

SUMMER SPECTACULAR ISSUE!!!

StinkFace

Issue #3

Summer 1993

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In this issue...

Babes in Toyland

The Fluid

GG Allin Live/Dead

Lollapalooza '93

MDC

*...and advice on how to
make your own 'zine!!!*



GIANT METAL INSECTS Step Into My Parlor

Take one side of the Red Hot Chili

Peppers' funk tactics, throw in a little bit of the Crash Worship primal instinct and bring in a little bit of Mr. Bungle's entrails, and chances are you'll have at least an idea of what Giant Metal Insects are all about. Based in New York, they've been around about five years now, and use a better form of expression than the Peppers putting socks on their Joneses or GG Allin's habit of using his own "fluids" for lubricant on the stage. You see, front man Vito Ray paints himself up, then

paints others in the audience—and in the meantime, spews out intriguing concepts and catharsis to draw any crowd in. As for discography, the band has an EP called *Greasin' Wheezer* and a CD through Entropy Records (106 Guilford Dr., Trumbull, CT, 06611) called *Asanisimasa*, which has a front cover of a beautifully painted female torso (read on for more detail). This interview was done in their van outside of Finney's on 5/8/93, and I primarily quoted Ray, as the

others—Paul Carbonara (guitar), Michael Jones (bass), Boris (the road dude and P-Funk singer), and John H (drums)—just sorta listened in and laughed at the appropriate times. Look out Anthony and Flea—you've got company!

SF: What's an "Asanisimasa"?

VR: "Asanisimasa" is the magic word, sort of like "Abracadabra." My Italian grandmother, if she didn't like you she'd go like this (pointing two fingers to the

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Note From The Editor: Three's a Charm

Well, here it is, the third edition of Stink Face. Again, thanks to everyone who has given me support since putting this thing together—it really means a lot.

If this appears to be better looking than #1 or #2, it's because I took a little more time in this one, and, since I'm interning at a certain other Detroit publication (theirs is *free*, if you were wondering), I learned how to use a photo scanner so the original pictures aren't glued on anymore. That's right, you get to see GG Allin in vivid detail in this edition (which could be good or bad, I dunno), as his 6/6/93 show at The Marquee is chronicled. If you weren't there, you missed a real live one. Sadly, you can't see him again, either, since GG's now passed on. See pages 12-13 for details.

You also may have noticed a 50% increase in the cover price, but before you decide to boycott my organization and say I'm a money-hungry capitalist pig, let me explain. Shortly after the last issue came out, I found out that my previous printing source had gone under, so I can no longer get any discounts. This, in turn, means I have to get this done at a "regular" printing outlet—in this case Kinko's, but it's cool because *they* do it for me instead of *me* manning the big ol' printer for half a day (or more, depending on how many times I load the paper in wrong). Still, in order for me to break even, I had to either increase the cover price or solicit ads, and no one really buys ads in 'zines like this anymore. (But if you're interested in placing an ad in the next edition, write to me and I'll be more than happy to negotiate with you.) I hope y'all understand—after all, most 'zines cost a buck these days anyway, and, in my opinion, most of them don't really seem to be worth it. But if you bought this, this must obviously be worth something. Speaking of 'zines, check out Foadly's column on this very subject.

On that note, I must confess that a number of people have asked me during the last few months, "What made you call your 'zine Stink Face anyway?" Well, whenever I reply "I really couldn't think of anything better," I get looks of "Yeah, right." So, to set the record straight, I now offer the other nine names I was considering and if you like any of 'em or think that they're better names, I give you full permission to use it/them for your own 'zine, band, song/album title or whatever, provided you put my name in the credits list for thinking up the name originally (they're not underlined, italicized or in quotes since they're not officially anything yet): Grease Trap, Pose Down, Anthropomorphic, Tinged Lettuce (the runner-up), Credability Street, Lint Trap, Static Cling, Wash-Ups, Pompous 'n' Proud.

Oh no! Did that really say "Lollapalooza '93" on the cover? Yes, my friends, I decided to throw in a review of the whole thing. The way I see it, almost everyone I talked to said they weren't going to it this year (it figures; as soon as there's plenty of tickets available, and most of the bands on the bill have made it big, no one's interested in this kind of thing anymore), so I thought I'd present a review of my day in Milan for those who think the trends have become too big for them to take. Rave or retch, but just don't say I'm jumping on the "alternative" bandwagon; believe me, it's just as much your fault as it is mine that Nirvana made it big. There's also an interview I did with Lori Barbiero of Babes in Toyland in here, which was done prior to Lollapalooza, so dig that, too.

Well, I'm done rambling, so sit back and enjoy the third piece of literature from the crazies at Stink Face. Hope you dig it, and don't forget to write in and tell me what you think. Who knows, you just may appear in the "Letterbox" section next time, and fame will be yours. By the way, someone told me a few months ago that my 'zine was the most politically correct one he'd seen. I told him there wasn't *any* political stuff in it at all, and he said, "Exactly!" With that in mind, read on!

Douglas Levy
Pleased as Punch

COOL PEOPLE 3: Jermaine, Johanna and Naked Fun; Matthew Parmenter and Discipline; Mike "The Snorer" Dorn; Siouxsie and Formula; Steve and Nasty Little Man; Skeeter Rider; Jay and the Wheelchair M.F.'s; Gotham City; Shadowbox; Jerry and all the weirdos at Orbit; Heavy Pink Insulator ("Where's your drummer?"); Lori and Dave at PGD; Ed "What's up, Foad?" Fred and Joel "Ah didn't know yer name wuz Doug" Zola; Tom Tearaway, Tom Ness and Jam Rag; Dan "Augustus Disgustus" Augustine and company; John "Mr. Universal" Bickford; Chelle and Amy (rub it in my face a bit more, why don't you); Car-

rie, Dave, Harris and James (Hammerbox); Trout and Smokehouse; Mike K. (my first contributing patron); John Hurley; Red; Dale Palmer ("Come to Florida, honey..."); Blake Johnson and Play it Again Records; Noel T. and Waffle; Beth Garfield and Dave the Dude; Lisa Rose; Ben Angel and Jim Cosgrove; Jody "Hot Dog" Proudfit; Paula Miranda; Julie M. & Dave (cool 'nuff for me); Tamara, Nate and Dog Breath; Ruzvelt and the Superstar Bodyguard at The Marquee; and Randi Hole for constant inspiration. If you want to get on the Cool People list, all you gotta do is something cool for me, okay?

Stink Face c/o Hideous Productions 14610 Borgman Oak Park, MI 48237

Foadly Cotlod says you really can **DO IT YOURSELF!!!**

Hello again from the Foadmeister, or, for the gothic, Foadlius Cotlodius. Ever since *S.F.#1* was published, we've been getting nothing but raves (except from those who don't like the fact that it's stapled in the corner "like a high school assignment or a newsletter"), yet the same question still comes up among many people we meet: "Why can't I do something like that?" Well you can, and hopefully this column will give you enough inspiration to do just that.

If you're new to the 'zine scene, you may be wondering what it is that provokes people to even make 'zines at all. Well, here are ten reasons to suggest why:

1) It's a good way to make some spare change, enough for a CD or perhaps a luxurious dinner for two at Denny's or International House of Pancakes. When you're done, you'll feel as if you deserve it.

2) It's a good way to swap 'zines and make new contacts with other 'zine-makers across the country—and even around the world!

3) It's a nice, productive hobby, more interesting than stamp collecting and less dangerous than bungee jumping.

4) When you have a 'zine, *you're* the boss. You've got total control. (Mind you, if something goes wrong or the 'zine gets someone in trouble, all fingers point to you as well, so try to play it safe.)

5) It's an easy way to meet bands you dig—show interviews are usually a snap if you say you're with a 'zine, and many bands support 'zines very well.

6) It doesn't take much effort to put one together—just some paper, glue, a few graphics and your imagination.

7) It's a great way to say "Kiss off!" to the "biggies" like *Spin*, *Rolling Stone* and, hell, even *Maximum RockNRoll* and *Flipside*. "If you think they suck, make your own"—that's the do-it-yourself credo.

8) Your parents will be proud of you. (Mine are; in fact, my mom carries a copy of #2 in her purse to show others when she gets the chance.)

9) Each 'zine is like a part of you; it's your creation, like a piece of art, a novel or, if you wish, a son or daughter.

10) You've got nothing better to do and you know it.

Granted, most of you probably don't have a Macintosh like we do, but don't let that bum you out. Here's the best step-by-step way to do it without ever having to learn how to use a mouse.

STEP UNO — The most essential thing you need to do

is figure out what it is the 'zine is going to cover and, just the same, what you're going to write. Do a little research if you have to, but because you're the editor, you can always determine the extent of your research. If others are contributing material, set a deadline and have them follow through.

STEP DOS — Now write and arrange it all and do the proper editing. A typewriter or word processor is recommended, but some still opt to do it all by hand. Also if you have people paying for ads, have them give you the money up front—you'll need it for printing (see step cuatro).

STEP TRES — Time to make the donuts. Figure out the dimensions (full page, half page, or newsprint, if you can afford it), then put it all together. This is the best excuse to have a sleepover or production party with the people who are helping you. (Just don't spill anything on your original stills or you'll be screwed.)

STEP CUATRO — After your hangover or as soon as the mess is all cleaned up, go to Kinko's, Speedy or any other printing source and make your copies. It's usually best to go to Kinko's since it's only 3¢ a page after 100 and they even do it for you. All you have to do is collate and staple 'em all (another excuse to have a sleepover or a party).

STEP CINCO — Now that you've got a stack of the finished product—and doesn't it look nifty!—you're ready for distribution. Set a fair price (a dollar is standard for twelve-plus page publications) then take them to shows, coffeehouses or any other get-togethers where there are prominent customers. You can also sell them on consignment at independent record or book stores. A good idea is to send a copy or two to *MRR* or *Flipside*, and they'll include it in their rather comprehensive 'zine listings, with a brief description so that others can be made aware of your 'zine and order it.

Now that the fun is over and you're proud of yourself for actually doing something, what's next? Well, if your 'zine is successful (i.e., people say they like it or, most importantly, you break even), naturally, you make another one. You can make it monthly, bi-monthly, quarterly (like this) or even annually if you're hard up for cash. I've even heard of a 'zine that comes out every nine months to correlate with the process of being in labor, which is an interesting way of looking at the whole experience. So what are you waiting for? Get workin', tough guy! And when you're done, send us a copy of it for review, okay?

Let's see here, how to describe John Waters? Well, like Peter Greenaway ("The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover," "Drowning by Numbers"), he's considered a jab in the arm for what's considered "good taste" in cinema. He takes '50s and '60s kitsch—more so in "Hairspray" and "Cry Baby"—and throws in the most vile, unthinkable things to "enhance" them, much like David Lynch did on a few of his films. And he's been acclaimed for all his work, but has never made a film that was completely accepted among the masses like the four "biggies"—that is, biggies according to a film spe-

StinkFace *salutes* **JOHN WATERS**

cial I saw two years ago on VH1—Spielberg, Stone, Coppola and Scorsese. (Whoops, I take the latter director back—there *were* a few Scorsese films that made people shudder.)

So why hasn't Waters gotten any respect? No one can really say, but for a good time, as well as a lesson on what you can *really* do once you have the

power to make a movie, check out one of the three following Waters classics; all are critiqued by our *Stink Face* Wisconsin correspondent, Andrew Vandeuren.

PINK FLAMINGOS

This is probably the most well-known John Waters film—excluding the more mainstream ones like "Hairspray"—and is also probably the most offensive Waters film. Parts of it even managed to make me look away, but I still love it. It stars Divine as Babs, the filthiest person alive. She lives with a

It's tough being a post-Sub Pop band these days. Not only do you risk being labelled as a sell-out (which is a very far-fetched call if you ask me) but you can get lost in the same kind of shuffle and obscurity even with big marketing strategies. Fortunately The Fluid—a band that was essentially the first act on Sub Pop that wasn't based in Seattle—can still relay the hard-sounding pop sound without sacrificing anything, even if their recent purplemetalflakemusic initially scares a few grungemeisters off just because it's on the still young Hollywood Records. But according to lead singer John Robinson, the new life isn't bad at all, and the jump up can be more comfortable as well. (Interview took place 6/26/93 in the Burns Room at St. Andrew's Hall, by Douglas Levy.)

SF: First off, why did you leave Sub Pop?

JR: Well, at the time we weren't getting paid. Sub Pop didn't have any money to pay any of their bands. We had been making records with them for so many years that it just seemed like we weren't gonna get anything out of it. The distribution wasn't very good—or not good enough for us, we felt, because (our albums) weren't available in any kind of mainstream stores and we felt like our music was accessible enough to be there and be liked by those people. But it wasn't getting anywhere outside of the really independent stores. It was a rough relationship with them.

SF: This was pre-Nirvana Nevermind, I presume?

JR: Yeah, once Nirvana hit and Sub Pop got a lot of money out of that, we eventually got paid and hatchets have been buried now and we're friends again with those guys. No grudges about the past anymore.

SF: January 1991—The Fluid and Nirvana split single is released and less than ten months later Nirvana goes "kaboom!" What was your original reaction?

JR: I thought it was stunning, and great. I thought it was really cool, but I didn't expect that at all. I was worried about them because of the deal they signed, but I think it's great. It's changed things a lot.

SF: If it weren't for them, Lollapalooza wouldn't be a place people don't want to go to anymore! After eight years in the business, do you feel you're past your prime since there are so many acts that are taking the forefront, or is this just the beginning?

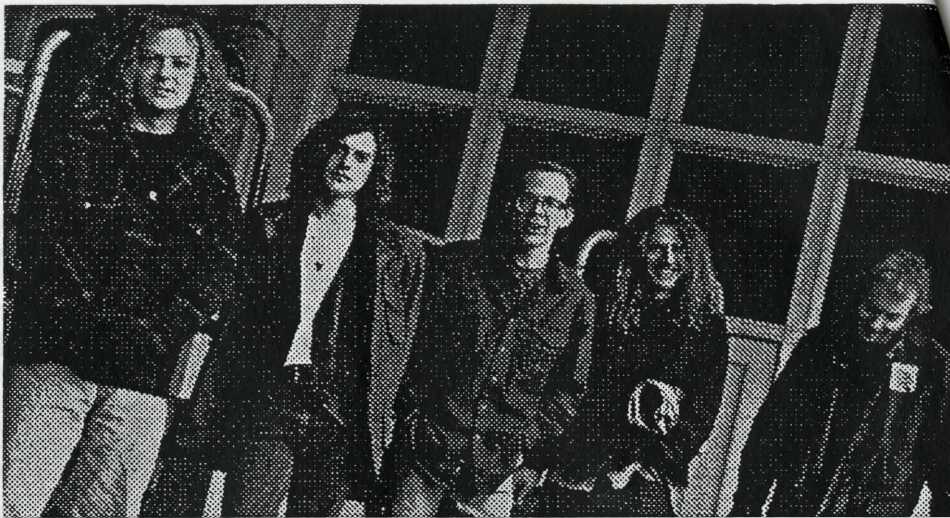
JR: It's a new beginning of sorts for us. I don't think we're past our prime; we like our new album best, both in songwriting and in the sound of it. That's the direction we're going. It keeps getting better, so if we just hold everything together for the next year or so, everything's gonna be coming up roses.

SF: I noticed that Hollywood Records is sort of in the same vein as some of the relatively young labels like Interscope, as well as some of the biggies like A&M and Reprise. Why did you choose them?

JR: They came through with a really good offer. The president of the label knew who we were, liked our songs, and we got everything we wanted out of the deal. One of the things we liked about Hollywood is that their roster of bands was small enough—many of their bands had never recorded and had never toured—and we realized if we signed with them we would be a priority right off the bat. But they made a very generous offer and said all the right things and we got everything we wanted out of the contract, so, what more could you ask for?

SF: Plus Queen's on there too! You have access to the backlog of Queen stuff; that means you could sample Queen things in your music if you really wanted to! Were you first apprehensive to go out and look for a label?

JR: We didn't really pursue it too much ourselves. We waited for the interest to start coming our way, and finally we got a good manager that could speak with all those people in a real professional realm, you could say.



THE FLUID

SF: Yeah, with most bands these days, that's been happening to them as well.

JR: Well, we could have taken the offer from Hollywood and shopped it around the block and started the big bidding war scene; there were enough labels that were seriously interested in the band.

SF: And gain yourself a bit of hype in between.

JR: Yeah, but that's kind of a slap in the face to the first person that gives you an offer, and I don't necessarily think that kind of hype helps a band too much. Sometimes people expect a lot more from a band that has been hyped so much. I think a lot of bands can burn out their career early on by letting themselves jump on the big hype wagon. Who knows? But the offer that was made by Hollywood was good enough and in a timely manner. We were ready to record, so we went for it.

SF: Now that you've gotten a taste of what's beyond Sub Pop, do you now miss the days of wayback, when you had to sleep on the floor and play little dives and stuff like that?

JR: No, and we still play lots of dives! All the same clubs we always played. We really haven't made the jump to bigger venues yet. This is about the biggest type of place we play; we still play little places that hold a couple hundred people. As far as sleeping on people's floors, I don't miss it at all! We made a lot of good friends in those years and those people are still around. It's nice to have a clean bed every night. And a shower.

SF: Do you consider yourselves the originators of "Superfuzz Bigmuff"?

JR: Ah, no. We do the same thing now that we did in '85 when we got together, which is writing hard pop songs. That whole scene started happening after we started doing what we do, but that scene also had a lot to do with things that we don't use. For example, if you say "Superfuzz Bigmuff," that's all effects pedals. We don't use those kind of things. For the most part we just go for very clean, loud sound and we don't use those kind of effects that mug things up a bit. There would be some people that say we were doing what all those bands do before they did. I think it just so happens that lots of people in lots of places in the world are just ready to play straightforward rock again. When we started, I wasn't aware of any band anywhere that was doing what we were doing. We weren't doing anything original really; we're not doing anything different that what bands were doing in the late '60s.

SF: I noticed that; a hard edge and a '60s mod with more bottom, and dare I say it, even some of the early Beatles to some extremes.

JR: Yeah! We love that kind of stuff. But we never were too parallel with that whole scene in Seattle. We were on Sub Pop and we'd always done real well in Seattle, but a think a lot of that scene was real incestuous. A lot of the bands were influenced by each other, it was like a revolving door of members in bands—one member was in, like, three or four of the Seattle bands—and there was a real sameness to a lot of that scene. We've never really fit in that so well.

SF: Do you think there's ever going to be a day when you experiment a bit like Mudhoney has, with keyboards, harmonicas and stuff like that?

JR: We play around with different instruments here and there. If you listen very closely on the records, you might hear a bongo or harmonica; I play trombone on one song on our first album. If the song calls for it, we'll do some stuff like that. For the most, what we do is we record what we do when we play live, and try to stick to what the five of us can do during a live show as we can. It's like, you can go into a studio and go crazy—you've got all these tracks, all these instruments laying around, you can sing nine vocal tracks and everything—but what you get in the long run in a song that you can't reproduce live. So for us, our focus in recording, particularly with purplemetalflakemusic was to just do what we do. The backing vocals are sung by the people that sing 'em live. The focus is to keep them real stripped down and real simplistic. See, the studio is a weird place to be. It's not easy. We had a pretty hard time for purplemetalflakemusic; we spent a lot more time on it, we had more money to work with, but it was hard work. It's no game. You just go in and it's an exhausting process. I can't say it's necessarily fun, but the end result is what you're going for anyway. There's so much behind you once you're finished that it's a really great feeling.

SF: Lastly, what do you think about the whole experience in being in The Fluid? I mean, is this your life?

JR: No, no it's not. The Fluid is essentially a bunch of highly absurd individuals. We all have really well-rooted home lives. I've been married for nine years and have a seven-year-old daughter, and my life at home is very far removed from The Fluid and just as real and just as important if not more so. More so, definitely.

SF: I just hope you're not thrust into the spotlight like Kurt Cobain; that might wreck it all.

JR: Yeah, that would be a terrible position to be in. But there's not much of a way you can control that. Whenever you sell seven or eight million records or something like that, it's gonna happen no matter what you do.

You've heard about them, but that's about it? You've heard of them, but you haven't actually heard them? And you expect me to tell you all about 'em? Well, the following are things that Babes in Toyland are not: a band for women only, a "foxcore" group, a Riot Grrrl act, a novelty. So how to describe this Minneapolis-based trio? Well, how about scathing? Or festering? Actually, the best word to use is dangerous. I mean, just mentioning the name Kat Bjelland in certain circles is enough to get a few women and men shaking, as the lead vocalist/guitarist has the sly, menacing attitude most "guy" rockers would never think of tampering with ("When a heckler shouts, 'Take it off,'" she recently told *Details* magazine, "I say, 'Give me a knife and I'll take it off for you.'"). Just the same, she doesn't put herself or her band in any category or stereotype and is quick to correct anyone who attempts to. That's not to say Bjelland is the only life in BIT. Bassist Maureen Herman was in the bands Cherry Rodriguez and M&M Stigmata, and Lori Barbiero was fired from her original job at a Minneapolis club called Goofy's Upper Deck in 1987 for starting a riot. Now Barbiero runs a label called Spanish Fly, and took some time off from her visit to Seattle to tell us bit about life, love and Lollapalooza.

SF: What made you decide to make a label?

LB: Well, it started because a band of people I knew were playing quite often, and I really like them a lot, and I was like, "Oh, I wanna put out a 45 for you guys." At the time I had some cash so I put out a 45 for them. Then I said to my other friend, "Oh, I'll put you out, too," and I was like, "Oh, now I have a bunch of bands!" It's doing real well; we just released four singles in the past few weeks.

SF: Is this primarily going to be a singles label then?

LB: Well, we have one full length. It's not just seven-inches.

SF: Who's on the label right now?

LB: From Minneapolis, there's Dumpster Juice, Milk and Smut, and from Boston, I have Queer. And then we're doing a release from Jacob's Muff—they're from England. And we're in the process of signing another band out of Seattle that I'm going to see tonight called Sleep Castle. We're practicing here, too.

SF: Why is BIT only doing half of the (Lollapalooza) tour?

LB: Well, that's all that we were asked to do.

SF: Is that an insult to you, or is that fine with you?

LB: That's kind of okay with me. We were basically asked to do this much, I guess and then Tool was gonna take over when we were gone. They said that we had "previous engagements" in all the articles about Lollapalooza, but we don't have anything to do.

SF: That's strange. But it'll give you half a



Babes in Toyland

summer to figure out something to do, I guess.

LB: Well, we're going over to England and doing Reading and a whole bunch of festivals in Europe. We're playing a big show in Denmark with Ramones, Iggy Pop, Therapy?, Rollins Band. Europe has really great festivals. It's like Lollapalooza, but it's different. It's like a one-off thing or a weekend thing.

SF: Speaking of festivals, Kat stated in *Flipside* that doing a big venue like Reading was "kind of gross." And now you're doing Lollapalooza.

LB: Well, she didn't like playing Reading that much, but I had a blast. I liked it.

SF: Did you get hit by any mud?

LB: Oh, no.

SF: In a sense, BIT is going to be best known for being the

"I never thought being signed to a label would happen, and it makes me laugh to think about it now."

first all-female band to play Lollapalooza. Does such a labelling bother you in any way?

LB: Are we the first all-female band to play any of 'em?!

SF: Ah, yeah.

LB: Oh wow. Well, I've never been to any of 'em, but, ah, I guess someone's got to start it! We've been around pretty long, too; we're in our sixth-and-a-half year of being together now.

SF: Well, there was Lush, who was half-and-half

LB: That's true.

SF: I read that on the last tour you had a lot of "girl bands" opening up. Did that discourage you in any way?

LB: No, it's not discouraging. It's fun to say bands, I don't care if they're male or female, but it's like they (the promoters) have to find a female band, and it's like, "Oh god, how boring." And it doesn't even make any difference if they've ever played or not. I know you have to start somewhere, but it gets really old and boring.

SF: It's kind of like a cliché unto itself almost.

LB: Yeah, I mean, the more women that play, the better, but it's like, let everybody mix!

SF: Even if it were for a positive thing, I think it was total stereotyping—the bookings and all—but I guess that's the business. Speaking of business, were you hesitant at all to sign with Warner Bros., the multi-media corporation big guys?

LB: Actually, of all the major labels, when it was time for us to (sign with) one—I never thought it would happen, to be honest, and it makes me laugh to think about it now—Warner are the best. The only thing we were worried about was keeping the vinyl out and just maybe kind of getting lost in the rat race. I mean, they have so much more to do. But we haven't gotten lost. They're really good to us.

SF: The Painkillers EP, what's that all about?

LB: Well, we toured with Kyuss and Faith No More, and when we were done with that tour, we came up here to Seattle and practiced a few times and went into the studio, re-did a song ("He's My Thing") and (did it) just to put something out because we were gonna take a little break and do all these other shows all summer long—in the Fall we're going to Australia, Japan, New Zealand—so we're like, "Oh, we'd better do something now because we have the time." We're selling it as an EP, but we're putting our live show at CBGB's—that was when we did our "Bruise Violet" video—and it was a free show and it turned out pretty well. So we had Dave Rave mix it down.

SF: Do you believe in the Riot Grrrl movement?

LB: Well, I believe it because it's there. It's real cool that women stand up and won't take any shit, but there's a lot of ridiculous things there, too, like the whole "No men allowed" thing. I mean, come on, there's plenty of men that think women should have more power in the world, too, and you have to give them a chance to help us out. So it's just assuming that all men suck; you know, step on their toes and bite their tongue. It's ridiculous in that scenario. It's like that for a lot of stuff, like the gay activists, black power. I mean, I'm not black, but I'd like to see minorities rise. I think what happened in L.A. should have happened a long time ago; too bad it took them that long to raise a hoopla to get any kind of attention. It's also too bad they had to destroy their own neighborhood, which is not too smart. They should have just went straight to Simi Valley.

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GIANT METAL INSECTS, *continued from page 1*

tape recorder). It's like horns, it's like putting the Italian horns on you. But it is the magic word and it's interpreted in many different ways. What I say is, "Say the magic word and you'll be free."

SF: Do you say it often?

VR: I say it all the time.

SF: During the paint jobs?

VR: Yea. You see, it's great when people in the audience come up and chant, kind of in the Koresh-like state, like "Asanisimasa, asanisimasa."

SF: Is that like one of things like "Owa tagoo siam?"

VR: That's right! That's like, the exact literal translation! (All laugh)

SF: The paint, is that like a symbolic thing?

VR: Yeah. The thing about paint is, remedial kindergarten. What that is is for misfit type people that want to do it all over again. It's like everybody out there bowls and when they get a gutter ball, they want to do it again so they figure they can get a strike. So painting is a type of doing kindergarten all over again. You can relax, get paint all over your face, get wild, if you're tripping or something like that, it's a lot of fun, if you're with someone you like, or would like to like...

SF: I'm sure there's been some memorable experiments with the paint.

VR: Actually near this particular town there were some memorable experiences with paint. I married some people one night in a ritual ceremony with paint and by the next morning they were wed spiritually and physically. They were melded together into one being, and it all had to do with paint. The paint is what brought them together. As far as I know they're living happily ever after. The paint is like communion. The people come up to the stage and open their mouths and they put their head back and they just give themselves up.

SF: Did that happen the last time you were here?

VR: At Finney's? No, I think it was the vampire crowd. They didn't want to mess up their make-up! (All laugh)

SF: So being an artist, when you say you paint people, you literally paint people.

VR: Yes. The thing about painting is that people that are willing to experience the whole thing have something come out of them that they're hiding, or is not apparent to the naked eye. Sometimes it's the expression in their face or the shape of

their face, and I'll paint them that way and they might look ferocious.

SF: Have you ever considered going into cosmetology?

VR: Oh, life is cosmetology. That's why we have this 45-foot trailer, for my make-up! But if people are willing to come up on stage and be painted—either they're an exhibitionist already or they're willing to open up they audience and they don't feel ridiculous about it—it's an opportunity for people to stand up in the club and participate and be active in the whole thing.

SF: What kind of reactions, if any, do you get from the average crowd?

VR: Well, the average crowd has a good, strong percentage of people that really like what we do. There's a small percentage that have no idea what we do, then

there are some people that are literally scared and they back off—they don't go away, but they stay in back, like there's a wild animal on stage.

SF: Kind of observe with cautiousness.

VR: Yeah. But what can I say? The more people that are in the room, the more approval those people get from the rest of the audience. I think people are afraid to say "Hey, I like that," unless their peers are saying, "Hey, that's cool." If everyone says, "Hey, that's cool," then everyone goes along with it. So if the flavor-of-the-week band is out and everybody says, "Hey, that's cool," then everyone will follow that. For those people that follow when they hear us, they don't know what to make of it. They don't understand too much of it, but they like it enough to hang around.

SF: Have there been any times when audiences are blown off by it?

VR: You mean leave the club? It's never happened. To actually say "Oh, this sucks," it's never happened. No matter where we are.

SF: Even when you first started out?

VR: Yep. We did a tour last year with Alice Donut and there were bunch of shows where we weren't expected on the bill and we were just there, and we really surprised a lot of people. Usually the opening band is a local band thrown

in to bring in some people, but instead of that, there was somebody no one had ever heard of before and we just wiped them out.

SF: What's been the most memorable experience in concert?

VR: Well, at CBGB's, I had three surprise guests and we painted them, and then they sat down and started painting themselves.

SF: Are these national well-known people or just people you know?

VR: Well... aspiring young models.

SF: Okay, maybe we'll see them on the cover of *Cosmopolitan* one of these days.

VR: Or in *Vogue*.

SF: And you'll say, "Wow, I helped that person..."

VR: Well, I don't know if I helped 'em out, I might have ruined their career! (All laugh) But we do have lots of pictures.

SF: One last thing about the paint, is it water color?

VR: It's water-based paint—it's for kindergarten! You can drink it, you can smear it on your body, put it on your genitals.

SF: Yeah, and then you'll pee in different colors! (All laugh) All right, band talk—so much for the aesthetics. How, or why, did you form?

VR: Well, really because it was fun. We're not out to conquer the world or anything.

SF: What was your original battle plan?

VR: Well, that's evolved. The original plan was to write some songs and play some songs. Just like any other band, really. But when the band first got out off the East Coast, it was apparent that people actually liked that stuff, and people in Kansas and in Iowa really liked it. Kalamazoo, Detroit, Little Rock.

SF: Where did you play in Kalamazoo?

VR: Club Soda.

SF: Where do you get your sources of inspiration?

VR: Thelonious Monk, Steely Dan, Black Sabbath, Louie Prima, Zeppelin, Zappa, Miles Davis, James Brown, Rolling Stones.

SF: Who, or what was "Memorial Day" written about?

VF: Well, the song is about friends that you've lost over the years, either from AIDS or O.D., or they got hit by a train or run over on the expressway. But Memorial Day in NYC is a really quiet, quiet day because people that can, leave the city and they go out and have picnics and

Continued on page 7

BABES IN TOYLAND, *continued from page 5*

But for any group or establishment, it can be positive or negative no matter what it is.

SF: *Do you consider BIT to be the beginners of the "foxcore" movement? Or more appropriately, has it been implied upon you?*

LB: Oh yeah, of course—we're all dinosaurs! I can't think of all female bands—I loved The Slits and Girlschool and Jona Jett and all that—but as far as rock goes, there's L7, too. It's not like we intended it like "Let's start this"—it just happened.

SF: *Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad if you have a male bass player or something like that.*

LB: Yep.

SF: *You still live in Minneapolis, right?*

LB: Yeah.

SF: *How's the scene there?*

LB: Oh, it's doing really, really well. It's flourishing like always. There are tons of good, good bands.

SF: *Have you ever played with Hüsker Dü be-*

fore?

LB: No, we didn't start until after they broke up, but I went to every single show they ever played. I see Bob a lot, Grant has Nova Mob, and I don't know what Greg has now; he had a band called Grey Area.

SF: *Now I'm not going to spread rumors or anything, but I've heard a lot of things about Kat—the attitude and everything like that. Speaking as one who's known her for so long, should we really believe what they're saying about her?*

LB: Well, I never read any interviews, because interviews seem to twist a lot of stuff up, too. I don't believe in anything until I hear it myself. I mean, a lot of people talk about people out of pure jealousy, like "Fuck Eddie Vedder." I mean, have any of you ever met him? He's probably one of the nicest people you'll probably ever meet. And then people who *didn't* say very nice things about him would say (to him), "Oh yeah, you're really cool!"

SF: *Then you have to eat crow. But the Courtney issue has always been brought up between them.*

LB: Well, you tend to get really bitchy when someone keeps bringing the same stupid issue up. It's like they've known each other maybe 10 years if not more and it's really no one else's business. When everyone wants to write about every little thing between two women that happened to be front people in a band, it makes a lot of tension. If someone asked me about an ex-boyfriend or something, I'd be a bitch, too. "So what really happened between...?" It's old and boring.

SF: *Lastly, I was always curious, where did you think of the name Babes In Toyland anyway?*

LB: Well, when I was younger and when I was into music, I just sorta liked that name. I thought it was really clever for an all-female band. I really like Josie and the Pussycats—the only TV I watched was cartoons, so that's where I got the whole idea.

GIANT METAL INSECTS, *continued from page 6*

barbecues and stuff like that. And the people that are left in town are left to think, "Gee, what the fuck am I doing here? Everyone's out having a great time." In the city it's really quiet. There are no tourists, no people from the suburbs, and most of the residents go out somewhere. It's like a ghost town. It's like 24 hours of nothing. That's what it's about.

SF: *Have then been any majors that have taken interest in you?*

VR: Well, people have sniffed our butt! (all laugh) But no one has mounted us yet! (more laughter)

SF: *They've licked your decals!*

VF: Right! But what I think about major companies is that they're too afraid to do anything that isn't a guaranteed seller, and they waste so much money that in order to break even, they have to sell X amount of shoes, and that's the way they look at it, they're selling shoes or they're selling ice cream or whatever. It's product, very simple. So I don't think major companies have the brains to do anything that's new and creative in any way. Even in marketing, they've never been in that. The smaller companies that grew up into bigger companies have turned into the majors. They're not in business to do anything that has to do with creativity, or at this point, having an active music scene. It's better for them if there is no active music scene. But what we truly like is to get involved with someone who knows music, who knows the audience that we appeal to and says "I like

this band, I like the music." A record guy that understands that and is willing to put us down on vinyl and get the stuff around and help the band out is what we need, more than a big record company that wants to mold us into something. Now, are you gonna ask us the most asked question?

SF: *Uh, no, ask it for me!*

VR: You can't figure out what question is asked the most?

SF: *How long have you been together?*

VR: No, not even that!

SF: *How old are you?*

VR: Not even that!

SF: *Why are you in this?*

VR: That's not it!

SF: *Uh, what's the point?*

VR: No—whose tits are on the cover of the CD? (all laugh)

SF: *Well, y'know, I mean... okay, whose tits are on the cover of Asanisimasa?*

VR: Oh, I can't tell you!!! (all laugh louder)

SF: *Well, all right, I'm glad I asked that! But I do have a question that I don't think anybody's asked: If GMI had a game show, what would be the object?*

VR: Ooh, now that's a tough one! I'm lighting a cigarette, that's how tough it is.

SF: *Would it be like "Double Dare" or anything with messiness?*

VR: Well, I'm not really up on the game shows these days. The last game show I watched was "What's my Line," like 100 years ago. Well, let's make up a game show now.

SF: *And maybe you could perform it tonight!*

VR: I think what we'd do is, we'd take two consenting adults...

SF: *Underline that.*

VR: ...and they'd get liberally coated with paint so they're nice and slippery and they'd have to get close together and then we would wrap them in shrinkwrap. Everyone hits 'em with blow dryers so they're really nice and tight. Then what they'd have to do is answer questions and as they answer the questions right, a little bit of the shrinkwrap gets cut away. But in the meantime, it looks fantastic! (all laugh) And if they don't answer any of the questions, it's like (buzzer sound), and we just roll 'em them away. That would be cool because it would look good, as well as being meaningless!

SF: *And what will they win, Bob?*

VR: Well, they get to rub paint all over Boris' chest. (all laugh)

SF: *Plus a copy of Richard Simmons' "Aerobics in Larvae."*

VR: And the second prize is, Boris gets to rub them with paint! (all laugh)

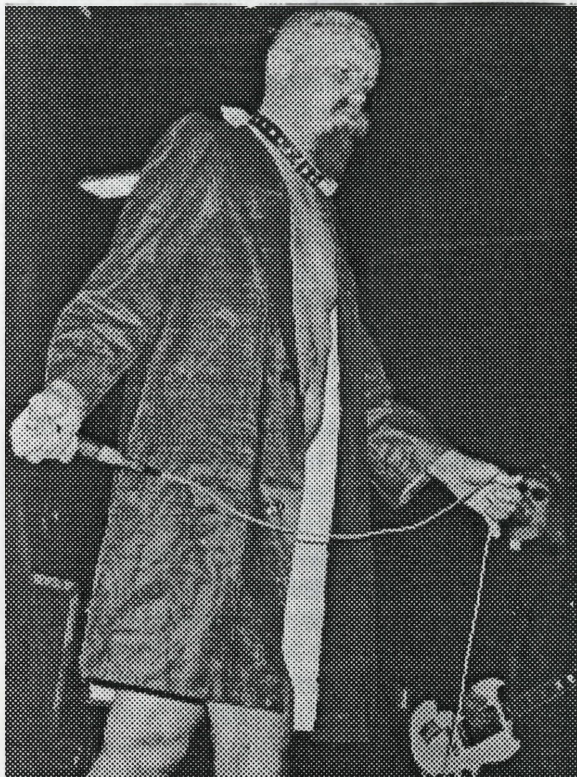
SF: *Last one, what made you think of calling yourselves Giant Metal Insects?*

VR: Now that is the most asked question. It's a musical notation—what should this sound like? Make it sound like a giant metal insect. It was an expression that was used many times in former lives and when it came time to think of a name for the band, then the expression was like pulled out of the hat, make it sound like Godzilla caught in the high-tension wires and fighting Mothra. And that's the truth!

This story first appeared in the 6/23/93 edition of JAM RAG, and is reprinted with permission. (But I wrote it for this anyway, so there!!!)

GG ALLIN

Return of the Snakeman



GG surveys his prey

"206045 has returned!" said the psycho singer, grabbing the microphone from the stage after taking a romp through the audience. The mixed crowd—which included grunge-meisters, metalheads, bikers, thrashers and even a few mohawked guys—couldn't have said it better.

This was GG Allin's long-awaited revival since his release from Jackson State Prison this past March, and he celebrated his appearance by throwing the mic stand, a chair, some ashtrays and his feces to the onlookers. It was as spectacular a rock spectacle as any true hardcore fan could hope for.

Every time GG stepped off the stage, virtually everybody ran to the back (some to the door) in fear for their lives. Someone let off a fire extinguisher and smelled up the place. And all the while the Murder Junkies (featuring Allin's brother Merle on Bass) bashed it all out, providing the soundtrack for the true "Outlaw Scumfuc." They did some new songs that night ("I'm Infected with AIDS" and "The Highest Power") as well as classics like "Bite It You Scum," "Expose Yourself to Kids" and "I Live to be Hated." The closer—"Kill the Police"—was appropriately "dedicated to the Michigan Department of Corrections."

Fortunately no women were assaulted (I'm sure many were disgusted, though), but there were a few protestors outside the building that evening. GG didn't care—in fact, he dedicated "Cunt Sucking Cannibal" to them.

The opening bands were quite appropriate for the bill, as Grand Rapids' Wheel-chair MF's were as solid in thrash punk as could be, and Heavy Pink Insulator's wild brand of guitar and drum machine are about the closest you'll find to early Butthole Surfers—maybe even further ahead. After seeing HPI as a "regular" kind of band two years ago—with a real drummer, a trombone player and a guy in a shark suit, strangely enough—I must admit HPI have indeed progressed, though they didn't do "Bill Quinn" or "Freddie Mercury's Love Doll." Still, my favorite from HPI that show was "Bacon, Lettuce, Testosterone."

Here are some snapshots from the show, as well as comments from some of the audience members.

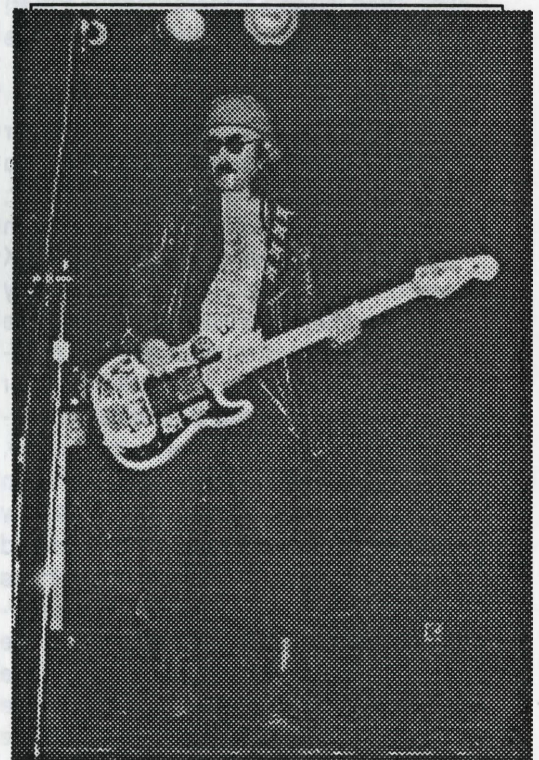
"The first time I saw GG Allin was in 1989 at Blondies. My three friends I was with had not only never heard of GG, they weren't even punk at all. I was so scared I was shaking; my friends were laughing. At the show, GG shit on the stage, put it in his mouth and spread it all over his body. The guy from Ugly But Proud pissed in a glass and threw it at him. GG broke a bottle and rolled around in the glass and beat his face with a microphone until he was all bloody. He ran off the stage at the crowd and everyone panicked. I would have nightmares for a year after that, and all this happened during the first song. The police were there shortly after.

"GG's second show at Blondies in 1991 after he was released from prison was intense but short, but (the Marquee) show convinced me that GG is completely out of control. He played the whole show naked except for combat boots, and he was already slashed up and down his chest and his whole head was scabbed from a previous show. He shit all over himself, pissed in his hands and drank it, shoved the mic up his ass, beat himself bloody, beat up other people, and throughout all this, he sang, too. Incredible show."

Paul Holstein
Ortonville, Mich.

"(This was) an exhilarating descent into evil. All the things talked about GG and what he does proved true in a most awesome way. From chatting with the Murder Junkies to getting feces thrown at me to being chased by GG, the whole show was exciting. Never have I been to such a show that gave my heart a workout. All of us Detroiters proved to be pussies because we ran from the man—but who could blame us?

Casey S.
Detroit, Mich.



Merle Allin keeps the rhythm

"I've seen the videos, read the reviews, heard the songs, but *nothing* prepared me for GG Allin in person. After a few plastic cups of beer at the bar, I advanced to the main floor, where all the hardcore fans eased up to the stage as the band filed on. What followed was GG on stage performing, off stage beating up whomever he could, throwing ashtrays, chairs, mic stands, shit, and I don't know what else. I breathed the smell of dung, inhaled the powder from the lit-off fire extinguisher and got trampled by skinheads.

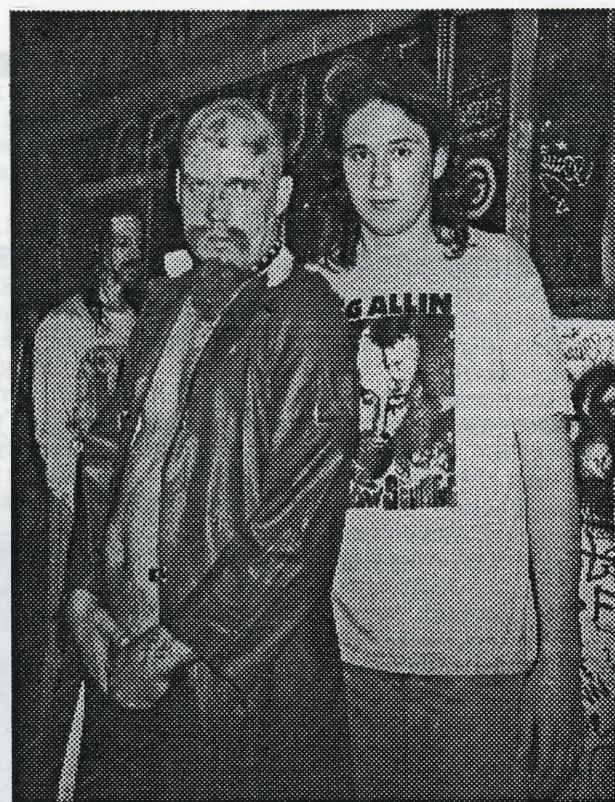
"This show was the most vile, disgusting gig I have ever attended. GG does not portray a madman—he is a madman. GG is real. GG is the only true free man I know, and seeing him live was the most worthwhile 15 minutes of my life."

Michael W. Kwiatkowski
Macomb, Mich.

"The GG show was one of the best I have ever seen, video or live. It was really exciting even though I was in the back. People would start running, then, all of a sudden, GG was right in front of me, so I ran, too. I guess that more attention should have been paid to what *he* was doing than what I was.

"It was great to see him throw the chair and mic stand along with those ashtrays; almost got hit by one a few times. His vocals were very brutal and authoritative. After GG took a shit, some big guy with a green shirt on wrestled with him a few times. When he (the big guy) came by me, the smell of GG's shit on him was disgusting as hell; I wonder what (GG) ate?"

Steve Dowhan
Kentwood, Mich.



GG and Steve Dowhan after the show

GG ALLIN: 1956-1993

"I never sleep; I just pass out."
—*"Liquor Slicked Highway"*

On July 1, my mother knocked on the bathroom door while I was showering.

"Is GG Allin's real name Kevin Michael Allin?" she asked.

"Yeah. Why?"

"He's dead."

"WHAT!?"

I checked the obituary in the paper when I got out, and there it was in black and white. The death of the king of the underground.

The fact that he died wasn't as tragic to me so much as the way he met his demise. Now he's just going to be considered another drug-related rock star statistic like Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix or, more notably, Sid Vicious. His only goal—to die by his own hand, on the stage, and commit the ultimate rock and roll sacrifice—was cut short. When it happened to Jim Morrison, it was because he gave up; it happened to GG simply because he didn't stop.

Still, you must understand the kind of person he was. Unlike Ian MacKaye, Allin didn't have to flaunt his won't-sell-out attitude; with the lifestyle he led, it was a given aspect. His notoriety was in greater spades than Stiv Bators, Falling James and *all* the Dwarves combined. He was also one of the few underground celebrities to appear on *Geraldo* and *Jerry Springer*—and, surprisingly, remain on the set throughout the whole show.

While the truth remains that he could just have easily died thousands of times during his life, Allin's death means more to us now because he was the last of the breed of punk singers who risked *everything* he had for his beliefs. "He's a rebel with a cause," wrote

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DEATHS ELSEWHERE

■ Kevin Michael Allin, 37, a punk rocker from Ann Arbor whose stage antics led him to be arrested more than 50 times, died Monday in New York City, apparently of a drug overdose. Mr. Allin was a member of the Murder Junkies and the Toilet Rockers.

■ Reuben Snake Jr., 56, a former chairman of the Winnebago Tribe in Nebraska, died Sunday in Winnebago, Neb. He had been national chairman of the tribe.

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Mykel Board in the liner notes to *Hated in the Nation*, "and that cause is rebellion itself." That pretty much describes everything about GG Allin.

It's sad in a sense for me to believe he's gone only a mere three weeks after his June 6th Marquee show, and perhaps it was eventual considering all he'd gone through. (The "live by the sword, die by the sword" proverb/cliché comes to mind once too often now, but it's still the truth.) In risk of being viewed as supersititious, I'm probably not the only one who feels that the spirit of the Snakeman, the Troubled Troubador of Tomorrow, will be around for a while.

GG Allin didn't lose the war he declared on the underground; he simply died in combat. And it's not likely he can be replaced with just another war pawn.

—Douglas Levy

MDC

"Dead cops! Dead Cops! Down on the street/ giving poor the heat/ with their clubs and guns/ they do it all for fun/ Dead Cops!"

The world of political punk got a jolt, or more appropriately, a new meaning when MDC released the classic *Millions of Dead Cops* album in 1982, confronting the issues that bands outside Dead Kennedys thought were too tough to face. And when Jello and company went their separate ways, MDC persisted.

Though the usual hardships of line-up changes and profuse touring troubles have plagued the band over the years, that hasn't stopped Dave Dictor from belting out prophecies of modern living and regional/governmental chaos. And you wanna talk underrated drummers? Hell, Al Schvitz has been bashing it out for over 25 years, with a style and flair that could very well make every drummer in history look like pansies—this guy lives behind a drum kit.

MDC recently played at 404 for the second time, with the current line-up also featuring Erica Liss on bass and Chris Wilder (ex-Stikky) on monster guitar (and veggie rapping; if you ever see the two aforementioned members, ask them to tell you about their favorite phony call to a motel). Like the other two times I saw them, MDC showed that political punk doesn't need an "image" or gimmick to get the job done. Here's the lowdown from Mountain Dew Crew—or is it Mutant Dick Cheese? (Photos taken from the band's 1990 show in Auburn Hills, Mich. by Douglas Levy.)

SF: Millions of Dead Cops came out 10 years before "Cop Killer." With a name and song like "Dead Cops," MDC is, in a sense, the original advocates of police death. Is this the case? Are you totally pro-cop kill?

Erica: Yeah. God is a cop killer.

Dave: There are cops that got it comin'. I was inspired by a very dear friend who was shot in the back and I saw how the cops got an opportunity to get away with it. I felt more about what I am, now that I'm a little bit older and it's a little bit scarier. But cops are pullin' shit all the time, beatin' people to death.

Chris: Someone once asked, "Well, surely there must be good cops out there." Yeah, but what side are they on? They're gonna stand next to the bad cops when the shit's really comin' down and they're gonna be on that side. So in every way, cops gotta go, and just because I'm not the one pulling the trigger doesn't mean what I thought happened

punk events and outdoor concerts and seeing pictures of open league KKK and police being together. And then in Houston having the big "dropgun policy"—which was they just shot anybody and then they drop the gun—especially minorities, really sensed it. But I've been pretty cynical, having watched both the Kennedys and Martin Luther King be

assassinated, watching the potential ending of the Vietnam War even though cynically, Nixon elected twice and resigning, and watching my whole generation go back sleep because being politically astute and being a vigilant citizen is *work*; it takes knowing what's going on and people don't want to be bothered by people. And that was sad to see, and I wanted to be one of those people that kinda *fought* back. This band grew up from the fruits of that.

Al: I was more attracted to the music—it's hard, it's fast, it rocks. And kinda like everything else, rock and roll was its own thing and now it keeps making subdivisions as it gets broader. We wrote songs about what we felt, but Dave was always more politically active in one way of another. We met in college in 19-grumph!-grumph! and we tried to get them to change the male dorms at the University of Tampa to coed. So we had a meeting with the dean, and we got into the dean's office and I looked on the wall—this dean was priest! And we decided we weren't gonna convince this guy of anything.

SF: So you decided to do it yourself with band, then?

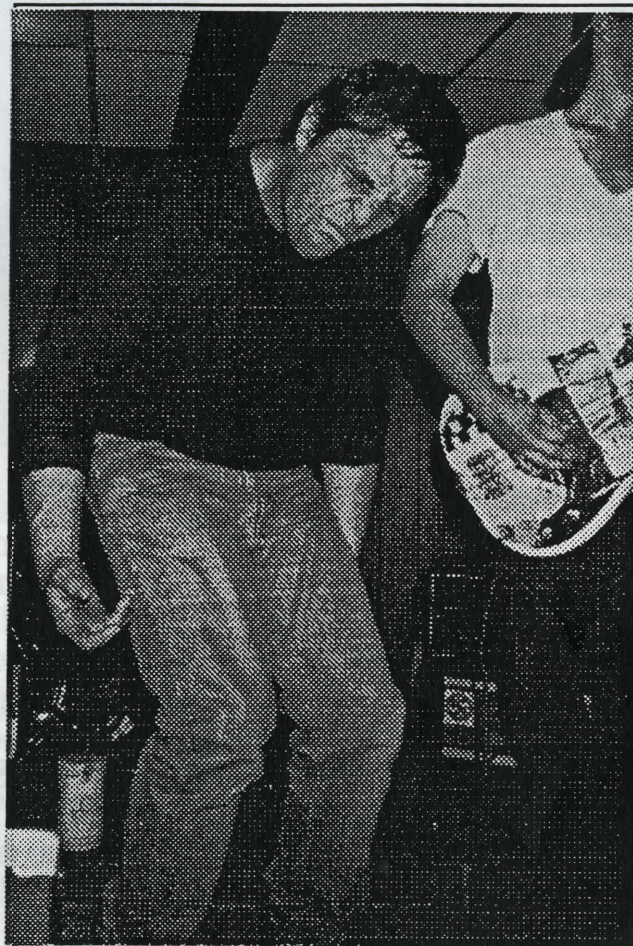
Al: Well, yeah, we have a coed

band.

SF: Well, now you do. But it originally wasn't like that, though.

Al: Yeah. we got tired of that after a decade. We were tired long before that.

Dave: We're very happy with the lineup we have now. We've been together for two years, close to 200 gigs, we have a single coming out in a few weeks and an album after that, and we are on the 48th day of a massive U.S. tour. We toured in Europe mid-August last year did 88 shows, and when we came back we went on tour around late April and must have done another 40 or 50 shows. We've been busy.



Dave Dictor: "It takes knowing what's going on and people don't want to be bothered."

in Los Angeles last year was a bad deal; I thought that was definitely necessary. (Erica then splits to see Hate Times Nine, the opening band)

SF: What was the inspiration then to start a political punk band?

Dave: Lots of different inspirations came along. My way, for me to start a politically oriented punk band was living in the south with the Ku Klux Klan and them coming to punk rallies and

Chris: And no, the album is not going to be on R Radical, it's going to be on New Red Archives. I joined the band because Dave and Al promised me lots and lots of money, fame, fortune, women, incredible see-the-world times, and I must say so far I have not been disappointed at all.

SF: And he plays a mean guitar, literally mean-looking! Do you think punk is dead?

Chris: Yep—and you're next!

(At this point a local man walked by and told us that Phoenix was ahead in basketball by nine points. Dave and Al cheered.)

Chris: Charley Barkley can kiss my butt!

SF: Are you still associated with Michelle Shocked?

Dave: Yes, we're still good friends. I went to see her and she invited us backstage when she played San Francisco. And the lights went out in San Francisco for like 30 minutes, and the people I was with were all tired and headachy so we decided just to split. She was with Guy Clark and Alan Toussante in a songwriters' gig. She's great—Michelle Shocked uber alles!

SF: I understand that there was a rumor floating around that you (Dave) were once spotted at a McDonalds. Care to elaborate?

Dave: Ah, that's the guy that always walks around here—he's friends with Smelly (Mustapha?) in San Francisco and he's the guy who says, "Dave's dealing heroin in D.C."

Chris: Again!?

Dave: And "Dave's dating Liberace." That would be a really good one.

Chris: Elvis is alive and he's living in my house.

Dave: I haven't eaten meat in about 22 years, or something like that. But I'm not like the kind of guy who would wouldn't walk into McDonalds if it was raining outside or if I had to take a shit and the only place to go in a certain situation is McDonalds. I actually have a son who is attracted to the comic things that they have—you know, like down-under dinosaurs! My personal thing is hating McDonalds, but I'm not gonna force my son not to go there if he wants to. I personally don't eat meat; I haven't had a McDeath sandwich in many, many moons.

SF: Are you a total vegetarian then?

Dave: I'm total vegetarian; I'm not a vegan, though.

SF: So you drink milk, then?

Dave: Yes I do; part of it was living with my two kids who love milk and they didn't like soy. I really believe in veganism, but I think it's very, very difficult unless you are economically

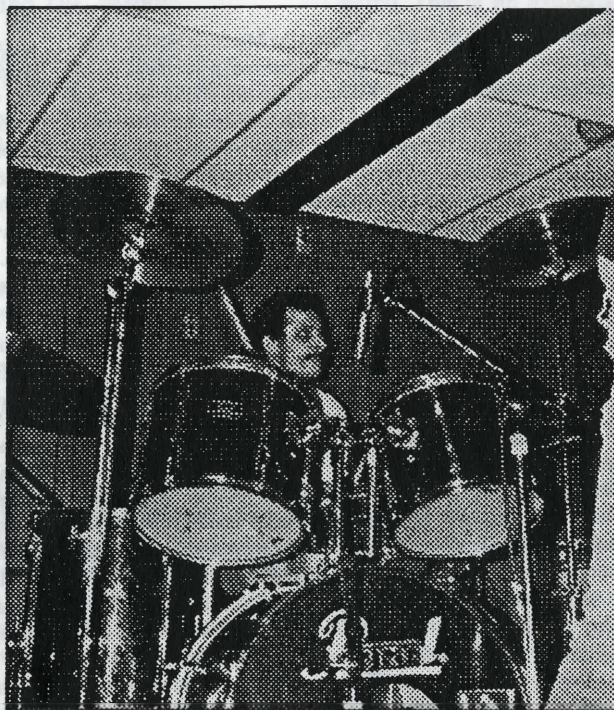
and physically and time-wise prepared to set yourself up for a diet that way. In this real world of going around and making the gig, it's just rough. I do go days and days without eating cheese and milk.

Al: Dave hasn't put a mouthful of meat in his mouth intentionally in 15 years! "Is there meat in this!?! Gagh, cough!"

Chris: You can hear a million rumors—half of them are lies, half of it is bullshit.

SF: Did you get any flak from bible thumpers when Millions of Damn Christians came out?

Al: On the album cover, they thought we were the apostles.



Al Schvitz: "On the cover, they thought we were the apostles."

Dave: Yeah, some record stores had to take 'em down. We were put on these lists by these bible thumpers. It was actually kind of nice because we were on some news report where some Christian people got the news to say these albums mention the devil and all that, anti-Christian, and they had a Ozzy Osborne record, a Slayer record and a Millions of Damn Christians record. It was beautiful company to be with and be considered as hedonists!

Al: That was the worst one. They went, "Look at this, this Ozzy Osborne and the devil and—oh, look what they have done to your savior!"

Dave: We brought some to the Vatican when we visited it, and when the Pope was in San Francisco we made sure the church got a bunch of copies for him to have. I like to believe that he held it in his hands! (all laugh) If not, someone

else has held it for him to inspect!

SF: What was the most unusual thing that happened during the last European tour?

Chris: The most unusual? Can't I just pick one? We had so many unusual things happen! Um, okay, this a fun story. We were crossing the border between Slovenia and Hungary. We walked into a bar after the crossing so Erica can go change money—that was her job, to exchange the money. And Dave starts having this non-speaking communication with this giant, huge, what we thought was a Hungarian man. He was wearing these army fatigues, and they

were comparing tattoos. Dave's showing his Tinkerbelle tattoo and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle tattoo, and this guy's showing skulls and knives and daggers. So Erica comes back with the money and fans it all out. And the guy comes over and says (*something foreign, sorry I can't translate it!* —Ed.), and pointed to the low-denomination bills, then kind of starts shaking his hands like "Oh it's not worth any money." So to indicate that Erica realized what he was talking about, she simulated wiping her ass with the money! But it turned out that we *hadn't* actually crossed into Hungary, but rather we had crossed into Croatia! And this man turned out to be a Croatian freedom fighter! It is not a good idea to simulate wiping your ass with Croatian money in front of a Croatian freedom fighter! This guy nearly killed Erica! And we all restrained him, and held him back, and the bartender was ready to jump! It was scarier than

hell. Dave calmed the guy down by saying, "I will trade my Millions of Dead Cops t-shirt for your t-shirt." The guy probably went out to the nearest border guard to display his new finding, and we're like running for the van! This kind of thing can happen a lot, y'know? We also smoked a joint in Moscow's Red Square. It was beautiful.

SF: Last thing, and this might be a stupid question, but have you ever felt traces of burn-out ever since being in MDC?

Dave: Not one day of my life! God's cruelest mistake!

(At that point, Dave and Al split to see Hate Times Nine, so me and my homey Chris rapped for a bit, then we joined the others. I can't think of four cooler people to hang out with—outside of Hammerbox—than MDC, so don't make a mistake by missing them in your town.)

COMING SOON:
Stink Face #3
This Halloween!!!

I'll tell you first off, Summer concerts suck. Which is to say, any show that's outdoors in a large facility usually means a worse time than going to the arenas. Still, I had to go to Lollapalooza not because I'd be considered a trendy wanna-be (call me what you wish), but because this is the one time in the year where I can see what the latest trends are and either laugh at them or cover my face in embarrassment because I may have attempted such a feat in the past. Well, here's my story from Lollapalooza '93, at the spectacular Milan Dragway on 7/9/93.

6:04 a.m.—I hit the road, riding solo because I had an extra ticket that I thought a few people might have been interested in using. But they copped out, leaving me to sell it for \$20 to a guy named Claudio in Utica. The tape of choice for the day? Bowie's *David Live*, which I admit is not the best live album ever made, but because my copy of *KISS Alive!* is wearing thin, this was good enough.

7:35 a.m.—Got to the Milan Dragway okay, and the scene there was all I expected. More people wearing those green Sonic Youth *Dirty* shirts than I ever thought, young 'uns who couldn't understand the concept of a 'zine (I had to *explain* it to them) and a car stereo battle to determine who could play their Ministry tape the loudest.

8:11 a.m.—Breakfast served courtesy of 89X, Detroit's "modern rock" station. I like the station and at the same time I hate it, but for that morning, they did a good thing. So I grabbed about six danishes, gave four to some of the people in line, and ate two. But where was the coffee? Maybe some tea at least? The heat was increasing.

10:47 a.m.—The gates were still not open. I spent about an hour leaned against a refrigerator box that three Dearborn Heights girls brought to sit on and at times to prop up and use as a "porta potty" (they even brought toilet paper). It was at least 89° by then, and I wasn't the only one who was hoping they'd open the damned gates so we could all go in and grab a \$2 Pepsi. They were serving all Pepsi products, and that's not cool, but like the cattle that we appeared to be, we pretty much had no choice. (You could say "The Choice of a New Generation" was going to be the New World Order as well.) This was the kind of show "we" wanted, and this was what "we" got. A Slurpee would have been perfect at that time.

12:03 p.m.—The gates finally opened and fortunately no one was trampled. There were, however, some reported cases of heat exhaustion because a fair number of people opted to drink in the parking lot as soon as they pulled in, some even before then. Real smart, dudes. A watered-down (but still cold) Mountain Dew greeted me inside, along with—as predicted—a \$2 tag.

12:17 p.m.—I spent most of the time walking around, checking out the facility (which seemed to be better than Pine Knob's overblown garbage dump) and running into people I hadn't seen in a bit. They played various *Jerky Boys* phone calls between songs on the main stage's monitor, and the crowd loved it. And to think, when I said "I'll rap your

LOLLAPALOOZA '93

Loathing and Fear in Milan

by Foadly Cotlod

fuckin' head in with a ratchet" seven months ago, people thought I was weird.

1:23 p.m.—"So, are you saying you are homophobic?" The social/political debates went underway in the open forum tent. "This is not *Geraldo*, this ain't *Donahue*, this is *real!*" Well, at least it was shady in there. Damn, I wish the Jim Rose Sideshow Circus would have been there again as well. That was better than *all* the bands last year.

1:59 p.m.—Rage Against the Machine hits the stage. Some Ann Arbor girl was dressed in just black bikini briefs and Doc Martens, and her whole body was covered in black paint. She ran into me as soon as people started moshing, which wouldn't have been so bad if I weren't wearing my favorite Mudwimin white t-shirt. It looked as if I was wrong about RATM—they were really good at getting the crowd going, which was probably fifty times better than Rollins Band and Lush did in their respective Lollapalooza opening stints. I also liked how the drummer unconventionally played—opting to do it with his back to the crowd—and how the lead singer said they weren't selling t-shirts because they don't want to be a part of the corporate scam. I commendably tipped my cap.

2:55 p.m.—Babes in Toyland took the stage and I was in the front the whole time, soaking up both the music and continuous jet streams of water the security guys are spraying on us. I also found out it's not a good idea to keep your notebook in your back pocket, as the water from other people soaks it. I got to rap briefly with Lori from BIT after the set and she's real cool; "Three more dates, then we're outta here like yesterday's tampon!" she said, and I'm glad that they were here for this stop. She tried to take a Polaroid of the crowd after the last song ("Handsome and Gretel"), but the camera didn't work for some reason.

3:52 p.m.—Time for Front 242. But for me, it's time for a Sno-Cone, since they didn't sell Slurpees or even Frozen Pepsi. Geez, I hadn't had a Sno-Cone since... '76!!!

4:36 p.m.—I met Mark Robinson of Unrest, who finished a good set on the second stage. Per my inquiry, he said that Sexual Milkshake had pretty much broken up, which was sad news for me. Oh well, at least fellow Teen Beat act Eggs is still together. Uh, aren't they?

6:04 p.m.—I finally learned how to walk again after being in the front for Tool, the band that definitely drew the most people to the second stage. Singer Maynard James Keenen was just phenomenal; he's a combination of Henry Rollins (in that he slowly rocks back and forth in his own space, remarkably holding in his aggressions) and GG Allin (his cold stare was so menacing, no one bothered to test it), and he'd just work up his anger slowly, leaving me awestruck every time. Even if the band's manager wasn't also one of the festival organizers, Tool is

still going to get a major boo courtesy of Lollapalooza.

6:17 p.m.—I paid \$5 for a chicken gyros—which pretty fell apart in my hands—and

couldn't get a drink with it because the drink lines were too long. Strangely, the beer stands were virtually empty, and since I don't drink anymore, I was out of luck. Oh well. I began to wonder if there were any 7-11's in Milan or somewhere on the way back.

6:24 p.m.—Some guy named John from Union Lake, who was in line with me at the ice cream truck, wanted me to include him in my notes. So here it is. You happy now, tough guy? At that point I decided that I was gonna get a Slurpee on the way home—after all, surviving summer concert melee like this would have been just cause to *really* celebrate.

6:36 p.m.—I got back to the main stage as Dinosaur Jr plugged in (looks like I missed Fishbone and Arrested Development; oh well). During the middle of the third song—a cover of The Cure's "Just Like Heaven"—the winds whipped up and it started to rain. The set was cut short and the lights began to lower. Some people ran and freaked, but a fair amount stayed put to soak it all up. Further proof that this is all a traveling Woodstock; I was expecting "The Rain Chant" next.

7:40 p.m.—Well, the rain died down a bit and they began getting the show back on. I decided to chill out for a while at the periodicals tent with Leah (a local actress) and told her about my day up to that point. Then I met up again with Lori of BIT, who was driving around on a golf cart with one of the guys from Fishbone. It was kind of funny seeing a lot of teenage girls surrounding Lori and just looking at her as if she were some sort of goddess; I guess they still haven't figured out that rock stars are just normal people. I also managed to buy a tabla drum from a merchant who was closing up shop because of the weather. It was either buy a lousy t-shirt or something worthwhile, and I've got a fair amount of t-shirts already. Now the drum circles are awaiting my presence.

8:35 p.m.—The show continued, with Alice in Chains appearing to full audience approval. They opened appropriately with "Rain When I Die" (probably my favorite from *Dirt*) and Layne Staley was wearing a suit. Of course the bics lit up when they did "Rooster," which reminds me of last year when R.H.C.P. did "Under the Bridge." To quote my comrade Tom Lucas, "Ugh. I thought punk rock killed that thing." I guess some things never do change.

10:05 p.m.—"Here they come! Here they come!" Primus closed it all out to a considerably dedicated crowd by ripping into "Here Come the Bastards," but by the time the next song ("Pudding Time") ends, I just became too exhausted to take anymore. Sorry guys, I know you're good (even though there was a great "Primus Sucks!" chant awaiting you), but some of us don't have the luxury of a tour bus and control of an air conditioner. So I split, made it to my neighborhood 7-11 safely, and, as premeditated, my initial craving for a 32 oz. Super Slurpee was dead as soon as I pulled into the parking lot. It happens every time. Maybe next year.

Reviews

All reviews by Douglas Levy except *by Terry Shulman

14TH FLOOR, Circus Saints and Sinners tape/CD: This band sounds like they would fit in well with that H.O.R.D.E. festival fare, as there seems to be a lot of Widespread Panic influences prevalent here. But instead of being a bit down to Earth, there's too much illegal humor and silliness ("Down on the Corner," "Fully Assembled") that detract from whatever it is they're doing. So-so. (Synthetic, P.O. Box 609478, Cleveland, OH, 44109)

1000 YOUNG, Agape e Katsika tape/CD: For those who don't know Greek, the title means "Love the Goat," and while you might not have access to a goat, there's enough to admire if not completely love on this release. Most of it is rather complex for hardcore-like rock, with a vocalist who sounds as if he were made for Voivod or a Rush type of band, which makes it all unique and venturesome. (Blurred, P.O. Box 1608, Albany, NY, 12201-1608)

ANACRUSIS, Screams and Whispers tape/CD: It's not often that I'd get swept up in complex metal, but this quartet has it all together, using arrangement instead of impact to relay the mind depth aspects that Dream Theater and Fates Warning are using. This is as equal and mature in power as Metallica, and a welcome alternative to it. (Metal Blade)

ASPHALT BALLET, Pigs tape/CD: The title must obviously refer to every major label that signs uninteresting post-party hard rock as a form of tax write-off. They dropped Loudhouse for pap like this? Sick pictures inside, too. Dance yourself away from this one. (Virgin)

BABES IN TOYLAND, Painkillers tape/CD: An EP that clocks in at 51 minutes, this has five unreleased tracks as well as a full live set from CBGB's that features almost all the songs on *Fontanelle*. The opening "He's My Thing" is Kat doing her usual yet oh so mesmerizing howling, and Lori leads a trippy, eerie "Ragweed." If there's one act that deserves more than what they're getting now, it's this one. (Reprise/Warner Bros.)

BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD, Puddin' EP: So far BKITW have only released EPs—this and last year's Sub Pop disc—and it's probable to say it's because they don't have enough talent to fill a whole album. In this case, five happy-go-lucky, quirky pop songs make the twenty minutes seem worthwhile, even if the major label blues seem omnipresent. (MCA)

BLUTO'S REVENGE, Take the Blame tape/CD: A strange release from a strange quartet, I must say, since most of the rock presented here is both fast and slow but not too stimulating. Fortunately it's not a long one, but this needs some spice and perhaps originality to come across better. (Synthetic, P.O. Box 609478, Cleveland, OH, 44109)

THE BROKEN TOYS, Gimme More +2 EP: Let's see here, you've got some GBH-ish punk and Megadeth attitude on this disc, with "Ghosts" being the prime rager and the other two—"Gimme Some" and "Nazi Baby"—filling the rest out well. Can't say much else. Good stuff. (TBT, 12 Miller St., Methuen, MA, 01844)

CELL, Slo-Blo tape/CD: Well, now that everybody's getting signed left and right, it's time to weed out the worthy from the, well, unworthy. This act tends to lean towards the latter notion, as there are too many

confusing things presented here that, even at 36 minutes, seems too long and dull. I'll leave it at that. (DGC)

CUM DUMPSTER, Dead men Don't Rape tape: While everyone's going ga-ga over the other "major" Detroit bands, at least there's one group of audio psychos that helps define the "Murder City" better than some. This is an experiment in sonic aggression, weird samples, distortion and all-out chaos, with tracks like "Null and Void," "New Whore in Babylon" and "38 Lashes" twisting minds like taffy. Good for those who are seeking instant lobotomies. (CD, P.O. Box 441291, Detroit, MI, 48244)

DANZIG, Thrall-Demonsweatlive tape/CD: Well, now that ol' Glenn's found his niche, let's enjoy it while it's here. At least that's what I said to myself up until that last debacle of an album *How the Gods Kill*, and this won't change my mind so soon. The only good track is a bluesy, evil-tinged "Trouble," and the rest is Los Pacification. Thom Jurek summed it up perfectly last year when he said, "Get a life, Glen." (Def American)

EL MAGNIFICO, "Hooray" b/w "Mindset": I guess there's more influence in classic rock than I thought, as a strange concoction of Pearl Jam and Led Zeppelin seem apparent on this. The rock variance is quite widespread, but I wouldn't be surprised if they change their style on the next one. (Red Planet, 2531 Sawtelle Blvd., Ste. 49, Los Angeles, CA, 90064)

ETHER, TV, Church and Bars CD: From the opening "Naked to the Law," I was completely taken in by the life-in-the-big-city sway that this conceptual duo presents. The album is as diverse and invigorating as can be, with variations on bebop piano jazz and a cappella. David Lynch and Angelo Badalamenti tried something like this a few years ago with Julee Cruise; they failed. This is one of the most important albums this year. (Indivision/Vis a Vis, P.O. Box 46130, Los Angeles, CA, 90046)

THE FLUID, purplemetalflakemusic tape/CD: Before you label this the next Sub Pop sell-out, step back and get ready to be knocked over by the unmistakable sounds of Denver's favorite sons. Opting for the no-frills technique again, the straightforward riffs and repeating chords are enough to move even the discriminating grungemeister. (Hollywood)

FOR LOVE NOT LISA, For Love Not Lisa CD: This kind of reminds me of the early days of Mudhoney, with a rough but appealing pop grunge sound most apparent on "Had a Lover" and "More Than a Girl." This is kinda long—eight songs at 54 minutes, with two versions of the aforementioned songs—but easy to fall into. (Indivision/Vis a Vis, P.O. Box 46130, Los Angeles, CA, 90046)

FUDGE FACTORY, "Freedom Now" b/w "Thorn"; "Locust Mind" b/w "Bodega": Almost two entirely different discs are presented from FF, the first a '50s-like twangy thing and the other an upbeat Big Chief/Superconductor kind of thing. But what's essentially missing from it all is some kind of identity or at least a trademarked kind of sound to make it mix. Give 'em a while, they'll get there soon, but I won't be waiting anxiously. (Mongrel, P.O. Box 481281, Los Angeles, CA, 90036)

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FULL CLEVELAND, 4-Song EP: If the Cramps met the Meatmen, this is probably the kind of sound that would be produced. There's a cool inside meaning on "Purty Mouth" (ever see "Deliverance"?), and a tune about redemption through "Jesus Archie Comics," all in a friendly kind of attitude. (Gag, P.O. Box 221001, San Diego, CA, 92192-1001)

GAME FACE, "Beach Chair" b/w "Home": There's a lot of heart on the A-side, a better version of the average singles act, and "Home" is slower with equal spark and vigor. Yeah, there's probably a great deal of bands like this, but Game Face seems to be among the hopefuls. (Network Sound, 2424 Green Acre, Anaheim, CA, 92801)

GG ALLIN + ANTI-SEEN, "Violence Now/Assassinate the President" b/w "Cock on the Loose": Taken from the *Murder Junkies* sessions, these two tracks have the added vocal work of Jeff Clayton, and the same stamina you'd expect from GG. "Violence Now" sounds like an alternate take but as good as the original, and the new version of "Cock" has a pretty keen added verse courtesy of Clayton. (Jettison, P.O. Box 2873, Durham, NC, 27715)

HIS NAME IS ALIVE, Mouth by Mouth tape/CD: Local band's follow-up to the scattered and hauntingly beautiful *Livonia* and *Home is in Your Head* may be the one that puts HNIA on the map. More song-like and accessible than the aforementioned, the formula nonetheless remains in place—heavenly vocals and lyrics layered over acoustic guitar picking and distortion with electronic percussion. This is a magnificent work of art—16 cuts of bliss! (4AD/Warner Bros.)*

HOLY ROLLERS, "Watching the Grass Grow" b/w "Toy": Now here's something to call your mom about—a welcome break from the standard Dischord fare but just as in-the-vein. "Grass Grow" has good instrumental variation, and "Toy" is light in the right places but nonetheless effective. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC, 20007)

ICEBURN, Hephaestus LP/tape/CD: You might think this is an EP because there are only four songs, but at a length of 79 minutes, this is more of a trek than just a record. Using a lot of influences like Rush and Fates Warning, this stands out from most of the Revelation fare, and presents a wide scope of the rock complexities usually stuck in the metal bin. It's a little slow and vague, but it's guaranteed to make you wander without leaving your chair. (Revelation, P.O. Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA, 92615-5232)

INTO ANOTHER, Creepy Eepy EP: There's a lot of metallic stuff on here that's in the vein of Queensryche and maybe Thought Industry, but for the most part this is all right stuff. Chances are there will be people who open this one expecting some kind of alternative rock thing and get blown off, but a few listens oughtta change minds. (Revelation, P.O. Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA, 92615-5232)

JACK KEVORKIAN AND THE SUICIDE MACHINES, The Essential Kevorkian! tape: Local dudes say they're not ska, but this has all the frivolous intensity to match it. This seven-song debut is rather furious, and at the same time friendly, with songs like "Hey," "Bonkers" and "She's Not Worth It" as slammin' as they come. Take a double dose. (J.K. & The S.M.s, 15417 Deering, Livonia, MI, 48154)

JOE THE FIREMAN, "Orange Kid" b/w "A Smash": Somehow this is less than fiery than Social Distortion, whom JTF try to sound a bit like most on "Orange Kid." The other side, however, has twangy guitar and bongos, but something tells me they're gonna be stuck in the college radio bin for quite a while. (Squealer Music, 1708 Whipple Dr., Blacksburg, VA, 24060)

DUKE MCVINNIE, Bugs CD: As soon as "Ginny," the second track, glides across your disc player, you could say this guy's a Tom Waits wanna-be, and by the next track "Golfhat," a Zappa/Mothers follower. But outside the apparent, this is actually a really good album from a guy that means well, with tender ballads like the Exene Cervenka co-penned "Drinking About You" and a dazzling "Big Wind." I like it. (Action Box, P.O. Box 10423, Burbank, CA, 91510)

MEAN SEASON, Bleed to Me EP: It's one thing to have the intention of being hardcore, another to limit the attitude by having the vocals drowned out. If a better job was done on songs like "Burns Deep"—which would have been fantastic with the time changes and all—then maybe it would have been all right. Come on, guys! (New Age, P.O. Box 5213, Huntington Beach, CA, 92615)

MILK BADGER, Triskelion EP: This is a weird concoction of Buddy Holly, psychobilly, '60s mod, and, if you listen up, a few XTC harmonies. The best song is "Zagnut," an ode to candy bars at the supermarket checkout line. (Squealer Music, 1708 Whipple Dr., Blacksburg, VA, 24060)

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES, Don't Know How to Party tape/CD: They're ba-ack! The masters of ska-core live it up on this major label fiesta, with Dickey Barrett giving his all-too-rough throat a workout on slammers like "Our Only Weapon," "Issachar" and "Holy Smoke," proving once again that plaid is rad. These guys definitely know how to party. (Mercury)

MIND OVER FOUR, Half Way Down tape/CD: Like Paw, Tool and other "smart" metal acts, Mind Over Four doesn't like to play around on things or make dippy love songs for filler. They come to lay hardship on you like you've got it comin', and at the same time make everything tight enough so you can see what you're getting. Aggression never felt so good. (Restless)

MOSTER MAGNET, Superjudge tape/CD: This follow-up to the astounding *Spine of God* album sounds cleaner than previous MM releases (a major label deal can be thanked for that), but the howling, acid-tripped attitude of Dave Wyndorf and company remains untarnished. My favorites are "Cage Around the Sun," "Dinosaur Vacume" and the exotic "Black Balloon." Get this if you still think Black Sabbath is god. (A&M)

MOTHER GONG, Live 1991 CD: Now here's a rarity I picked up courtesy of Tom the Poet, an Australian civilian who is featured on here (his "Mr. Union Carbide" is weird but in a funny, political way). This act has a sax player, a guitarist and a poetess named Gilli Smith, who reads poetry while the band plays captivating rhythms. There are also live readings by Smith, and her "We Who Were Raging" is the best '60s interpretation I've heard outside Danny Sugarmen's "On Jim Morrison" (it's on *Sound Bites from the Counter Culture*, if you didn't know). Pick this up if you see it. (G.A.S. America, 1230 20th St., Huntsville, TX, 77340)

PAW, Dragline tape/CD: This is riveting stuff from the boys outta Kansas, going full circle in the dense guitar arena and still remaining a safe distance from comparatives like Helmet and the like. Better than the band's first two singles (they're re-recorded here in solid form), this stuff isn't friendly or comforting—it's just there. Now we're beginning to play hardball again. (A&M)

PHALLACY, "Offenhauser" b/w "Cool Rain": A rough and tumble trip into neo-punk territories, with grimy guitar and trashy drums on "Offenhauser" and a detailed but just as entrancing "Rain." Good stuff if I must say so myself. (Mysophobic, 365 N. Arthur #A68, Kennewick, WA, 99336)

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PROCESS, "Steel Jaws" b/w "Friendship to Fairness": I thought I'd hate the A-side, which deals with animals as fur, but it's actually a good, full-drenching, guitar-oriented ditty that holds the same strong fortitude as the cause it represents. The other side could use a little more production touch-ups, but in the singles world, that's nothing new. (Conversion, 26861 Trabuco Rd., Ste. E-143, Mission Viejo, CA, 92691)

PROPHETS OF RAGE, "In Her Eyes," "To be a Man" b/w "Dying": You could probably tell by the public service goodies stuffed inside that this another one of "those" singles, but there's actually some heart and meaning to this band. With abortion, AIDS and sexual discrimination as the focuses, it's easy to say, "Yeah, I know all about 'em," but give 'em a break since this comes out of their pockets. The music's pretty good too—slow punk and rage. (Collective Chaos, P.O. Box 81961, Chicago, IL, 60681)

PURITAN HARDCORE, Going Underground with Puritan Hardcore tape: Following the industrial one-man outfit craze a la NIN and Ultrahead, PH seems at first to be an experiment with flying guitar riffs, samplings and non-stop drums, but any perception of a rip-off is diminished after ten seconds into the first song. At a fair price of \$2, you can't really go wrong on this little wonder. (P.O. Box 3431, Urbana, IL, 61801)

RADIOHEAD, Pablo Honey tape/CD: If you listen to modern rock radio, you've probably heard "Creep" way too many times, but if you know on this door expecting the same kind of easiness, you'll be disappointed. There's a fair amount of rockiness ("You," "Ripcord") that, while not all-out madness, harkens to the Manchester-style retro mod rock. But on a better note (for me), I'm probably one of the few people who understand what the title means. (Capitol)

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, Circa: Now! tape/CD: No doubt about it, you can't get any more outrageous these days (hell, even Bono dressing up like Satan isn't worth a laugh), but this San Diego quintet may be a god run for the roses. There's some horns on this hard-driving dazzler, and ditties like "Hippy Dippy Do" and "Killy Kill" will satisfy any need for way out of the ordinary. (Interscope)

CASEY SCOTT AND THE CREEPS, Creep City tape/CD: This is by far one of the most raw, painfully honest albums I've ever heard. The rhythms are dense and challenging; just when it all seems to be light years away from folk and country, it appears to be right next door to both. And Scott is a wonder—as cool and tender as Margo Timmins or Suzanne Vega one second, as fiery and ferocious as Kat Bjelland or Polly Jean Harvey the next. Definitely going into my top ten this year. (Capitol)

SCREECHING WEASEL/PINK LINCOLNS, Split 7": Ben Weasel's long-lasting band doesn't compromise on this splendorous slab, with "Stab Stab Stab" and the Aaron Cometbus-co-penned "Going Home" staying in fitting fashion. Pink Lincolns are like MDC meeting Dead Milkmen, more so on "Three Chord Song," but they're pretty good. A cool disc if I must say. (V.M.L., P.O. Box 183, Franklin, IL, 60131)

SEED, Good Morning Hannah EP: You could say that this one-man kind of project is like Dinosaur Jr and Lemonheads since a guy named Kevin Seconds is in control, yet there's a fair amount of pleasant grungy pop here to make anyone prone to smile within seconds. The title track and the other three ("Better Picture," "God," "Own Sacred Place") represent the loveliness in rock rarely seen unless sifted through. (Eating Blur, P.O. Box 189445, Sacramento, CA, 95818)

SLACKJAW, 7" Collection (three discs): They're from the same city as Paw, and the powercore doses here are hefty. With three

slabs of 45 instead of just another 12", there's a lot of neat sound bites in a few intros and chords that repeat themselves well, such as the psychobilly mover "Yo' My Baby" and the Prong-like "Mindflex." Though the vocal production could be touched up a bit (can't hear it too well sometimes), this is a commendable job. (Slackjaw, P.O. Box 1331, Lawrence, KS, 66044)

SLOPPY SECONDS, Knock Your Block Off! tape/CD: I dunno, wasn't that manly (but more teenage-oriented) kind of sexual innuendo scruff rock a good gimmick years ago? Actually, was it ever? There's a lot of Ramones-esque punk on here, but nothing too substantial outside of the hideously hilarious "Den Mother" and "Your Sister," which seem to provoke laughs because they're so inane. Nowhere near as good as the band's *Destroyed* album. (Taangl)

SMALL, Finished One tape/CD: This is one of those post-hardcore punk acts that gives a pretty positive message to most of their songs, focussing less on politics and social values and looking more towards self-struggle and the glory of what happens after. The title track is gripping and "Legalize It" makes its message well known. Rough production, but the feeling shows clearly. (Mysophobic, 365 N. Arthur #A68, Kennewick, WA, 99336)

SOULSTORM, Darkness Visible tape/CD: I'm kind of happy that some death metal bands have taken the Godflesh route and replaced the long-haired, sweaty drummer with a drum machine. This is one of the better proteges from that school, not too speedy but more rhythmic and substantial. Some might think it's still pointless nonetheless, but it's the best of the heap so far. (Metal Blade)

THE STENCH, Old Style EP: There couldn't have been a better title for this single, as a bit of the Shonen Knife/Ramones simplicity (the "old style") is presented from a quirky trio. "Vacation" and "School Sux" are kind of like songs that don't need to be vague or deep to get the job done, and the rest should encourage almost anyone to strap on a guitar for the first time. (Mysophobic, 365 N. Arthur #A68, Kennewick, WA, 99336)

THORNUCOPIA, Dry July CD: If there's one landscape I wouldn't mind scanning while in my isolation tank, this would be my choice for a spin or two each day. I like the vocal styling of Johanna Galos—not walloping without mercy but not too laid back either—and when mixed with the guitar yet *anti*-guitar basis of the rhythm section, the package is charming. Great cover of Robyn Hitchcock's "Superman," and "Lullaby" is beyond soothing. (Latherecords, P.O. Box 4877, Davis, CA, 95617)

TOOL, Undertow tape/CD: This is one of the thorns that sticks out in the category of modern-rock-meeting-intelligent-metal, simply because no one can touch it without feeling the sting. This is as tight as tight can get, as scathing as sensitive skin hitting a sanding machine, and as uninhibited as can be tested (just look at the freaky pictures in the inlay). This ought to fix anyone's head. (Zoo Entertainment)

UNBROKEN, "Pain They Face" b/w "Won't Be Back": A fairly consistent hardcore variation with meaningful lyrics—especially the transparent affection aspects on "Won't Be Back"—and a good example of what lies outside the hardcore scene on the East Coast. (New Age, P.O. Box 5213, Huntington Beach, CA, 92615)

THE UNDEAD, "The Invisible Man" b/w "Elected": If you have the essential *Live Slayer* EP, this is a credible follow-up, with a gripping "Invisible Man" and great rendition of the Alice Cooper classic on the B-side. While Danzig's out showing off his muscles and chest hair, at least Bobby Steele's retained the original Misfits brash attitude. (Post Mortem, P.O. Box 666, Middlesex, NJ, 08846)

Continued on page 16

REVIEWS, continued from page 15

UP TO HERE, Machine EP: "Modern" hardcore that's really not too groundbreaking, but this is good enough with musical and fair lyrical substance in each song. It's like one of those acts you like but can't exactly place on the top of everything else that glides across the turntable, if that makes sense. (Eating Blur, P.O. Box 189445, Sacramento, CA, 95818)

VARIOUS ARTISTS, Synthetic Singles CD: Now here's a nice little sampler that gives a taste of all the singles artists that are a far cry from Sub Pop schlock, from acts that could use some attention. I liked Sosumi a lot since they put a fair amount of different flavorings to their songs, and Les Blank's Amazing Pink Holes has more than just a nifty name. 23 tracks by 10 acts, sure to please all in one way or another. (Synthetic, P.O. Box 609478, Cleveland, OH, 44109)

VARIOUS ARTISTS, Under the Influence, Again? EP: Part two of Warning's EP of cover songs, this one featuring Amygdalia doing The Smiths' "How Soon Is Now," Tubestack on "All Along the Watchtower" and Grey Spikes doing the Weirdos' "Solitary Confinement." I'd say the latter is the better choice, but the other two are pretty good, too. (Warning: Records, 1517 Western Ave., Ste. 191, Chicago Heights, IL, 60411)

THE VINDICTIVES, This is My Face EP: You want weird? Well, the lyric sheet is printed in reverse and the singer is nasally sarcastic, but the rotating punk riffs carry over pretty well. "Spring Valley Shopping Mall" is kind of funny, a ditty about a chance sexual encounter, and the rest is okay, too. (V.M.L., P.O. Box 183, Franklin, IL, 60131)

WALT MINK, Bareback Ride tape/CD: You ever heard one of those bands that's just dying to be liked? These guys seem to be the epitome of such a notion, as this album is not exactly filler but no killer either. It's pleasant, yet too much of pleasantness like "Tree in Orange" and the Rush-esque "Subway" can get a bit monotonous. They mean well, and that's the clincher. (Caroline)

THE WYNONA RIDERS, Send in the Clowns EP: A more mature effort from an act I thought to be a hard rock gimmick, with clever songwriting and crafting on all four songs ("Drowning," "Rescue," "No One Ever Listens to Me" and "You Suck"). I especially liked the liner notes, which presents the pseudoriders. (Iteration, 800 Oxford Way, Benecia, CA, 94510)

X, Hey Zeus! tape/CD: Well, well, if it isn't another luminary band coming back to cash in on the opportunities now more readily abound. This is actually a good, solid piece from X, rich in the John Doe/Exene Cervenka harmonies and just as biting as when they left off. Welcome back, y'all! (Big Life/Mercury)

ZONIC SHOCKUM, "No, You Suck" b/w "Lollipop," "Bullet": They oughta put a sticker on this saying "Warning: Extremely Heavy," 'cause that's what it is. There's a lot of hard-tripping acid rock on the first side, just the stuff to poison any preconceived notion of anything out of Philly sounding like Cinderella. The cover of Misfits' "Bullet" is good, too. With acts like this, I feel provoked to visit their neck of the woods sometime soon. (Beef Eater, 702 N. 5th St. #1F, Philadelphia, PA, 19123)

JOHN WATERS, continued from page 3

bunch of strange people, including her egg-sucking mother, her partner-in-crime, and her son who likes to have sex with chickens. She enjoys incest, cannibalism, shit-eating and murder. (Did GG Allin see this at all?—Ed.) However, there are two people who deserve the title also—or so they think. They eventually burn down the trailer Babs and company live in and a war ensues in which the Marbles are executed in front of the tabloids by Babs, Cotton and Crackers. Pure classic Waters!

POLYESTER

Middle-class family Waters style! Divine is Francine Fishpaw, an unhappy wife to a sexist scum, and mother to a rebel daughter and a son who turns out to be the Baltimore Foot Stomper (he runs up to women and stomps on their feet). She meets suave Todd Tomorrow (Tab Hunter) and this changes all aspects of her crummy life; her daughter becomes the "model daughter," her son becomes an artist of feet and shoes, her best friend is around, and once again, all is well. Plot twist has Todd turning out to be a cheating bastard!

DESPERATE LIVING

My personal favorite Waters movie, this is a very demented fairy tale. The plot has Peggy and her fat maid kill Peggy's husband. A perverted cop says he will let them go to Mortville (Waters' version of Oz) if they give him wet kisses and let him wear their underclothes. So they do it and then it's off to Mortville, a city full of very off-the-wall people. It's ruled by the evil Queen Carlotta and the population includes Mole (a lesbian wrestler), Muffy (who drowned someone's face in dogfood), and a bunch of nude people.

the zine rack

ANAL SOCIETY, #2, Free/Trade/Contribution, 28 pages—This is a wild 'zine with cool record and 'zine reviews, an eerily erotic story called "Lavila," and a neat vegan food review section. (If it weren't for the latter, I would never have tried an ice bean sandwich, and it's not bad, either.) I liked the cool paste-up cover collage, too. Check it out! (Fia, 16910 N.E. 8th Ct., North Miami Beach, FL, 33162)

DARTH VEDAS VIDEO 'ZINE, #1, \$4, at least 30 minutes—Tired of all that black and white paper? Here's the real shit from the Lone Star state, including footage from a KKK public rally and news clips (even Rollins in one!). Also has killer performances from 411, Born Against and NOFX. Hilarious GG imitation, too. (Seth Johnson, 4632 Amesbury #142, Dallas, TX, 75206)

ENTROPY, #2, 75¢ (\$2 includes a 7"), 20 pages—This has the hearty, do-it-yourself attitude. A 20-page social commentary done right, including bits on the Women's Action Coalition (WAC), "Reality not Pornography," Somalia and a personalized message just for you. Wow. (Tony, 2 Main St., Florence, MA, 01060)

FANATIC, #1 & #2, \$1 each, 12 pages each—You haven't experienced retro until you've read these two soon-to-be classics! #1 has interviews with Michael Bruce (from Alice Cooper's first band) and Barry Williams (Greg Brady), and #2 features Donny Most (Ralph Malph), Danny Bonaduce (no explanation needed) and the one and only Tiny Tim. I command you to write for these right now. (Bloody Mess, P.O. Box 9021, Peoria, IL, 61612)

JERSEY BEAT, #48, \$2, 76 pages—If you'd like a more stripped down but just as honest newsprint magazine, this is one to get. Great interviews with Quicksand, Ween, Gumball and Down By Law, interesting record reviews and surprisingly good sections on dance and rap. (418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ, 07087)

KARMA LAPEL, #4, \$1 or trade, 14 pages—Outside of MRR and Flipside, this has one of the most thorough 'zine listings I've come across. There's also a comics review section and—could it be possible?!?—only four record reviews! I'd say more about it, but I'd rather write to some of the 'zines listed instead. Think I'll go do that... (P.O. Box 5467, Evanston, IL, 60204)

PARTICIPATING IN THE LIE, #6, 50¢, 20 Pages—Another collection of insightful poetry and commentary from Cheater and the gang. Though many pieces are abstract and some might seem too political, this is better reading in a dentist's office waiting room than Time. Trust me on that. (307 S. Matlock St., West Chester, PA, 19382)

P.B.S., #1, Free, 20 pages—Straight outta Wayne Newton's second home comes this dandy 'zine that, like Foadly's column, gives a great explanation on how/why to do a 'zine, as well as a terrific editorial on the "Rock the Vote" campaign. Here's hoping #2 will be just as good. (P.O. Box 72671, Las Vegas, NV, 89170-2671)

RAW SUBSTANCE, #6, \$?, 30 pages—This is RW's birthday issue, and there's reason to celebrate within. Cool articles on Medicine, Primus, Endure (before they broke up), Fugazi and Platform, as well as reviews and a great quotes section. Pick it up today! (Mike, 3149 Caribb Way, Lantana, FL, 33462)

ROLLERDERBY, #11, \$2.50, 32 pages—Love her or hate her, you can't deny that Lisa Suckdog makes a mighty fine fanzine, even if you don't always know who everybody is most of the time. Nice Barry Manilow show review and frank bathroom (literally) talk, but the picture on the other side of the back cover might make you squeamish. Includes a fax from Kim and Thurston of Sonic Youth—ooh!!! (Tedium House, P.O. Box 424762, San Francisco, CA, 94142-4762)

SATORI, #2, \$3, 50 pages—An insightful collection of poetry, prose, and scribbings from area writers and illustrators, enough to make your next airplane trip a more enjoyable one. Granted, these selections are more complex than the fare found in the back section of this, but it's all done for a purpose. Send for one and you'll see what I mean. (Jeff Howitt, 9156 Glasgow, White Lake, MI, 48386)

STAIN, #2, \$2, 20 pages—Another homestyle 'zine from Philly, this sophomore edition has a cool interview with Dave Wyndorf of Monster Magnet, a feature on Space Giants and commendable opinion on the deaths of wrestling greats Andre the Giant and Kerry Von Erich. You don't like wrestling? Get it anyway! (702 N. 5th Ave. #1F, Philadelphia, PA, 19123)

UMLAUT, #7, \$1, 20 pages—The front cover may be winceful (Alan Hale in his Skipper form) but inside is a great variety of cool stuff, from the best literary analysis of KISS I've ever read to growing pot and drinking in Moscow. You Rollins fans may enjoy the piece written about him while in Black Flag. Cool. (3084 22nd St., San Francisco, CA, 94110)

GRATEFUL DEAD, The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI, 6/9/93, review by Douglas Levy

Before you break out the torches and burn my house down for throwing in a review of an act many of you have probably come to loathe by now, let me explain why I'm writing this. Outside of the fact that, true, the Dead is sort of over-hyped, there is one side to a Dead show that's usually overlooked, and that's the parking lot fiesta. People walking around selling jewelry and t-shirts, rollerbladers swerving around the lot, drum circles here and there, even small children and dogs—it's like a *real* traveling Woodstock on concrete. I ran into a few people I hadn't seen in a while there, as well as some Gotham City Café regulars, and wore one of my favorite t-shirts that a lot of Deadheads liked—it has Bart Simpson in a tie-dye, saying "I need a miracle, man!" and below him it says "Grateful Dude." As for the show itself, the crowd went bananas when Jerry Garcia came out, and the band did great renditions of "China Cat Sunflower," "I Need a Miracle," "Bertha," "Lady With a Fan/Terrapin Station" and "Round and Round." It was a trip watching the entire arena grooving and moving continuously, and I couldn't help but get the same feeling myself. I think the light displays could have been better, but considering the show was in an arena instead of outdoors at an amphitheater, maybe there were some understandable limitations. I think everyone should go to at least one Dead show in their life and I'm not the only one who feels that way—heck, there was a guy with a mohawk in the parking lot carrying a sign saying "Touch my hair for spare change." Geez, I went to GG Allin and the Dead in the same week—now *that's* scary.

FRANK BLACK, REV. HORTON HEAT, & SWELL, Phoenix Center, Pontiac, MI, 6/12/93, review by Douglas



Levy

To tell you the truth, I've never really been a Pixies fan. It's not that I don't like them; it's just that for the while that they were around, I didn't have much exposure to 'em. I mean, I never heard them on the radio, and all I have by them is *Bossanova*, which I picked up just last year from a Columbia House record clearance sale. It always bugged me, too—when people would ask if I liked the Pixies, I'd say "Well, I dunno, I guess," and they'd say, "What're you talking about? They're great!!!" Well, if they're so great, how come they broke up? Better yet, why didn't any of their songs leave a credible impact? Nonetheless, I went to this show not because it was only \$5 (a discount in this day and age) but because the Reverend was there, and his set was a true "Psychobilly Freakout," to borrow the song/album of the same name, which he did to full audience approval. And there's the band—I mean, there was this guy who looked like he belonged in one of those Southern rock outfits, and he was just bashing away on the drums; there was also a Social Distortion-looking guy slappin' the stand-up bass, and Heat himself giving us all a taste of guitar salvation. One of the highlights was Heat playing his old-style Gibson on his back, as well as him standing upon the side of the bass while the bassist was still playing it. But, more interestingly, there was a pretty good fight in the mosh pit. My favorite song was "Marajuana," as well as the cool instrumentals that I don't really know the names of. Frank Black was next as headliner, and his style of playing short, bizarre love songs was unique ("I Heard Ramona Sing" was the best one), but truthfully,

not too groove-uplifting. Sure, there were body surfers near the front (it seemed kinda pointless if you ask me) and he did his radio staple hit—a cover of Brian Wilson's "Hang on to Your Ego"—but the rest was just kinda weird to the point of losing me. Oh yeah, he also didn't do an encore since there wasn't too much applause. What were you expecting, Frankie, Madison Square Garden? As for Swell, I showed up as they were about to play their second to last song, but they were okay for what they were worth. (You wanna hear the clincher? I went to Industry after the show—free admission with ticket stub—and actually enjoyed it!)

SKANKIN' PICKLE, JACK KEVORKIAN & THE SUICIDE MACHINES, The Falcon, Hamtramck, MI, 6/14/93, Review by Foadly Cotlod

There's nothing like a night full of good ska, and for this Monday, The Falcon was the place to be. First up was J.K. and the S.M.'s, who claimed that they weren't ska at all, but they incited a crowd frenzy just the same. They did a cool Operation Ivy cover as well as originals such as "She's Not Worth It" and "Whatsername." After a break, Skankin' Pickle came up, and if there was ever a truer ska act around, this band would definitely be quite a challenge to it. It was apparent that the stage area was limited, but that didn't matter—the horn section and two guitarists were continuously running around in a full state of vehemence, and using things like flipsticks (you know, those things you see at Grateful Dead shows and what not) and wigs for pure entertainment. The Falcon is the newest trend—look out!

FLIPPER, DWARVES, ED HALL, The Marquee, Detroit, 6/19/93, Review by Douglas Levy

This was sort of like a show that opened my eyes to the real aspects of touring life, from three people that have been there way too often. First up was Ed Hall, one of the better Austin sonically experimental outfits around today, as they used strange sound bites and three movie projectors that displayed film loops upon the back of the stage, proving to be stimulating and, at times, disturbing. The Dwarves were next, and though He Who Cannot Be Named and Crash Landon weren't there (the former because of a fatal stabbing in Philadelphia, the latter for unknown reasons), the band lived up to the usual scum rock expected. They had a new guitarist called Rex Everything, and Blag was a little bummed because there weren't a lot of people there ("This is the first I've done this just for the money," he said to the crowd). They did "Lies," "Back Seat of My Car," "Detention Girl," "Drug Store" and a new one called "I Wish I Was Dead," and no one dropped their pants or messed up anything besides the obligatory drum set toppling at the end of the set. They've been around the block once too often, and this is what happens when they go back to their roots. Then Flipper came on at about 1 o'clock and bashed through a ballistic set that had Bruce Loose staggering around in a state of "My god, I'm trapped in this and I can't get out!" and he was pretty pissed since a few people stayed in the back of the room while they played. Though the audience had really thinned out after the Dwarves, the few remaining were really into the set, which included "It Pays to Know," "Ha Ha Ha," "Some Day," "Exist or Else" and the classic "Sex Bomb," where Loose played bass. Outside of the GG show, this was one of the more honest shows I've been to this year.



"are"

i keep thinking of you as
the wind throws itself
againsts my window.
in four days i'm acapulco-bound
tough life, i know
and who knows
how much i'll love
or need you after
words.
i only want what's best
for me...
revenge
revenge
revenge
revenge.

—Terry Shulman

May we meet again
a day, somewhere,
Both changed and yet
unchanged.

May we sit again upon the lawn
to see, to speak and hear
to talk again of things
gone by—

Like youth, which we had
last year.

—P.J. Charusofsky

Poetically Speaking...

Robyn. Don't Tell the Kid What Pliers Are

My oldest nephew, John, 7,
lost his front teeth
recently.

He found some goodies
left by the Tooth Fairy
under his pillow.

My other nephew, Luke, 5,
became very jealous of
his brother. He wanted
his teeth to fall out so
that he could find cool
prizes beneath his pillow.

He discussed the matter
with his mother, my sister,
Robyn, 35. She told him

to be patient, that his
teeth would fall out soon
and when they did the
Tooth Fairy would be
very generous with her
presents.

But Luke, Robyn said,
did not want to hear
that. He told her he
had a better idea.

"He wants me to take
him to the dentist,"
she said, "and have
his teeth pulled.

—Robert W. Howington

Quotes from a Man in a Discount Theatre

"I'll bend your neck for you."

"You're a butt cheese."

"I'm gonna pill myself to death. I take more
pills than my stupid grandmother. Pills and a
cruddy diet Coke."

"Now I know why you bitch when you go over
financial aid."

"I've got floss."

"You and I pick up and eat popcorn at the
same pace."

"It's called exhibitionism."

"It needs more salt."

"No, you won't trust me."

Then I think he said, "I'll be back, ugly."

"Financially and emotional insecurity."

"She had sex with someone."

—Foadly Cotlod

In Line at the Bank

were taken

no,

sent

to sing of yesterday

it's been spent, math spent

like invisible dollars

can not see

hear

touch

smell

taste them

no wonder it is, "In God We Trust."

—Tom Tearaway

FEAR

THE THING WHICH I FEAR MOST,
HAS COME TO ME.

LET THE DAY BE DARK.
LET THE DARKNESS SEIZE,
ALL THE DAYS.

LET THE STARS EXTINGUISH THEMSELVES.

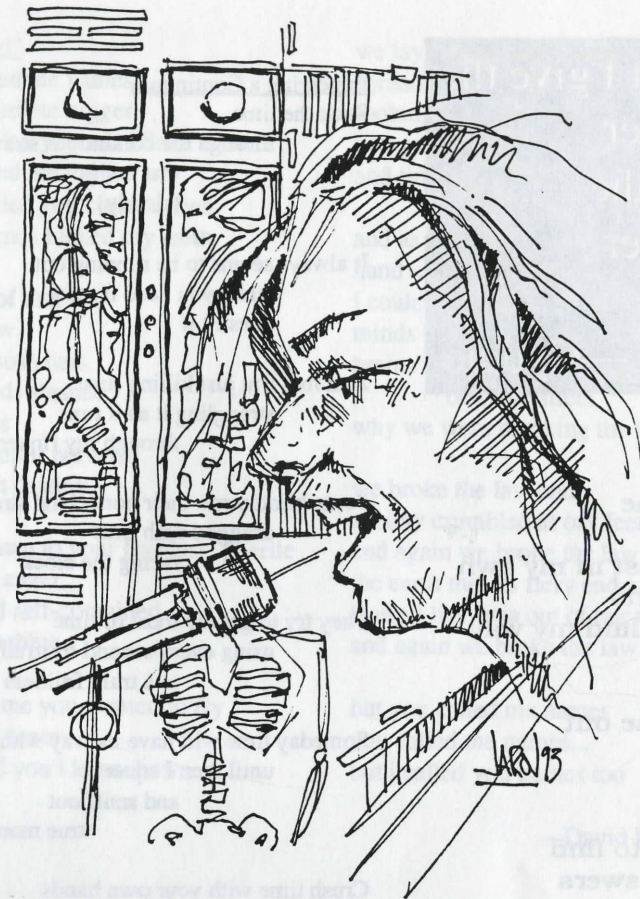
I SHOULD LAY STILL AND QUIET,
I SHOULD SLEEP.
BE AT REST.

A BIRTH,
I SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN.
AN INFANT...
THAT NEVER SAW THE LIGHT...
IN THIS VAST BLACK.
THE SERVANT IS FREE FROM HIS MASTER.

THEN IN THOUGHTS,
VISIONS OF THE NIGHT,
I HEARD A VOICE.

YOU WILL DIE!
WITH OR WITHOUT
EXPERIENCE.

—RANDI HOLE



You Have Lies

Every time I'm polite,
you're rude.

Every time I try,
you don't.

I can't show this to you,
you won't read this.

Every time I talk,
you scream.
For every accusation,
you have a denial.
For all of my truth,
you have lies.

—Edmont

Starlight, starbright,
burnt down the stars to-
night,
put in pretty plastic ones,
25¢ a pop.

—Tommy Mace

BLOOD & TEARS

You're so angry
at yourself
and reflections that sense
pity from strangers
as though a deathwish mentality
would make all problems disappear

can I say then
that I'm glad you stuck around
I'm into the search
the search that carries me away
from the city of zombie-like
animals, gone, gone to a living
grave with no smile or resistance
and I can only ride away
from the dark clouded towers
that foretell in a fortune telling
about the lives lost or lives that
could have been and the truth
is the pain

the pain is the reality as it always is

I leave behind me now some crisis
some lifeless feeling that
never even looked up a sky at

night, or in daylight, the visions
were tainted
I'm tainted, empty, a passage in time
for a blank page to fill
answers people want to their questions

I have no answers anymore
I have no need for questions
as if I were devoid of light, my purpose
not dimmed but never to be fulfilled

oh how the outcome is predictable
the routine is but another emotional conflict
to domestic anarchy and now I see it all
I need to know while arming myself for the
inevitable stages and ludicrous steps to a no-win
situation, all while others live in harmonic concert

I sit back and divest myself from the strains of life's
investments, in the better off, I will not smile
in contempt, I will not weep in sorrow
for tomorrow comes with waking up in the debris of a house
divided by a poet's maddening sense of reason, leftover
sensitivities that were washed out to sea to become
the breakfast of an angel's appetite for charity.

—James Clay

KARAOKE BLUE

Smoke, loud, hoot n' hollerin' bar
Karaoke singers
non music people
sing to records
a shallow reckoning!
Like my nimbus life
singing
not quite in key
to the lifesong
not deep
like nowhere
hollered out of existence
Karaokeed
into stagnant hell!
Karaokeed
famous for nothing
Karaokeed crayola Picasso

—Michael Dom

what I give the
power
has the
power

—Cyddie

Help me
Please
I am lost in my own
thoughts
I can't find my way
out
Please
Help me out
out
out
Please
I need to find
The answers
The answers
are in my head
Now I am lost
I need help
I need help
Please
out
out
out
Please
out
Please
help me out of
this hole I am in
Now
Please
Out
Please
out out out
of my head I have
become no bigger
human just
confused
and continuing on
Out of my mind
will I find
the answers in time
out of my mind
Continuing blind
Out of my mind

—Trish M. Roberts

Impearing a Continuum

Suck the time

through the continuous straw
that is life
(slowly)

It always seems to be running out
when you need it most
doesn't it

And me, I'm just killing time
strangling it as it runs
through my fingers

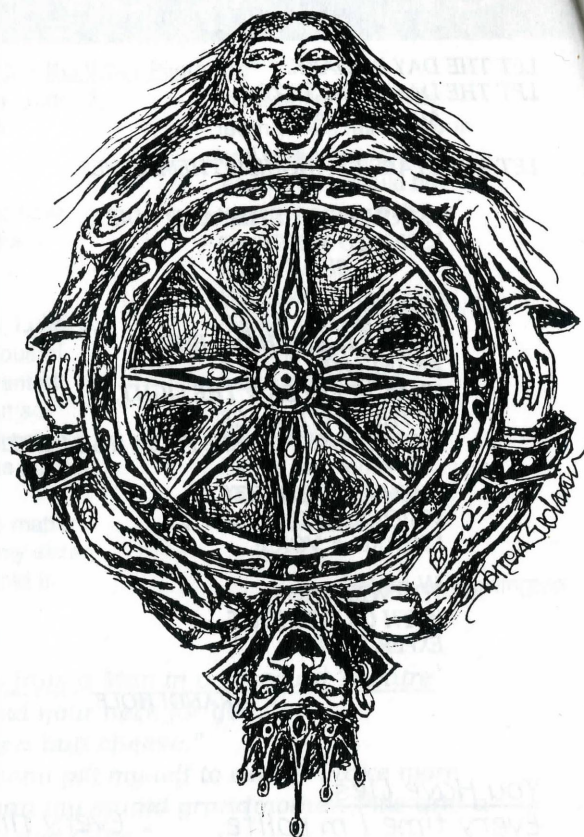
Some blindly run their home land streets
drugged with time
racing the clock

They try to get the most of time
using every second fruitfully
in a truly fruitless manner

Someday time will have its way with me
until then I squeeze
and snuff out
true monotony

Crush time with your own hands
and do your best to destroy
its yet uncertain limits

—Scott Boyink



Hangin' out in
smoke-filled
coffeehouses—
I can think of
better things to do—
but there might just
be
a message
that I'm trying to push
through
the hate of indifference
the wall of
modern-day haste
something about
dwindling human rights
and disposal
of unjustifiable
waste—
there are herbs
that might
help your brain

you know
maybe you
should try a taste—
political action
could come back in style
if so many people
weren't sittin' around
spaced
out on
corpo-rat
"entertainment"
entertainment
one could say
and the worn-out
sold-out
rolled-out
"events"
that jam up
almost everyone's day

—Craig Schenk

HER FRAGRANCE

Fire is,
a flower.
Sharp is,
its thorn.

I may appear to be,
a crackling camp fire.

I am a sad,
rose. I ponder,
my nose,
my rumpled old,
clothes.

Her perfume,
is incense.

I smell,
of smoke.

—Earl Grave

"Untitled"

you called me names...
you called me nigger
and i called you snowflake trash
you called me faggot
and i called you closet queen
your friends kicked my teeth
out
in back of that bar
you know
one of those bars
my friends slashed
your tires
they called it perverse
i called it destiny

i was drawn to your flawless, puerile
anger
sleek and self-contained
like a machine

you told me you wanted to fry
society's brain
and i told you i knew how

we lay on top of your father's Buick
spread eagle
looking down at orion's belt
you gave me your last cigarette
and time flowed sideways in a stream of
smoke
and as we walked hand in hand
hand over fist
i could see the eyes popping
minds bending
brains flopping out of ears of passersby
onto the street
why we were breaking the law

we broke the law and
society crumbled at our feet
and again we broke the law and
the earth met its fiery end and
flowed like lava out of our mouths
and again we broke the law

but you called me names
you called me names...
but i called you names too

—David Barclift

Death

Sorrowful grief consumes my mind with envy
I see nothing but death in shadows of jealousy
filled with anxiety I notice a sign of darkness again
what loathes my body to hell by deceit
where are the feelings of joy
help me find the ease of torment
run, run I say
do not let yourself be captured as I am
taste the bitter fire that quenches your thirst
die without hope and in grief
dare I say that I might feel tremors of wickedness
a rumble of scattered life
life without meaning
dead to mankind
alive in refuge
yet the foul stench of death
clutches my lungs with heaving coughs of blood
I grip my throat but cannot stop the pain
blood gushes through me like a fountain
as the juices of life leave
the taste of death creeps onto my tongue
death, death I say!
Death to you and all your descendants
who have inflicted me
death, death be bold!

And now I die
...content with the pleasure
...of curses on life.

—E.A. Contino

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