

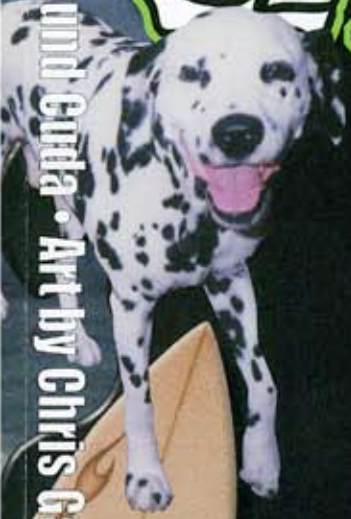
Written by Heidi Siegmund Guda • Art by Chris Gallipoli • With the Estate of Bradley James Nowell

sublimes

BRAD NOWELL

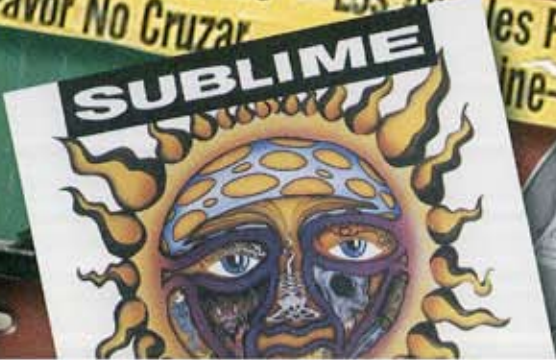
CRAZYFOLK

portrait of a punk



Departamento de Policia De Los Angeles
Linea De Policia—Por Favor No Cruzar
Los Angeles Police Department
Line—Do Not Cross

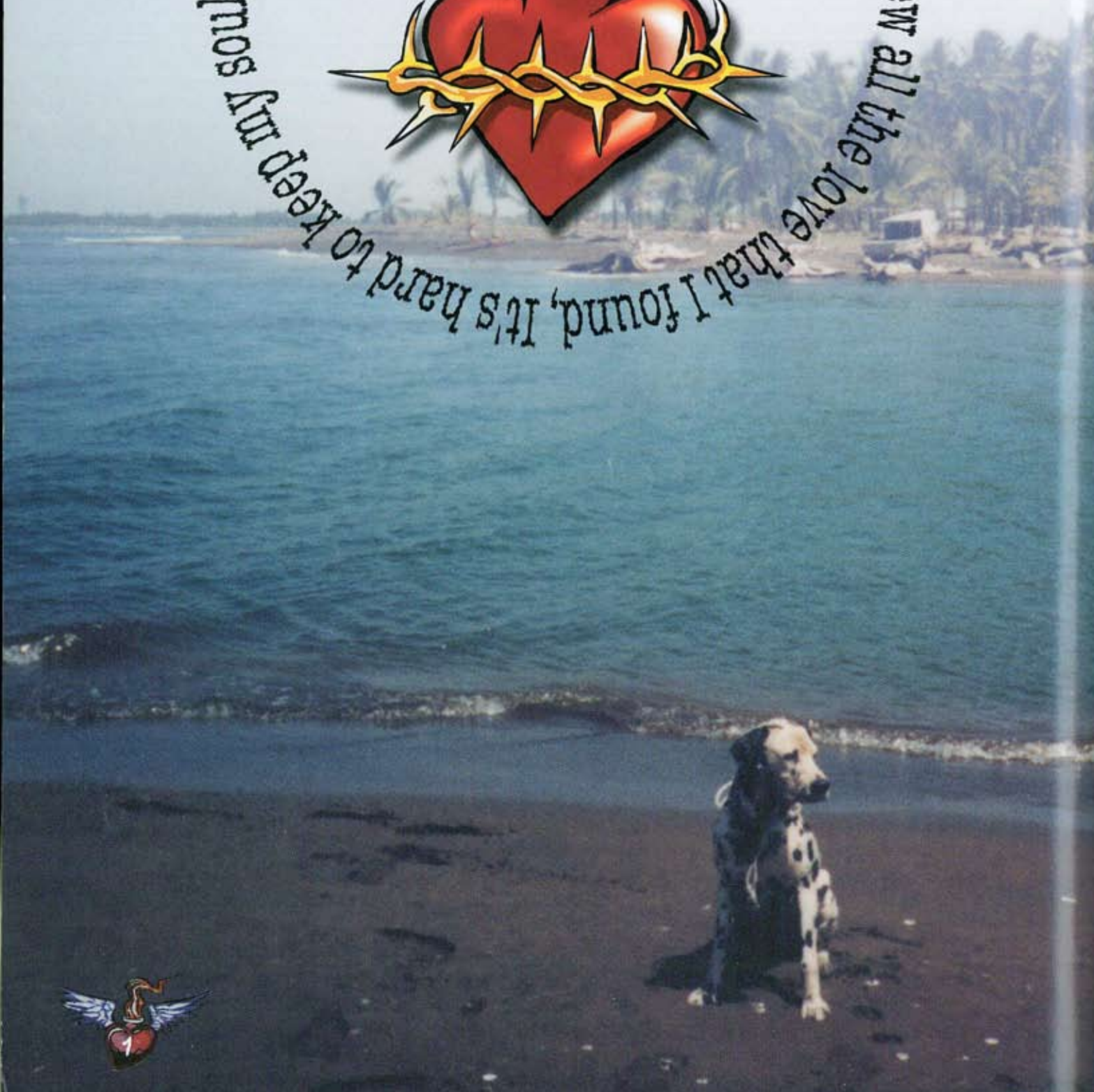
405
Long Beach



If you only knew all the love that I found, it's hard to keep my soul on the ground...



If you only knew all the love that I found, it's hard to keep my soul on the ground...



In loving memory of Bradley James Nowell
(February 22, 1968 - May 25, 1996)

It's hard to watch a big man cry. Especially when that man is Jim Nowell.

In February 1999, we were sitting at Casa Sanchez (one of his son's favorite Mexican dives—part of a tour of Brad's Long Beach) and Jim was describing how Brad used to eat. How he'd make a mess of things, spread food all over the table, and how he could never get his food spicy enough. How he wasn't satisfied until he was sweating and, even then, he wanted it hotter.

This wasn't the first time I've been given the task to write a book about a dead rock star, and I wanted to know everything. I wanted to take fans as close to the real person as possible. So Jim, who'd been helping me gather material for the book (which we planned to sell to a New York publishing house to raise money for Jakob's scholarship fund), had spent weeks with me, telling me all about his son. I learned about his youth, his idiosyncrasies, passions and addictions. I interviewed anyone who knew Brad who'd let me interview them, and I got as near to the fire as I could.

Still, it wasn't until that day when Jim Nowell lost his composure and started letting out the pain that "Sublime's Brad Nowell: Crazy Fool (Portrait of a Punk)" was officially born.



On that day, I learned that somewhere around the holidays of 1994—when Brad still had two years to live—Jim and Janie Nowell, Brad's stepmom, stopped crying themselves to sleep every night. They'd learned to let go and realized that, no matter what they did for Brad, they were probably going to lose him.

That's the reality of everyone who loves a drug addict. At some point, you have to come to terms with the fact that you might lose them and there's nothing you can do about it (and, for the record, Brad's family and friends tried everything).

Ultimately, they had to learn how to live.

In the words of Oscar Wilde, we are all lying in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars. Sublime fans know that one of those stars is Brad Nowell, burning bright and hard and for all time.

So please join us on this modest ride through time and space by cranking up the volume on "40 Oz. to Freedom" and always remembering to love the one you're with. - HEIDI STEGMUND CUDDA

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





CRAZY FOOL

Brad Nowell liked the "free-fall." He tripped his way through life, never fearing consequences, living his life like a skydiver without a parachute. Like a modern day Hank Williams, he sang from within. He shook his soul inside out, fearing nothing. Being jacked up on dope probably made it easier to expose himself freely. When you're tripping in your mind's eye, you don't worry what other people think or do.

The fact that he didn't fear consequences is the recipe for Sublime's music. Coming from a scene where the punk police are always on red alert, he exercised his right to think and feel freely. Sublime's music has *cojones* for days, robbin' the hood in broad daylight, stealing from the rhythmically rich rastas and giving to the po' white folk.

Over a decade ago, when Sublime first started banging out beats, it wasn't considered cool to be mixing and matching freaky stylings. There were lines drawn in the sand: punk, grunge, rap, hip-hop, reggae, ska, pop, whatever--you were one or the other, you didn't crossover. If you did step onto someone else's turf, you didn't rob the entire hood--unless, of course, you were Sublime.

And what a hood it was. Da L.B.C.--loc'd out city by the sea, blue collar beautiful, multi-culti maximus, slow by Hollywood standards, fast by those of the rest of the world. It stands on the brink of Orange County, an oasis of wealth and poverty, a gangbanger's *paradiso*, where the landscaped oil rigs are shrouded by fake palm trees, but the people are more real. In Long Beach, the days feel long and slow. Its maritime history still conjures up the feel of an old red light district. There's a sense of danger--like you might bump heads with a sailor on the prowl or a skate rat on the make.

Suffice it to say, Long Beach is way cool, and Brad explored every corner of it. Although he spent a good chunk of his life living *la vida loca* in a two-story house overlooking Alamitos Bay, he was a slummer at heart, hanging his hat in tenuous areas. In one of his more famous bachelor pads--a storefront not legally zoned for living--he was in prime Sublime effect. There was a liquor store across the street, a crack dealer on the corner and a hardcore rancho bar 'round the way. One way or another, these Mexi-melt mutations ended up in Sublime's music.

Sublime's repertoire will go down in pop's history annals as some of the most groundbreaking music to come out of the latter part of the 20th century. Sublime surfed in music currents where others feared to tread. On the homespun "40 Oz. to Freedom," they channel up the spirit of such opposing forces as hardcore hip-hop, hardcore punk, softcore reggae, porno, the likes of Bad Religion and the Grateful Dead. What punk band at the time was willing to declare a flower-power hippy truce with a heartfelt rendition of the

Dead's "Scarlet Begonias" and then flip the script with a badass version of Bad Religion's "We're Only Gonna Die for Our Arrogance?"

Only Sublime.

To think, it was all art-directed. Artist Opie Ortiz' brilliant "40 Oz." mournful psychedelic sun says it all, with fishbones, skeletons, thorned flowers, genies, a switchblade knife and a teensy weensy peace sign signaling hope. Oh, hell yeah, it was beautiful, but you definitely want to enter at your own risk.

This book isn't for critics, it's not for scholars, it's for ALL YOU CRAZY MUTHAFUCKIN' FANS. All you ballers, shot-callers, brawlers, who still send mail to Papa Nowell, Troy, and Jakob each year, who love Sublime more now than you did four years ago. In an attempt to stay true to you, to Brad and to the people who graciously shared their stories, I didn't interpret or judge anyone's words. I simply let the tape roll--unadulterated, like a good Flipside read.

Ultimately, "Crazy Fool: Portrait of a Punk" is just that: a tribute to Bradley James Nowell, another lost "Fuck You" hero. --HSC





JAMES NOWELL/BRAD'S FATHER

Jim Nowell is the father you wish you had. He was Brad's best friend and the posse's surrogate Papa. This book is a result of his dedication and love for his son, and his desire to set the record straight.

Losing a child is difficult enough, losing a child to drug addiction creates human wreckage--parents and family members wracked with guilt and regret. Jim Nowell shares memories of his son, Bradley, in the hopes that it will help other families in similar situations.

JIM'S WORDS:

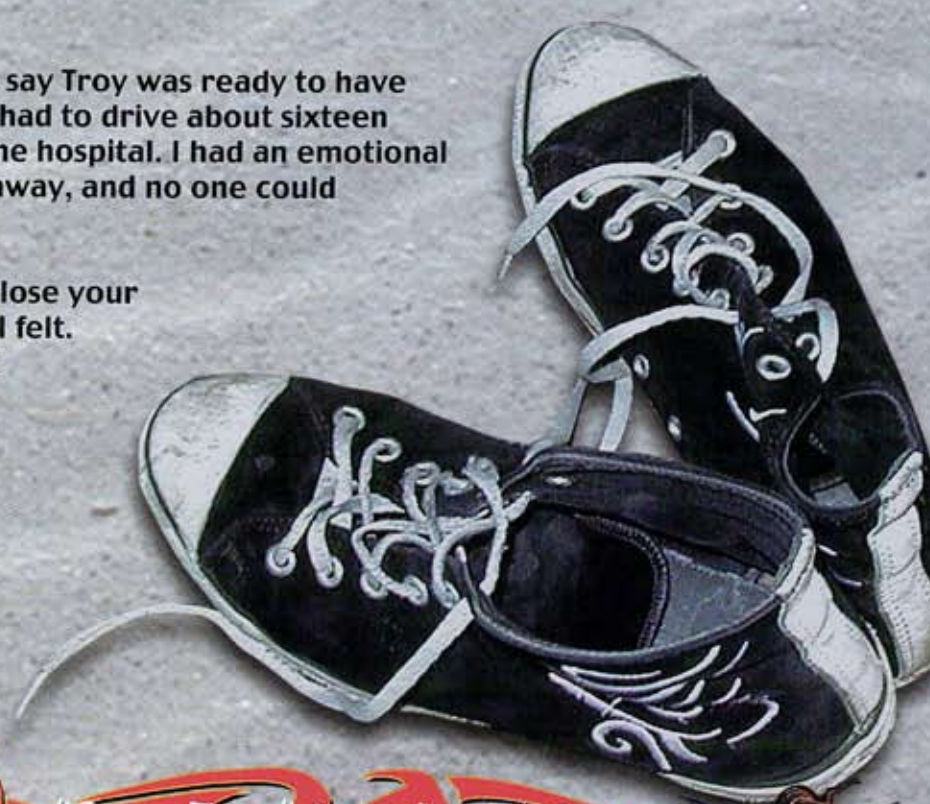
"I was born in the Queen of Angels Hospital in L.A. and went to Verdugo Hills High School in Sunland, where I met Brad's mother, Nancy. I played football, she played the flute.

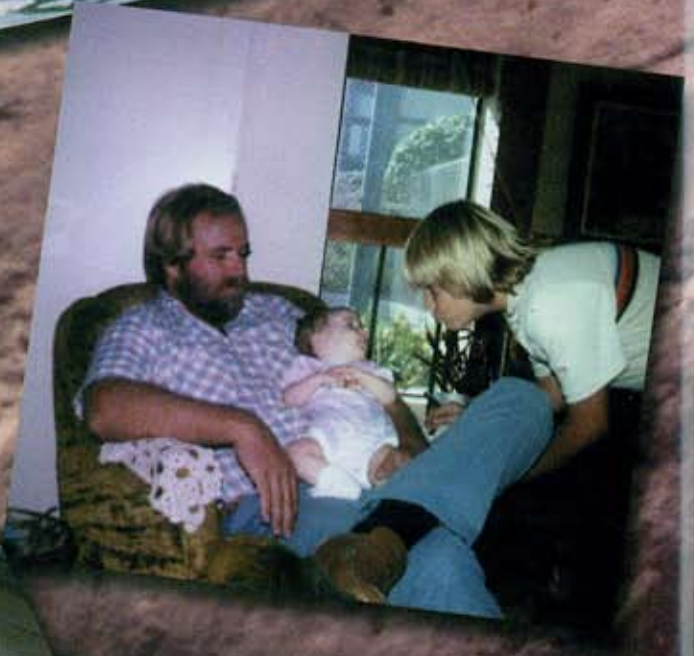
"When we met, I didn't have a driver's license, and I was sweet on her neighbor, so I used to walk her and Nancy home. The neighbor girl got mad at me one day, and Nancy and I just kept on walking.


"She got pregnant when we were 20, and we married in college. I was going to Fresno State, and she was at Loyola Marymount in Southern California on a full flute scholarship. We both transferred to Long Beach State to be together. She miscarried late into the pregnancy with a boy. It was the most traumatic thing that had ever happened to me. I was 20, and the doctor told me we lost our son. I was devastated. And it happened a second time--she miscarried again a year later.

"Years later, when Brad called to say Troy was ready to have her baby, it was 6 a.m. and I only had to drive about sixteen blocks, but I couldn't make it to the hospital. I had an emotional break-down about three blocks away, and no one could understand it but me.

"You have to be 20 years old and lose your first child to understand the pain I felt. Now, they talk about closure, but there was no closure. There was no funeral. You just go on like nothing happened.







"Brad was born in 1968, and I was flooded with relief. He was born on February 22, a day after my birthday, and he always felt lucky to be here. We bought a little house near the bay, with a little boat, and we spent a lot of time floating around the bay. Brad's lifelong love of the water began almost immediately.

"Long Beach was too fast for Nancy, so we ended up moving to the city of Orange and building a house. As the kids got bigger, so did the houses. We eventually moved to Tustin Hills, because it had the best school district, and Nancy still lives in the house we bought there.

"We married so young and weren't really up to it. We had no communication. If I tried to bring up a problem, she wouldn't admit we had one. I wasn't very good at communicating either. When you're in your 20s with two kids and you haven't fully developed your personality yet, it can be really tough. A whole bunch of us from that generation broke up. You get older, and you don't necessarily go in the same direction. We didn't even know how to work at things. We weren't very good to each other. When we separated, we worked on some of our problems and might have even gotten back together, but she became 'born again' and didn't want to be with someone who wasn't.

"Brad was 10 when we separated, and he stayed out there until he was 13. I moved back to Long Beach, because there was a much better single's scene here.

"There was a country song at the time, '34 and Single,' and that was me.

"I built a duplex in Belmont Shore and Brad came to live with me. By then, my construction company was starting to take off and things were good for us. I built apartment buildings, homes, condominiums all over the Long Beach area. In my spare time, we had a 35-foot sailboat, and we sailed to Mexico, the Channel Islands, all over. Although he was great at sailing, he wouldn't apply himself, and maybe I expected too much from him. Kids aren't like adults. They don't necessarily look at something and see what needs to be done. I don't know why exactly, but Brad always looked to me for approval. He tried to be an athlete, he played football, but he was looking more towards me than what he was doing. I never really understood why. Some people say he idolized me, but maybe too much. No one can hold up under that kind of scrutiny. Part of the problem is I wasn't a good role model. I was single and making up for lost time. I did a lot of crazy things.

"When we lived in Naples, he was dating a girl downstairs and I was dating two sisters upstairs. Later, I felt responsible for a whole lot of things. He didn't have any respect for women, and I believe I contributed to that because of my behavior at the time.



"His life changed pretty dramatically when he first heard reggae. He was 11 years old when we went sailing around the Virgin Islands. It was 1979 and Bob Marley was huge there. The Virgin Gorda, the biggest of the Virgin Islands, was where he got his first introduction. We'd gone into the marina and had dinner, and some local guys were playing reggae. We started rapping with them, and they invited us to go to a 'Jump Up,' an island-style house party. We ended up on the back of a flatbed truck with the musicians on our way to our first Jump Up.

"They took us to a house in the boonies with a chainlink fence around it. We paid a couple bucks to get in, and musicians played and people danced till dawn. It was one of those really dark tropical nights and there were no street lights. It was an amazing experience for him.

"We went back in 1990, this time to a different island, and Brad dove off the boat and swam to shore. He found himself a party and didn't come home 'til dawn. That's how he always was--either he found the party or he was the party.

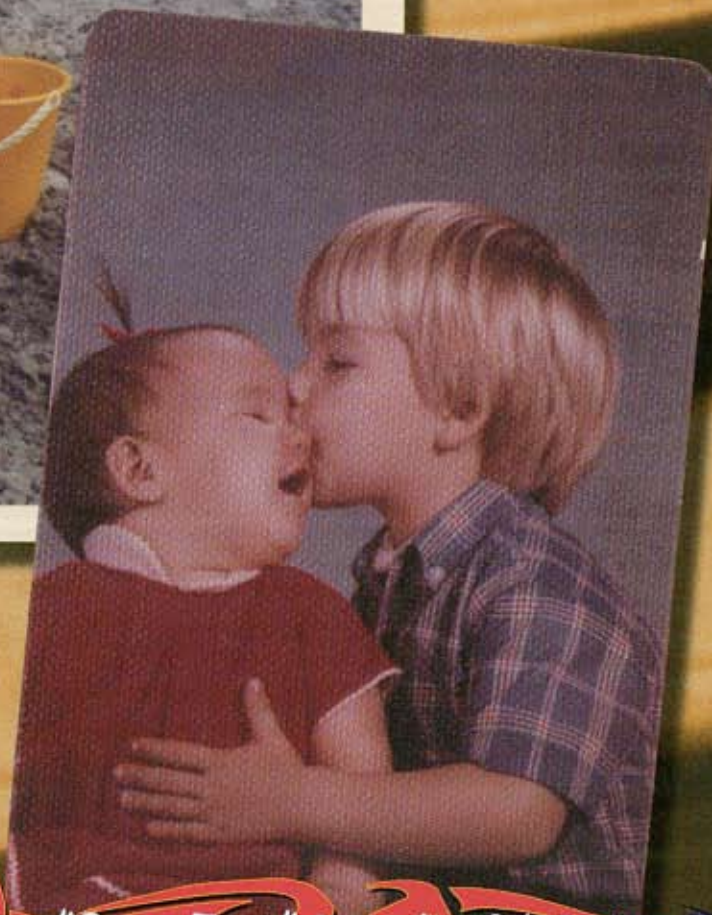
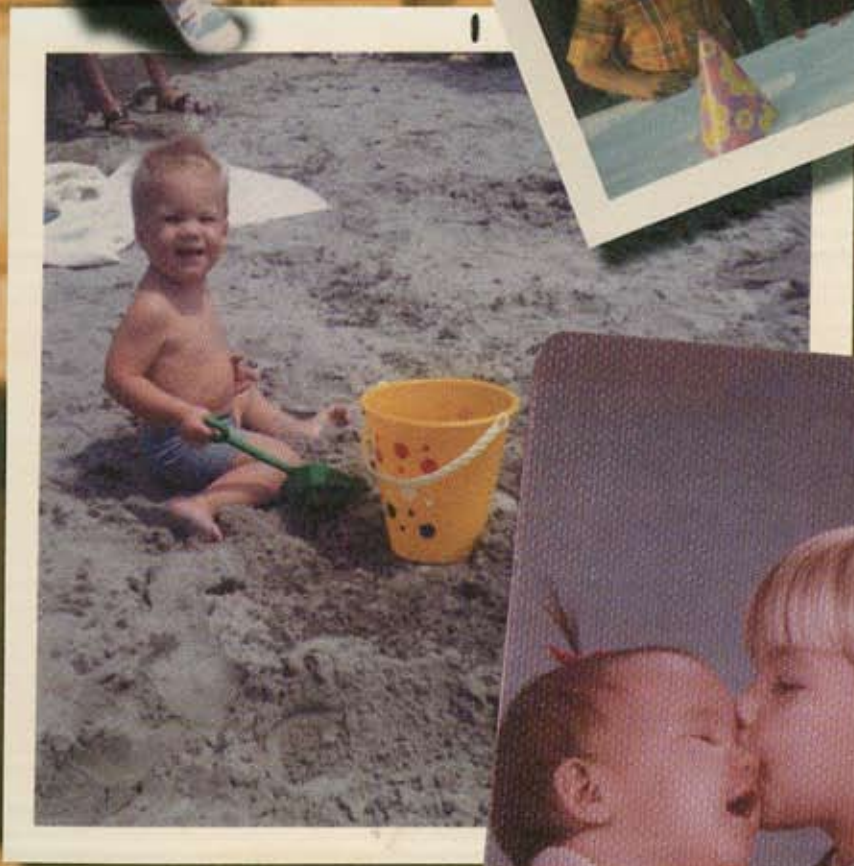
"I remarried briefly to a woman who attempted to try to be a mom to Brad, and that didn't last very long. We broke up in '81, and Brad and I lived together until I married Janie in '89.

"Janie and I met in 1983, but we both had sets of kids and we didn't want to disrupt their lives. She had two girls and I had Brad and Kellie. My house was bigger, but she didn't want to ask her children to move. We lived in separate houses 'til Brad and Kellie left home for college.



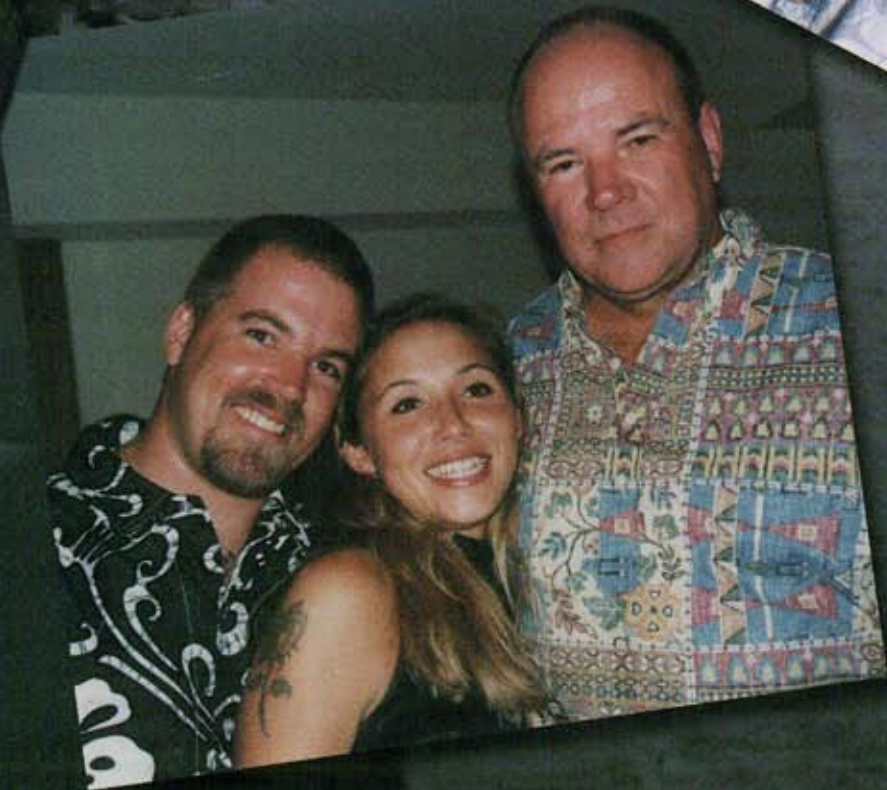
"Brad stayed in my house until I had to kick him out--because he had all his asshole buddies move in with him. It was a really nice house and I'd just built it. There was marble everywhere and hardwood floors, I had to sell the house before it got thrashed.





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





"He was into his music to the detriment of everything and everyone around him. He didn't take care of his physical well-being, material well-being. It's what he wanted to do. When he was 15, he shattered both his wrists doing a Tarzan stunt in Seal Beach--swinging from a rope tied to a tree. He lost his grip and came down and broke both his wrists.

"I was so mad at him because I had to do everything for him, including wipe his ass. The doctor set his left hand in a way that made it permanently cocked in one direction. I was so upset I drove up to L.A. to have a different doctor re-break it to set it right, but we never did it. When Brad got older, he thought it was cool. His bones were set in a direction that made it easy for playing.



"By then, music became his life. He was always really studious, too. He enjoyed U.C. Santa Cruz, where he started college before transferring to Long Beach State. And he even made the Dean's list. He really enjoyed academics. Unlike many kids, Brad actually went to college to learn.

"I tried to get him to work for my construction company but he didn't like starting at the bottom. He didn't want to do clean up, he wanted to start at the top. You can't start at the top in construction. He stopped showing up. The concept of starting at the bottom and working his way into the groove didn't sit well with him. But he was very popular on the job, because he spoke fluent Spanish. The majority of the workers are Latin American, and they were thrilled to death to talk to Brad. He was my son and was very personable. Years later, they still ask about him. I got him a partnership contractor's license with me, in the hopes that some day he'd get over his music and go into business with me."



[We take a break to go on a Bradley tour of Long Beach. He shows me the sites, haunts and homes of Brad. Among the highlights are St. Mary's, the hospital he was born in; 151 Pomona St., the first house he lived in; 269 Ginevra Walk, the house where Sublime first jammed; his high schools, Woodrow Wilson and Polytechnic; the band's rehearsal studio on Anaheim St.; Mother's, Sublime's burly, biker bar hangout, which boasts a Sublime plaque on its wall; the beach where Sublime incited a Fourth of July riot in '91; the ocean home in the gated community of Surfside, where Brad lived with Troy on Seaside Dr. when Jakob was born and where his ashes were scattered upon his death; the Long Beach Yacht Club, where Brad lived before the Marine Patrol kicked him off his dad's boat for wild parties; Seal Beach and Brad's favorite surf spots.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



He showed me the Seal Beach bridge where Brad nearly ended up running the officer into the bay. We go to Westminster Memorial Park where Brad was buried, and where people make daily pilgrimages leaving 40 oz. beer bottles and guitar picks on his headstone. After our excursion, one thing is certain, Brad wrote what he knew.]

JIM CONTINUES:

"I was working hard building my company and I never considered myself upper class, because I was a blue-collar worker. But we were able to afford a nice lifestyle. From the Long Beach Yacht Club to the trips we took, it was a nice life. And it was also a crazy life.

"When we lived at Ginevra, the band used to come back from gigs at 2 a.m., loudly moving their equipment into the garage, and the neighbor's would scream for them to quiet down. They always complained, and I'd tell them to 'eff off.' Whatever Brad did and whatever situations he got himself into, I was there for him. He was my son, and I wasn't gonna let anybody tell me our business.



"When I moved in with Janie and he came to live with us, it wasn't easy. His lifestyle was hard for us to handle. He moved into our house with his girlfriend, Cat, for nine months, until Janie had to put her foot down and ask her to leave.

"In his time, he got into no end of trouble. I was always the one who was making nice with the police. I don't care if it was the Marine Patrol or the Long Beach P.D., I was always the one saying, 'You know me, I'm a contractor. . . .' Everyone knew who I was anyway. I'd explain, 'This is my son, and I'm going to take care of him.' Otherwise, he would have spent a helluva lot of time in jail. Whatever the situation, I'd get there, talk to the police and they'd release him to my custody.

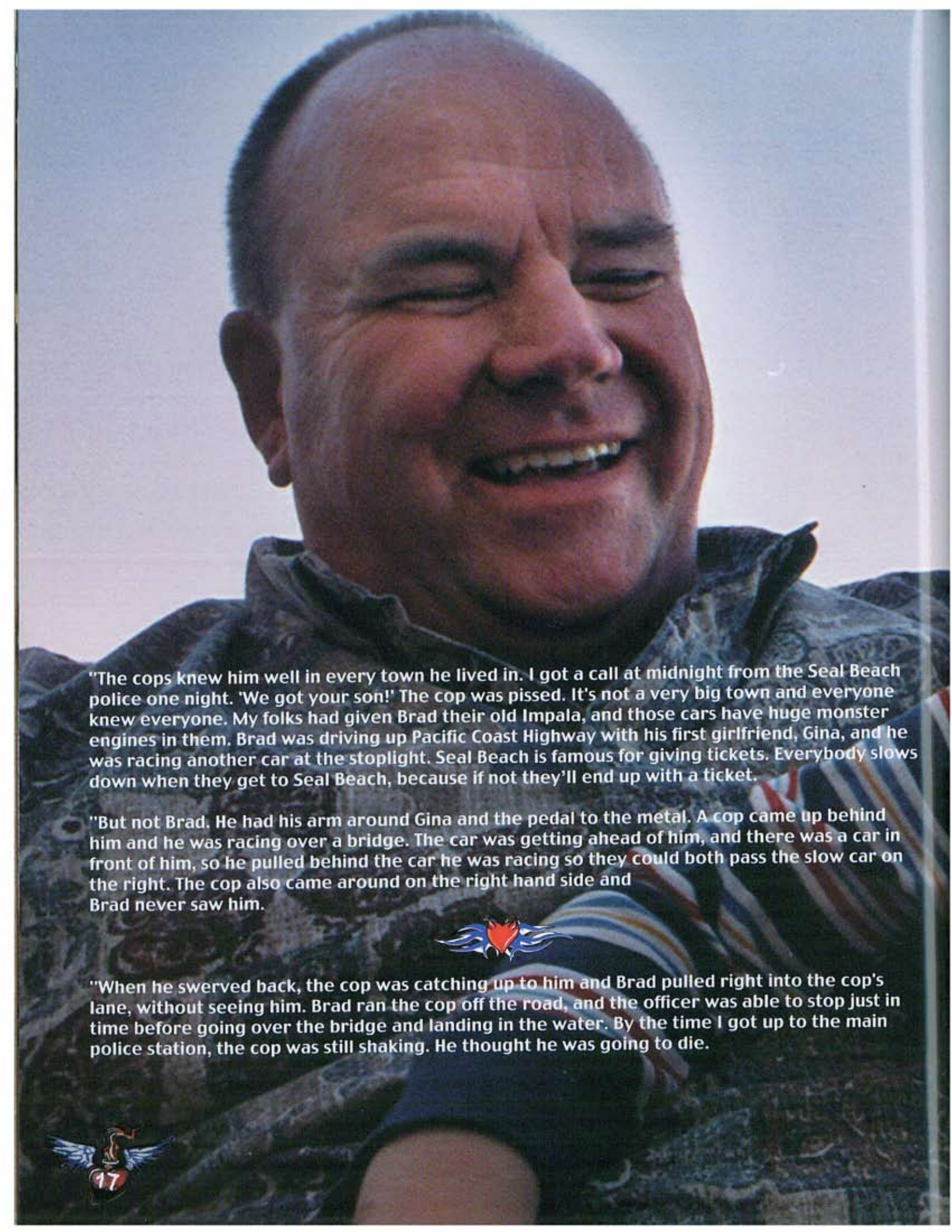
"I did all kinds of stuff when I was a kid but with Brad, he'd always get caught. It's not that he didn't care about consequences, it's that he never 'considered' them. He wasn't a sneaky person, trying to pull one over on people, that was never it. I guess I bailed him out too many times, but he spent some time in jail on D.U.I.'s. He did spend a lot of time picking up trash on the freeway. I'd drop him off, pick him up and make sure he got there or he wouldn't go.





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait of A Punk





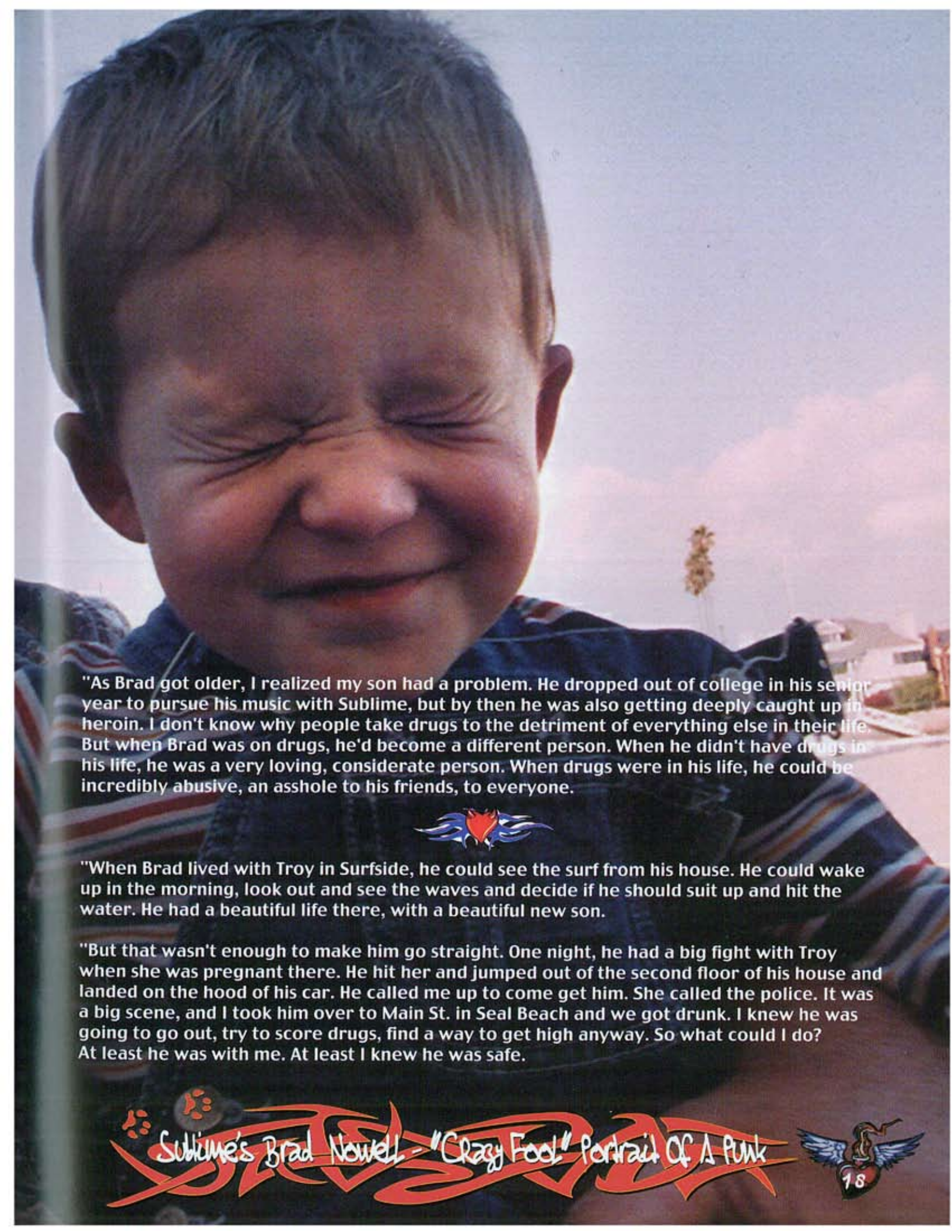
"The cops knew him well in every town he lived in. I got a call at midnight from the Seal Beach police one night. 'We got your son!' The cop was pissed. It's not a very big town and everyone knew everyone. My folks had given Brad their old Impala, and those cars have huge monster engines in them. Brad was driving up Pacific Coast Highway with his first girlfriend, Gina, and he was racing another car at the stoplight. Seal Beach is famous for giving tickets. Everybody slows down when they get to Seal Beach, because if not they'll end up with a ticket.

"But not Brad. He had his arm around Gina and the pedal to the metal. A cop came up behind him and he was racing over a bridge. The car was getting ahead of him, and there was a car in front of him, so he pulled behind the car he was racing so they could both pass the slow car on the right. The cop also came around on the right hand side and Brad never saw him.



"When he swerved back, the cop was catching up to him and Brad pulled right into the cop's lane, without seeing him. Brad ran the cop off the road, and the officer was able to stop just in time before going over the bridge and landing in the water. By the time I got up to the main police station, the cop was still shaking. He thought he was going to die.





"As Brad got older, I realized my son had a problem. He dropped out of college in his senior year to pursue his music with Sublime, but by then he was also getting deeply caught up in heroin. I don't know why people take drugs to the detriment of everything else in their life. But when Brad was on drugs, he'd become a different person. When he didn't have drugs in his life, he was a very loving, considerate person. When drugs were in his life, he could be incredibly abusive, an asshole to his friends, to everyone.




"When Brad lived with Troy in Surfside, he could see the surf from his house. He could wake up in the morning, look out and see the waves and decide if he should suit up and hit the water. He had a beautiful life there, with a beautiful new son.

"But that wasn't enough to make him go straight. One night, he had a big fight with Troy when she was pregnant there. He hit her and jumped out of the second floor of his house and landed on the hood of his car. He called me up to come get him. She called the police. It was a big scene, and I took him over to Main St. in Seal Beach and we got drunk. I knew he was going to go out, try to score drugs, find a way to get high anyway. So what could I do? At least he was with me. At least I knew he was safe.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk

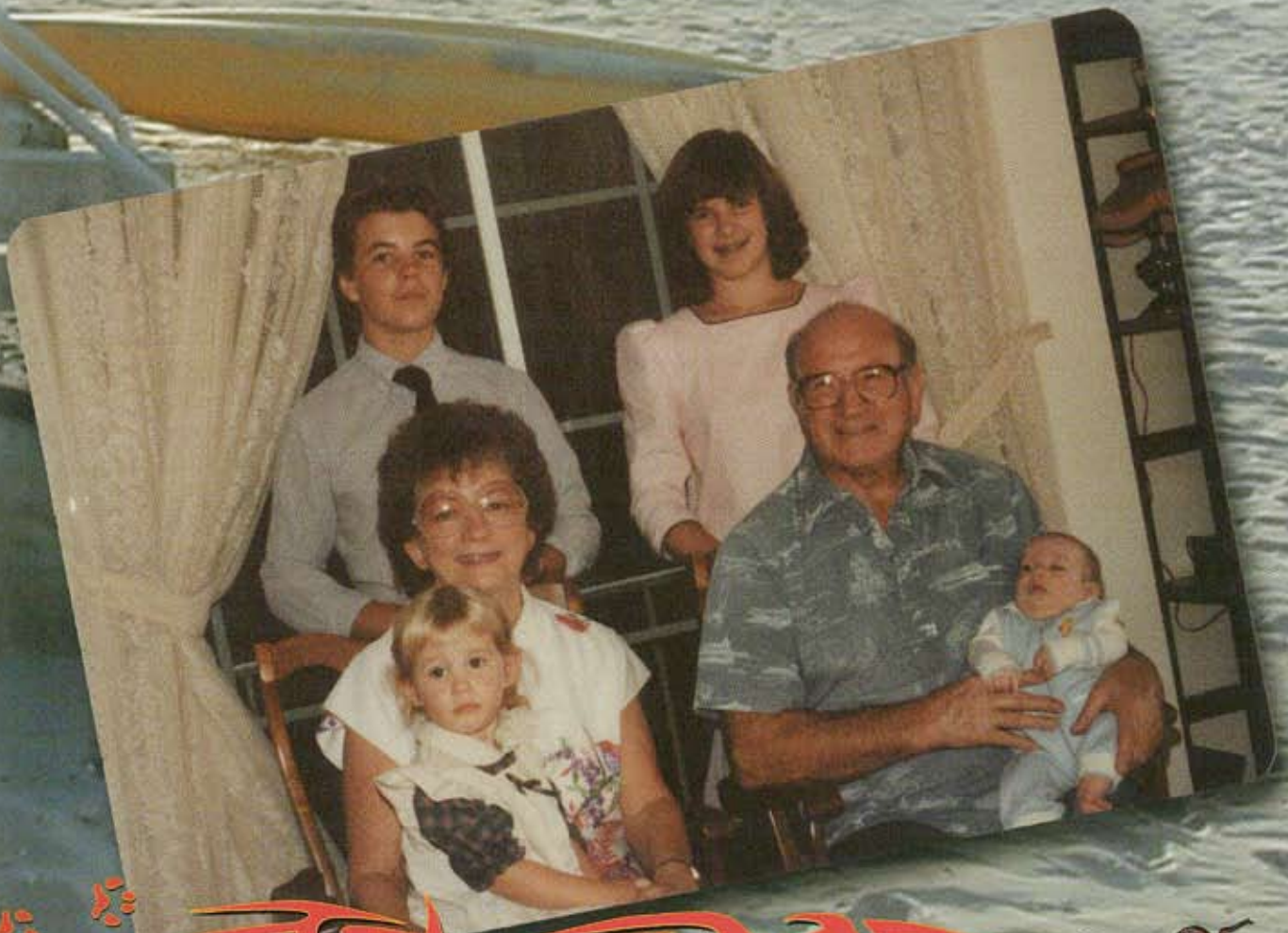






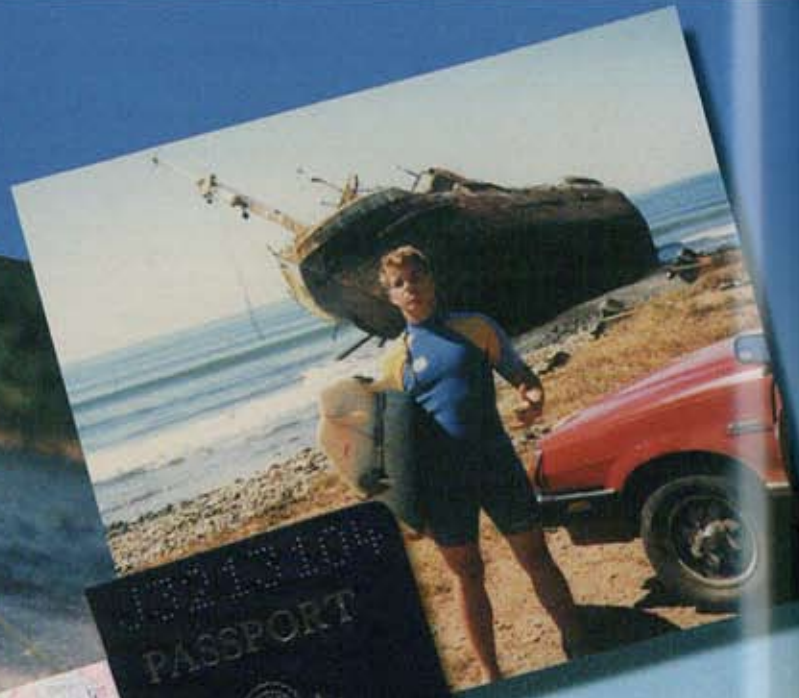
"Brad was the type of person who was always looking for answers, trying to find life's meaning. When he came back from Santa Cruz, he told me he was asking all the questions but nobody had any answers. He'd decided there are no answers. He was doing what all men do, searching for purpose and meaning in life. I told him, 'You're not going to find the answers in any book, but you might find out what most men find out, that life's fulfillment is in family. If you try to live in peace with your neighbors, and try to take care of your family, that's about the best you can hope for. That's how you can find happiness.' Maybe if I'd been a preacher, or a choir boy, things would have turned out differently. You can never know.

"Brad always wanted us to sail around the world. We should've done it."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk







NANCY WATILO/BRAD'S MOTHER

Nancy Watilo lives in Tustin Hills, California, in a house Brad lived in as a child. She and her second husband, Kirk, have a 13-year-old son, Cory.

A blonde, blue-eyed beauty, Nancy is devoutly Christian. Until I spoke with her, she'd never been interviewed about Brad before. When Brad left her to move in with Jim shortly before his 13th birthday, her relationship with her eldest son became increasingly strained. He rebelled against her religious teachings, and she found it difficult to relate to his way of life.

Today, as people marry in their 30s and 40s, it's hard to imagine falling in love in your teens, getting married and having children. Nancy and Jim's marriage suffered all the pitfalls of youth, but each have gone on to have successful, long-term marriages. Revisiting Brad's youth is a bittersweet journey for Nancy, because she's forced to confront her own.

NANCY'S WORDS:

"I grew up in a home without a television. We read books in my family, which is partially responsible for Brad's huge appetite for books. As a child, he always had his nose in a book. With my son now, we still do a lot of reading aloud, we don't watch television, and I homeschool him.

"When Brad was little, we would read aloud together, and if I tried to correct him he would fall apart. He wanted to know how to do everything without having to learn it. He didn't like trying anything new and failing. He was that way about his walking. He never took one step and fell down. He didn't walk until he was sure he wouldn't fall.

"The day he first walked, he walked all the way across the room and never crawled again. He didn't like to fail at anything. He had a very low frustration tolerance and was very determined.

"To understand Brad, you have to understand his father. One of the things that attracted me to Jim was I thought he'd make a great father. He liked to play with his kids and had childlike qualities himself.



"I noticed as the children got older, he was more of a friend than a disciplinarian, which was one of the areas where we had conflict. I was brought up really strict. You had to respect your elders, do what you were told. You didn't talk back. I wanted to raise Brad that way, but Jim's approach was different. He was more lenient.

"When we first got married we lived in the Shore in Long Beach. I look back now and I can see a lot of Brad in Jim. I'd find Jim on the rooftop of the apartment building strumming his guitar and singing songs for people.

"I was very insecure, and I was also very young. I was so afraid I was going to lose Jim. As I look back now, I realize I'd do things a lot differently. At the time, I had the opportunity to go away on a scholarship to France in my junior year, and I didn't go because I was afraid Jim wouldn't be there when I got back. I wasn't willing to let go.

"I remember going to counseling with Brad when he was eight years old, because I was having a hard time with him. I realized that it wasn't really Brad's problem. It was our problem and that was really hard to face. Jim wanted a different kind of lifestyle. He wanted to party, hit the hot tub, live the '70s. I wanted the marriage to go in a different direction.

"We'd been through a lot. I had a miscarriage when I was 20 years old and already five months pregnant--and then I suffered through another miscarriage. We got married in '64, but Brad wasn't born until '68. All that time we were trying and it was very difficult.



"Brad was a very smart, artistic child but he also had a really short fuse. People make a big deal about the Ritalin--I put him on Ritalin when he was in fourth grade because Brad was having a lot of trouble. He was only on it a very short time and it really helped him, I believe. But there wasn't any consistency. When Brad went to live with his dad in Naples, he didn't have the same boundaries he had when he lived with me.

"The changes in Brad were very hard for me to see. His sister, Kellie, told me later that Brad had already started dealing with drugs when he lived here, but it's something that I never knew about.

"Brad always kept me away from the sordid stuff in his life. He would contact me when things were good. You want your mom to think the best of you.

"Divorces are never easy. I fell in love with Jim so young, and I had no identity of my own. I know that Jim is a wonderful, giving, loving, generous person, and those qualities have been refined through the years. He's not now who he was back then and always had the potential to be. Brad didn't have the chance to grow up. He never took responsibility like his dad did. He never had a work ethic, he had one job at Taco Bell--enough to teach him he didn't want to work for anybody else.



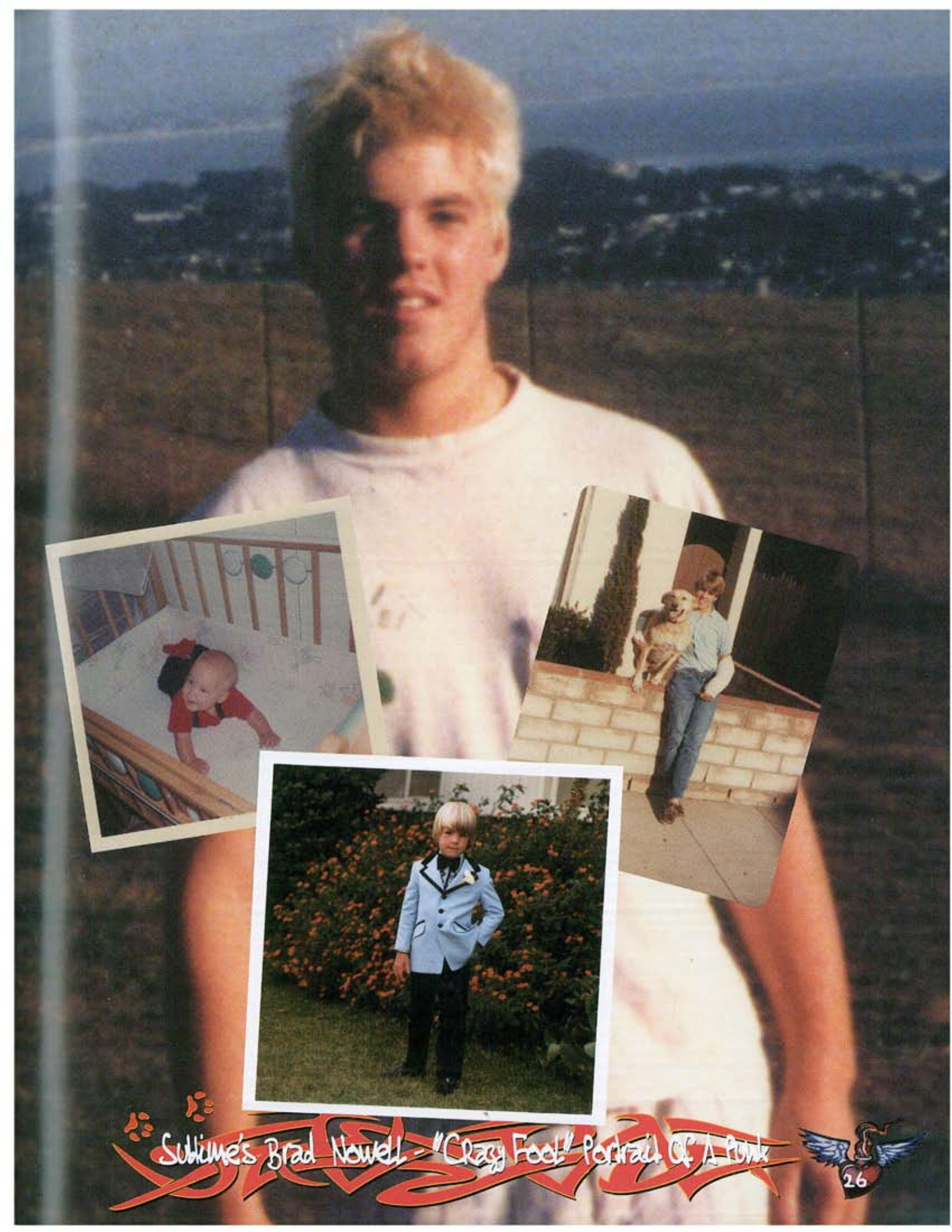
"One thing's for sure, he knew he wanted to be a rock star.

"I just wish he could have fulfilled that dream. Why kids think that drugs are going to make them be more creative or enjoy life more is something I'll never understand. They just never learn to appreciate life the way it is. There were times when I was around Brad when I didn't know who he was, when I didn't like this person. It was the drugs talking, and it's very hard for me to talk about this because there's been so much pain.

"When he started becoming successful and getting a little bit of notoriety, he had an 'I'll show you' attitude. I was so ashamed and embarrassed when I saw some of the specials they did after he died. Toward the end, it was as if his conscience had been deadened. Like he'd been so hardened, he couldn't feel any shame. I don't know where that came from inside him. But there was also a tender side to him. I think Troy really brought that out in him. All he ever really wanted was somebody to accept who he was and not criticize him.

"I think some of the bad things he did were just a test. 'Can you still love me? Can you really still love me, even though I am capable of doing these things?' I always tried to let him know, 'I may not agree with what you're doing, but I'll always love you.' I believe in my heart he knew that."





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Feet" Portrait Of A Punk





KELLIE O'REILLY/BRAD'S SISTER

Kellie O'Reilly lives in Tustin with her husband, Sean, and young son, Trevor. She grew up in Orange County with Brad and recalls a love-hate relationship with her brother.

Although they shared the same religious upbringing, Kellie didn't rebel against the teachings and has embraced a Christian life.

KELLIE'S WORDS:

"Brad was an extremely talented kid. He was very artistic. He could draw anything, he'd draw me pictures of people and cars. He'd write poems and really good stories, he learned guitar on his own. He was always the creative one, there was never any question about that.

"As a kid, he could be pretty cruel. He terrorized me when I was little. But he could also be very vulnerable, and even though I was his little sister [younger by two-and-a-half years] I felt a need to protect him. If he got in a fight at school, I'd run up and scream, 'Leave my brother alone!' Possibly the worst thing a sister could do, but I didn't want to see him hurt. Of course, I'd tell on him when he got in trouble, and that made him angry.

"There was a lot of tension in the house when we were little. My parents fought a lot, and I remember the divorce as a good thing. Even though I knew it was a positive change, it didn't make it any easier. You still want your parents to be together. He was older and I think it may have hit him harder than it hit me. I never thought about it much then, but when I look back now, I think it really shook him. His security, his family, was pulled out from under him.

"One of the most frustrating things about my brother is he didn't have any common sense. He'd always get caught doing stupid things. We were totally different in that way. If I was gonna pull some prank, I'd think it through and not get caught. Whatever he'd get up to, he'd always get busted. I remember him trying to run out on a bill at Bob's Big Boy and getting caught. He always got caught. He wouldn't think ahead, like, 'I'm going to a party and I'm going to drink. Don't drink and drive.' I used to tell him,



'Don't be stupid. If you're going to do things, be smart about it.' Obvious things just never occurred to him.

"One time my mom went away and I had a party I wasn't supposed to have. Brad asked me if his band could play. It's around the time he and Eric were playing in Hogan's Heroes. I thought, all right, cool, let's do it. Brad shows up with his punk band and his punk friends, which was hysterical because my friends and I were not punk. People were all over the house, it was a total mess. People were in the wet bar smashing wine glasses just to hear them shatter.

"The next day, I cleaned the house head to toe. My mom came home and said, 'What happened here?' I said, 'What do you mean?' She said, 'The house is too clean. What were you up to?' I told her I had a couple friends over and we watched a video. I got grounded for a week, and that was it.

"I remember thinking if this had been Brad the house would still be a catastrophe.



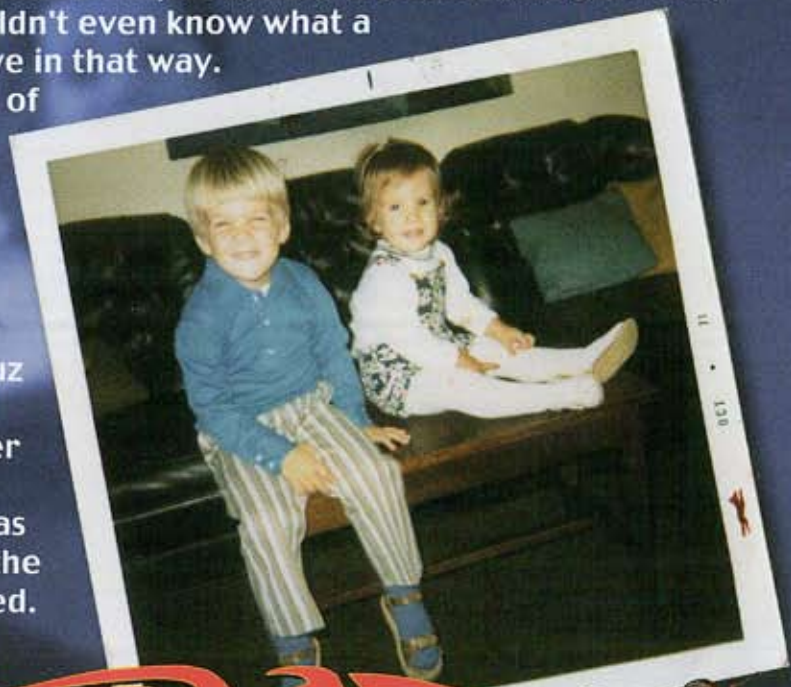
"We were total opposites. I was an achiever, always trying to do well in school, focused on working. I got a job at 14 to help pay for my private school tuition.

"He had a different focus. I was always trying to do things the right way. He had a much more laid back attitude toward life, 'Whatever happens, happens.'

"I wasn't perfect, by any means. I drank a lot in high school. I never did drugs but I did my share of drinking. One day we were at a Jack-in-the-Box drive-thru and he handed me his wallet to get cash, and I found a razor blade. I looked at him and said, 'Brad, are you doing coke?' As I was starting to get mad at him, he turned it around and got really angry with me, because he thought I shouldn't even know what a razor blade was for. He was very protective in that way. He wanted me to be sheltered, regardless of what he was doing.

"When he got more into the music, I used to love to hang around and listen to him play.

"When he went to college at U.C. Santa Cruz I drove up to visit him. He was living in an apartment with a few guys and I remember I wouldn't sit on the toilet. I had to hover inches above the rim because the place was so filthy. I wore my socks in the shower--the floor of the shower had never been cleaned.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Feet" Portrayal of A Punk



"They had a pregnant cat named Spike, and they thought it was so hysterical because she would get high off the pot smoke and stumble around the apartment.

"I was up there for three days and it was like, 'Whoa. . . .' This life he was leading, it was just one big party after another. I knew he was capable of so much, and it frustrated me that he didn't try harder to be successful.

"He would have loved all the success he's received now. What little success he did have before he died he wasn't handling very well. He had a bad attitude, a bad reputation in the industry.

"When he dropped out of college and was living in the downtown storefront, it began a real self-destructive period for him. He didn't have to live there, he could've lived anywhere in Long Beach but he chose that area. It seemed like he didn't care about himself. He didn't care what he looked like. I think that's really when he started doing drugs seriously. He was living in an area where all he had to do was walk outside his door to get drugs.

"He kept that life away from us, but I could tell by his attitude what he was up to. The insane thing is he knew how much trouble Bud had been through. Bud left the band, because he had such a bad drug habit, so why Brad even went down that road is almost impossible to understand.

"He understood what he was dealing with. He was so intelligent. He even wrote about it.

"He was always a seeker in life, trying to find the answers, trying to understand different philosophies. He had the same Christian upbringing I had. After the divorce, my mom became a Christian and it helped her I'm sure, but she got heavily into the Rapture, into the Second Coming, and it scared Brad. He totally rejected it. It was hard for him to accept God because there was fear attached to it.

"He always kept searching to find spiritual meaning and nothing made sense to him. I think the drug use and his willingness to abuse himself was because he couldn't find a meaning for life.

"I think he ultimately knew he was never going to find the answer, because you can't have that severe of a drug problem and care about yourself.

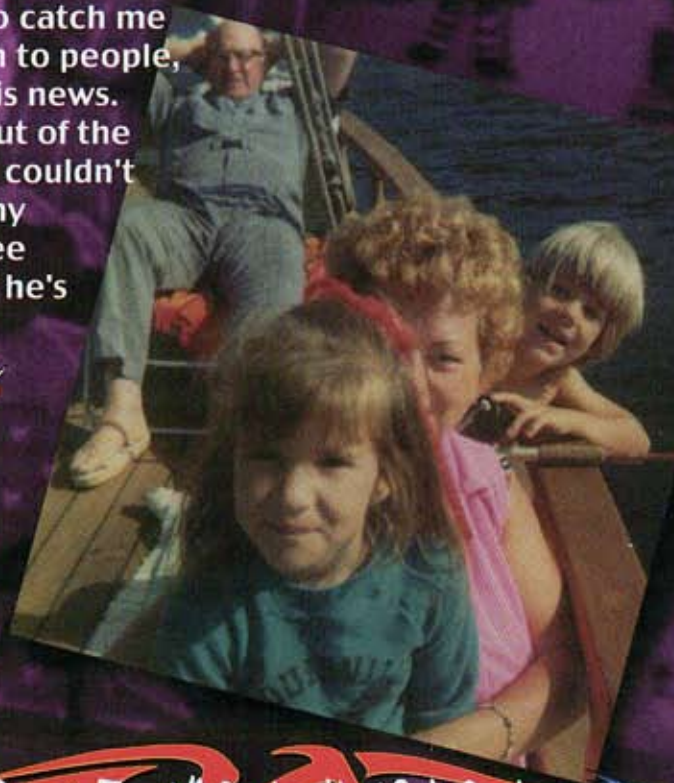




"At times, we honestly thought we were going to get the phone call, the call that Brad was dead. He'd go into rehab, but he was on again, off again. He met Troy and he had a reason to try to be clean, but it wasn't sticking. When I found out she was pregnant, I was concerned. Suddenly, he had another life to be responsible for. They weren't married and their justification for it was, 'We're from broken homes and we don't want to put our child through that.' So, you're from a broken family, but you're starting out a broken family. It was confusing to us and we put pressure on them to get married, to give Jake that. My dad was adamant, and when they finally got to a point where they agreed to get married, Troy let me know what she wanted and I made it happen.

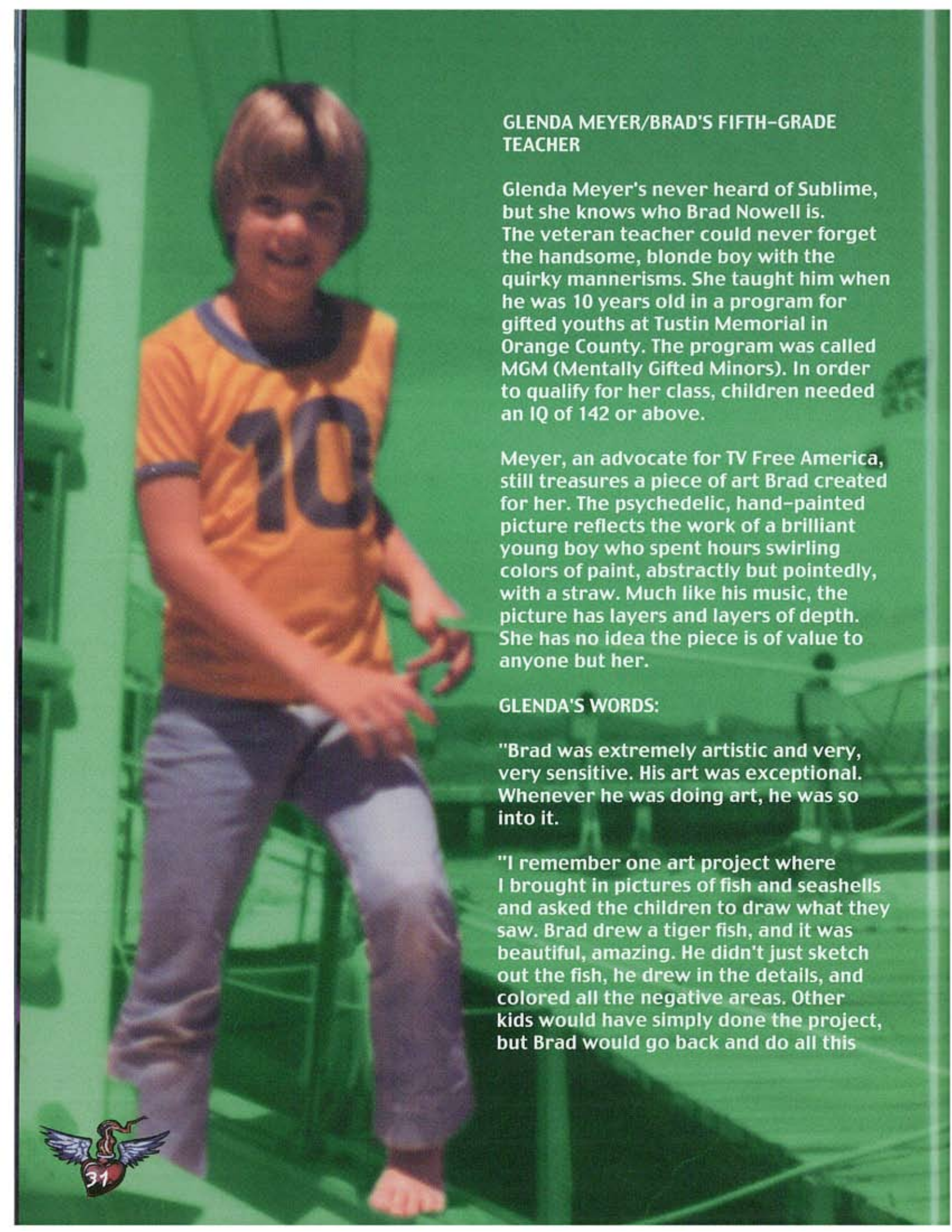
"I was happy to do it for Brad and Troy. It was a perfect Las Vegas wedding, and it was my gift to them. Seeing it all come together was incredible. He was so happy to have his whole family there, to have all his friends there. It was beautiful, the greatest thing, and it was also the last time I talked to my brother.

"That night at the reception, he gave me a big hug, thanking me for everything, and that was it. A few days later, he was gone. My husband gave me the news and I just collapsed. He had to catch me before I hit the ground. It's hard to explain to people, but for years we'd braced ourselves for this news. But when it happened, I just . . . it was so out of the blue. It was so wrong. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think. I still cry about him all the time. In my dreams, he's still alive. And sometimes, I see people and I think it's him. My head knows he's gone, but my heart can't let go."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





GLEND A MEYER/BRAD'S FIFTH-GRADE
TEACHER

Glenda Meyer's never heard of Sublime, but she knows who Brad Nowell is. The veteran teacher could never forget the handsome, blonde boy with the quirky mannerisms. She taught him when he was 10 years old in a program for gifted youths at Tustin Memorial in Orange County. The program was called MGM (Mentally Gifted Minors). In order to qualify for her class, children needed an IQ of 142 or above.

Meyer, an advocate for TV Free America, still treasures a piece of art Brad created for her. The psychedelic, hand-painted picture reflects the work of a brilliant young boy who spent hours swirling colors of paint, abstractly but pointedly, with a straw. Much like his music, the picture has layers and layers of depth. She has no idea the piece is of value to anyone but her.

GLEND A'S WORDS:

"Brad was extremely artistic and very, very sensitive. His art was exceptional. Whenever he was doing art, he was so into it.

"I remember one art project where I brought in pictures of fish and seashells and asked the children to draw what they saw. Brad drew a tiger fish, and it was beautiful, amazing. He didn't just sketch out the fish, he drew in the details, and colored all the negative areas. Other kids would have simply done the project, but Brad would go back and do all this



layering, intense work where he added dimension. He was good at everything--math, reading, writing. His art was just phenomenal, though.

"He was darling, a beautiful child, white-blond hair and as cute as could be. When I first started with him, he didn't have a lot of self-control. I put him up in front of the class so I could be close to him. It wasn't for punishment, but I would make a point of going up to him more, because he needed that to keep him settled.

"I made sure I'd go up and talk to him, put a hand on his shoulder, touch him more than somebody else because he really needed it. If left on his own, he'd get up out of his seat a lot, he couldn't sit still, he wouldn't get his work done, he'd start walking around the room, playing with things.

"I diagnosed it as him needing someone to pay a little bit more attention to him. I wouldn't have called him hyperactive. I know that's how some people referred to him. He was simply very bright. He was in a gifted class, and sometimes the gifted kids, when they're highly creative, they're just a little quirky. They don't quite know how to relate. Being with other gifted kids helps, but he wasn't very good at relating with other kids.

"Brad related better with adults.

"He could also pull the wool over your eyes. He could look like the most innocent thing on the earth, but totally be lying outright. You could ask him a question, he could look at you with the most innocent look in his eyes and say, 'Oh no, I would never. . . .' But he also knew I knew. I had a very strong connection with him. You love all your students, but he was one of the really special ones. He needed something I could give him for a short time, and I felt that.



"He was incredibly verbal. He could talk his way out of situations, but he could also speak so eloquently about how he felt.

"He was in a program called MGM, and at that time Tustin Memorial was the number one rated school in Orange County. I had come from a school that was in the worst part of town--pulling from the El Toro ghettos, where twenty percent of my students would drop out before the year was over. Tustin Memorial was completely the opposite. It was located on top of a hill in a very affluent area. It was so different.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



"Nancy [Brad's mother] was always dressed beautifully. She was part of the country club set, playing tennis and living that type of lifestyle. Most of the mothers were stay-at-home moms, as nice as can be. Almost all of them were under 35 or still in their 20s.

"These were the blessed kids. They weren't wanting, that's for sure.

"It's clear Brad didn't feel secure, though. His parents were going through their divorce, and kids get pulled apart. They don't know which way to go.

"Divorce is a tough thing, and I don't know if being smart makes it any easier. In fact, I'm sure it doesn't.



"I didn't stay in touch with him, but our relationship was good and I kept in touch with Nancy and Kellie [Brad's younger sister]. I lost track of him when he went to live with his father.

"It's frustrating because when you're a teacher, you're a big part of a kid's life, you're a big part of their day, and you can influence things about them. But only for that year. Some of it may be residual and carry over, but you have to stay in their lives and be around them to keep those changes in place because there are so many factors that bombard them.

"One cruel thing can undo God's kindness, you know. Somebody can have a fairly good ego, but if a few people say something bad to them and that ego isn't strong, they can crumble.

"You can think you're okay, but if someone hits that little soft spot of yours, it's devastating. All the good is gone.

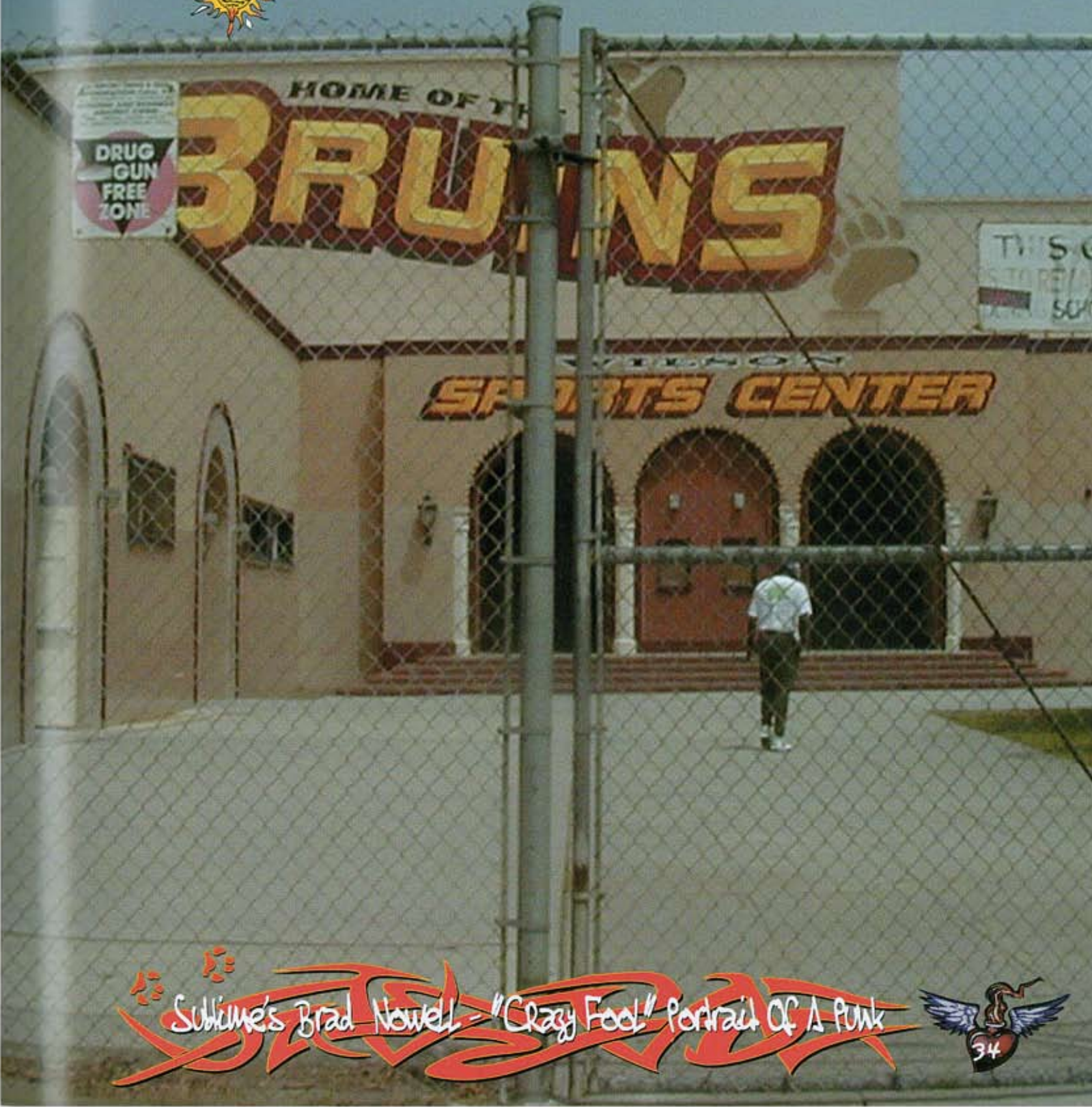


"It sounds like he went through some depression in later years. When you're going through something like that, everything is bleak. I went through a depression and it doesn't matter where it's coming from, it just comes. It can be from stress, it can be a chemical imbalance. I know he probably had a hard



time being compared to his sister--a goodie two shoes--when he wasn't that way.

"Brad was fragile. I'm sure the divorce weighed on him, as it does on most children, but scholastically he was in a league of his own. Although I had plenty of kids who were good at things, Brad was exceptional. His art, his creativity, can only be described as a gift."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait of A Punk





JANE NOWELL/BRAD'S STEPMOM

Janie Nowell was a 35-year-old mother of two when she met Jim Nowell. They were at a Long Beach house party and Jim, who was playing guitar, strummed his way right into her heart.

They've been married for over a decade.

JANIE'S WORDS:

"When Jim and I married in 1989, we didn't even move in together. It was too crazy. When we met, I had two girls, Katie and Kristin, who were eight and ten, Brad was in his early teens and Kellie was about 11.

"I didn't get a chance to know Brad as a little boy. I met him when he was a teenager, and for a stepmother and a son we had a very strong relationship. He was very courteous, he'd offer his seat to guests--he was unfailingly polite.

"But some people are just born under unlucky stars. I used to tell him, 'You are the most unlucky kid.' He had no common sense. He was a brilliant person, but he didn't have an ounce of common sense. When anyone else would assess a situation and think they'd better draw back, Brad would go full speed ahead. He never realized the consequences of his actions.

"Brad was hard to handle at times. I thought it might be a good idea to put him in counseling and Jim rejected that idea. 'He'll think he's crazy,' he said. Jim flat-out doesn't believe in psychological counseling. I respected his decision. I don't know if it would have helped Brad or not, but I felt he was lost. He had a lot of issues in his life, besides those drugs. The drugs were an outgrowth of psychological problems.

"Brad used drugs as a crutch. Maybe he felt it was the cool thing to do at the time, but beyond that it displaced something he didn't want to feel.

"When I was mad at Brad, I would literally have to go upstairs to stay mad at him. That's how charming he was. It wasn't a 'devious' charming, it was real. If I came downstairs and talked to him, I couldn't be in the room five minutes before I'd have to give him a kiss or a hug. I couldn't stay mad at him. He was too charismatic. He had a quality that was so attractive.



"Brad adored his father, he idolized him. All boys want to live up to their dad's expectations, and I believe Brad felt he disappointed him a lot. In all honesty, Jim never gave him any reason to doubt that he loved him. I watched them together for fifteen years. Jim was never stern with Brad. There were times when he'd get upset, if he had to pick him up from jail, but on a day to day level there was always a lot of affection.

"Jim adored Brad and was always there for him. He was his son and he loved him. Jim was proud of his schooling, proud he did well in college. He was disappointed when Brad dropped out of college 12 credits short of graduation, but he didn't make a big fuss about it.

"He supported Brad in his music, more than most fathers would have. But I could see Brad wanted approval. I don't think he was getting it as much from his mom. They didn't see each other as much, and they were on totally different planes.

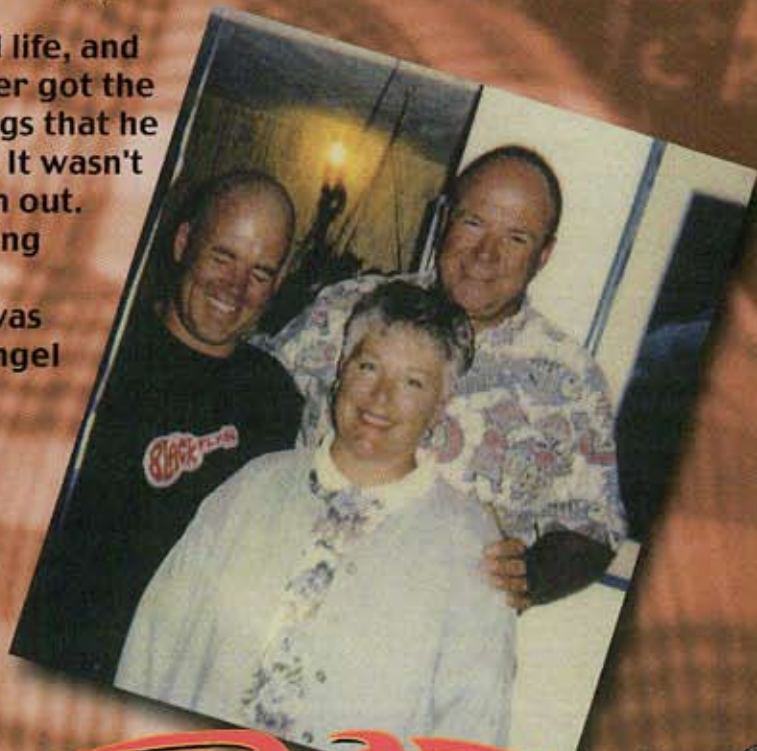


"He was a kid who always pushed boundaries. Sometimes, I think he got a morose pleasure seeing how people would react when he did something really outrageous.

"If he could see he was getting a rise out of you, he'd just keep on going. If you didn't rise to the bait, he'd let it go. His mother, Nancy, always rose to the bait. He pushed her buttons until it drove her crazy.

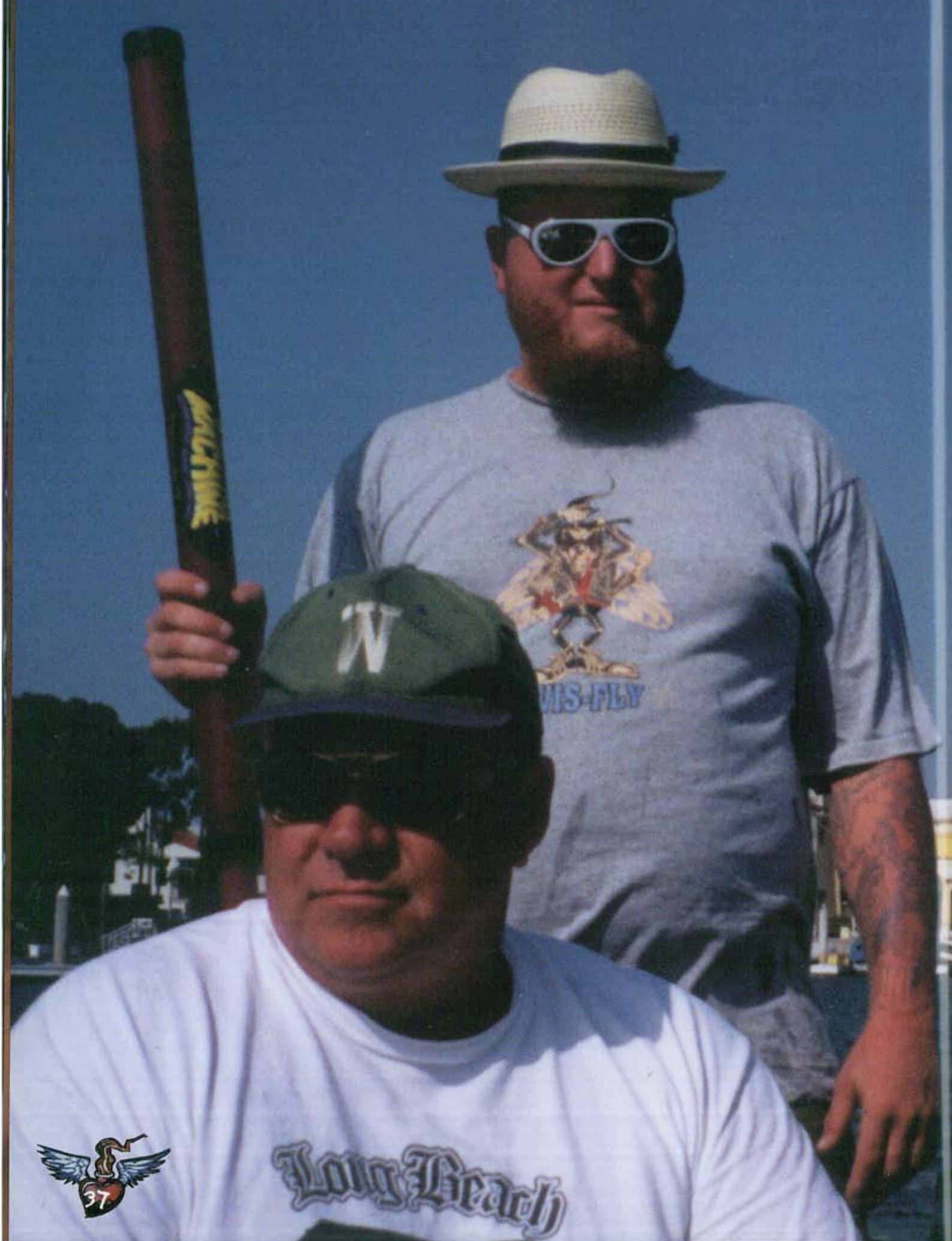


"In a lot of ways, Brad led a charmed life, and that was part of his problem. He never got the punishment he deserved for the things that he did. Someone always bailed him out. It wasn't always Jim. Circumstances bailed him out. Even though he was often in the wrong place at the wrong time, something always came in and rescued him. It was divine intervention, like he had an angel looking out for him.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





Long Beach

"We used to sail everywhere. We'd take the boat out racing every Wednesday night and Brad was part of the crew. We sailed up and down the coast for years. He was really good at it. We went to Catalina once, when Brad was about 15. We were at a pizza place for dinner and they had an amateur night. There were folk singers and a few blues singers, and Brad kept watching them. He borrowed a guitar from the house and started playing this really intense, weird, heavy song. The place went dead silent. Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked at him like, 'Where did this guy come from?' You could tell he was totally into it, as if he was playing in front of hundreds of people. When he was finished, he just put down the guitar and walked off stage, completely happy.

"It was a real dichotomy. He wasn't a rebellious teen, he was just always in trouble. Not because he was rebelling, but because he was always stepping in it. He never rejected the lifestyle he had here. He loved this life. He enjoyed being by the beach, sailing, surfing everyday. He was kind of a crazy kid, though. He didn't think what he was doing was crazy but it seemed that way to me. When the riots broke out, he couldn't wait to get to L.A. to see what was going on. They drove to L.A. because everything was happening down there. Through all that rioting, he was a moth drawn to the flame.

"He stole oil, cases of engine oil. They called it riot oil. When they left L.A. they came back to Long Beach, where they knew most of the looters. He thought it was so exciting and fun. He didn't look at it as something to be frightened of or something that was anti-social. On the contrary, it was a joyride. That's kind of how he was. He liked chaos. If there wasn't enough chaos around him, he created his own.



"He was always stirring things up. He used to get into fights, and he wasn't a big guy physically. I'd ask him what the heck was wrong with him, because he'd pick on people bigger than him and he never feared the outcome. He never stopped to think he might get arrested or shot. He didn't have that social barrier that made him stop to consider what he was doing.

"He'd never think beyond the moment.



"You have to keep in mind the different sides there were to Brad. When he was sober, he was cheery, a pleasure to be around. When he was high, he wasn't the same. When he was low, his eyes would be darting around and you could tell he was looking for something.

"If you took the substance abuse away, he was the nicest person you'd wanna meet. Before drugs became a big issue, there was alcohol. In my estimation, he was a full-blown alcoholic. He seemed like he was predestined toward chemical dependency.

"It was very stressful around here for a long time because Brad's problems started to become apparent. I was very much in love with Jim, and it was either back off or end the marriage. I was not going to come between Jim and Brad. His last relationship ended because the woman he was with tried to be a disciplinarian to Brad.



"Brad was with us on and off throughout the marriage but the last time, when he was here for nine months in '93, it was very stressful for me.

"His girlfriend, Cat Rodriguez, was living here at the time and my daughter, Katie, was in the room next to them. That made me very uncomfortable, and I finally asked Cat to leave and she agreed. Somehow, that turned into me kicking Brad out of the house. I had a high school kid living in the room next door and he was doing drugs in the house. It was a very difficult period for everyone. I never kicked Brad out of the house. I asked his girlfriend to leave and Brad decided to go with her.

"Brad later apologized to me. He knew he was putting us through a lot of heartache, and it wasn't good for anyone.



"Shortly after he left, he came back to the house because he wanted to detox. He decided he couldn't do it in a hospital and wanted to clean his act up here. He was confident he could do it. I drove to Mexico to buy the drugs--you can't get drugs to ease withdrawal without a prescription here, but you could get them in Mexico.

"To prepare for detoxing, Brad took heroin. He took a lot of heroin, I'd never seen him so high, and he broke my heart that night. He was rude to me, and he'd never been rude to me before. He came downstairs and told me I didn't know shit about what was going on, and it devastated me. [She begins weeping.] Everyone told me to ignore him, he wasn't himself and it was the drugs talking. But he'd never talked to me like that before and I was absolutely devastated.

"That was the night in '94 when Jim said to me, 'We better learn to let go of this kid, because we're not going to have him much longer.' I was in so much pain, we all were. The last thing I wanted was a drug addict detoxing in my house, but because he was our son we were prepared to do anything for him.

"The next few days were a living hell. He was either completely drugged up or physically trying to leave the house. Someone was always standing guard, but at one point Jim had to leave the house and I was in charge of making sure he stayed put.

"He came stumbling downstairs, because he could hardly walk. He told me he was leaving. We actually came to fistcuffs. I told him, 'No way are you leaving this house.'

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



"I grabbed him, he was much bigger than I was, and I hit him in the balls. He went down with one shot. I grabbed him by the arms and threw him back in the room.

"I called Jim and told him to come home. It was very traumatic, but Brad and I actually laughed about it later. He said, 'I can't believe you hit me like that.' It was the only way I could get him back up there.

"Jim came home and about two hours later Brad pulled the same thing. He grabbed Jim's wallet and was halfway out the door, and I screamed for Jim. Jim was so upset, and Brad sat down at the kitchen table and said, 'Dad, there's no way you can hold me here. You might as well let me go.' And with that, he left.

"Brad came back to the house and he'd obviously gotten high. Jim had already taken his clothes, thrown them in a duffel bag, and brought them to a friend's house. Brad tried to get into our house and Jim said, 'You have nothing here.' He kept trying to get in. He came to another door, and I answered and told him I couldn't let him in.

"He was banging on the door, crying, begging to be let in. Kellie, Brad's sister, was there, and it was a real turning point for her. She couldn't believe what she was witnessing. Brad turned around and wandered down the street. She turned to me and said, 'If I hadn't been here to witness this, you could have told me, but I never would have believed you. I've never seen my brother like that. I don't even recognize him.'

"It was very terrible. From that point on, he'd get better, get worse, get better, get worse. Our lives were never the same.



"When Troy came on the scene, things started to look a bit brighter. I believe she saved his life. He lived a couple more years because of Troy. He probably wouldn't have made it that far without her.

"In 1995, Brad went into rehab in San Jose and Troy got pregnant with Jake. But the highs and lows continued.

"Poor Troy, it wasn't easy for her. They came out to the desert with us after Jake was born, and we were having a fun time. Brad told her he wanted to leave and she told him she wanted to stay. He said, 'Well, I'm leaving.' You could tell where he was going. He didn't have a driver's license at the time because he had two D.U.I.'s. It seemed the length of time between his sober periods got longer and longer and the catastrophes got more frequent. One

incident when Brad was missing, Jim found him wandering around the streets and rushed him to the hospital. They couldn't tell what drug he was on and they gave him something that rendered him catatonic. Jim thought we'd lost him right then. There were many close calls.

"You never knew from one moment to the next whether you were going to see Brad or you were going to see the demon who had hold of him. Things got so bad, Troy left to go to San Diego when she was pregnant with Jake because Brad had physically shoved her to get out of the house to score.



"I used to hold out, thinking Brad would be himself again. There was no one more charming. When he smiled, he had dimples that were so darling. He was the cutest kid. There was always a part of me who hoped and prayed I'd get to see that kid again. I waited for that day when he'd walk in the door and be that kid again. In the last few years, we got to see less and less of that person. It was almost as if that person was already dying. The demon had taken over the body.

"I think to myself how very blessed we are to have Jake in our lives. Troy gave us a great grandson, and she saved Brad's life for two more years. The last years were hell, but at least we had those years."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



The Wandron Wilson High School

Long Beach, California



It is known that **Bradley James Nowell** has completed the Course of Study proscribed for Graduation from this School and is therefore awarded this Diploma

Day of

In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and affixed the Seal of the School this eighteenth June nineteen hundred and eighty-six

Jack A. DeBris Principal

E. J. Bignis Superintendent of Schools

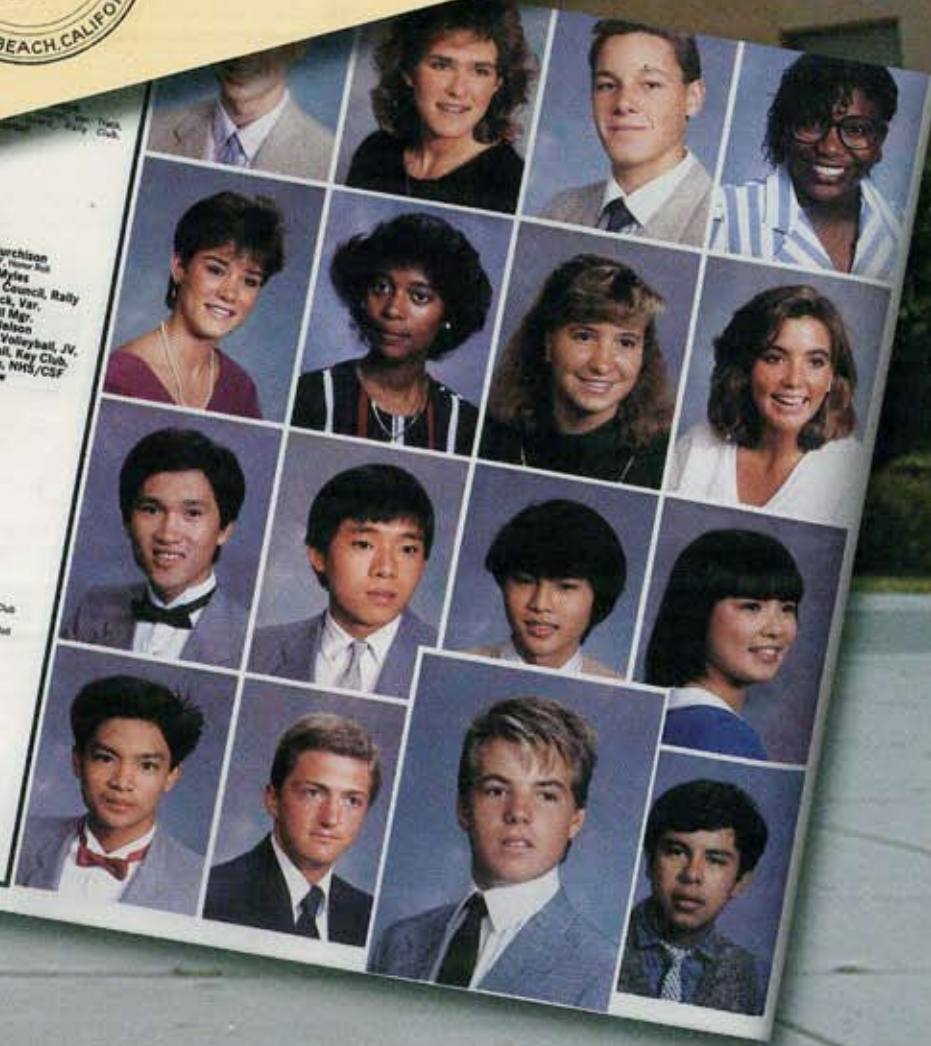
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Sakhary Ngin
Don Ngo
Nhan
Duy Nguyen
Asian Club, Assembly Club
Thio Nguyen
Assembly Club, Honor Roll

Tien Nguyen
Jeff Non
Brad Nowell
Oscar Nunez



PRINT NAME

NOWELL BRADLEY J
Last First M.I.

TEST BOOK SERIAL #

Brad Nowell
SIGNATURE

11/18/89
TEST DATE

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

WRITING PROFICIENCY EXAMINATION

ANSWER FOLDER

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1250 Bellflower Blvd.
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NAME: BRADLEY NOWELL
STREET: 69 GINEV A WK.
CITY: LONG BEACH STATE: CA
ZIP: 90803



BEGIN YOUR ESSAY HERE

WHILE DRIVING ON THE FREEWAY YESTERDAY I SAW AN OLD BEAT UP 67 ~~VOLKSWAGEN~~ VOLKSWAGEN BUS PLASTERED ~~LIBERALLY~~ LIBERALLY WITH BUMPER STICKERS; ONE OF THEM READ "QUESTION AUTHORITY". THIS PERSON WAS DRIVING ON THE SAME ~~SIDE~~ SIDE OF THE FREEWAY AS ~~I~~ I AND IN THE SAME MANNER SO I COULD ONLY ASSUME THAT HE WAS NOT QUESTIONING THE AUTHOR-^{WELL ESTABLISHED}ITY OF THE HIGHWAY PATROL ~~AS~~ AND THEIR RULES OF THE ROAD. I COULD ONLY SURMISE THAT THAT BUMPER STICKER STOOD FOR SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING ~~TO DO WITH A SOCIETY WHO~~ ^{PEEPED.} MY MIND SOON ~~FOR~~ WANDERED FAR AWAY FROM THE 405 FREEWAY AND RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC.

THE YEAR WAS 1939. THE PLACE WAS WARSAW POLAND, IN THE HEART OF THE JEWISH GETTOW COMMUNITY. NAZI FORCES HAD TAKEN THE CITY FROM AN ~~OUTNUMBERED~~ ^{OUTNUMBERED} AND OUTPOWERED POLISH RESISTANCE ~~AS~~ AS A MATTER OF NAZI POLICY ~~OF~~ ALL PEOPLE OF JEWISH DESCENT WERE ROUNDED UP AND FORCED TO LIVE IN THE WORST PART OF WARSAW. THE AREA WAS FENCED OFF, PEOPLE WERE HEARDED IN LIKE ~~CATTLE~~ CATTLE, AND THE ~~ENTIRE AREA WAS~~ PERIMETER WAS PATROLED BY NAZI GUARDS

WHO REGULATED THE ~~THE~~ AMOUNT OF FOOD
 & SUPPLIES THAT ENTERED. ~~THE GETHO~~ ^{THE} ~~THESE~~
 PEOPLE IN THE GETHO ^{WERE} ~~WERE~~ TO DIE OF
~~THE~~ STARVATION & DISEASE. OTHERS WOULD BE
 TAKEN TO PLACES WITH NAMES LIKE SOBIBOR
 AND AUSCHWITZ WHERE THEY WOULD BE SYSTEMATICALLY
 SLAUGHTERED AND CREMATED. IT WAS THE LAW.

THERE WAS A POLISH MAN BY THE NAME OF
 TADEUZ SORRANSKI, A SHOEMAKER BY TRADE,
 WHO ~~LIVED~~ ^{LIVED} IN WARSAW; HE WAS NOT A LAW
 ABIDING CITIZEN. HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO
 HIDE ~~JEW~~ JEWS IN HIS MUSTY CELLAR WHILE HE
 LABORED TO ~~SECURE~~ ^{SECURE} THEM FALSE PAPERS THAT
 MIGHT ALLOW THEM TO ESCAPE PERSECUTION. BY
 1942 IT ~~IT~~ WAS ESTIMATED THAT MR. SORRANSKI
 HAD SAVED THE LIVES OF ~~OF~~ OVER 150
 JEWS. ^{DURING THIS TIME THE} ~~OF COURSE ALL THE~~ NAZIS
 KILLED THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LIKE HIM ^{WHO} ~~WHO~~
^{HELPED} ~~AIDED~~ JEWS. ~~IT WAS~~ ^{IT WAS} INDEED, AIDING
 A JEW IN ANY WAY WAS A CAPITAL OFFENSE.
 MY POINT, OF COURSE, IS THAT ALTHOUGH ^{UGH} ~~UGH~~
 MR SORRANSKI WAS BREAKING THE LAW,
 HE WAS DOING SOMETHING THAT ALL OF

US WOULD CONSIDER MORALLY RIGHT, PERHAPS
MORALLY NECESSARY.

MR. SORRANSKI
~~THE CASE OF~~ MOVED FROM WARSAW. HE LIVES
IN LONG BEACH NOW; IN FACT HE LIVES ON MY
STREET. THE LAWS HE LIVES UNDER NOW ARE A
LOT DIFFERENT THAN THOSE OF WARTIME POLAND,
BUT HE WILL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
THE MASSES FAIL TO QUESTION AUTHORITY. ~~THE~~
~~FEW~~ FEW WOULD APOVE THE FACT THAT WE NEEDED
RULES AND REGULATIONS TO PROVIDE STRUCTURE
IN OUR SOCIETY, BUT WE MUST ALWAYS
REMEMBER THAT RULES ARE MAN-MADE AND
AND ARE SUBJECT TO THE SAME WEAKNESSES
THAT ARE INHERENTLY HUMAN. A LAW MUST
~~DERIVE~~ DERIVE ITS VALIDITY FROM SOMTHING MORE THAN
"BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT SAYS SO"! QUESTION
AUTHORITY IS MORE THAN A BUMPER STICKER.



NOWELL, BRADLEY JAMES WRIT 1 SEC.06
563965048 (33394)
STEVENSON (UND) COMPOS & RHETORIC
ADVISOR: INSTRUCTOR: ARNETT, J.M. (SS)
GRADE: PASS

--INSTRUCTOR EVALUATION:

Brad's writing was characterized by its energy, its wit and its intelligence. He was a valued participant in class discussions as well. I pass him on with great enthusiasm.

His first piece was a tight and tuneful essay on a connection a song he'd written held in his life. The writing was compelling, the focus, after a careful revision, clear.

Brad argued about the sexist ideology of the Bible in his next piece. Although I felt it was a bit underdeveloped and, at times, an over-stated argument, it was fairly cogent and thought-provoking.

After another thoughtful revision, Brad produced an engaging and disturbing essay on the drug methamphetamine (or crystal meth). His combination of factual research and his own observations was effective in bringing the dangers of the drug to the fore. This fairly formal essay confirmed his ability to move between different writing voices successfully.

Finally, Brad submitted a piece on television addiction for his final paper. Though a bit too brief, it was a well-written and insightful look at a widespread addiction.

In sum, Brad is a fine writer with range and a keen intelligence. It was a pleasure to read his work.

NOWELL, BRADLEY JAMES WMST 1 SEC.01
563965048 (56191)
STEVENSON (UND) INTRO TO FEMINISM
ADVISOR: INSTRUCTOR: APTHEKER, B.F. (SS)
GRADE: PASS

--INSTRUCTOR EVALUATION:

Mr. Nowell's work in this class was excellent. His review of The Yellow Wallpaper stood out among the work of his peers. In his analysis he demonstrated sensitivity and admitted, that as a male, his feminist perceptions may, at times, be flawed by ignorance. Bradley's second paper was an extremely well-researched essay analyzing the theory and practice of discrimination. It incorporated many class themes and self-confessions. Bradley stated that he learned much about himself as well as a greater respect for women. His essay questions were flawlessly penned and highly original. He actively participated in every required section.

James Beard, TA



239

SPRING 87

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR
NARRATIVE COURSE EVALUATION

04-08-88

NOWELL, BRADLEY JAMES
563965048 (25032)
STEVENSON
ADVISOR:

ENVS 1

SEC.01

(UND)

INTRO ENV ISSUES
INSTRUCTOR: PEPPER, J.E.

GRADE: PASS

-- COURSE DESCRIPTION:

Overview of the range of substantive concerns involved in the study and resolution of environmental issues. Introduced central ideas, concepts, and principles which constitute the core of the field. Emphasis on social institutions and how they shape perceptions and understanding of the environment. Requirements: three essays, journal, quizzes, and final examination. Enrollment: 240.

--INSTRUCTOR EVALUATION:

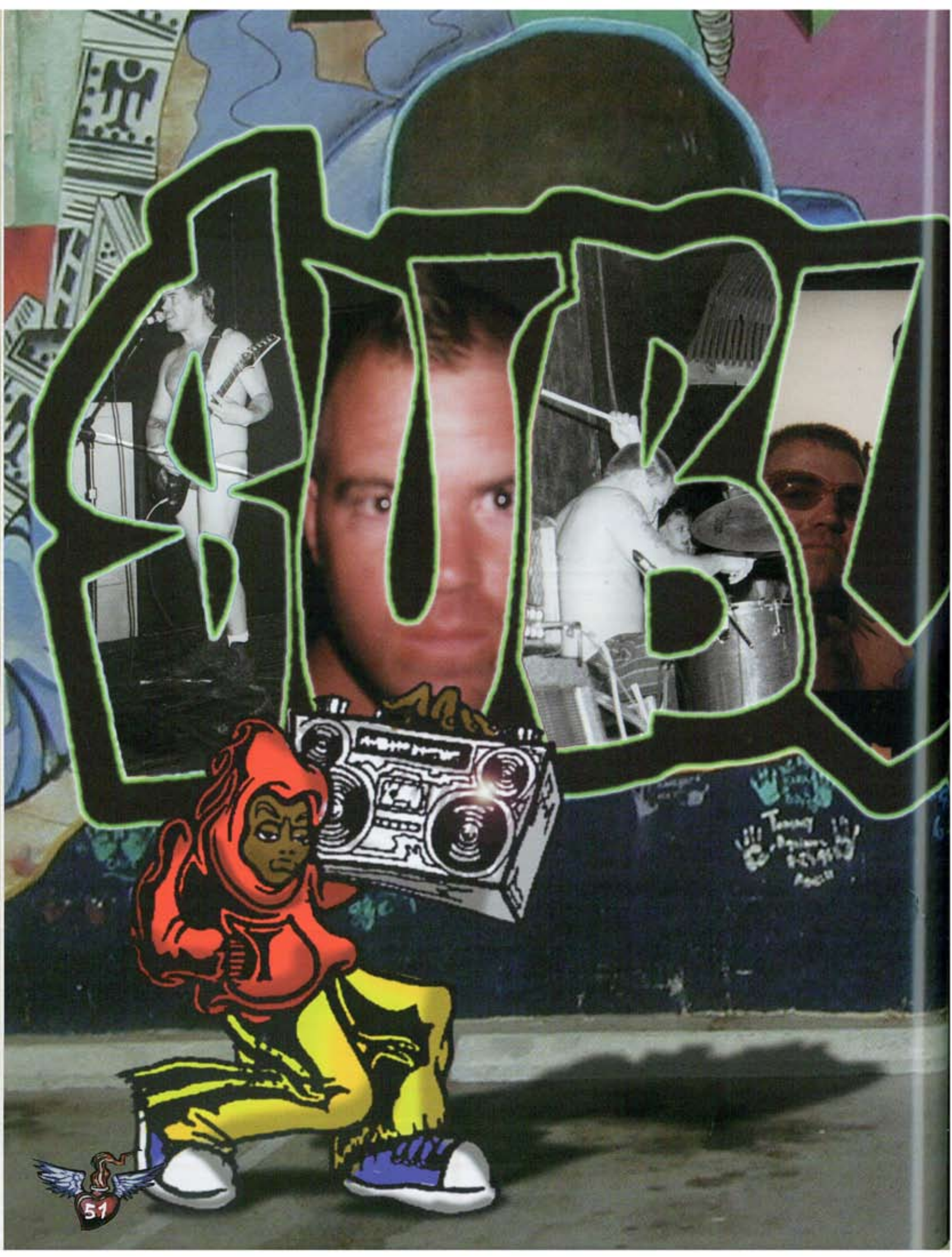
Brad chose the topic of ozone depletion for his three essays. He completed the essays in a timely manner. This written work demonstrated an excellent command of the course subject matter. The overall quality of his written work was consistently excellent. Brad's journal observations of the Stevenson knoll were thoughtful and creative.

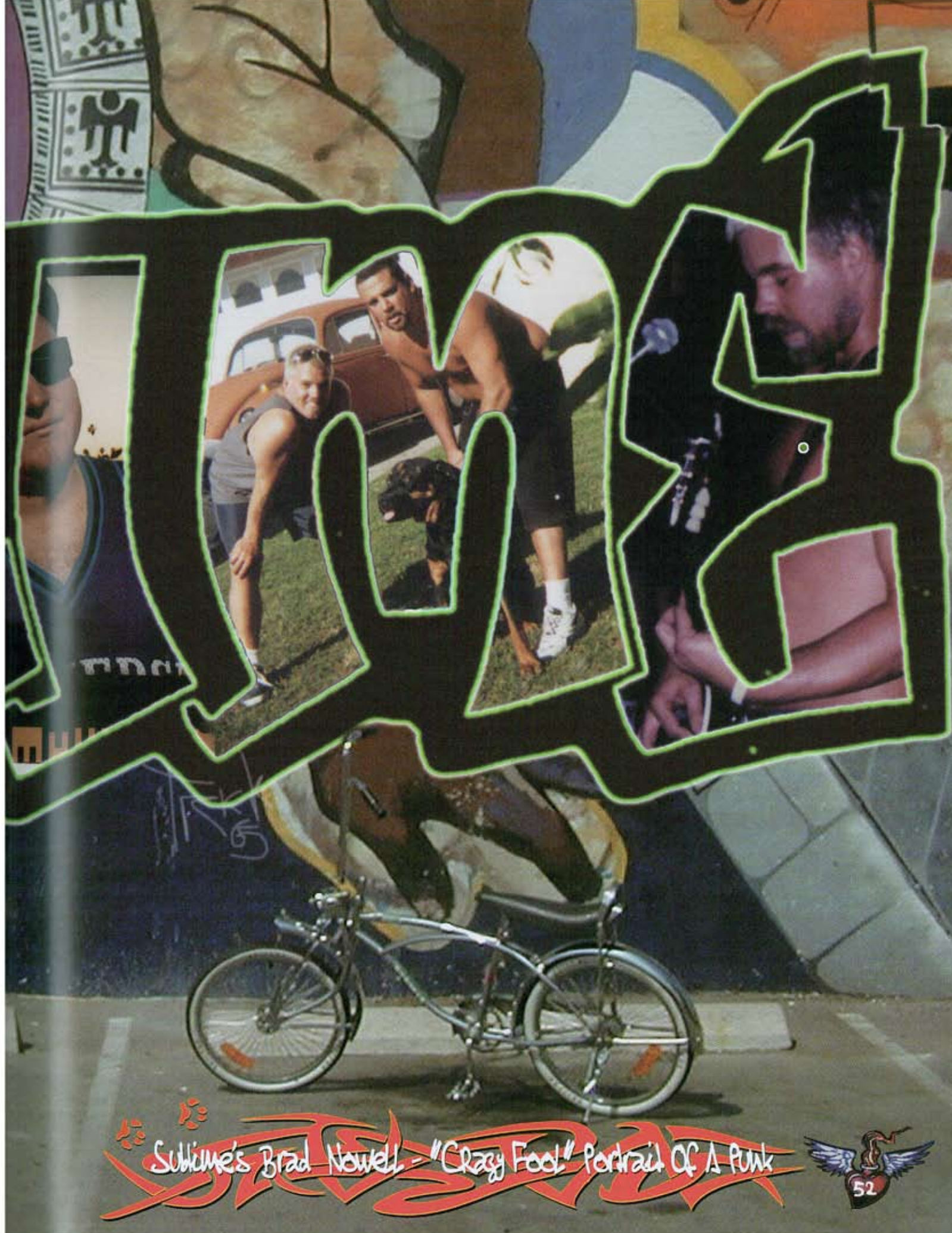
Brad's discussion section attendance was almost perfect. His participation was regular and demonstrated fairly good preparation. The quality of his verbal skills was very good. His performance on the final examination was outstanding, with well-written answers revealing a solid and sophisticated understanding of the course material.

Based on his overall academic performance, Brad warrants an excellent summary evaluation.

Lisa Kayser, Section Convener

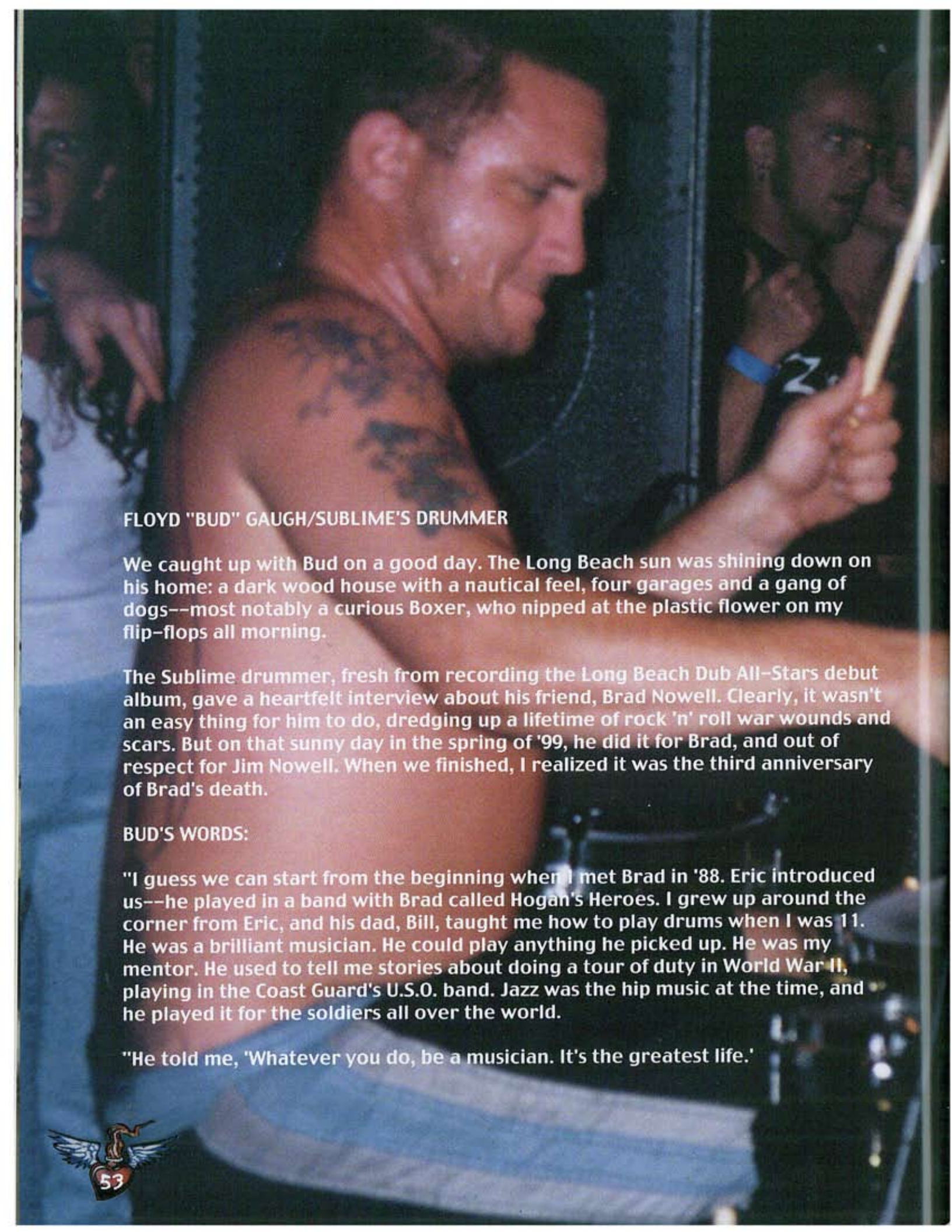






Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





FLOYD "BUD" GAUGH/SUBLIME'S DRUMMER

We caught up with Bud on a good day. The Long Beach sun was shining down on his home: a dark wood house with a nautical feel, four garages and a gang of dogs--most notably a curious Boxer, who nipped at the plastic flower on my flip-flops all morning.

The Sublime drummer, fresh from recording the Long Beach Dub All-Stars debut album, gave a heartfelt interview about his friend, Brad Nowell. Clearly, it wasn't an easy thing for him to do, dredging up a lifetime of rock 'n' roll war wounds and scars. But on that sunny day in the spring of '99, he did it for Brad, and out of respect for Jim Nowell. When we finished, I realized it was the third anniversary of Brad's death.

BUD'S WORDS:

"I guess we can start from the beginning when I met Brad in '88. Eric introduced us--he played in a band with Brad called Hogan's Heroes. I grew up around the corner from Eric, and his dad, Bill, taught me how to play drums when I was 11. He was a brilliant musician. He could play anything he picked up. He was my mentor. He used to tell me stories about doing a tour of duty in World War II, playing in the Coast Guard's U.S.O. band. Jazz was the hip music at the time, and he played it for the soldiers all over the world.

"He told me, 'Whatever you do, be a musician. It's the greatest life.'



"I definitely wanted to be a musician. A junior high school band came to our elementary school playing the theme song from 'Star Wars.' I was watching the drummer and it looked like he was having so much fun. The guys on the trombones and trumpets looked like they were bored, but I could tell the drummer was having a good time. That's what sparked it for me.

"Bill Wilson told me, 'You can make a living at it. You can't beat the fringe benefits, all the travel and good times. The hours are great, the pay's good--just go do it.' He encouraged me, telling me I had natural talent and not to waste it. He gave me hope.

"I started playing in bands with Eric on and off for a long time. We'd stopped playing together for a minute and he met Brad. Eric and I caught up with each other again and he told me about Brad. He told me I had to meet him, because he was a great guitar player. He said, 'He's got a voice and he can play guitar like a mutha. . . .'

"We went to Jim Nowell's house in Naples. Brad was going to college at the time at U.C. Santa Cruz and he was on spring break. We jammed the whole week he was off. We jammed every single day. We ended up writing five songs that week. It felt really good and natural. We just hit it off. Eric and I had more of a punk rock background. Brad was more pop, New Wave. I thought he was cool, though. He didn't smoke cigarettes, he didn't do many drugs. He drank like a fish, and he was really intelligent.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



"He was into seeing how other civilizations work, how people reacted to situations throughout history. He liked seeing the dynamics of how humans interacted with each other.

"He knew about the Conquistadors, Ancient Greece, you name it, and he'd use their ideals in his songwriting.

"I'd never met anyone like him before, not as a peer. I knew older people who touched me or inspired me in intellectual ways, but he was the first one I met who was my age and it was really uplifting. We started playing this music, and experimenting in ways I hadn't before. I'd never played reggae before. I thought Eric Clapton wrote 'I Shot the Sheriff.' He introduced me to a whole new world of music. He had so much knowledge about different types of music and how you could take certain parts of reggae, certain parts of pop and New Wave, punk rock and rock 'n' roll, and put it all together.

"Brad really did have a vision of music. It was different from anything else we were used to playing, and it was a whole lot of fun. Brad was fun to hang around with back then, he was happy then.

"We used to go down to Second St. and play acoustic. I'd bring the bongos, Brad and Eric would bring guitars. We'd sing Janis Joplin songs, Bob Dylan, classic rock 'n' roll. We'd play everything from the Rolling Stones to Haircut 100.

"We'd get a bottle of wine, sing our songs, have a good time 'til the police would come and tell us we couldn't play anymore. Then we'd go into Naples and hang out on a bridge and play into the water, where we wouldn't be bothering anyone. "We were just always into music, into entertaining people. Brad would sing to his dog if there was nobody around. He was totally driven by music and the deep feelings it conjured up in him.

"Brad's dad is a musician. And his father, Lou [Lou Dog's namesake], was also a musician. Brad's mom, Nancy, was a flute player. Music ran all throughout the family, but I think they looked at it more like a hobby, something traditional families taught their children. Back in the day, kids grew up taking piano lessons, reading music was just another form of art, another language. I think the Nowells used music for family time. Instead of sitting around the television, they played music together.



"You could tell what an impact it had on Brad. He was really into the campfire jams. Music was a big part of his whole world. I think the Nowell family looked at it as something to soothe the soul, a personal thing, not as something to be used to make money. But Brad took it seriously.



"Some people just play guitar, but Brad was 'feeling' it. It was really awesome and we had some really fun times together. At one point, Brad transferred from Santa Cruz down to Long Beach State, and we used to play gigs at the Nugget [on campus]. I knew we had good tunes, and I knew we had what it takes to make it, but I wasn't sure he was dedicated to it. He was really interested in school--which is a good thing--but it was pissing me off, because I wanted to make this music thing work. He came from a good family, his father was a wealthy, self-made man. Brad was driving a nice Jeep Cherokee, and I couldn't relate. I'm driving a hand-me-down VW Bug. I had to pay my own rent, and he was living in a really nice house.

"I was like, 'C'mon, dude, let's go make some money. Wake up, let's do this.' But the tables started to turn.



"We had some really dark times. Long before Brad started dealing with drugs, I had problems. In 1990, I was doing a lot of speed and started dabbling with heroin. I ended up getting consumed by it, and I had to detox. I couldn't play my drums anymore. We had half the tracks done for '40 Oz.' But I was a mess. It was one of those sad stories that you hear.

"I can't really blame anybody but myself. My flesh was weak. I had relationship problems, I couldn't hold a job and be a musician. I started by using drugs, then I started selling drugs. I had an abundance of speed around and it was tough. I got completely caught up.

"I went to this church in Anaheim called Set Free. I met the pastor. My mom was really behind me. The whole church thing wasn't my bag, aside from maybe going on Easter. But Set Free was different. I thought the people were really cool and genuine. They didn't get dressed up to go to church, they were themselves. Half of them are bikers, half of them are gangsters, they were people trying to get their life on track but still staying true to who they were. They have a motorcycle ministry, a bunch of retired Hell's Angels, hardcore bikers, riding for the Lord.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



"They go to outlaw functions, doing their funerals and their weddings, they reach out to the biker community and beyond.

"I gave it a try. They had a ranch in Lake Perris where I stayed for two weeks. I had an opportunity to move into one of their discipleship homes and I ended up staying for a year. Their whole attitude is come and go as you please, there are no locks on the doors. It's there for people who want to change their lives. If you're not willing, it's not going to work for you. Generally, that's how the tree shakes its leaves. If people aren't ready to do the work, they split. It worked out good for me. I would read the Bible and do menial tasks--washing the building, cutting neighbors' yards, cleaning up alleys. We walked through neighborhoods in Anaheim and cleaned up all the trash. We cleaned up the homes of senior citizens. It paved the way to getting some self-perspective. We were helping the community and ourselves at the same time.

"Eric and Brad came out to try to get me to come back with them. They rented a van, they had a tour booked going across the Southern states, all the way to Florida and back.

"I really wanted to go with them, but I knew if I went, a week down the road, I'd be strung out again. I told them, 'You guys are gonna hate me. I'm gonna be a jerk, I'm gonna want to score dope, I'm going to run away. You'll be worse off with me. Chances are, when I'm feeling good about myself again, maybe I can have my old job back.'

"They were bummed, I was bummed. It was really hard for all of us. But it was life or death for me. I was doing way too many drugs.



"When I came back, after a year out there in the homes, Kelly Vargas was playing drums. I'd played in a band with his brother, he's a really cool guy, and I didn't think it was right to step back in and say, 'Hey, move out, I'm back.' But Brad came to me and said he really needed me to play drums for the band. He felt that Sublime was me, Eric, and Brad. We all did.

"Brad came up to me one day and said Cat--his girlfriend at the time--was gonna let us jam at her place. I went over there, set up my drums, we played a couple of new songs they were working on and, bam, that was it. After about two hours of playing they said, 'Well, you got your job back. You're in the band.' They told me Kelly stepped out because he felt I should be in the band, too.

"I was stoked. We went on a tour right after that, up to Seattle and along the West Coast. It felt good to be playing again.

"We'd booked a Canadian tour right after that, and as we made our way up there the promoter wasn't answering his phones. We had to sneak our stuff over the border, so we wouldn't have to pay taxes. We get to the club and it's closed down. So we were looking at about a week of downtime. Whenever you have downtime on the road, it gets expensive. It was a total peanut-butter and jelly tour.

"We ended up in Seattle, we were playing from gig to gig, getting enough money for food and gasoline. We were crashing on people's couches. We played a show in Oregon. We had just enough money for gas to make it back to Northern California. We decided to camp out on the beach. We set up our sleeping bags, stole some gasoline to get a fire going, we stole some bread and peanut butter, a few steaks.

"If you think touring is glamorous, think again. The beach was taken over by terrorist insects. There were these huge sand fleas, armored troupe transports for fleas. They looked like big pillbugs and when they rolled over, in between their legs where their sockets were, fleas were hiding. They walked across the sand with dozens of fleas on their bodies and I was thinking, 'Man, this is just freaking me out.' I decided I wasn't going to sleep. Brad and I ended up tripping that night. We went for a drive about 6 o'clock in the morning and ended up on this lonely road with one house at the end. We got freaked out, certain we were gonna get shot by a hillbilly, and we drove out and landed in a ditch.

"We were sitting on that rural road for about two hours before someone came by and called us a tow truck. By the time we got back to Mike and Eric, they'd been eaten alive by those bugs.

"That's the reality of life on the road for most bands. No dough, no hotels, and long trips through strange parts of the country. Needless to say, I slipped up a few times, relapsing exactly four times with heroin.

"Every time I relapsed it was with Brad. When I came back from my rehab, Brad had been introduced to drugs. I was so upset, because Brad wasn't that person. He was the kind of person who used to yell at me and Eric, telling us how stupid we were for just smoking cigarettes. [At the time of this interview, Bud had quit smoking four days earlier.]

"It was really bumming me out. Out of any of us, Brad had so much going on. He was intelligent. A college semi-grad--that's what we used to call him because he was only 12 units away from graduating. He's a college grad in my eyes. The thing is, he was so smart. He could've used deductive reasoning to figure out that was the wrong thing to be doing, especially after watching me go through my hell.

"You can't learn from other people's mistakes, though. As a general rule of thumb, everyone has to live it for themselves.

"I don't know when the transition happened but I remember very well he'd gone from being a happy-go-lucky kid to someone who started talking about being depressed. It was right at the time we started recording the 'Robbin' the Hood' album. He couldn't pinpoint it. He told me, 'It's not my girlfriend. I thought it was the band, but now I got my drummer back. I don't know, I'm just not happy anymore.' Something was eating away at him, he couldn't put his finger on it, but he wanted the feeling to go away. He looked to get rid of that feeling with drugs.



"We talked a lot about his depression, but it didn't seem to get better. I know for me, once I decided drugs were killing me, that they were going to ruin my life, I dedicated my life to the Lord, and it was easy for me to battle my addictions.

"But Brad was a scholar. He didn't buy into traditional religious teachings. His mom was a Jesus freak, and it turned him off to Christianity because he had it forced on him at a young age. And he was so smart. He didn't buy into things just because they were presented to him.

"I told him, 'Bro, any of the 12-step programs say you need a higher power. It's something that is beyond your control. You have to be able to give it up for a higher power, because you as a human cannot handle it. You can't take it on and beat it. You need to draw power from some outside force. Whether that's your guitar, your car, the waves, the sun, Jesus Christ, whatever.'

"I tried to help him realize he couldn't defeat it. Jesus wasn't the answer for him. He was willing to hear it, but he told me straight up, 'That's not gonna work for me because I don't believe in God. I don't believe in Buddha. Maybe I believe in Henry Miller, but that's about it.'



"He became a whole different animal when he was strung out and sick. Eric and I would force him to quit before we went out on tours. We didn't want to be driving around with an ounce of tar in the van.

"He didn't wait that long to get into the needle, he just picked it up. He used to justify it by saying, 'When you go to a doctor he doesn't say, "Smoke this." He gives you a shot. It's the most sterile way to inject drugs.' He used to turn to the great jazz and R & B musicians who were into dope, like Billie Holiday. He believed he could do it and not die and, in that sense, to him it was no different than marijuana.

I blame school health programs for that myth. They show a kid smoking a joint who wants to jump off a building and fly. They don't make distinctions between lightweight drugs and more serious shit. It's completely ridiculous, because when a kid tries marijuana for the first time and doesn't feel the urge to fly he knows he's been had. He's thinking, 'What about LSD? What about cocaine? What about heroin? I've been ripped off, these people lied to me. Pot is actually pretty cool. I don't get hungover.'



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



"That was part of the fantasy, too, with Brad. He believed the government didn't know what it was talking about. If anything, the government was in on it. He believed he wasn't going to be the one to kill himself. He was living what he believed was a secret fantasy lifestyle. There are a lot of key people in American history who've been drug addicts--like William Burroughs--who survived.



"When I was doing heroin, I was probably doing more dope than Brad was--when I was really, really strung out--but I never once sent myself to the hospital and I couldn't see how people could. In my group of drug addict friends, you're considered an asshole if you fell out. If you turned blue, then you're the asshole not anybody else. You know what you're capable of doing, and you know what your limits are, and you know enough not to push those boundaries.

"He kind of got fed up, because he tried to quit a couple of times and it didn't work. He just felt lost. He felt he was gonna be an addict for the rest of his life and there was nothing he could do to change that--even if he did quit for a year or two, the fantasy was always going to be there for him. He was always going to have those dreams and feelings of wanting to be loaded again.

"To be perfectly honest, the first few times you do it it's one of the greatest feelings you've ever had. I could see how it's comforting, especially if you're depressed. But it eventually gets old, as soon as you're strung out, because then you start feeling shitty when you're not loaded. I remember having to give tattoos and sell drugs just to stay well. I used to have to give people three tattoos a day just to stay well. I wouldn't even get high. I was spending \$150 a day--not to be high, but just to not be sick.

"It's one of the biggest commitments I've had, it was worse than a marriage. It's like owing money to the mob, you never get out from under it.



"One thing drug addicts leave behind is guilt. Family members and friends are saddled with guilt. But there's nothing anyone could have done to make things different.

"Brad often talked about the times after the divorce when he lived with his dad. Jim became his best friend and I don't think they should've changed that for anything. They created a really important bond. I'm sure Jim would love to know this. Brad used to always talk about him. 'Yeah, my dad and I went sailing together, we did this, we were hanging out, my girlfriend, his girlfriend.' I know Brad really enjoyed that time he got to spend with him.



"You can't blame anybody, you can't blame yourself, you can't blame other influences.



"Brad was never a selfish person, he was very giving, very sharing. If he had a burger and you didn't, he'd give you half, even if it meant he wasn't going to be full.

"He'd do anything for Sublime. One time we had to play a show, but we didn't have a bass amp. Eric blew it up or something. So Brad walked into Guitar Center in Hawthorne, picked up an amplifier, walked right pass the counter just like he knew what he was doing--like he paid for it--and walked right out.

"I noticed he did become more selfish and self-centered when he was loaded and strung out, probably for obvious reasons. He needed more money to get high. That was one of the first things that I noticed, and it was a big thing because he was never selfish. He'd pass out his last beer, he was that giving of a person.

"He hid his habit for a while, but he couldn't hide it for long. I called him out on it. I said, 'Dude, you're loaded. Stop lying, I know, I've been there before, I've lived this before.' So he didn't deny it then. After that he came to the reality that he can't fool Bud because he used to be a junkie, too. I could see all the signs, I could smell all the smells.

"He would try and tell us, 'Hey, I cleaned up,' and he'd still be loaded. We'd say, 'Brad, don't think you're going to fool us.' 'Oh, okay, yeah,' he'd say. 'But I slowed down. I'm not doing as much as I used to, I cut back.' When he was strung out, he'd stay to himself more. Instead of hanging out and talking and partying with us, he'd be reading or fixing his dope, and he'd stay off by himself. Eric, Michael and I would become the Three Amigos from that point on, and Brad was usually on the back of the bus with a book.



"As he started to go through his decline, things started going better for me. I had a steady girlfriend and I was on marijuana maintenance--just smoking pot and drinking. [Bud is now sober.] Every once in a while I'd bro-down with Brad. I was his nurse. I helped him kick, you know. He told me he didn't want to be loaded anymore so I drove him out to El Segundo, where I was staying with my girlfriend. Brad moved out to the house with us. For two or three days he was kicking the covers. All of a sudden Cat shows up and drives him back to Long Beach. [See Cat's story.] He probably called her, 'Get me the fuck out of here!!! I can't deal with this anymore!!!' I'm sure she thought she was doing the right thing. He could've easily gotten up and walked out and gotten a bus. It would've happened sooner or later. It was only a matter of time. It wasn't her fault.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait of A Punk



"We went through every extreme. We'd beat each other up, and I even got loaded with him a couple of times. I'd say, 'Alright, you think you got all the answers, let's get loaded together.' He'd get upset, he'd try to justify it by saying, 'You can't handle it. You're the one who had to go to rehab. I can't have my drummer being all loaded.' We did go around and around--beating on each other a few times.

"He sent one of our friends to the hospital. He always wanted his friends to party with him, and he shot someone up. There is a thing called 'junkie etiquette': a.) you don't puncture girls, and b.) you don't turn people on who have never done it before.

"I had a heart-to-heart talk with Brad and told him, 'These are the rules, whether you like it or not. If I hear you are getting girls high or getting virgins high [people who've never done dope before], I'm going to beat the tar out of you.'

"A couple of weeks went by, and there was an incident at the house where he was partying with this girl and she ended up OD'ing--this was at the Quincy house where Mike lives. Brad was living up on the roof apartment there and he overdosed this girl. He actually went to jail and she went to the emergency room. Luckily, she came out of it. Brad was jailed for possession and contributing. I went over to his house the day he got out of jail, walked up the steps, and just laid into him. I ended up kicking his ass pretty good, sealed his eye shut. He went to the doctor for a torn cornea. I'd hit him so hard I separated his cornea and he ended up with temporary eye damage. I didn't realize I was hitting him that hard--his whole head was swollen out like this and he couldn't see for a couple of days. I told him, 'I told you I was going to kick your ass and I'm following through with it.'

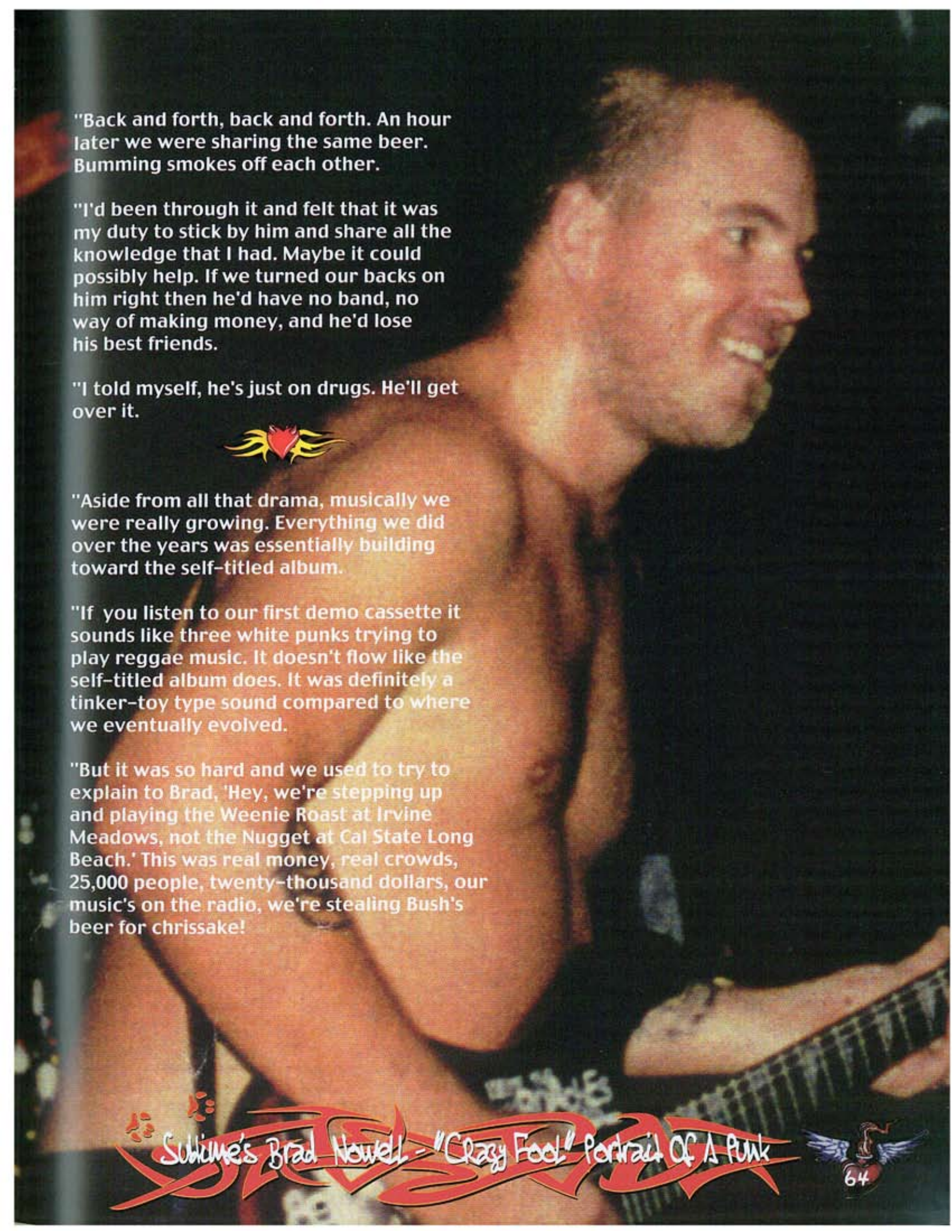
"He tried to get out of the way, but after about two connections I knocked him out and beat him down on the ground until my fists were sore. But that didn't do any good either. A couple months or a year after that, he ended up sending another one of our friends to the hospital.

"He never thought about consequences.

"There were times we'd be on tour and Brad and I would just start going at each other:

'I'm kicking you out of the band!'
'You can't fucking kick me out of the band!'
'You're out of the band!'
'No, I ain't out of the band.'
'Fuck you, it's my band, too!'
'Well then, I quit!'





"Back and forth, back and forth. An hour later we were sharing the same beer. Bumming smokes off each other.

"I'd been through it and felt that it was my duty to stick by him and share all the knowledge that I had. Maybe it could possibly help. If we turned our backs on him right then he'd have no band, no way of making money, and he'd lose his best friends.

"I told myself, he's just on drugs. He'll get over it.



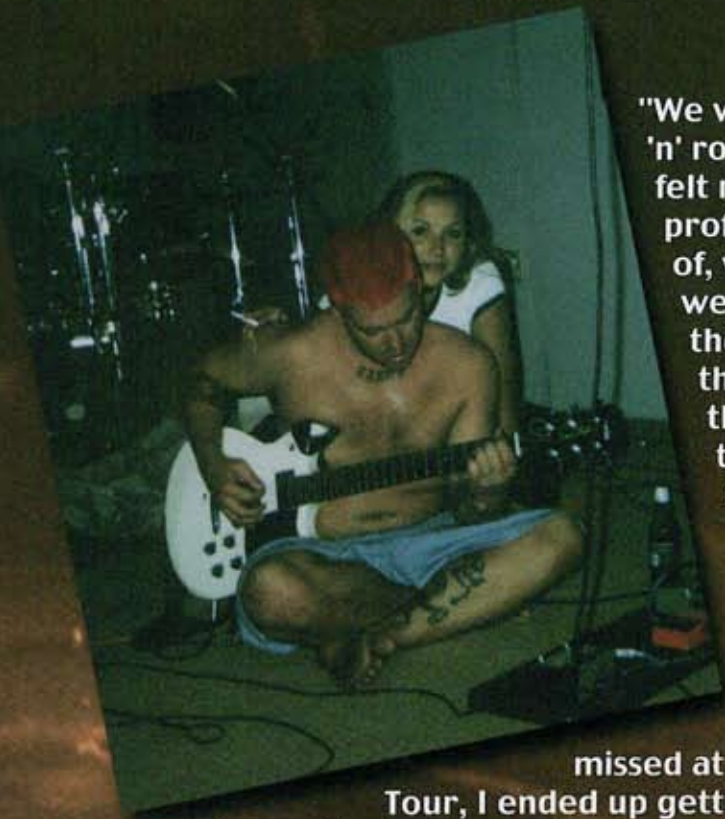
"Aside from all that drama, musically we were really growing. Everything we did over the years was essentially building toward the self-titled album.

"If you listen to our first demo cassette it sounds like three white punks trying to play reggae music. It doesn't flow like the self-titled album does. It was definitely a tinker-toy type sound compared to where we eventually evolved.

"But it was so hard and we used to try to explain to Brad, 'Hey, we're stepping up and playing the Weenie Roast at Irvine Meadows, not the Nugget at Cal State Long Beach.' This was real money, real crowds, 25,000 people, twenty-thousand dollars, our music's on the radio, we're stealing Bush's beer for chrissake!

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait of A Punk





"We were one of the last really true rock 'n' roll spirited bands at that time. I really felt ripped off because we were at this professional level--the level you dream of, where the Rolling Stones and the Who were at--and you always heard about the hookers, the coke, backstage and the limos. But it's like, wait a minute, they're picking us up in taxi cabs, there ain't no hookers, they're ain't no coke. [He laughs.] I got ripped off, man. Everyone's all sober and clean, and you have bands like Bush playing all this fraternity rock.

"We were always the rock 'n' roll fuck-ups. Each tour we did we missed at least one show. On the Warped Tour, I ended up getting arrested and missed a show.

[He was busted in Florida for possession of marijuana and controlled substances (valium).] I had broken ribs at the time and it was legitimate medicine.

"I missed the one show in Florida, and after that I got arrested again in South Carolina. They claimed I threw a bottle at a police officer when, in fact, it was a crushed aluminum can and it didn't even land anywhere near him. A kid snuck in by jumping a fence to get into the show, and the security guards and cops were chasing him. The kid was making a mockery of them, running through the crowd with them tailing him. He ended up jumping another fence and got away. I was stoked for him and yelled, 'Let the fish swim.' I threw the can. Somebody saw it and came over and grabbed me. I had a quarter ounce of weed in my pocket and they busted me for possession.

"It was a \$307 fine. Just like every other violation in their town. If you changed on the beach, it was \$307. If you ran a stop sign, it was \$307. If you were nude on the beach, \$307. Changing in your car, \$307. They had a set amount they wanted to make off of every person who came through their town. I paid the fine and they let me go. In New York, though, Michael flew out with Louie Dog, and that put it over the top. Louie ended up biting a couple skaters, they thought it was a liability. But Brad couldn't be without Louie.

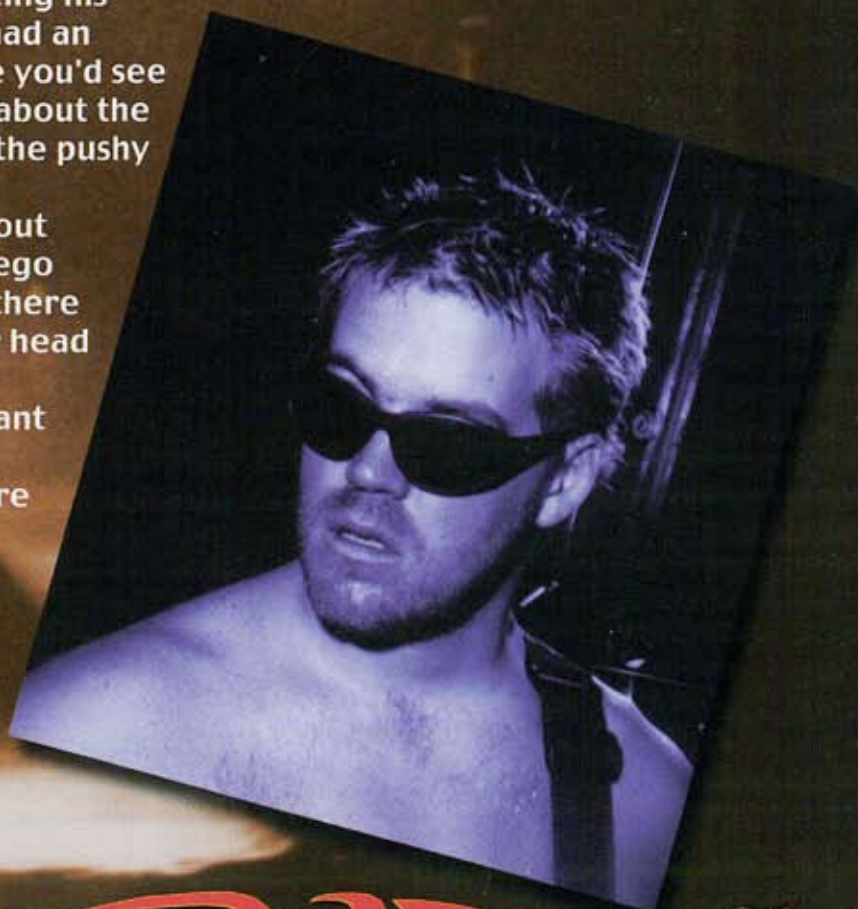


"They were best buddies. Brad actually stole Louie from a friend of ours who was totally mistreating the dog. Brad saved Louie's life. Louie's a very loveable dog, but he can be a real stinker, too. We got kicked off the Warped Tour and ended up missing a couple of shows. The kids were all bummed out because they'd paid to see us. They got a lot of complaints. We met up with them again in Canada and rejoined the tour. It worked against the promoters. We had a week to recuperate and we went back out in a blaze of glory.

"By then, our drum tech, Mitch, was acting as security and had us on a short leash. Brad tried to pick a fight with one of the guitar techs for another band by breaking a bottle on the guy's foot, but Mitch didn't let it happen.

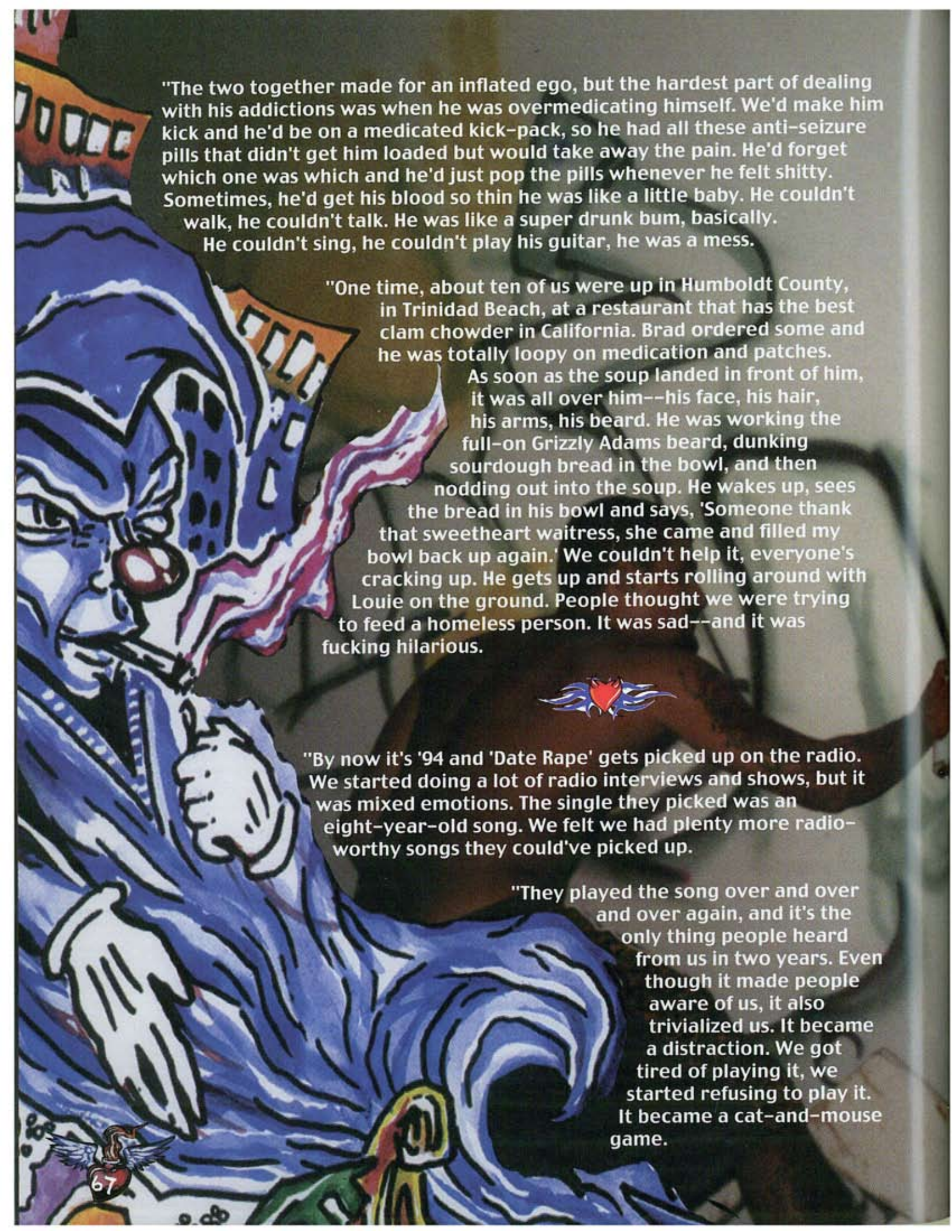
"Brad's problem was hard on all of us. It was especially hard on Eric. He lost a good friend to an overdose. A friend who was smart, a good student, had everything going for him, good-looking. He was hanging out with some knucklehead friends who said, 'Hey, try this. It's no different than smoking weed.' They shot him up and left him for dead in his van, parking it in front of his parents' house. They didn't tell anyone about it and they found him a few days later.

"That was such an ugly situation. He was a Valedictorian-type. Eric never got over that. He had some serious reservations about that drug. It really hurt him to see Brad going through what he was going through, and it distanced their friendship. He tried to forget about it, focus on being his friend, and he tried to forget that he had an addiction. It was really tough, because you'd see the addict come out and you'd forget about the friend. The addict was the selfish one, the pushy one, egotistical, self-centered, big-headed. I don't know what it is about singers in bands, but they get this big ego trip going. They see all these kids out there singing the lyrics they wrote and their head swells, even more so when they're on drugs. The drugs tell you things you want to hear. They tell you, 'You're one of a kind. Most people can't handle it. You're special.'



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





"The two together made for an inflated ego, but the hardest part of dealing with his addictions was when he was overmedicating himself. We'd make him kick and he'd be on a medicated kick-pack, so he had all these anti-seizure pills that didn't get him loaded but would take away the pain. He'd forget which one was which and he'd just pop the pills whenever he felt shitty. Sometimes, he'd get his blood so thin he was like a little baby. He couldn't walk, he couldn't talk. He was like a super drunk bum, basically. He couldn't sing, he couldn't play his guitar, he was a mess.

"One time, about ten of us were up in Humboldt County, in Trinidad Beach, at a restaurant that has the best clam chowder in California. Brad ordered some and he was totally loopy on medication and patches.

As soon as the soup landed in front of him, it was all over him--his face, his hair, his arms, his beard. He was working the full-on Grizzly Adams beard, dunking sourdough bread in the bowl, and then nodding out into the soup. He wakes up, sees the bread in his bowl and says, 'Someone thank that sweetheart waitress, she came and filled my bowl back up again.' We couldn't help it, everyone's cracking up. He gets up and starts rolling around with Louie on the ground. People thought we were trying to feed a homeless person. It was sad--and it was fucking hilarious.



"By now it's '94 and 'Date Rape' gets picked up on the radio. We started doing a lot of radio interviews and shows, but it was mixed emotions. The single they picked was an eight-year-old song. We felt we had plenty more radio-worthy songs they could've picked up.

"They played the song over and over and over again, and it's the only thing people heard from us in two years. Even though it made people aware of us, it also trivialized us. It became a distraction. We got tired of playing it, we started refusing to play it. It became a cat-and-mouse game.

"After 'Date Rape' blew up, we went to Catalina and made a video for 'Badfish.' We sent it to MTV, they canned it, and radio stations wouldn't play the song.

"It's funny, because by the time they finally started playing 'Badfish' it was too late.



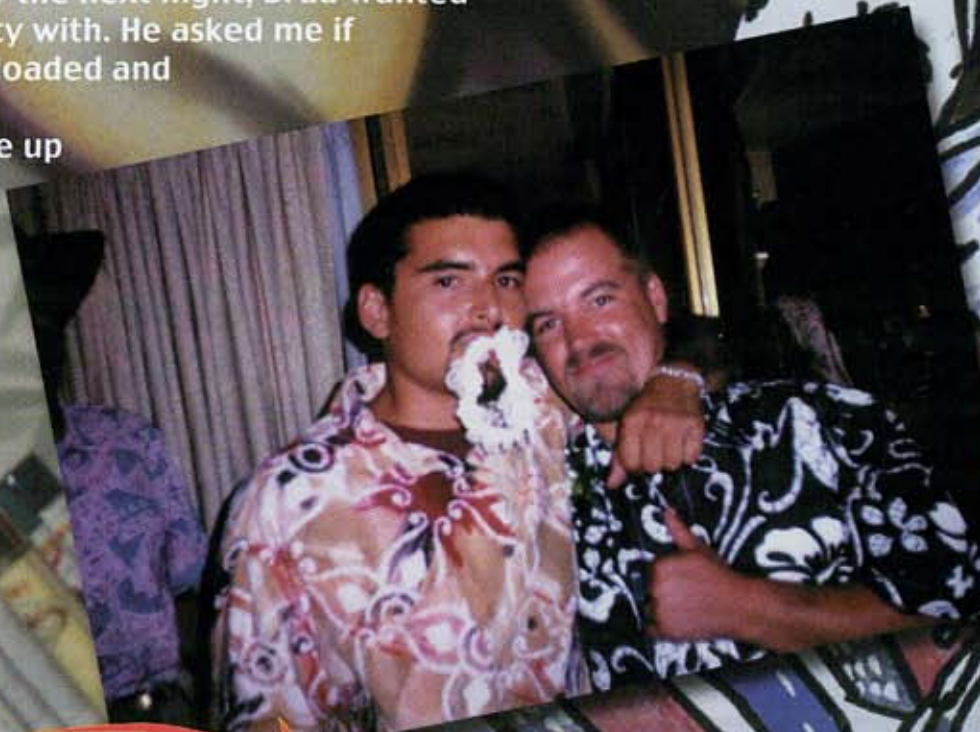
"The recording of the self-titled album, I look back on it now with so many mixed emotions. It's our masterpiece and I'll always be so proud of it, but Eric and I basically had to steer clear of Brad the entire time. He was at his worst. It's the irony, you know?

"Two days before Brad's death, a promoter in Northern California came at us with a briefcase full of trouble: weed, valium, Vicodin, uppers, downers, cocaine, crystal meth. Brad took the bait. He told me he wanted to celebrate one more time. I told him I thought it was a bad idea.

"I pointed out the obvious, 'Dude, you just got married, you're clean, why fuck that up?'

"'Exactly!' he said. 'I've got so much to celebrate. We finished the record, I've got a kid, a wife, I just want to party one last time.'

"Somewhere in Chico, around noon, Brad scored more dope. By the time we got to our hotel room in San Francisco where we were supposed to play the next night, Brad wanted someone to party with. He asked me if I wanted to get loaded and I said, 'Hell no.' I wanted to wake up in San Francisco the next morning and have a full day ahead of me.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



"As soon as he left the hotel room with Louie, the old fucking drug addict lurking inside me came crawling out. 'Maybe Brad has a point. Maybe I should celebrate one more time. We did just finish the record, and things are going really well.'

"I rummaged through his duffel bag, found a rig, and shot up. I watched 'The Honeymooners' and drifted off to sleep.

"I woke up somewhere around 10 a.m. and saw Brad lying naked on his bed. His feet were planted on the floor, parallel to the rest of his body, with his back and head halfway down the bed.

"I started laughing at him. 'You asshole. You got so loaded you couldn't deal with your shit.' He didn't respond. I looked closer and noticed his mouth had crusty yellow shit all around it. I ran to his bed and started doing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but he wasn't responding. I felt his skin and it felt cold. I lunged for the phone but couldn't get a dial tone. I ripped the cord out of the socket, threw the phone against the wall and began running, locked in a bad fuckin' dream. I screamed to the clerk behind the counter, 'Call 911! Call 911!' But I knew in my heart he was already dead.



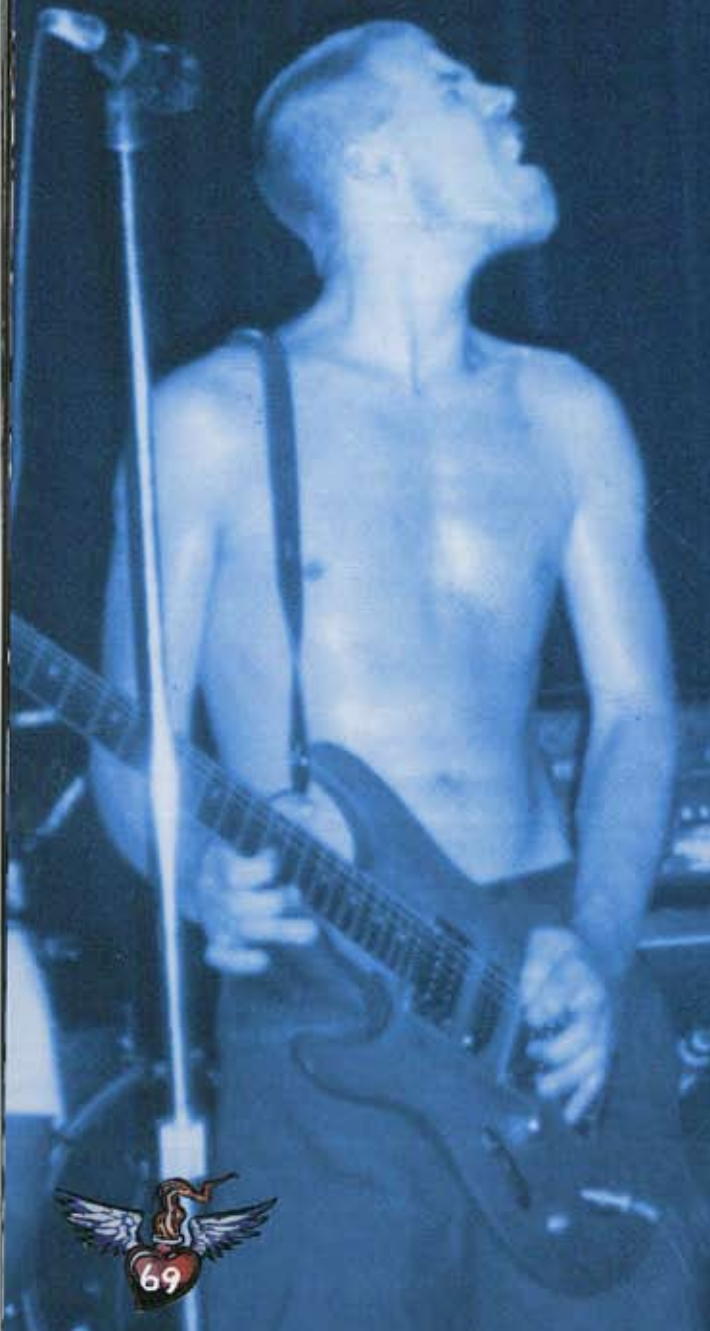
"I had so much guilt after that night. I was sure the Grim Reaper had the wrong guy. It's the last fucking time I touched heroin, and it's taken all of us years to be able to move on with things.

"The Dub All-Stars has been total therapy for me. The music we created gave so much joy to people, and the fans still send letters thanking us because our music helped them through hard times.



"After Brad's funeral, we had 13 guys paddle out, carrying his ashes to his favorite surf spot in front of his house. It was a really moving experience. All our closest friends paddling out in a row for the last time.

"Um, Brad Nowell was my best friend . . . and I miss him."





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait Of A Punk



ERIC WILSON/SUBLIME'S BASS PLAYER

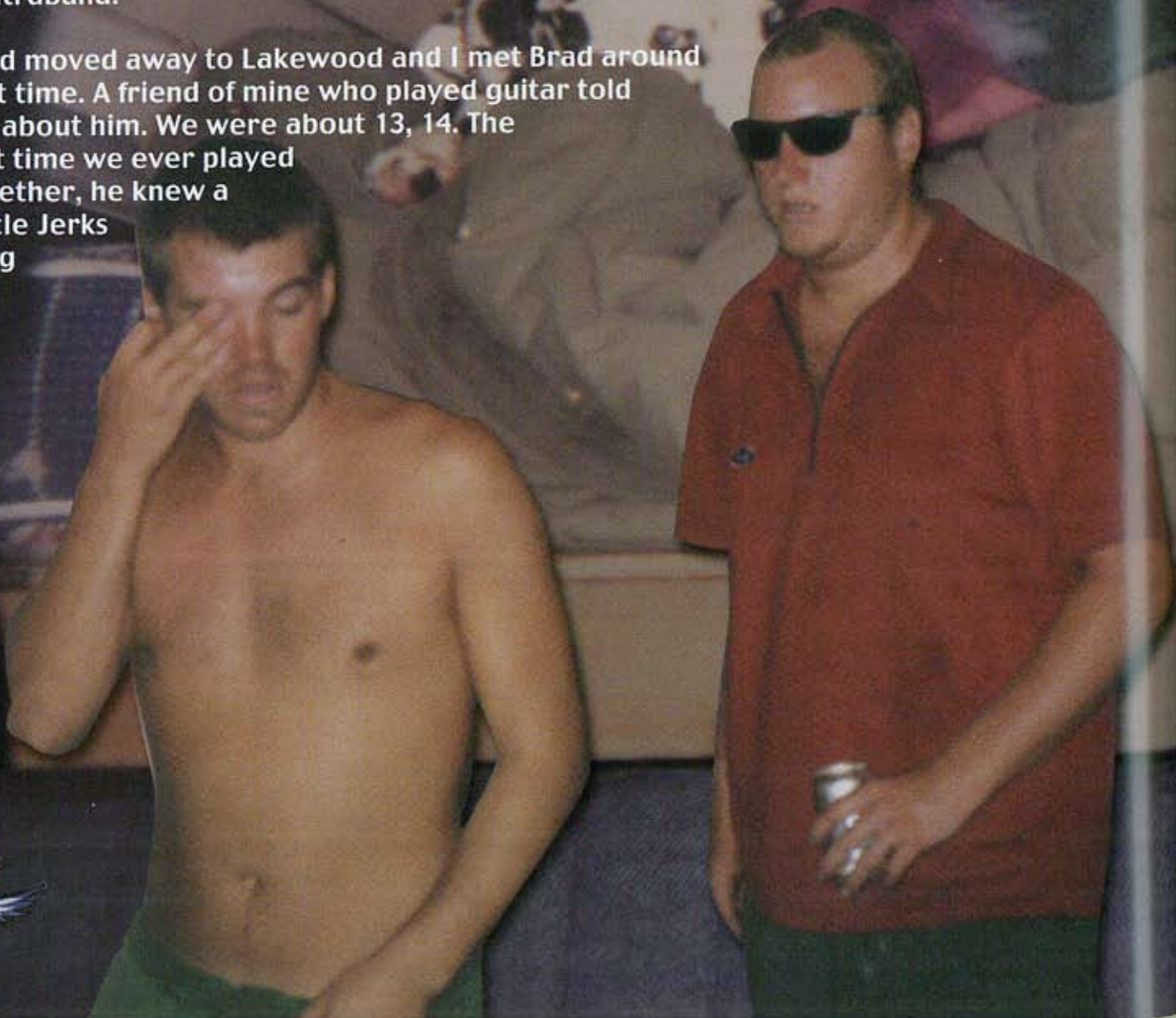
"My name is Eric and I have nothing to say. . . ." Or so he sings on "Live at E's." Actually, Eric had a few things to say about his friend Brad. Like Bud, he contributed to this book out of respect for the Nowell family. The burly bass player's not a man of many words, and his memory's shot—a symptom of chronic delay. He's probably better off that way.

Since Brad's death, Eric's had to deal with the loss of his mother and a brother who's been in and out of prison. But with darkness comes the light, and recently Eric became a papa, a homeowner and found the heart within himself to continue creating music. As I learned over a couple fish tacos in a harbor dive, Eric's got a lot of heart.

ERIC'S WORDS:

"Me and Bud grew up across the alley from each other. We played in garage punk bands together as kids. The names would usually last about a night. I actually opened for Social Distortion when I was 13, playing in a band called Contraband.

"Bud moved away to Lakewood and I met Brad around that time. A friend of mine who played guitar told me about him. We were about 13, 14. The first time we ever played together, he knew a Circle Jerks song



and I knew an Exploited song, and that's how we first jammed out. He'd just gotten kicked out of some band, because its members thought he sucked. Their one and only claim to fame was winning a grade school talent show.

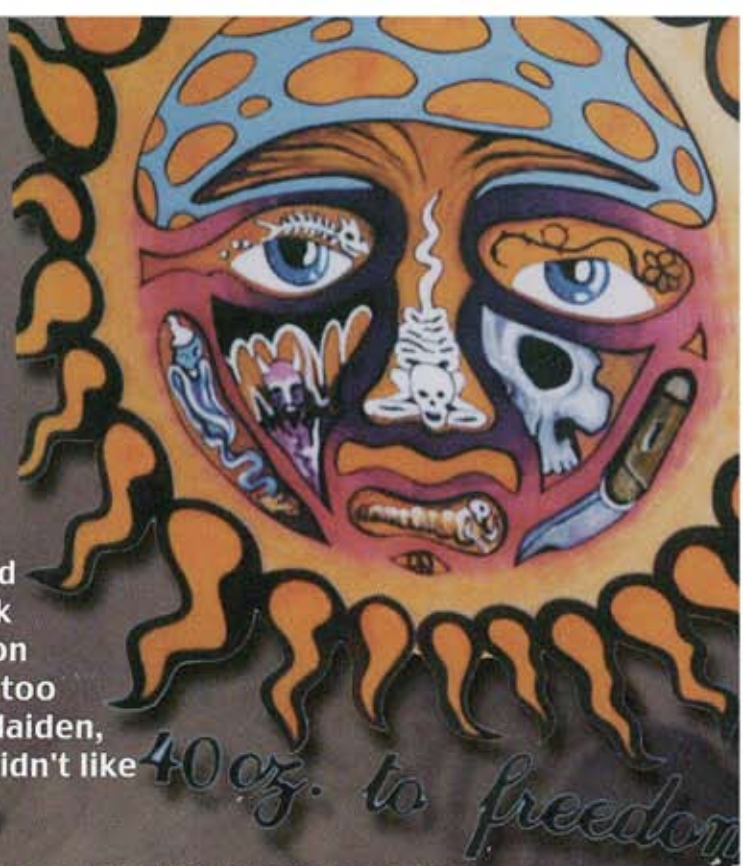
"We started playing together in a band called . . . I can't remember its name, but Brad didn't even sing, we had some other guy doing vocals. We played one party, and me and Brad clicked right away. I was totally into punk rock. I didn't listen to anything else, maybe Iron Maiden. I was a closet Iron Maiden fan--I was too punk to tell any of my friends I was into Iron Maiden, but Brad was into hip-hop, ska and reggae. I didn't like ska at first, but I started to come around.

"Brad was the coolest guy. He was really generous, his dad always provided for him. He went to school, got good grades, he'd always have some money, which meant we'd have beer. I never had any money. I used to take out my pot dealer's trash and do his dishes for roaches.

"By the time we started jamming together seriously, his dad's business blew up and he was living in a house in Naples. His dad was really good with him. Every now and then, he'd have to give him a big bear paw, which would usually set Brad straight for a good year. He had so much respect for his dad--I have just as much respect for Jim.

"But his dad didn't really understand the concept of him wanting to be a musician. From the moment we wrote our first songs, though, we knew we had something. It wasn't anything anyone else was doing. Bad Brains was the closest thing to doing something transitional like that, doing reggae and punk. They're a huge inspiration to us.

"We mixed everything into our music that we personally dug. Brad turned me on to BDP, Half Pint, the Specials, Bob Marley, of course. I didn't know about the O.G. ska. I was a young white kid who didn't know shit. I played terrible reggae bass for a long time.





"For some reason, Bud landed in jail, being 'punk in drublic' or something, and when he got out he came back around. Brad--who'd left to go to school at U.C. Santa Cruz--was on a break, and I introduced him to Bud. We started jamming in Brad's garage. We had a bunch of songs we'd written with a drum machine. We already had 'Date Rape,' 'Ebin,' for sure, my dad played the bongos. By the time Bud got together with us, we had about five good songs. Right then, Brad decided he was going to transfer down to Long Beach.

"The stories you hear about Sublime's early days are pretty accurate. Me, Brad, and Bud jammed for about a year before anyone took notice, and when we started getting recognized we played all the high school keg parties in people's backyards. We'd make about \$200 and all the beer we could drink in a night. I was living with my mom and thought I was on top of the world.

"In Long Beach in the early '90s, if you were having a party, Sublime had to play or you weren't having a good party. It never lasted long. Usually, about twenty or thirty minutes into playing, a helicopter would circle overhead and the cops would bust it up. We'd play 'til the cops unplugged us.

"Long Beach was filled with young kids, young entrepreneurs, who would wait 'til their parents were out of town and have Sublime play. A couple of kids in particular were pretty good at making money. They're probably making a lot of money now. I don't remember their names. But we started playing warehouses and we'd have these huge parties that were totally out-of-control. Total mayhem and a good time. Although we played Huntington Beach and Wilmington, we pretty much stayed in Long Beach.

"We'd usually be in seedy parts of town because the cops were less likely to bust things up. If we played on the Peninsula, the cops would be there before we even set up. We played on gang turf all the time. Gangsters always came to our shows. Samoans from North Town, locals. They'd rule the party, take over the keg, beat up on people, but luckily they liked us.



"We were 'in' with local gangs, they were down with us. It was like, 'Cool. Just don't kill us. . . .' [He laughs.] My friend was in a different band that played Grateful Dead music, and one of their parties got crashed and he had to run for his life, leaving his equipment behind. People pulled out guns, just crazy stuff.

"There's a whole local thing here, just like in Hawaii. You can spot someone who's not from Long Beach in a second. It's like going to Mexico. You know who's a tourist. If you're not from here, depending what area you're driving through, you might be scared shitless. Brad was from the good side of the tracks, he grew up in Belmont Shore and Naples, but all the parties we played were in the ghetto.

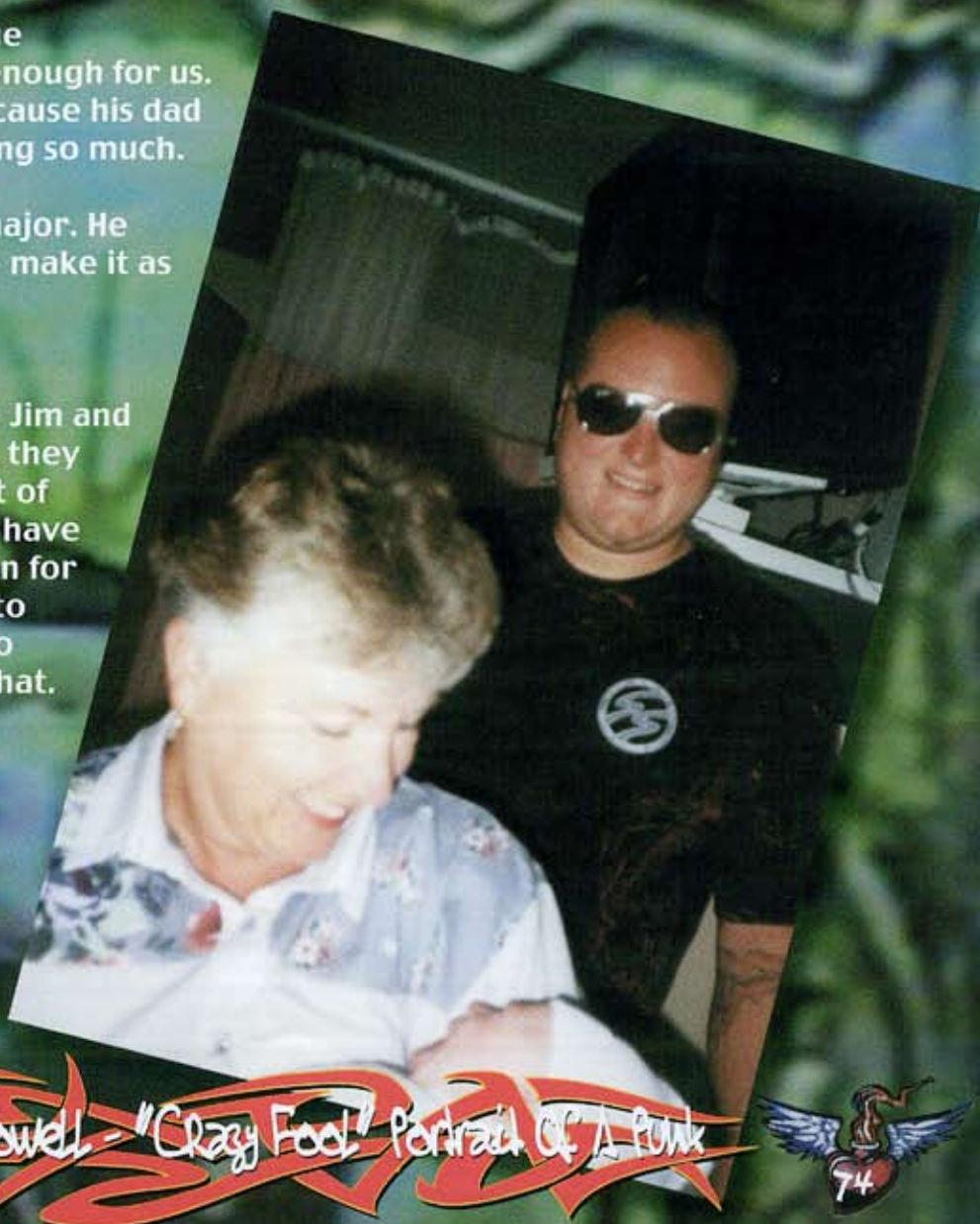


"We started to build a name for ourselves and we thought we were going to get on the radio right away. We were so sure of our music, but it didn't happen that way.

"It started blowing up on the underground, but not fast enough for us. Brad felt some pressure because his dad wasn't feeling the music thing so much. He wanted Brad to finish college and be a business major. He didn't think he was going to make it as a musician. He was very concerned about that.

"He let him do his thing, but Jim and Brad had an understanding, they agreed on a certain amount of time for us to get signed or have a radio hit. If it didn't happen for us, Brad was going to have to quit the band and go back to college. It almost came to that.

"It took a lot longer than Brad thought, and his dad never thought it was going to happen.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



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"I don't blame him. He's a good musician himself, but he's from a different era. He didn't get what we were doing.

"His dad knew Brad was smart, and he looked at the world more pragmatically. He believed Brad needed to go to college, be a businessman and get on with it. He didn't want Brad living off him.

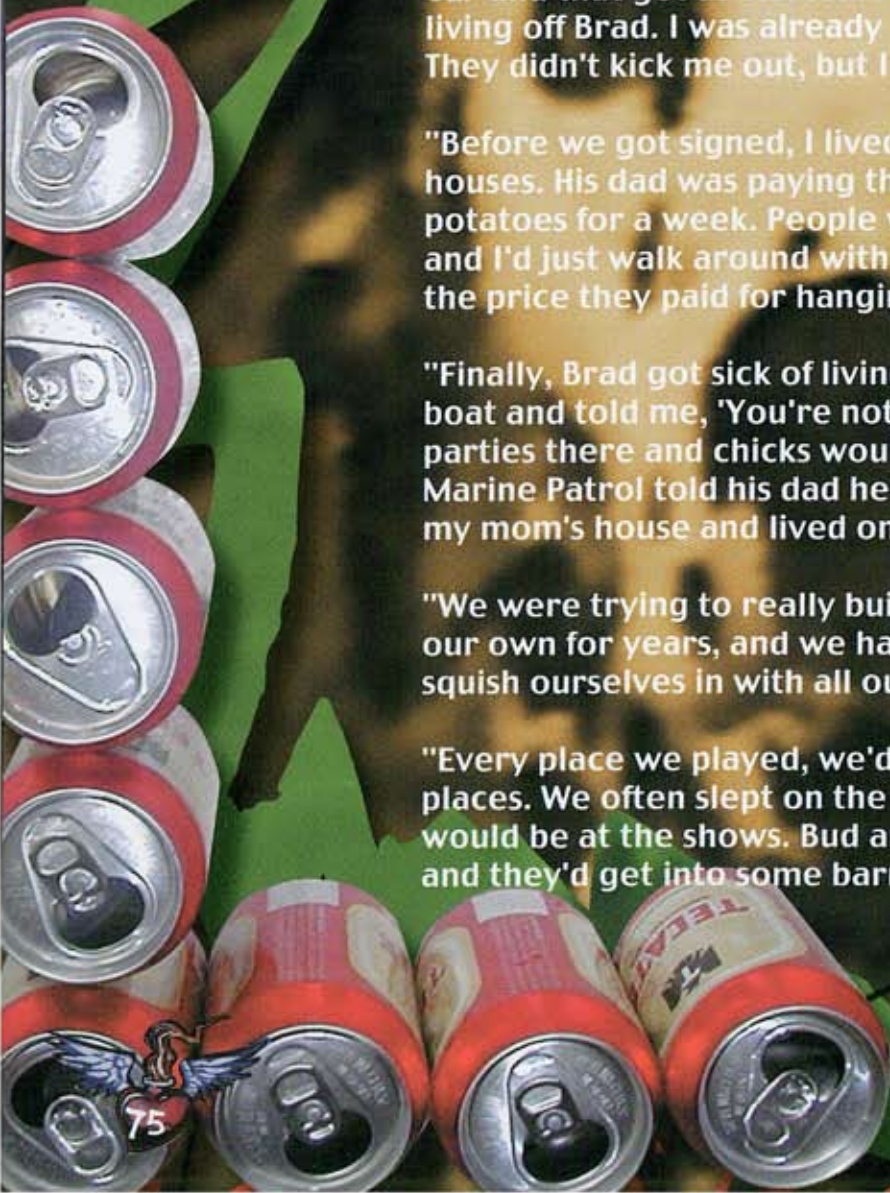
"Jim gave us our shot, though. He gave us three-grand to make '40 Oz.' and that got us started. For the longest time, though, I was living off Brad. I was already 18, 19, and my parents wanted me out. They didn't kick me out, but I knew they wanted me out.

"Before we got signed, I lived with Brad in two different party houses. His dad was paying the rent, and we'd live off a bag of potatoes for a week. People would come over with quarts of beer, and I'd just walk around with a glass and get beer off them. That's the price they paid for hanging out.

"Finally, Brad got sick of living like that, so he moved onto his dad's boat and told me, 'You're not going with me.' Brad would have parties there and chicks would be running around naked. The Marine Patrol told his dad he couldn't stay there. I moved back to my mom's house and lived on the couch again.

"We were trying to really build something, though. We toured on our own for years, and we had a cult following. We'd rent a U-Haul, squish ourselves in with all our dogs and break down everywhere.

"Every place we played, we'd ask people to let us crash at their places. We often slept on the side of the road because no one would be at the shows. Bud and Brad could be pretty bad drunks, and they'd get into some barroom brawls.





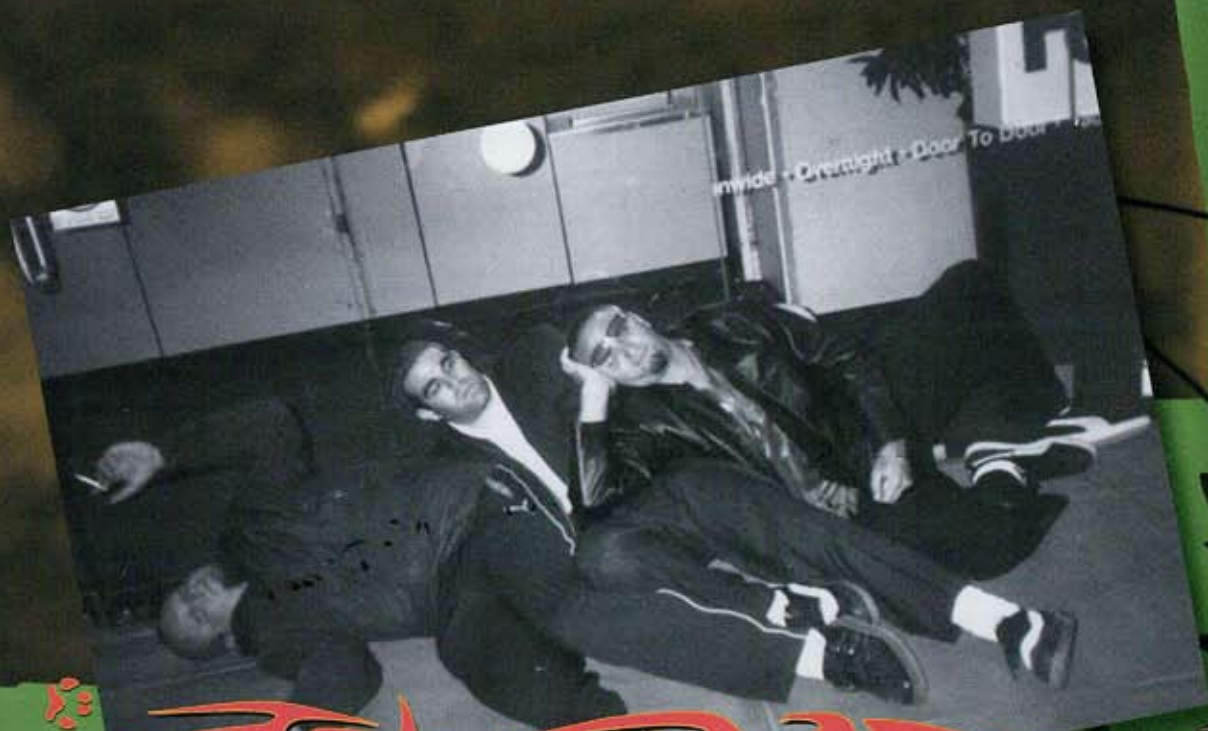
"I'm pretty mellow when I drink, and it got kinda crazy. I had a few nervous breakdowns, being stuck in a car with them for a month. Whatever we were driving would break down, and we'd wonder how we were going to eat. We somehow always managed to keep going.



"Brad was a real extremist. If he drank, he drank a lot. When he got into women, he'd have a different lady every night. Whatever it was, he overdid it. He never did anything in moderation. I used to be so worried for him, that he'd catch AIDS, because he never wore a rubber.

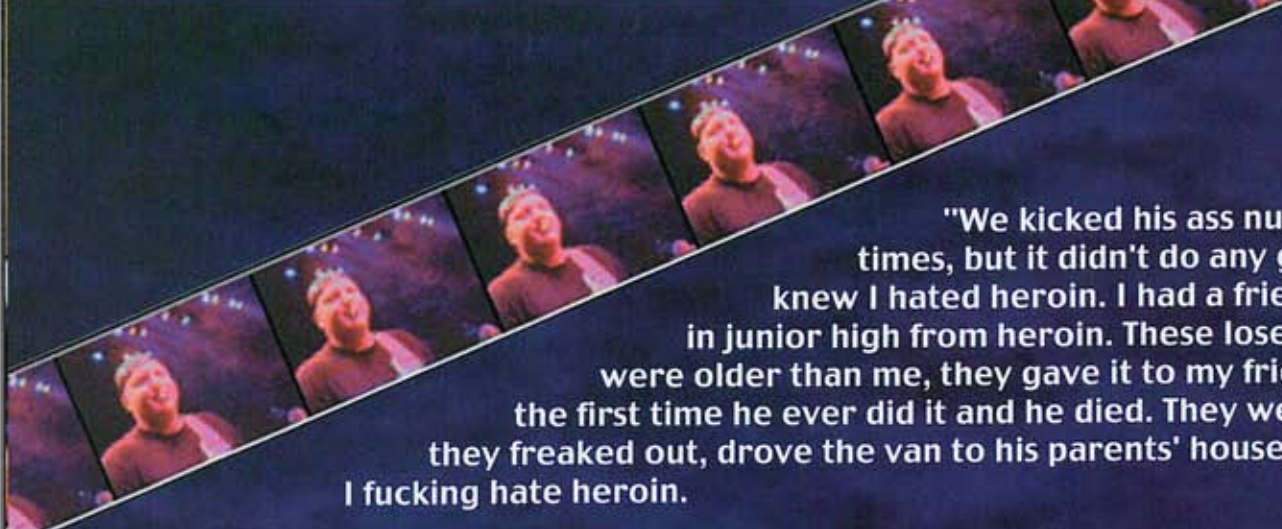
"He just didn't worry about consequences. First, he got into speed, and then it was coke. That did us no good. I was bad, too. We'd sit around and write a hundred crappy songs, thinking they were all great. We'd come down and look at it and throw it in the trash. 'What the fuck were we thinking? This is crap.'

"People who knew him knew what he was like, and some fucking asshole introduced him to heroin. I know who he is, I can't remember his name, he's still around. He didn't give a shit about Brad.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





"We kicked his ass numerous times, but it didn't do any good. Brad knew I hated heroin. I had a friend who died in junior high from heroin. These loser dudes, who were older than me, they gave it to my friend. It was the first time he ever did it and he died. They were in his van, they freaked out, drove the van to his parents' house and left him. I fucking hate heroin.

"He hid it from me, and when I found out about it I went off on him. I told him, 'You're gonna die.' I believed that, because I knew how he was. I cried and pleaded with him, but he said it made him more creative. It wasn't true. He became so different from when I first met him.

"It's weird, because Brad was happy when he was doing music, when he was writing and playing. It just wasn't happening fast enough for him. He wanted his dad to be proud of him. He didn't want to be a fuck-up and live off his dad. He wanted to live up to his dad's expectations, but his heart was in the music.



"When we finally got our Gasoline Alley record deal, it seemed like an eternity. And, in a way, it was. We'd been playing together for 14 years, since we were kids.

"They gave us five-grand each, which seemed huge to us. That shit went so fast.

SUBLIME



"By then, Brad was a mess. It took a long time before we started recording the self-titled album, and ultimately we had to give in. We were in the middle of recording the album, and it was either let him go ahead and do his drugs or watch him go through withdrawals, which made him unable to do anything. He didn't want to stop doing drugs, and we couldn't make him stop.

"I knew he was going to die. That didn't make it any easier when it happened.

"At his funeral, I paddled out into the surf with Brad's ashes on my head. He was my bro."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





JON PHILLIPS/SUBLIME'S MANAGER

Jon Phillips worked at the label Gasoline Alley when he got turned on to "Jah Won't Pay the Bills" and "40 Oz. to Freedom" from his friend and co-worker Greg Abrahamson, who was known in the Sublime posse as Groovy Greg. Greg had followed Sublime since its earliest days, booking shows, shooting and directing the band's videos, as well as still photos (the famous cover shot of Opie on "Robbin' the Hood" came from Greg's "STP" video).

From the moment he heard Sublime's music, Jon was sprung. There was nothing he wouldn't do for the band. "40 Oz. to Freedom" stayed in his tape deck for two-and-a-half years, and Sublime etched its way into his soul permanently. He now manages the Long Beach Dub All-Stars.

JON'S WORDS:

"I never knew Brad before he started doing hard drugs. I only know the Brad that was already struggling. Brad used to show up at the office with really bad-looking black eyes--all crazy and everything. I'd find out later Bud popped him, because he was doing drugs.

"There were times when Brad was so clairvoyant, so amazing, the coolest Southern California kid you could ever meet. He had it all--his dog, his guitars, he was fun-loving, he was inspiring to be around.

"I remember going down to Black Flys because they wanted to give Brad some merchandise, and we were in my truck, driving around Long Beach. He showed me the sites where he grew up, where he lived with his dad who he always spoke so highly of. He showed me where he surfed, where he got his drugs. Lou dog was in the back of my pick-up, and a Long Beach dog catcher started tailing us.

"Brad said, 'Oh dude! Step on it! Go! Go! Go!' He made me take all these backstreets through Belmont Shore and Naples, he definitely knew his way around. We ditched the Fuzz. He would've done anything for that dog. Louie was his alter ego.

"It was an unconditional love thing between Lou and Brad. Lou's really smart, he went through everything with Brad. Brad read a book about dog philosophy, it was all about letting your dog live and do its own thing. He even wrote songs about it.

"We were recording at Ocean Way on Sunset Blvd., and we walked to a convenience store across the street to get some smokes. Brad walked across the street, ignoring traffic, and Lou's right behind us on the corner. I told Brad, 'That dog's gonna get killed.' But Lou eyed the traffic and bolted as soon as he saw the cars pass. He had a 'live and let live' attitude with life in general.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



"Groovy Greg and I were the only ones in the Gasoline Alley office who were alternative-minded. Everyone else was R & B, old school, record guys. Greg was doing all kinds of Sublime work on the computers, taking advantage of his internship.

"I wanted to know what Sublime was all about. There wasn't anything happening creatively at the label. I'd been in L.A. to finish up school at UCLA and started promoting concerts there. I had this 'in' to get into the business, because my uncle was one of the partners at Gasoline Alley, which had a co-venture deal with MCA.

"I grew up listening to music, it was a huge part of my life. My dad turned me on to Bob Marley at an early age. I used to go see the Grateful Dead a lot. I was into bands that made a real cultural impact.

"I couldn't relate to the R & B stuff that Gasoline Alley was peddling. I was a part of a new generation, growing up in a new era of music.

"So Greg gave me the '40 Oz.' tape and I remember being totally intrigued from the get go by Opie's sun. It's such an icon. It had mushrooms on it and knives and skulls. Just from there, it had a vibe. Then there's the title, '40 Oz. to Freedom'--it pretty much says it all.

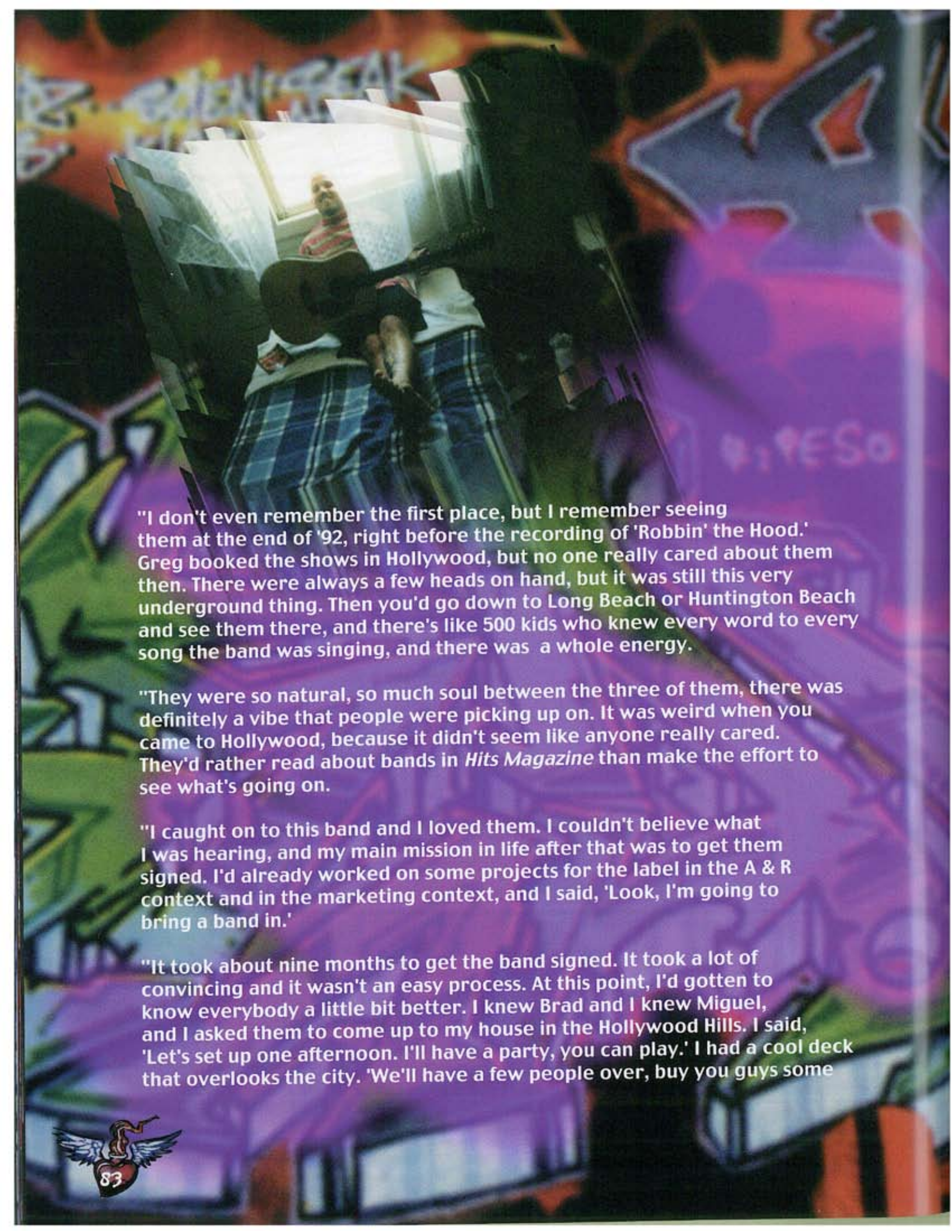


"I popped it in and started listening and, God, it just spanned so many of the influences we grew up with. All my friends in the South Bay in San Jose, where I'm from originally, listened to punk rock. My friends on the Peninsula listened to the Dead. There was a whole younger generation growing up with old school hip-hop. Then there's the stoners, who all liked reggae music.

"I couldn't believe my ears. It had every album of the subcultures that we grew up with, all in one. And it's produced brilliantly. Because it's so lo-fi, you have to really turn it up to hear everything and there was so much there, layers and layers of things. That tape stayed in my deck for two-and-a-half years. There were times that nothing would sound good to you but Sublime.

"The mainstream didn't know about it, but at the same time there were a lot of kids already hip to Sublime. The next step for me was to go out and see Sublime play.





"I don't even remember the first place, but I remember seeing them at the end of '92, right before the recording of 'Robbin' the Hood.' Greg booked the shows in Hollywood, but no one really cared about them then. There were always a few heads on hand, but it was still this very underground thing. Then you'd go down to Long Beach or Huntington Beach and see them there, and there's like 500 kids who knew every word to every song the band was singing, and there was a whole energy.

"They were so natural, so much soul between the three of them, there was definitely a vibe that people were picking up on. It was weird when you came to Hollywood, because it didn't seem like anyone really cared. They'd rather read about bands in *Hits Magazine* than make the effort to see what's going on.

"I caught on to this band and I loved them. I couldn't believe what I was hearing, and my main mission in life after that was to get them signed. I'd already worked on some projects for the label in the A & R context and in the marketing context, and I said, 'Look, I'm going to bring a band in.'

"It took about nine months to get the band signed. It took a lot of convincing and it wasn't an easy process. At this point, I'd gotten to know everybody a little bit better. I knew Brad and I knew Miguel, and I asked them to come up to my house in the Hollywood Hills. I said, 'Let's set up one afternoon. I'll have a party, you can play.' I had a cool deck that overlooks the city. 'We'll have a few people over, buy you guys some



weed. We'll have this cool Hari Krishna guy come over and cater the party. It'll just be good.'

"They played the two most amazing sets in my living room. It was the most awesome day, until the cops came and broke it up. Brad made a mike stand out of this Stop sign we ripped off from the street.

"I look back and it's just in memories. I've got no pictures or video from that day. And we had Traci Lords porn videos in the background behind them playing--it was all pretty amazing.

"One dude came by from the label and said, 'Yeah, we got to sign them.' It was pretty obvious.

"Unfortunately, Brad thought it was going to happen overnight. He was strung out and wanted money really bad. They didn't have legitimate representation. Miguel was the band's manager, and I didn't know what to do when I met them. Here's Greg booking shows, here's Mike managing, they had their posse in place and it was a team. I didn't want to step on anyone's toes, but this band was the best thing I'd ever heard and I wanted to help them move on to the next level.

"But getting to know those guys wasn't like getting to know normal people. I remember after shows just finding Brad sitting on a street corner, reading a book, or strumming his guitar. They were so unusual.

"I finally got my shot at the label. The attitude was, 'Let's get the kid to stop bothering us. Let him have his band.'

"I finally got them up to the office. I had the whole band, the dogs, everything. Brad thought they were gonna walk away with a deal that day, thirty-grand in their pocket.



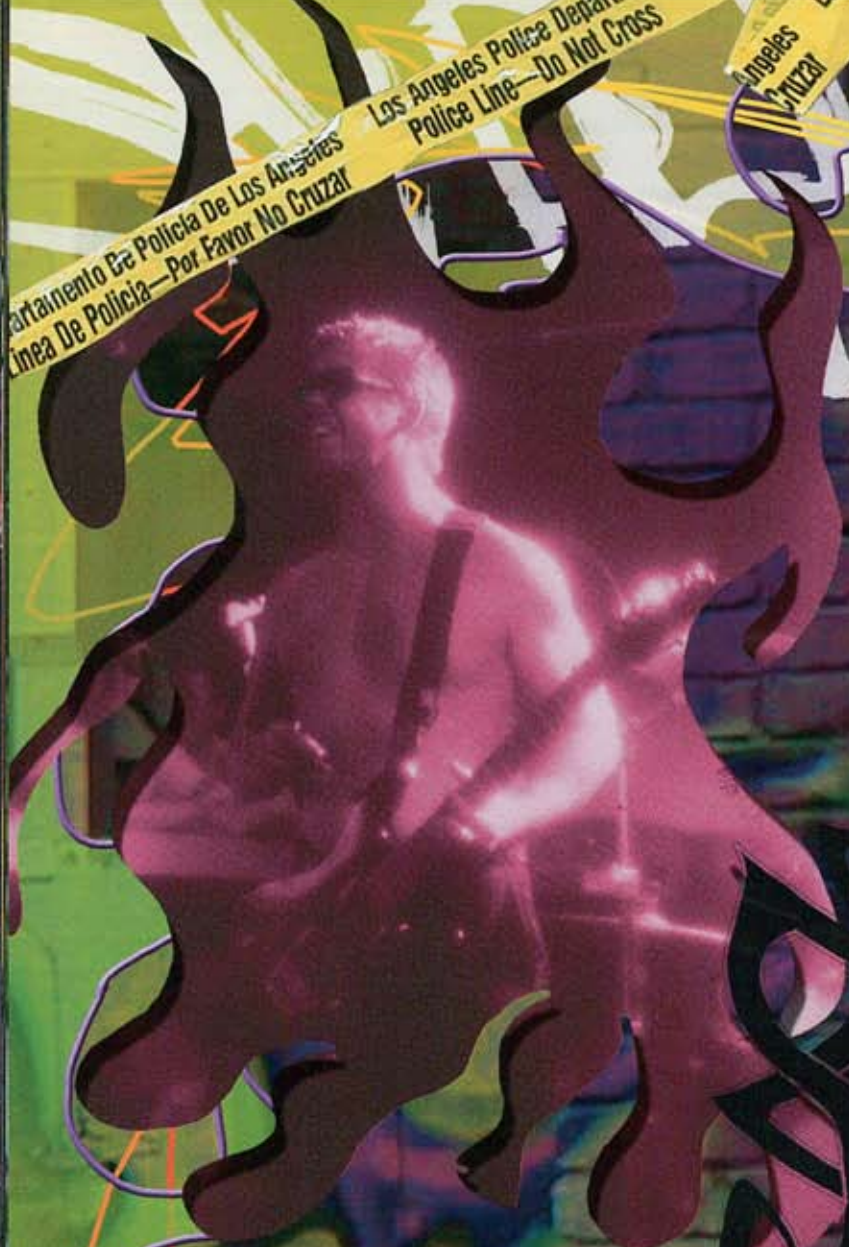
Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



Los Angeles Police Department
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"Mike had this handwritten sheet of what they wanted the deal to be.

"The label was too busy that day. They had Shai, their R & B sensation, in and they didn't have time for us.

"They saw a bunch of ruckus dudes coming in, with dogs and tattoos and loud beer-drinking revelry. I had the biggest office in the whole place because they moved the interns into a conference room, and that's where they sat the whole day, drinking beer and eating popcorn. The dogs were rolling around the office and taking shits on the carpet.

"I kept having to walk into my uncle's office and say, 'Look, Sublime's here. They're ready to do this. Are you gonna meet with these guys or what?' He finally told me, 'I don't think we're going to have time to do this. You're going to have to tell the guys.' So I had to go back and say, 'Look, this ain't gonna happen today. It won't happen in one day. It's a big process.'

"Well, it wasn't what they wanted to hear. I remember them talking about the stickers they brought with them and how they were going to sticker over the names on the VIP's parking spots. I sort of took the same philosophy Brad had about Louie and thought, 'Live and let live.' I'm not going to tell them how to act or what to do.

"I didn't tell them not to do it. I didn't say, 'It's gonna kill the deal.' I just let it go.

"My dad was in town that day, and I wanted him to meet Brad.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



"I took him out to this balcony where Brad was having a cigarette. My dad immediately sensed something in Brad that worried him. He told him, 'Don't jump off the balcony.' It was an off-the-cuff comment, but it wasn't far off the mark.

"Brad was jonzing so hard, I gave him a couple of boxes of Shai CDs, which were hot at the time. I told him I was sorry I couldn't make things happen faster. It was all I had to give him. I remember how he used to sing their hit song after that all the time, perfect pitch, a capella. I used to think, 'Damn, he could be singing that song.' He had some serious Motown qualities in his voice. He can do Smokey Robinson, he had the soul to do that.

"But I remember walking to my car about eight o'clock that night and hearing my uncle yell, 'Fuck!!!!' They'd stickered this huge, homemade sticker, kind of like those old KLOS rainbow stickers, on the paint of his car. Clear as day. He started screaming, 'I needed a reason to not sign this band!' I had to have dinner with my parents and my uncle that night and I was crushed. It was a stupid thing to do, but at the same time I thought it was sort of funny.

"I called their attorney the next day, and told him we had to let things simmer for awhile. Their attorney was floored. He was so pissed. He was through with them.

"They burned bridges all the time--everywhere. We used to joke they should call their album, 'Burning Bridges.' I've seen a lot of bands with that attitude, but Sublime was good enough not to care.

"It might have been their ultimate demise, but there was that much talent.

"They knew how good they were. That's what gives me chills. I knew right away when I saw them, 'Damn, this is the next big cultural band to break through the music scene, hands down.'

"To me, one of the few things that sells itself is music. MCA can take all this credit, I can take credit--doing smart marketing on their first two records, finding them the right producers for the next record--but at the end of the day, there's such a powerful honesty in the music, it sells itself.

"Before MCA was going to release the self-titled album, we'd already sold 250,000 copies of the first two records independently. It was like, okay, the 'Sublime' album's coming out next week, Brad's dead, does MCA really know what it has?

"It blew up on its own. 'What I Got' got added to radio everywhere and they realized they had something. They hadn't done anything successful in rock 'n' roll in ten years. They'd lost their hold on that market. They didn't know what they had, they made every mistake on every mass market level they could and they should've sold another two million records, but that's a whole other subject.

"Everyone sort of discovered what they had a little late. I had all these kids running around the office, it was like a cult, and we knew what was going on. But the corporate side was way behind.

"I remember talking to Brad after the Gasoline Alley debacle and told him, 'Fuck Gasoline Alley, we'll go somewhere else.' They still hadn't put out 'Robbin' the Hood' yet, and he and Miguel came to my office and played me the DAT for the album, and Brad cranked up 'Cisco Kid' telling me it was his favorite track. It wasn't what I expected. It was brilliant in its own right, but totally different.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait Of A Punk



"They put that album together from demo money they'd gotten from Atlantic Records, because Atlantic was interested. And Brett Gurewitz from Epitaph had given them studio time to produce six tracks--they actually did 16 tracks. With the Atlantic money, they bought a four-track and classic D.I.Y., they pressed 'Robbin' the Hood' themselves.

"Those are the sessions where they did 'Saw Red' with Gwen Stefani. Half the lyrics came from a Barrington Levy song and the other half from Brad. Brad did that a lot, creating his own song from an original master's work. He'd put it into his own context, rap style. It's an incredible craft. All music is recycled. He left all the clues for kids to find out about the masters which musically he wanted people to know about. [Barrington Levy tours with the Long Beach Dub All-Stars now and sings 'Saw Red' on the group's 'Right Back' album.]

"People just didn't get it. I remember asking Brett why Epitaph didn't sign them and he said, 'They were doing some stuff with this chick in there, I didn't really understand it.' The chick was Gwen Stefani. The thing about Sublime is people missed it all the way along.

"I remember them opening for Eek-A-Mouse at the Troubadour, and Brad and I were getting stoned backstage and he was in a good mood, chatting with the waitress, confident, telling people, 'I know we're going to do good out there. I know people are going to get it.' They were selling out shows, they were on local retail charts, they were topping independent retailer's charts.

"It was right around that time, in '93, when it seemed obvious to me I needed to manage the band. I started shopping the tape to other labels, to EMI, to Epic. I was bugging everyone about this band. Finally, I got Gasoline Alley to come out to a show where the band was going to open for 311. It was a packed house. I finally got the label to show some legitimate interest in the band. I managed to get the entire company in the same room. 311 was headlining and getting a lot of notoriety at the time. The Gasoline Alley execs were there, wearing these new jackets they had printed up for them. I knew shit was going to go down.

"I stood out in front of the Whisky, so excited. But . . . where was Brad? I waited, we all waited, he never showed up. We're on the phone, and it turns out Brad couldn't get a ride. Now at this point, half of Long Beach is already there. I'm losing it.



""What do you mean Brad couldn't get a ride?' I'm thinking, 'Do you guys exist on such different planes there's no communication? Stuck in Long Beach?!' Eric's here, Bud's here, how come all the guys are here and the singer, the main guy, isn't here? I mean, I don't know, Brad could've been back there too fucked up to come to the show. I didn't know the grave seriousness of his problems yet.

"This kind of shit happened all the time down in Long Beach or Huntington Beach. Another time they were supposed to open for 311 and Brad didn't show, because someone OD'd at his house. Cops came and that's the time he got busted. [Bud tells this story, too, in 'Bud's Words.'] That's the time he OD'd a girl, and Bud beat him up.

"Brad showed up at my office and it was like, 'Damn, dude, you got pounded,' because his eye was effed up. Another 311 jinx.

"Still, Gasoline Alley actually ended up signing them and the label put him in a drug diversion program, paying for his rehab. I took him to court and met with the lawyer--Brad was so pissed because we had to wait a long time. It wasn't easy. As I look back now, I would've taken a more proactive roll early on, but I didn't know how far he was sliding until much later.

"Unfortunately, alcohol fueled everything. There can be all the drugs in the world around, but alcohol--fully legal--ignites all the problems. That's when everyone's judgment starts lapsing and people start getting stupid. Thankfully, Opie and Bud are sober right now, and it's had a positive impact on the Dub All-Stars.



"When Brad missed the Whisky show, it opened up my eyes to a lot of things.

"But I would've done anything for that band. There was something so special about Sublime and Bradley that I'd do it all over again. I believed in the music so much. Rock 'n' roll is riddled with substance abusers--Keith Richards, Jerry Garcia, there's lifers. The roulette wheel's spinning and you don't know where it's gonna land.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





STREET
CULTURE
MAGAZINE

"If you look at Brad's life from the outside, he had every reason to be happy. But self-destruction is something that comes from the inside, and something we might never understand. After he recorded the self-titled album, he was so depressed. He felt like he'd missed the boat, not lived up to his own expectations. He said, 'It's not "40 Oz." We have to go to Jamaica and record it again.' He couldn't see his own brilliance.

"I remember when I first met him, I noticed he was so hyperactive. His movements onstage were just weird, strange. Not the drugs, not the passion, but just something off and strange. His body motions were so trippy. He had an arm that had never healed right, so when he played it was already a trip.

"But, yeah, his hyperactivity, the Ritalin as a kid, divorced family--it all factors in there. He was just so freakin' smart, always watching the History Channel, reading Kerouac, Burroughs, Henry Miller, tons of history books, religion, philosophy. He read everything--Mein Kampf, the history of Australia, Greek mythology. I was a history major in college and I couldn't hold a candle to Brad's knowledge.

"Someone who embraces heroin that much--who goes to that extent to sort of be dead, to not worry about the consequences--to me, beforehand, he would've had to have embraced life equally as much.



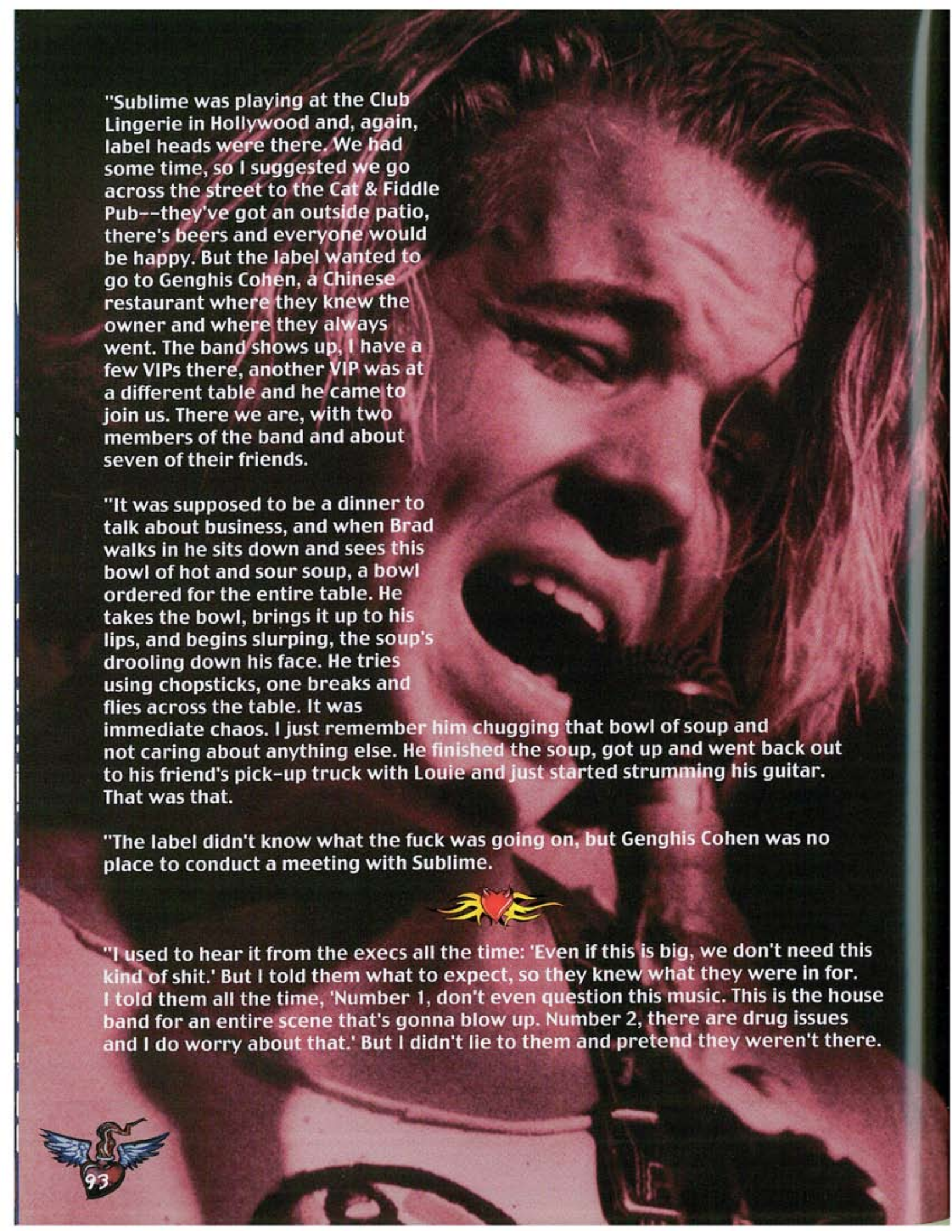


STYLISH
STYLISH
STYLISH



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





"Sublime was playing at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood and, again, label heads were there. We had some time, so I suggested we go across the street to the Cat & Fiddle Pub--they've got an outside patio, there's beers and everyone would be happy. But the label wanted to go to Genghis Cohen, a Chinese restaurant where they knew the owner and where they always went. The band shows up, I have a few VIPs there, another VIP was at a different table and he came to join us. There we are, with two members of the band and about seven of their friends.

"It was supposed to be a dinner to talk about business, and when Brad walks in he sits down and sees this bowl of hot and sour soup, a bowl ordered for the entire table. He takes the bowl, brings it up to his lips, and begins slurping, the soup's drooling down his face. He tries using chopsticks, one breaks and flies across the table. It was immediate chaos. I just remember him chugging that bowl of soup and not caring about anything else. He finished the soup, got up and went back out to his friend's pick-up truck with Louie and just started strumming his guitar. That was that.

"The label didn't know what the fuck was going on, but Genghis Cohen was no place to conduct a meeting with Sublime.



"I used to hear it from the execs all the time: 'Even if this is big, we don't need this kind of shit.' But I told them what to expect, so they knew what they were in for. I told them all the time, 'Number 1, don't even question this music. This is the house band for an entire scene that's gonna blow up. Number 2, there are drug issues and I do worry about that.' But I didn't lie to them and pretend they weren't there.



"As soon as I knew how hardcore his problems were, I addressed it. I was very honest. However, this is the best music I'd ever seen, and it was also very dangerous.

"The music was that powerful, and I was willing to go to battle for it. I had a lot of idols who'd survived worse.

"We sent Brad to a hotel in San Jose with a two-person psychiatric drug addiction team. When he came back, me and Troy picked him up at the airport and we knew it was going to be hard to pass through Long Beach. He kept saying, 'My guitar is there. I need my guitar.' You could just feel his frustration. I remember him telling me, 'These drug counselors--what a horrible way to make a living, they're such a hoax.' They tried to medicate him and, ultimately, he was just so much smarter than them. They couldn't match wits with him in terms of philosophy and knowledge. It was hard for him to respect anybody.

"Later on, I tried to hook him up with Buddy Arnold, a jazz sax player, who was starting the Musicians' Assistance Program. I figured maybe he'd have some greater respect for him.

"Brad used to tell me, 'Don't worry about me, because everyone's using drugs and I ain't gonna die.' He told me that point blank. We were at Guitar Center and I told him, 'I'm worried about you dying.' He said, 'Jon, I don't see myself quitting drugs. Everyone's using 'em. I'm not stupid. I'm not Shannon Hoon, I'm not gonna die.'

"He was wrong.



"He was looking so forward to going to Europe, which he was set to do right before he died. They were going to tour with Pennywise. He already knew so much about its history, it was mindblowing, but he knew a lot about everything.

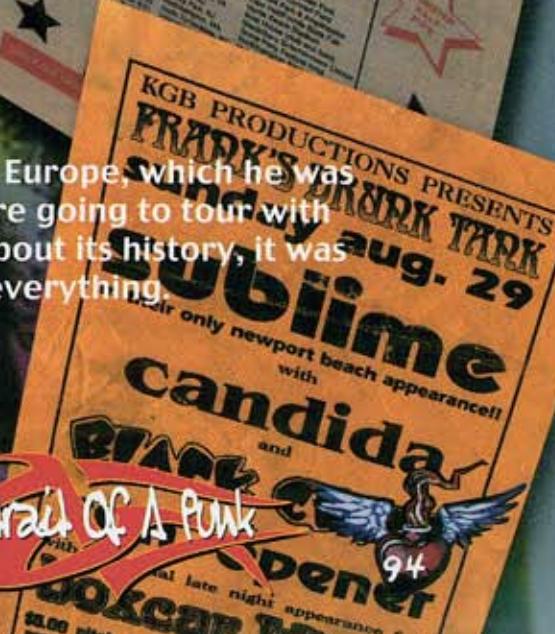
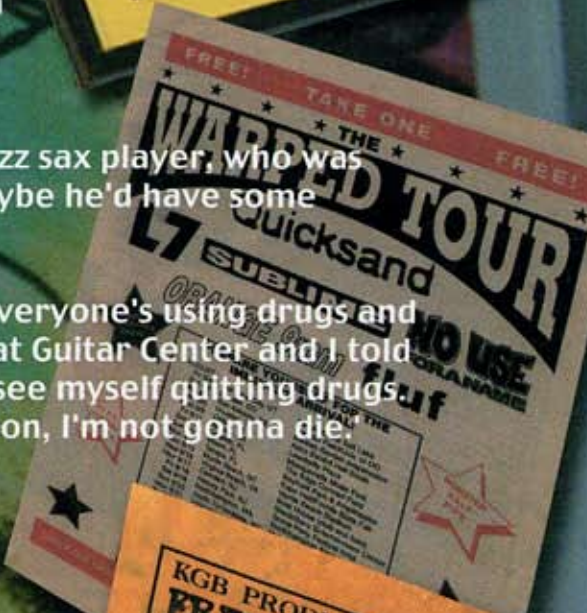
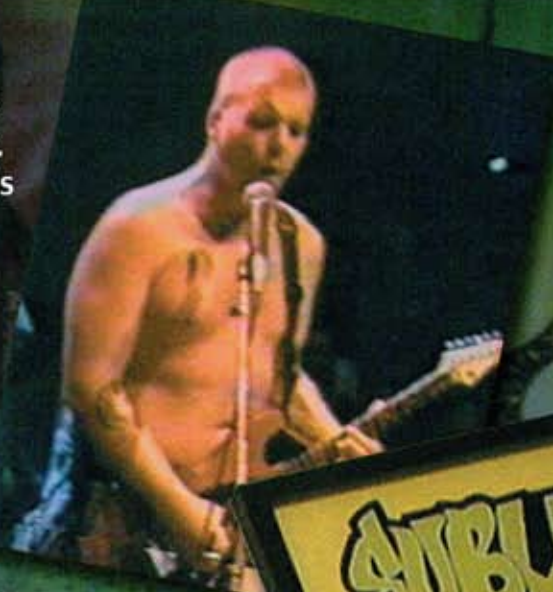
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Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk

Sublime

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"I had to fly with him up to San Jose for another rehab bout, and before we left he used my bathroom for a really long time. I'm guessing he shot up because he was in there forever. On the plane, he pointed out all the Channel Islands to me, where there were great surf spots, and at one point he started singing at the top of his lungs, this nasty song. The stewardess looked at me like, 'Can't you control him?' He just didn't care. By the time they finished recording the Sublime album, he was in the worst shape he'd ever been in. Valium, heroin, people flying it to him. Out of control. He could always detox like a champ, though--he just didn't want to live life without drugs.

"He had his moments, though. After he detoxed the last time, we were hanging out in Long Beach, sitting on a rooftop listening to Buju Banton. Jake was in his crib and Troy looked at me and said, 'He's doing so good.' We were so hopeful.



"Brad's mind was so expanded. He was so cerebral, other substances made him think too much. Geniuses have a knack for hearing things before they're actually written, seeing things before they actually happen.



"Brad told me, 'I hear it all before it happens. I see everything.' I just think he saw so much of the big picture that the big picture in the end just didn't fuckin' matter. You get yourself to that level, you dig so deep in philosophy and religion, and at a certain point consequences are meaningless.

"He was so brilliantly talented. He was one of a kind, defining a time and place and a culture the way the Beach Boys did, the way the Dead did. He 'was' a Brian Wilson, a Jim Morrison, a Jerry Garcia, a Kurt Cobain.

"To the general population, his contribution hasn't been realized the way a Cobain's has, or a Morrison's has. But the people who know, know. Brad was the conductor of an entire generation, and he died too young."



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B.P.

(D) "pod slark"

SAA

I'm lying in my iron bed
I'm thinking how much I want to
my baby likes to sit naked in my pool
I like to sit naked in my room
I used to be that dinosaur skin's hot
now I go to be the cool
but can scratch the needle
take away my + bleeen

(breed) its so fuckin' good I want more
~~anyway~~ will loose the cow

(Dist.)
7#

Drived to the dinosaur tonight
I saw the flashing light
oh I can't see the need
I can't see the need

Cherub in a
A B B
7#



BAD FISIT

11/19/98
Hotel -
Casella

GRAB AHEAD OF ME
TELL ME THAT I'LL NEVER BE SET FREE
I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME
IS IT OK IF I JUST CALL YOU JANE
TELL ME ARE YOU A BAD FISH TOO.
I'VE GOT YOUR MONEY TO SPEND
" " THE TIME TO PRETEND
GOD KNOWS I'M WEAK
BUT FISH SO UNIQUE

MAYBE YOUR A BIG BLUE WHALE
GRAB AHEAD WHEN ALL LUCK DIVING FAILS
I DIVE DEEP WHEN ITS TEN FEET OVER HEAD
AND GRAB THE REEF UNDERNEATH MY BED.
I WISH I NEVER LEARNED TO SWIM
THE WATERS SO POLLED W/ GERMS
I'VE GOT NO GUVARLLS W/ GOD
LORD KNOWS I'M WEAK TO GET OLD
ITS BAD FISH INSTINCT.

GUITAR LEAD
I KNEW ITS TIME TO GET DRY
THIS IS WHAT I'M TRY & TRY
BAD FISH YES SPES TO BE
THATS ME.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" - Portrait of a Punk



CAT RODRIGUEZ/BRAD'S EX-GIRLFRIEND

Cat Rodriguez is a modern day Bettie Page who met Brad Nowell at the Reno Room in Long Beach when she was out on a date. Lured in by "40 Oz.," she was already a new Sublime fan, having heard them for the first time only a month before. Upon introduction, he told her he was three days clean from heroin. It was 1992 and Cat was 20.



If she only knew then, what she knows now. Well, she might not have changed anything, but at least she'd have the option. Suffice it to say, "Momma, don't let your daughters grow up to date rock boys." The next two-and-a-half years of Cat's life were filled with music, drugs, love, blood and pain--not necessarily in that order.

CAT'S WORDS:

"When I first heard Sublime's '40 Oz.' tape, I was completely taken by it. Who wouldn't be? It was such an incredible mixture of music, and it blended perfectly. They were--in my mind--a perfect band. A phenomenon. I was blown away.

"I went to the first gig I could find. It was at Fenders in Long Beach, and it was Brad's birthday party. Fenders was this crazy, punk rock club, where the people behind the bar would hand you bottles to pour your own drinks.

"They brought out a cake and had a big cake fight on stage. I was thinking, 'Okay, I really want to get to know him.' Not only was the music good, but he was a good frontman. He was silly and charming.

"After that, I saw them as often as I could. I was at the age when you're still free-floating, working as a waitress, going to Cypress College and living with my mom in Seal Beach.

"Wherever Sublime was playing, that's where I wanted to be. I saw them at backyard parties, at the Nugget at Cal State Long Beach. One night, I was out at the Reno Room in Long Beach, and I saw Brad. He was talking to a girl I knew, and I walked straight over to her and said, 'Introduce me.'

"We went off to the other side of the bar and started talking. Within the first two minutes of meeting him, he instantly started talking about heroin, how he was three days clean from sniffing it.



"He was so proud of himself. I remember him telling me he never thought he was going to try the needle--just like anyone, he was afraid of that kind of drug use. My first instinct was that I could help him and support him emotionally, so he could quit heroin forever. Really, it was just the beginning and I had no idea that it would get so bad. I found out later, he'd just begun experimenting with the drug. It excited him, because it was a mystery to people. He was rebelling, and he embraced it like a new toy.



"Brad had an essence that attracted people. Even people who'd been hurt by him wanted to be around him. He was a rock star long before he became famous. He had a presence that was electric. You wanted to hear what he had to say. He was very quiet, but when he opened his mouth he either said something hysterically funny or very intelligent. He was very special in that way.

"We began hanging out all the time. He moved around a few times but I remember when he was living in a warehouse at Anaheim and Ohio streets. We used to sit out in front and drink Forties. People were always coming and going, stupid rocker girls, low-lives. He was living with Jack Maness [who played with Sublime and is also a guitarist/keyboard player for the Long Beach Dub All-Stars] and he introduced us by telling him, 'This is my new chick.' Jack was a really sweet guy, but the place was so gnarly.

"People were literally selling crack on the corner. Brad was extremely nice to everyone, to homeless people, to anyone. He'd invite them in, give them food and shoes. There was this one crackhead named Al who cruised the streets all day. Brad used to take care of him. Brad started to allow himself to become a part of this world he was living in. We would walk around the corner to La Revancha, a hardcore Mexican bar. Brad would hang out with the people there. He'd go in, rap in Spanish and they loved him. He'd get up to go to the bathroom, and I'd get harrassed. I hated going there. He had me drive him around those streets at night looking for crack. I look back now, like, why? But I was falling in love.



"Some people turn to drugs to fill a void--he was never like that. He was happy in his own mind, he could sit and read forever and be totally content. One of the side effects he liked about drugs was they made him skinny. He was very self-conscious about his weight, and I have pictures of him where he's posing in boxers, stoked because he was thin.

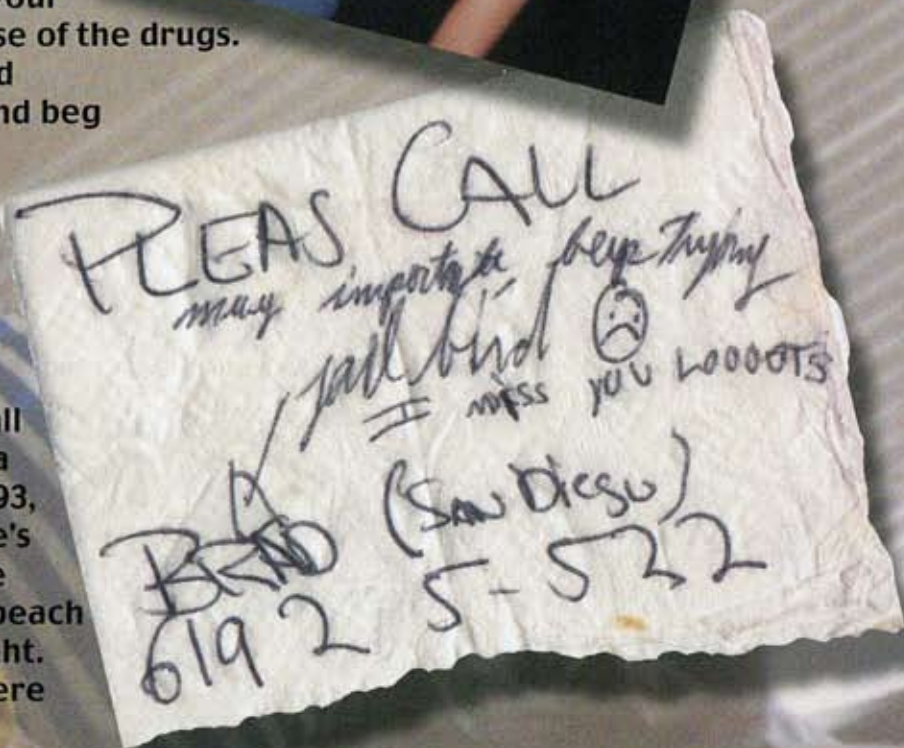


"He definitely had conflicting emotions about drugs. He held it against his mother that she put him on Ritalin when he was a kid. He told me that.

"He hated it, and he often thought it had a hand in his own drug addiction. He may have been trying to point the finger at someone other than him, because as he started to get more addicted he didn't want to confront himself. When things got really bad, he'd blame me. He considered himself a victim and spoke of getting a tattoo of a monkey on his back.

"He'd go both ways, though. He'd turn around and say, 'I love you. It's not your fault.' He was Jekyll and Hyde because of the drugs. He'd be horrible and mean, then he'd get a fix and tell you he loved you and beg forgiveness.

"And I'd fall in love with him again.



"It was peaks and valleys with him, all the time. My life started to get into a kind of groove. In the summer of 1993, I was basically living at Jim and Janie's house, because he moved out of the warehouse by then. We'd go to the beach every day, drink beer, and gig at night. Things were really good then, we were inseparable and close friends.

"He had CalTrans duty, picking up trash on the freeway from a D.U.I. he got before I met him. I used to drive him early in the morning, around 5:30 a.m. I'd go to work, and at night I'd come home to Janie and Jim's house with beer and ice cream and watch TV. Those were actually happy times.






"I try to remember good times: sitting in my car in the yacht club parking lot, eating Haagen Dazs Vanilla Swiss Almond ice cream while he was writing lyrics for 'Robbin' the Hood.' The one place where Brad was always happy was playing music. It made him complete. He took his guitar everywhere, he used to play songs in my car. I had a little Honda CRX, and he'd make up songs and play early Bob Marley. I never needed a radio when I had Brad sitting next to me. One thing I know for sure, all the lyrics he made up came straight from his heart.

"He'd bust out with the weirdest songs. We'd be walking down the street and all of a sudden he'd start singing Whitney Houston's 'How Will I Know.' I'd look at him like, 'Who are you right now? What is that?' He didn't have any musical boundaries. He never had the punker attitude. For him, it was all music.

"When he'd cop a song from somewhere else, I used to tell him, 'You're copying that.' And he'd say, 'I'm recycling.' He was totally honest in his music. 'Pool Shark' couldn't be more accurate. He did his drugs in front of me all the time, all day long. He would show me the gory details—telling me how to do it, how it made him feel and the physical changes that would happen to him. If there's anyone out there who attaches any romanticism to heroin, get over it. It's an ugly, ugly process. You wouldn't believe some of the areas he'd score dope in. He'd meet some of his dealers at First and Temple in Long Beach, where there's million-dollar houses. We were surrounded by huge, expensive homes, and here we are buying heroin.





"He'd be jonzing so bad, we'd be waiting for the dealer to show up and it wasn't always the same guy. It would seem like an eternity waiting, but they'd always show up. He'd hand them the cash, they'd hand him the balloon with the tar in there. As soon as he'd get his hands on it, he'd shoot up in my car.

"He'd tie off with his belt and place a chunk of tar in a spoon. Using a lighter, he lit the spoon from underneath until it turned liquid. Snapping off the end of a cigarette, he'd take the cotton from the filter and soak it in the heroin. He'd absorb all the heroin into a syringe, until the cotton was empty and there's no more on the spoon.

"He would tap the syringe to make sure there's no bubbles in it, and he'd shoot it up in his arm. He would get pissed because he had trouble finding veins, and a lot of times he would miss first, and when he missed it would create this huge rock underneath his skin. He'd go through that all the time. It would stay for about an hour. If he missed, he'd have to go through it all over again. He had procedures that he had named, like the bed trick, where he'd lay across the bed awkwardly and try to hit it.

"When he hit it right, a look of sheer ecstasy would come over his face. He'd be happy. But in truth, he was a mess. He couldn't take normal bowel movements, he'd bleed when he went to the bathroom. His stepsister had the room next to us and she'd find his needles.



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"I had to take him to get clean needles all the time.

"I was very naïve at that time, and I didn't know much about love. This lifestyle became the norm for me. I knew the drugs were bad because of what it was doing to him. But I stuck it out because I knew he needed to be constantly supervised. One has to want to quit drugs, they can't be made. I just wanted him to be safe and smart. Any time we'd talk about him quitting, he would say he either didn't have a problem or that he would when he was ready. I dropped out of school and got completely caught up. I put myself in a situation where I was living to help Brad. I became his babysitter. It was classic co-dependency. I was dealing with his shit all the time and not dealing with mine. I was so in love with him, I did everything for him. It wasn't totally one-sided. We traded off. I went through a bad depression and he was so kind, he helped me get through it. He could be so sweet and such a little boy.



"Basically, the worse off he became with the drugs, the more cut off we became from his friends, from Eric and Bud. We were in our own little world.

"Janie couldn't take it anymore. She was concerned for Brad, but she also had to think about her kids, especially Katie being in the house.

"She asked me to leave and I totally understood. Brad came with me. We moved to my parents' house, but he couldn't have Louie because my mom had cats. Every night, we'd sneak him in the house and he'd bark, and my mom would be so mad. We finally moved into a two-bedroom apartment with a friend of mine.

"This is the time when Brad started overdosing. Although he'd usually score from the same guy, he never knew what he was getting. The first time he OD'd at Anaheim and Ohio, two friends, Jack Maness and Brent French, were with us. He was living

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on Anaheim and Ohio, and we tried everything to revive him: putting ice down his pants, kicking him, jumping on him. My friend put him in my car and we drove to the hospital. They came out with smelling salts and woke him up.

"The second time it was scarier. He shot up in my car and nodded off. That was nothing unusual. He often slept afterwards, but I couldn't wake him up. I was shaking him, and nothing happened. I freaked, drove to my friend's house, she tried to revive him because she was taking CPR at the time, and still nothing. I drove him to the hospital and the doctor yelled at me, telling me he was three minutes away from dying. They told me I should have called an ambulance because he had turned blue.

"When Brad woke up he was scared and pissed. I was heartbroken, because I knew I'd done a good thing by taking him there, but each time something like that would happen, he would yell at me. He would say that every time he would do it alone he would wake up the next day and be fine, but when he did it with me he would end up in the hospital. He thought I was overreacting and that I was to blame for his hospital bills. I got harassed for years by the hospital to pay his bills, because I was listed as his emergency contact.

"He thought the doctor was lying to him to make him stop. It was junkie logic.



"Despite his battles with addiction, people smelled money with Sublime--the hanger-oners and actually some of the people in the core posse. Low rent, criminal-minded types wanted to buy Sublime. Brad was desperate for money, and people took advantage of it all the time. They needed money bad, because they were living off of gig money. Their music was genius and they're gigging for \$25 a piece. It was ridiculous. I was supporting Brad completely by now on my waitress tips. This one guy wanted to buy them outright, he'd throw a hundred bucks at Bud if he walked on his hands for him, that kind of shit.

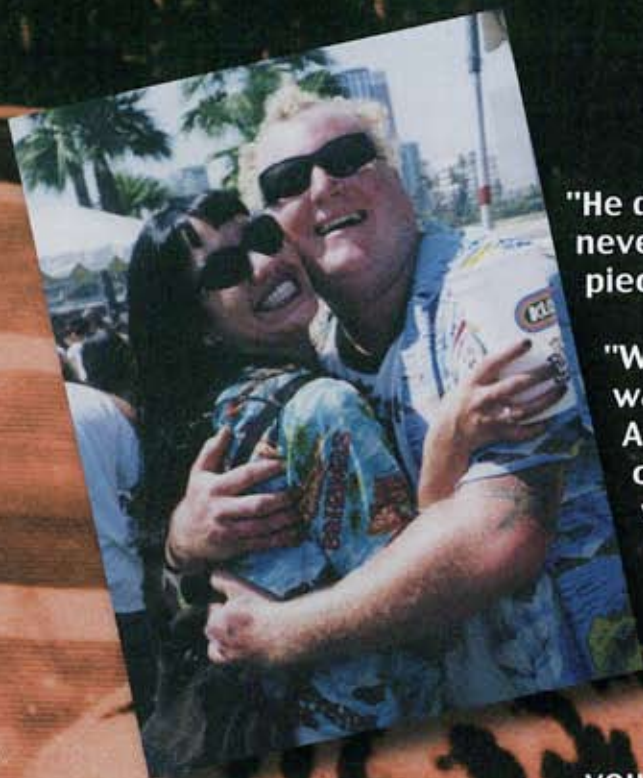


"He desperately wanted to be around them. He bought Brad new equipment, he took them to Colombia, and from there Brad went to Costa Rica.

"I remember the past like little skits going off in my head. Brad traveled to Costa Rica a lot, and after one trip he came back with his head filled with songs and music. He had a writing epiphany, he didn't have full songs, but he had fragments and he knew they were good. He shared these with me when he got back. We sat at Jim and Janie's kitchen table as the sun was rising and talked. He shared the memories of his trip. He started singing 'Boss D.J.' and I told him it was the most incredible song.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





"He didn't have any names for his songs, he never wanted to give them. They were little pieces of him, vignettes from his life.

"With all that new music inspiring him, he was gigging all the time. At this one show in Anaheim--Inn at the Park, I think it was called--in a big prom-type ballroom, kids were all pumped up wanting to mosh, and he'd run out of songs to play. So he smiled at me and started playing 'Boss D.J.' People looked at him like he was crazy, they were ready to mosh and he's playing a ballad. You don't really hear that many singers who have it coming from their soul, but you could actually see it in him. You could tell he was so into it, and he wanted you to feel it too. The music was real, and people responded to it.

"Sublime was the real deal, completely soulful and honest. They were so real, it got them into trouble. When they were invited on KROQ, they didn't behave. Instead, they smoked weed, passed around a bottle of Jack, and when it was their turn to deejay it wasn't like, 'We're N'Sync and we're going to play you some Third Eye Blind.' They played N.W.A., obscure punk, hardcore all the way.

"They went out of their way to fuck their own shit up. They enjoyed pissing people off. That's what entertained them. Their life was so crazy, out-of-hand, they wanted to spread chaos everywhere they went. They came from a true punk rock scene, and they were living out their own punker fantasies. They out-grossed each other all the time. They were like three-year-olds.

"If they would've been more considerate, they could have advanced so much quicker. Gwen [Stefani] told me she wanted to play with them for so long, and they hooked up a show together, but Sublime showed up late and blew it. The only way you were ever sure you were going to see a Sublime show is if you went with them. I was ALMOST always with them, so I saw plenty of shows. But I knew full well why he didn't show up for gigs, because he was having too much fun where he was at and wouldn't want to leave.

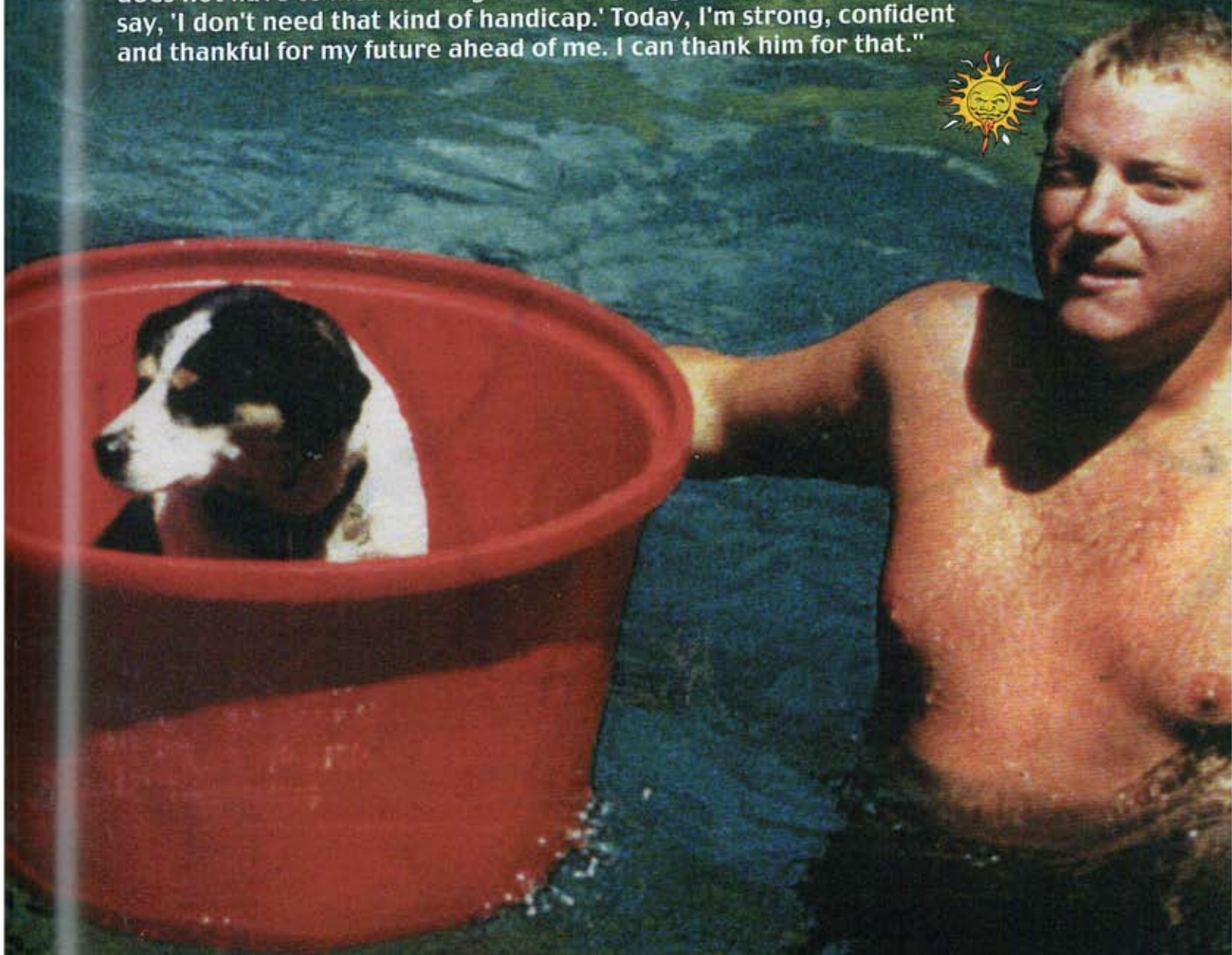
"When you love somebody, you put up with things. I wanted to be with him, and that was that. I used to believe the bad things would go away, that I could help him get over it. When I first met him, he was three days clean. It was nothing for him. When he got severe later on, it took three days to get over the physical pain, then he had to deal with the psychological pain.

"During the period where Bud was letting him detox at his house, I was staying there, babysitting in El Segundo, I got caught up in it. When I went home to work on the fourth day, he called me saying, 'Baby, I miss you. I love you, please come get me. I'm doing good.' All he had to tell me was he wanted to be with me, and I'd be there. When I got there, Bud was pissed. He knew Brad only wanted to come back to Long Beach to score. But all I could do was stand by Brad. He knew I'd do anything for him.

"He wanted to split right away. The car ride was hell, because he wanted drugs. Just the idea of shooting heroin made him physically ill. He was so excited at the possibility, he started throwing up out the window of my car. I told him, 'No, we're not stopping for drugs.' And he started threatening me. 'I'll fuckin' kill you if we don't stop.' He had shit hanging off his mouth, he was fucked up. He was about four days into detox, and he was a mess.

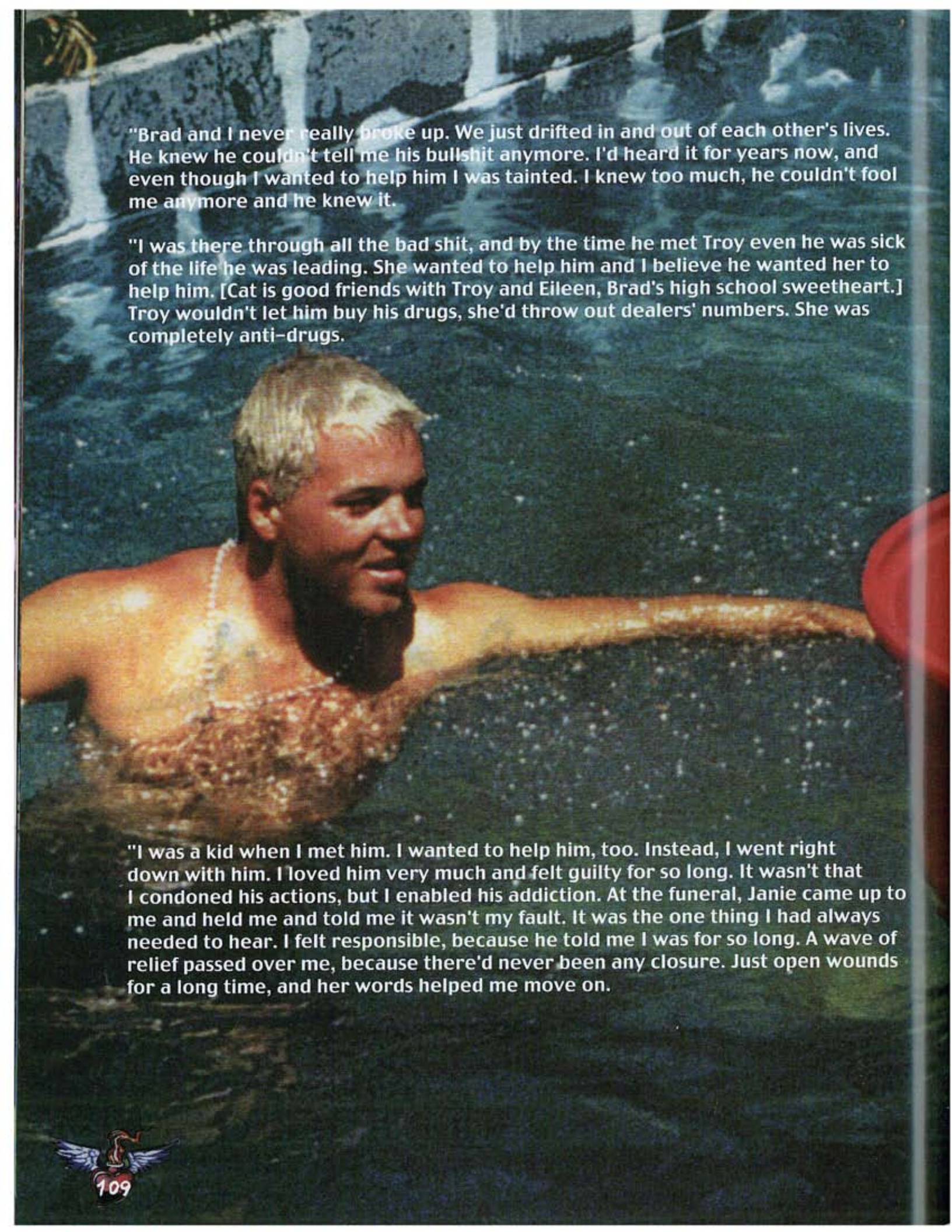
"There were a few times when I was his detox guard. It was the scariest, most painful thing in the world. He would writhe under the sheets for days, and become completely delirious. I'd walk in the room and he'd be pawing at the air, seeing things, batting at imaginary objects. He was in so much internal pain, he'd lash out and shatter things. It was so hard to see someone I loved going through so much agony.

"Whatever you go through in life makes you the person you become. My past is my persona, a long line of lessons learned. Brad taught me love, but he also taught me hate. One hand would be caressing, gently pushing the hair from my eyes, and the other would be putting a cigarette out in my hair. Strong personalities tend to clash, but I wouldn't be the person I am today if it wasn't for Brad Nowell. I'm very proud of who I've become. I only hope that people will learn that the life of a rock star does not have to include drugs and that being cool is the ability to say, 'I don't need that kind of handicap.' Today, I'm strong, confident and thankful for my future ahead of me. I can thank him for that."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





"Brad and I never really broke up. We just drifted in and out of each other's lives. He knew he couldn't tell me his bullshit anymore. I'd heard it for years now, and even though I wanted to help him I was tainted. I knew too much, he couldn't fool me anymore and he knew it.

"I was there through all the bad shit, and by the time he met Troy even he was sick of the life he was leading. She wanted to help him and I believe he wanted her to help him. [Cat is good friends with Troy and Eileen, Brad's high school sweetheart.] Troy wouldn't let him buy his drugs, she'd throw out dealers' numbers. She was completely anti-drugs.

"I was a kid when I met him. I wanted to help him, too. Instead, I went right down with him. I loved him very much and felt guilty for so long. It wasn't that I condoned his actions, but I enabled his addiction. At the funeral, Janie came up to me and held me and told me it wasn't my fault. It was the one thing I had always needed to hear. I felt responsible, because he told me I was for so long. A wave of relief passed over me, because there'd never been any closure. Just open wounds for a long time, and her words helped me move on.



DAVE QUACKENBUSH/THE VANDALS

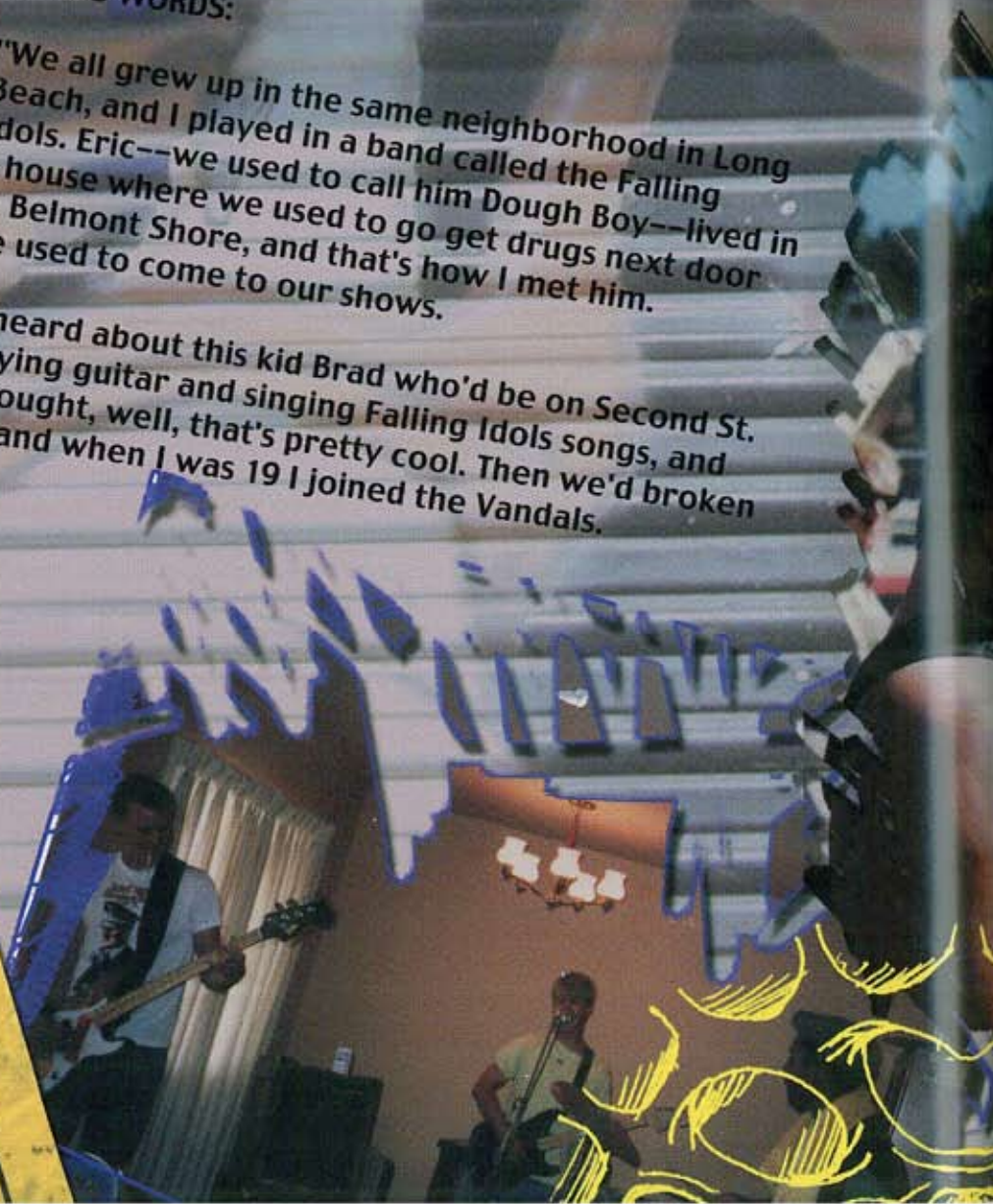
Many of the people closest to Brad were either too rotted, in too much pain or still feeling too much guilt to relinquish memories for public consumption, so the following interview with Dave Quackenbush is especially noteworthy. The Vandals frontman not only kept a sober distance from Sublime's antics, but he truly loved Brad. Dave's former girlfriend told me she held Dave for three days after he learned of Brad's death.

Dave lowered his punk rock armor for an evening to share the following recollections. Although it had been three years since Brad's death, he couldn't bring himself to watch any of the videotapes I brought. Too painful. Too raw. Too many effin' O.C./L.B.C. drug casualties.

DAVE'S WORDS:

"We all grew up in the same neighborhood in Long Beach, and I played in a band called the Falling Idols. Eric--we used to call him Dough Boy--lived in a house where we used to go get drugs next door in Belmont Shore, and that's how I met him. He used to come to our shows.

"I heard about this kid Brad who'd be on Second St. playing guitar and singing Falling Idols songs, and I thought, well, that's pretty cool. Then we'd broken up, and when I was 19 I joined the Vandals.



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Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of a Punk

"One night, I didn't show up and they were supposed to do a show, and Brad got up and sang all the songs. I thought, 'Who is this kid?'"

"I'd see them around, playing in people's backyards, and they played at this one kid's house in the front room, and they were playing reggae music. I thought, 'Who plays reggae music?' This was probably ten years ago and no one liked reggae music, but they were really into it. And they were doing a lot of toasting, which was sort of rap style back then. But they were totally doing their own thing, and even back then Brad shined through. He could play guitar very well."

"Something about him was just amazing. They brought me their first, five-song demo at a Vandals show. I was so blown away by these five songs, I used to borrow my sister's car just to listen to these songs. I'd drive around for hours and hours, listening to the same five songs over and over again. They gave me ten copies to give to people, and every person I gave it to just gave me, seriously, the most negative reactions I'd ever gotten. I couldn't understand it. My friends hated it."

"But even from day one, their music was so honest. They wore their influences on their sleeve, they didn't shy away from how they felt. Reggae was a dirty word in that scene, but they were totally into reggae, they liked punk rock. So I got in touch with someone from Fishbone and asked him if he could help. He told me, 'I don't like the drums.' In my mind, it was just a demo, anyone could see the potential but no one paid any attention. Then, about a year later, they put together '40 Oz. to Freedom' by themselves. I was so blown away by that, I went out and bought a stereo for my car. Years later, I met a 40-year-old guy who never was into music before he heard a Sublime song. The guy spent \$4,000 on a car stereo, just so he could bump Sublime."

sublime

ABOUT





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk

"But at the time, I took that around to record executives, and I actually got some interest, people would come see them play. Unfortunately, they would suck every single time. They'd look at me like, 'What the fuck are you thinking? This is the worst band I've ever seen.' Because Brad would get so into it that the guitar would become a hindrance for him. But for me, I was turned on by that. It was REAL. Who cares? He'd get too drunk and not notice the guitar had become unplugged, but this kid's up here and he's singing his heart out. I'd get goosebumps just watching Brad sing.

"I finally helped them get a show with No Doubt, playing for about eight hundred kids in Anaheim, but they lost their time slot because they didn't show up until twenty minutes into their set time. They ended up playing afterwards, when everyone else left.

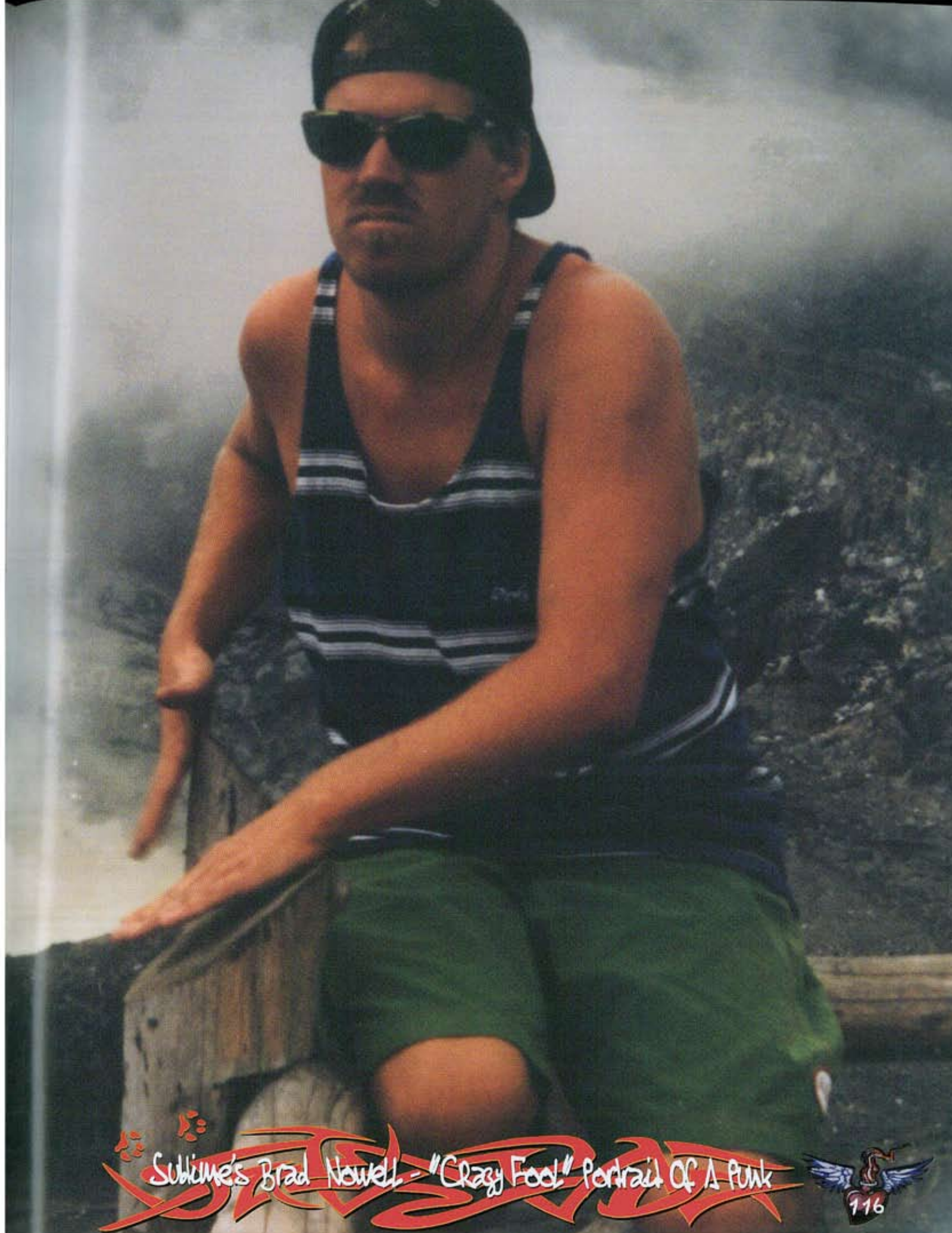
"I was like, 'You guys are such fucking losers. You've got the greatest record in the world. What are you doing?'

"The thing that grabbed me on '40 Oz. to Freedom' was the vocals, the singing. There's just so much honesty and so much soul. He would sing from within. I can't think of anybody from the local music scene who sings like that.

"Brad was one of the great people. Kurt Cobain has that same sort of thing, but he doesn't have the simplicity of Brad. Brad just came out and sang, 'I have a problem with a girl,' and he would just sing a song about it and it would just make so much sense and his voice was so honest.

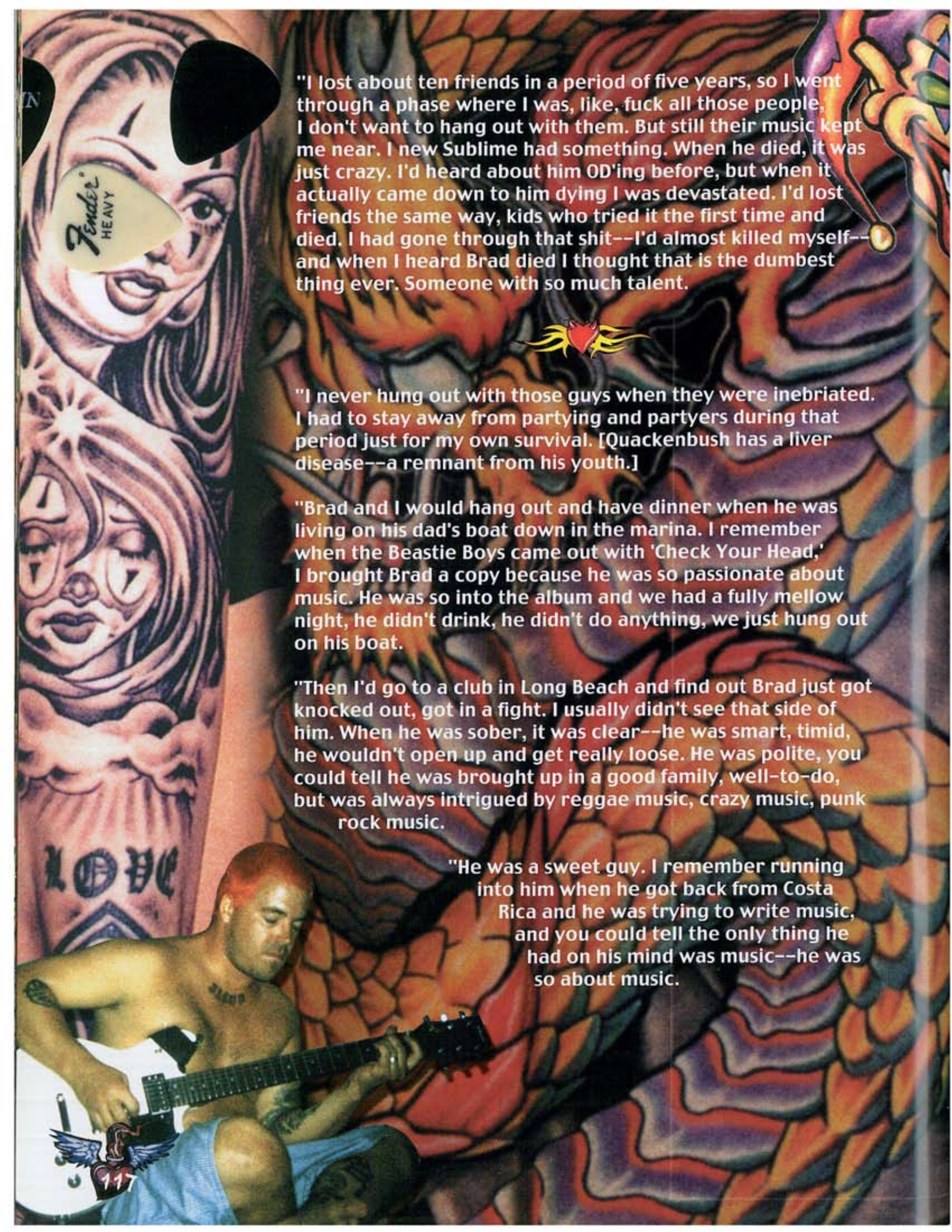
"Today, it's obvious his music affected a lot of people. Back then, it was different. I couldn't hang out with those guys, because I'd stopped doing drugs. I used to do all that shit before those guys did, and then I'd see all those kids their age coming up and dying.





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





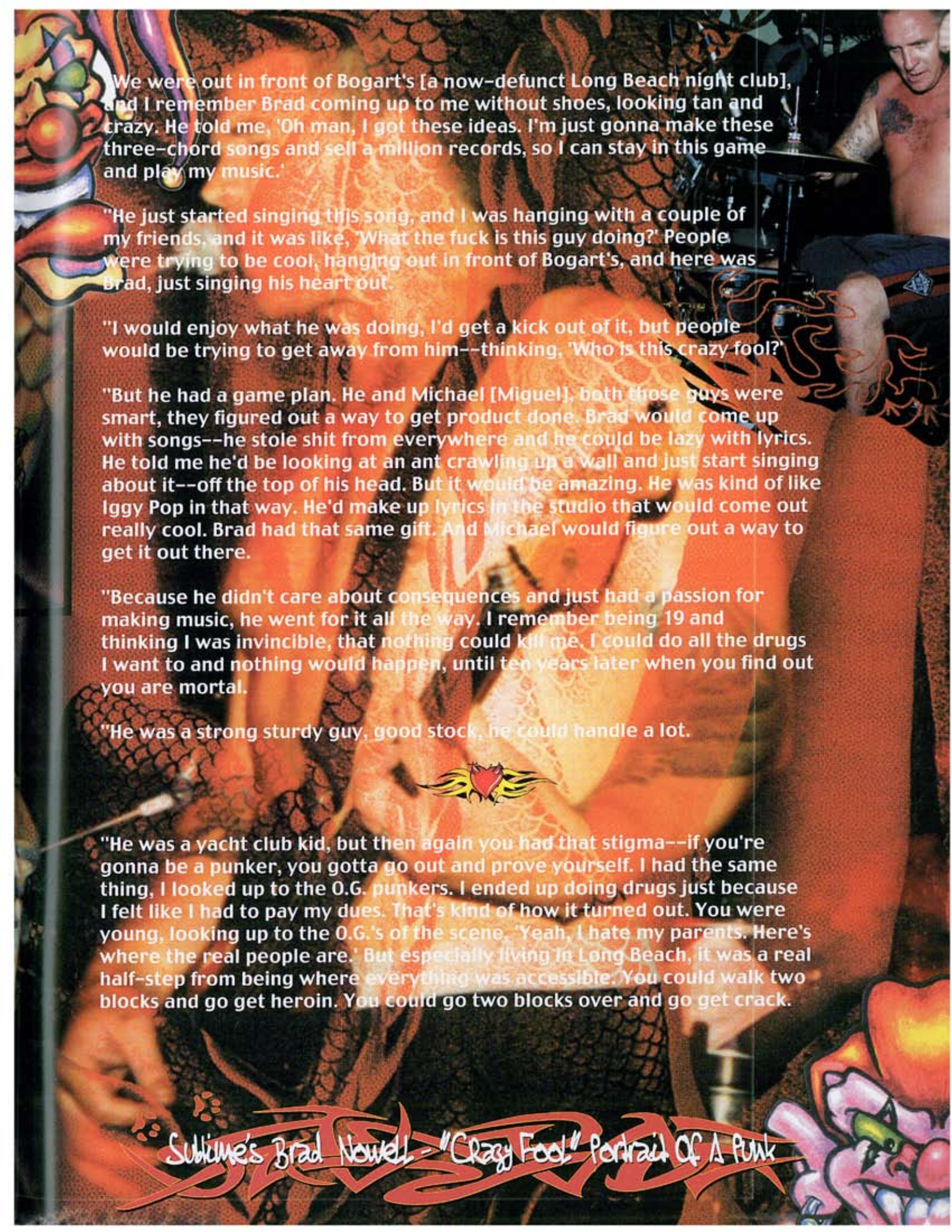
"I lost about ten friends in a period of five years, so I went through a phase where I was, like, fuck all those people, I don't want to hang out with them. But still their music kept me near. I new Sublime had something. When he died, it was just crazy. I'd heard about him OD'ing before, but when it actually came down to him dying I was devastated. I'd lost friends the same way, kids who tried it the first time and died. I had gone through that shit--I'd almost killed myself--and when I heard Brad died I thought that is the dumbest thing ever. Someone with so much talent.

"I never hung out with those guys when they were inebriated. I had to stay away from partying and partyers during that period just for my own survival. [Quackenbush has a liver disease--a remnant from his youth.]

"Brad and I would hang out and have dinner when he was living on his dad's boat down in the marina. I remember when the Beastie Boys came out with 'Check Your Head,' I brought Brad a copy because he was so passionate about music. He was so into the album and we had a fully mellow night, he didn't drink, he didn't do anything, we just hung out on his boat.

"Then I'd go to a club in Long Beach and find out Brad just got knocked out, got in a fight. I usually didn't see that side of him. When he was sober, it was clear--he was smart, timid, he wouldn't open up and get really loose. He was polite, you could tell he was brought up in a good family, well-to-do, but was always intrigued by reggae music, crazy music, punk rock music.

"He was a sweet guy. I remember running into him when he got back from Costa Rica and he was trying to write music, and you could tell the only thing he had on his mind was music--he was so about music.



We were out in front of Bogart's [a now-defunct Long Beach night club], and I remember Brad coming up to me without shoes, looking tan and crazy. He told me, 'Oh man, I got these ideas. I'm just gonna make these three-chord songs and sell a million records, so I can stay in this game and play my music.'

"He just started singing this song, and I was hanging with a couple of my friends, and it was like, 'What the fuck is this guy doing?' People were trying to be cool, hanging out in front of Bogart's, and here was Brad, just singing his heart out.

"I would enjoy what he was doing, I'd get a kick out of it, but people would be trying to get away from him--thinking, 'Who is this crazy fool?'

"But he had a game plan. He and Michael [Miguel], both those guys were smart, they figured out a way to get product done. Brad would come up with songs--he stole shit from everywhere and he could be lazy with lyrics. He told me he'd be looking at an ant crawling up a wall and just start singing about it--off the top of his head. But it would be amazing. He was kind of like Iggy Pop in that way. He'd make up lyrics in the studio that would come out really cool. Brad had that same gift. And Michael would figure out a way to get it out there.

"Because he didn't care about consequences and just had a passion for making music, he went for it all the way. I remember being 19 and thinking I was invincible, that nothing could kill me. I could do all the drugs I want to and nothing would happen, until ten years later when you find out you are mortal.

"He was a strong sturdy guy, good stock, he could handle a lot.



"He was a yacht club kid, but then again you had that stigma--if you're gonna be a punker, you gotta go out and prove yourself. I had the same thing, I looked up to the O.G. punkers. I ended up doing drugs just because I felt like I had to pay my dues. That's kind of how it turned out. You were young, looking up to the O.G.'s of the scene. 'Yeah, I hate my parents. Here's where the real people are.' But especially living in Long Beach, it was a real half-step from being where everything was accessible. You could walk two blocks and go get heroin. You could go two blocks over and go get crack.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk

"Most of his friends were macho hardcore misogynists. If you're drunk all the time you might not have time for clarity, which is a shame that he died when he did because imagine him sober--singing about other things, singing about his real thoughts on God instead of grabbing at Bob Marley's thoughts on God.

"He does talk about spiritual things, but it got blocked off at some point. You only got to know part of him.

"He was a bit of a spoiled kid, being from the good side of the tracks, and from a divorced family. But I think his drug use, being from that background, and having macho assholes around you as friends, was also part of having to sing sensitive songs--if you're fucked up, it's a lot easier to let that stuff come out.

"Because every band from that scene--whether it was TSOL singing 'Fuck the Dead' or the Mentors singing about hate--it wasn't sensitive stuff.

"We had this gang called Peni Death Squad, based on the band Rudimentary Peni. It was all this macho shit, crawling on top of everything, and then you had this kid who loved reggae, who was influenced from the things Bob Marley said, who was coming from a place of pure love.

"You'd kind of have to be fucked up to break this on people and do it with sincerity. Granted, they had their macho songs--'Date Rape' was on that first demo tape--but they also had songs like 'Slow Ride.' They sang about love. People in our scene didn't sing about love songs.

"Long Beach was crazy at the time. I still have a burn on my arm from my unofficial initiation into Peni Death Squad. It's just stupid city pride, seriously.

"Long Beach was weird though, because so many good bands came from Long Beach: TSOL, Secret Hate, Rhino 39--we had a scene, a real scene, as opposed to Orange County, which is so huge and spread out. There was Hollywood and the South Bay, which had a couple of bands, but we had our own big scene. Long Beach punk rock--it was kind of gang mentality back then, too. We had our tattoos and we were serious about it. After about the third wave of punk rock, it turned into a gang. A bunch of badasses.





"But it's also a community where people lived for generations. It's a big city but it's a small town. It has a downtown, it has ghettos. It has suburbs. I don't why, but it has some sort of kindred relationship with Hawaii. Half the losers I grew up with live in Hawaii now.

"They're all surfers, pot smokers and they end up doing construction or waiting tables in Hawaii. Sublime was huge in Hawaii.



"Ultimately, I had to clear myself and my head and get away from that scene. I knew the tragedy of that scene and knew which way things were headed. I lost so many people. They were people I hung out with, people I went to high school with. They were kids--nice kids--who'd come into our scene. I remember one kid hanging, out with us for the first time, just dying in his car. The people I know left him there, and things like that just hit me, crazy.

"I'd step back in for a second and I didn't need to hear, 'Hey, Barney died.' Oh, great, I knew that was coming. And that's why I'd go back or I'd end up hanging out with those guys, it was so hard. I loved Sublime so much, and I wanted to help them out as much as I could--we even put them on a few shows, but they would fuck up, come late and suck, I'd get shit.

"Joe [Escalante, the Vandals guitarist] usually picked the bands for the shows, but one night I got to pick the bands, and so I got my friend Adrian's band, Das Klown, and the Offspring and Sublime. It was at the Whisky. The Offspring played first, to about six people. This was probably two years before they blew up--around '92--and Sublime drew about fifteen people, and Eric didn't show up until about ten minutes after they were on stage. Nobody was playing bass.

"It was crazy. I don't know. There was just no one like Brad. He'd be singing and suddenly the microphone would be out of the picture, but he wouldn't notice. He'd be totally into whatever he was singing but no one could hear him. It just didn't matter. It probably happened thirty or forty times, where a gig was set up and one of them or two of them or all of them didn't show.



"The only time I actually saw them play an entire set, the whole way through, with no mistakes, playing perfectly, was when H.R. played with them. The Bad Brains' frontman was coming out there to play Bogart's and he got Sublime to play as his backup band.

"So they rehearsed all week at Bogart's. They didn't smoke pot, because H.R. wasn't into it. They took it real seriously, and they opened up for H.R. and they were just so on it. Miguel was playing keyboards, Marshall was playing drums, and it was just flawless. The band nailed everything. No screw-ups. I was bumming out, thinking, 'Why can't everyone be here tonight? Why can't someone with a record contract be here tonight?' So they could see what they could be.

"But the irony is they were legendary fuck-ups and, you know what, that's so rock 'n' roll. What could be more rock 'n' roll? It's so perfect, it's just fuckin' fucked up guys playing music.

"If you listen to some of Brad's lyrics, there's so many death wishes in those lyrics. Especially 'Pool Shark': 'One day I'm gonna lose the war.'

"There's so many telling things. But that's the Brad I didn't know, and the Brad I purposely stayed away from.

"I hate funerals, I don't like being sad, especially when someone close to you dies. I've seen so many people die, it's just fuckin' miserable. I've seen people ruin their brain on speed, and I've walked family members through their darkest days, strung out.

"Til this day, I can't listen to their stuff. It makes me too sad."



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



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I would appreciate suggestions about my page. Email me if you are interested in trade, just want to talk about sublime.

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Bradley James Nowell
1968 - 1996

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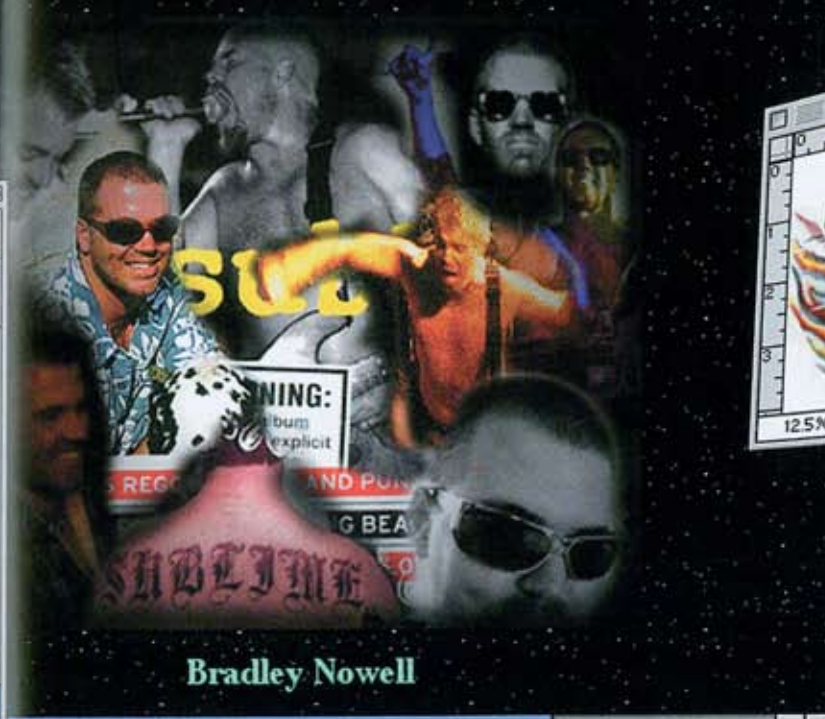
SUBLIME

Sublime Sinsemilla Style all about the band Sublime. made this site for all the die-hard, weed-smokin Subb fans out there and to help ke the spirit of S ublime alive. Blending a love of dance-hal and stony reggae rhythms w a punk rock attitude, they

Sublime

The SUBLIME PAD

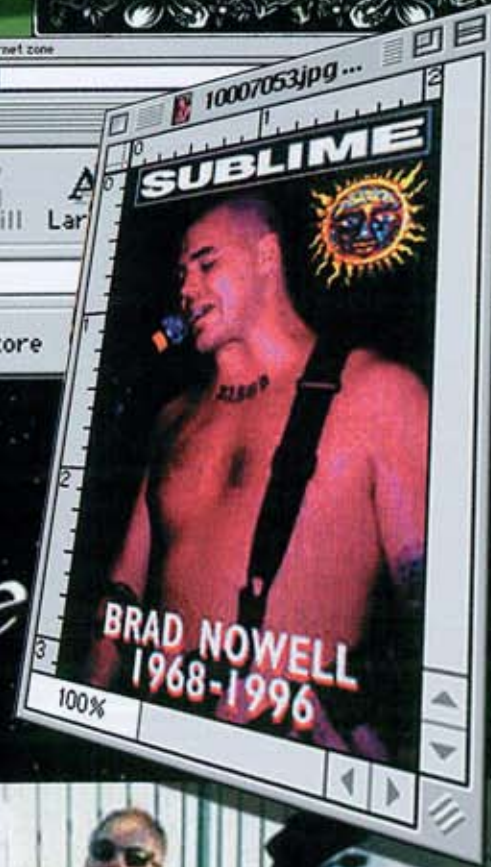
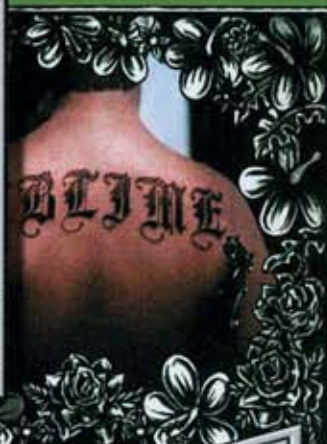
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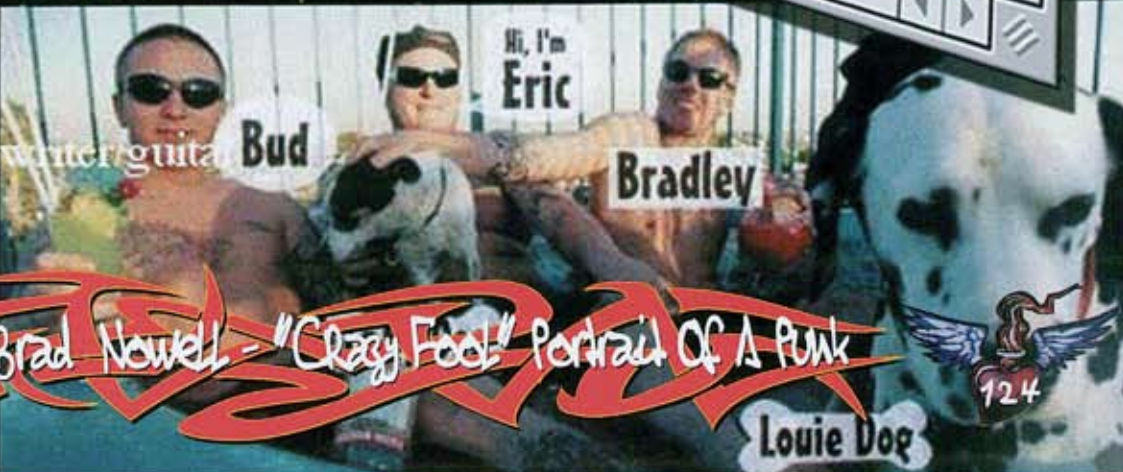


ruca's SUBLIME page

Members

Brad:
inger/song
ayer

Bud:



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk

ssist

Louie Dog

BLAINE KAPLAN/SUBLIME'S BOOKING AGENT & CO-MANAGER

Blaine Kaplan was a 24-year-old booking agent, working for Absolute Artists in San Francisco, when high school buddy Jon Phillips turned him on to Sublime.

BLAINE'S WORDS:

"When I first heard '40 Oz.' I discarded it. At the time, I was all about sound quality, production quality. Coming from a Deadhead background, '40 Oz.' was a shoddy, lo-fi punk rock recording. If you knew where those guys were coming from, it was perfect, it perfectly relayed their world. But I didn't know what they were about yet.

"Three months later, though, I was driving into work and it was in my tape deck and it suddenly clicked with me. I had to sign these guys.

"I walked into work, popped it into the deck, and said, 'We have to sign Sublime.' My boss, Bruce Solaar, looked at me and said, 'Blaine, you sign one band a year if you're lucky.'

"I'd already brought them Cake. I walked into the Hotel Utah one night and saw Cake play the most mindblowing show. I bought the CD, played it for my boss who loved them, too, and within a week we had a meeting and it was a done deal.

"About the same time, I started 'feeling' Sublime, big-time. I played the tape in my office over and over and over again. I sat there in the middle of the office and probably played it about 50 times. Bruce, my boss, kept telling me, 'This is awful. No, Blaine, forget it.'

"I stopped saying anything about Sublime, but I still kept listening to the tape because I was hooked. One day, Bruce walks into the office and says, 'Hey, these guys are kind of good. Who is this?' I guess Sublime had leaked into his subconscious, too. It wasn't the same thing as Cake, where everyone agreed. People were still kinda feeling Sublime out. It was lo-fi, and it was completely different from the music going on at the time. This was about August of '94.

"They were opening for Eek-A-Mouse at Slim's, and Brad was so fucked up they shut them down after three songs. They literally brought the video screen down on the band and cut their P.A. out.

"I'd seen a better show at this place called On Broadway, which was located in North Beach by all the strip joints. But where I really got a feel for the Sublime scene was at this place called the Kommotion. It was a little, punk rock, art collective in the Mission District, somewhere between Folsom and Harrison on 16th St, I think. It's just a glorified practice room with some make-shift plywood bleachers on one side--about 40 feet long.

"They had a multi-track live mixer, and some of the songs from the 'Badfish' EP came from Kommotion. I know 'We Are Only Gonna Die for Our Arrogance' was recorded at one of their shows there.

"That was my first real experience going to some dirtbag, punk rock underground show, paying two bucks and walking in with a 12-pack. People were sprawled out, drinking jug wine--it was just crazy. It was cool, though. It was summer of '94, and it was a really interesting point for the band. Not only were they big on the SoCal underground, but Northern California was vibing on them, too. Word was spreading all over. People weren't really into reggae so much, but they knew when Sublime played, it was a party.

"The second of the two Kommotion shows, everyone was so fuckin' loaded, and it was the classic Sublime show. There must've been about 25 friends on stage with them while they were playing. They've got this one friend, Buddy, who was part of the Church of Rock N Roll in the East Bay, and he was actually passed out on stage.

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Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





"Brad was straddling him while he was playing, and everyone was yelling, 'Buddy, get up, you pussy, and do 20 push-ups!' He started waking up, and when he came to he grabbed the mike and said, 'There's no need for push-ups.' It was so funny.

"They played 'Scarlet Begonias' and Buddy was singing along in a drunken stupor. It was chaos, and it was classic Sublime. The party's onstage, off the stage, around the stage, everywhere.

"Sublime brought the party wherever it went. It was one of those intangible things. People just gravitated toward them. They had something for everyone, a little bit of everything, from soulful reggae to the punk stuff they did, which was so

fierce. Bad Brains covers, Bad Religion covers. They brought together people who were living hardcore alternative lifestyles.

"Even then, Brad was a sex symbol. It was wild because here's this guy, he was a little overweight--maybe at that time he was thin--but, whatever, he was a serious sex symbol.

"I wouldn't change my musical background for anything, but Sublime was definitely the band that crossed me over.

"Toward the end of '94, I finally convinced the agency to sign Sublime. It was the second week of January in '95 when things blew up. KROQ added 'Date Rape' to its rotation. It was insane because I'd been feeling the ground swell, and Jon was feeling it and the band was living it, but that changed everything.

"They played it on Jed the Fish, and it went through the roof. KROQ never experienced anything like it. It was a phenomenon. KROQ, Live-105 in San Francisco, 91X in San Diego, and the alternative stations in Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Boston, Florida, you name it, started playing 'Date Rape.'

"If there was a record today that in its first two weeks out had all the major stations playing it, the label would hire some indies to close out the whole alternative panel and have 170 stations on it right away. For whatever reason, Gasoline Alley didn't want to spend any money to hire indie reps, so Jon Phillips and a few other people were working it themselves. About a dozen stations picked it up, and at each station they were getting 45 spins a week. It was No. 1 at every station that was spinning it. Because Sublime had put their songs in so many surf, snowboarding, and skate videos, they had a national syndicate of people who knew about them. We went ahead and booked a 35-city tour.

"One of the first big shows I'd arranged for Sublime was at the Great American Music Hall and the show got canceled. Brad was in bad shape, and it never went down. The thing is you never knew when they'd be on, but when they were, they were amazing. They played a sold-out show at the Troubadour in West Hollywood, and it was one of the memorable ones. From there, they went to Santa Barbara, and I drove in the van with them to San Francisco to do a make-up show, and Petaluma. They played South-x-Southwest, and that's where they began the national tour.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk

"This was the pre-cursor to the Warped Tour. That's about the time my boss started getting calls from pissed off club owners. It was one incident after another, and toward the end of the tour my boss pulled me into the office and said, 'When Sublime gets back, we're going to probably have to drop them from the roster.'

"I was thinking, 'Oh shit.' I didn't want to lose them. They came back and played Live-105's BFD--it's the equivalent of KROQ's Weenie Roast concert. Sublime played on a side stage, and there was trouble from the get-go. Sublime was given seven laminates and we needed ten, and they wouldn't give us three more. We were the number one band for the year, and we were playing the side stage because that's what we wanted to do, and the band was going 'off' on them. It was at the end of that day when Jon and I talked to Brad and said, 'You need us to step in between to work out these details in advance.' At that point Brad said, 'You're right. We need to have more organized people dealing with this shit.' He talked to the band, and they agreed that Jon and I would co-manage things.



"One of the classic stories happened at the '95 Weenie Roast. It was at Irvine Meadows, Hole was there, and Bush, who were huge then. We'd arranged for 14 passes and 25 guest tickets. We had to pick up the laminated passes in advance which we did, and we took the ones we needed and gave the rest to the band. But they had 30 friends who needed passes. So they photocopied the passes and laminated them.

"We're at the Weenie Roast and Sublime took over the entire backstage area. They literally walked into Bush's dressing room, picked up a sofa, carried it out, and brought it over to where we were partying. It took KROQ awhile to figure it out. The reps were like, 'Who let all the riff-raff in?' Everyone was running around saying, 'Hey, I've got my pass, man.'

"These were your classic, punk rock, Huntington Beach, surfer types. They'd caravanned out there, and as usual where Sublime was, the party was. It was a good show. Thankfully, they played early, so they hadn't gotten too wasted yet. Gwen Stefani came out and sang 'Saw Red' with Brad, which was rad.



"The Warped Tour was up next, and most of the shows they were playing in front of 600 to 2,000 people. They were one of the biggest draws on the tour, but they were also a liability.

"That was when Bud and our friend, Steve Bloom, from High Times got arrested for possession. They weren't allowed to bring Louie along, which they did anyway. In the contract, it stated you couldn't bring animals on tour. But Miguel and Z-Man flew out with Louie and joined them. Louie hated skateboards, he hated the sound of the skateboard hitting the ground. I was getting calls everyday with one problem after another. They're on a punk rock tour with skaters, and the dog starts going bananas. It made no sense. I saw Louie bite a kid in Santa Cruz. So now, I'm getting worried.

"I was making reservations to fly out to Toronto to see the band on the Canadian dates, and I got a call with the news the promoters were sending the band home. To be honest, it was partially because the guys were fucking up and partially because they didn't want them going through Customs. So that was it, thanks but no thanks.

"Finally, I convinced the promoters to let the band sit out about four dates, and we'd meet up again in Vancouver. They agreed and they finished out the tour.



"After the Warped Tour, they played one of those magical Sublime shows in Seattle to about 100 hundred hardcore Sublime fans. Everyone stayed up drinking 'til about 7 a.m., ending up by a side of a river. There was a 40-foot train trestle and everyone was jumping off of it. Brad jumped off of it nude.

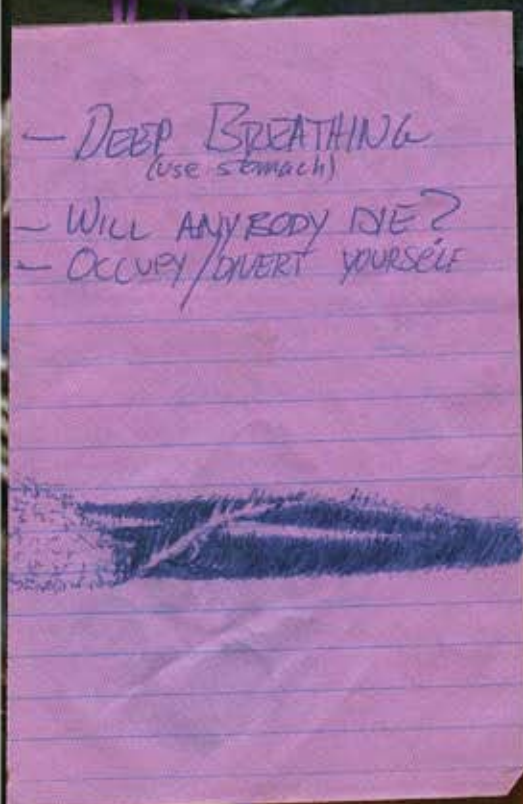
"Rick Bondi from the Tahoe Agency took over the booking and just about every show sold out, from here to Hawaii. Rick had hooked up with Mitch Brody to form Sno-core, a punk rock snowboarding tour. Sublime headlined with Guttermouth about ten dates.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait Of A Punk





"It was now time to record the MCA album. They went into a studio with David Kahne and recorded 'What I Got,' 'Caress Me Down,' 'Doin' Time,' and 'Miami.' The morning after the first night in the studio, David called both me and Jon at six in the morning and he was freaking out. He almost quit, he wasn't going to finish it. The guys were raging, partying, hardcore. Jon talked him down, telling him, 'I know things seem crazy, but I know they really want to make this music. It seems hectic now but once you get down to it, it'll be cool.'



"They got through those four songs and Miguel said they learned so much from him. They also recorded in Redondo Beach at Total Access studios. They recorded 'Paddle Out,' the only song from those sessions that made the record. They also recorded the original version of 'What I Got,' 'Miami,' and 'Foolish Fool,' a version no one's ever heard. The song, which is also on the acoustic record, is amazing. He never really finished it. So often, he'd go into the studio and write the lyrics on the spot, making it up as he went along. That's how 'I'm in the Mood' was born. Apparently, they were doing this reggae jam, and he came up with the lyrics on the spot.

"They recorded the rest of the record in Austin, Texas. They drove out there, did one show in Phoenix on the way, before hooking up with Paul Leary from the Butthole Surfers. They recorded at Willie Nelson's Pedernales Studio in Briarcliffe, which is about 20 miles outside of Austin. The guys were having a blast down there. They were playing golf and fishing and getting a lot of work done.

"They came into Austin, to Arlyn Studios, to do the overdubs and mix the record. It was time



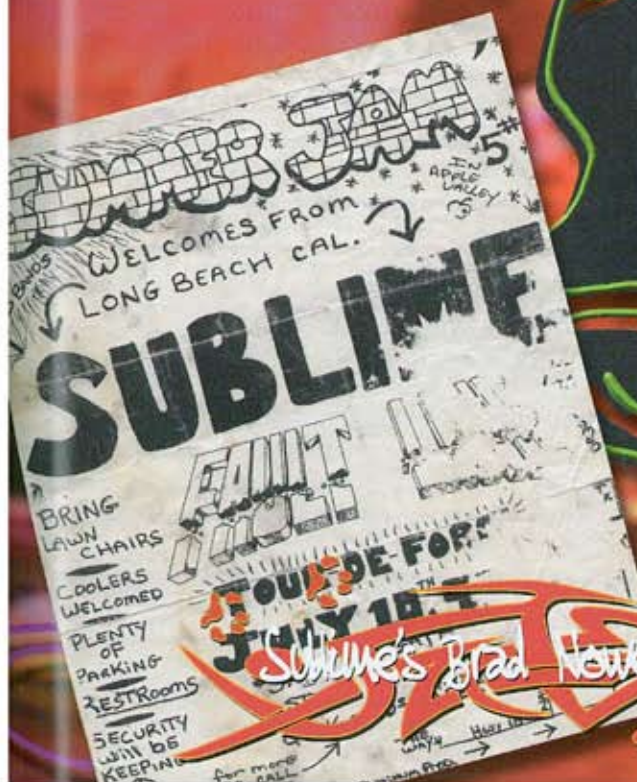
Sublime

for South-x-Southwest again. The year before they played the White Rabbit and it was so remarkable. They went on at 1 a.m. and the White Rabbit was sort of a hippy-punker-biker bar, which is essentially what those guys were. In old pictures, Brad has dreadlocks, you could see the connection. It was a perfect crowd for them. They played 'til 3:30 a.m., the club shut its doors and the people who were in got to stay and see what turned out to be one of Sublime's best shows. Rick Bondi was there, Paul from Golden Voice--both of them were huge Sublime fans. We all hung out 'til the end of the night.

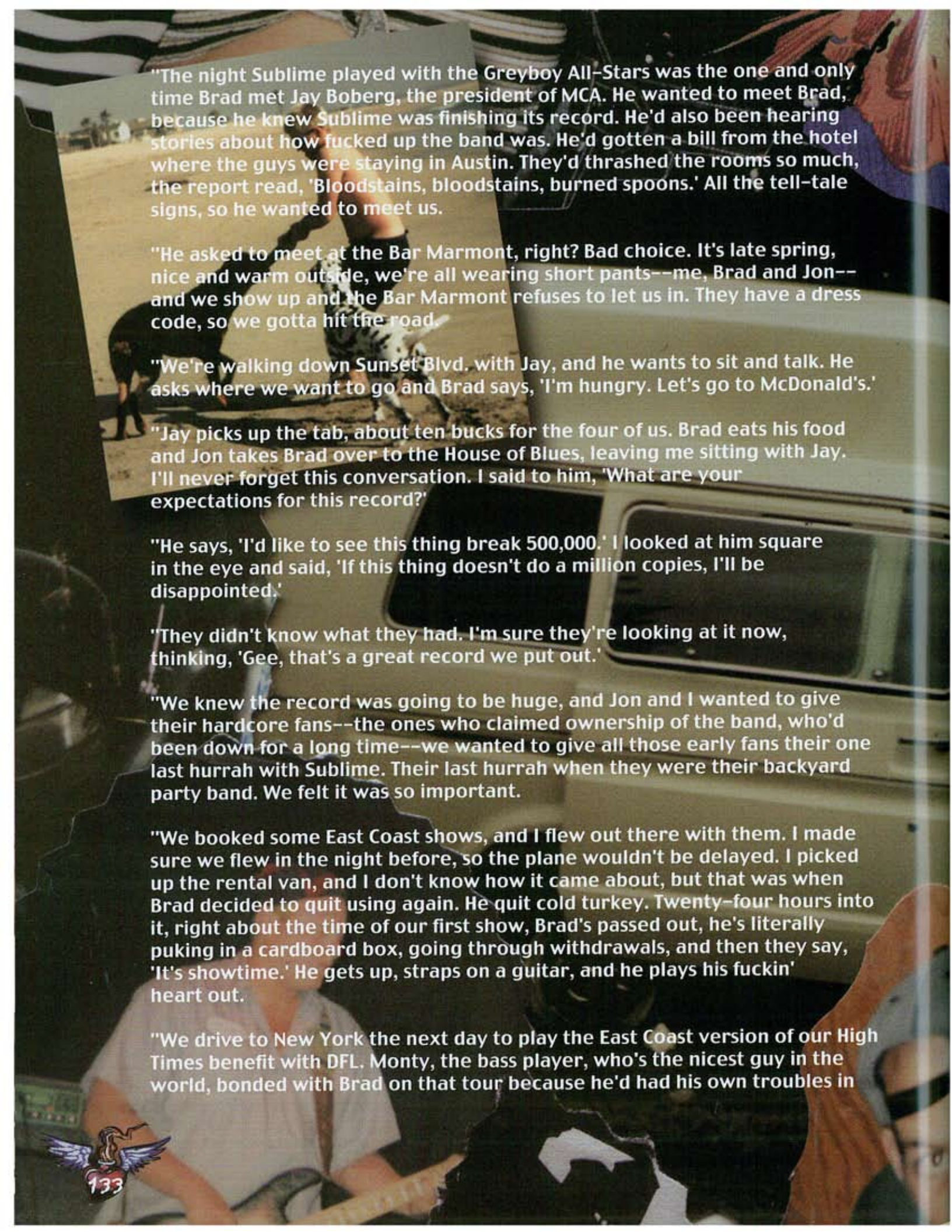
"That year, though, they did a show for High Times at Emo's, it was an afternoon show, and they did a really incredible set.

"Unfortunately, things were starting to get really fucked up, because Brad started using again. He was always off and on, but during the Paul Leary sessions he was on, big time. Paul sent him home. Brad didn't want to go, but we got the purchase order for a plane ticket and sent all the rest of them home, leaving Paul to mix the rest of the record on his own.

"Brad went home to Troy. It was the end of March and the band had only about eight shows left. We did some benefit shows for Bud and Steve Bloom's legal defense from the Warped Tour bust. We called it a 'Joint Effort,' and we did two nights at the House of Blues and one night at the Wetlands in New York City. They were sponsored by N.O.R.M.L. and High Times, and one night they played with Wayne Kramer and Slightly Stoopid, and the second night was with the Greyboy All-Stars.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait Of A Punk



"The night Sublime played with the Greyboy All-Stars was the one and only time Brad met Jay Boberg, the president of MCA. He wanted to meet Brad, because he knew Sublime was finishing its record. He'd also been hearing stories about how fucked up the band was. He'd gotten a bill from the hotel where the guys were staying in Austin. They'd thrashed the rooms so much, the report read, 'Bloodstains, bloodstains, burned spoons.' All the tell-tale signs, so he wanted to meet us.

"He asked to meet at the Bar Marmont, right? Bad choice. It's late spring, nice and warm outside, we're all wearing short pants--me, Brad and Jon-- and we show up and the Bar Marmont refuses to let us in. They have a dress code, so we gotta hit the road.

"We're walking down Sunset Blvd. with Jay, and he wants to sit and talk. He asks where we want to go and Brad says, 'I'm hungry. Let's go to McDonald's.'

"Jay picks up the tab, about ten bucks for the four of us. Brad eats his food and Jon takes Brad over to the House of Blues, leaving me sitting with Jay. I'll never forget this conversation. I said to him, 'What are your expectations for this record?'

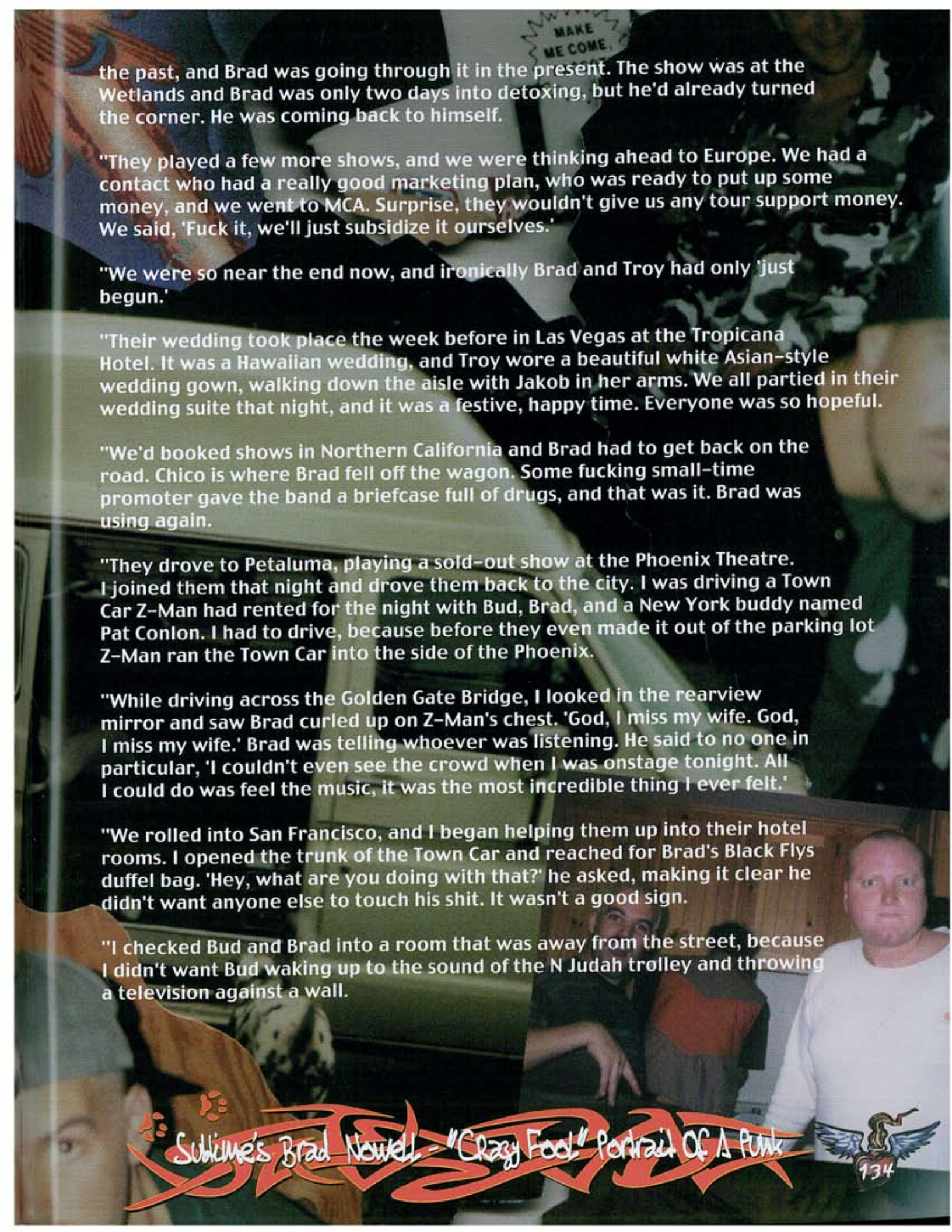
"He says, 'I'd like to see this thing break 500,000.' I looked at him square in the eye and said, 'If this thing doesn't do a million copies, I'll be disappointed.'

"They didn't know what they had. I'm sure they're looking at it now, thinking, 'Gee, that's a great record we put out.'

"We knew the record was going to be huge, and Jon and I wanted to give their hardcore fans--the ones who claimed ownership of the band, who'd been down for a long time--we wanted to give all those early fans their one last hurrah with Sublime. Their last hurrah when they were their backyard party band. We felt it was so important.

"We booked some East Coast shows, and I flew out there with them. I made sure we flew in the night before, so the plane wouldn't be delayed. I picked up the rental van, and I don't know how it came about, but that was when Brad decided to quit using again. He quit cold turkey. Twenty-four hours into it, right about the time of our first show, Brad's passed out, he's literally puking in a cardboard box, going through withdrawals, and then they say, 'It's showtime.' He gets up, straps on a guitar, and he plays his fuckin' heart out.

"We drive to New York the next day to play the East Coast version of our High Times benefit with DFL. Monty, the bass player, who's the nicest guy in the world, bonded with Brad on that tour because he'd had his own troubles in



the past, and Brad was going through it in the present. The show was at the Wetlands and Brad was only two days into detoxing, but he'd already turned the corner. He was coming back to himself.

"They played a few more shows, and we were thinking ahead to Europe. We had a contact who had a really good marketing plan, who was ready to put up some money, and we went to MCA. Surprise, they wouldn't give us any tour support money. We said, 'Fuck it, we'll just subsidize it ourselves.'

"We were so near the end now, and ironically Brad and Troy had only 'just begun.'

"Their wedding took place the week before in Las Vegas at the Tropicana Hotel. It was a Hawaiian wedding, and Troy wore a beautiful white Asian-style wedding gown, walking down the aisle with Jakob in her arms. We all partied in their wedding suite that night, and it was a festive, happy time. Everyone was so hopeful.

"We'd booked shows in Northern California and Brad had to get back on the road. Chico is where Brad fell off the wagon. Some fucking small-time promoter gave the band a briefcase full of drugs, and that was it. Brad was using again.

"They drove to Petaluma, playing a sold-out show at the Phoenix Theatre. I joined them that night and drove them back to the city. I was driving a Town Car Z-Man had rented for the night with Bud, Brad, and a New York buddy named Pat Conlon. I had to drive, because before they even made it out of the parking lot Z-Man ran the Town Car into the side of the Phoenix.

"While driving across the Golden Gate Bridge, I looked in the rearview mirror and saw Brad curled up on Z-Man's chest. 'God, I miss my wife. God, I miss my wife.' Brad was telling whoever was listening. He said to no one in particular, 'I couldn't even see the crowd when I was onstage tonight. All I could do was feel the music, it was the most incredible thing I ever felt.'

"We rolled into San Francisco, and I began helping them up into their hotel rooms. I opened the trunk of the Town Car and reached for Brad's Black Flys duffel bag. 'Hey, what are you doing with that?' he asked, making it clear he didn't want anyone else to touch his shit. It wasn't a good sign.

"I checked Bud and Brad into a room that was away from the street, because I didn't want Bud waking up to the sound of the N Judah trolley and throwing a television against a wall.

Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



"I picked up the phone and ordered a pizza from North Beach Pizza, then left them \$21 in cash on the coffee table. Jason Westfall [Bud's brother and Sublime's road manager] had already driven the Winnebago in. In a nearby room, Wardo--another member of the posse--was partying with some of the girlies who trailed Sublime wherever they went, and when I heard them I poked my head in and said, 'Don't get us thrown out of the hotel tonight.'

"I'm thinking, 'I found a hotel as far away from trouble as I could, picked up the keys in the afternoon, so they'd be able to slink right up to their rooms as soon as we rolled in.' My goal was to find a place where they'd be away from the drug dealers and be able to wake up on the beach. I had to go because I had Z-Man and about 15 friends staying at my house, all in to see the San Francisco show the next day.

"When I got home, Brad called from the hotel. I found out later he also called Troy, telling her how much he missed her and he sang her their song, 'Santa Monica' by Everclear. After that, he called my house in San Francisco about 4 a.m. asking for Z-Man. Z-Man was all fuckin' pillbillied out. I tried to wake him up, shaking him three times, but he wouldn't budge. I had to tell Brad, 'Sorry, I can't get him up for you.' Then he went down to the Winnebago, showing up there about 6 a.m. He had Louie Dog with him and tried to get Eric to go for a walk with him on the beach. Eric was like, 'Fuck you, it's too early.'

"I guess that was his last contact with anyone.

"Jason Westfall calls me the next morning just sobbing, 'Oh my God, Brad's fucking dead.' I said, 'You're kidding me.' He screams, 'He's dead man!' I asked him, 'Should I come down there?' He told me, 'Maybe you should.' I walked out without telling anybody. I drove out there and the police are there, an ambulance, but there's no fucking lights or anything.

"I went up to the room where he was, there was a sheet over him. The police wouldn't let me in the room, but I walked in anyway. It was crazy.

"The Winnebago was up against the PCH, and Eric was sitting on the steps, head in his hand, just crying and crying and crying. Miguel gives me about forty bucks, and he sends me off telling me, 'Go get us a case of beer, a bottle of Jack Daniels, some mixer, and some transmission fluid.'

"No one had called Troy yet. I said to Mike, 'People are going to start calling, what do you want me to say?' He said, 'Tell them Brad's dead!' I said, 'You guys need to call Troy before the word gets down there.' He said, 'Oh you're right.' I went back to my house, everyone was there--the whole inner circle. Everybody was a wreck.



"The guys got in the van, they had a cell phone, they called ahead to Brad's dad. Troy was getting her nails done, because she was on her way up to join Brad, when she got a call asking her to come to Jim's house.

"She was driving over there, listening to the radio, and right then Nirvana came on. In that moment, she knew Brad was dead.

"Everything from here on out was pretty surreal. The church where the funeral took place was packed and people were spilling out onto the steps. A lot of people spoke: Jim, Opie, Bud, Jon, Troy, Miguel, Brad's mom-- they all gave a few words. Afterwards, we all went back to Brad and Troy's house on the beach. It was somber, but people were still in good spirits. All of a sudden, there was this commotion, and people started making their way down to the water carrying tiki torches. Brad's Long Beach surfing crew buddies were there and they'd brought their boards. Jim had put aside some of Brad's ashes and each of them grabbed a handful. They brought the ashes out on their ride and said **goodbye** to him the only way they really knew how.

"Everything seemed really tribal and surreal. At that moment, Troy got swept up by a big wave, and that was it. Brad was gone."



TROY NOWELL/BRAD'S WIFE

Troy Nowell radiates from within--one of those rare beauties who's just as pretty on the inside. Her letters speak volumes, her love for her husband strong. Unfortunately, neither love nor beauty can make a drug addict stop doing drugs.

Those who knew the couple best say Troy is responsible for Brad living longer than he might have, if left to his own devices. At least his love for Troy compelled him to try to stay clean. She gave him a reason for living, she also gave him another life: their son Jakob.

Jakob was 11 months old when his father died, a week after Brad and Troy's Las Vegas wedding ceremony. Unfortunately, Troy joins the group of rock star spouses who couldn't enjoy the music's success with the one who created it . . . the one she loved most.

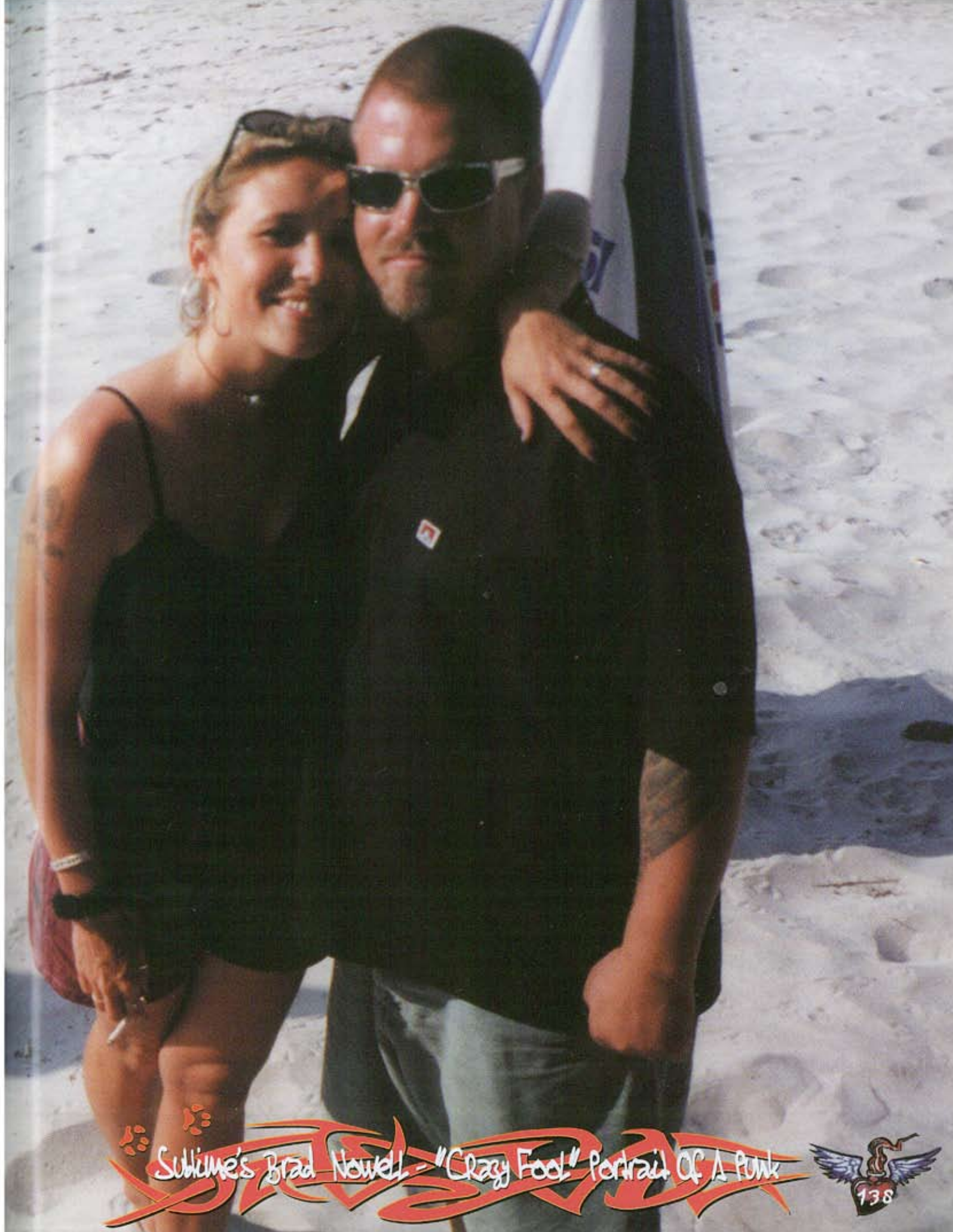
TROY'S WORDS:

"Brad and I were friends for a long time before we started seeing each other. The first night I met him was at a show in San Diego, and I remember staying up all night on the beach and just talking and thinking how special this guy was. His music was amazing, and the way he performed you could tell he poured his whole soul into what he did.

"He considered himself nerdy in high school and self-conscious about fitting in, and I think drugs made him feel looser and not really care about that.

"He didn't know what he got himself into. During our time together, there was a lot of struggle, and it was really hard. But I loved him no matter what. That was the one thing he taught me, how to love someone unconditionally. Love isn't a halfway thing--if you truly love someone, it's all the way, for better or worse. Even though it was the most emotionally draining time of my life--he was on the road so much and I worried about him. The really hard thing came after Jake was born, I went through a really bad, post-partum blues depression.





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk





"Now I had two babies. I was so used to taking care of Brad, but now Jake was my number one priority. But Brad needed me too. He was in danger, he was hurting himself again. And I couldn't help but think, 'Why?' We should be at our happiest point right now. We just had a baby. It was very scary.

"But you have to understand Brad really wanted a baby. He talked me into getting pregnant. He told me, 'I want a baby so bad. It'll give me something to live for.' But it also scared him. He couldn't handle the responsibility. Being the frontman of that band, and being a creative force, and once he signed the MCA contract, being expected to bust out albums. It was overwhelming for him. It was everything he wanted and worked toward, but he was also his worst critic. He never felt anything he did was good enough.

"He was so hard on himself. He was always amazed when people liked his music. You couldn't tell him enough how rad he was, he never believed it.

"It wasn't like he walked around low all day. He was usually cheery, but he was really quiet, always reading a book. He could answer any question on Jeopardy. It blew me away. I'd look at him, and ask, 'Why would you want to know all that stuff? Why do you need to know the name of the highest peak in a country starting with a B?'

"It used to drive me nuts because he was so smart but so self-destructive. I dropped out of high school in 10th grade, grew up totally streetwise, had this whole extended street family around me, people based on street culture. I'd look at him and say, 'You're the smartest person I know, and yet you're so dumb. You're doing this to yourself.' He just couldn't see it. It was too overwhelming for him. I really think he was just really tired. Most people didn't realize how long Sublime had been around and how many times it was supposed to happen for them. They'd been at it for ten years. His heart was tired. It was a long haul.

"Brad worshipped his dad. I remember I used to call him Jimbo and Brad was horrified. 'You can't call him that!' Everyone used to call him that when Brad wasn't around. Brad was always trying to get that father love, and he already had it. He just didn't feel he had it.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk





"It seemed like he never lived up to his own expectations of what a father would want. He also suffered from 'mother loss.' He had big mother-loss issues.

"His mother, Nancy, teaches piano, and one day we went over to her house, and he sat down at the piano and started playing 'Mother' by Pink Floyd. His mother is not even aware of subculture, rock 'n' roll music. She's a classical piano player and had no idea what he was playing. I told him, "I can't believe you're playing this right now."

"He had an ideal of what his mom was, but I don't believe they really knew each other. I don't think she wanted to know what was going on with him.

"We went over there one time before he went to rehab, and he was at the height of being strung out. You could just see that she was so unprepared to see him like that and didn't know how to handle it. She's very Christian, very sheltered.

"Brad remembered being a kid in his room and having to pray every night, just being real structured about that, and it scared him.

"We always promised that we weren't going to do that to Jake. We weren't going to make him afraid of God. I want him to know everything. I want him to know about Buddha and Hari Krishna, that people worship different things and it's okay.

"We let his mom pick the minister to do the funeral sermon and it was a mistake. It was like, 'Okay? Aren't we here for Brad? Why are we getting lectured on Jesus right now?' It was as if he was asking us all to convert, and everyone in there was standing there with tattoos, punk rocked out. And it was as if he was looking at us saying, 'Let's convert all these Satan worshippers.' I wanted to say, 'How dare you! How dare you!'

"I remember the preacher even said, 'Would Brad want to be remembered for '40 Oz. to freedom' and 'Robbin the Hood?' I said, 'Yes he would!' Do not shove your holiness down our throats. Do not judge us, because half the people here do believe in God, just maybe not the same way you do. Just because we have tattoos or funky colored hair, how dare you! We were there for Brad.

"The irony is he was so against that, so determined not to do the same thing to Jake.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait Of A Punk



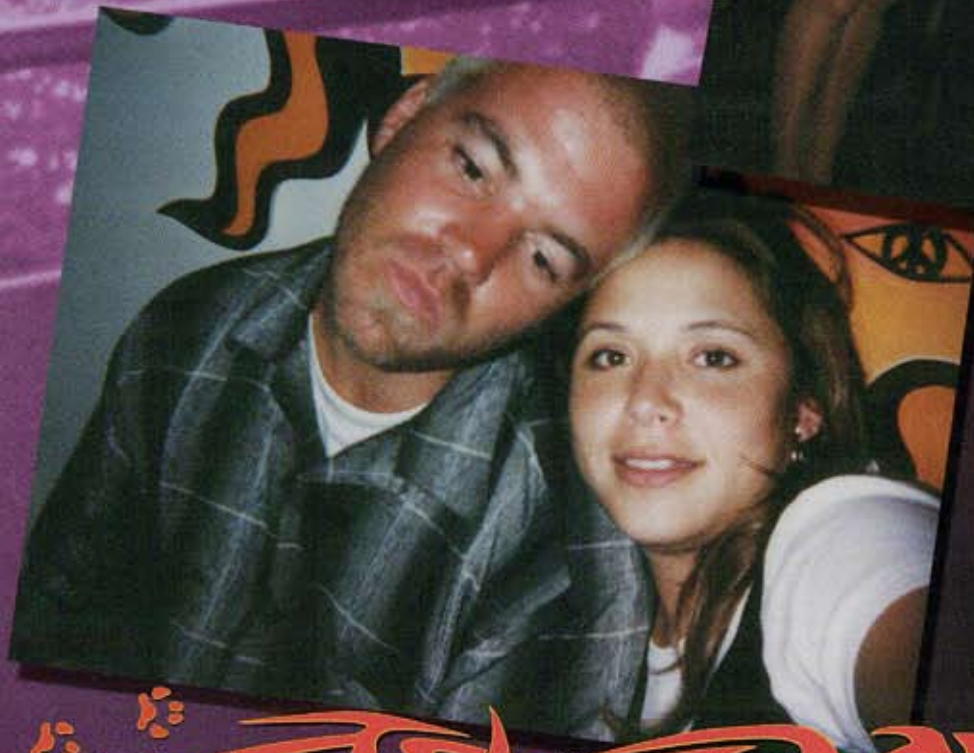
"Brad's mom, Nancy, and I have gotten close because of Jake. I've watched her get more open-minded about Brad. She watched the 'Biorhythm,' and she's trying to understand. She's impressed me--this is her way of showing her regret for not being more of a part of Brad's life. He did need her, she just didn't know how to handle him. It scared her. She's very honest. She doesn't blame anybody. She's trying to get to know her son in small, baby steps.

"I'm sure she has her own regrets, that she didn't even know him, didn't even try. But she's trying now through Jake.

"It's kind of the tragedy of a lot of families. I was raised in very untraditional circumstances, surrounded by bikers and, yes, my parents had drug problems, but there was a lot of love and a lot of openness. In Brad's family, there was a lot of pain, and people not knowing how to communicate their pain.

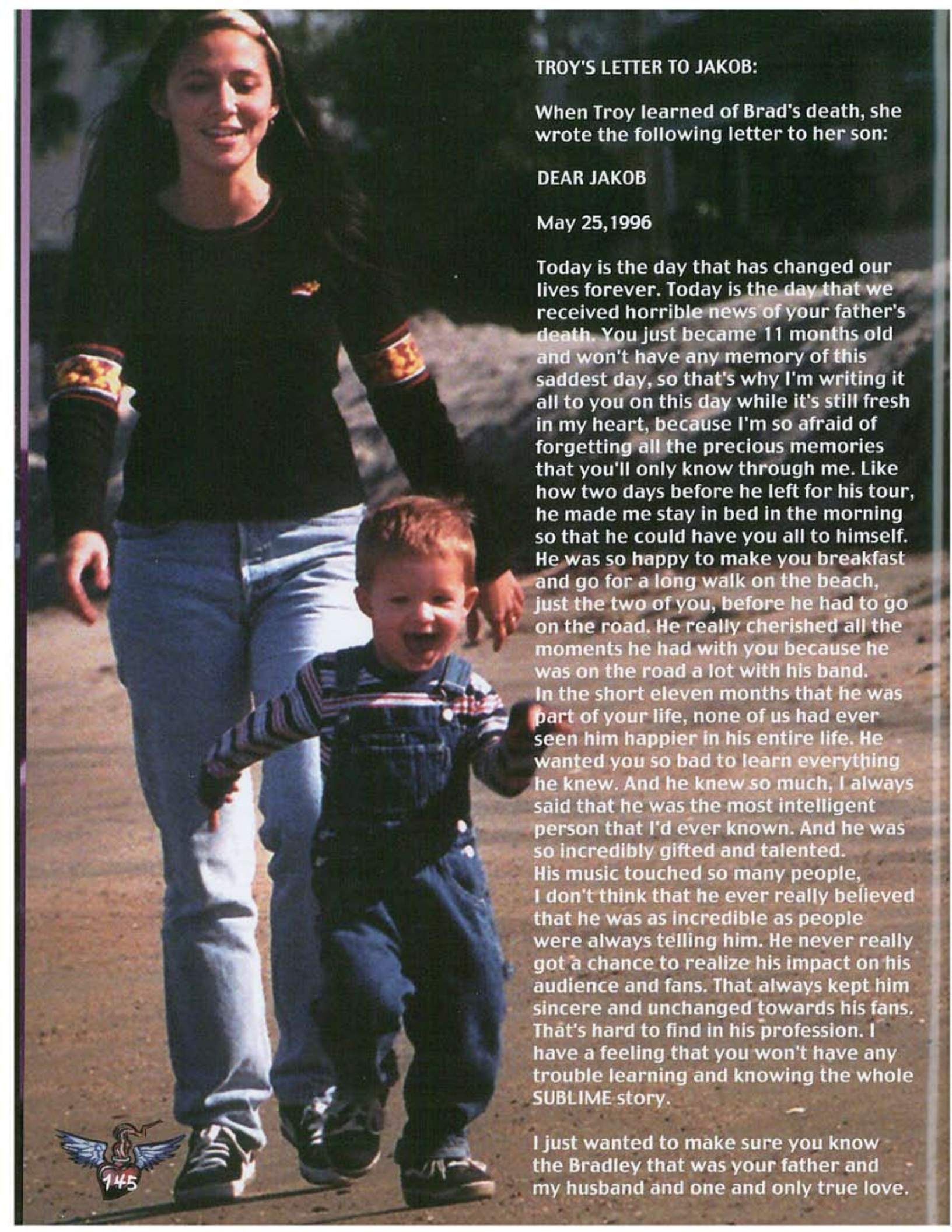
"It's no one's fault. There's just a lot of shit. . . . I think that's the reason he needed me so bad. Everyone else around him had known him forever, been there done that and was over it. I came from nowhere and was the one person he could tell everything to, unconditionally, and for all time."





Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Foot" Portrait of A Punk





TROY'S LETTER TO JAKOB:

When Troy learned of Brad's death, she wrote the following letter to her son:

DEAR JAKOB

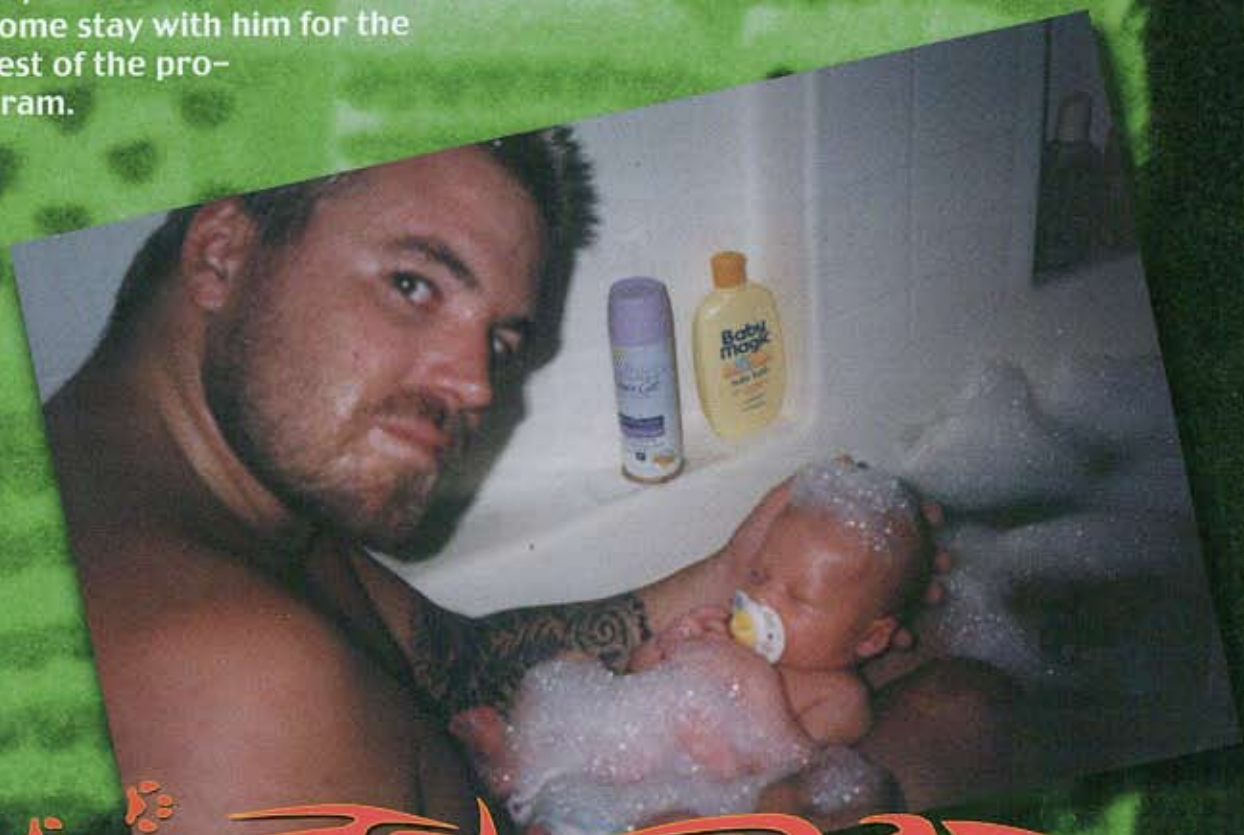
May 25, 1996

Today is the day that has changed our lives forever. Today is the day that we received horrible news of your father's death. You just became 11 months old and won't have any memory of this saddest day, so that's why I'm writing it all to you on this day while it's still fresh in my heart, because I'm so afraid of forgetting all the precious memories that you'll only know through me. Like how two days before he left for his tour, he made me stay in bed in the morning so that he could have you all to himself. He was so happy to make you breakfast and go for a long walk on the beach, just the two of you, before he had to go on the road. He really cherished all the moments he had with you because he was on the road a lot with his band. In the short eleven months that he was part of your life, none of us had ever seen him happier in his entire life. He wanted you so bad to learn everything he knew. And he knew so much, I always said that he was the most intelligent person that I'd ever known. And he was so incredibly gifted and talented. His music touched so many people, I don't think that he ever really believed that he was as incredible as people were always telling him. He never really got a chance to realize his impact on his audience and fans. That always kept him sincere and unchanged towards his fans. That's hard to find in his profession. I have a feeling that you won't have any trouble learning and knowing the whole **SUBLIME** story.

I just wanted to make sure you know the Bradley that was your father and my husband and one and only true love.



The events that led up to the tragedy of your dad's death are still unclear. All we know for sure is that he overdosed on drugs. And it wasn't the first time. He had been fighting a war with heroin for almost four years and abusing everything else before that. Your father and I met five years before you were born, but we lived in two different cities and the timing wasn't right. I also didn't think of him in a romantic kind of way, yet. But he always swore that it was love at first sight for him. I always found that so romantic. But the soul connection was there because throughout the years we always kept in contact with each other. Finally in March of '94 it was the right time and I found myself thinking more and more about him in a romantic way. By May '94 we started spending all the time we could together and it got to where I was always in Long Beach. Also at the time I was well aware of his drug addiction, he was two years into heroin by then and wanted desperately to quit. My friends in San Diego were also well aware of his habit and judged our whole relationship as doomed and really made it hard for me to be with him in the beginning. They didn't accept him as a person at first only as a junkie. It really made me angry, not ashamed. I had never had the feelings and understanding for anyone else before. So I finally moved to Long Beach with him, which was really drastic because I had never lived with anyone else but mom before let alone leaving San Diego, my town. But I always knew that he was worth it and he always could make my fears go away. It was really rough at first with him trying every different thing to get off heroin, and with his road schedule. But it was exciting. Then in October '94 he checked into a rehab in San Jose for 21 days. It was the most difficult detox and recovery he'd gone through, so after a few days his counselors asked if I could come stay with him for the rest of the program.



Sublime's Brad Nowell - "Crazy Fool" Portrait of A Punk



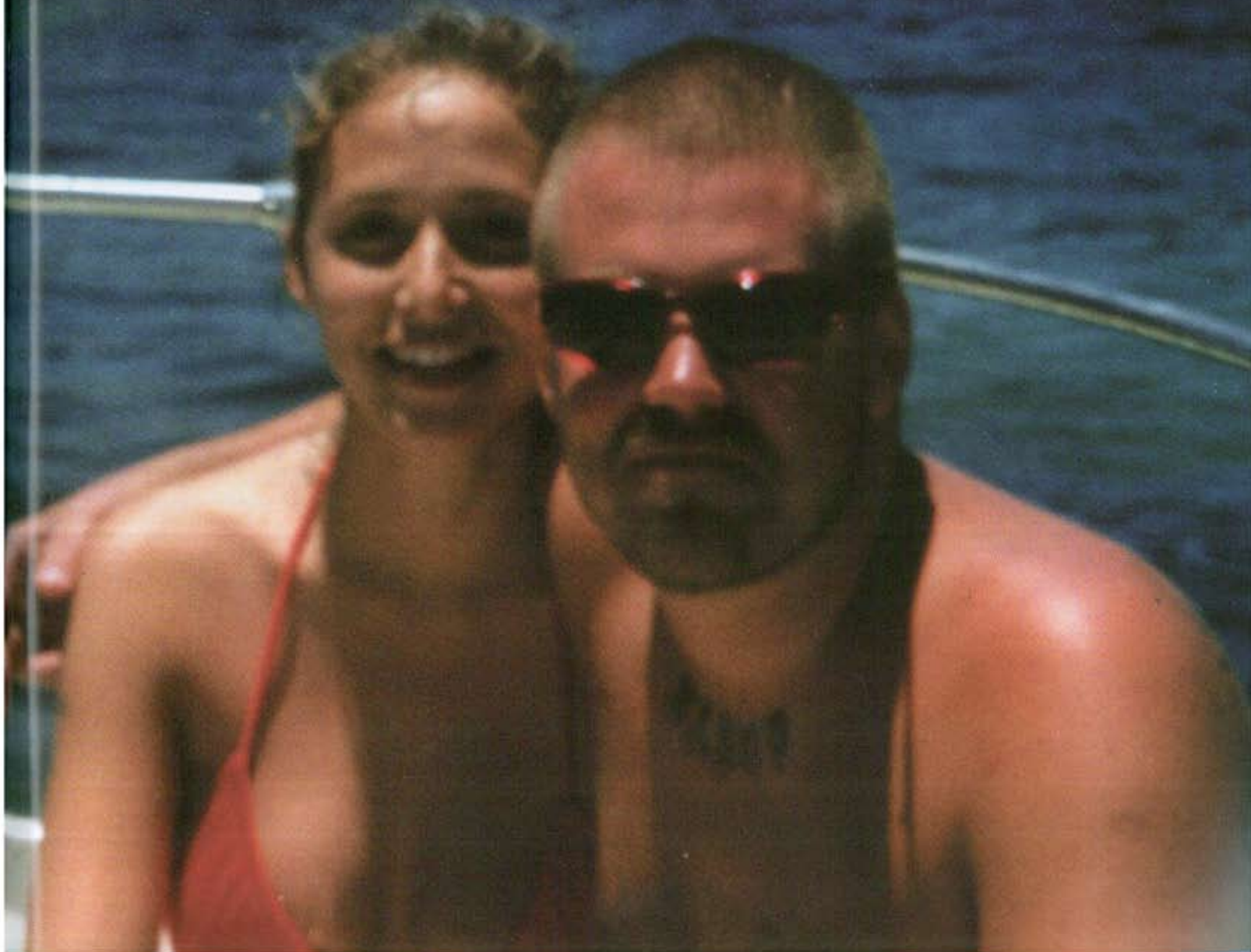
That's when I knew that we were meant to be together and that there was a reason we had come into each other's lives. I had never been through anything like that before, but we got through it and it made our bond stronger. Shortly after that we got a new place together and that's when we found out that you were on the way inside me. Your dad was never happier. It was his dream to have his own child and he was so proud the whole time I was pregnant. No matter how huge I got he thought I was so beautiful. I loved how he always made me feel so special and beautiful.

Then the big day came. At 5:00 a.m. June 25, 1995, you started coming, and your dad was so perfect and there for me. He got me to the hospital and stayed at my side the whole time even though it was freaking him out to see me in so much pain. Finally at 1:54 p.m. you were born and your dad was right there to cut the cord. It was the happiest, most unforgettable day ever. And you were perfect. I mean, we really couldn't get over how amazingly perfect you were. And everyday you got more and more incredible. You were the easiest, happiest baby and you'll never know how much joy you brought into everyone's lives. No one ever thought that Brad would really do it and we surprised everyone! But as was your father's nature, he just couldn't be too happy for too long without testing his fate. And so he started relapsing again, which he really thought was just fine as long as he wasn't strung-out again. Then in December '95 another of our dreams came true, we bought our dream house in Surfside. It was always one of Brad's biggest fantasies to live in Surfside one day. And especially with you in our lives it made it more important to him to have you grow up next to the ocean so you could learn to surf just like him. It was his plan to teach you as soon as you could swim! And everyday we woke up thankful and amazed for everything that we had gained in the short two years that we had been together. How much we had changed our lives together and especially how much we were in love. We both felt something that we had never had before. I will always miss his love that can never be replaced. We were really one person. And you were such a beautiful creation that we made together. We were very cherished by him.

But there was something inside him that wasn't completely satisfied and content. Everyday he fought to stay off drugs. It took me so long to accept that deeply tortured hidden side of him, I wanted to save him from it and show him how to make it go away. But it was something that had always been a part of him with or without drugs, long before I ever came into his life. I fought it for so long and thought that you and I weren't enough for him because we couldn't make it all go away forever. But I now know what I always knew, that we truly did bring him happiness. That if it weren't for the love that he and I shared for that brief time, that he probably would have never felt any true happiness or had a true reason to fight for as long as he did. And everytime I hear the lyrics to "Pool Shark" and the line, "Someday I'm gonna lose the war," I think that he was only predicting his future. I just wish he would've fought harder, and that's the only thing we ever fought about. His War.



But he actually made everyone so proud the day we finally got married. Our wedding was the one event that seemed like it was never going to happen. I wasn't in any big hurry because we already felt married after being together for two years. But it was really important to your dad that we make it official, he was very old-fashioned that way. So on May 18th, 1996, in Las Vegas we became Mr. & Mrs. Nowell. Everyone was there, even all my friends that over time fell in love with Brad, which was really hard not to. You were such a trooper through the whole ceremony, it was so past your bedtime. That was really the most perfect event in my whole life. Everything was so magical, and Brad was on his best behavior just to show me how proud he was to become my husband, and I think he was trying to prove to me that you and I were so much more important to him than his addiction. So I will always cherish the memories of our wedding without any pain because he gave that to me, and we all had the true Brad that weekend. And it was the proudest, happiest moment. That's the Bradley that will be my husband forever, the most generous friend, the fairest business man, the rarest gifted musician, and the most devoted, proudest, giving and loving Daddy. It was exactly one week to the day of our wedding that he was found dead in his hotel room in San Francisco. I spoke to him just hours



before he overdosed, totally unaware of any signs that he might be in trouble, only so happy that he called. We made plans to meet the following day in Santa Barbara for the last show of that tour and we kept telling each other how much we really missed each other. I'll never forget that conversation, if only I knew then that that would be the last time I would ever talk to him again . . . I don't know. I just really hurt every time I think of all the things he'll miss now. And that you'll never be able to remember him or know him. I just want you to know that he didn't leave us because of anything we did, he left because of a careless moment of many moments. We were the only things that made sense to him and you have to believe that he would have done anything for us because we brought real love and peace to his mixed up life. And the gift he gave to me was unconditional love, his wonderful strong family, and most of all YOU, the eternal piece of his life living inside you. You are my most precious memory of him and our love. I will always be strong and here for you. You are the most important thing in my life and I get through all the sad and lonely times only because I know that we have each other, and that's all we need . . . LOVE.

One Love . . . One Heart . . . Your Mom



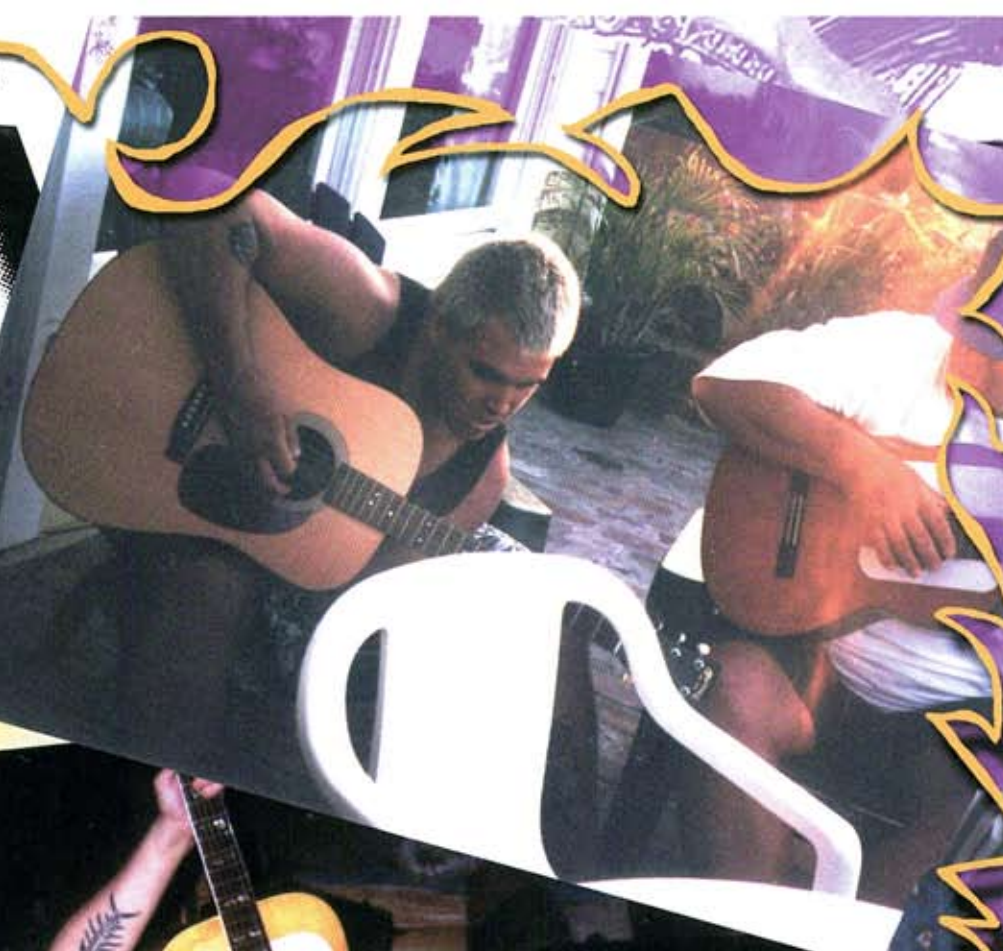


Anyone listening,

I'm not really sure what to say except I'm sorry. I'm an insignificant 17 year old fan who never had the pleasure to meet Brad Nowell in person. I did had the chance to see a concert in victorville CA. and it is the most memorable thing ever. A lot of people put down sublimes performance, but I myself loved it. I first heard sublime about three years ago and since then I dedicated all free time and money to getting all of sublimes CD's and compilations with sublimes songs on them so I go be captivated all over again with Brad's unique and comforting voice. Sublimes music has helped me through alot. And the collecting of stickers, shirts, posters, CD's, and vinyl has kept me out of trouble. I'm not sure why I'm writing, I just needed to explain how I'm feeling. When I heard of Bradly's death I was devastated

I heard from a friend, and I chewed
all my nails until they bled. I
was waiting to hear the truth.
When I heard the truth I started to
cry and get really depressed. I kept
calling to the subline hotline to
try to get some info, but I heard
a message about brad's son's
scholarship fund. I spent the
whole night calling around to record
stores, Mtv, and magazines, but
nothing, and then I went to the
library to see the obituaries, again
nothing. It makes me mad that
nobody is recognizing this brilliant
younge man for the great music
he gave us all. I'm sorry for the
rambling but everyone else
laughed when I expressed my
feelings about brad's death, no
matter how he died. He and sublines
music will always be the only
music that matters to me. To
the family I'm sorry, and if
there is any thing I can do to
keep Brad Newell's memory alive





PARKING VIOLATION

City of Los Angeles

49

77

Month Day Year Meter Number PPD #

Written by Heidi Siegmund Cuda

Art by Chris Gallipoli www.trick65.com

Original/Sublime Art Opie Ortiz

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BUICK CAD DODG TOY F L

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- 1 88.13B M.C. Meter Violation \$30
- 2 80.69C M.C. In excess of-Posted hr. limit \$25
- 3 80.69A M.C. No Stopping \$60
- 4 80.69A-M.C. No Stopping A.M. \$60
- 5 80.69A M.C. No Stopping P.M. \$40
- 6 80.69B M.C. No Parking \$40
- 7 80.69B-M.C. No Parking Street Cleaning \$35
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- 9 80.56E (4) M.C. Red Zone \$25
- 10 80.56 M.C. White, Yellow, Green \$35
- 11 80.61 M.C. Alley \$260
- 12 22500I CVC Bus Zone \$35
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Heidi Siegmund Cuda thanks Jim & Janie Nowell and the entire Sublime family, Chris Gallipoli, Eric Stein, Cat Rodriguez, Jon Phillips, Blaine Kaplan, Bud & Eric, Dave Quackenbush, Kellie & Sean O'Reilly, Nancy Watilo, Troy & Jakob, Mom & Dad, Ice T & Darlene Ortiz, Katrina Siegmund, Joe & Greg Escalante, Mike Ness, Mark Mahoney, Bob Keet, all the music lovers and all the crazy fools, and most importantly Rory, Riley and Milla--mi familia, **mi corazon.**
HCuda@aol.com

Chris Gallipoli wants to thank nobody . . . na just playin' . . . Jim and Janie Nowell, James (www.crushgroove.com) Slovak, RHCP, Cat Rodriguez, LBDAS, Manny, Cheyenne, and Antonio Gutierrez-Antonio's (best mexican food in the world) Joann Barbero, Jamie Shepard, Stefanie Berryman, **EVERY SUBLIME FAN**, all the bosses that fired me (thanks really!!!!), the girl in that video, Angela Saylor, PINK, Thom Ferrow, Mom, DAD, Kendall, Bryce, Gabriella, P.J., and last but not least Heidi Siegmund Cuda, Rory, Riley and Milla. . .
www.trick65.com

Los Angeles Police Department
Police Line—Do Not Cross

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Cruzar
Los Angeles
Police Line

sublime

"Sublime is a hodgepodge of all types of bands I have been into since I was a kid. Not like I mix it all up on purpose, but like it's a subconscious type of thing. As a young kid, I was heavily into hard core punk, like the Circle Jerks and Black Flag; then I first heard the ska sound from bands like The Selecter and The Specials. I thought this was the best music I ever heard. Then came the rub-a-dub style of dance hall reggae music which I've never been able to get out of my head since! A little later I was into Run DMC and the whole NWA sound. I was blown away when I heard groups like Boogie Down Productions and KRS-One mixing rap and reggae. It was devastating. Without really trying I now seem to put a dance hall style lyric melody over much of my attempts at writing other types of music."

"The bottom line is I love good music and I try to shy away from all these labels that people think are so necessary to slap on music. It seems like people get afraid of a certain music if they can't pigeonhole it to their satisfaction. They will be up all night trying to slap a label on Sublime. Good music is good music, and that should be enough for everybody."

-Brad Nowell

For complete Sublime merchandise catalog visit us at

www.sublimesdirect.com

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