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TREASURE COAST  
FEBRUARY 2007

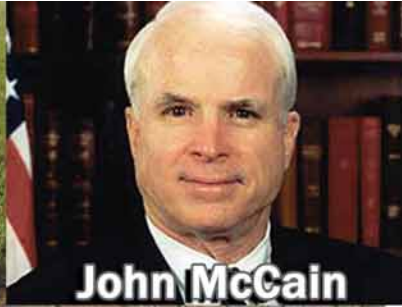
LocalBuzzMag.com

The REAL Local  
Entertainment  
Magazine

**Dan Hicks**



Kris Kristofferson



John McCain



On Stage

*prescription  
death*



Serving Monthly - St. Lucie County ♦ Martin County ♦ Indian River County

# COVER STORY

Local Band

# PRESCRIPTION DEATH

M E D I C I N E F O R T H E S O U L

By Michelle Kaplan

**P**rescription death offers their generation a hard pill to swallow; either stand up and claim your individualism or shut up and take your medicine.

Every generation throws down a band or two that prescribes to the ideals that set each apart from the other. Youth, politics, freedom, independence and raising your voice, these are some prevalent themes in this band's music.

Taking some elements of 80's hardcore and 77-style punk rock, Prescription Death takes this concoction and mixes it together to turn out some high-energy original tunes.

"It's a mixture of the two styles," said Wilhelm F, 21, of Port St. Lucie. "It's slower, more rock and roll influence...more electronically based. I thought electronic was the future."

A typical performance is comprised of songs written by the band.

"All we do is originals...once in a while, covers.... Human League, Duran Duran."

The name takes its form from what Wilhelm describes as what we're getting from our leaders.

"Our government is prescribing to us, in the political sense...it's about the individual not trying to stand up...it's politically-based music not the sappy love songs... we don't write songs about kissing girls.... our existence is too important. We do what we do to spread the message that people should do what they want to do ...that you don't have to be bound by what your bound by.... we write about hope."

One song that Wilhelm talks about in this genre of fighting for individualism is Fury said to a Mouse. The song is all about government, lies and the little guy.

"It's about questioning how happy can you be in this lie.... the government is the fury...the generalized population is the mouse, the government is the



Photo by Jason Collins

"furor"...it's all about the individual uplifting themselves – not to be bound by anything regardless of the repercussions."

Looking within the lyrics one can see hints of two issues that are eating away at the next generation, the war in Iraq and the ever widening gap between rich and poor.

"There is no way we can remain onlookers to what we have seen. It's time to smash the system from where we stand in the streets. Its time to question everything more than we've questioned anything before. I'm sure its helping, and if enough people stand up, we can surely knock this paper-thin wall down...we've got many more mistakes to correct for the sake of the people who never get a "break" except for the steel bars and brick walls...Fury said to a mouse, how happy can you be? How happy can you be with this life? Fury said to a mouse, how happy can you be? How happy can you be in this lie? I'd rather burn in flames, than ever go quietly...Every time you let the wealthy chose they will choose against

you because the Poor's a commodity they can afford to lose."

The three band members include Wilhelm, T. Escobar, 21, of Ft. Pierce who plays guitar, keys and vocals, and Mike B., 21, of Port St. Lucie, who plays guitar.

Wilhelm said the band pretty much started out of his bedroom.

"We met in elementary school, Longwood Elementary in Ft. Pierce, when we were 8 years old. I started the band in middle school...we were 12...we liked the Sex Pistols, the Clash...revivalist bands...77-style bands."

The band also likes to do something a little unusual called a "gorilla show." It's where they show up unannounced in a strange place and play until someone calls the police and they get shut down.

"It's a good way to explain who we are... gorilla shows are shows on the spot. We pick the city that we're in,

make flyers that we're gonna play... and video tape them ...it's a good way to get cops called out."

Although Wilhelm's music is about rebellion and the little guy, he does live in the real world. Even still, he can't help but see what goes on around him. Within his "real" job he recognizes the everyday injustices taking place around him. It is perhaps another source of material he uses to craft lyrics.

"I have a real job. I work for an insurance company...these people shouldn't have to fight kick and scream for every pill they need."

Although playing announced until they're kicked to the curb is a fun way to spend a day, so are the paying gigs. On Friday March 9 at 8 PM, the band will be performing with the Livid Kittens, out of Fort Lauderdale, at the Atomic Garage (formerly Bada Bing's) at 3401 South US 1 in Fort Pierce. For more information, visit their web site: [www.myspace.com/prescriptiondeath](http://www.myspace.com/prescriptiondeath).

# BUZZ ADVICE

The Buzzed Perspective & Ask Darcy



By Michelle Kaplan  
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**S**ometimes you've got to believe that things happen for a reason. It's figuring out the reason... that's the tough part. As far as relationships go, I'd like to believe that people are put into your life for a purpose: either to teach you something, or for you to teach them something, or if you're lucky, both.

Children are a good example. They're put into your life as a sanity meter... a meter of strength, courage and fear. Pretty much a measure of how much you can take – and they don't go away so easily either.

If I know one thing, my kids are tough. For starters, there's my first born, a girl, Emily, six going on forty-something. If you're not sure how something goes, works, or what it should do, or what you should do, she'll tell you, don't worry. She's a beautiful, bright, self-confident child and total drama queen, complete with rolling eyes. The girl can cry on cue. One day, I always say, Emmy will win an Emmy.

Then there's my four-year-old, Joshua, who is energy on overload. I can't tell what's moving faster: his hands (into everything); his feet (climbing, jumping, flying); his mouth, (the kid never stops talking); or his head. (I can't go there). I just can't keep up with him. If my kids are tough, letting in someone else's is tougher. I see this up close and personal every-other weekend. I also see it among my divorced, friends rebuilding families, or to use the politically correct term, "blending" families. I call it BBS, Brady Bunch Syndrome.

Families, blended. It's a surreal mix of personalities. First there's the love of your life, your significant other, perfect (pretty much) in every way. You can see him in his children, and unfortunately, you can also see his ex looking you in the face across the breakfast table as well.

Mind you, this goes both ways. It gives "know thy enemy" a whole new meaning. Into your world they come, these strangers, bringing with them the personality and attitudes and frankly, sometimes the unwanted opinions of that other person. It can be quiet unsettling.

## The Buzzed Perspective

### THE BRADY BUNCH SYNDROME

There is no book, mantra or way of knowing the proper way to treat these familiar strangers in our house. There can be no pretending that we're one big happy family. First, there's really no such thing, Dorothy. Second, it takes time. Instant isn't the answer here, contrary to our world of Google, microwaves and ATMs, maybe the friction comes because we expect the process to happen faster, or we're impatient for this new family to just be.

But for it to just be, it must slowly grow, and this doesn't come without growing pains. Finding out that you and your better half have different opinions, not just on raising children as far as rules go, but on children in general, is the first hurdle to jump.

I was raised more in a house of what my parents said goes. If my parents bought a car, they bought a car. If we were allowed to go look, we went, without saying a word. My boyfriend believes that letting kids give their opinions on things is more the route to go. He said he would want the kid's opinion because, after all, they're going to be riding in the car. I'm more of a, we'll make the decision and let you know, school of thought. Then again, I'm also big on four words that I frequently use with kids, None Of Your Business.

Partially because I think that giving kids power, or decision-making power although they say they want it, are truly terrified of it. In this case, car buying isn't a good example. Also out of my own private nature, or paranoia, knowing that lurking in the wings is the ex, who is that stranger, who knows a little too much about my life.

But with blending come diversity, learning to share, patience and letting go. It takes courage to discipline his, and trust that he will discipline yours. It takes being fair, and being able to; when your child is wrong, defend the other.

Whatever the trials and tribulations, I've noticed that there are moments of beauty. Such as seeing your children's hearts open to this strange place...and actually watching them transverse it better than you do.

You'd like to think it's because you've taught them well, but most likely it's because some people were put into this world to teach you something.

## & Ask Darcy

Dear Darcy,

I'm a married woman with a young child. My husband and I have a new business and I work full time. I'm also involved with several other activities within the community. Last year, a good friend of mine became engaged and verbally invited myself and my family to the wedding. Her plans were to get married in early 2007. Six months later I received a formal invitation to her engagement party. I replied stating that I would attend with my husband. A few days before the event, I found myself without a babysitter and phoned my friend to ask if children were permitted to the party. I was told they were not. I explained to my friend that I may not be able to attend, but I would try to stop by. To top it all off, I ended up having to work that day and could not go.

I finally sent her an email asking for a date reminder for the wedding so I could plan appropriately. I hadn't received the formal invitation as of yet. Then I learned through a mutual friend that her wedding was last weekend! I'm hurt... I never received an invitation and can't help but feel she was punishing me for not attending her engagement party. What should I do?

Signed,  
Wedding "Dissed"

Stuart, Florida

By Darcy von Ohlen

Dear Dissed,

According to the event you just described, it does sound a bit strange you would receive a formal engagement party invite and not a wedding invitation. Weddings are complicated and there are many reasons as to why people get invited and not invited to them. Before you react, keep in mind there are many possibilities as to what may have happened. For all you know, your invitation may have gotten lost in the mail, and she is the one feeling hurt because you did not attend her wedding.

There are many ways in which you could handle this situation with class. If it were me, I'd simply call her or send her a card and offer your congratulations and best wishes. At that time, you may choose to address if there was a misunderstanding. There is nothing wrong with letting someone know how you feel and that your feelings were hurt. Just remember, when we let someone know how we feel, we do so with the intention to simply share our feelings in order to free us of the burden of carrying them around and not for the reason of inflicting guilt or blame.

Shine On,  
Darcy

Have a question for Darcy? e-mail AskDarcy@TheLocalBuzzMag.com

