

(Note: Restaurant critic Chris Wilder spent his summer playing guitar for M.D.C.)



CHRISTOPHER WILDER

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(69) Christopher Wilder seemed to be a successful Florida contractor, and paid for his own education and travel all over the world. But in 1968, Wilder was arrested in a small town in Florida for the murder of a woman. He was charged with the murder of a woman, but the wife he was charged with murdering was not his wife. Wilder married her in 1965, but she was already married to another man. Wilder was charged with the murder of a woman, but the wife he was charged with murdering was not his wife. Wilder married her in 1965, but she was already married to another man. Wilder was charged with the murder of a woman, but the wife he was charged with murdering was not his wife. Wilder married her in 1965, but she was already married to another man.

THEY KILLED THE WOMAN WHO WAS HIS WIFE

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Sweden is charming. We've been charmed by everything. Charm charm charm. The puns here are so charming they don't even have leather jackets, mohawks, or facial hair! That's charming.

Today we saw the Swedish warship *Vasa*, which set out on its maiden voyage in 1628, went 1/2 mile, and fell over and sank because it was too top heavy. Ha Ha. They raised it in 1961. It reminded me of sheep. We've played 13 shows in 13 days. Every single item of clothing I possess smells like a county transit bus.

interesting: when you explain to them that you are exhausted and need sleep, they seem to think you need to stay up all night drinking lighter fluid. No one knows where anything is, but they sure love M.D.C.! We played in Madrid for 700 people at an unannounced show! Another language problem is that when you tell them you're hungry and need dinner, they hand you a hunk of bread and a bottle of paint thinner. We went to see some paintings by this guy named Picasso, but someone told us that the paintings were all upside down and their eyes were on the same side of the face! Total amateur. You can play slot machines everywhere, but you can't win.

Switzerland has cheese. We are touring with an Italian band called THE RAVINGS. Tom, their guitarist, had his guitar stolen last night and the club helped buy a new one. We have a van that is so overloaded with stuff that the Swiss border guards, who are famous for cavity searches, waded us on through because we were too much to deal with. I just spent 1½ hour shoving through 2 weeks worth of facial hair. We had to stop last night. Switzerland has clear skies. We've seen bankers and magicians there. There are a lot of money men. I've been told to boycott Heineken, but no one seems to know why. I now have realized that all cynix in Europe are tattooed. I am a freak. I'm sick with dis.

We're making **MILLIONS** here in Italy. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice Chianti. Hey, when in Rome, have an orgy! We all feel very imperialistic here, and may take something over soon. You should all see the hole in my ear now: you can get your pinky in it now! I'm learning how to curse in Italian. Faccia culo! He He. Timmy, do you like movies about gladiators?

We last left our heroes in Slovenia, Croatia, and Austria. The most interesting thing is, of course, that all 3 nations end in "ia". We played Budapest, Hungary last night and Dave drank for the first time all year. Tequila, in my opinion, was the wrong beverage to get back on the horse with. Today is not a good day for Dave. Hungarians drive like Super Mario Brothers. There's a war in Slovenia. Tanks & Guns. No Fun. We learned this morning that Dave does not chew his food properly. Sick little monkey.

Sorry for the long delay, but from Prague all the way through Poland it's like we are on Mars. No communication possible. We were robbed in Poland at gunpoint by cops who were drunk. Hoorary for cops! We've run into money problems, so we sold Brian into a child harem belonging to Ross Perot. We leave for Russia in 24 hours. I like peanut butter. God, Poland was weird. Everyone over 30 looked at us like we were from outer space and everyone under 10 wanted to take them with us out of their grey, polluted world. I'd feel like I had if it wasn't so heartless and isolated. I am a wedding cake. I may be a little bit like a HATCH in Berlin. I am part animal, part vegetable. We've extended our tour through the end of September, so I am never coming home. I am a rock, I am a gibbon. Falafels in Christiansa, Copenhagen are the best in the world.

So, to get from Russia to our gig in Belfast, Ireland we took a bus to a van to a train to a taxi to a bus to a train to a van and we still needed to take the van to a boat to a bus to a ferry to a van to the show. We're here! We're queer! We're not going shopping. Our shows in Russia were better than Siurpees!

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← Mass Murderer Trading Card #62!

(The next postcard was scrawled in very drunken Chris writing)

Here in Ireland they say that the revolution won't succeed until there's grass growing on the roof of the Guinness brewery. I can't imagine what they're talking about. I LOVE THAT. No seed will grow on this barren Earth.

(The following was written by Erica. She plays bass.)

Please give Chris lots of patience, love, and support when he comes back, as he's become a bit of a broken individual in the last few months. Thanks, from a concerned bandmate.

Chris arrived home on August 30th.



M.D.C. on tour

Van Heusen Wir

Russia!