

THE BARKER

NUMBER
224

IT'S
CHICKEN-
DUSTING
SEASON!

23¢
PLEASE



Brown Bros.

email: Cussbaxter@badweiser.com

THE BARKER, MADE SIX TIMES AN HOUR BY CUSS ~~X~~ "THE TINKLER" BAXTER AND MORT "THE FORTYATER" KHAN.

or: mort.khan@badweiser.com

PLEASE WRITE: "THE BARKER
PO BOX 126805
SAN DIEGO CA 92112" ON YOUR
ENVELOPE WITH SOME THINGS INSIDE IT.
BURY IT IN YOUR CRAWLSPACE. YOU'RE NUMBER ONE.

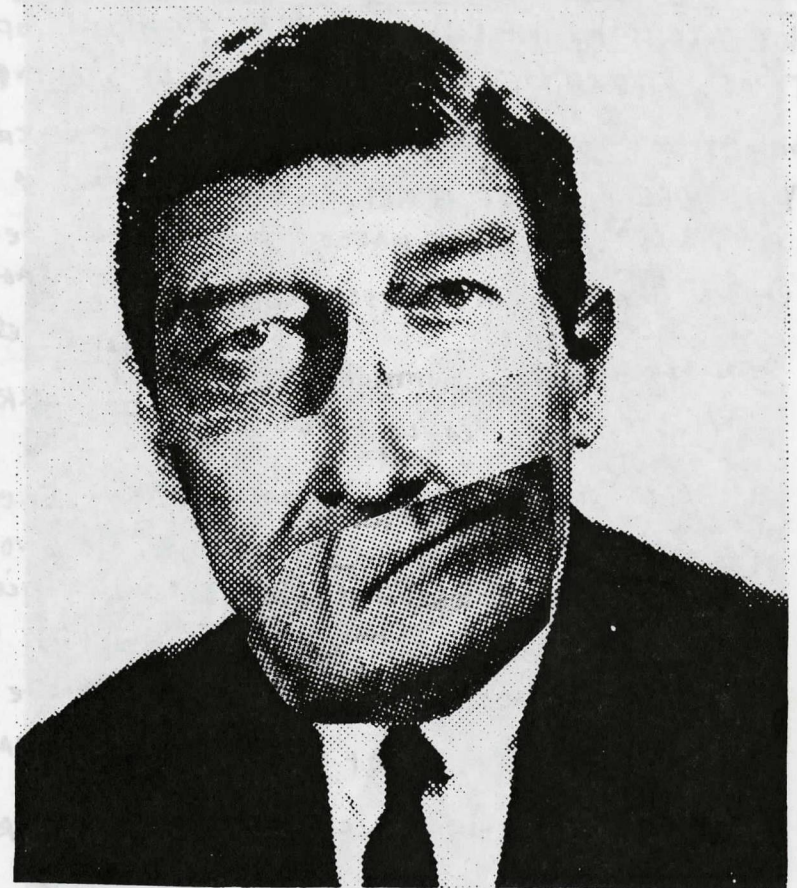
6-Pack 12-Pack 18-Pack 20-Pack

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT'S PR-POSED NEW \$4
BILL:



WRITE TO YOUR SENATOR AND VOICE YOUR
SUPPORT OR DISSENT. WE DON'T HAVE HIS ADDRESS.

MAMA
WAS A
BIG-MAN,
DADDY
WAS A
LITTLE
ONE



TEETOTAL CHAOS-DRINKING IS FOR FAGGOTS = FINALLY!
THE DAWN OF STRAIGHTEDGE STREET PUNK IS ON US! I WAS
AFRAID IT WOULDN'T HAPPEN, BUT EVERYTHING DOES,
SO WHY NOT? YOU GET "SOBER8VILIFIED" YOU GET
"ONE IS TOO MANY (WANKER)" YOU GET "DRUG FIEND
STOMP". YOU EVEN GET "ACID QUEER" AND "STIFF DRINK".
IN FACT, YOU GET (LUCKY YOU) FULLY 19 OF THE GREATEST
BAD-CKOCKNEY-ACCENTED ANTI-FUN ANTHEMS OF ALL TIME.
WORD IS, THESE BUY LIQUOR WITH THEIR DOOR MONEY
AND POUR IT DOWN TOILETS! SHARPEST SPIKES IN TOWN.
(NO LABEL)

SORRY THERE'S NO INTERVIEW IN THIS ISSUE, I
FORGOT TO ASK THE QUESTIONS

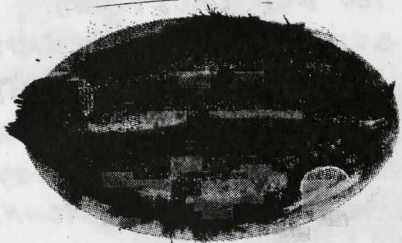
THE SASQUATCHES - THROWIN ROCKS AT CABINS: IT'S A HOT NIGHT IN THE CITY, THOSE LAST EIGHT CANS OF RHEINGOLD TASTED LIKE CHILLED HOG PEE, AND YOU'RE WISHING FOR SOMETHING TO SCRAPE THE THREE-DAY LAYER OF CRUD OFF YOUR SALLOW HIDE. I GOT A DEVICE: CRANK UP "STOVED IN HEAD" OR "THE ONE-HANDED SQUIRREL SKIN PEEL" AND WATCH THAT MIAMMA EAT ITSELF ALIVE. IF THE SHAGGS HAD BEEN BROTHERS FROM MONTANA (AND LOOKED LIKE WESLEY

WILLIS, THEY COULD HAVE SOUNDED LIKE THIS.

YOU CAN FAIRLY HEAR KIECBASA-THINK FINGERS GRAPPLE WITH 3rd OR 4 LUCKY STRINGS AND I'M NOT SURE IF THE DRUMMER BOTHERS WITH STICKS. THE VOCALS ARE ~~ENTERTAINING~~ ENTERTAINING. BUT RARELY GROKABLE. YOU GET A LYRICS SHEET PENNED BY A THREE-YEAR OLD OLD-WELL I GOT ONE YOU'LL PROBABLY GET THE HEAD LICK (LORD OF BALLS RECORDS)

TWO KINDS OF LOGS

Taffrail Log
Records Distance



Pitometer Log
Records Speed and
Distance Traveled



ORGAN FAIRCHILD-
MARTIAN'S
ARE FROM
MARS,
NOBODY
KNOWS
WHAT'S
FROM
VENUS:

YOU CAN
PUT A
HAT ON A
TURNIP
BUT THAT
DON'T
MAKE IT
MISTER
RIGHT.

"CUT YOU
A NEW
ARMPIT"
EXCEPTED,
THIS BAND
HAS ALL
THE FRANTIC

APPEAL OF A BAKED MEALWORM. (POKEOUT RECORDS)



TORTURE BROKERS - COLUMBIAN GUIDANCE COUNSELOR:

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP IS THE SOUND OF A LITTLE DOG. YAP YAP YAP - SMALLER THAN A CAT. PERHAPS AS YOU HEAR THE YAP YAP YAP YAP THERE'S A GNAT BUZZING IN YOUR EAR. OR HUMMING, WHATEVER IT DOES. THEN THE EL GOES BY A BLOCK OVER. THAT'S HOW THIS RECORD SOUNDS. QUESTION: IS IT GOOD OR BAD? PROB DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU LIKE NOISE OR PRETEND TO ONLY. WHICH ISN'T TO SAY THIS WAS INTENDED TO BE NOISE, BUT IF IT WASN'T, IT SUCKS VERY MUCH. (EVUSTACHIAN RECORDS)

CLIT DERISION - LATE FORMOSH REHEARSAL: I HATE

CLIT DERISION: I HATE THEIR STUPID SONGS "MUSCLE LIKE YOU WISH YOU HAD" AND "I HATE MUSLIMS BUT AT LEAST THEIR BITCHES DO SHUT UP." I HATE THEIR GUITAR AND THEIR GUITAR PLAYER'S PANTS. I HATE THEIR VAN AND THE MILK THEY DRINK. IF THEY GET NEAR ME, I'M LEAVING. (VERY HARD MAN RECORDS)

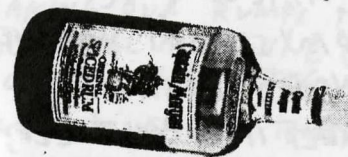
THE PRIVATE DEFECTIVES - BROWN AND SOUNDS LIKE A BELL: THE KIND OF RECORD THAT REVIEWS ITSELF:

"DIARRHEA BLITZKRIEG", "19TH BOWEL MOVEMENT", "POOPLOG TENDERLOIN", "MASS EXODUS", "STOOL SAMPLE BOOGIE", ETC. THE 'LYRIC SHEET' MEASURES 4" x 4" AND SMELLS POORLY. CHECK OUT THEIR 'WEBSITE' IN THE NEAREST TOILET.

(DUMP RECORDS)



RUBBER FIST - FUCK LIKE A GAY BEAST: GAY METAL RULES! THERE'S "I NEVER MINDED BEING FUCKED", THERE'S "I GOT A BRAND NEW PAIR OF COCONUTS", WHERE THE GUY GOES "ARMPITS GLISTEN IN THE MIDNIGHT SUN", THERE'S "REMARKABLE BONER", THERE'S A PANTERA COVER, "FUCKING HAIRSTYLE" IT'S CARCASS WITH A PERFECT BUTT! ON GLANS-COLORED VINYL. (UNFETTERED BRUTALITY RECORDS)



WHERE'D THAT MONKEY GET THAT POTATO?

THE PANT HOOTS - 20 WONDERFUL BONERS: THERE WAS THIS BAND, THE TERLITS, WHICH SOUNDED LIKE A GARAGEY ROSSINI, THEN ONE TERLIT GOT CONSCRIPTED OR SOMETHING, THEN THE OTHER TWO STARTED THE PANT HOOTS WHICH SOUNDS LIKE A RAGTIME FOGHAT OR SOMETHING THEY HUMP. (TETRACYCLOHEXAMINE RECORDS)

THE OAVES - Moustache BEARD: DOOF ROCK PLAIN AND SIMPLE. I CAN'T STAND TO PARK MY CAR IN A LOT OF SIMILAR CARS AND NEITHER CAN THESE BOYS. THEIR PUNK IS METALIZED, THEIR METAL IS COUNTRYATED, THEIR COUNTRY IS BLUESARIFIED. THEY COVER MORE BASES THAN A STANDARD PARK HAS IN STOCK (7). (TRY IT ON RECORDS)

THE CAPE COD GREYHOUNDS - STIRRED TO A CRISP CRISP: HEE HEE IT COMES ON GALLIANO-COLORED VINYL AND HAS NOT ONE BUT TWO SONGS AND PLAYS ON A RECORD PLAYER ONE SIDE HAS 2:43, THE OTHER ONE HAS 3:01. YOU DECIDE. (PLUGGED MELON RECORDS)

THE KNICKER LOVERS - ROASTED TOASTED SALTED AND DESTROYED:
LIKE GLASTONBERRY MOCASSES AT THE WEEVIL FESTIVAL, THE
BASS ON "LIQVOR-INFUSED PASTORALE", "BVBONIC: THE NUMBER
ONE PLAGUE OF ALL TIME" AND THE REST OF THIS METHANE
MANIFESTO WENDS ITS PROGRESS DOWN THE MUDDY ROAD OF
LIFE, MASHED POTATOES IN ITS WAKE. THE GUITAR TINGS
AND SPANGS, THE VOCALS YAWN AND DROOL. THE DRUMS DRUM.
OBVIOUSLY POWERED BY SOMETHING UNHOLY, LARYNX-USER
TEEBALL EJACULATES LINES LIKE "IT'S DOUBTFUL THIS
MOUT'FULL GUNNA WALK ME 'ROSS STATE LINES" ("HAMMER
OF THE CLOUDS") AND "HE RIDICULED MY SPECS/I STRETCHED
HIS FUCKIN NECK" ("THE TIME-HONORED TRADITION OF
STOMPIN"). IF YOU WANNA DANCE, KEEP IT TO YOURSELF;
BUT IF YOU WANNA BE AMONG THE CHOSEN FEW,
I RECOMMEND CONGRESS. (FORGOT TO PEE BEFORE WE
LEFT RECORDS)

DOODOO MARI - PISS FLAP SKADODLIAK. HA HA - YOU WOULD
RECKON THIS WOULD BE A SEA BAND, BUT YOU'D BE
PULLIN YOUR PUD AND MISSIN SUPPER. BECAUSE WHAT
IT IS IS A SCAT-PUNK LOMBO. NOT SCAT LIKE BUTTS
AND CRAPS (THOUGH THERE DOES EXIST AN ELEMENT OF
STOOL), BUT SCAT AS IN SCATMAN CROTHERS, THE BLACK
CHRIST OF AMERICAN STAGE AND SCREEN. WHILE THEY
DO JUSTICE TO A COUPLE OF HIS NUMBERS (GET IT?)
THEY REALLY SHINE (GET IT?) IN THE NINE ORIGINALS
(LET IT?). "FLAP A DAP", "GINCHITY KLIMP", "HOT
DIGGITY PISS", "POOP A DOOP." IF YOU EVER WISHED
POISON IDEA WOULD PRESS THEIR LUCK AND DO DOO-
WOP, LIKE I ALWAYS DID, YOU'RE STUPID BUT IN LUCK.
(HOBBITY DOO DIP GINK GINK RECORDS)

DIET RIAT-METAL HEALTH: "HEALTH BEING THE KEY WORD,
APPARENTLY. OR "METAL" OR MAYBE "1983" OR WHENEVER.
AS EXPECTED, THERE'S "MAMA WEER ALL SKINNEE NOW" AND
"I'UM ON FEEL THE BURN", SEVEN RECIPE SONGS (DON'T FOR-
GET TO BUY COTTAGE CHEESE) AND THE ANTHEM
"RESHAPE YOUR TORSO". JESUS, IF ONLY I WERE TEN YEARS
YOUNGER. (SPORTS WATER RECORDS)

HAIRCUT 151 - THE PROOF IS IN THE BOTTLE: HACKNEYED
AS THIS 80S NOSTALGIA IS, I'M WILLING TO GIVE CREDIT
WHERE VOMIT IS DUE: LOTS OF US SPENT HIGH SCHOOL
SHAKING OUR RUMPS TO CULTURE CLUB AND BARFING
TACO BELL AND WINE COOLERS OUT THE WINDOWS OF
MOVING CHEVETTES. H151 CELEBRATE IT BY NEVER
EVEN TOUCHING THEIR INSTRUMENTS SOBER, THEN
DESTROYING THE WORK



OF DEVO,
BLANCMANGE,
U2, FUN BOY
THREE, ETC.
"OUR LIPS
ARE SEALED"
IS REDUCED
TO SOMETHING
LIKE A CLOT
OF SOURED
MILK. DON'T
BUY FROM
AMAZON.COM,
BUT DEMAND!
YOUR LIQVOR
STORE STOCK
YOU A COPY.
(TULLAMORE
DEW
RECORDS)

HARRISON GRAHAM CRACKERS - ONE UNDER THE BED

IS WORTH TWO ON THE ROOF: PRIMO PHILLY BEDROOM MURDER CORE. IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, SPARSE INSTRUMENTATION AND STRENGTH OF CONVICTION CAN EASILY OUTDO BANDS WHO KICK ASS BUT ESSENTIALLY SUCK. THIS SHIT IS ALMOST CRASS-LIKE IN THAT RESPECT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO HEAR IS ENCAPSULATED IN "I BEAT DAMMER TO THE PUNCH", WHICH EXPOUNDS ON PHILLY'S DOMINANCE OVER THE MIDWEST IN HOMEGROWN MAYHEM. THERE'S ONLY TWO WORDS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PHILADELPHIA: 'HEIDINK' AND 'HARRISON GRAHAM CRACKERS'. NOW GO CHECK OUT THAT STENCH. (MURDERHAND RECORDS)

MONTGOMERY GLAND - WOUNDSOCKET: THREE DORKS

FLY OFF THE HANDLE WITH THE ANAL CUNT WORSHIP. I REALIZE THE ONE-SECOND SONG IS OUT OF VOGUE, BUT MG TRANSCENDS THEIR ARCHAISM WITH LYRICS LIKE "THE FIRE GETS ON THEM / IN THE PIT / RAD AS SHIT" ("I LAUGH AT CHILDREN BURN") AND (YOU MIGHT SHOULD PULL A TUBE FOR THIS ONE): "WHEN I'M FEELING RANDY / I TAKE A SNORT OF BRANDY / THEN SLAP A CRAP INTO MY YAP / AND SUCK IT DOWN LIKE CANDY" ("OUTRAGEOUS & COPROPHAGOUS"). IF YOU'VE GOT TWO-THIRDS OF AN HOUR TO SPARE, YOU COULD MAKE THREE BOYS KIND OF HAPPY. (BUTT LIQUOR RECORDS)

SURPLUS KNOCKERS - SIMPLICITY FOR THE RETARD INDUSTRY: HIT YOUR HEAD ON A WALL OR POST A LOT OF TIMES. FALL DOWN. THAT'S GREAT, THANKS. (GOUT OF BLUE EYESHADOW RECORDS)

THE ESTABLISHED MEAT CUTTERS -

TRAINED TO CUT MEAT:

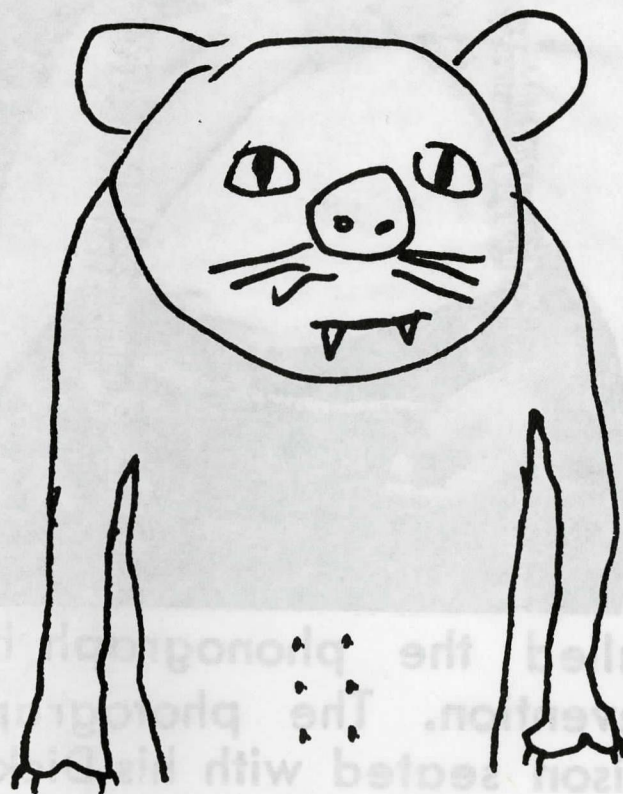
CUTS LIKE "CUT #1" AND "CUT #5" CUT RIGHT TO THE MEAT OF MEAT CUTTING. "CUT #9" IS PARTICULARLY MEATY. (CUT MEAT RECORDS)

YOUR RIDICULOUS BEHAVIOR LAST NIGHT DISCUSSED ME.



I'M HOWARD

HOLA GATO





Edison called the phonograph his favorite invention. The photograph shows Edison seated with his Dick.