

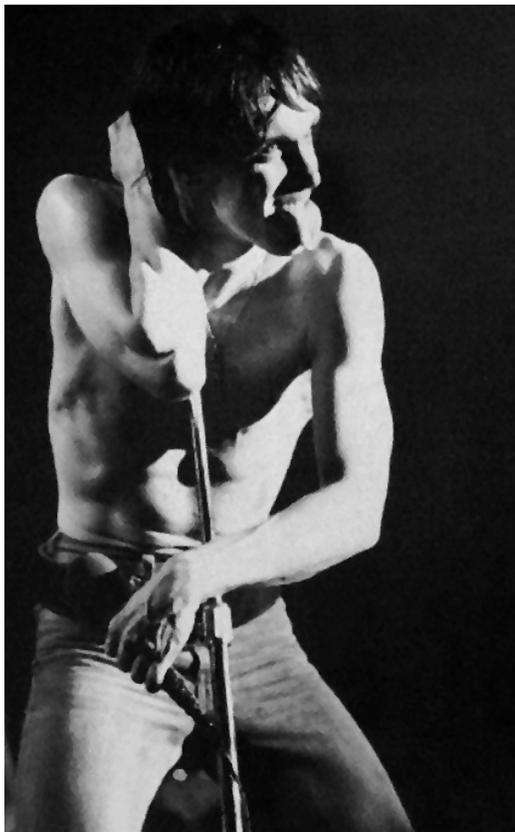
JOEY RAMONE SAVED MY LIFE

From the Editor: We are pleased to run the first column from Robin Komie, who we hope to have as a regular in College News. She'll be writing about the darker corners of music with a definite punk lean. Here you'll find anything from history lessons, album reviews, upcoming events and the occasional rambling or rant. We are very excited about this addition.

I Want to Sing in a Punk Rock Band...

By Robin Komie

I want to sing in a punk rock band. Not that Green Day MTV punk. I'm talking raw, sexy Iggy and the Stooges punk rock. The kind that grabs you by the shoulders pushes you against the wall and makes dirty, raunchy, sweaty love to you. When I listen to the Stooges on vinyl, I can feel Iggy's voice creep up on me and mark his territory. His voice makes my veins itch and when the song ends I'm left quivering on the floor wondering what the hell just happened. I'm not sure if that's normal, but I wish Iggy was standing in my bedroom smoothing sweet smelling honey all over his heroine enhanced



body. I can't help but wish he were rolling around on broken glass screaming, "I am the world's forgotten boy". His wounds would leak bloody rock 'n' roll and I would be there, watching—waiting for him to take me to a back alley and show me what music was made of.

I want to sing in a punk rock band and shake the scene like Joey did. Joey Ramone makes me yearn for music like an addict and their rotting, bloody needles. Music flowed in Joey's body—flowed from his broken heart to his pursed pouty lips that parted so slightly, letting those words - those earth shattering words - come out and change rock 'n' roll forever. Hey Ho, Lets Go! That phrase raises the tiny hairs on my arms and I'm wanting more. I'm wanting David Johansen to be in L-U-V with me and I'm wanting Johnny Thunders to go cop some Chinese rocks. I want to be a part of Richard Hell's Blank generation.

I want to sing in a punk rock band and be seen as one of the greats. Words come together and demanding songs are born. Patti Smith tore through poetry like a fierce soldier fighting for the release of emotion. I want to fight and I want my fellow punk rockers to understand this is my life. I am part Ramone, part Stooge, part Dead Boy, part 1970's NYC. The dirt, the filth, the love and the hate are all a part of me. The greats have gone and left us this duty to lust



and feel music like they did. We must obey. We must make sure that this rock 'n' roll—this punk rock 'n' roll—lives on.

I will sing in a punk rock band. I will feel Joey, Dee Dee, and Johnny Ramone push me. I will feel Iggy Pop, Stiv Bators, and Johnny Thunders rush my body and make my heart beat for rock 'n' roll. I will remember them and love them forever.

In this article:

Iggy and the Stooges (check out the albums "The Stooges" or "Raw Power").

The Ramones (check out the albums "Ramones" or "Rocket to Russia").

David Johansen of The New York Dolls (check out the albums "New York Dolls" or "Too Much Too Soon").

Johnny Thunders of the Heartbreakers (check out the albums "L.A.M.F" or "So Alone").

Stiv Bators of The Dead Boys (check out the albums "Young, Loud, and Snotty" or "Night of the Living Dead Boys").