



INDIE

RID a low-res,
auto-bio
zine on:

- *HIPSTER BULLSHIT
SAVED MY LIFE
- *I HATE POP-PUNK
- *MY CHILDHOOD IS
RETRO NOW

...and much more!

No work can be non-derivative, but this zine is an informal pop-culture history, so it makes extensive reference to the intellectual property of others. I don't profit from this zine, and believe it to be Fair Use.

"When I was...
a young boy..."
so-called "pop-
punk" had its first
hey-day. It was
ubiquitous.

I hated it.

(Still do.)



Not for lack of trying, mind. My only friend at the time loved it, so I did my best to like it, too. No dice!

(9. pop-punk guys wore eyeliner— a big deal for closet trans girl me!)



I hated it so much, from the whiny vocals to the edgy (yet boring) lyrics, right down to the godawful Chucks.



Talk about 'ubiquity!'

But what other choice did I have?

My CD wallet was full of Broadway soundtracks from the 70's on back. Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon was the closest to 'current' 'pop' in it.



In short, I had no taste. Zilch. I was a tabula rasa, with only my visceral aversion to crap to guide me.

Enter: my brother.

W has Taste. He always has. Frankly, it's intimidating.

At that point in my life, W and I mostly talked on-line, even living in the same house. He found out I liked guys from Xanga & told me over AIM. ("I heard you're a fag," he lead, then told me he was bi.)

Anyway, what I'm getting at is, the main character of this story is a point in time- the soul of the mid 2000's. So when W saved my life, it was by sending me a band's Myspace.



The band was
The Unicorns



and it was love at
first listen. ♣

When people ask me now to name my favorite musical genre, I find myself at a loss for words.

Pretentious hipster shit circa '06?



But at the time, it was called indie.

Indie was weird, self-consciously so. It didn't sound like anything on the radio, and though at first it just meant acts not signed to a major label, it had a sense of sounding 'different'—albeit in similar ways!

I became an indie kid immediately, & took my new found taste in music as a sign to start fresh. My relationship with pop-punk girl was toxic, so I cut it off & made new friends- I do think that saved my life.

(Pop-punk girl & I both chilled out, & we're great friends now. For the record, that friendship was a two-way train-wreck!)



WHAT HAPPENED TO INDIE?

Man, if you figure it out let me know. People just stopped saying it, I guess. The scene had its issues—very white, very male, very gentrifying— but fuck I miss it sometimes.

Discography:

The Unicorns, *Who Will Cut Our Hair When We're Gone?*

Joanna Newsom, *Ys*, *Milk-Eyed Mender*

Sufjan Stevens, *Illinois*

Belle and Sebastian, *Tiger Milk*

Neutral Milk Hotel, *In the Aeroplane Over*

the Sea

The Smiths, Louder
than Bombs

Of Montreal, Cherry
Peel

Beirut, Elephant Gun

Bright Eyes, I'm Wide
Awake, It's Morning

Teenage Mysticism,
Dead Channels

The Shins, Chutes Too
Narrow

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