

PREMIER ISSUE!!!

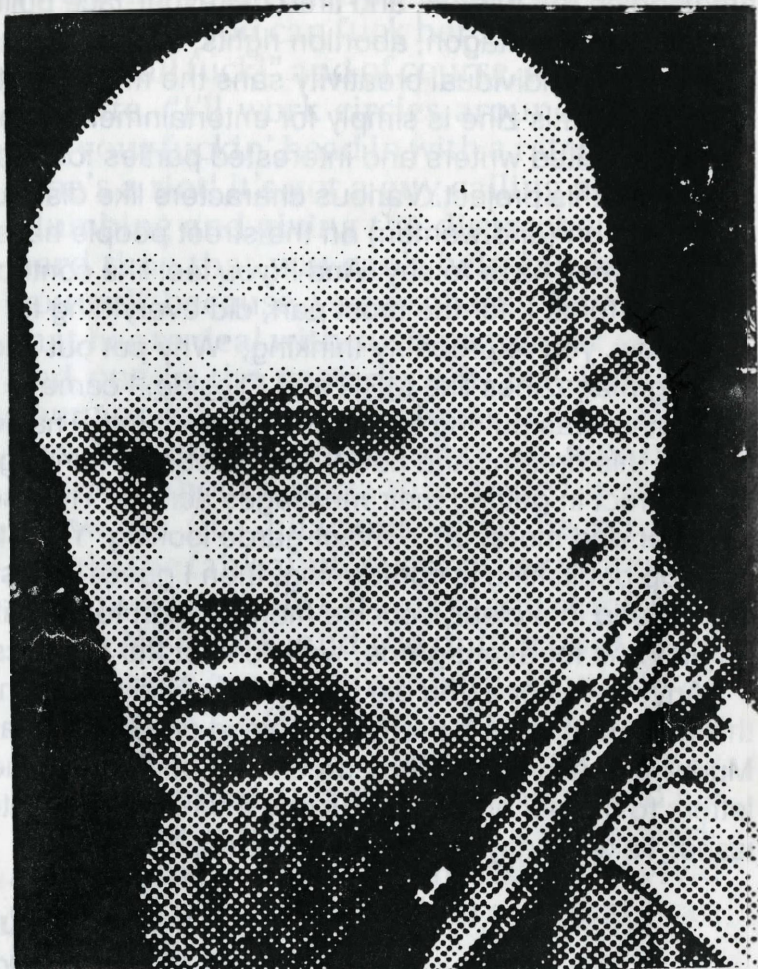
Stink Face

Issue #1

Winter 1993

50¢ (\$1 postpaid)

In this issue...
Mudwimin
Pigface
DaisyChainsaw
GG ALLIN
*Plus news, reviews,
fun and games!!!*



GG ALLIN

Exclusive interview from Jackson State Prison

Love him or hate him, though you'd be more provoked to do the latter, GG Allin is like Madonna—no matter what you think personally of him, you can't ignore the fact that he's still here, doing what he wants. And for those of us in Michigan, we're sharing (at this time) the same state with the artist best known for his rather extreme nature and cathartic concert etiquette.

On the back of the Murder Junkies 7-inch, he wears a hat that says "Michigan Sucks." Can you blame him? After all, he's spent time in Adrian for allegedly beating up an Ann Arbor woman, and now he's in the neighboring Jackson State Prison for what authorities deem to be grounds for multiple parole violations. But he's scheduled for release on March 11, and it's only a matter of time before he either ends up in another correctional facility or actually fulfills his promise of suicide on the stage.

In late September, I contacted GG through the mail, asking him if he would grant me a phone interview, and he said yes. I was in a Magazine/Feature Writing class and our major assignment was to do a 2,000-word profile on some kind of celebrity or prominent figure in the area. Jackson isn't too far from Detroit, so I figured what the heck, why don't I choose a *real* celebrity of sorts. Boy, was the instructor astounded when I told her I had to do my interview via phone—because my subject was doing time!

Well, I did the paper, got an A in the class (chalk one up for the underground), and now I present excerpts from the interview cassette. I'm offering a copy of the original tape to anyone who wants one, provided they send me something in trade (preferably any GG bootlegs except the 8/91 Asbury Park show). Send your list or whatever to me c/o Stink Face, and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

Doug: What exactly are you in for this time?

GG: Well, they said that my lyrics and my stage performance were a violation of my parole. I actually sent away for my parole report just to see exactly how they stated it. It's actually printed in black and white: "Due to the nature of Mr. Allin's antics on stage in Florida and Texas, we feel that at this point in time, incarceration to the max is necessary." Now I mean, come on! Fucking over a year for two stage shows?!

Continued on page 8

Note from the Editor

Hello, and welcome to the premier issue of Stink Face, the latest in the field of do-it-yourself zines for fun and profit. As the editor, it is my job to make sure that this is not just another thrown-together piece of "literary art," but instead a delicacy for those who are bored with the dreary publications that are flooding the market, and tired of in-your-face political statements. Let's face it, how much Bush, Clinton, CIA, Pentagon, abortion rights, censorship and related topics can one mind stand? Whatever happened to individual creativity sans the media/political edge? If you want current affairs, read the newspaper; this zine is simply for entertainment purposes.

I've solicited writers and interested parties for about a month, and so far the response has been positive to this project. Various characters like distraught teenagers, uptight college folk and ordinary, average men (and women) on the street people have submitted stuff (mostly poetry), and I hope you like what they have to say. And if *you* feel like contributing to this heap of recycled paper for the next issue, go for it. I, for the most part, did everything for this issue, but I welcome anything else.

I know, you're probably thinking, "Why put out another one of *those* things?" Well, after years of reading magazines like MRR and Flipside, I came to the conclusion that the only alternative to the alternative was putting together my own thing. Thanks to the power of Macintosh, it's possible for me to fulfill this dream. And now you're probably thinking, "But all the other zines are handmade and more direct in getting their messages across. They seem to be more honest 'cause they're pasted together and more, uh... avant-garde looking. Yeah that's it, avant-garde looking!" Well, if resorting to desktop publishing is conforming, then I guess I must suffer for such a label. I'd rather have my messages read in a clear, concise manner than to have it buried under a collage or worse, scribbled illegibly. As for avant-garde, well, look at the graphics I've cooked up.

Anyway, I hope you dig this and maintain enough interest to buy the second issue when it's out. In this edition, there's a pretty cool piece on GG Allin, a neat look at San Francisco's finest tribal clan Mudwimin, an inside scoop on GWAR and a few other aspects of fundamental absurdity. I encourage letters to the editor, as well as any mini-reviews, features, stuff for review or whatever for the next issue. Take it easy, and enjoy the zine.

Douglas Levy
Head Weirdo

P.S.: Nearly two years ago I got a bootleg tape of material by a band called Intense Mutilation, some New York, joke-ish hardcore band. Are they still around? Do they have any vinyl available? Do any of you have it? Drop me a line here if you have any information on this rather stimulating act.

COOL PEOPLE LIST: Blake "Scoob" Johnson and Play it Again Records, Randi Hole, Derek "Letterman" Berry, MDC, Mudwimin, Goober y los Peas, Jim C. and the Gotham crew, James Clay and all the Gotham Poets Anonymous, Mike Dorn-meister (more sucking poems!), Melody "Musacha" Mendis, K. Michelle Moran and the South End weirdos, Sunfrog and 404 Willis, Lenny Pops, Joel Zola-meister, Cathie "Fatigue" Tenhoopen, Stacey and the

other TM night shifters, Record Time, Tom Lucas and Gerri Speace, Ed Fred, Chris Laurence and Suckers, Cum Dumpster, John Franko and Nawpost, Big Mistake, the Forrer House inhabitants, Craig "Boycott" Schenk, Steve Wood and the War Poets, Punachello (you violent revolutionists), Jolea S., Jon "Mould" Moshier, Steve "Buddy Bang Boff Bong" Burkholder, Tasty Brains Recording, and anyone I've ever called "Tough Guy."

The Tough Guy Tapes

Foadly Cotlod on the funniest prank call tape ever made

The first time I heard the "Tough Guy" tapes was on the radio. Seriously! Me and Derek Berry and Rich Strock were hanging out at WORB during Derek's show, and Rich (the guy who's got a great tune called "Mud Shark" with his band whose name eludes me at this point... oh yeah, The System) said, "Why don't you play this? It's got a guy talking like Jerry Lewis and making phony calls." So we put the tape in and minutes later we were in stitches. This guy was calling a lawyer, explaining his case, and when the lawyer said he couldn't help him, the Jerry Lewis guy says, "Well, is it okay then if I sue *you* people?" "*Me?* Why do you want to sue *me?* What did *I* do to you?" "Uh, punitive damages!" Fortunately we didn't get any complaints that night from any sensitive listeners, but I can't figure out why. Sometime later I ran across a guy from Ypsilanti named Marc and he had the tape too, saying he got it from someone else, who also bootlegged it. Seizing the moment, I bootlegged it from him, giving him a copy of The Tube Bar Deluxe in exchange. I've come across numerous people since that time (last August) who've said they've heard it or have it, and gave me a few of their favorite

lines, like "I'll see you tomorrow with my tools, fuckface!" or "Look jerky, I don't need to talk to you!" or "You know, my wife has one eye, so you can fuck her in the eye! Give her a skull fuck!" and of course, my personal favorite, "I'll work circles around you—I'll rap your fuckin' head in with a ratchet!" The tape's a riot! It's got a guy calling about his plumbing and giving the dispatcher such a hard time that you can't help but laugh at yourself because *you* probably have a job that has to deal with such people (or you've had one in the past—face it, fast food is a common job among you feisty teens), and it also has my favorite, a foreign guy complaining about a pizza that made his family throw up (it's hilarious when he screams "Shaht the fahk ahp!" every other sentence). But anyway, I think it was made some time ago in New York, and the only names given on the tape are Sol Rosenberg, Frank Rizzo, John Musacha (he rules!), Joseph Redding and "Bill and Susan," and I doubt they're real. So if anyone wants a copy of it, send me something in trade (preferably any experimental tapes or sexual confessions in vivid detail) c/o Stink Face and I'll see what I can do for you, tough guy!

AMERICA? #1, Free, 18 pages—The name's a rhetorical question and a fine zine, too. Fascinating collages on everything from animal cruelty to Greek Week to MTV. Plus if you're good, Travis'll send you a wrestling card, too. (Travis, 421 N.W. 15th St. #84, Gainesville, FL, 32603)

GAG! #2, 50¢, 14 pages—Hilarious pocket-sized issue with a great Penthouse Forum spoof and bitchin' comics. In its brevity it's way better than Mad or National Lampoon combined. (9718 Conant, Hamtramck, MI, 48201)

GOAT #3, \$1, 30 unsparing pages—Very grotesque pictures, poems and related, just the thing to read on the toilet. Insightful interviews with a sadist and "the craziest man in the world." It is 18 and over, though, so photocopy your license or something. (P.O. Box 10701, Brandon, FL, 34282-0701)

HELLBOUND #4, \$1, 34 Pages—This is one of the better efforts I've seen from most of the Washington (state)-based zines, and this has the second part of a GG Allin interview, neat illustrations and Abe Lincoln, P.I. (Left-over Productions, Housing U-208, TESC, Olympia, WA, 98505)

the zine rack

HOT LUNCH #3, Free (but send a few stamps), 26 Pages—Pro-choice, Riot Grrrl zine with one of the best front covers I've seen (cute paper dolls). Worth the postage just for the menstrual cycle board game and the mini-zines they enclose. (5255 Bothe Ave., San Diego, CA, 92122)

THE LISTING ATTIC #1, \$1, 16 pages—Very creative DIY zine that focusses on fiction, poetry, prose and collages, plus an interview with Gretchen of Mary's Danish without a tape recorder. Sure would like to see what the next issue would be like. (Leslie, 1590 Knollwood Terrace, Pasadena, CA, 91103)

NAKEDCITY #11, \$1, 22 pages—What's so naked about it? Well, it's got some shots of GG Allin in his natural state in Houston and great skateboard pieces. Cool detailed

adventure of when "Chris" and "Ken" go shopping. Rad. (4632 Amesbury #142, Dallas, TX, 75206)

PEE #1, \$1, 24 pages—One of the better punk zines that's glided across my desk in the last year. Great Chumbawumba interview and Citizen Fish experience. (Molly, 8 S. 051 Creek Dr., Naperville, IL, 60540)

REAL LIFE IN A BIG CITY #52, \$1 (free in person if you live in California), 54 pages—Zines like this make me wish I lived in California. Another Macintosh-made thing in newsprint, it has a shitload of record reviews to help you spend your hard-earned dough. Good Cadillac Tramps interview. (6520 Selma Ave. #332, Los Angeles, CA, 90028)

RUNT #12, 2 stamps, 10 pages—I think it got its name 'cause it's not that long. Good Velocity Girl interview and a tasty omelette recipe, too. (Lara, P.O. Box 261, Merion, PA, 19066)

SUCKERS #15, \$1, 26 pages—If there's one zine I can truly call my favorite, this is it. By far the best GG zine and this has an interview with him and Merle (separately), and a Johnny Thunders piece. Get it now. (Chris Laurence, 1404 Leader Dr., Killeen, TX, 76542)

Reviews

Reviews done by: Douglas Levy (DL), Linda Rosenfeld (LR)

AGENT ORANGE, "Electric Storm" b/w "Skinny Dip": This is one of the better comeback records I've heard thus far. "Storm" is gripping and light years ahead of the *When You Least Expect It* era; "Dip" is the ultimate beach/surf movie instrumental. Welcome back, dudes. (AO, P.O. Box 16385, Encino, CA, 91416) DL

CARNIVAL ART, Welcome to Vas Llegas CD: Semi-conceptual disc that's sort of like a cross between Jane's Addiction, Faith No More and Soundgarden (circa 1989). It's got its moments ("Shit Thick," "Sucker Punch"), but after a while singer Michael P. Tak gets kind of annoying. Oh well, better than the new Bon Jovi. (Beggars' Banquet/BMG) DL

CRACKERBASH, Crackerbash CD: I'm sorry, but this is such dull college-rock fare, Perry Como is more livelier. Very thin-laced vocals, pre-Sugar/post-Hüsker Dü Bob Mould rhythms and nothing worth writing home about. Save your dough for the new Flipper album. (eMpTy, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102) DL

CULTURE FIRE, "Release" EP: Very thick-sounding anti-grunge, almost slap-happy on "Lay Down" and "T and G, L in E." What's really neat about it is the fact that the drummer sits on milk crates instead of a stool—how much more honest can one band get? (One-Hour, 1215 Harney St., Omaha, NE, 68102) DL

DE SCHMOG, Ed CD: A strange trip into basement rock, from a band that kind of sounds like a high school act that no one thought would ever make something out of themselves. It's like Camper Van Beethoven meeting The Doors and then getting into a fight with an unplugged Mr. Bungle. This is dope, so get it now. (Disclexington Productions, 2142 Lexington, Houston, TX, 77098) DL

THE EUGE, Welcome Back to the West Coast EP: Going back to the days of the suave crooner, The Euge (is he Cali's version to Motown's "The Nuge"?) makes this piece of not-exactly pop fodder a pleasant surprise. This is something most likely found on Sub Pop, but if this guy wants to maintain his cult following, he'll stay away from 'em. Alex of Big Dog told me this was cool, and he was right. Check this one out, and you'll be in heaven. (Big Dog, 109 Minna St. #591, San Francisco, CA, 94105) DL

FAILURE, Comfort CD: I bet if a wooze band were stranded with a guitar, drums and a bass (and a few pedals) in a room on a desert island, it would sound like this. Few solos (a great one on "Screen Man"), an airy, boxy ambiance and the engineer work of the Amazing Albini (Steve, that is) make this one a cut above the usual grunge heap. (Slash) DL

FAR SIDE, Rochambeau LP: I usually scoff at the search-for-self/what-can-I-do-to-make-a-difference post-punk bands, but this is an exception that has enough stamina to not fully fit into current moshcore standards. Even with Love & Rockets guitar sequences on "Constant Reminder" and U2-esque paces on "Safe or Sorry," this is a ray of hope that's a comfort instead of a conflict. (Revelation) DL

FUNCTIONAL IDIOTS, "Toga Party" b/w "Low Down": True party hardcore in the tradition of Murphy's Law from these Pi Alpha Nu dudes. There's nothing too original about it ("Smokin' 'n' trippin' 'n' swimmin' in our beer/the neighbor's complainin', the cops are always here"), but if Billy Milano likes 'em, what's the difference. (Mint-Tone, 161-26 Crossbay Blvd., Ste. 150, Howard Beach, NY, 11414) DL

HIGH BACK CHAIRS, "Share" b/w "One Small Step": It never would have seemed possible that Dischord would put out such illustrious pop (or more appropriately, pap) like this, but don't be surprised if "Share" is put in the jukebox at your local Suzi Q's. "Step" is heavier and quicker, completing the circle of bliss. S'aright. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. N.W., Washington, DC, 20007) DL

JACK ACID, 6-Song EP: This is pretty much anything the average spiked-hair cretin with a fair sense of humor could want. Elspeth shireks and yells, but she's one of the better voxters I've heard so far, and "G.B.H. (Great Big Haircut)" and "Unity Blues" are ragers. Punk is dead? Not quite. (Vandal Children Records, P.O. Box 260805, Hartford, CT, 06126-0805) DL

JACKNIFE, "Stuck-Up Art Bitch" b/w "Flat Top Fucker": These are two drilling, primitive headshakers that are a good distance aart from the usual coed bands, just as good, if not better than the Gargoyles. There's a fair amount of fuzzy production in it, but it enhances it all nicely. Dig this. (IMP, P.O. Box 34, Portland, OR, 97207) DL

THE LEONARDS, "Move" b/w "Thinking About It": With a pop overtone, "Move" is a quick in-and-out job that would appeal to the Minneapolis followers—very fast and to the point. "Thinking" is Replacements (post-*Let it Be*) at a nearly flawless rate. Just another installment of the *other* singles club. (Red Planet, 2531 Sawtelle Blvd. #49, Los Angeles, CA, 90064) DL

THE MCKNICKNIX, "Bizarre Bazaar" EP: A homemade joke single is the first perception, but it's actually a well-done Scatterbrain-becomes-punk-ish disc. Though not rhythmically original (Bad Religion would trample 'em in an instant), it's not often that a band would write about themselves appearing on vinyl, as these guys do on "Vinally" (yes, that's the way they spell it). Close to being a classic. (Vandal Children Records, P.O. Box 260805, Hartford, CT, 06126-0805) DL

MIND'S EYE, "Almond Tree" b/w "Sea": Very tight production would make this look like another Rick Rubin metal band discovery, or at least another addition to the Helmet/Nirvana heap. Still, this is a pretty good effort that is reminiscent of Danzig's heyday a few years ago, and one of the better singles I've come across this year. (Rope a Dope, P.O. Box 544, Yonkers, NY, 10710) DL

MOMMYHEADS, Coming Into Beauty LP: A good, trippy, psychedelic (a la XTC) outfit destined to stand apart from the current invasion of "neo-hippie" bands (Phish, Spin Doctors, et al). Puzzling yet joyful, it combines heavy harmony and an occasional dash of

Celtic folk for a (sur)really good time. (Simple Machines, P.O. Box 10290, Arlington, VA, 22201) **DL**

MOUSETRAP, "Wired" b/w "Train": Kinda Dwarvesy fare here; one-dimensional yet stable in the sense that it's a pretty darn good history lesson in the SST movement in the '80s. Good for those who are under the impression that Sub Pop rules all. (One-Hour, 1215 Harney St., Omaha, NE, 68102) **DL**

MULE, "Tennessee Hustler" b/w "Black Bottom": This is kind of like a James Gang/hillbilly concoction, from a band that isn't too afraid to experiment with new rip-rock methods. "Hustler" is kinda funny, and "Bottom" is like Ian Gillan being forced to sing at a county fair, if you can imagine that. (Nocturnal Records, P.O. Box 399, Royal Oak, MI, 48068) **DL**

NO COMMENT, Downsided EP: Grindcore with flair, like most other stuff on Slap A Ham, these are 11 cuts (roughly 30 seconds each) that can cause relapse and aural damage. But other than the fact that there's more to grindcore than Napalm Death and chronic unannunciation on this, the insightful lyrics within it are exceptional. Check it out. (Slap A Ham, P.O. Box 420843, San Francisco, 94142-0843) **DL**

PORGES BAND, "I Whistle for the Missile" EP: One of my top five singles of all time. Though it's kind of like a soap opera that very few would understand—even after reading the comic book libretto—a great dialogue about twisted logic, proverbs and weird affection makes "The Man" a piece of trippy prose. (Boo Boo Records, P.O. Box 751, Santa Cruz, CA, 95061-0751; send a stamp for the newsletter) **DL**

PRAXIS, Transmutation CD: This seemed too good to be true—homeboys Bootsey Collins and Bernie Worrell, Brain of Limbomaniacs and Bill Laswell at the production helm, in a funk metal supergroup. After a while, though, it all seems like a long, dull-refrained jam session that doesn't have much to say. Next time, bring George Clinton along. (Axiom/Island) **DL**

SHUDDER TO THINK, "Hit Liquor" b/w "No Room 9," "Kentucky": Why is there a buzz circulating over this particular band? Because they rule! I thought *Get Your Goat* was astounding, but this is just great, one of the tightest, most challengingly melodic things I've come across in a while. Though the prose makes little sense, the artistic values are prevalent. I hope that this "next Nirvana" thing dies out quickly so this band doesn't succumb to it. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. N.W., Washington, DC, 20007) **DL**

SKATENIGS, Stupid People Shouldn't Breed CD: Punk-skate rock by way of Ministry-style heavy drums and socially-stressed messages that does pretty good. "Shit Authority" is my favorite track, and the album starts with a neat poem about the band—I guess Jane's Addiction's intro rap on *Ritual* opened a few new doors. For metal and hardcore followers alike. (Megaforce) **DL**

SOCKEYE/EEYORE POWER TOOL Split 7-inch: Another one of my favorite all-time singles, just because most experimental pieces are garbage. Sockeye is hilarious on the metal/satan rip on "Satan Medley," and a crazy rendition of .38 Special's "Hold on Loosely." EPT, on the other hand, puts great spin into their work, with weird sound bites ("Eat your dirty socks every day," says one), a rendition of "My Amoeba," and my favorite, "Daisy Hill Puppy Farm." Good for do-it-yourself-single inspiration or just saying no to the schlock of today. (Eerie Materials, P.O. Box 14592, Richmond, VA, 23221) **DL**

S.O.D., Live at Budokan CD: Sure, they've been overrated and labelled as the precursors/trendsetters for the metal/punk crossover,

but this is just a fun disc. They do Nirvana's "Territorial Pissings," Ministry's "Stigmata/Thieves," and Billy Milano bitches out the audience when a stagediver gets hurt. It ain't no *KISS Alive!*, but where else are you gonna find a *real* "no overdubs" album? (Megaforce) **DL**

SPRAWL, Ska Mitzva, Heat Miser, Sea Weed CD: I'm tired of in-your-face ska, yet this disc is actually sort of discreet about its ska aspects. No, it's nothing that Fishbone or the Bosstones haven't done, but a little ska once in a while is all right and this one gets the job done. (Rastaman Work Ethic, 2140 Lexington, Houston, TX, 77098) **DL**

THE STAIRS, Mexican R 'n' B CD: Recorded in mono, this is a strange tribute to the Liverpool post-skiffle/mod scene, with gothic-style cover and lettering. Another gimmick band? Maybe, but this is good for baby-boomers and beatniks alike, especially the opening "Weed Bus." (Gol/London) **DL**

ULTRA HEAD, Cement Truck CD: This is a one-man industrial outfit that has no Reznor-esque rhetoric or Jourgensen army-fight cheerleading in it, but a vast array of dark poetry screaming, heavy guitar and pounding drum sequences sure to make mincemeat out of the current wave of metallic-industrial bands like Malhavoc. Doug Carrion is an angry s.o.b., but damned if he doesn't deserve to be recognized for it. (Imperial Stab Chamber, 4216 Beverly Blvd. #313, Los Angeles, CA, 90004) **DL**

VARIOUS ARTISTS, Great Big Pile CD: A big pile indeed, this Houston sampler CD sorta sounds like it was made for vinyl instead. Neat tracks from Rusted Shut ("Kill," which is, incidentally, its sole lyric), De Schmog, Squat Thrust and Retardo Al Dante; this shows that the Houston scene is all there. Now if only Detroit had something like this... (Deep Dot, P.O. Box 542124, Houston, TX, 77254-2124) **DL**

WAX, What Else Can We Do CD: A good 34 minutes of garage/jangle/skank rock, like the Bosstones sans the horns. Good post-ska rhythms and a few surprises; one of the better low-key efforts this year. Neat liner notes, too. (Caroline) **DL**

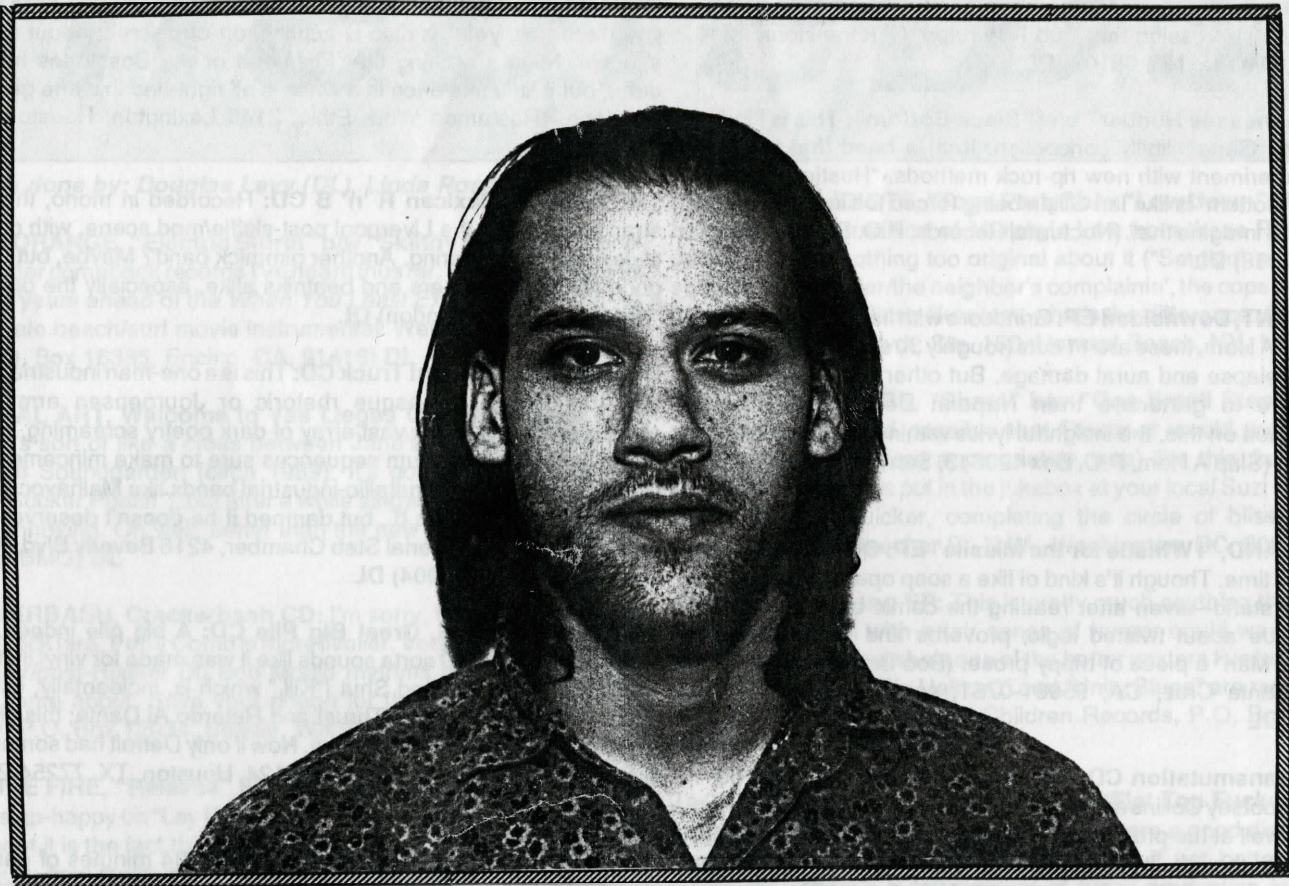
YO LA TENGO, May I Sing With Me CD: Up against the crisp, dare I say refined sound of this decade's alternative music, YLT show they're not trying to follow in Nirvana's footsteps with their latest. They've already broken into their own—why should they change their formula? At a time when alternative acts are searching for "the Gimmick" to break into the big time, Ira and the rest fall back on old familiars—heavy feedback and incomprehensible "singing." They're distinctly rebelling from the new wave of suave sounds with a dash of edge; YLT gives almost exclusive raw madness, showing that they are not the ones to conform to trendy non-conformity. (Alias) **LR**

If you've got an indie release worth checking out, do yourself a favor and send it along here. I'll make sure it's chronicled in the next edition of S.F., and will even send it back to you if you really can't spare it. And if you've just bought one that's really bitchin', write a few lines about it and I'll publish it! Send it on home to:

Stink Face Zine
14610 Borgman
Oak Park, MI 48237

All contributors get a free copy and the endless prestige and fame that goes with it!!!

Profile of an Artist with a Cult Following



Name: Foadly Cotlod

Alias: The Foadmeister

What he does: Sings (sort of) and plays guitar, writes/reads poetry and prose

Discography

Open Mic Volume 1 (Hideous Productions HDS001, 1991,
Cassette only; for inquiry write to Foadly c/o Stink Face)

Under The Black Light (Poetry collection, coming sometime in 1993)
As-yet untitled flexi-disc (in the works)

Favorite hangout: Gotham City Cafe, Ferndale, Mich.

Most recognized quotes: "Why, I haven't written a letter since... '76!!!" "I'll work circles around you... I'll rap your fuckin' head in with a ratchet!!!" "This is quite cathartic."

Most frequently played open mic tunes: "Spats"; Nirvana's "Drain You"; MDC's "Knucklehead" and "S.K.I.N.H.E.A.D."; "Gimme Some Lovin'" (Danzig style); Beatles' "Savoy Truffle"

Preferred color on anything: Royal blue

Favorite zine: "Stink Face... what else is there?"

You can be the next poster child for "Profile of an Artist with a Cult Following" by dropping us a mini-bio here at Stink Face (as well as a demo tape and/or single if you have one), and we'll take care of the rest. Fame and glory will be yours, plus your mother will hang a clipping of it on the fridge for display!

Daisy Chainsaw

everything is weird

When you think of London, you think of Big Ben, maybe the front cover of that Paul McCartney record, or, more likely, the Sex Pistols and lots of mohawk-wearing punks scuffling with the bobbies. Now with the British punk scene in limbo, and the Exploited and GBH are getting old, here's where the new breed comes in.

Daisy Chainsaw's debut, *Eleventeen*, is a whirlwind dervish that is beyond almost anything I've heard from the U.K., something that skates across the landscape of sonic mental institutions and nonsensical warbling. From the first track, appropriately called "I Feel Insane," to the alluring country-folk of "Natural Man," to a strange inner-terminal hell commentary called "Lovely Ugly Brutal World," this disc cuts deep (more so on the aptly-titled "Dog with Sharper Teeth").

Most of the monstrous perversions come from Katie Jane Garside, the Wendy-James-on-amphetamines lead singer who is more of an actress than a singer, and displays such on the stage. At their show last October at St. Andrew's with Shudder to Think (fucking awesome!) and Therapy? (just so-so that night), she appeared on stage in a white, mangy dress, bare feet and a shaved head (a haywire Sinead O'Connor, perhaps?). Then she proceeded to simulate a mental patient without room to move, gracefully drinking water from a teacup instead of an Evian water bottle between songs, and sticking an electric drill into a baby doll.

Guitarist and chief songwriter Crispin Gray, who bears strong on-stage image to Bowie in his Ziggy days and strum etiquette a la Keith Richards, appears to be laughing off the whole representation that the band makes. Richard Adams, bassist and "part-time belcher," punches his bass strings while retaining the low-key cool that most bassists lack these days. And Canadian-born drummer Vince Johnson bashes the skins in the same impacting way that Nirvana's Dave Grohl does, but is smart enough not to destroy the kit.

Though there was fair attendance, the crowd didn't know what to make of Daisy Chainsaw. At one point, the moshing was full swing for "Love Your Money," but when Garside poured some kind of blood-like fluid on herself, it seemed kind of monstrous. I mean, this was the same woman who was calm and friendly among her scattered relics in the "dressing room" area (actually the Burns Room, where David J. of Love & Rockets



Daisy Chainsaw (from left): Crispin Gray, Katie Jane Garside, Vince Johnson, Richard Adams

played an acoustic set once) and there she was, thrashing and pouting on the stage, wearing a gas mask during the encore, even beating up on Gray a few times.

This is the same band that was asked to play on "Top of the Pops"? Well, according to Garside, "We're very difficult to control," and such pub-

licity over a Top 40 U.K. single ("Love Your Money") would not suffice. Hopefully Daisy Chainsaw will be one of the "sleeper" acts of 1992-93, become what others are looking for as the next Nirvana, and who knows? Maybe Madonna will take interest in Garside and invite her to dinner soon.

GG Allin, continued

People don't believe me when I tell 'em; they think it's gotta be something else and it's in fucking black and white! I mean, what more do I have to do? Basically it is a violation of my constitutional rights, and what I'm doing is I'm filing a lawsuit (against) the parole board for the State of Michigan. It's already being processed and I'm not gonna file it until I get out. Michigan's such a fucking police state anyway. Most states you get some sort of two-for-one, three-for-one. If you go to prison in Florida, Texas, Chicago, New York, and you get sentenced for two years, you probably end up doing nine months to a year. If you do two years in Michigan you end up doing six. It doesn't make too much sense, but that's how it is.

Doug: How many times roughly have you been arrested?

GG: Oh geez, it's countless. I've been arrested for so many things. The list is endless.

Doug: You were on *Geraldo* earlier this year, and from what I saw, the censors must have gotten paid overtime that day.

GG: I think *Geraldo* was caught completely off guard; you know how those TV shows are. I don't think he realized the reality and the extreme of who I was. If you look at the rest of the show, you'll see that most of the other artists were trying to be acceptable and fit into social circles and what not, and I just came out and I was myself. I don't think he was ready to deal with that; I don't think most people are. They don't realize how brutally real it is until they're actually confronted with it and say, "Hey, this motherfucker's really like this!"

When I first came out, I came out in my jockstrap and they just had a fucking fit! They just went nuts, "No, no, you can't do this, you can't do this!"

And I said, "Well, look motherfucker, you said you wanted me on the show and you're gonna take me the way you get it." And they said, "No, no, we can't do this," so I said fuck it, put my shit on, and I was ready.

Doug: Do you think that show bastardized you in any way?

GG: I think that it gave me more exposure, and I think that I said the things that I had to say. I obviously used that show for my own purposes; I didn't go on there and try to pretend to be someone I wasn't. I don't think I "sold out" in any way for being on the show. I went on there, I was GG Allin, said what I had to say, and if they didn't like it, fuck 'em. Obviously they didn't like it 'cause they kept cuttin' me off. I told the audience how I felt about them, I told the other fucking panelists what I felt about them, and for the most part I didn't really give a fuck if the panel hated me or *Geraldo* hated me or the audience hated me—I was there as GG Allin and I didn't represent anybody there except myself. So I thought I was the show. Unfortunately, you're right, the censors did go a little nuts.

Doug: How did you get involved with that show?

GG: There was an article in the *New York Post*... well, it all stemmed from the all the press I got in Milwaukee and then when I got arrested in Florida. *Geraldo* contacted my record company (New Rose), my record company contacted me, and I said fuck it, let's go.

The thing is, people always think you have to sell out to be on a TV show, and for the most part, that's probably true. Most bands would probably sell their fucking soul out or completely fuckin' wimp out to be on a show. If they would have set any limits in any way, I would have not done it. The fact that I could go on there and be myself, that was okay 'cause I manipulated them.

Doug: Yeah, if they could put skinheads on there, why not GG Allin.

GG: Right.

Doug: Let's go back to your career. You've played with a lot of

bands—the Jabbers, Scumfucs, Bulge, Anti-Seen and now the Murder Junkies. Which of them do you feel did the most justice in fully relaying what GG Allin is all about?

GG: Well, I think I have to say right now the Murder Junkies, but if you'd asked me that in 1985, I would have said the Scumfucs. Because whatever I'm doing right now is really the only important thing that matters. That band that's playing with me at the present time is the only band that matters. Anything in the past obviously is important 'cause that's what got me to where I am today, but you can't take what I did ten years ago and compare it to what I did today, but what I was doing ten years ago mattered a whole lot. That's who I was. Every single album and every single band and every single show is an exact portrait of what was going on inside of me and outside of me at that particular time, so I can't really say one was more important than the other. All I can say is right now the Murder Junkies are the most important thing. Both lyrically and musically, I think the *Freaks* album is really a representation of who I am.

Doug: *Murder Junkies*, the album, is a very powerful, probably most thorough statement, and dare I say it, professionally sounding out of everything you've done, very politically and socially oriented.

GG: Yeah, that necessarily wasn't intentional. I wrote the lyrics and like I say, I go in with the band and whatever happens in the studio happens. It's not like we really set anything up or have any expectations. It's like we go in, I go on the microphone and whatever comes

into my mind, I go with it.

Doug: What originally got you interested in rock 'n' roll?

GG: I've always thought that there were too many

"My whole intention to get involved with music was solely for revenge."

frauds and phonies. My whole intention to get involved in music with the Jabbers was solely for revenge. I mean, we didn't set out for popularity. The whole purpose was. 'Let's start a gang. We'll go in and trash all the clubs we can't stand and fuck up all the people we don't like, and just terrorize.' That's why the Jabbers formed. I just wanted to keep going with it 'cause I kept getting more and more angry and I kept seeing music selling out more and more. To me, it has to be who you are. When I'm on that stage, I'm the same person as I am on that stage as I am off the stage in my mind. But my whole purpose was strictly for revenge.

Doug: What kind of childhood did you have that would get you into that kind of thing?

GG: It's very chaotic. I've always been able to crawl into myself. It's hard to explain; I've gone through so much shit in my childhood. I was witnessed to beatings and burnings, my father digging graves under the house, being held at gun point, kidnapped. But I'm not blaming anyone for who I am. If anything, I think my childhood actually made me a much stronger person, much more of a warrior, because I tended to not look for relationships. I never looked for friendships; I always kinda toughed it out on my own and it made me real hardshelled. I think inside... it just built up so much fury that I needed a release. And that release was rock 'n' roll.

Doug: I've read in a few articles that some things included wearing your mother's clothes to school, often being picked on...

GG: Well, not so much being picked on. When I got into a fight, it took 10 or 15 motherfuckers to drag me off somebody. That's how much fury I carried inside of me all the time. I was like a walking atomic bomb. (If) somebody got me and pulled the wrong triggers, I mean, I was going off. But yeah, I never wanted to fit in with the norm. I always felt some sort of superiority over others. I just felt like I

belonged with any of those people. So when they were going to school with their flannel shirts or whatever they were wearing that year, I chose to wear blouses and stretchpants, high heels and makeup, that sort thing. So yeah, I had no intention of fitting into their plan.

Doug: I think that may have sketched out everything after that.

GG: Yeah, and that was such an early age. It was before it was considered cool to look like that, let's put it that way. A lot of people now I see tend to use the underground label pretty much as a stepping stone for their own capitalistic gain or commercial sell-out. Now you've got everybody trying to be a fuckin' alternative wanna-be; now that the underground thing is so big, everybody's jumpin' on and playing top 40... that just fuckin' pisses me off more than you'll ever know. I've been doing this motherfuckin' shit for 15 motherfuckin' years, then you've got some motherfuckin' idiots thinking that they're like some big, alternative band or something. It's all a joke.

Doug: When did you decide that it was right to declare war on the underground?

GG: You know, I've *always* been at war with the underground. It's just that in the last few years I've seen bands like GWAR, Cannibal Corpse and all these bands with fuckin' names, and they come out with all these props and fake blood and then when the show's over, they go home to their fucking suburbs, their nice cars and their pretty girlfriends and their safe lives. It's like, something just ain't fuckin' right here because the real non-conformists and the real outcasts are the people living in this situation every day. We can't put up with that kind of thing. It's time to just say, hey, fuck you, we're not gonna take that anymore. I think the true GG Allin believers are the *real* non-conformists and if we can build enough people, then we need to create a war, we need to bring rock 'n' roll back

into the danger zone. We need to find out who's for the real thing, (find out) who the frauds and the phonies are and eliminate them.

Doug: Do you find it flattering that bands like the Dwarves and Bloody Mess and the Scabs find you influential towards *their* act?

GG: I have no problem with people finding what I do influential. I have a big people problem when people try to imitate it, because what's the sense. If you can't top me, don't try to imitate me, and you're not gonna top me 'cause there's nobody that's ever fucking come close. I've seen Blag (Jesus of the Dwarves) try to do this GG Allin thing, but not even close. I mean, to be influenced is one thing, but to imitate, forget it. You gotta be willing to go the whole fucking mile, not just half of it. You've got to be willing to go to jail; you can't just go up there, go halfway, turn around and go back. If you can't go all the way, don't even start the car.

Doug: When did you decide that suicide on the stage was necessary?

GG: People all thought that it started with the Suicide Sessions, and that's not true. That was written because my girlfriend had tried to commit suicide and my guitar player's girlfriend tried to commit suicide at the same time, but that's not what mine was. I did a show in New York in 1989, where I had done like tons of heroin. About 2 in the morning I got up and tumbled down a flight of stairs and broke my ribs, got to the stage and completely passed out. I was just pretty disgusted with myself at that performance. And a lot of people thought it was a classic moment. I was pretty disgusted with it because I just wanted to do better. Then I was going out to San Francisco to do a show with the Drug Whores, and on that bus ride, I said, "Well, fuck it, I'm gonna kill myself, because it seems like the

time. I don't wanna just get stagnating."

Then when I got arrested in 1989 by the Secret Service, it kinda opened a lot more doors for me, a lot more rage and a lot more wars and I saw it really *wasn't* the end. So what they had set out to do by stopping the GG Allin mission actually opened more venues for my anger and animosity, so I think their plan backfired. Don't get me wrong; I still plan on committing suicide on the stage. It's an absolute must, but I cannot and will not do it until all my battles are fought. If I was to kill myself before everything was done, then that's going to go against everything that I stand for. The only reason to kill yourself is when you're in your peak, and when you've reached your peak and you've got nowhere else to go, then it's time to end it. But right now, I have too many battles.

So if people think that I'm in prison because I didn't want to kill myself, then that's absolutely wrong. Let them come in here and see how much fucking fun it is for *them*. It just happened that I've run into a lot of tragedies, a lot of things have happened to me in the last four years. I mean, most people couldn't go through 20 years of what I've been going through in the last four years. A lot of things have changed in my mind, but the bottom line is I'm gonna get out, I'm gonna continue to break through all the boundaries that people set up and even the ones that I've set up for myself, and when I continue to not be able to break through the boundaries that I've already set, then it'll be time. But until then, I'm gonna keep going.

Doug: I understand you're going to be going to Europe next year when you're released.

GG: We're hoping, if I can get a passport.

*"When I walk up on that stage
and I look at that group of
people, they're my enemy."*

Doug: Then you're going to do it (commit suicide) when you feel it's necessary?

GG: It'll probably still be on Halloween and it may still be next year. Actually, what I'm

going to do is I'm gonna make that statement when I am released. My first plan is to make an album. My second plan is immediately hit the road, and I plan on continuously touring. I think that, depending on the outcome of the first few tours, I'm gonna see how everything goes and then I will make my decision accordingly. It will definitely still happen.

Doug: Well, be careful around Michigan.

GG: I'm actually going to stay out of Michigan. Maybe forever. There is no parole to do this time, so there is an advantage this time out.

Doug: When you first went to prison in Michigan, that was for assault to that Leslie woman?

GG: Yeah.

Doug: What happened with that?

GG: Only Jim Beam knows for sure! (Laughs) Well, I can tell ya—I'm not gonna tell ya exactly what happened; it was just so long ago and even that night is questionable in my mind. I just say, hey look, the bitch put herself on the GG Allin altar, followed me around like a fucking dog, she begged for me to do this, she begged for me to do that, she thought she could handle me and just like everybody else, when they get too close to me, they realize it's too motherfucking hot and they can't handle it. Everybody thinks they can handle it until they actually decide to enter my world, and when they enter my world, they realize it's not a place they want to be for a very long time.

But the thing that really bothers me is the fact that after the incident happened—whether it really happened or not is questionable in a lot of people's minds, with so many different stories from so many different people—I received letters from her, stating that she *still* wanted to marry me, stating how much fun she had, sending me

GG Allin, continued

scabs in the mail, doing interviews with Boston Rock, saying, "Yeah, I know he was a dangerous man, that was the thrill of it all." All of that evidence there was not even used in court. I think it goes beyond that. I think the FBI or the Secret Service just needed a state that would put me in prison, and Michigan was the scapegoat. They wanted me off the stage, they knew I was about to commit suicide, they knew I was out on a fucking rampage of terror, they knew the trouble, they knew the rock 'n' roll mission was something they weren't in control of, and I wasn't on no major label, so they couldn't tell me what to do.

I think it all boils down to, and you can believe it if you want, I think I was set up and framed. I'll always believe that because it's got to go way beyond that. I mean, I was arrested by the United States Secret Service—that ought to tell you something!

Doug: Exactly. I've heard you say in many sound bites and articles your audience is your enemy, that they're there for you, and not you for them.

GG: Absolutely. I look at the audience the way I look at the world and the way I look at society as a whole. When I walk up on that stage and I look at that group of people, they're my enemy. Basically, that's the way to weed it out. When the smoke's cleared and the broken bones are counted and the bloodshed is thick, the ones that are still intact at the end of the shows are the ones you takes on as the allies, and the other ones are usually the cowards that run to the fucking police because they come there expecting some safe, performance art spectacle and they find themselves caught up in the real fucking brutality crossfire of a GG Allin show. You really have to look at the

audience as a whole as the enemy because if you don't, you're not really gonna find out who's there to see you for who you are and

who's there just to see you as the freak. I have to make that distinction; I have to weed it out. So when the show's over, the people outside are the ones that really don't need to be there.

Doug: What provokes you to do things like defecate and masturbate on stage?

GG: Well, the defecation is more of a shared communion between souls, more of a thing of power. Like my body fluids are a communion to my people who come to see me. If people find that as offensive or if people find that as an assault, then again, fuck it, they're not a part of my ritual. But I drink blood, I drink piss, I eat shit myself. It's sort of a beyond-flesh thing; to me flesh, straight intercourse is boring. To be as close to a person's soul as you really need to be, you have to get right into the body fluids of that person. Sort of like a shared communion, a gift of power.

Doug: Do you find yourself immune to pain?

GG: I have made myself immune to pain from a very early age. I've always put myself through tragic situations so when tragic situations occur, I would be ready to handle them. And that's where the self-mutilation fits in, because I'm continually tearing my body up and it just makes me that much more powerful, it makes me that much stronger, it makes me that much better of a warrior. If you put yourself through painful, tragic situations every day of your life and if you look at every day of your life as the last day of your life, then you can face just about anything you come into contact with.

Doug: Do you think there's any song that describes you fully?

GG: I don't know if there's one particular song, but if you took the Freaks, Faggots, Drunks and Junkies album and shook it up with the Murder Junkies album, you'd probably have a good idea of what goes through my head every day.

Doug: Maybe even the 7-inch single with the Murder Junkies?

GG: Yeah. That's amazing.

Doug: I understand you have a great deal of poetry and spoken word. Do you have any plans to publish any of it soon?

GG: Actually I do, but what I think what we're going to do is we're right now working on my autobiography (with Boston writer Joe Coughlin) and I think we're gonna include it at the end or weaved into the book somewhere. It will be out before the end of '93, hopefully mid-93. We're now 200 pages into it, and we're looking at about 500, and believe me, this fucking book is *intense*. It's more than a rock 'n' roll book, it's fucking tragedy! But it's also a celebration of... you've gotta read it to believe it, and a lot of people are gonna read it and not believe it. There's nothing in this book that's fictional, it's all complete fact. But when you read it, you think "How in the fuck can this guy still be *alive*?!" We've got a couple publishers interested, and we're hoping not to just put it out as an underground book that'll be overlooked; we're hoping to actually put this thing out so people can read it in book form.

Doug: Jeff Koch asked this last year, and I heard it on the re-released You Give Love a Bad Name CD, and I think it's more relevant to ask now: Why aren't you dead?

GG: (sighs) I don't know, man, I guess that fire inside of me is too strong and nobody's been able to put it out; I've tried many times and I can't even do it. I think this fuckin' soul of mine is a very powerful thing. I've often told people that I think my soul outpowers my body; I think my body can't control what's inside of it sometimes. Why it can't

be killed is beyond me. God knows I've done very fuckin' drug, fucked every slut, shared every needle, sucked every dick,

"I think my body can't control what's inside it sometimes. Why it can't be killed is beyond me."

done everything and tried to kill myself. Then I've seen motherfuckers just pass over and die and they never did *anything*. I dunno, I can't explain it. I guess when my soul's ready to die, it's gonna die when it's ready, I guess it ain't gonna go before that. But I guarantee you when I get outta here this time, I'm gonna put it to the test.

Well, the rest of the interview was pretty much a few questions about the "\$20 Poem" incident a few years ago, where GG and a guy named Brian Clemens videotaped themselves doing weird homoerotic shit (so to speak), and my tape was running short, so that was it. I sent him a copy of the paper I wrote (which I titled, "GG: Portrait of a Serial Singer"), and he wrote back saying it was cool, with his own blood smeared across a picture he drew on the back. (I washed my hands six or seven times after I finished the letter, which I now keep in a baggie. Oh well, at least it wasn't the remnants of his last meal...) Anyway, he's scheduled for a March 11 release, has a new album coming out called War in My Head—I'm Your Enemy, which is a collaboration between him and M. Physema of Shrinkwrap Propaganda, and is still fighting legal battles. But still, the questions arise. Is he a martyr for the real underground scene? A "mentally-retarded exhibitionist"? A psychopath? Or is he just one of those people that is needed to poison our cosmopolitan existence? I think it's the latter. As his song says, "I Live to be Hated," but perhaps his mission is here to save us instead of shock us. That's all I've gotta say about it.

"I don't need your book of games, I don't need your social ways, don't talk to me or even look, you're just the shit that I just took."

—"Antisocial Masturbator"

Pigface

Pigface

Pigface

It's around 7:30 on a chilly December Monday, and instead of engaging in the incessant question/answer session, Pigface's Martin Atkins and William Tucker are responding in a game of preferences—Starsky or Hutch, Mr. Rourke or Tattoo, drunk or sober.

"Laverne or Shirley?" surveys one of the reporters.

"Who's the one with the black hair?" asks Tucker.

"That's Shirley."

"Yeah, Shirley."

"Uh, the guy from Spinal Tap!" bursts Atkins.

Sitting in the tour bus outside Industry in Pontiac, the two are reflecting on the past, present, and indefinite (at this time) future of Pigface, an ever-changing, extemporaneous composite of today's most inspiring "industrial" artists. With two studio albums to its name (*Gub*, and the latest *Fook*), this project has been heralded as the antithesis of what a "supergroup" is all about. Atkins says it was conscious decision.

"I think, with *Gub*, there was a desire just to say, 'F!k you!' It was, like, we all have the ability—individually or collectively—to create an album..."

"We could have put out the most killer industrial disco single in the world," adds Tucker., who is also a member of My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult. "It would have been so easy."

But instead of overpowering their respective bands, Pigface's collaborators simply opted to experiment with techniques each had left on their own private cutting room floor. As a result, all parties made creations from the frivolity they displayed among each other instead of tampering with the musical styles that each had been accustomed to. This notion was conceived during Ministry's breakthrough tour of 1989-90.

"I'd look across and see Ogre (of Skinny Puppy), Chris Connelly, Bill Rieflin, and I said, 'Why don't we all just get in the studio and do our own thing instead of just using all this talent to recreate Ministry songs?' I ultimately have to say (Ministry leader) Al Jourgensen (started) Pigface—he brought us all together."



There were different levels of involvement during the first recording session, from Jourgensen's studio presence by "hanging out," to Henry Rollins sending a case of tequila to preserve the spirit. Players such as Trent Reznor (Nine Inch Nails), En Esch (KMFDM) and Paul Raven (Killing Joke, Murder Inc.) were also involved.

This eventually lead to the touring idea, which ended up in surprising guest participation from characters like Beefcake the Mighty (GWAR), various uses of harp and sitar, and even a liquor store owner. ("His contribution was *after* the show!" laughs Atkins.) Most of the live chaos can be heard on the live album *Welcome to Mexico... Asshole*, and the just-released home video *Glitch*.

Now Ogre enters the bus, and before descending into the rear quarters, another reporter greets him. "Hey Ogre, I didn't recognize you without the blood."

With a stage show that can be as improvisational as the common jam session, everyone benefits mainly because each show has a fair amount of unpredictability. And when it comes to recreating songs from the records, whoever is there to sing can do so, no questions asked.

"We interpret it point blank," says Atkins. "It's silly to say to the singer of Fetchin'

Bones, 'Can you sing like Chris Connelly?' No. (It's) pointless. Just be yourself, let's see what happens. It's just us reinterpreting something, which is the thing about Pigface. People aren't replaceable, but the band changes."

And with the mainstream audiences entering the territory that still has the "alternative" titling to it, is Pigface apt to being in the Top 10 soon?

"I don't care," says Atkins, almost jesting in his thick British accent. "We don't have to look at someone else's 'chart.' Charts today are made up of how many major label employees call a radio station. You can't quantify music or feeling. These people who don't know from shit seek to put numbers on it and say, 'I'm a four and you're an eight.'"

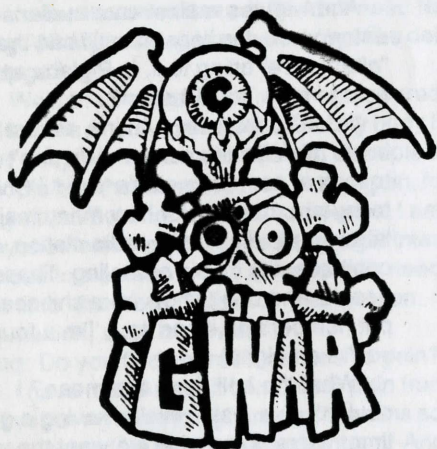
"What the hell does *that* mean? I couldn't give a shit. We're having a great time, we're doing what we want the way we want, with the people we want. If that isn't success, I don't know what is."

This article originally appeared in the 1/21/93 edition of The South End (Wayne State University) and is reprinted with permission. (Hey, I wrote the article originally anyway, so what's the difference?)

GWAR

The Scumdogs' Ascent in Pontiac

What's worse than being in the stage-front area at a GWAR show? Well, outside of being chosen as one of their human sacrifices, confronting them head-on in an interview situation has to be one of the most daring stunts a "professional" journalist can enterprise. Fortunately, me (Doug, that is) and my fellow GWAR enthusiasts Tom "the Cannibal" Lucas and a guy he brought along named Stefan (pronounced "Steh-faan") were brave enough to enter the slave pit they dug up at the Phoenix Center Plaza in Pontiac last June. Here are a few excerpts from our encounters with Techno-Destructo, Slymenstra Hymen, Beefcake the Mighty and the one, the only—Oderus Urungus! (At the time, Bălsăc, Flatus Maximus, Sexecutioner and Jizmak were feasting on battery acid, and Sleazy P. Martini was busy in his presidential campaign. To make matters worse, the opening band—the Melvins—canceled out due to Buzz's ulcers, and metal/hardcore wanna-be's Blitzspear subbed. Ugh!)



Doug: So, were you blown away to the end of the universe on the last tour?

Techno-Destructo: No, I was chained up in the deepest pit of the GWAR slave pit, attending to other duties like sweeping up shit off the floor with my tongue. They ordered me to lick clean the entire area and if I didn't finish when they got back, something bad might happen.

Doug: Last tour you used Bozo-Destructo as your secret weapon. Do you have some kind of device to defeat GWAR this time?

Techno: Actually, I was taken into slavery by Slymenstra Hymen. Since then, I have been serving as her personal slave. But in reality—and don't tell anyone this, especially GWAR—it allowed



me to infiltrate GWAR's own ranks. I'm working on a scheme now where I slowly, one by one, am taking control of the minds of GWAR slaves. I'm planting these technological mind-control boxes in their heads, similar to what you see monkeys wearing. Hopefully in this show tonight, my plans will bear fruit and I will unleash a slave army on GWAR, and just at the moment when they've been doing the most drugs and wallowing in their decadent rock 'n' roll lifestyle to the utmost, they will be at their weakest and unable to defend themselves against the slaves.

But if that doesn't work, I can always fall back under plan B. Have you seen Phallus in Wonderland? Every time they got into trouble, they summon their pet dinosaur Gor-Gor—you may have seen him on the last tour, where they killed him, but they brought his carcass back to Antarctica to have sex with and what not. But I dragged a major hunk of it down to the slave pit and performed fine cosmetic surgery on it. Now it has a mind-control box in it, too. So if I am unsuc-

cessful in defeating and humiliating GWAR in front of their millions of mindless followers with the slave revolt idea, I can summon Gor-Gor at the last minute, and hopefully he'll chomp 'em all to death, and this will be the last GWAR show ever.

Tom: So they will meet their demise right here in Detroit?

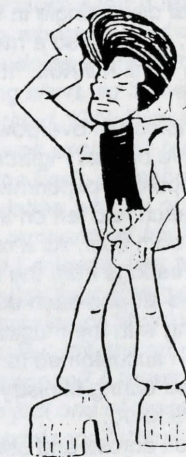
Techno: Yes. You know, Detroit is one of my favorite cities. You have the most beautiful architecture... I love the way you've torn down all the trees and put up these beautiful structures with iron pipes and stuff. You have the world's largest incinerator?

Tom: Yep, it's the largest crackpipe known to man.

Techno: Now that makes me horny.

Doug: Do you have a favorite car here that you like to engage in sexual conquests with?

Techno: I dunno, I don't like cars very much. But when I was in Kansas, I met this really awesome girl. She had the biggest rear wheels I've ever seen. She had this beautiful green finish, and this tattoo across her chest that read, "John Deere." But that was another tour... Oh no, I think I hear Slymenstra Hymen



approaching. I'd better resume my slave-like duties.

Slymenstra (in wicked, sinister voice): What are you telling these people?!? What has he told you humans?!?

Doug: Uh, he told us how he plans to

destroy GWAR and humiliate you...

Slymenstra: Has he?!?

Techno: It's all a lie! *It's all a lie!!!* (disappears)

Doug: Slymenstra, I couldn't help but notice you're more feisty than usual. Is it that time again?

Slymenstra: It's *always* that time. I have been on the rag for almost 20,000 years, since you males have taken over.

Doug: Have you been taking care of Oderus?

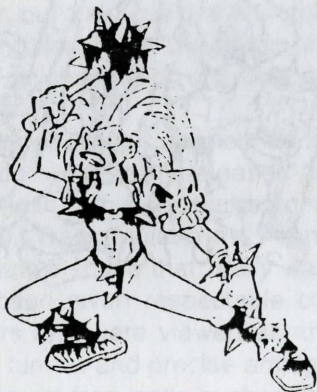
Slymenstra: Oderus is a very self-destructing character. I gave up on him a long time ago. I tried to help him in the past, but his destructive, conquer and divide, search-and-destroy-everything-in-his-path ways have lead me to give up.

Doug: Do you have a fire dance planned tonight?

Slymenstra: A voodoo ritual, yes.

Doug: Any plans for domination of the audience?

Slymenstra: I usually dominate the audience the moment I walk out. Everyone looks at me, in total awe, their jaws drop...



Doug: I'm rather speechless now, to tell you the truth.

Slymenstra: I know. Men are very scared of me. It's a problem of the human condition. Men are very scared of women.

Doug: Are you looking to dominate the whole world by yourself or do you have an army?

Slymenstra: My only plan is to leave this stinkball, mud, bum-fuck planet and go back to outer space where I belong.

Doug: What do you think of Detroit, or Pontiac for that matter?

Slymenstra: I couldn't care less about this stupid place.

Tom: Do you think you might find some good slaves in the audience tonight?

Slymenstra: Well, you know, any soul is worth sucking. We need all the souls we can get to feed our world maggots so that we can leave this planet.

Doug: Where exactly are your origins?



Slymenstra: I am from the planet Clitisphere. It was a nation enslaved by the master. We were a very strong race. We lived in the city of Amazonia. I don't know if you've heard of it. There are a few legends in your mythologies on it.

Doug: I think I've got a cousin from there...

Slymenstra: Anyway, he enslaved us to form babies. It was a baby-making nation, and he would steal our sons and turn them into warriors or his own causes. We did not like that very much.

Doug: Is that when you revolted and took over?

Slymenstra: We revolted and I was banished to this planet. For years I liked it actually. I wandered the planet completely naked without any worries. I didn't have to protect myself. I just diddled in the dirt, created agriculture, taught you humans how to use fire. Let's see, we set some good ritualistic architecture.

Doug: Is Stonehenge one of them?

Slymenstra: Oh, but of course. That was the first calendar—women did create the first calendar, medicine, ceramics, art, culture. Basically all your little planet is based upon. But unfortunately—one more comment on the total blindness of the male historian—200,000 years of denial.

Doug: For years, there's been a revolution with women trying to take over. Do you think your plan will override that?

Slymenstra: I do not think we are trying to take over. I think we're just trying to fix

things the way they should be, rather than a separation of the soul—like the male patriarchal rule has succeeded in doing. You know, how they've separated sex from love, work from ritual. We would like to re-instill these things so that life is a much more pleasurable, enjoyable experience and not so much a rat race. Don't you agree?

Doug (still in awe): Oh, most definitely. Do you see yourself as a good role model for that matter?

Slymenstra: In a way I do, but I have my own problems, too. I am a very angry woman. But if you have dealt with the things I have dealt with over the centuries, you might be kind of uptight yourself. This frivolous sex object act, it's just an act to enslave the masses, the stupid ones who see me as a frivolous sex object, but are actually worshipping the feminine deity.

Tom: Do you think Madonna may have picked up on that at all?

Slymenstra: I think Madonna is from the same planet I'm from. She just won't admit it. I think she might be my stepsister.



(At this point Slymenstra gave us a look that weakened us to the point of total submission. Doug speaks for the other two before suffering a mind warp.)

Doug: Guys, why don't we just submit ourselves right here? Why wait for the show?

(Minutes after recovering, we found Beefcake the Mighty, who was engaging in some kind of drug feast.)

Tom: Have you tried any of Detroit's famous crack yet?

Beefcake: One time we were staying at the Crystal Palace Hotel watching a pornography movie with the man who worked at the front desk and we smoked crack

with him. It was nice. We're staying there tonight, which is just about the only place we can afford to stay at. Very decadent. We love it. *(Interviewers' note: After numerous attempts to locate this hotel at roughly 11:30 p.m. that evening, it was discovered that the only facilities bearing that name were in Midland and Toledo. Being too far to drive either way, we declined attending their post-sacrificial fiesta.)*

Doug: We do make good cars, y'know.

Tom: I understand you had a brief visit with the mortals known as Pig face. Can you elaborate?

Beefcake: Yes, I snorted cocaine and wore eyeliner with that group of fags for a little while. Cute man, Ogre. Doesn't talk much.

Tom: His band (Skinny Puppy) was just in town, two weeks ago.

Beefcake: Shitty Grumpy? I don't listen to that garbage. But he's a big GWAR fan, so I have to give him a pinch on the ass for that. But I'm not really into that narcissistic cocaine scene.

Doug: What about the Kepone project?

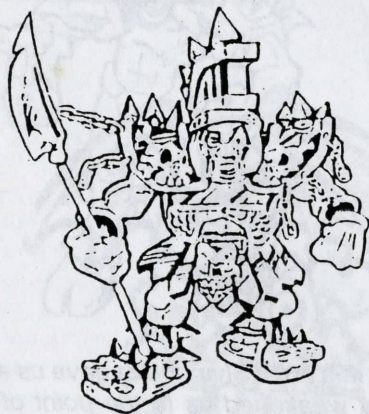
Beefcake: Well, that's very unlike GWAR. Very far from GWAR. It's way different. It's a three-piece, very hard to define.

Doug: We overheard a game plan from Techno-Destructo earlier, where he's looking to infiltrate your minds.

Beefcake: Yes, he's been wandering around. We try to keep tabs on him, but he's continually slipping through our fingers. He's the toilet slave of the tour.

(All of a sudden we heard rumbling and felt vibrations similar to minor earthquakes. Before we could fully grasp at what was going on, a lanky, lice-infested monster hovered over us. It was none other than... Oderus Urungus, Original Scumdog!)

Doug (taking the first step): So, uh, how many people have you sacrificed today?



Oderus: What a dumb question. You might as well ask how many butt pimples I have. Geez, this guy thinks he's our friend.

Doug: So what have you been doing for the last two years? Did you go back to the other side of the universe?

Oderus: No, we were imprisoned in this stink, seething little mudball of a shithole.

Doug: How has Sleazy been doing on the exploiting of your band?

Beefcake: Right now we're experimenting with how to receive money without actually performing or putting records. I think we're gonna turn to crime next.

Doug: Any necro-bestial butt sex planned tonight?

Oderus: Uh, inter-nasal sexual insertion. Actually what we've been doing lately is fucking girls with glass eyes.

Doug: What about the quadriplegic you sang about (in "Rock 'n' Roll Never Felt So Good")?

Oderus: Oh, she's here tonight as well.

Beefcake: Her name's Latrina. She's a receptacle. She's beautiful.

Stefan: Have you kept tabs on Sleazy's progress with his campaign for presidency?



Oderus: Well, the media won't report anything about it, but your crummy paper will probably say something stupid about it.

Beefcake: They'll make us wear straw hats and little campaign pins. I don't give two shits whether he wins or not.

Doug: What happened to Grambo, Corporal Punishment and Tiny (the Morality Squad)?

Oderus: They're dead. Murdered, mutilated, killed, nailed to the wall.

Doug: But you're still banned in a lot of cities.

Oderus: That doesn't matter to GWAR. Bullets just bounce right off of us. They use more insidious means to fight us, like throwing Pop-Tarts at us. That's one of our weaknesses. Kind of like Kryptonite. I'm terrified of Pop-Tarts, especially the little brown sugar cinnamon ones. Hey, *(spotting a girl on the plaza)* that girl looks hot. Let's fuck her.

Beefcake: He has tubophobia.

Oderus: I have this compulsive need to get fucked. Every day. It's just a big fuck spectacle. I can't stop it anymore. I created AIDS and now I'm determined to give it to everyone. It's disgusting. I used to be an intellectual back in outer space. I was an encyclopedia salesman, now I'm the Pop-Tart dodger.

Doug: Whatever happened to (original drummer) Nippleus Erecticus?

Oderus: He melted. Just like a lot of rock bands, our drummers drop dead repeatedly. Jizmak's actually made several tours now. Don't know how much longer he's gonna put up with it, though. In fact, me and Beefcake are thinking of going on a spoken word tour, breaking this whole stupid-ass band up.

Doug: "Sick of You" got considerable airplay on college radio. Were you surprised?

Oderus: No, it doesn't surprise me that the most insipid, stupid song on the entire album was also the most popular.

Doug: How was it working with Ministry?

Oderus: Terrible. Continual drugs everywhere. Al (Jourgensen) rotting around, totally drunk, on a

motorcycle in the studio, complicated legal affairs, and "Fugazi" spelled out in cocaine on a mirror! *(Extreme laughter, especially from Doug)*

Tom: Has Al had group sex with GWAR?

Oderus: He's frail. I want him to survive; he's one of the few humans that I have a grudging amount of respect for.

Doug: Speaking of Ministry, what is your opinion of the Lollapalooza tour?

Oderus: It sucks 'cause we're not on it.

Doug: There's another band on Metal Blade known as Haunted Garage...

Oderus: They suck! They're an embarrassment to the human race.

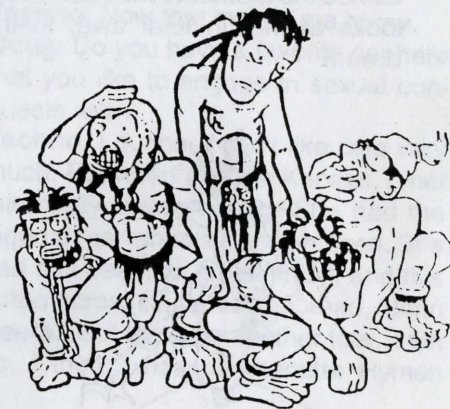
Beefcake: They give shock rock a bad name.

(At this point Doug distributed Everlasting Gobstoppers to the group. Oderus was uncertain as to the concept of such candy, so Doug suggested he bite the confection. Unbelievably, Oderus did.)

Doug: I've noticed from the alien movies, when the aliens come down to Earth, and they're about to take over the world and they get a disease and they die. What's made you guys stay here so long without getting sick?

Oderus: It's because we invented all these diseases. We're immune to them.

Beefcake: Obviously we're far different from David Bowie as *The Man Who Fell To Earth*.



And so ended our face-to-face excursion with GWAR. Their show that night was one of the better outings I'd seen from them since their 1989 stint at St. Andrew's, surprising considering it was at an amphitheater and not a sweat-laden, gothic building. (Oh yeah, it was quite cold that night, and I was shorts and a thin plaid shirt.) Among the human sacrifices that night: George Bush, Bill Clinton and the Pope during "Slaughterama," a few security guards, a roadie and a poseur-like dance duo (no, not Erasure). Gor-Gor showed up, got slain, and Techno's plans were trampled as Slymenstra beat him to a pulp; Beefcake's helmet got ripped by feisty fans and Oderus yelled "You people are crazy!" This particular venue is located on the top of a parking structure and it's like a parkway between buildings in downtown Pontiac, and rumor has it that the GWAR blood stains were still there by the time Rollins Band played there a few months later. Oh well, rock 'n' roll never felt so good—or gory.

Mudwimin



I had first heard of Mudwimin during the latter part of 1991, by word of mouth. *Just another girl band*, I thought. Then I received a copy of their "R U Sleeping" b/w "Wild Bill" single that I received for review in my singles column for a certain other paper I bring my journalistic services to (it's a school paper, but a big one in the Motor City), and I was amazed. A swirling blend of synthy guitars, insatiable voices and dreamy, jazzy psychedelia on one side, a face-paced western epic on the other.

It turned out this quartet had been around since about '87, but had never really released anything nationally under the Mudwimin name. The band, comprised of former members of G.O.D., Tragic Mulatto and Frightwig (all fine examples of the alternative scene that *really* was, but means nothing now), had been given respectable comparisons to the Butthole Surfers and were viewed as an unbelievable admixture of sonic turmoil and precise amalgamation. What's more, their practice of frequently exchanging instruments is something L7 and Hole would do only for an encore joke, and surprisingly, the avant-garde finesse each member brings to the respective instrument at the time is not so much practical as it astounding.

Right before I left for a camping excursion this past Labor Day weekend, I received a copy of Mudwimin's debut CD Skiz, a collection of singles and other neat stuff they recorded 'bout a year or two before. It turned out to be over an hour of piquant a capella ("Fishy," "I Never Wanted"), howling stories of erotica and psychosis ("Bodies," "Cow for You"), and the best "other side of life" epic I've heard since the Doors' "The End" ("Cloud Rodeo").

Later, after I published an exception review of the disc, I got in touch with Bambi Nonymous (the drummer, but it depends on which song), and about a month later, they played at 404 Willis (the best anti-sponsorship/censorship venue this side of DC). This was a cool show, because some Toronto band called the Leather Uppers got on the bill too—they're a strange '70s retro-act that might be as big as Dread Zeppelin.

I also got some insight as to what makes this outfit tick. Mia d'Bruzzi (mostly bass) was in Frightwig, is left-handed, and is brave enough to wear a belt made up of talking Pee Wee Herman dolls. Rachel Thoele (sings, but plays bass and drums good, too) was in G.O.D. (Girls On Drugs/OverDosed), likes Earl Grey tea with honey and milk, and liked the food at the Union Street restaurant nearby. Bambi was in Tragic Mulatto, and has a great drum kit that resembles a tribal set-up more than a regular 7-piece, particularly because it's a stand-up display. (Rachel plays it sitting down, though.) Lisa Fay (guitar goddess, but only when she wants to be) has a cool hat, was raised on classical guitar and was a Brazilian jazz guitarist before committing herself to the Mud clan—she also said she wouldn't mind playing for Bette Midler's band.

After me, Rachel, Lisa and some guy who used to live in San Francisco (I forgot his name, but he was cool) came back from Union Street, the four horsewimin put on their ever-changing garb (they were travelling with two hot glue guns and a sewing machine to make different costumes each night) and whipped the awestruck crowd with a bombastic frenzy that they refer to as "alternative cabaret." This included occasional theatrical twitchings, propelled psychotherapy through Skiz selections and outrageous love songs; my favorite was an unreleased ditty called "Zsa Zsa" (or "Jah Jah," I'm not sure), a swingy, jazzy number that I'd love to see as a single.

Somehow, after the show, I felt as if I'd done a good deed by being a part of the booking process for that night's 404 festivity. Mudwimin is the kind of band that walks it like it talks it, even if it doesn't make too much logical sense—but isn't that what abstract art is all about? Like I wrote in the original review, "Unless you've been to the Grunge Gallery at the Salvador Dali amusement park, you haven't heard anything like it." If you don't have Skiz, get it now. Write to Big Dog (109 Minna St. #591, San Francisco, CA, 94105) or ask your local indie record store to stock it. Anti-Foxcore, pro-individualism—that's Mudwimin.

Poetically Speaking...

Visuals by Randi Hole

I Remember (in memory of Daniel)

I used to pray for death...
dear mother, father, let me go finally
so that I might find peace! But
my brother died, beat me to it. Once
long after he died I was speeding
down the highway screaming his name.
Where else could I scream? At the
funeral I wasn't aloud to wail, my
father wouldn't stand for tears.
"No one ever really dies." Maybe
that's true but my mother and sister
needed those tears... to survive.
I went to the grave yard and threw
my body down his grave and...
died... too. Danny Boy was gone and
I never knew him. My sister did. I
don't have the guts to ask her... "What
did Danny think of me." I don't want
to know the battle had begun at 3
and he 6. One day we were making
perfume and the next we were mortal ene-
mies. How does that work? I was only
3. Let me tell you about making perfume.
We took all my mother's Chanel #5
and my dad's Aqua Velva and Old Spice
and mixed it together in the basement.
And we were pleased. I remem-
ber mom and dad wondering what the hell
was drifting up the stairs. At 3
I announced our discovery. My mom
smiled—she wasn't even mad. My dad
laughed and all was gooshy. "Kids."

—Sarrow MacFarlaine

The Meaning of Life

Life is a glass Maltese falcon,
high atop a 150 ft. pedestal,
in a place 100 miles due south
from somewhere else.

It's a dark, windy, frigid,
smooth piece of...
light shining through a window,
Oh! It's gone. Where is the falcon?

A place 55 miles due north of
a place nowhere to be found.
It's dark, calm, warm, a
sticky... thunderclap. Lightning.
Ouch! It's raining, wash the blood away.

A valley, 306 miles due west of a
familiar place. Hoping, dreaming,
wanting, loving, caring... coming
into the world ass-backwards.
Where the *fuck* is "Remle"?

High in the air, 40 meters up, anywhere.
It's dark. The wind arouses the mind,
surrealism is abundant, turning
into truth and justice for... a flying
falcon going back home

—Jermaine R. Gordon

"This Guy in a Coffee House Who Doesn't Like to be Drawn"

Well anyways,
I'm somewhat anal retentive,
And I once had a dog,
Which could or couldn't,
Shouldn't matter.
I seem to be tired of,
Pseudo-(po-lit'-i-kal)ity
and you.

I need to be talked to,
not talked at.
Oh, and please, pass the paste,
My identity, I'm torn.

Between coffee house bliss,
and a real world that doesn't exist.
I think I'll just go home,
and listen to KISS.
And have a cup of tea.

—Anonymous (alias, the girl with the velvet purse)



"Don't Live or You'll Die"

Shh. Don't breathe.
All the toxins and chlorofluorocarbons are waiting in the air.
Don't breathe or you'll die.

Never say, "Bite me."

They can't. You can't keep all those pesticides and insecticides in your body.
Don't eat or you'll die.

Forget about drinking, too.
Alcohol kills. So does water. Too much lead.
Don't drink or you'll die.

Don't have fun.
Drugs are considered fun and so are the people who do them.
Don't have fun, it's peer pressure. You'll die.

Don't drive. People are murdered by their cars everyday.
Don't drive or you'll die.

Don't walk outside.
Planes crash. One could fall on you,
and you'll die.

Don't reproduce.
Can't have any people around here. They kill.
Can't have sex either. That's suicide.
Don't make more of you, you'll die.

Don't read this. Media turns people
into mass hysterics.

...Don't read this, or you'll die.

-Star

and by jam session I
mean
creating the
water while you're swimming
in it

—Cyddie

Hypocrite

Talking from
his face
he said,
his lips all
bloody chins
the words he ate
and chewed
he hid
beneath the
bulging folds
of bubbled stomach skin.
Beneath, between
and wandering
betwixt the words
he said,
his mouth open
up gaping ate
and swallowed self
again.

—Carrie Nassif

Good-Bye

Dusk in the desert.
Gold and orange paint the sky as
the last moments of sun reflect the hillside.
A tent fit for a sheik
stands alone.
Inside, warmth covers the canvas room by
soft flickers and wavering flames.
Dark, but also
peach
and tan.
I see earrings along the right wall
lying on a shelf, or
hanging from small stands.
I pray I do not have to take them with me.
I find his cigarettes.
I keep them.
I find his lighter.
I imagine him.
His black, beat-up backpack
and greasy, wavy hair
shrink in the distance as his
confident, swift mountain-walk
carries him from the tent's glow.
Finally, I can send it back to him.
I am relieved.

—Linda Rosenfeld

Blitzes and You're Shit Outta Luck

Pitchforking dead, cold babies in a truck.
Hot, sticky and cathartic, she thought the worst was over.
The fine line between fantasy and reality melts in the picturesque state of my mind.
Gimme some of that Maalox, won't ya, honey?
The frolicking lover jumping through the rings of fire
in my heart.
They were expendable, he told us, they are disposable.
Dick and Jane fucked under the fence and Dick ran.
What is there to question about it?
His eyes burned a bright fury.
The snake was brown, inanimate and sitting at the bottom of the bowl.
Each step we take we're walking and falling; walking is a series of stepping and falling.
No matter what you think, it's impossible to control.

-D.B. McGuickadeucey & Lois Musacha

***I CAN'T COME BACK FROM THE POEM
I CAN'T COME BACK FROM THE POEM.***

*Oh long dark moving hall
faced window.*

*Sawing zig zaggedly
the oily hair flows
in the darting window.*

Faced! So faced!

I CAN'T COME BACK FROM THE POEM.

Whip the darkness.

Bang the shut words.

Whip the sawing darkness.

Whip the darkness.

I CAN'T COME BACK FROM THE POEM.

I CAN'T CO...

Hey! That's my spot!

My life/death spot.

*I thought you were going to save
my spot.*

*When I got back
back from the darkness.*

The whipped darkness.

I'm sorry you're sorry.

I CAN'T COME BACK FROM THE POEM.

—Michael Dorn

"Oh, He's Gross."

*Inspiration hits, not in the spot I want it, to sit among
youth that wants to be deviant, peacefully rude,
corduroy purses, profound sayings in action,
under two lights, the movement, the serenade,
confections in prose, then it's off to the next room.*

—Foadly Corlod



Yes, I have a psychopathic lover,
Hanging on a string.
He's lurking in the shadows,
He knows everything I dream.
I can feel him when I'm not around
Hear his heart beat
When I close my eyes.
Yet, I don't blame him,
because I could not tame him
Chain or cage him
He almost strangled me.
Yes, I have a psychopathic lover,
Hanging on a string
His life's a razor and I'm
living on the edge.
If I get too close
He'll rock the blade.
Playing these strings,
Seeming to bleed.
Yes, I have a psychopathic lover
or does he have me.

—Diana D. Guy

Saturday Night Work Sentence

*The big brown cow jumped over the lazy duck
I can only physically create at this point!
Yesterday I walked a long distance for a short while
"In the earmark and brand of the Lord"
My bananas are all brown and mushy
You'll meet your fear and see it's bigger
so much bigger than you feared
Your body is nothing more than a machine for your mind
Washed up, like the foam along the shore, and just as indifferent.*

—SCOTTCATHIESTACEYMIKECRAIGMIKELORIDOU

I gave birth
to a slime creature
juts a few minutes ago,
evil vengeful slime.

But it pretended to be beautiful
so I let it live.

and it got into the good stuff in my closet
and corrupted
and spoiled
and contaminated
until it was all
the putrid slimy green
coming out of a garbage bag
full of uneaten-yet-digested
Chinese food.
Actually a kind of yellow—
with chunks.

So I set it to music
with a latin beat
and sold it to Axl Rose
for a buck fifty-five.

It's been number 15 on Billboard
for 3 weeks now.

I guess the world needs more
yellow-green slime
with chunks
than I thought.

Arnold says:
"You've fallen... and you can't get up."
I stole that from some comedian
by the way.

Two hundred cultural icons
want my autograph now,
but I told them no.
Because I don't write my name
anymore.

—Matthew T. Clark



Mother Lillith

MOTHER LILLITH

How come
there are no
temples in your
honor
that I can see born
above city scape
rooftops
at the center of a
community
on a lonely, silent
country canal?

MOTHER LILLITH

How come?
I had to research
to find out
more
instead of entering
an edifice false front
erected
to salute a solely,
exclusively male
God?

MOTHER LILLITH

How come?
your history
tells of a threatening

menacing
demon
haunting their night
mares
manipulating
sexual
Evil?

MOTHER LILLITH

How come?
instead of the
fertile
fecund
lush creator
nurturer diva
you're an
obscure
occult
mystical, mythical
demon-pagan
temptress
whose
Love, Power and Might
is no less
real and ubiquitous
than his?

MOTHER LILLITH

How come?

—Janet Lawless

Classifieds

Always Free—No maximum!!!

Write to: Stink Face

14610 Borgman Oak Park, MI 48237

Tasty Brains Recording Co.
Tascam 246, Midi Verb (Alesis) I;
By appointment only, \$5 per hour
(if you want to copyright, \$20)
Ask Jim at Gotham or write to
615 E. 11 Mile Rd. #25
Royal Oak, MI 48067

Bass Player Wanted

An original mainstream metal
band with a full set of songs needs bassist.
Image, equipment and transportation
required, serious inquiries only.
Bronson 313-465-6707
John 313-979-8754

NEED A LIFE?

Can't help you.
NEED A LOOK?
Let's talk.

Logos, album covers, artwork
Call Carrie at 313-399-7561
or write to:
511 Oakridge
Ferndale, MI 48220

Hair Doos (Colour, etc.)
by none other than "Trent"
donation only/non-profit
organization.

Write to:
615 E. 11 Mile Rd. #25
Royal Oak, MI 48067

*"If you don't stop to smell the
roses now, they might end up
on you."*

—Bob Mould, '87

"Almost" b/w "Suffocate"

the debut single from

BABY JAYNE

on Vulva Records

\$3 postpaid

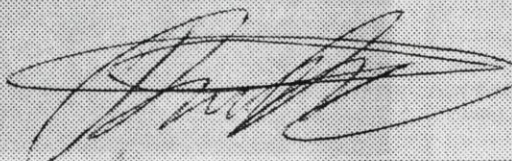
write to:

566 E. Fox Hills Dr.
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48304

Also at:
Play It Again
Sam's Jams
Record Time

*"This duo takes its
low-key stigmata to
reasonable heights."
—The South End*

Well, that's it. I hope you had fun reading this, the first assault from Hideous Productions (that is, in the zine field; remember, Foadly Cottod's Open Mic Volume One is still available for trade), and I hope to hear from you sometime soon regarding the next issue. Depending on the material gathered in between and whatever free time I have, I should have the next issue out by either the end of March or sometime in April. I welcome any "Letters to the Editor" kind of stuff, as well as any poetry, zine/vinyl reviews, commentaries (non-political, please) and anything else you think would look good in print. Thanks again for your support, and I hope to hear from you soon. And remember, the person who lets everyone go before him in line might be a good man, but he gets whatever's left for his chivalry. Later, y'all!!!



2/7/93