



COMPLETE HISTORY

VOLUME 9



mark "the motor" addy
drums



Bill... Just Bill
guitar



stumpy joe medges
bass



joe poodle
vox



So here it is. Whatever it is.

You can't call it a Greatest Hits disc, as we had no hits. And I wouldn't presume to call the songs here great. But we like them, and they represent what we were doing, or trying to do, at different points in the life of Red Die Number Nine.

The Red Die Number Nine experience began and ended here in Baltimore. Bill and I have been friends since before high school and, by 1983, were dreaming of punk rock superstardom. Well... I don't know what we wanted out of this band, but we were driven to do it, despite the fact that neither of us knew how to play. But, after some early struggles, we got off on the good foot with Eric Seidel (guitar) and Mike Duffield (drums). After a while of going the twin guitar route, we brought on our buddy Scott Hedeen to play some bass.

When that bunch went their separate ways, Bill and I met a young, mohawked Stumpy Joe in the dining hall at college, and he promptly settled in as the third core member. After a few shows with Todd Smallwood on drums, we met The Motor, Mark Addy. With everyone in place, we embarked upon a Sherman-esque march through every bar, club, basement and patio in the area. The bulk of our output, both performance and recorded, is in these years, with Mike "Cool Breeze" Leach filling in for a bit on drums.

We were one of those, "play anywhere, anytime, for any amount" operations. We played for 3 people; we played for 300. Hell,...

half the time we were playing for free. We had three rules: don't stop long enough for the audience to boo, don't record a song that can't be played live, and you have to be able to do the entire set while running in place. Red Die wasn't an endurance test just for the audience! We suffered right along with them! Eventually, we improved on the fast, fast, faster formula and, in the end, started writing songs built upon whatever actual musical ability we managed to accrue over the years. I don't know how many shows we played. It was a very ground and pound type of schedule. We just wanted to play. In between binges, we did manage to record 3 cassettes, a 4-song EP, and an entire CD worth of music that was never released.

The loose schedule of full-time students had left us a lot of time to practice, plan and scheme. Without it, we found ourselves otherwise occupied... growing up and apart. Stumpy got a chance to play with our friends, the talented The Last Picture Show, and we lucked upon Chad Skala to take over. And the band played on.

But in the end, we couldn't maintain it. The band finally broke up the way most relationships do. It existed as an alchemic sum of our parts: the guys and their hard work, single-mindedness, intensity and talent; and me arbitrating, keeping us on track, and putting words to what are still terrific tunes. But, it's there one minute, then it's gone. I don't feel bad. It's happened to better musicians than us. But, that is that.



So this is the best version we could find of our favorite songs and the songs people actually liked. And as with every part of the Red Die experience, it was done half-assed, half drunk, and in somebody's basement. A little unfinished business finally got settled. And it was good.

In the end, we owe whatever success we had to the support and friendship of a ton of people. Our friends made the flyers, took the pictures, sold the stuff, gave us rides, loaned us money, and still turned out for the shows. And if you saw us and dug it, you probably became a friend, too. A lot of folks just turned up at the door and stayed. We thank you all.

By the time this comes out, we'll be old and most will have kids. But, despite our best efforts, we're still here. 20 years of self abuse, stroke, heart attack, joint deterioration, and substance and mental health problems are no match for some seriously stubborn, Mobtown punk rock gristle. Some of us are even licensed to carry firearms. In short, we're all alright.

Still potentating mightily, thank you.

So enjoy this stuff. We certainly did.
And we hope to see you soon.

Cheers.

-Joe Poodle

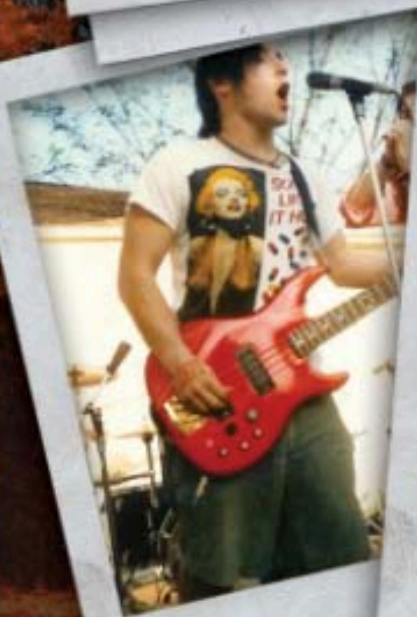














Red Die Number Nine – Complete History Volume #9

All tracks previously recorded between 1987 and 1990
in and around Baltimore "Charm City" Maryland.

Tracks 1,2 and 24 originally appeared on the ep
"Baltimore... potentating mightily, thank you" -
Recorded at Invisible Sound Studios.



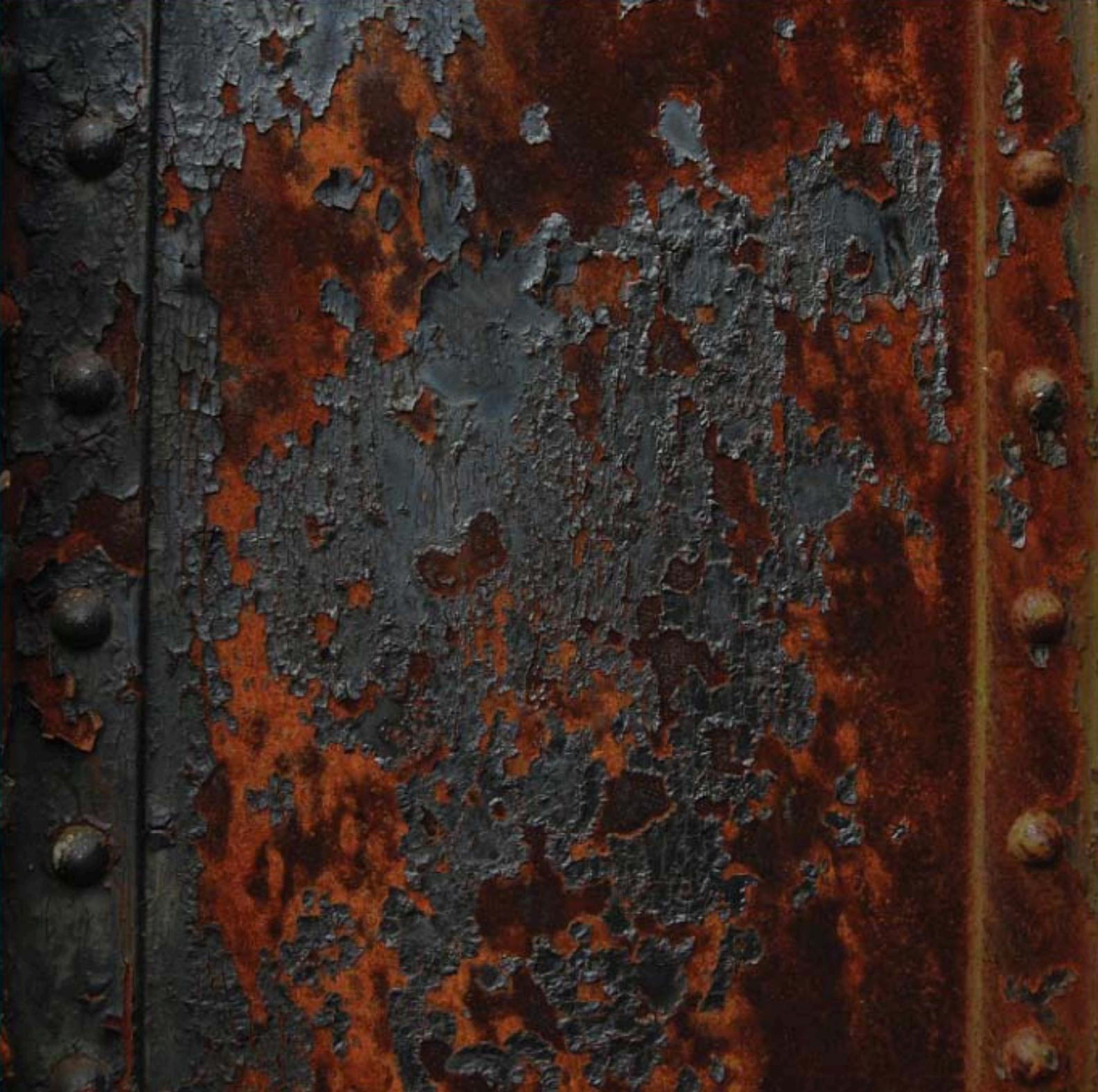
Tracks 3-9 and 25 originally appeared on the full-length cassette
"Mind's Eye" - Recorded at Invisible Sound Studios.

Tracks 10-14 originally appeared on the full-length cassette
"Skins, Squints and Cream Rinse" - Recorded on a 4-Track in some
girl's garage and affectionately called "The Ear Lobe Annex. Sorry
we can't remember, it's been a while. But, if you're reading this...
thanks!!!

Tracks 15-23 originally appeared on the full-length cassette
"See Ya... Live" - Recorded around the Baltimore area at some
great clubs and churches, most of which are now gone...

Design and Layout by kracheriam. ©2011 with assistance from
Mark "The Motor" Addy (yes he does more than just play drums).

The majority of these photos were taken by Chris Stankis,
a great photographer and an even better friend to the band.
All others were most likely from friends, band members, groupies
or roadies. All rights reserved by said shutter bugs.



Red Die Number Nine Complete History volume 9

Change
Don't Forget
Punch the Clock
Why (Too Much Oprah)
N.O.R.O (Naked At the Crown Station)
Mind's Eye
Life Is Good
Be That Way
Break It Down
Pint of Courage
To Be Like You
Close
Winds of Change
Sink
To Be Like You (Live)
Change (Live)
Don't Forget (Live)
real time (Live)
Live Is Good (Live)
Close (Live)
Punch the Clock (Live)
N.O.R.O. (Live)
Love Letter (Live)
It's Good to Be the King
Batman (Addy's Got a Double Bass)



Justified
Vandalism
Records

© 2011 red die number nine



still potentating mightily... thank you



RED DIE NUMBER 9
potentating mightily, thank you