big hard news

#13 non-physical violence and unconditional love. published 3.6.9.12.

Scuzzy, fussy and hussy,

The most important thing(s) you can do to keep dieams alive is spread the word of the bhn and buy a \$10 t-shirt; xoxo.

About the Big Hard News... Pumping, pumping, and pumping, the tube is about to blow. They have come in droves, hordes, and mesmerizing amounts. Now our minds are overfed, the hands have been laid out, and the dogma cast upon us crashes down again & again. I can't get up, but then I do, somehow. Shunning away the force, feeding for so long, it is instinct. I'm finished with treating their nonsensical actions as input. Those who have stretched a hand form The Good Ship, the ship of Never Buying In, let us get away as one. Hyping your world for yourself is grand. Hyping your world for others is fucked. If the latter is you-- more air to your world and your tube. It's gonna' blow, but we already knew that.

Bullshit and aggression harnessed to paper, that is the *Big Hard News*. Grateful I have the means and wherewithal to assemble this web which catches many souls, I realize its appeal may not be for *them*, or you.

elcome to the world of the Big Hard News! Feel free to consult the "News" at anytime as you would a friend. Keep in mind that this paper attempts to be a community of writers; it is the organization of that goal which is the hard part. Contribute today!

Warning: You must read the "News" from front to back in order to gain some sense of equilibrium. In addition, while reading your "News," falling objects of extreme heaviness may hit you on the head. You may become disoriented, hostile and/or have delusions. These delusions are not of grandeur, but of reality-- reality as experienced from my world and other air travelers who have now

been boarded on flight Might. There will be no Hollywood movies, degradation, fast cars, or fast food. Please check your ego at the door, and feel free to tell anyone deserving to suck your ass. In other words, there is no room for fakers and shakers on this trip called life! If you need space, there is plenty here; these seats are plush and the aisles wide. You see, this paper is growing America, a small portion at that, but



bhn #13, fist first into the fire. Fingering...figuring belief.

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That's Entertainment. Questioning existence of...

Qut on a Wing. Wrenched feelings; ♥ conquering.

Wammabamma. Relationships can really suck? zine' usual, Movies. Music.

p 5

p 7

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p26

nevertheless...growing America (300+ on a mailing list with a total circulation of over 1,000 free issues and unlimited www access.) It is crafted for those who prefer adventure, honest work, and things that are real. To fantasize is to escape. To run is to hide. I have run before, but now I pursue. My route is long in a search for solitude. I honestly believe I'm not the trouble; I'm on the escape. The path is treacherous and dreams remain vast. There may be similarities between you, me, and the bhn crew. I'm sure there are many differences between us and *them*. If this is your first copy of the bhn, turn now to the back. Look for the icon of black heart vand read in the beginning... (page 30), it elaborates on just what the bhn is. When finished, turn back here and continue. Thanks for your time and open mind... and remember, big is only beautiful when used properly.

You are now entering the round house. That's good, because the devil can't corner you...hear? You are you, you are what you are, yourself. Don't ever subscribe to *their* issues; trust in the bln country preacher. I'm not normal, but I'm also a client. Dan k and the staff...absolutely us...

Contacting the bhn... Always, Keep the bhn out of the reach of children. Questions? Comments? Write your country preacher at:

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bighardnew@aol.com
(these two contacts will continue indefinitely)
or try this
www.bighardnews.com

Meander. It is time for a "hello," A foot stompin' good time has been long overdue. Basically, Dan k is back tending bar at the Shelter nightclub/Saint Andrews Hall-- Detroit. Thanks to Diana, Perry, D-man and Blair for bringing back the fun. Also thanks to the new trooper managing the Hall, Tim. Thanks to Tom Bloom too, just another cool ex-manager! To set all records straight, ask me for the story of what happened; it's too long and not worth mentioning here. Wednesdays at the Shelter rule, you should be there, reading this paper will clue you into just why. Appreciation is the cheapest gift you can give to anyone and the most important. I appreciate you. Come see for yourself. To you, I say "Thanks," again and again. Consider this paper a gift. It's all I can give you for now. Please read it. Next time you go out think about this: Does the place you go to really care, or are you just another five or ten dollars toward their monopoly? Is that what you are about? I think not. See for yourself. Anything else is imitation, a copy. Experience the difference with Dan k.

Now: To catch the frenzy of a big grin and for that foot stompin' good time, you now have to come home to the Shelter. Bar craziness is in effect on Wednesdays in the basement of Saint Andrews Hall. I still refuse to serve dumb drinks like "blow jobs," and I defiantly refuse to serve rude, loud mouth, somebody wannabes. Let's rock



Oh my! Things like this happen? At the bar. Can't we just explain it? I think not. See for yourself.

as one- with the reckless abandon that should prevail at other clubs but doesn't. Why patronize? Lower beer prices, lower admission, better music and no monotony. I said "no" to being a manager, so I could say "yes" to you. Thanks for the vote as Detroit's best bartender in the MetroTimes and in other magazines and readers, so on, so forth...again and again and again! I dig it!

-D' meandering between here and there.

Check it out, I worked at corporate blue collar America for two years-- By day, part-time student and a courier for a huge company where I had no name. Just a number. Bureaucracies can suck and they only give security. . . Like always, I still have a problem shutting my mouth and turning my head when I see people getting shit on. That's what corporations do, unless of course you work at that computer firm in California that cut, on average \$75,000 profit sharing checks for it's employees around Christmas '96, or Chrysler \$8,000 or Saturn \$10,000. Mine, \$126.19. Upon cashing, I feel embarrassed. For the soul, you need to enjoy what you do or all that will exist is lifelessness. I was

dead, like so many, going through the motions. Day in and day out. The grind. I hated punching that clock where I worked my ass off, but it was never good enough. I was the sucker. Never again.

I Know Them ... They both have beepers. They beep each other to let themselves know they are thinking of one other. They use some original code, like 1-2-3-4. In person they say "I love you" in baby talk; it makes me fucking sick. He has a cellular phone, which he is talking on, or makes it look like he is talking on as he sits in his plush 1993 Escort

GT. . . which has been in an accident twice now. (Both mishaps were his fault.) His car was well on its way to be deemed as dressed. Now where does he go? How about to the titty bar. . . again. That's his get away, where he can spend his hard earned Cinnabon money. . . for him, is prostitution more respectable? I'm asking. She doesn't like it, but she conveniently overlooks faults in others, especially her boyfriend. He's not just some loser, but who is the loser? I've heard, "There is no one so blind as those that will not see." Cliche? Maybe. True? Seems to be. See? Oh, she drives a Tracker, like it's not obvious by looking at it that it's going to tip over. Then again, they go to the Canadian-Windsor Casino. When I took note of the gambling. I was rest assured my theory was correct. Stupid pieces of shit. They have been on a downswing now for months. It doesn't get any better. They don't get any closer and they can't be any farther apart sitting there. . . right next to each other, both weak, frail, sick, and wrong. Dining is their pleasure. They get all done up for their 22 oz. Porterhouse at Mountain Jack's. They have their own table and server, due to frequent visits. They even went on spring

Them! In ten years. Just another example of bignot used properly. I know them.



break together -- Florida. . . again. If only MTV was there, the pathetic souls could have joined and sang the 'new one' by S.T.P. Needless to say, I am overwhelmed at this point. How could anyone allow themselves to drift into this void of perpetual sub-sisting? . . . and they bought identical spring break T-shirts (customized with airbrushed names and year of the trip) and they wear them at the same time. They even wear the same hats at the same time. Somehow. I don't believe her when she says they don't have sex anymore (downswing). Maybe they don't. Right. See their souls? I didn't think so; they're transparent. Sometimes I can't look at them, and when I do, I laugh on the inside with a snarling grin-- thanking me I'm me. Be thankful you're you and not them. Do you know them?

DK, WINTER '94

BHN

Land of the free, home of the brave. American culture shines.





This kid is 5 ft. off the ground. He made his bike to be different. It's a chopper 3-wheeler. The basket holds a radio that's bustin out his favorites. All that character at age 11.

Saturday 97.01.25 2:07 AM

Journal entry: I'm in the trees. I'm high. I've looked up; I'm in the sky. Looked North; I'm in the language lab trying to learn Spanish. Sometimes I think she can be with me, and other times I say, "It won't work." I still don't know all the answers that I knew when I was 18. Decisions are no problem when it is not my life. Women, jobs, school, all so heavy when it is my life. The growth from 22-27 in years has been an awakening as I assume the growth from 27 until death will in and of itself be massive—you always grow, I realize that now.

Can I just tell you, that public radio jams, 101.9 WDET, fm detroit. I tune in often and go places when I am just sitting at home—I go. I am passionate about life. I want passion. I'm not the smartest, but I'm striving. Sometimes my stride is filled with direction and sometimes not. I want to waltz, I want to ballroom dance in the greatness of life. Realizing this, I have to realize the pain—the pain involved to get to greatness. Pain is not bad, and sometimes it doesn't even hurt, what hurts is the knowledge of the pain. And greatness is how I define it. I dance everyday in my own way.

been known to boogie, but one day I will waltz with grace, possessing the same elegance I see when I look at you, a good one. My problem is I usually don't get bored. All I need is a pen, a tape recorder or my camera and of course a place and maybe my pedal bike...Do you want to go there?

DK, JOURNAL

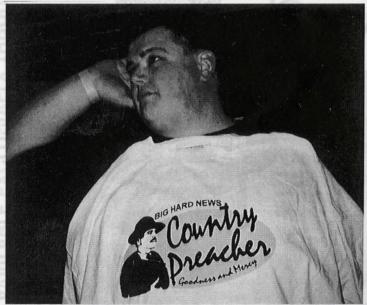
That's Entertainment. Computers are tools. They process data. (They come in handy for big governments looking to keep tabs on their citizens, too.) They do not live or breathe. The Internet is a great source of information. I abhor the Star Trek types, with their Dungeons & Dragons dice in their pockets. Get real. Have you ever kissed a girl? I digress... As I was saying, computers are tools to get things done, not to substitute for friends or activity.

On that tip, what's with stupidity being so popular? If I walked up to you and said, "You know, I was reading this book last night. .." Yawn. Yet, if I discussed what happened on the *Jenny Jones* show, ears perk up, and I have your attention. It's not elitist to be well read. Knowing our history as people on the planet is not selling out.

Voting may not do a lot, but it's the only thing we have left. I know it's often Bozo A. or Bozo B., but ignorance and inaction never accomplished anything. I would never want to be thought of as a "slacker" or part of "Generation X." Fuck that. That's the sucker stamp. Isn't it great to be pigeon-holed and typecast? Go for the mass exposure brass ring. Woodstock 94' inc., that's the cheese. Who says you can't listen to Black Sabbath and wear a three-piece suit? Individuality, that's the real alternative.

Drugs are hard to give up. Look at television, for example. Reading is an active process that creates a unique interpretation in each individual, even if reading the same material as others. Watching television is a passive process that bonds all viewers to one bland image. When you're on your deathbed, will you say, "God, I wish I had spent more time watching Who's the Boss reruns?"

Respect your elders. Plato wasn't full of shit. Hawthorne was even more insightful than Kurt "Blowout my-brain," believe it or not. Mozart's 40th and 41st "Jupiter" are still being listened to today. Will anyone listen to R.E.M. in 200 years? Think about it. Substance over style, as a mentality, can save lives. HARRIS, STAFF



Style and mercy. Substance and goodness. The sweeping of the hand. The art of a crazed man. Behold Keith, country preaching, spreadin'the word. XXXXL bhn clothes avaiable upon request.

BHN

DR. SCOTT'S HAYPNOTIC

GET ONE NOW **GET YOU!!** THEY WALK THEY SPARK THEY CONTOL YOUR MIND

AN ARMY OF MONSTERS
CREATED BY A MADMAN

GH THE BIG HARD NEWS

Out On A Wing. Departures: Boise, Birmingham...Dallas, Denver...Saint Louis, Saint Paul...Tampa, Tucson...Sarasota, Syracuse. The monitors on the wall told me I could go anywhere. I am a grown man, free yet somewhat whimsical in my approach. I left inquisitive, to say the least, as I boarded the plane for my destination. Was I making the right decision? Good decisions are vital to me. I can't remember the last time I spent more than 24 hours with my father. This trip was sure to bring excitement and laughter because my dad is a mechanical man by nature and I am not. "We'll be cruising at 35,000 feet on our way to Sarasota International." I was on my way, still unsure.

My father's name is Dan. His father's name is Dan...I'm Danny. I've unpacked and we are on our way to the grocery store. Surprisingly, the windows are down and luke-warm spring wind flows through the car. Florida weather is nicer this time of year than Michigan weather. There is no way my step-mother's frilly hair would be blowing in the wind this time of year back home. I am left with a certain feeling of openness as I sit carefree in the back seat, somewhat listening to the developing conversation between my dad and step-mom. I listen for one of two reasons, either for my father's voice which I never get a chance to hear, or the content of the conversation. There it is. His voice.

"You ought to play with the kids Danny, they really miss you and you're only here of a couple of days," my father says in his quasi-energetic voice.

"You know Dad, I really miss them too, but I'd like to go to the beach and see the ocean, I need to feel the sand between my toes. I get one week off a year and I chose to come here— to see you and the kids. I think that says something."

Looking at me squarely through the rear view mirror our eyes meet, "Yeah, but you're not even staying the entire week?" my dad says, trying to lay guilt on me.

There is a pause in speech between us. He's right, I'm not staying the week, but I am a person-- with a life of my own. I want my dad to realize it. I'm capable of thought and I mean well. I am searching for his acceptance.

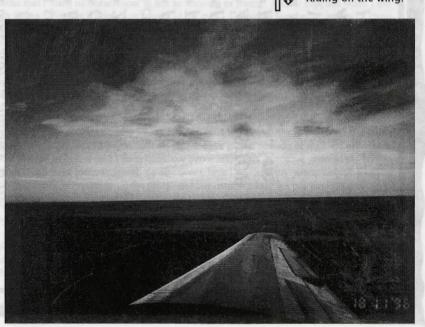
"OK Dan, what do you think. Should we take the kids to the beach now then go to dinner, or have dinner then go to the beach," Lee asks?

As if the kids were in the car my father says, "Well, if we go to the beach now, we won't be able to go bowling later and I promised Jonathan and Jennifer that they could go bowling with their big brother Danny."

Riding on the wing!

gone on for minutes and I've caught the tail end. I feel like I'm watching a tennis match as my head turns to Lee's court, "Maybe we should eat first, so we can bowl now then, after dinner, go

This has







bicycle boutique & skateboard emporium

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THE CORNER OF

13 MILE RD.& MOUND
IN BEAUTIFUL WARREN
(the city voted "most avoidable"
in the Metro Times)

WE ARE:

- a) a bike store...mostly BMX (sorry DANK)
- b) a skateboard shop
 - * BIRDHOUSE
 - * GIRL
 - * ZOO YORK...etc.
- c) a clothing store
 - * FRESH JIVE
 - * FUCT
 - * HOOK-UPS
 - * ALIEN WORKSHOP
 - * FRESH VINES...etc.
- d) a shoe store
 - * VANS
 - * AIRWALK
 - * PUMA



to the beach," she rapidly responds.

"Well lets all go to the beach, watch the sun set, then get dinner and maybe bowl a couple of games," I respond, providing what I believe is a simple solution to my father's complex and contrived world of insidious thought.

"You just can't break the kids time schedule Danny, they must follow a routine with some sort of regimen and besides I don't want to pay to eat out."

Great. My father, who threw a faint smile when he walked in the house, seeing me for the first time just a few hours ago is already eluding to words like regimen -- the root word which is, of course, regime. Sounds an awful lot like something of or pertaining to the military. All I could think was, I'm on vacation. One week a year is all I get with my blue-collar job, I choose to spend a couple of days with my father and with gale force winds I am thrown back to my childhood feelings of self-doubt. I recall my fears and anxieties my father instilled in me. With his military persona he raised me from the point I began to remember things as a child until I was sixteen. He got custody of me early in life. through the divorce proceedings. Now that I am on vacation. years later, I'll be damned if he thought he was going to take custody or control over me again. Perhaps he's mad because I've chosen to spend a couple of days with my friend who lives nearby. or maybe his irritation I am sensing stems from his job. I don't know. I see his mouth moving, but I hear no words when all I really wanted was to hear his voice.



Two unscathed, one scathed please.

Lee is quietly struggling with the issue of time and says, "You know you're just not here long enough, Danny?"

That's funny, because I was just beginning to think I was staying too long. The rest of my family was right, I should have visited my friends first, then called and said I'm in town. We get back after the hellish trip to the store and the ordeal of agenda settings, and I win. We get to go to the beach. It's awful that I think of occurrences in life as winning or losing. It only happens when I am with him- my father. You are a winner or a loser in his eyes. I'd hoped for change in him. I came down from the north to see if he has gotten any better-- a progress check. I was hoping at least the weather would have a favorable affect on him? Most importantly, I came to share love that I had found in life. Prematurely judging the surface of my father, he appears no different. Maybe my salvation can be found with my brother and sister, who I love and never once considered placing the word "step" in front of their respective names. Shortly after we get back the kids pile in to my rented Escort, my dad and Lee into their Lincoln. We are off again, this time with the kids. Despite my father's upbringing, I am overwhelmed at their energy. One look at my little sister, age nine, and I know she is the sister I always wanted. I had a fraternal twin sister when I was born, but she died after 48 hours of short life. I often wonder what my life would have been like if she lived. I wonder where I would be, where she would be. Would my father have gotten custody of me? Of us? Then I wonder if I died instead of her, would I have been any better off? This of course, contradicts the theory of sharing love I most recently found. In any event, here I am with my young beautiful loving sister. Judging from our conversations on the phone and our letter writing, her physical appearance is reassuring that she has escaped unscathed.

My five year old brother knows our dad. "How are you Jonathan?," I say. "Good, Danny. I was hitting a plastic bat on the floor and dad said, 'stop it Jonathan' and I told him I was going to turn him into a ball and then he would really be hurting!"

Like brother to brother without any age difference, I think those are my sentiments exactly. I knew exactly what my little brother meant, I had been there, and to some degree I am still there at

age 26.

"Jonathan, how about we go meet some girls at the beach?" With eyes wide as a prairie Jonathan says, "OK Danny, we can ask them on dates and they can buy. BIKINIS!"

"What?" I say.

"Let's find girls in bikinis."

"Sounds good to me."

Jennifer remains moot, but rolls her eyes and shakes her head knowing boys have 'cooties.'

"Hey Jennifer, why did we take two cars?" I ask sweetly as her face peers up from the back through the middle of the bucket seats. "Because dad probably didn't want to get sand in his," she says in a sorrowful tone.



Through the middle of the bucket seats, eyes wide as a prairie— love.

4

Oh my god, she is right. My father lives in Florida and doesn't want sand in his car. Just like when he lived in the north, he didn't want snow in his car. He's like a body with no blood. My father has a fair amount of money, but won't pay to dine out. Then it occurred to me that my father seldom smiles, when all I want for him is to smile.

The day draws to a close, the sun is disappearing on the horizon of the ocean and as the two are about to touch in the distance I can see the water boil.

Interrupting my gaze, "It is time to go," my dad says.

My disappointed voice is evident, "Without watching the sun set?"

"Remember what I said about a regimen Danny?"

I feel like I am four again as I want to scream at him, "loosen up for Christ's sake," but I don't. I never have.

After no bowling and a meat-based dinner followed up by a big bowl of artery clogging icecream that sat perfectly on my fathers round belly, I find great joy in watching the kids play by themselves like I once did, day upon day upon day.

"Jonathan, go play with your brother." Sergeant Dan reappears. I muster patience. "Dad, he is playing just fine by himself."

"Jonathan, GO PLAY WITH YOUR BROTHER," as my father goes for the video camera. "Dad, he is playing just fine by himself," I repeat myself wondering why I am still calm.

I wanted to go home. Here is my dad forcing his two sons to play together, hoping he

captures just a few precious moments on camera, almost in redeeming fashion, proving to himself that he is a good father, that he cares. Proving to the rest of the family vicariously through video tape and for that matter the rest of the world, his self-proclamation that he is magnificent. That is just one of his underlying qualities. He is able to make you feel like nothing, meanwhile, exalting himself. Through your failures he gains strength. Strength gives him the control he needs to exert himself in domineering fashion-- to run you over. It is not uncommon for him to follow-up every sentence with words "hurry-up," or at the beginning of his speech. "Hurry-up and get in the car." If you hurry, you may fail and not do a good job allowing room for his criticism. After all is said and done, he becomes what he needs to become at any given time, he is a business man. Not a father, he's not even human

and I am bursting by night's end.

Later that evening he is following me around the house, lecturing me on school while I'm on vacation. I don't know whether to be happy he is saying anything, or to wish he would just go back to following me around quietly.

"You know Danny you haven't graduated yet," in the all knowing supreme voice. "Maybe you should quit school and work for me. I'll give you the business after a few years."

I am surprised I can still remain civil with him, "It sounds nice dad, but no thanks."

The thought of working side by side with him repulses me. I want nothing more than my father to be proud of me. I once cherished the thought of having a loving father and as little as a few hours ago I just wanted him to say, "Let's go throw the football." I can no longer hold my breath. We are standing in the laundry room, between the rest of the house and the garage. This room is probably as big as my entire apartment. Some of my clothes are still wet and some I packed were dirty; I am terrible at doing laundry. I hoped to find some peace in this midnight washing, but he is relentless in his pursuit of finding error in me.

He says, "If your going to visit friends when you come down, you shouldn't come down at all," and I finally snap.



1 "You will do what I say." I said, "spread em'."

Years ago I talked with him about some of his personality traits, but apparently with no success. I can not contain myself anymore.

"I FUCKING HATE YOU! You follow me around waiting for me to slip-up. You've set me up to fail my entire life. You are evil, vindictive and a control freak. You control your wife, your children and you've even tried to control the family. Maybe that is why your own brothers don't even like being around you. You have no friends, just money. When will it be enough? I always forgave you when you used to hit me, but I hated it and now I hate you. You can't control me anymore."

He pauses and in that patented monotone voice he says, "I'm sorry you feel that way, you've got to leave now, you can't stay here."

With all the pent-up energy and suppressed emotion inside of me I respond, "The next time I see you, you'll be in your casket."

"The next time I see you, you'll be in your casket."

Without a pause and no emotion he says, "Go."

That's the last thing I ever heard from him.

The doors leading into the house are open, I think I hear the children crying. I want to cry too, but more than that I think I want to be loved and accepted by my father, even if he is a business man out on a wing. Part of finding love in my life was learning to accept my father and ironically this included saying goodbye. I never wanted that. I just wanted the tree fort, the model train, but I would have settled for a father. I loaded the Escort in the middle of the night. Lee provides what help she can without choosing sides. I go to say goodbye to my brother and sister and as I hug them; tears run from my eyes. My sister whispers in my ear so no one else can hear, "I'll always miss you Danny." I

nod, agreeing, walk down the hall and nod to my father, accepting. He just stood there—dominating his world and everything he can.

My trip is ended and I still can't remember the last time I spent 24 hours with my father. Departures: Boise, Birmingham...Dallas, Denver, Detroit. The monitors on the wall told me I could go anywhere. I go home, sure that I am making the right decision. "We'll be cruising at 35,000 feet on our way to Detroit."

DK, LATE FALL '96



We all have been jaded by life in some way. Some more than others. Some visible, some not. Yet here we are, on our way. I look for a unique happiness, but I stand in front of walls, some placed there by me, some by others. I get over the walls how ever I can. Below: further evidence of one such wall that goes along with the story you just read. A memo concerning driving I received from my pop when I was 15 in '85 and a memo concerning a vacation in '94. Other memos included an outlined daily routine, how to cut the lawn and the proper way to load the dish washer. No one would believe me today, so I saved some of them. And you? Disturbed?

Dan Karana Karan

When driving you must be extremely careful and cautious, and of course, very much aware of what is going on around you. Just so there are not misunderstandings between us, and you do not "forget" the following are some very basic rules/guide lines.

- If I catch you going out without your drivers license, registration or proof of insurance, you loose all driving privileges for a week. The second time for two weeks, the third time three weeks, etc.
- If you loose your drivers license, registration or proof of insurance, same as above, however it becomes effective from the first day you tell me. If you fail to tell me the first day it occurs, double the penalty.
- 3) If you get a traffic ticket for a moving violation you loose all driving privileges for a minimum of 30 days and depending upon the offence, it could be longer, up to the time you leave the house.
- If you are involved in an accident, or any damage to the interior or exterior of the vehicle occurring for whatever reason and it could have been avoided, you will
 - a) have to pay for it
 b) loose driving privileges for a minimum of 30 days and depending upon the seriousness, the loss of privileges could be until you move out of the house.
- 5) You are never to use the car without my permission or Lee's. Ho one else can give you parmission. If of course, an emergency exists [life and death] do what you have to do to protect yourself or others. However, if you are lake for school or any other activity and do not have permission then you must walk. You do not have a vahicle assigned for your personal.
- 6) Driving of a car is a privilege until you are able to pay for it 100% on your own. Privileges can be revoked at any time without notice for any reason. In addition, privileges are earned and should never be taken for granted.
- 7) For now and the foreseable future, and that could be 6 months or 5 years, I will let you know when, you are not to be driving anyone anywhere unless I as ware of it. Unless I am saver of it. In addition, whenever you are given permission to use the car and you explain that you are going to one location to do something, do not go anywhere else, unless you clear it in advance. For example, if you are going to the grocery store, go there and come directly back do not stop anywhere else. No socializing with anyone, do what has to be done and then immediatlay return. If you go to a dance, when the dance is over you come directly home, unless I know exactly where you are at all the time and you have permission for extended use of the car.



Girl, 6, stabs playmate, 7, over Barble dolls

■ MODESTO, Callf. — A 6-year-old glid stabbed a 7-year-old playmate in the back with a stake kindle in a light over Barble dolls, police said. Older git was nospitalized in serious condition Monday with a 219-inch-deep wound. The glits got Into ¹a hair-pulling, name-calling fight¹ whe dolls, police said. The 6-year-old told her fliend she was going to kill be. Went home and returned to her firend's a pastment with a kill be.

Dear Danny:

Unless we discuss something else, I will plan on meeting you at the airport at baggage claim in Sarasota on Christmas Day at about 3:00 p.m. When you get off the plane there is only one way to go to baggage claim and as you walk down the long concourse you will turn to your right, take the escalator down and baggage claim will be 50 to 60 feet in front of you. That is where I will be waiting.

In the way of helpful hints to help you pack I would offer the following:

- The weather is very changeable. Some days it is as high as 80 and other days only 65 during the day and 40 at night.
- We would like to plan on going out for one nice dinner and I would appreciate it if you would bring one suit and tie and Kelly a nice dress.
- Also bring at least one dressy casual outfit, like slacks, a sport shirt you know the type, preppy.
- 4. As mentioned above, you might want to pack a sweater or two and even a light jacket as it can be quite cool in the evenings and mornings. Then again, depending on the weather, it could be quite warm. However, it has been more cool lately than warm.
- As mentioned, I cannot provide you with a car all of the time but will try most of the time.
- If you would like to mail me a note as to the type of groceries you would like we will try to accommodate you; otherwise we eat the normal high cholesterol fat food that I don't think you are very fond of.
- 7. Come and go as you want and unless we have a specific dinner engagement, do what you want. If you won't be home for a meal though please let us know in advance so we do not plan on you. You don't have to report in and out but please let us know when you'll be back when you leave.
- You don't have to do any cooking or cleaning but after meals please volunteer to help out and pick up after yourselves.
- 9. Once the kids are in bed at 9 or 10 we would like you to stop using the kitchen as it could wake them up. Both kids are in bed by about 9 p.m. and unfortunately get up rather early, about 6:30 or 7:00 am. You of course do not have to get up at this time but you should expect some interruptions in your routine as you will be using the kids bedrooms.

10. Please be polite.





You Are A Steam Engine

Made with

Kevlar







10:30 AM

Journal entry: Wednesday morning in Los Angles, California, on the way home from touring with the full on rock band, Clutch. A haze has been over the city for three days now, and it makes me glad I was made in Detroit, no haze, no traffic and no natural disasters. I wonder, why anyone would want to live in LA? The water from the streets drains straight to the Pacific and for that fact, much of the local coast here is unfit for swimming. The girls here care how they look, but not more than the guys. It is time to go home. I want to see my girlfriend. I have had a reluctance to ever stepping foot inside a travel agency, but now I'm in front of a travel agent. I used to equate travel agent with something like a pansy sport. I thought the exact same of those tennis players in high school just years ago. I associated them with femininity when I though I was a man. Now, I hope I'm just a human being. Yeah, you try running full steam for ten yards, coming to a complete stop, reversing your torso in 180 and backhanding a yellow ball. Do it for about three hours--man.

After seeing the agent had a headset phone (leery). Thought: good vs. bad? "Hi," I said, "I need to get to Detroit within 5 days." Then key strokes, conversation, and apparently karma to burn (see: bhn music section). One hour later, ticket in pocket- "How's \$252" I said, "I'm poor." My grandma can't believe that I admit I'm poor. I mean I'm not starving. I have a roof, no wife, no car payment

and a humble \$245 apartment. Simple, I like it that way. My grandma goes into Big Lots, regretingly of course, to please a friend she was with and

Corner Coney

SATATORY

SATATORY

SOUR INLES

hopes dreams and hospitality! dan k & jack k. stick up for what you believe in.

then she immediately begins to go off on the \$5 an hour employee. "Straighten this place up" she says, "you ought to be ashamed."

"Christ's sake grandma it's Big Lots," I say. I don't know whether to be happy for her that she is out or ashamed that she too has fallen victim to patriarchy and material possessions. She often sits in her house waiting to die. At times I feel that in me. Have you ever felt that? Have you ever wanted to die and really thought about it? Now I'm not talking the hype of suicide or the intrigue? Change focus to the trendiness of lesbians and gays while keeping this all in mind. You know those people, "Life is so bad, I'm gonna' kill myself, I'll show them." Maybe you know two women who hang in the trendy part of the town and through casual conversation of the women sitting next to you in the coffee shop you hear, "I've tried it once and..." and maybe they even kiss in front of men; often it's all a scheme. I respect REAL lesbians and gays. What I don't respect is attention seeking fucks. And you?

So I'm in LA and the guy with the headset follows, "How about \$122 one-way to Chicago?" "Sold." In Chicago now and I am begging now for 12 dollars to complete the \$22 train ticket to Detroit. I had never had to beg in my life. I went up to complete strangers and I can pass for seedy;

more news part I.

• Proctor & Gamble withdrew all advertising from several day time talk shows in Spring of 96'. P&G felt that talk shows are not conducive to a healthy society. We at the bhn agree with the move. bhn-- healthier for society. Ironically one week later P&G declared its new fat, "olestera." It is fat, tastes like fat but is fat-free. It passes thru the system absorbing vitamins. Suckation from life once again prevails. Proven positive time and time again.

• Ted Nugent, the Wango Tango boy of the 1970s is dishing out bad radio in the mornings in Detroit. We believe he is an avid homophobic due to his projected stature of a dominating male. Hear the man speak and he lacks the heart of a sensitive man. He seeks domination of wild came with bow and arrow and we can just imagine what his manliness does to a woman. We just don't like him or any hunters at all for that matter even if they do hunt with a bow.

· Pertaining to bhn #12's cover which featured two women kissing. In all honesty, I (Dank) asked my gay male friends if they had any pictures of them kissing because I wanted to feature them on the cover of this issue, but bhn efforts my were in vain. The goal of the male photo was to be equality. Unfortunately, it is accepted by society, particularly males, to hoot, holler and rebel rouse, when two women get it on, but when two men do, it is considered to be "fucking sick." That is exactly what I don't like. Gay males are just as much of individuals as lesbian females and both of them are just as much of individuals as anybody. If you don't believe that, please pass this magazine up the evolution scale while you continue to operate at a very entry level.

• Post-WWII days-- the U.S. Government was struggling to boldly go where no man has gone before. After the war, a quick round up of German documents detailed plans for saucer-like flying machines which never left the drawing board. Shortly thereafter the U.S. conducted 35 classified attempts based on the German findings. The largest coverup, to make as if the program was going no where was 'Project silverbug.' The machine could barley hover, nevertheless vertical take-off machines continued to fascinate government officials for some time after. The plans for a 23,000/mph at 80,000 feet machine, were never even remotely attained.



no one gave me money, not even so much as a dollar. I don't think I am proud that I can pass for seedy. I think I just choose to dress very casual. Meanwhile, so much of America dresses with labels. I called Citibank and talked to a supervisor of customer support. I told them the condensed version of exactly what is written here. They would not extend my credit due to the fact I was \$9 past my limit and I had missed a couple of payments. The .49 cent McDonald's ice cream cones I had throughout the day on my travels to Venice Beach have vanished as my stomach began to go through convulsions. All I can remember now is running with my bike, in a box, above my head, down Sunset Boulevard just hours ago in search of a UPS station, hoping to catch my plane on time- no money for a cab. If it weren't for the nice American Trans Air employee giving me 3 unwanted meals, I would have really be in trouble. There are two types of trouble, monetary and physical, I don't like either.

Finally enough money and I'll probably go to hell becbecause I never sent six bucks to this guy like I said (Continued on page 19)

name:		
address:		
apt. #:		
city:	四日	
state:		700/2-12
zip:		
phone:		

to: bhn hardwear dept. po box 02832 detroit, mi 48202-0832

Would it help if we took credit cards?

Do you have e-mail? If yes? What is the address?

Do you have access to the www?

Have you visited www.bighardnews.com?

Can you dig it?

Have you ever had an extraterrestrial or homesexual experience?



check or money order payable to Dan k or big hard news. usa dollars bhn hardwear dept., po box 02832, detroit mi, 48202-0832 or use only, this page as indicated for mailing. canadians 100% money back guarantee on all clothes (less any shipping costs) mailing. survey says, "all-in-all, about four weeks for delivery." GUIDE: s/s=short sleeve, E=embroidered, np=not pictured, nev tastefully on the back. Spread the

thank-you

derneath bhn logo

or printed

or MAGAZINE, often un-

Pull entire 8.5" by 11" page out (we'll send you a new one with your order)

Place check or money order for your total into center of this folded brochure Be sure to write your return address and other info needed on the other side

(pg. 15)

Shipping on clothes=\$5

TOTAL:

Donation (cheap ass)

Late update. Not pictured on all 0 bulpino word on used clothes a c w (circle) \$3/issue 10. the word **DETROIT** of a dozen, 4 Big Hard News, on the clothes; on your mind. X clothes Produced in 11. 5 S 12. 6 sues are 7. œ du 6. 3 du zip sweat tops-E, hooded, 9 girl tank~E, fitted w/ kid drawn daisy polar fleece shell~E, mid zip pull-over work jacket~E, rugged, lined, med. weight golf shirt-E, tee shirt~country preacher s/s work shirt-E, button up, s/s tee shirt -... bringing heaviness home tee shirt-monopoly man w/ skull eyes scott's hypnotic robots Choose your merchandise # from the center, then fill out this form The numbers here correspond to the pictures in the center of this brochure to order TYPE OF MERCHANDISE s/s, like Tiger wears merchandise? And how? thick You just love big s/s s/s 2XL or M 2XL or M XL or M ad pg. SIZES × × \succeq × 3 6 COLOR, IMAGE COLOR lime twist or mocha, walks and sparks cactus or ash, grey or blue, black, 3 brown, 3 black, navy, 3 white, 2 black, 2 w w w ω PRICE \$15 \$20 \$10 \$10 \$5 \$30 \$25 \$10 \$30 \$5 Back issue/\$3 postpaid Subscription \$3/issue: DESCRIPTION Clothing total

PRICE

(Continued from page 14)

ould. I just didn't care anymore. I was on the train. The urbanesque landscape leaving Chicago is just like well I cry entering Detroit. It is my home but it is dirty. Tires, demolition and neglect coat the surroundings. Race riots were horrible and today as ever more than ever racism needs to be...gone, but I am home via Amtrak on

Woodward blocks away from all of this and no job I am fucked, kind of oh it is time to sleep I'm tired...and smiling. That was then. Detroit's rebound is happening. Now! DK,

JOURNAL

Rolling. You should have known as it

was being said-- you weren't ever going to amount to anything. "You play that music too god-damned loud. You wear those. . . those. . . clothes. Not to mention your hair and that work ethic, it's nothing like mine was. . . . I'll tell you. . . How are you going to make it?" Me, thinking to myself, 'I don't know, but that is a pretty fucking good goddamn question?' I realize now, as I tried then: we're different. That's not a bad thing. For instance, at Arby's, different is good and at Shell you can experience the difference...and did you ever once believe, for no other reason than to believe? Did you believe that everything would be all right?

In retrospect, parents were right about a lot of things. It was almost as if they were setting me/ you/them up to fail. They wanted to see us fall. . maybe it was so they can pick you up. . . maybe it was so you find out for yourself. . . or maybe they're just as sick and deranged as my father. As

we know, things are different. Unfortunately, not everyone knows.

DK, FALL '93

Rolling? Nah. That's livin'. 1 ...,..a...pickhimfirst in kickball. And if you don't let the bhn team win, he'll beat the snot out of you.



Wammabamma. Let me hear you, sister! Part I, The Intro.

I tried it differently this time. I said to myself, "Don't do it." I can hear the blood pushing through my veins now; I am in pain. I remain smooth on the outside, a lie. There is too much to handle, and nothing to grab on to. I love to live, but I hate my life. Why do things matter that shouldn't, and the things that should don't? So, you got real fucked up one night off booze and you said to yourself, "I'm not ever going to drink again; I'm not ever going to do that"... but ya' did. How about in that relationship? You said you would never do it again, but ya' did; you suck. Remember everything you felt when they ended it? Meanwhile, it is so difficult to remember how you felt when you ended it, but you thought it would never end. . . the pain, the relationship, the headaches, heartaches, and feelings of self-righteousness. They said you were self-centered, cold, and distant. I guess they

wanted your heart on a platter. Those flesh eating bastards, they would eat you. They did eat you each and every time they shut down; they took a little bit of you with them. They couldn't convey their feelings on time, but you were lucky to get them at all. Makes you think, "just who was the cold one," the "distant one," the "real one?" "I didn't know

what I was

"distant one," the "real one?" "I want to believe it, but they still can't tell you

Your gut sees what your eyes can't, and your mind feels what your gut sees."

into" is always a good defense, but you have eyes. So it was only them, the sex was great. It was only them and the sex stopped. You found yourself caught up, trapped, and robbed of a relationship. Time was a void, but you still liked them despite physical attributes, wants, and desires. No, you still loved them, but don't say it,

exactly what they want. They're taking the shove everything in your face, "because I can't talk and I think I like X, but I'm not sure," technique. So wise for 18, but so young indeed.

judgment call. Now you love her and she likes

him; you're still going out. She is being a bitch.

damn well couldn't deal with it all at once. They

were so right about so many things. You didn't

You can't win. You made the call; they dug up

everything that was building up, knowing you

Wammabamma! Let me here you, sister! Why? Big Hard News P.O. Box 02892. Detroit, MI 48202-0832



When you need to know where to go.

don't do it... it will be your heart on a platter. They should know. Hell, you almost slipped and said the word "love" but all that came out was "Lov." Almost as if I was afraid to love.

So you feel like every time you walk into a relationship you must have "I got the feeling for the flavor to be shit on!" inscribed on your forehead. Yes, it's Love flavored Pringles inside your can. Then it seems things are on the rebound. Everything is great. They were rolling, laughing in your bed as you would sit up all night and talk, but it's cold. You would have a great time, but it was distant. Maybe you should have said those magical words, "I love you." Maybe they have to hear it. Maybe you just know, or think you know. Your gut sees what your eyes can't, and your mind feels what your gut sees. Sometimes you have to go with it when everything within you is in argument. . . I guess it's a

Part II, The Middle "It's the pink one," she said.

"Use the pink one." That's good because I had been using the right of the two pink toothbrushes 1,140 miles to damn near Chicago 4 times in 6 days from Detroit. Love. Somewhere in northeast Indiana, it is dusk and I haven't eaten all day. I've begun a journey which never ends. There is road and town, a little more road, and then town. Some call them villages, and most are no bigger than a couple of linked blocks. If you shut your eyes for a fraction of a second you're in some corn field. The road, like my mind, is filled with death. Airborne pathogens everywhere; serious.

I prefer ma' and pa' dining as opposed to a big chain of any kind, but I need a quick fix. "Yeah, excuse me sir. Do you know where a McDonald's is?" I must be Satan. In the last town a young black kid belts out, "Fuck you Satan," as he looks at me and begins to flip me off. A simple request for directions to Ronald's house gets me nowhere

and a whole lot of grief follows. I had to get out. My skull was breathing now. There is no helmet law here and I'm sure there is just another town ahead. "Now, I'm free!" The motorcycle, the road and my mind. I found it difficult to let go two weeks ago without any understanding. Letting go is a downer. Within these two weeks I've endured more than my share of life. It was him. him, and me-- we three. She said "time," was what she needed. Well, she said that to me then, and again--now . . . Thanksgiving. This time I was the one who wanted to hear "I love you." Ironic? Things have been

was the one who wanted to hear "I love you." Ironic? Things have been turned about the second time through. I page through the pictures; I can still touch her. I thought about her today as I told my mom, "Mom I don't like you, go fuck yourself." Two years prior, I told my dad something similar. I

believe, to a certain degree, you are a product of your environment. I am no more. I now have learned how to love after being in a nightmare for 24 years. I won't forget what I had to go through as a child. I have learned to forgive, except for them, it's difficult.

She was great, yet I should have known we wouldn't work. For the last six weeks she'd look at me and mean well, all the while lacking the warmth she once had. I don't know what happened. I should have known; nicknames like "tulip" and "boo" are not what I am about. Oh, yeah, she is heavy on the fly tip, but she dug skater boys, skater clothes, and cute, skater faces. I'm not cute. I am regular. There is nothing special about me, other than the fact that I'm me. Now I will always love myself more than her. Before, I wouldn't. It is still a difficult concept to grasp. She came first, now I come first. Looking



Head to toe. Taz not included. Dali on the arm.

at myself in the mirror, there is no "one thing" defining me. So I think to myself, to get that grasp, "If you can't love yourself, who can you love?" Howard Roark (Ayn Rand, Fountainhead) was all about himself and now I am. Good-bye, friend.

Part III, They Climax

Back to we three. The same guys, new shit. For starters, guy has girlfriend; she kisses him anyway. Other guy gets all the girls. 18 or 19 years old, flat stomach and nice hair. She says she doesn't want him. She tells me she is not attracted to him, and I, like a sucker, believe her. . . again. She lies all the time, but is she a liar? 1:00 am Friday morning or late Thursday night, we finished watching a movie. "Stay," she tells me. "I love you," she says. "Hold me," she asks. I am at her aunt

and uncle's place. I have just said good-bye and she just told me she loves me. Somehow, she slips in the ever so popular, "Call me, I'm not going to call you." As I'm walking out she slips again and says, "Maybe we can go out Saturday. Her lips and heart seem warm as we touch and I feel. I am hiding that she shop lifts from stores. . . \$40 earrings from Natural Wonders, etc., etc., etc., Her pocket seems to work better than money, or her mouth. I am hiding that she uses her mom's credit card liberally. I am hiding that she has no desire or drive, hiding that I pay the rent where we live, hiding that I pay the phone bill, that I buy the food, that I fill her tank. I don't want the dishes done or the bathroom clean. I just want my best friend back. She is not herself. All the while, she used to lecture me on being true to myself. Look at her now. . . a crying shame-- physically and literally. There is good in

her. Where has it gone? I am hiding the fact that spends what little money I could give her. I am hiding so many things, because I still love her. Then I realized, "love" and "hide" should not be in the same sentence. Then I realized, what "nope" is. I realized it was her that made me "feel." Confusion set in. We haven't talked in months. I once was this vegetarian, cool bartender, writer of this paper, and just a wonderful guy. . . in her eyes. . . that's what I once was. I was wonderful for all the wrong reasons. When we met she was intelligent, well read, and beautiful. . . . 364 days later she is leaving

place your faith in

Mama Rizzo's Pasta Sauce Houston, TX. Grandma Shears-Grandpa Choice Potato Chips Brewster, OH Harmonie Garden Café-middle eastern restaurant Detroit MI Mr. Chopsticks-best oriental food- anywhere Denton, TX Dariy Deluxe-best ice type products in the world Birmingham, MI Burro-fresh Mexican Ann Arbor, MI Main Art Theater-scam empty popcorn container, free refills Royal Oak, MI York Peppermint Patties Hershev, PA

Ft. Lauderdale, FL Rock-a-Way-damn good grouper sandwich despite host taking bribes for priority seating, barefoot ok Clearwater, FL

Boca Burger Co-best soy patty around

Primo's Pizza-best thin crust pizza in the mid-west Oak Park, MI Big <u>Hard News</u>-good country preachin' Worldwide with the man, not me. See, I am a sucker. He is so cool, though. Honestly. And it's so hard. He is a friend, in a liberal sense of the word. She pushed me away as she said, "I want to be with him." I am hurt. Still believing it all, she figured-- kiss, smoke pot, and drink. Just like before. She woke up that Saturday and asked me to move out of state with her. Then she reads this. She tells me she fucked him, tells me to fuck off, and goes to suck face with some guy. The real sensitive kind, he is. She has now tongued, tongued, tongued. Only if we knew. . . Would we still have been suckers? Does it matter? Now this all came 365 days and almost to the hour of us, our start. Everyone seems to want to fuck everyone else. Sex should be beautiful, not ugly. She is ugly. rubbers aren't. You should have worn one. Maybe for him, maybe for you, maybe for both, or maybe because you just don't know each other.

She wants her lip pierced. Whoa, now that's alternative. She probably wants tattoos and stuff like that. Now, I'm not going to tell that girl of 19 what to do, but she ought to

go home. Five jobs in one year, *she is lost*. Pick her up, seems everyone else does; she could probably use the ride. Now, I'm not insinuating anything; you can do that on your own. Now I regret this whole thing. I went to hug her; she pushed me away. Certainly not like 25 hours prior. She has now lied to me, her best friend, her mom, and herself. Go home little girl, or strangers will keep giving you candy. You'll keep taking it, and what will that make you? Run along, and go be

alternative. Get used to the doctor, too, if that is the way you cast your vote. Alternative lifestyles and doctors go in hand. Just be careful. Well, I'm 24 and Leto once told me young girls suck. In addition, they do break your heart and have sex with your friends. It is not him, or him; it is her. I always try to learn from every relationship. This time I have learned to only go out with fun women, not identity seeking, lost girls. Make sure they have legitimate jobs, intelligence, and an ability to speak their mind. I hope I have the same. LOVE. There, I said it. Now I feel it and time will get me over it. I was never perfect, but I didn't claim to be. This was then, so on and so forth, and I believe she is different now. I am happy for her. I think she is "back." I think she is true to herself,

you-thank-you-thanks. resume'

[Imitations Coming Soon]
Don't be fooled by imitations, bhn

Voted #1 Bartender or something like that

write-up: wed 3-10-93 metrotimes, best of detroit write-up: mon 4-19-93 eccentric & observer

write-up: fron 4-19-93 eccentric & write-up: tue 8-14-93 detroit news write-up: fri 10-1-93 detroit news

write-up: november 93' issue-orbit write-up: 3-9-94 metrotimes, best of detroit write-up: 12-6-94 wayne st univ-south end

write-up: 12-6-94 wayne st univ-south end write-up: 3-22-95 metrotimes, best of detroit write-up: spring 96'-retired, i'm gone!

write-up: june 96' i'm back at the shelter, up yours! write-up: 1-7-97 fedex-inappropriate appearance write-up: next-detroit monthly, whatever it is called now

write-up: mtv-suck my ass!

all counting- 9 years or so at saint andrews/shelter;

lovin' it!

BHN



Behold the art of mankind. The deal was get the tattoo and I'll buy his drinks. He has shown up only once since then; thank heaven.

And yes the Barbie Twat Juice is a Drink— NOT found in any book.

it's too bad she cost us our relationship. Maybe one day her and I will. . . ah, never mind. I love her still. What a dream. The end.

DK, LATE FALL '94

Disappointment 101.

"The disappointed man speaks.- 'I listened for an echo and heard only praise-."

-Friedrich Nietzsche

"Are you trying to be Dan k?" Snicker, snicker. "Why don't you kiss Dan's ass some more?" Ha, ha.

"Dan k is pretty cool, but... [your comment here]" People turn on you quick and easy. I take heat because I support Dan k. Why? You tell me. My first encounter with Dan was bizarre. Here was a bar keep who served up unique drinks, cool music, and did it with zeal. Even more bizarre was the fact that this bartender dished out respect. I'd never encountered a bartender who treated me like an adult with a brain, not a number or another dollar in the tip jar.

As I visited the back bar more often, the presentation grew like a good muscle- bigger, but still well-defined. Inspired, I did something just for kicks. Enter the Dan k Action Figure. Dan found it to be pretty cool and I got to know him a little better. I donated extra dollars and made up some more "props" as time went on. Eventually I became "Big Fuckin' Fella." Well, all right!

Twice a week I'd visit the basement, and have a blast. I looked around. Literally, hundreds of people had seen the scene in that back room. They cheered, slammed, screamed, sucked down

Jell-O, took bites of pretzel rods, and went home with complimentary copies of the Big Hard News.

Later, Dan fell out of grace with his management. I picketed, -because I had a taste of excellence and would accept nothing less. My standards were raised and would never fall. Obviously, others could do without as they shuffled into the bar. The no. 1 bartender then moved on to the Majestic Theater. The reception was disappointing, at best.

That's the way to live today, I guess. If someone offers you their hand, you chop it off and then demand the other one too. Didn't anyone get what was going on? It wasn't some Vaudevillian show; it was a way of looking at life. Don't let life fuck you over, break Satan's femur and suck on the marrow. It's like most of the people who wear those Roman numeral X hats. "No, don't read about the man and learn something. Don't show others what you've learned by example and righteous living- here, just buy this "X" hat made in Malaysia and imported by white old men."

Style over substance, the American dream. Dan k backlash is real.

Do I think Dan k is some god? Am I obsessed? No. But when I see someone fighting the flood of sewage, I have to jump in and help. People have to do things at a local level and actually do things. Have the courage to do the things the people on your CD's sing about. I don't think the high profile people need anymore money or praise. This is the only life you have, don't waste it, because it will end.

I once told Dan that if he ever made it 'big', the woodwork would break from people crawling out and saying how well they knew him. He laughed, then his face went sour for a long minute.

Say what you will about me. I'm trying to do more than survive. Sure, laugh at my slip-ups; you just sit there. I guess someone has to grind down the strong. Sour grapes? Sure, I'll have a bunch. When I saw Dan shining down in that basement I felt ashamed for being so dead, so close to the grave. "Are you trying to be like Dan k?" Snicker, snicker. I'm just trying not to be like you, bitch. HARRIS, STAFF, WINTER '95

A Letter to Planet Dufus. 5:55 pm someday. "Be the 10th caller to Planet 96 and you'll receive the new Pearl Jam, 'Vitalogy' album on vinyl or CD, dude." Well dude, would anyone really want it? If they got vinyl, how would they play it? Vinyl is what they put their asses on in their cars and they know anything about turntables and they never even saw Star Wars on the big screen—the first time. DK, SOME BAD TIME

An Open Letter To Detroit's New Rock. What happened? It seemed like such a cool idea. I even used to listen. Garbage. It is all garbage. I hear some guy singing, "Why can't I be you?". . . and all I can think of for an answer is, "Probably 'cause you suck, really bad." Why do you, 89X, play the same songs and bands over and over and over and over and over and over. I am sick, I am blue in the face and I only tune in when there are no more tapes to listen to in my car, and when I want a good laugh. What exactly is new rock? Is it popularity? For instance, at the Shelter back bar, I used to play independently-oriented bands for the soul purpose that, we as a collective, were fed up with the kind of nonsense I spoke of in the first pages of this issue. We are not going to put garbage in, because we don't want garbage out. Silly rabbit tricks are for kids. Try a listening audience nine to twelve, or a mentality level thereof. . . and now I even catch you and "the planet" (of garbage, Detroit's other great station) playing identical sets, just one of two songs off. How about occasionally playing bands that draw smaller numbers in concert or bands with smaller record sales. There are still name brands you can trust, ya' know: the Melvins, Clutch, Jesus Lizard, Kysuss, Big Black, Boys v. Girls. . . 89X, you're a big let down. Lastly, how can you call yourself alternative, new, or whatever-- how can you when you're always the same? Redeem yourself now, before it is too late. "I", or "we" can help. We have other CD's other than the ones you play. I'm sure there are many people who feel like me. Pioneering should be objective, not subjective, so take this in. Find another way to pay your station bills. Thanks, a concerned non-listener, just a station scanner. When in or around Detroit, try 101.9 FM, WDET. Liz Copeland show, Sunday thru Thursday nights, Midnight to 5am; Good Radio. DK, SOME HORRIBLE RADIO EXPERIENCE

> To share with those who are less fortunate than us. Winter purfication qualifies for confession, pennance and reconcilation.



Since the last time... I had a birthday. Twenty-four. And another and another and another birthday. At the time a quarter century. Whoa! How have you done it? How did you fare? Did you know that after 25 the body begins to noticeably age, ears and nose keep getting bigger. I got a new license in the mail today. Valid four years. That's the change. It use to be valid in year intervals. I guess they feel I'm maturing. The pigs just drive through the lights. 9 o'clock or so. Must be the shift change, the station is around the corner. The media continues to bash Detroit. The city is tough and beautiful. New Mayor meant new roads. Low unemployment and much culture here in Detroit. Like any great urban city: Alanta, Seatle, Dallas, the true heart beats of America. Yet it's 9:05 pm. They don't wait for the lights, they got the badge, the gun, and the bullshit ego. Pig and donuts, just driving through. So in a hurry like the man with 25 items paying by check in the 15 item cash lane. I can just imagine that playing Scrabble, not that I play Scrabble, but playing Scrabble with med students or chemists could really suck. Did you ever wonder why AT & T can advertise that they give you the best deal so often? It is because they have ripped you off, just like Nike has, look at what they built in Chicago - Niketown, a several million dollar shoe store featuring under-paid overseas labored shoes and apparel. Levi's, that's a good company, many styles made in CA, USA. Trek bicycles too, Waterloo, WI. Let's not forget Volkswagon vehicles, they run forever.

So what is that little tissue doing in wedding invites anyway? So does cinnamon really grow in rods? Does it grow at all? Where does it come from? Two Thanksgivings in a row now, depressed so that I may never make it out it seems. Letterman. Raquel Welch? Hair in voluminous bouffant, lipstick everywhere, mascara, blush, highlights, and hair spray. Seemed like a nice person, but is there anything natural anymore? Yeah, farts seem to be as natural as it gets. More on the natural: Why is it when individuals gather, slurred speech seems so common? All the while, the one wise guy story teller is always the one full of the most shit. You know those guys. Remember, it's best to leave the snow thrower clogged than to stick your hand into the machine or if you live down south, the same goes for lawn equipment. Since that there has been more, too much more heaviness.

Big Hard News, bringing heaviness home...



the zine' usual Music & Movies

the next several pages deal with music and movies within no particular time frame.

High Fidelity Recordings
by Ryan Keberly

Ebeling Hughes The Little Bugs Glow CD

Awe-inspiring mood symphonies from Robert Ebeling, Charles Hughes and company. Their debut effort, The Little Bugs Glow, harnesses the depth of Pink Floyd while maintaining the sonic dissonance of Mercury Rev and Rollerskate Skinny. Tracks, The Watch, 40 Quintillion Miles and On the Wings of Discovery are not so much songs as they are voyages, orbiting planets of discord on the timeless serenity of endless black holes. Ebeling Hughes lush harmonies and effect saturated vocals ultimately embrace as skilled waltz partners - twirling on the inspired tones of orchestral genius. rustbelt records 1145 griswold, 3rd. floor detroit, mi 48224

Jello Biafra w/ Mojo Nixon and the Toadliquors, Prairie Home Invasion LP

One of the best post-Dead Kennedys albums since the Biafra/D.O.A. co-operative, Last Scream Of the Missing Neighbors. On Prairie Home Invasion Biafra and Nixon update the lyrics of traditional Southern folk songs, truckin' songs and hymnals while maintaining all of the original toe-tapping twang! Highlights include: Will the Fetus be Aborted, Mascot Mania and Are You Drinkin' With Me Jesus. alternative tentacles records po box 419092 san franscisco, ca 94141

Solid Frog Pepper Spray CD

Although Solid Frog's 2nd release for Overture records showcases an excellent production value and sound quality, it's not particularly my cup of tea. Their radio-friendly persona falls comfortably in place with the sounds of other noteworthy locals, such as: Next Big Nothing, Plain and Big Block. Essentially, Solid Frog safeguards their niche in the Detroit music community with Pepper Spray's sincere demeanor and consistent personality. overture records 47551 iroquois ct. novi, mi 48374

The Elevator Drops, Pop Bus CD

California's The Elevator Drops have re-invented the art of making music. They follow no scene, worship no false rock idols, and wear no influence on their sleeve. They've gone so far as to create rock n' roll blasphemy by poking their stick at two of modern music's most beloved golden calves: John Lennon (The Lennon's Dead "") and Led Zeppelin (Elevator to Heaven). Pop Bus's insert sleeve sums up The Elevator Drops ideology best: Screw the snobby underground tunnel running from here to NYC to Amsterdam to Roswell to Nowhere all heavily guarded by namedroppers with chainwallets which are connected to trustfunds. Simply stated, music is best when it takes risks, and Pop Bus's dardevil space punk throws caution to the wind by musically running with scissors and playing with sharp sticks. timebomb records 219 broadway ste. 519

laguna beach, ca 92651

Many hours have gone into the bhn layout. With Microsoft you have to put up with a lot of bullshit. The far right corner here is just one example of Microsofts inabality to handle the task at hand. We give up on this one. Microsoft, "Up yours!"

- ... and more news II.
- In Palo Alto, CA groups of scientists are studying epidemics. It seems we are due for one. It is alleged that earth's retaliation against us is *Gia's Revenge*. It appears that epidemics grow out of insidious bacteria which become immune to modern medicine, i.e. spin-offs of pneumonia and the like. Like flesh eating bacteria. What are we doing as a community as a society? Take note of your actions.
- Big Hard News members have been spotted, stopped at traffic lights exiting their vehicles in various cities in various states. It appears their big hardwear clothing gave them away. More importantly, they were seen throwing trash and cigarette butt's back into windows of environmental perpetrators. The bhn members usually follow-through with giving the deserving party, those that litter, the bird hand gesture.
- NY city has no hope, that could be why they are producing some of the nations biggest bull-shiters.
 Metaphysics or 'faith healing,' holds no ground with Charlie Brown. Now you are saved my child.
 Trust in the bhn.
- If one more person gets a piercing, especially in their togune, I hope it gets infected and they die from it. Yeah, same goes for that slogan "It's all good," use it and perish fool.

≈info from news or just our heads.

More Hi-Fi

by the staff.

we like these, you might too! old or new, send us your music to us.
Palace, Arise Therefore, Drag City Records

alternative folk/rock, true genius at work.

Sun · Ra, The Singles, Evidence

early and truly unique confused jazz.

God is my Co-Pilot, The Best of, Topper Atavistic

off beat female angst, gay and lesbian activists.

Johnny Cash, Unchained, American

need we say more.

Kinnie Starr, Tidy..., Mercury

 think rock? a sound all their own w/ guitars. cool woman singer and vocals.

Karma to Burn, Karma to Burn, Roadrunner

- thick chunky rock from west Virginia, vocals leave something...
 Bikini Kill, Hugay Bear, Kill Rock Stars
- female punk rock with zeal, this early recording rules; LP only R.L. Burnside, Mr. Wizard, Fat Possum Records
- past and present blues mix...so good.

Blonde Redhead, Blonde Redhead, Smells Like Records

fun alternative rock.

Thorneta Davis, Sunday Morning Music, Sub Pop

- funky soul rock unparalleled and from the mo-town.
 Face Value, <u>Kick it Over</u>, Doghouse Records
- cleveland hardcore that takes the ny sound to perfection.

Shelter, Quest for Certainty, Equal Vision Records

 non-traditional hardcore with heavy soul meaning, many lp's, the older the better.

16, Drop Out, Theologian

 been listening to these guys from orange county since 95, straight forward clean and tidy hardcore.

Morning Again, Hand of Hope, Good Life Recordings

- \bullet more hardcore, rocking and even melodic at times; from florida too. CIV, $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{F}}$
- why didn't anyone ever write the bhn and say the ex-revelation records band, gorilla biscuits, is now civ.

Various Artists, Beyond Life with Timothy Leary, Mercury

 Tim and Danny (head of Mecury) had talked about bringing part of Tim's life to disc, this is it; eclectic.

Rachel's, The Sea and the Bells, Quarter Stick

 maybe the coolest arrangement of viola, cello, clarinet, boatswain, bells, bass and musical saw EVER!

oh, listen and buy lots of jazz and blues on LP before it's too late. Go to Car City Classics, Saint Clair Shores, Mi Borrowed Cinema
By Ryan Keberly
Begotten, B&W

(1991). Directed by E. Elias Merhige Starring: Stephen Charles Barry, Donna Dempsey. Begotten opens as a god-like creature commits suicide by slicing hunks of sinewy flesh

Begotten opens as a god-like creature commits suicide by slicing hunks of sinewy flesh from it's own body with a straight razor. From its death blossoms a spirited goddess who soon gives birth to a convulsing man-child. The goddess and her offspring are then viscously slaughtered by a mysterious, faceless group of hooded figures. E. Elias Merhige's "Begotten" is filmed without a soundtrack or dialogue, it is accompanied only by the chilling visuals of death and rebirth.

Liquid Sky, color, (1983). Directed by Slava Tsukerman

Starring: Jack Adalist, Bob Brady, Anne Carlisle.

"Liquid Sky", set against the backdrop of the fashion/drug-discotheque craze of 1980's, addresses issues such as drug abuse, sexual ambiguity and aliens on several levels. Without giving too much of the plot away, a successful New York model's sexual partners mysteriously die and/or vanish at the moment of climax with nological explanation. "Liquid Sky", both surreal and pragmatic, develops a bizarre

relationship between the effects of heroin, the endorphins released in the brain during orgasm and those who want to reap its benefits.

Ms., 45, Color, (1981). Directed by Abel Ferrara

Starring: Zoe Tamerlis, Albert Sinkys, Darlene Stuto

Thana, amute woman working as a seamstress in New York is brutally raped in an alley near her apartment. Following the attack she returns home only to discover that she is currently in the process of being burglarized. She is then sexually assaulted by the felon in her apartment who has perceived her disheveled clothing (a result of the rape only moments ago) as a come on. She realizes now that she must take the law into her own hands - beginning with the intruder in her apartment whom she kills, dismembers and places into various garbage bags for convenient disposal. Thana becomes a vigilante. She subversively attracts men, then executes them for the misogynist crimes that they perpetrated against her and other women. Sadly, in the final scene at the Halloween masquerade ball, Thana, dressed as a nun is figuratively and literally "stabbed in the back".

Night Train to Terror, Color, (1985). Directed by John Carr, Philip Marshak, Tom McGowan and Jay Schlossberg-Cohen

Starring: Charles Moll, Eva Hesse, John Phillip Law

Imagine God and Satan on a train with a break-dancing rock band, throw in Richard Moll ("Bull" from TV's Night Courtalthough listed as "Charles Moll" in the credits) and you're left with nothing but pure entertainment. In "Night Train to Terror", God and Satan judge the lives of three people to decide if their souls should spend eternity in heaven or hell. This flick has some of the worst special (er, un-special) effects I have ever witnessed. The train crash at the end is obviously filmed using a cheap

More Hi-Fi music from detroit.

Mog Stunt Team, 555, Small Stone Records

• if distortion, noise and rock made sense, these guys are all very, very bright.

Cathouse, Sissy, Nocturnal

- coming up short with notoriety they deserve cathouse uses gutairs are a lead female singer.
 Volebeats, <u>Sky and the Ocean</u>, Safe House
- simple, straight forward folky rock that sould be in heavy rotation.

Volcanoes, Surf Quake, Estrus Crunch?

- surf even dick dale would listen too, don't know a thing about them but they sound great.
 Lava, <u>The Dirty Pots</u>, <u>Underground Recordings</u>
- no techno tans here at bhn but from detroit and super alright comes techo Lava-dig?
 Lavarecords@bigfoot.com

Hoarse, 7, RCA

full-on, these guys keep the name detroit rock city alive. they are already too big and they are very
popular with the ladies.

Feisty Cadavers, Fire Up, SGK Records

more punk rock that's good.

Speedball, ?

- undoubtedly elevating above the stage rock and roll your kids will love and they can even be seen hangin' with the locals— often with a Budweisers in their hands, but we won't hold that against them.
 Hillside Stranglers, ?
- delicious and nutritious punk rock lead by one of the oldest detroit punks, lacey; go pay your dues
 Pure Bastard Extract.
- it's thick punk rock and they are nice guys.

Slide Projector, no label yet...

high on fun factor, positive energy runs you over with their music, well worth the check out, be sure to.
 Check these guys out too! Dirty Dozen, Larval, and the heaviest of Detroit...CHALK.

More Movies

by bhn staff

for quality's sake, we believe these movies are worth checking out.

Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down, Woman On the Verge of A Nervous Breakdown Raise the Red Lantern, Delicatessen, English Patient, Shine, Belle Du Jour, Chung King Express, Man Bites Dog, (each one separate) Red, White and Blue.

toy train. Many other explosions are clearly stock footage and the scene in which James Hansen is impaled on a burning cross is the comiest, Mr. Bill-esque, claymation ever captured on celluloid - not to mention the suction tubes that magically disappear in the surgery scene. Even the monsters are unrealistic, they're all shot in poorly edited stop-action photography. This homage to Ed Wood has to be seen to be believed.

This is your spot. Have something to say, we may print it. It doesn't matter what it is about, we print it word for word as it appears, if we print it at all. Remain anonymous or not; just let us know whatever you think about. Better yet, become part of the staff, which is almost identical as becoming an unpaid writer, the difference you just donate a lot more of your time. The pre-requisite is that you know how to work in the PC environment and you have the aptitude to learn page-layout programs. Remember, the constraints: time and money. Don't take it personal and again; thanks a million!

We really appreciate legible script at the po box. We prefer 3 1/2' PC compatible disks saved as a .txt or .doc files. We also accept e-mail at **bighardnew@aol.com** (note the 's' is missing) or try **www.bighardnews.com**, we hope to keep the site up and running. If you need to fax, let us know, we can accept them. We accept monetary contributions, see merchandise order form. In fact, it appears we are also starting a cult. If you think we are getting rich, guess again. E-mail for low cost ad info or see page 31, STAFF. This spot remains "thin," it has been some time since bhn #12. We decided to start clean.

I want anonymity... My background: I am a middle school science teacher. I'd like to call my column This is the Shit and You're Soaking in it. It is my vented frustrations dealing with societies products everyday. The 90's child is an evil thing. Here is my article:

This is the shit and you're soaking in it.

Our education system is the exact, fucking opposite of society itself. I teach my kids to conserve. You beg them to consume. I teach my kids to read. The TV insists that you leave it on. I show them the Web for information. You pollute it with



WALK ON ON WATER VERY HARD, VERY NICE...

HIGH-FI full length c.d.

IF YOU REALLY WANT IT YOU WILL FIND A WAY TO GET IT COMING: NEW RELEASE IN THE FALL OF 1977

RUST BELT RECORDS 1997

pictures of double-penetrations. I show them how to eat right. You lure them with fucking beanie-babies and then throw a greasy gut-bomb down their gullet, following by some aorta-blocking fries and a high-caffeine drink. I tell them to be polite. You yell at other drivers and wish cancer upon them. I teach them to work hard. You show them how to call in sick to stay home and play with yourself. How can I go on? I am an insignificant contributor to an enormous cause. Everywhere I go, hundreds of people are teaching kids the exact opposite of what I teach them. My existence is futile. These kids are not the product of our schools, they are the products of society. Of TV, of their families, their friends. A product of what you teach them, not what I teach them.

So think of me in July. But think of me now. I have nothing to live for because you are bigger than me and louder than me.

I am a teacher.

ANDNYMOUS, SPRING '97

Maui Mountain Ride. Yeah, though I careen down steep mountains at 35-40 miles per hour with no idea what's beyond the next switchback, I fear no evil because at 10,023 feet there isn't enough oxygen for my brain to understand fear anyway.

J. ZIELINSKI, WINTER '97

bhn. stuff.... This zine' is not about fucking people over. It is not about anything. It is an absolute nothing in a world full of material everything. This magazine is about whatever you want it to be. If you were to ask me, I would say, "it is bullshit and aggression harnessed on paper." One day we will all be born with an attorney, a cellular phone, a number, and a gun. Why do people read the bhn? Because people write it. Because you can relate, because you're you. Improve your social graces; read bhn today, before it is too late. Purchase a \$10 t-shirt too. We believe only in quality merchandise. We are known for quality merchandise. If for any reason you don't like your shirt, send it back. We will refund your money promptly. Buying a shirt, placing and ad or making a contribution are most important next to spreading the word of the bhn. How do you cast your vote for society? Are you a contributor or just a taker?

For those of you who enjoy, bhn is purchasing issue#1 back for posterity. We have the original but this one is personal. There were 100 signed copies. You have one, you also have \$20 from the bhn. Same goes for issue #2 (125 copies). There are no back issues av. for issues #1 and #2. An original t-shirt gets you another free t-shirt. Sorry, friends of bhn excluded.

If for some reason you ever receive more than one copy of the bhn, please pass it on to someone who might enjoy it or return it to me. Oh, Dan k tends bar at the Shelter club in Detroit if that wasn't clear. (every wed., like butta') Issue #14 September 1st, the year of our Lord.

in the beginning... Someone asked me, "Why?" Good question. Well, I'm a bartender at the Shelter nightclub in Detroit, but this could happen anywhere. For starters, I'm horrible at bartending, but oddly enough I care. If I stick my tongue out at you it is not that I don't like you, it is because I want to lick you. I play no favorites, if you tip nice, but I don't expect one and you'll never hear me mention the word tip; it is ugly. bhn provides therapy and release; those are two secondary reasons why I put it out. The main reason all this started was to give you, the customer, more. I didn't just want to give you a vodka and cranberry. I wanted to give your drink character, a personality all its own. Hence, Dan k. sauce bar which has metamorphosed into just Dan k. drinks or the big hard menu. Business then picked up. I started bartending busier nights. I could only spend a couple of seconds, yet I still wanted to give more and simultaneously set myself apart from other bars and bartenders. I wanted you to say, "Lets go fuck with Dan." Now let's just say most of my customers are overachievers. Look for the big hard news at other bars; soon.

WE will make it happen.

I try to move quick when I tend bar. It just allows lulls and then we play in between them. It is not uncommon to see all kinds of swinging going on. If it's out of hand, it probably will happen if it hasn't already. And always deliver Labatt's Blue Beer (always true) via remote control car when there is time. I try to show up to work early to make some bad ass, pure alcohol Jell-O. I think I am the only bartender who thinks of you, while I grocery shop, while at the hardware store. Show me a bartender who gives you all this and I'll show you a man who can whip up a drink so that you will see god (Orbit Magazine/Detroit '94). These efforts kind of set me apart from other bars and their staff.

So come get more of what you need, indulge in the experience, without you there is no craziness. Can you dig it?

Due to the lack of time spent with each customer coupled with wanting to give more, the Big Hard News was born 1/30/93 with roots touching to 1970. At the nights end often a bartender has a pocket full of money. For what? Serving drinks. Leaving most nights without knowing anything about anyone except what they were drinking seems so shallow. Even through casual conversation not much is said. The world often seems revolve around money, no one tips the McDonalds employee, but most bartenders get pissed when someone doesn't tip them. I actually get up on Wednesdays and I can't wait to go to work. I love my job. I spend a lot of money on a newsless newsletter, you are reading it now, it's free and paid for with your tip money. It was suppose to be a community of writers, it is the organization of that goal which is the hard part. There are physical, monetary and written contributions of others in every issue, just to varying degrees. Costs of printing get higher and higher each issue as we try to reach more like minded individuals through more printed copies. Take all this into account and the endless hours spent and there is the bhn. In all honesty, if you don't like it, you don't have to read it. Once again, thanks for your time and open mind...the staff...absolutely us...

This concludes the \checkmark black heart full of love area/editors corner and the piece titled in the beginning...

Plow forward now to the front and continue to read where you left off within the piece titled, About the big hard news... which appears at the front of every issue-just in slightly different form. Once again, good luck.

Thanks to:

You. And what is sacred. Not, no them. Anyone who has ever cared. So maybe I was bused from Massachusetts to Flat Rock, MI, Maybe it was the other way. Maybe I (Dank) live in Tampa and you don't even know it; the rest of the staff just might live in MI. In any event, I still let my love run over like 'O' river of happiness for anyone from 'downriver' MI. (the girls, Michelle). The incredible Diana and Maria of Ritual (they bring the concerts to being). Saint Andrews Hall staff. Wednesday night Black Joe and white Joe with the Digits tat. Meijer Deanna. Wayne State University, Detroit, Prof. Herron, four month mentor. Prof. Astrachan. Prof. Cannon. Heidi G. professor of my soul. Danielle Miller, Rob. Kendall, Motorbooty and Dancey, the king of zine. DJ Tom, the Cedar Point king. Carol Delargy. Metro Bikes, Berkley, Ml. Dave Kramer and Ms. Jill. Tom A. Uncle Dave and Aunt Cindy. Kargol family. Play it Again Records, Ferndale MI. MetroTimes. Jason Cameron. The Hamtramck Wednesday night crowd, Michael and his brother Rob and all their friends. Kevin. Andre. Record labels past and present who rise to the occasion of offer their meiodies to this paper, Andrea Jackman, I'm sorry for what I have done to you. Scott Guy and his robots-PolyGram, Jimmy Doom, a godfather of mid-west punk rock. Schwack. Insight magazine sucks and we're so serious. Jill H. Tom Bloom. d-man. Jay Doctor is 1.5. Tiff. Scott D. Al Halversen. Todd at Albe's, Zines that only review records suck too. Hillside Stranglers, Feisty Cadavers, Jay and Pure Bastard Extract, Ms. Morroco Spanish 101, Heidi Penrose, James Blevins, April Ferrara, James, Punk rock Tom, Sean Colburn, Jillian, Intel, Bull, Adam, Amanda Booth, Allie Robbins, Chris Louis. Eric K. Jody Schiesser. Sean McGarthland. Long time friend Joe C. Anthony and his sister who I never see anymore. Jeff Fooks. Ted Smith, The Mark Bolish household. Just ask Mark to ruin your XTR cranks. Beth Lucy for treating me like a piece of shit. It's not my fault you kept it all inside. Super Martie. Ward Wilson. Steve Mills for what I'm not sure. Jason Wilson still at UPS. Paula Yoo at People. Christina Fucco. Shimano XTR. Mark Todd. Answer Racing/Manitou. KORE-killer off-road equipment. Control Tech. Bill Kozy. Ybor City, FL. The defunked Forehead Stew. Rustbelt Records. Foadly Cotlod and Anthropomorphic living where ever he may in Ohio. And of course thanks to the state of Texas and the ever so loving Kathy Cogar, you will always be with me in a great way. Look for the Big Hard News in Tampa, Florida.

Without the efforts of the printers Nicole (with the bhn since it's inception) and Bobby Bolish this issue, #13, may not exsist as it does today!

Special thanks to Peter and Lisa at Earth 2 Earth screen printing and embroderiery in Pontiac, MI; w/o them there would be little bhn hardwear. They truly are good people.

And without a PC this would be a a bigger mess. Thanks Paul Agree.

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Sinda Wilto

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Did you follow the black underlined headings?

grdove, guzzle, get high and fuck-off. don't be fooled by imitations. bhn; detroit.



big hard news what is it you are on the wrong side next, bhn clothes are

ikalers
punks, shmos
girls, boys, blacks, whites
man, if you must have that tiltle
woman, wo with man
children
and mest of all

these garments are not corporate bin clothes are produced in quantites of a dozen not dozens upon dozens quality is proirity these clothes are local not 'lo-cal' don't run you can't hide, we'll never sell out

will you thanks again and good-bye FREE ADVERTISING . from you're very good friend, at B.H.N Blurbs, Reviews and Opinions at no cost...

The Mongolian Barbeque — a bit pricey at dinnertime, stellar service with a smile.

Twisted Brown Trucker — if ya' don't know, now you know. THIS KID ROCKS

SPACE 19 on 2nd street — Great place to get your Digital Laundre done. Adriel,

don't leave us baby.

<u>The Attic Blues Bar</u>— This place got the blues and can't get rid of 'em. Well worth noting. See Joe for drink specials.

Record Time. Where else would one shop for beats? i.e. Dance room. Stay tuned for Behind the Counter: reviews, playlists and opinions from the experts. Thanks Huck.

Vince-Human Communications and bhn pr write to us today, place an ad, wear a bhn t-shirt and feel good. bhn...in detroit and around the globe.

bhn uses intel's pentium II @ 233 mhz get with the program; mmx and klamath, it's where the fun is.

