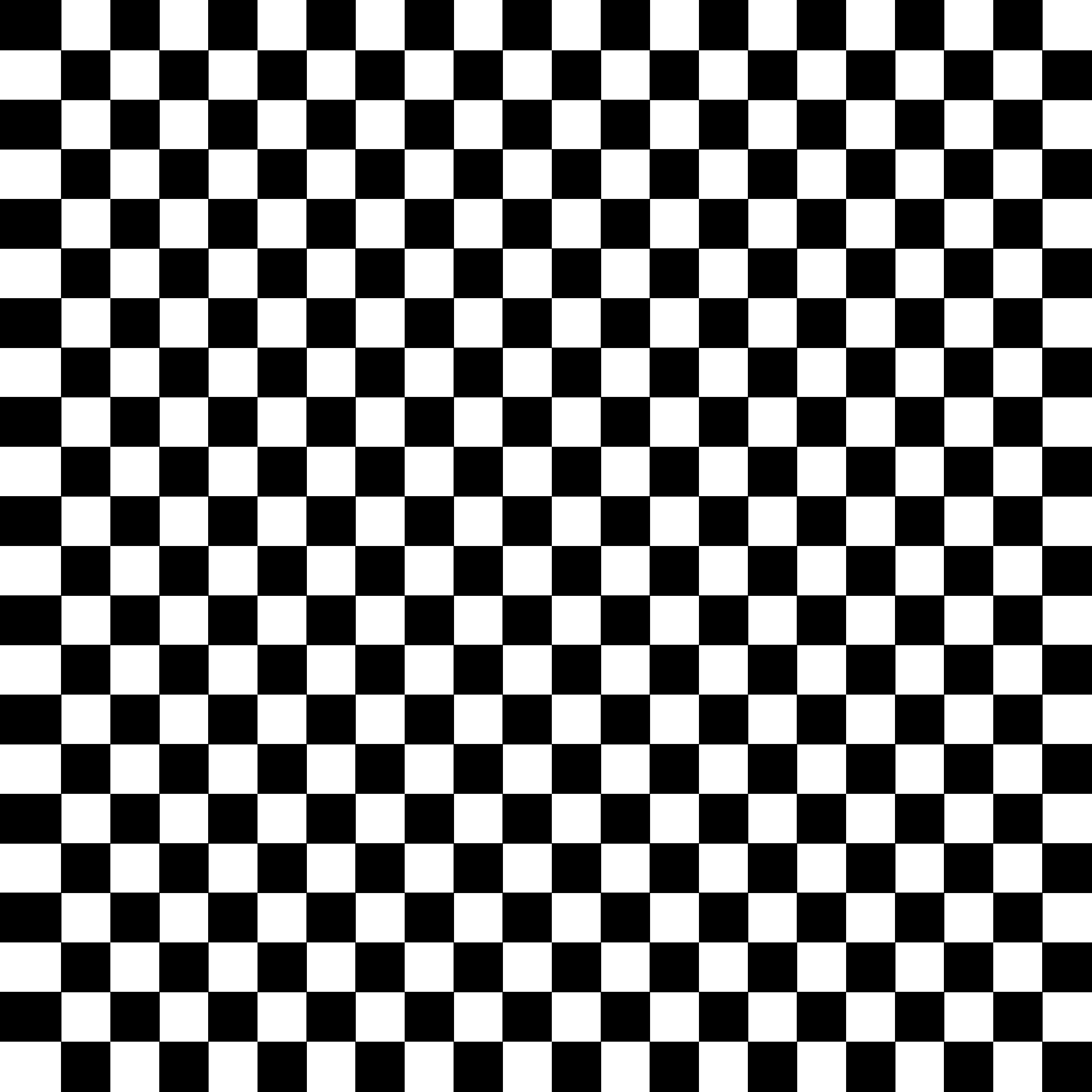
Irene Roderick provided valuable advice about many details all along the way and gave me courage as I challenged myself to make sense of my almost forgotten photographic past.

Photographs and Text
Mark Goodman
1980 & 2008

Limited to an edition of five of which this is # _____



December 2015, the next to last Blurb version






passing belief. most
BIG BOYS
JUNE 5



those remarks are in the bag?




THE DICKS
THE INSERTS
THE REJECTS
"RAUL'S"
MONDAY OCT. 13-1980

★
WORKERS OF THE WORLD. UNITE!
WORKERS OF THE WORLD. JOIN A BAND!



**BIG
BOYS
DICKS**

Mark Goodman 1980 & 2008/2015



SCENE SEEN

Roy "Raul" Gomez, a fast food franchise distributor, owned Raul's Club (a dive, as some called it) though he was rarely present; Joseph Gonzales, a large man who carried a gun, was the proprietor; and Bobby Morales, an even larger man, was the bouncer. The club opened in January 1978 at 2610 Guadalupe Street in Austin, Texas, featuring accordion-driven Tejano music; previously, it was a local rock and roll bar named Gemini's. For about a mile or so near the University of Texas, Guadalupe Street, a.k.a. the Drag, defined the western edge of the campus, separating the educational complex on the east side from the commercial interests opposite. Beyond the Drag, the West Campus residential neighborhood consisted of revival-style homes, bungalows, apartment complexes, private dorms, and the majority of the university's fraternity and sorority houses. Frat boys sporting white golf hats along with their sorority sisters, known as "bow-heads" because of the ribbons adorning their hair, dominated the college social scene.

Live music in Austin during the early 1970s was the cosmic cowboy transcendental folk and country sounds of "peaced-off" rednecks, ex-hippies in cowboy boots and blue jeans; or "pissed-off" country musician outlaws singing hard-edged honky-tonk songs about drinking, drugs, and sex. By the middle of the decade "looking for love" smooth urban cowboys performed in all the discos, while electric guitar heroes played black-influenced blues and rock at hole-in-the-wall clubs and other wrong places. In 1976, the New York anti-hero band The Ramones blasted out stripped-to-the-basics, fast, raw songs without a nod to either blues or country; the Sex Pistols and The Clash, manager-created British bands, soon followed. All three

groups toured Texas. The Ramones appeared live at the Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin, on July 14, 1977, and The Clash, on October 4, 1979. But it was a Sex Pistols chaotic gig on January 8, 1978 in San Antonio (eighty miles south of the capital) at Randy's Rodeo, a shit-kicker, boot-scooting country & western dance hall and former bowling alley, that energized the punk fans who drove down from Austin, and then returned home to rage against the mundane. Over two thousand people witnessed the Sex Pistols' drummer and bassist keep a roaring beat, while Johnny Rotten (wearing a T-shirt depicting two cowboys fornicating with each other) and Sid Vicious ("Gimme a fix" written across his bare chest) howled, sneered, cursed, and screamed epithets – "All cowboys are faggots!" – at the predominately non-punk crowd who responded by throwing cream pies, hot dogs, pizza, and beer bottles at them; Sid, his nose bloodied by a hurled beer can, wildly swung his guitar at the audience, hitting a man. A week later, the Sex Pistols broke up, and the Austin punk rock scene took off.

The Do-It-Yourself loud, louder, loudest hardcore punk sound arrived in Austin three weeks later, during the one night a week when Raul's Club welcomed non-Tejano music performers, a tip of the hat to Gemini's. Two new Austin groups, the almost "all-grrrl" band the Violators (three teenage girls – Kathy Valentine, a future member of the Go-Go's, Carla Olson, later of the Textones, and Marilyn Dean – along with one guy, Jesse Sublett, on bass), and the Skunks (Sublett, again, with Fazz Eddie Munoz, later of Plimsouls) performed their garage band-style act to enthusiastic crowds. Joseph Gonzales soon booked other quickly forming local punk bands, good, bad, and awful. On September 19, 1978, the Huns' lead singer, Phil Tolstead (who had attended the Sex Pistols' show in San Antonio), was arrested on Raul's stage for abusive language, disorderly conduct, and resisting arrest during the band's debut appearance. The Huns and members of the crowd were throwing food and cups of beer back and forth at each

other, creating their own notion of a perfect performance of punk pandemonium, when two plainclothes policemen inside the club summoned a uniformed officer. When the cop appeared at the entrance, Tolstead stared him down from the stage, ranting lyrics, "I hate you I hate you! I want to bludgeon your pussy with mace!" The cop slowly made his way to the bandstand and when he stepped onto it, Tolstead fleetingly kissed him; as he was being handcuffed, he yelled, "Start a riot!" Soon more than a dozen squad cars arrived at the scene, and out of the one hundred and twenty people present, five were taken to jail. Raul's immediately ceased being an unknown Tejano bar and became the punk rock club in Austin.

Most of the Huns were Art or Film undergraduate majors, and news of the event ran in *The Daily Texan*, the university student newspaper. It became a national headline when *Rolling Stone* picked up the story, and an international one when the British magazine, *New Music Express*, ran it. On the 1995 reissue of their 1979 album, *Live at the Palladium*, Tom Huckabee, the Huns' drummer, wrote, "Our mission wasn't musical." The band had formed less than six months earlier and couldn't seriously play, nor did Phil have chops, only the look and moves. (Five years later, Tolstead found God and became an evangelist.) Huckabee concluded, "Our mission was to stir the shit, cure boredom, and strip the gears of musical privilege in Austin, represented by the folk, blues, and cosmic cowboy oligarchies." The Huns, like the Sex Pistols, were provocative "assholes" bent on stimulating anarchy, the flash of being revolting and incendiary. For three years the fun of raging, drinking, dancing, and watching bands battle their instruments, each other, and their audiences pulsated from Raul's. It became the nexus where punks and frat boys, art students and skaters, teenage runaways and ex-hippies, the lost and confused and the few who had discovered newly workable identities eyeballed, crossed paths, confronted, or sidestepped one another as clashing and contradictory

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The Big Boys first played at Raul's in November 1979, though the lead singer of the band, Randy "Biscuit" Turner, was already frequenting

the club as a fan. Randy was thirteen years older than Chris Gates, the youngest band member, who was still in high school when they met, in 1974; Tim Kerr, a few years older than Chris, was the third founding member. The three were skateboarding pals initially, not musicians. Chris and Tim decided to form a band after hearing "Biscuit" rave about his nights at Raul's and the Battle of the Bands. Chris and Tim played guitar. "Biscuit" sang and had a natural front-man presence and an off-the-wall sense of humor. He was openly gay, often dressed in costumes on stage and off (tutus, gold choir robes, jumpsuits, a Goth clown get-up, muumuus, cowboy outfits) and, at least one time, only sawdust and motor oil. The music the band created was diverse, not just loud or fast or angry, but a concoction of funk and ska, reggae and rock, a.k.a. skate punk. The music and the personality of the band was summed up by the title of an album they released in 1982, *Fun Fun Fun*. In the beginning punk music was not only Do-It-Yourself, but also Do-Whatever-The-Fuck-You-Want. The Big Boys remained active as a band until 1984; they produced a debut single, three full-length LP albums, a 12" EP, and the split live album with the Dicks. In 1993 two retrospective CDs, *The Skinny Elvis* (early years) and *The Fat Elvis* (last years) were issued.

Gary Floyd (also an openly gay singer) created the Dicks as a "poster band," in 1980. Xerox flyers, 8 1/2 x 11" handbills stapled to telephone poles and taped to walls up and down the Drag, were the common means of advertising shows. Floyd's first posters promoted gigs by a band that didn't have instruments, couldn't play them if they had, and announced show dates at phantom clubs. He soon "disbanded" his two-member non-band and joined up with Buxf Parrot, Pat Deason, and Glen Taylor, three straight "terrorist thugs" who could play bass, drums, and guitar, becoming a raging stage act. In 1980, the Dicks released a 7" EP single and continued playing fast and frenzied music that was raw, manic, and off-key for two years before Floyd moved to San

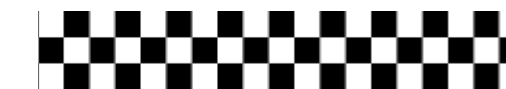
Francisco, in October 1982, where he created a third version of his band that lasted four more years. A reissued 21-song CD collection, *The Dicks 1980-1986*, was released in 1997.

My own life changed in July 1980 when I moved from rural New York, where I'd spent a decade photographing children in one small town, to teach photography classes at the university in Austin. I was in my early thirties, lived three blocks from the Drag, and regularly walked about the neighborhood carrying a 120mm twin-lens camera with a flash plugged into a 510-volt battery pack, asking people if I might photograph him or her on the spot.

My brief encounters with punk rock participants were casual and unplanned. A student's boyfriend played bass in a band (the Shades), and the night they appeared at Raul's (along with the Big Boys), several of us went to see and hear them after class. On a Sunday afternoon, a "punk fashion show" was held at Blitz, "a secondhand clothing store – and more," featuring short performances by the Stains and the Dicks; the "Torn Panties," not a band, but a gang of girls who ran around with the Dicks, dressed in DIY costumes for the event. By chance, I photographed at the Dicks' first record release party held inside Inner Sanctum Records (now, a Starbucks), just around the corner from the Drag and a couple of blocks south of Raul's where the Dicks and the Big Boys and other band members (none of whom I knew anything about), fans, and college students congregated. The only person who spoke to me was a frat boy wearing a sport jacket, tie (he loosened it for the occasion), Ray-Ban sunglasses, and a "Fuck Off & Die!" button that he pinned to his lapel. Unsolicited, he proudly explained to me how he fit into any scene – the punk world, the frat world, the business school world – merely by adding or subtracting a few accessories; when the guitars and drums suddenly erupted, he

screamed along with everyone else as the band performed their single, "Dicks Hate the Police."

Since I was an interloper showing up only to photograph, by springtime when I discovered my preference for walking in the intense late-afternoon heat along quiet, almost deserted urban streets, I stopped. I was fascinated by the play of light on buildings in the central business district and Austin's never-ending revitalization and growth. On April Fools' Day, 1981, Raul's permanently closed. Hayden sold the property to a frat bar franchise, The Texas Showdown Saloon, an operation featuring commercially manufactured background music in a venue with a beer garden, pool tables, and dartboards; it successfully operated for more than a quarter century; currently, a similar bar, The Local Pub & Patio, occupies the building. What was once scrawled on the wall next to Raul's ticket window directly by the front door, "Kill. No tourist death to you," a threat and a promise of Us versus Them, became Raul's and the punk habitués' own epitaph.





BIG BOYS DICKS



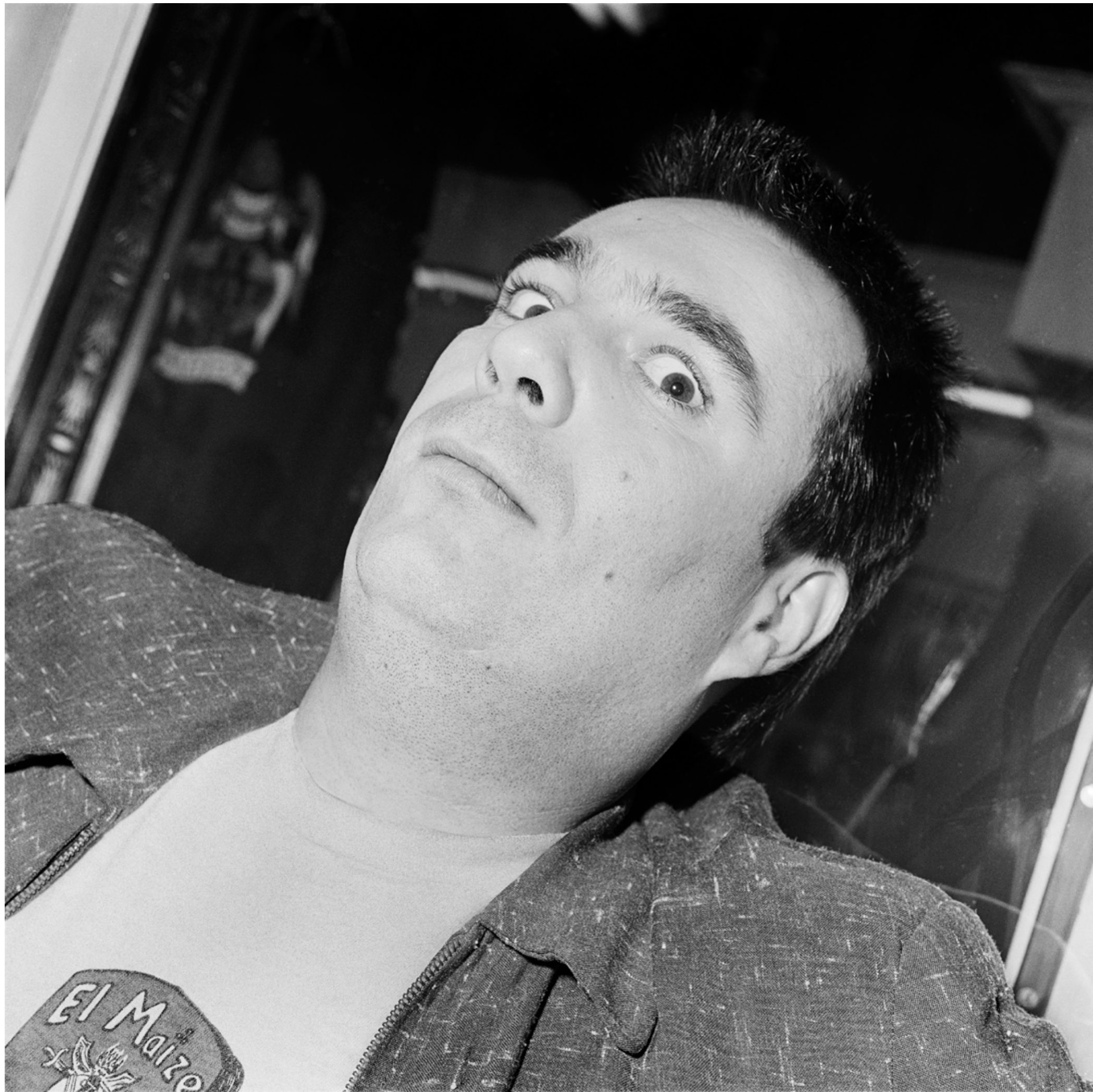










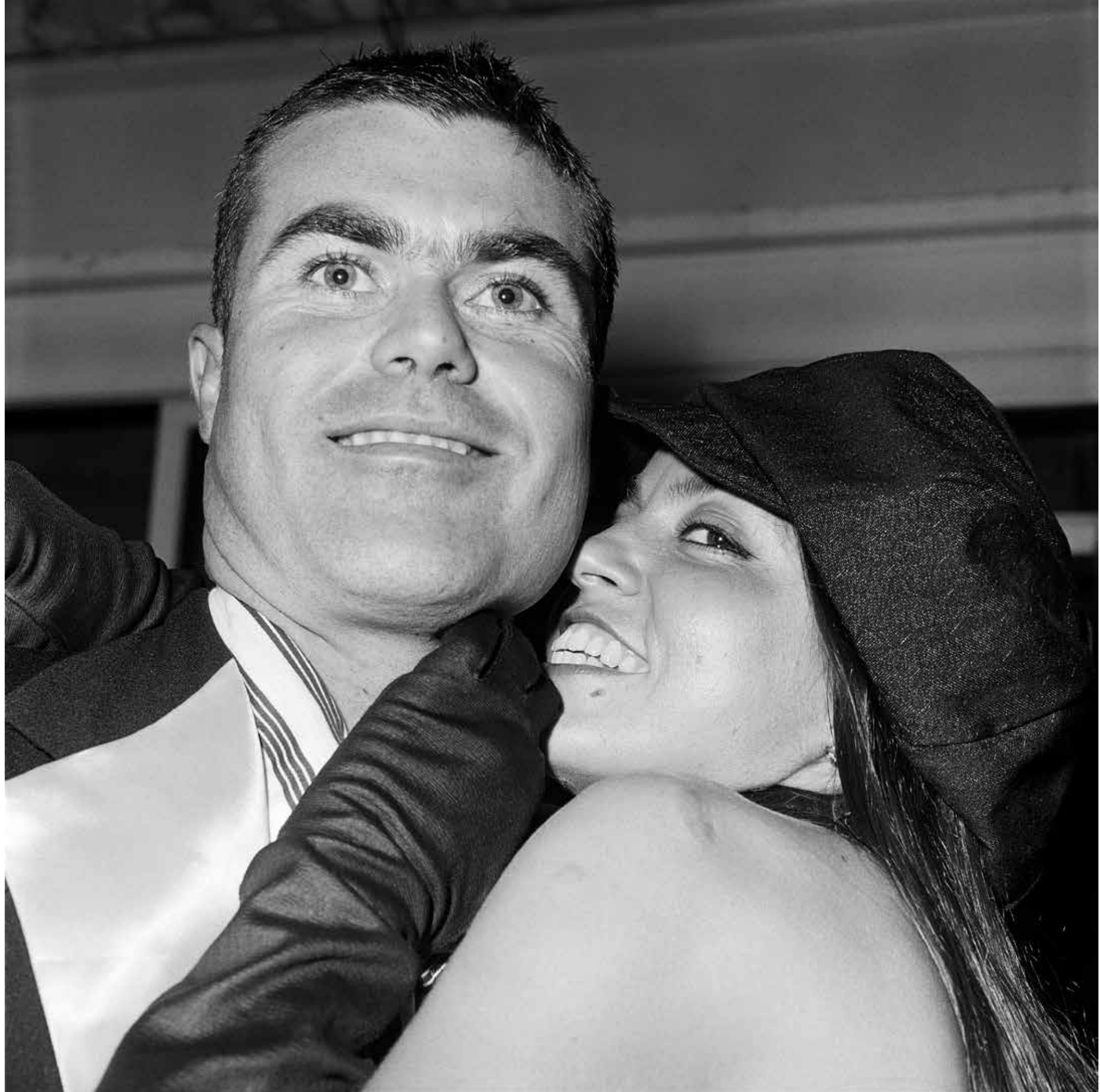
























Selected Readings

- 1) Randy Anthony, *History of Randy's Rodeo*, randysrodeo.com
- 2) Raoul Hernandez, *Saturday Night at the Bookstore*. Gary Floyd: Once a Dick, Always a Dick, *The Austin Chronicle*, May 12, 2000
- 3) Ken Lieck, *Young, Loud, and Cheap*. The Skunks, The Band That Broke Austin Out of the Seventies, *The Austin Chronicle*, December 8, 2000
- 4) Margaret Moser, *Holiday in San Antonio*. The night the Sex Pistols went off at Randy's Rodeo, *The Austin Chronicle*, January 10, 2003
- 5) Margaret Moser, *This Town*. Every day is (Kathy) Valentine Day, *The Austin Chronicle*, February 9, 2007
- 6) Marc Savlov, *Making Biscuit: Punk icon Randy "Biscuit" Turner serves art 24/7*, *The Austin Chronicle*, August 19, 2005
- 7) Marc Savlov, *True Today*. Randy "Biscuit" Turner: the final interview, *The Austin Chronicle*, August 26, 2005
- 8) Barry Shank, *Dissonant Identities. The Rock 'n' Roll Scene in Austin, Texas*, Wesleyan University Press, 1994 [Chapter 5: Punk Rock at Raul's: The Performance of Contradiction]
- 9) Jesse Sublett, *never the same again: a rock 'n' roll gothic*, Boaz Publishing Company, 2004



TITLES

- 1) Handbills taped to a pole on the "Drag."
- 2) Handbill for the Big Boys, June 5, 1980.
- 3) Handbill for the Dicks, the Inserts, and the Rejects, October 13, 1980.
- 4) BIG BOYS DICKS, Mark Goodman, 1980 & 2008
- 5) Chris Gates, Big Boys' guitarist, wearing a Raul's T-shirt.
- 6) The Rat Mural inside Raul's.
- 7) Buxf Parrot, Dicks' bass guitarist.
- 8) Singing with the Dicks. Blitz concert.
- 9) Gary Floyd, Dicks' lead singer. Blitz concert.
- 10) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 11) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 12) Ellen Pulner. Dicks' Blitz concert
- 13) David Yarritu. Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 14) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 15) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 16) Randy "Biscuit" Turner, Big Boys' lead singer.
- 17) Dicks' record release party.

- 18) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 19) Glen Taylor, Dicks' guitarist.
- 20) Randy "Biscuit" Turner, Big Boys' lead singer. Raul's.
- 21) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 22) Dicks' record release party. Inner Sanctum Records.
- 23) Gary Floyd, Dicks' lead singer.
- 24) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 25) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 26) Greg Murray, Big Boys' second drummer.
- 27) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 28) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 29) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 30) Tim Kerr, Big Boys' bass guitarist.
- 31) Dancing to the Big Boys. Raul's.
- 32) Dancing to the Shades. Raul's.
- 33) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 34) Dicks' Blitz concert.
- 35) Handbills stapled to a pole on the "Drag."
- 36) Wall scrawl next to Raul's ticket window.



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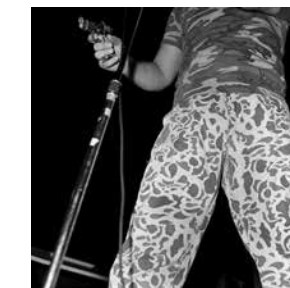
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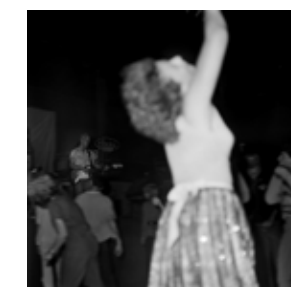
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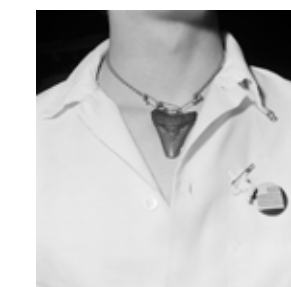
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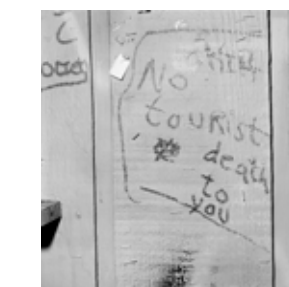
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Colophon

Photographs, Text, and Sequencing
Mark Goodman

1980 & 2008/2015

In 2008, five copies were issued in a pigment print artist book edition. Irene Roderick provided valuable advice, and Peter Williams made critically important suggestions during the six months of the original book's creation. In 2014, Justine Tal Goldberg and David Duhr (Write By Night, New York, New York) helped me revise the essay.

2008 Edition

Scans & Pigment Printing

Peter Williams
AgavePrint
Austin, Texas

Binding

Meredith Miller
Punchpress
Austin, Texas

Clamshell Box

Jace Graf
Cloverleaf Studio
Austin, Texas

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Aces 88, Action Toys, AK47, Austin Stranglers,
Bag of Wire, Bang Gang, Big Babies, **BIG BOYS**, Bizarros, The Blame,
Bobby Soxx, Bodysnatchers, Bomb Squad, Boy Problems, Butthole Surfers,
Casa-Novas, Charismatics, Chickadiesels, Commandos, Complete Control,
Court Reporters, Cringe, Culturecide,
Da Da Curve, D-Day, Degenerates, Delinquents, Delta 72, Derelicts,
Devices, **DICKS**, Dishes, Dot Vaeth, Dirty Rotten Imbeciles, Droogs,
Eddie and the Inm'8s, Ejectors, Electric Tools, Electros,
The Enemy, Explosives,
F-Systems, Fad, Final Notice, Finz, Fix, Foams, Fragments,
Fuck Ups, Fudge Tunnels,
Gator Family, Gays, God On Drugs,
Happy Death, Haskells, Hates, Hickoids, Hole, Hormoans,
The Hugh Beaumont Experience, The Huns,
Inanimate Objects, Incomparable, Ideals, The Infected, The Inserts,
Insex, Invisibles,
The Jacks, Jerry's Kids, The Jitters, Joy Division, The Judys,
Kamikaze Refrigerators, Killerwattz,
Legionaire's Disease, Lewd, Lift,

Mannequin, Marching Plague, Max and the Make-ups, Meat Joy,
Millions of Dead Cops, Mistakes, Mydolls, Mystery Dates,
Non Compos Mentis, Nervebreakers, The Next, No!, Not For Sale,
Offenders, Other Guys,
Perverted Popes, Plastic Idols, Playthings, Plutonians,
Radio Free Europe, Radio Planets, Ralphs, Rattlecats, Reactors,
Really Red, Recipients, Re*Cords, Red Rockers, Rejects,
Reptilicus, Roky Erickson,
Sally and the Norvells, Scarecrows, Schematics, Scratch Acid,
Secret Science, Sensuous Plastique, The Shades, Sharon Tate's Baby,
Skylab, Skuds, Skunks, Skyscrapers, Sluts, Spies, Stains,
Standing Waves, Stick Men with Rayguns, Stiff Kittens,
Superman's Girlfriend,
Teenage Popeye, Teenage Queers, Telefones, Terminal Mind, The Tix,
Toxic Reasons, Toxic Shock,
Uncalled 4, Uranium Savages,
Vamps, Vast Majority, Vendettas, Violators, Volumatrix,
Voracious Tarts, Vomit Pigs,
Whoom Elements

