

PAUL DIAMOND

BLOW



A collection of words, images, ramblings and musings...from the world of Paul Diamond Blow

TALES
OUTER SPACE FROM

**Rock'n'roll bands... kung fu... spoken word...
myspace kidnappings... internet exorcisms...
psychic channeling of dead rock stars...
welcome to the world of PAUL DIAMOND BLOW.**

Tales From Outer Space collects the best of Paul Diamond Blow's internet articles, ramblings, musings and images, once confined to the realms of cyberspace, and now—for the first time ever—published in print in one helluva sexy volume. One part rock'n'roll advice, one part mad ramblings, and three parts sheer comedic genius, *Tales From Outer Space* will educate, entertain, stimulate and titillate you—not necessarily in that order.

“An instant classic! GENIUS GENIUS GENIUS!” — *Playslut Magazine*

“A ROCKET RIDE for the brain!” — *Poontang Press*



PAUL DIAMOND BLOW is a musician, spoken word artist, punk rock star, kung fu master, and part time Space Commander living in Seattle, Washington. Blow is a frequent contributor to the *Seattle Sinner* magazine and performs regularly in the Pacific Northwest rock club circuit. His apple pie is to die for.

**KILLING
PIG BOOKS**



\$12.99

TALES FROM OUTER SPACE

BY PAUL DIAMOND BLOW

**“I’M A THIEF AND A PERVERT.
NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.”**

-PAUL DIAMOND BLOW, 2004

**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE
DREAMERS OF THE WORLD. SPECIAL
THANKS TO JOEY RAMONE, PAUL
STANLEY, AND KEITH RICHARDS FOR
THE INSPIRATION...**

**KILLING
PIG BOOKS**



TALES FROM OUTER SPACE

by Paul Diamond Blow

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SPACE CRETINS

Another sold out rock show featuring the SPACE CRETINS takes effect...



Later, backstage... The band unwinds and plans the next step toward WORLD DOMINATION...



TOP TEN REASONS TO BE IN A ROCK BAND

So you wanna be a rock'n'roller? You want to live the good life? You want to score with beautiful women (or men)? Well, here you go... if you've got any sort of musical or creative talent or ability, these are the top ten reasons to get your sorry butt off the Guitar Hero game and actually join or start a *real* rock'n'roll band. Read on, dudes...

1) You wanna be a rock star

Yes, you've gone to the concerts to see your favorite bands, and there they are on stage in front of hundreds—if not thousands—of screaming, adoring, loving fans, strutting their stuff on stage, making a lot of noise, posing and posturing, rocking their hearts out, and getting paid for it. You say to yourself, "That's what I wanna do!" So you go to the local Guitar Center, spend some hard earned mula on a guitar and amp, and jam some songs in your bedroom in front of your mirror. Sorry, friend, that ain't quite cutting it—you need to start or find yourself a *real* rock band and do it for real! Yes, then and only then do you have a chance of being a real rock star, because as you may or may not know, being in a real rock band *anything* can happen at any time. The possibilities are endless; your band could take off at any time, become huge, and you too, my friend, could be the next big thing—a real rock star. And if that does not happen (as in most cases), at least you can be a rock star in your own basement, your own practice studio, or at least in your own mirror. Yes, it is a great fantasy but fantasies do make life more interesting, and that's the best reason for being in a rock band—the rock star fantasy *rules!*

2) For the chicks

Being in a rock band is a great way to meet the ladies, and let me tell you a not-so-secret secret: there are scores of women out there who are attracted to

ROADIES: A MUSICIAN'S BEST FRIEND!

Every Band Needs a Few Good Roadies, Here's How to Get 'em and How to Use 'em

The thing I hate most about being in a band is loading gear. I really hate it. I really, *really* hate it. Every time I have to load cabinets and drums I start thinking how nice it would be to quit the band. This is where roadies come in handy...

Think about it... Every time you play a gig you load all your stuff into the van, unload it at the club, load it again after the show, and then unload it again back at the practice spot. Did I mention how much I hate loading gear? Having a roadie can help take the hassle out of being in a band, and all you really need is one good one.

The best roadies are friends who are “mentally challenged” and love your band’s music. A good roadie will meet you at your practice spot the night of the gig and will do all the humping for you. I always make sure that my roadies load my gear before they touch anything else. A good roadie will also diligently guard your gear at the club while the band goes off to drink some pre-show brewskis. A good roadie will wrap your guitar cords and pick up stray picks on stage after the gig while you schmooze with the ladies. A good roadie will also be willing to fight to the death to protect the band while on stage or off. If anyone spits on you while you are on stage playing, a good roadie will hustle them away and teach them a lesson in manners. A good roadie will also own a van or car, although most “mentally challenged” roadies don’t have drivers licenses. A good roadie will also never ask you for a ride home after the show. He will take the bus or walk.

WHY IT SUCKS TO BE A MUSICIAN IN A ROCK BAND

I have already written my “top ten reasons to play in a rock band” article in which I described all the benefits of playing in a band; however, I feel I must now flip the coin and describe how being a musician in a working rock band can also *suck*. I myself have played in plenty of rock bands over the last 20 years—none of them having had any “real” success, at least not financially—and as of this writing I am taking a break from the whole rock band thing and enjoying my freedom for the time being. Yes, playing in an actual gigging rock band can be a whole lot of fun and games, but here are my top ten reasons why being in a rock band can also *suck*... and no, I am not bitter, I swear. Jaded, yes... bitter, no. Well, maybe a little bit. But enough of my yakkin’... here’s why it *sucks* to be a musician in a rock band:

Loading gear sucks

Here’s the situation... you’re in a rock band and everyone in the group has professional gear (very good) which sounds great but is a hassle to move around (this sucks). Each time you perform a live show you must move all your heavy gear out of the practice studio into the van (or car, or Metro bus, what have you), load it out of the van into the club, load it onto the stage when it’s time to perform, load it off the stage when done performing, then load the gear back into the van at the end of the night, and finally load all the gear back into the studio so you can practice again. Whew! That’s a lot of loading gear! Did I mention how much I *hate* to load gear? I especially feel sorry for drummers who have the most gear to move. Singers, on the other hand, don’t have to move anything (unless they want to be a nice guy and help out the drummer), and I personally plan on being just a singer in my next band so that I won’t have to do a lick of work. Tip: get yourself a good

PAUL DIAMOND BLOW & THE ACE DIAMOND BIMBOS PAY OUT \$50,000 TO STRIPPERS NATIONWIDE!

IN A MAD GAMBLE to generate downloads from their mp3 website at Amp3.com, Paul Diamond Blow & the Ace Diamond Bimbos have paid out over \$50,000 to strippers across America, handing out \$100 bills marked with the bands website address to the lucky girls. Says Paul Diamond Blow, "We're promoting the band across the country—one couch dance at a time!"

It started in the urinals...

...and ended in the strip clubs!



THE FRENZIED PROMOTION THAT TOOK AMERICA BY STORM!

THE ABSOLUTE WORST, MOST ANNOYING BANDS IN ROCK MUSIC

A list of the worst, most annoying rock bands, the bands that make author Paul Diamond Blow want to smash radios just to shut them up...

I don't usually write "negative" articles, as I don't want to come off as being a negative creep and I'd much rather write positive articles about people, places and things that I like—but in this case I've just got to get this off my chest. There are some truly horrible bands in rock music these days that I hear played constantly on the radio and elsewhere, bands that just plain annoy the holy heck out of me, and I just can't stand it anymore. It is here in this article that I will let loose and reveal who the worst of these bands are, and hopefully release some demons and clear my mind of the negativity that these bands have afflicted me with. Yes... yes... So, without further ado, here are the worst of the worst, the most horrible and most annoying bands in rock music, according to me, Paul Diamond Blow...

10) Led Zeppelin

I know I'm going to get a lot of flak for this one—I *know* I will—but I've got to be honest: I am not a fan of Led Zeppelin—never have been—and their music has annoyed me for years and years. True, Led Zeppelin consists of some very talented and accomplished musicians, but they also are the most famous of the bloated and excessive bluesy, hippie jam bands of the 1970s: an era famous for ten minute long songs with extended guitar and drum solos and all that nonsense that made rock music boring. Besides from that, what really annoys me about Led Zeppelin—every time I hear them played on the radio—is Robert Plant with his high pitched girlie girl vocals. His girlie girl image with the long, flowing curly hair also greatly disturbs me for some reason. And I swear, if I hear "Stairway to Heaven" one more time

TOP TEN THINGS TO DO AT A ROCK CONCERT

Going to a rock concert? Here are the top ten things to do to ensure you achieve the most awesome rock concert experience allowed by law.

So you've scored tickets to the big rock concert coming to the arena or hot rock club in your town. Tickets cost a pretty penny for the major rock shows these days, so you want to make sure you get the most bang for your buck and get the most awesome, most gnarly rock concert experience you can achieve. After all, you only live once... so without further ado, here are the top ten things to do at a rock concert, according to me—a highly trained rock concert professional and enthusiast—Paul Diamond Blow.

1) Get wasted before the show

You spent \$100 dollars for the ticket to the big rock show, so the first thing to do before you enter the arena or club is to get thoroughly wasted on booze and drugs. This way you can ensure that you don't actually remember the concert, but you will know you had an awesome time based on the size of your hangover the next day and the quality of the vomit on your bathroom floor. Later you can brag to all your friends, "I was so wasted, brah, I don't remember the show! It was awesome!" To make sure you don't sober up during the concert, buy some eight dollar PBR beers at the beer garden and take some tokes off the pipe the stoners are passing around. Just hope that's not PCP in those pipes!

2) Hoist your girl friend on your shoulders

Here's a real rock concert standard: if you are attending a rock concert with your girl friend, make sure that at some point in the night you hoist your girl up on your shoulders. It doesn't matter that the 20 people standing

Paid advertisement

The following article is brought to you by your friends at Huggy Blow Condoms.

A public service announcement from Paul Ace Diamond "Huggy" Blow:

**“Ride hard, ride safe,
and enjoy the ride...”**



**Do it.
Do it.”**

Brought to you by
your friends at

**HUGGY
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hug tight,
feel right,
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HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS

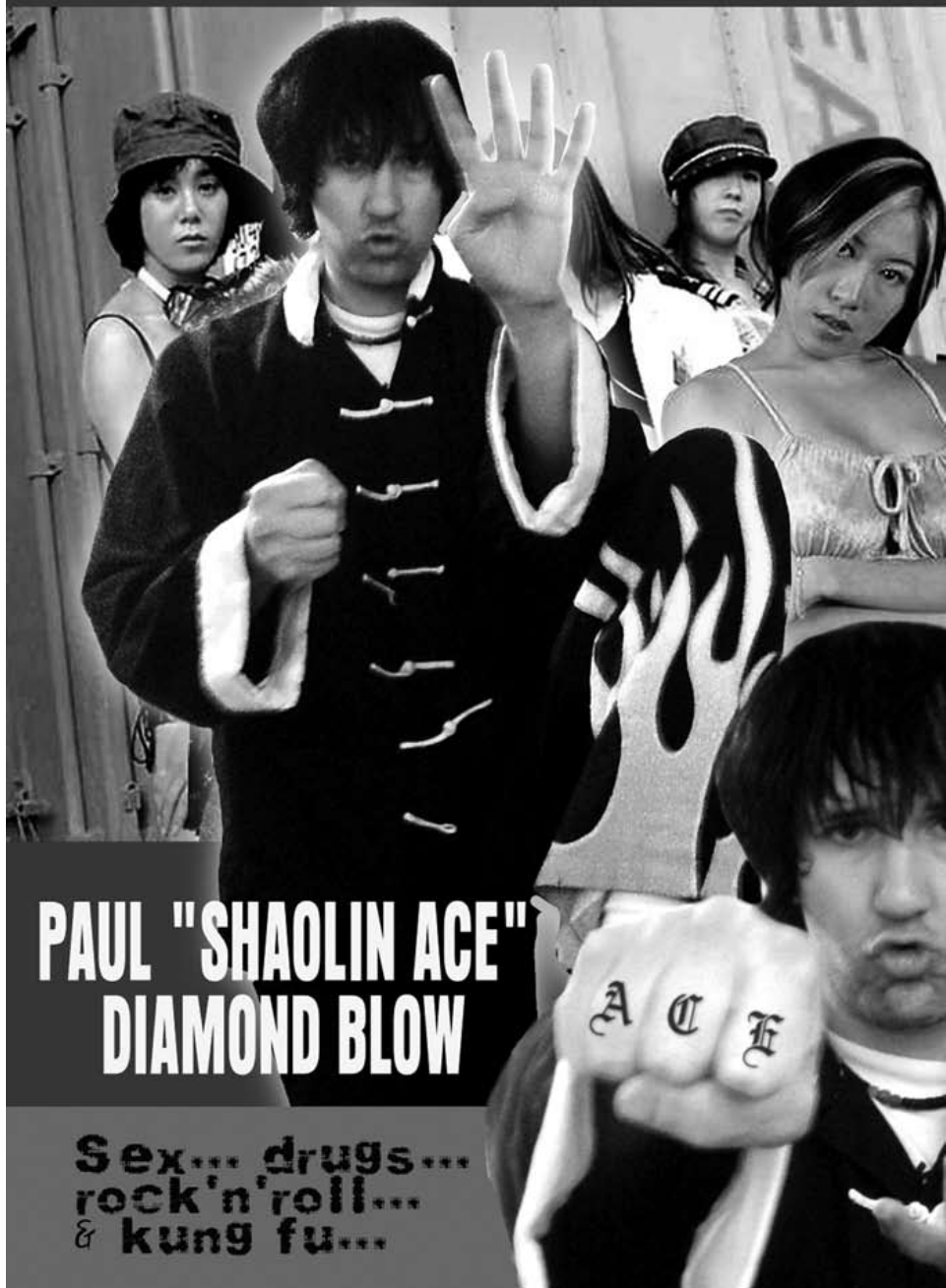
WITH THE PAUL DIAMOND BLOW METHOD

Attention all single guys and wanna-be studs: You wanna pick up chicks? You wanna impress the ladies? You wanna be some kind of a “player”? You were right to come to me. You found the right article about picking up chicks at the right time. This is your lucky day because here, for the first time ever, I will share my secrets for impressing the ladies and picking up the chicks. I’ve been doing this a long time and have a bit of a reputation in my home town as a dedicated womanizer, and I’m not bragging, just laying down the facts here so that you know where I’m coming from. First off, to pick up chicks you don’t need to drive an expensive car, wear an expensive suit, or be some kind of Jersey Shore Guido. No, to impress the ladies and pick up chicks you need three things: charm, personality, flair, and a good sense of humor. All right, that’s four things. I stand corrected.

The mistake most guys make when trying to pick up chicks is that they come on with stupid pick up lines, such as “You have nice eyes,” or “What’s your name? That’s a pretty name.” There’s a word for these kind of guys... the word is “Dork.” Dorks do not impress the ladies. Let me tell ya something, if you come on to a woman like that you may as well be Freddy Kreuger because the women are going to run away from you screaming. The first step for impressing the ladies and picking up chicks is the introduction: when you meet the chica for the first time, slyly introduce yourself, and impress her with your wit and charm. I have fine-tuned this, and I call it the “Paul Diamond Blow Method for picking up chicks.” If done correctly, the Paul Diamond Blow Method for picking up chicks never fails, and I am only sharing this with you now because I’m tired of seeing you dorks embarrass yourself in the bars.

SHAOLIN ACE

Rock'n'roll Fists of Fury



PAUL "SHAOLIN ACE"
DIAMOND BLOW

**Sex... drugs...
rock'n'roll...
& kung fu...**

**A True Story of One Man's Fight Against the Forces
of Evil that Invaded Myspace.com In the Year 2006.
WARNING: Not for the Faint of Heart!**



**OUR NAME IS TOM, FOR
WE ARE MYSPACE!**

**"THE POWER OF ROCK COMPELS YOU!
THE POWER OF ROCK COMPELS YOU!
THE POWER OF ROCK COMPELS YOU!"**



THE EXORCISM OF MYSPACE

The Exorcism of Myspace is based on a series of events that actually happened in the year 2006, as documented in the following Myspace bulletins posted by Paul Ace Diamond “Huggy” Blow. This is a true story of one man’s fight against the forces of evil. Warning: not for the faint of heart!

• • • • •

Sept. 26 3:27 P.M.

Friends,

Things have been getting weird ever since my Myspace friends list reached 665 friends... one shy of the devils number. Freakin’ Satanists have infiltrated my friends list—sending me weird messages like “I’m sorry I didn’t get a chance to \$&*! you.” I turned on the radio this morning and the song playing was Iron Maiden’s “Number of the Beast.” I could’ve sworn I had it tuned in to the smooth jazz station last night... I got on the bus today and the driver gave me a strange smile. I quickly got off the bus... he was one of them—a freakin’ satanist.

I feel like Rosemary’s baby. They want my soul, I can feel it. But they’ll never get it... I *will not* join the dark side! Freakin’ satanists...

THE KIDNAPPING OF PAUL DIAMOND BLOW

In June of 2005, Paul Diamond Blow was kidnapped by a radical group of terrorists who also took over his Myspace page. The terrorists used Blow's Myspace profile to communicate their demands to Blow's friends and fans with a series of bulletins which are reprinted here in full, chronicling the ordeal. This is a true story.



TALES FROM OUTER SPACE

Monday, June 20, 8:45 A.M.

To whom it may concern...

We, the Warped Universal Soldiers (WUS), have kidnapped your precious Paul Diamond Blow to protest global warming, the war in Iraq, and bad haiku. For his safe return you must meet our demands, which are:

- 1) one dozen jelly donuts, lemon-filled
- 2) five copies of the Space Cretins DVD
- 3) naked pictures of Annette Funicello
- 4) five quarts of motor oil, 40 wt.
- 5) one year subscription to *Bimbos Quarterly* magazine
- 6) a helicopter piloted by Arnold Schwarzenegger, and he must be wearing a thong
- 7) 500 American dollars... uh, in tens and twenties, please.

You have 72 hours to comply...

W.U.S.



And now, a word from our sponsor...



**PRESENTING: Paul Diamond Blow's
Spoken Word Corner...**

TIDY BOWL MAN

Porcelain Bowls

Bathroom mirrors, liquid Comet

Tidy Bowl Man

bald head shimmering

as tight jean wearing Egos

compare tight asses

and order "Make it shine!"

Tidy Bowl Man scrubs and sweats

"Make it shine!"

Tidy Bowl Man smiles contentedly

it is clean...

Tidy Bowl Man laughs out loud...

the urinal is clean...

RPA



also featuring:

accused

aerobic death

sat. sept. 15th
munro's dance palace - 912 elliott w.
seattle 7:30 p.m. \$3.00 gen. adm.

free parking 

RPA show poster, circa 1983. This was the first rock show Paul Diamond Blow ever played.
(He played bass for RPA.)



The SUFFOCATED, 1992. (L to R): Paul Blow, Matty Matt, Ricky D., Steve Scrotum, Johnny D.

The SUFFOCATED at the Colourbox, 1992. Matty Matt and Paul Blow in a rare shirtless pic.



Rocking the Ballard Firehouse, 1992.

THE SCI-FI CHANNEL PRESENTS:

SPACE CRETINS



with

FLUX CAPACITORS

and

HEARSEBURNER



SUNDAY 4:00 ROCK

APRIL 2ND - SUNSET TAVERN



Author Paul Diamond Blow hard at work on the book.