

This Ain't No Street Show

Written by Kate Crash



Enjoy the hyper fire stylings of [Kate Crash](#) . Straight from the brain on to the page.

The first thing I noticed when I hit the stage were the brightness of the lights. I could not see. Blinding. Shocking. Filling. Warm. Glitter sweats into the eyes. The heart. The heart plays like thunder tsunami speed thoroughbred feet right on beat.

I crouch behind the clubs amp. A half stack. {full stack ? I have no knowledge of such things but this stack) Ten times the size of my battery street powered fuzz scream kick it to me guitar voice box machine. Much bigger than me.

Hiro supaa, my Japanese sidekick, I help invent and who grew into so much more than I could have dreamt, stood in front of his microphone on the other side of the stage wearing my top hat and glitter and suspenders and no shirt and new found love of wearing skirts covered in my words and strange lines and art all over his gothy punk sa=vage glammed out face and arms and chest of arrows with x's and signs over the heart that say "don't break" or "lost cause?"

Or, or, or, yes, the audience, maybe 30 back there, a sound guy, a real sound guy, I am under Daniel boone fur in fringe and feathers and leopard and black tight pants and combat boots and poetry on my arms and filling my blood and Hiro is looking back at me black eyes filled with the terror and beauty of the loud scream of the dream hitting reality... "do I start? Now do I start?"

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he is shaking, earlier, backstage in the Staff only room he shook my hand, petals in the wind, staff, fuck man, staff only room. My first guest list, my first staff list, this aint no street show, this aint no street show. His face is sweating with excitement, he is afraid of failure earlier I tell him "even if we fail, we succeed..." no rehearsal? Haven't played for weeks? "yes," I say again, "even if we fail we succeed".

Hiro.

He looks small on the big stage. Small.

With abs so cut you wanna eat fruit off them. Ripe fruit. Let the juice spill down the sides

of our beautiful already forgotten youth.

Time flies.

On the left at my mic is Tanukisan. Our borrowed friend from Nagano, a 40 something I think eight or seven year old raccoon faced man in my large neon pink ears fuzzy hat and hot pink scarf around his neck, and tight d.i.y. black ripped kate crash shirt with blue glitter arms and blue glitter heart and blue glitter cape and pot belly he calls metabolis middle age with "woof!" in big black letters written between the shirts tears and his skinny legs belted up baggy black khaki cargo jeans and neon pink paw prints up his arm enough to make you scream "kawaii!".

Hirosan starts. Japanese speech. His voice is deep samurai stage show yakudsa style shhhweeee. Something about my witch father and alien mother and wolf family. Something we made up in the car ride over. Something about zombie youth culture and rock n roll revolution. This is not a street show. This is still the real thing.

His deep funny camp voice scratches as Tanukisan howls and nibbles wild animal noises in between the Supers sounds .

The audience is laughing. The audience of strangers, the audience of free hired camera men, the audience of a few of hiros friends I dress4ed in witches hats and neon green drawing spandex shirts of fast art, fast love, fast work, fast heart, words, girls in piercings in the back, girls in ringlets, shy quiet kids, bopping their heads, covering their mouths, hiro hits play, "now? Now" yes hit play! The button I taught you to push push it, I crawl out slurp onto the stage under a big fake fur fabric throw it off and paw the microphone,

Funny. I always wanted a band. Now I have one and they don't play any instruments.

hiro supaa and tanukisan jump in the audience, "lez get criminal" plays. The bass is so loud, the bass is so clear.. This aint no street show. This bass aint no hag cackle boom This is sound men and stage, this is wow!!!! ME!!!... on stage!

The mic chord restricts me, no wireless headset, my piorettes are limited to one spin, sometimes the chord gets caught on my feathers, I am ninja rolling, hold mic throw chord away. I could not go into the audience, the lights are blinding, I can't see my soon to be fans, I wanna get them to dance I pull out the toy neon green gun and pound on the chorus in falsetto lost love "lez get criminal with this beat!" etc etc etc

Rolling shoot hiro supaa, kids clap, laugh, smile, I roll on the floor, song over, next song, get jap dance fans, no props from home, this aint no street show this is fast 20 minute set rock n roll/ hiro is jiving his hands out in the back through the audience, years of my hard work spilling into artistic thrills and insanity.

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Song over grab guitar hiro shouts out about what I can't remember I can't hear anything but the beat of my dream, can't hear my voice, the strings crrrshhh chhh and I can't hear my voice, I am off I play it anyway, play it hard, wah wah eeeeeerrrooo har, my purple punk'd out collaged mom bought guitar, play it hard, play it between my legs, play it in the air, bent backwards in the few seconds allowed where breath can be taken on the two beats between verse and chorus and and and, kids are dancing not hard, the subtle Japanese bop your head be polite way but still YAY!

I throw off the guitar, again hiro starts, I huddle behind the amp breathe.... My painted on docs, fblack feathers around my neck, breathe,

The song, the song, the songs... my y y y

the ipod beats wheel me back to my mic. This aint no street show, I try harder to run into the crowd, my eyes adjust I sing into their souls, clamp down onto them with my teeth, howl, now get the kids to chant, to clap their hands, I'm singing foreign tongues, SAWAGO SAWAGO! They are freaking out! We broke them! The Japanese kids are jumping up and down up SAWAGO!!! SAWAGO! IKARETERU IKASHITERU!!!! This aint no street show but they are starting to let go! THIS AINT NO STREET SHOW IT'S A STAGE...

This aint no street show. Someone tuned my guitar, someone mic'd my amp. Someone ran my vocals. Someone pressed play on my ipod. Kids were wearing my homemade shirts and cheap buttons. Kids chanted to the songs. This aint no street show. This aint no no no no jno n o no no no yes

This is rock n roll STILL

On the street its street lights, car lights, occasional cops and old man mafia to chase us off, We bow I scream in Japanese and waltz strut jagger hound off!

Hiro supaa collects the damage

The left behind props.

I pose for pics back stage

I stretch o ut.

This aint no street show

This is the first kate crash non guerilla show

Ooof.

Fans like it.

I like it.

A girl could get use to this.