



**CRUD
BOMB**

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NO. 2

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...eez, it's been a whole 2 years since the last time I've had to write one of these. I dread it... Definitely the hardest part of the 'zine, considering I'm actually forcing myself to do a written draft, and the first 15 attempts at blindly typing away are now deeply (and safely) buried within the local hick trash heap. It seems like the longer I spend on this the more dumb it turns out, so I suppose I should attempt to keep it short n' play it by ear. In that case, right to the point -- First n' foremost, I have to apologize to those of you who've been waiting around 2+ years after paying for this issue in advance. Excuses are excuses, but a lot of shit has happened in my life within that time span. Not to bog you down with unnecessary details, I'll just say that: 1.) Right after #1 came out I needed some major league back surgery, which was sort of a nightmare considering it was a reoccurrence of something that I'd gone through 10 years ago, 2.) I just got through transferring to a new, PCB infested college, which, in a sense, both pushed this 'zine onto the back burner, and causes me to seriously consider the fate of whatever children I might conceive in the future, who MAY end up resembling something not unlike your mom's burnt Tuna casserole, and 3.) I had this really cool bout of late teens/early twenties laziness for awhile. Got that all? So I really want to stress that I wasn't trying to rip anyone off, and I hope that no one got TOO upset over the wait. All I can add is, from here on in, don't order any issues in advance (and there never was a subscription offered..)

Anyone want something they've created to be reviewed? Or really want to be interviewed through the mail like it was a life long dream? Or contribute a review? Then write, by all means.

Ok, I'm just gonna mention a few things about this 'zine for those of you picking it up for the first time. CB is, obviously, a horror flick review rag, but I think I'm getting kinda bored with that format so in future issues it might have more punk stuff (interviews, articles, etc.). I'm not sure. As it stands, though, I mainly talk about the stuff which suits my (shitty) tastes the most - Cheezy, long forgotten 70's monster flicks, and and thinly veiled political statements horribly disguised as cheap Japanese rubber dinosaur films. Yeah, those genres are dumb and very brain damaged, but hell, they're fun, innocent, and NOT the stupid as shit TALES FROM THE CRYPT cutesy CRAP being shoved down everyone's throat by your local monster video corporation. In fact, most of this shit is sold real cheap by it's shoestring distributors, therefore easily accessible in the majority of your sleazy independent outlets, and usually in the bargain rental sections, too. And 'member, the masterminds behind these films hadn't even DREAMED of corporate sponsorship, much less union actors or minimum wage. Definitely punk. Occasionally there'll be a never flick that I like, but not often. (Never meaning made after '82). Umm... I guess that's it. Although, I wasn't gonna even mention this, I guess I should. For those of you die-hards out there, Yep, this is another one of those stupid little rags that doesn't bother to do any research the films it reviews. Seems like the trend nowadays to slam 'zines who don't give a shit. Well, I can't give a shit. In fact, I'd sort of like to work my way toward being the Anti-thesis of review 'zines.

Stuff for sale:

1.) The Crud Bomb Official Big Japanese Monster Guide - 50 cents. (A stupid, head-ache inducing alphabetical thing that attempts to show the majority of cruddy Nipponese retard-beasts loved by kids throughout the world.) Very bad. Half-sized, with delightful graphics.

2.) Crud Bomb #1 - \$1. The shit's gonna really hit the fan if more than, say, 5 of you wanna order this 'cuz I'm gonna hafta get it reprinted. Don't buy it -- It's real shoddy (although, I hate to admit it, it's a little better written than this issue). No charm, and very obnoxious. 8 1/2 by 11. Scary.

--- Send letters, comments, pictures, contributions, stuff to review, presents, toys, games, candy and popcorn to:

Nick Forte
71 Hubbs Rd.
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(Up until September)

(September to May)

It'll be a long time in coming, but just maybe I can do it. Really. I do hope.

A couple other things I gotta explain: First, you'll notice the lovely meshing of two radically different forms of writing instrument used to make this issue. Yeah, part of it's done on a Macintosh laser printer, and the rest is pounded out on the same ol' crap typewriter. I know, I know it looks shitty... there was no alternative, though. I went from being a Graphic Design student at the old college I went to, with full access to all SORTS of cool things (including the Mac), to a lowly generic "Art" student at the new school, who has to resort to breaking rotten eggs in class with his friend in order to get it cancelled 'cuz I hate it so much. I have access to a crumbling, carved swear-word encrusted "desk" there. So, it was back to the Smith-Corona..(Well, either that or spend \$8 an hour at Kinko's to rent a goddamn computer). I suppose it's rough on the eyes, but...Hell, it ain't a pro 'zine. For those that were around for the first ish, you also might notice that I canned the Godzilla/Toho section. Got pretty damn boring doing those reviews in chronological order, so I figure I'll just do 'em once in a while now. The Big Foot section stays, however.

The Obligatory Thanks List:
(In no particular order)

- Sean Manion
- Amy Wolf
- Steve Moro
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- Brian Johnson + TWSD 'zine
- Bob Plante + Disturbed 'zine
- Mike Vraney + Something Weird Video
- Jack + Dave at ERL Records
- Jeff Dworak + Peasant Licker 'zine
- Don Siemer + Hey Ladies 'zine
- Joe Johnson + 3:AM 'zine
- Kim Martin + Sanity Sux 'zine
- Max Della Mora + Gorezilla 'zine
- Whiskey rebel + Alcoholics Unanimous
- Mike Valente + Attica
- Everyone who bought the first ish.
- Nick Forte of Rorschach, who I don't know, but has a really cool name.
- Scobby Doo
- Scrappy, too
- Scobby Maru

Wanted: Any kind of newspaper clippings pertaining to Bigfoot, UFOs, Sea Serpents, Moth Men, Lizard Women, etc. I eat this crap up. Send and I'll reimburse the cost of postage. Thanks!

Well, since I mentioned before that I wanna orient this so it's sort of a "punk"-ish type mag, and seeing how I really have no valid material to put in here that can be classified as such, I might as well just bitch about somethin' stupid. Ban Charles Band and Full Moon Entertainment. Boycott 'em. Don't rent his stuff. The gripe I have is with their fuckin' attitude. Not ONLY do their movies suck in ways beyond human comprehension (Although I did kinda like PuppetMaster 2...), and not only are their budgets big enough for them to make somethin' A LITTLE better, and NOT ONLY do the money grubbing bastards sink to hawking cheap merchandise at the end of each video (yes, a real commercial), and considering that their idea of a masterpiece is "DollMan", you'd think it was kind of obvious that they sucked. Well; hate them even more 'cuz of their use of rich, perfect looking glitz morons as main characters in ALL their movies. It's insulting and impossible to watch. I mean, when I was a kid every horror flick had some normal schlep gettin' killed or killing somethin', and you could identify with he/she. Now these asswipes decide that it's audience is above this and exclusively casts upper class, UV blasted plastic people as the "heroes". There ARE no heroes and not everyone lives in California, dicks. I can't stand watching this crap anymore as "entertainment". I WANT these clones to die. I get real pissed 'cuz now the average joe gets his head claved off, not the one(s) who deserve it. Bring back stuff like PROPHECY, where the bad guys WERE the rich, powerful clods. I refuse to rent anything else by these decadent geeks. So there.

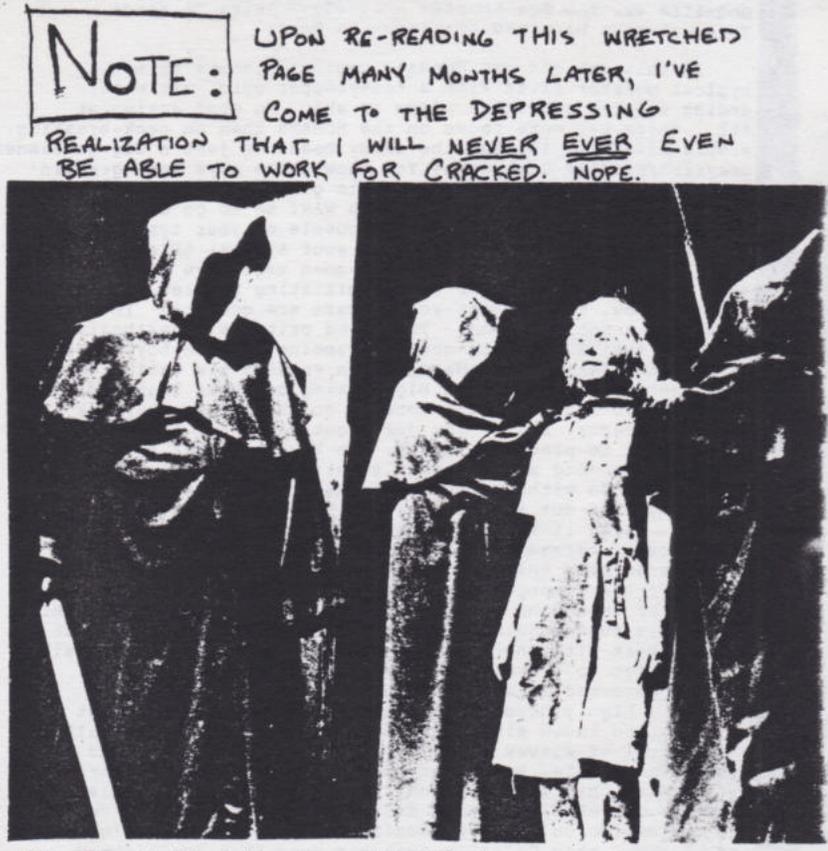
Epilogue: God, this page sucks.

Front Cover: Giara (The dark one) vs. the other one in the fraggin' berserk War of the Gargantuas ('67), which, of course, is not reviewed in this issue.

JUNGLE HOLOCAUST - (1978) - Ivan Rassimov, Me Me Lai
Directed By - Ruggero Deodato

Hey!! It's unrelenting inhumanities time!!! Jeez, there's NOTHING like a good ugly naked European gent being tortured flick to make the day interesting. This here cinematic excursion is Deodato's charming tale of two men flying over a...uhhh...jungle, whose name I didn't really catch. And, surprisingly enough, they crash, and one of the guys gets swept down river. The other dude, of course, ain't so lucky. He's captured by a bunch of Death Angel lookalikes, stripped down (yeck), tied up, and has his male sexual organ thwacked around and made fun of in Swahili. Then he's chucked into a pit and pissed on. Very very charming folk. Some quaint little interludes include an alligator being disembowled and eviscerated (alive, as of course, is de rigueur), and Mr. ugly naked European getting it on with the only female member of the good humor crew through the bars of his p/cage. Cute. After a little bit, I guess the unclothed buffoon gets a little fed up with this situation, so he grabs a rock, and bashes in the grungey little heads of 2 of the younger kooky clowns who were gonna feed him. He escapes, grabs the female (Lai), and plunges into the jungle with her. And he rapes her (she, of course this always happens, enjoys it). After a few more minutes, Ruggy obviously gets bored, and has the man eaters catch up with them pronto. Well, actually with the female, 'cuz U.B. gets away. Since the lovely Me Me has disgraced them (For reasons I can't and won't understand...apparently a victim of rape is a criminal out there...), the Gourmet Eating Club of the SouthEast must punish her. And they do just that. She's, in the following order - 1.) Decapitated, 2.) Dearmed, 3.) Delegged, 4.) Has her ribcage distended and cracked open, and 5.) Cooked and devoured. And, presumably, digested and broken down into subservient complex protiens and carbohydrates by the cannibals' digestive system...(although only hinted at). Anyways, the guy gets away, finds his buddy who took a swim (and has a gangrenous leg ta show for it), fixes the plane, and they fly off into the sunset. All in all, pretty atrocious, but not that awful. Actually, a little more fast moving than most of the cannibal flicks. But the misogyny and animal cruelty shit is a little too much. Definitely not for most tastes. But it HAS to be the ultimate date film.

RACHEL, IN A DELIGHTFUL SCENE THAT WAS NOT IN THE MOVIE →



NOTE: UPON RE-READING THIS WRETCHED PAGE MANY MONTHS LATER, I'VE COME TO THE DEPRESSING REALIZATION THAT I WILL NEVER EVER EVEN BE ABLE TO WORK FOR CRACKED. NOPE.

Human Experiments - (1979) - Linda Haynes, Geoffery Lewis, Ellen Travolta (Yeah, it's who you think it is..)
Directed By: Gregory Goodell

Hooooooooooooo Boy.....Right off the bat I knew this was gonna be a helluva bad one. I must say right here that this review just might not be totally coherent.....The reason for this being that I have NO idea really what the hell this movie was supposed to be about. I don't even have a clue on how to start...but I'm gonna give it a try....DAMN this movie was fucked. Ok, well, it starts off with a kind of good looking, sharpshootin' (as with a gun) country singer named Rachel (Haynes) playing a real lame gig at a sleazy southwestern motel/bar sort of thing. She gets real pissed off at the owner and his sheriff brother when they refuse to pay her...so a brief exchange of awkward and pretty funny swearing ensues....She flips 'em both the bird and peels out of the grimy dirt parking lot. Ok, so far so good...considering it's only two minutes into the flick. But the next frickin' thing ya know, she's cruisin' down the highway, WRITING GODDAMN NOTES WHILE SHE'S DRIVING, and BAM, she nails a woman who's walking zombie-like across the road. So, acting as if this sort of thing happens a lot, she casually (with a small trace of despair) pulls over, DOES NOT check on the woman, and runs into a nearby house. Now this frigg'n mess really tangles up. She finds everyone IN the house shot to death, and a smiling teenage kid sittin in a rocking chair with a gun. He gets a BIG shit eatin' grin on his pasty white face when he sees her and raises the pistol, but yayhoo, Rach grabs a rifle which just happens ta be a foot away from her, and quick as lightning splatters the bopper all over the corinthian leather upholstery. Ok...that's the logical thing to do, I would guess, 'cuz I really don't ever expect to be writin' country music while wuz driving. Fine. So what's the moron do? Call the cops? Nah! She runs out the back door....and promptly runs right into the flabby chest of the sheriff, who just happened to be wandering nonchalantly up the driveway!!!!!! UUUURrrrrrrrrgggkkkh. Yeah. Ok. I can sort of deal with this. Maybe. Bad movies are good, don't get me wrong...it's just bad movies with a womb-like sense of reality fuck me up pretty bad. Gee, sometimes I really think some of these guys in charge are truly retarded. So, ok, the sheriff blames her for killin' everyone (I suppose he thought 'cuz they never did pay her), and from this point, the movie takes a turn into the realm of the immortal woman-in-prison flick. This part is kinda funny, and sorta depressing, considering people actually (and still do) eat this shit up. Rach is sent to a low, low, low, low, low, low, low security prison, where the gals wander around the hallways (the cell doors are constantly unlocked), do their hard time (work like laboring over saplings that need to be pruned), and get to carry around prescription drugs like Valium. Ahhh, of course. It must've been a predecessor to the weekend furlough thing. Oh, and lest I forget, yes, there IS the mandatory strip search, and, not trying to be sexist or anything, but I thought Rach was cute. Oh well. Then, after another fifteen minutes or so, we see her assimilate into the extremely tame prison society, where the worst kind of confrontation is a vicious shouting match....Rough!! In the mean time, we're shown glimpses of the prison's halfway intelligent warden and the demented psychiatrist (played by Lewis). He's got a bunch of women locked in the prison's BASEMENT (?), who apparently have been reduced to twitching, foaming idiots (Not unlike many girls I go to college with), as a result of some unsavory experiments. Experiments you ask? Well, according to some other reviews I read in the majors (like in the Psychotronic Encyclopedia, Paul Stanley's Creature Features, etc.), and I assume maybe they know what they're talking about (but maybe not), the doc is tryin' ta strip the prisoner's minds down ta their bare essentials through the use of "shock" (as in fear) treatments. Why? So they won't do any more nasty things. At least, that's what the 2 reviews I read said. But I don't get that outta this. In fact, I didn't get ANYTHING outta this, 'cept that the doc was a complete asshole who wanted to use those aforementioned tactics to somehow control these gals minds so that they COULD act like foaming vegetables. I don't know....maybe I'm missing somethin'. But anyhow, what comes next I will never understand, nor care too....I can only try to describe it here. TRY. All I can say is that Rachel is targeted by the skinny mad doc and she eventually is broken down into madness....In a series of scenes that....well...ahh....Are FUCKING MADDENING THEMSELVES!!!! Yeah, see, she's trying to escape the prison with the help of ugly Ms. Travolta, who's a fellow inmate. So she manages ta get into the basement, and this is where comprehension is destroyed. Rachel enters a room, becomes lost, and is attacked by insects....Not just a few here n' there....But, like, tons and tons of grasshoppers and centipedes. So, she escapes by crawling through some sort of shaft...and falls right into a room with a noose, and a grinning, hooded "cult" of monk bastards. She's about to be hung when I guess she wakes up and she finds that she's just insane. I'm not even gonna comment, so keep readin'. At the end it's proven that Rach ain't really guilty after all....The kid she blasted DIDN'T die, he wuz just in a coma. He told all about his deeds and Rachel gets off the hook. Yeah, I know, the woman who was wandering across the road is never explained and never mentioned again. I don't even know why the kid was a part of the movie either. Better left unasked, I suppose. So, it's ALSO revealed that everyone in the prison is in on the experiment, so even the warden and Ellen Travolta were in on Rach's decline. But now that she's gotta be released, the doc could be in big trouble (?)...So he gets pissed at the warden, and orders the insane Ms. Haynes ta blast her. She almost does, and I swear to god, I forget what happens next....I think she kills the doctor instead. In any case, the last scene is of Rach wailing away in another motel with a new band....But the banner behind her bell bottomed butt proclaims her name is now Sarah..(See, when the doc brainwashed 'em, he also renamed 'em....So as to...Fuck it). So she's not really normal...get it?? 'Cuz I don't. What a waste of two bucks, although it did challenge my simple brain a bit. In fact, it kind of extended the limitations I previously thought I had ta deal with. Ahem. All I can say is that if you EVER see this in a store, maybe rent it and have an open mind. Try and figure out what kind of dope the director was eating when he did this. Try and come to grips with how this miserable film ever had the balls to proclaim, on the video box, that it won some sort of stupid Science Fiction award. Y'know, I'm tellin' ya, there's a LOT of elements I haven't touched upon in this review.....Things that were just too outrageous....Well, for instance---There were video games in the prison's rec room. There was even entertainment....This is too fuckin' much --- there wuz a frigg'n band playin' in the jail called Lucifer and the ArchAngels!!!!!! THAT was a riot. But fuck this shit. That's the end of this review. I appreciate it if you guys actually read through it....

A TERM I SEEM TO LIKE TO USE.

(VidAmerica)

Godzilla vs. The Sea Monster - (1966) - Akira Takarada, Toru Watanabe Directed by: Inoshiro Honda

In this one old man Honda clumsily attempts to mix a typical monster flick with a teenybopper epic, ultimately ending up with a hellish piece of shit. No good action at all... There was more focus on the HUMANS than on neck-breaking, stupid-lizard style. And the enemy beast is just a big goddamned Crayfish/Fiddler Crab deal! You know these guys were graspin' at straws when they had to resort to giant pet store animals running around. So, pretending you WANT me to go on with this review, we start off with a couple of your typical 30 year old teens spazzing out at your typical 60's dance marathon, where men were men and women were mere slabs of meat delegated to forever wear humiliating poodles on their dresses. Now, the old-yet-young scuzz are competin' in this thing for a noble reason - The grand prize is a sailboat, n' hell, they SURE could use one, seeing how the boys' borthor is LOST AT SEA!!! Gee... Maybe I can enter a pie eating contest next week so's I can win a big fucking computer that will enable me to blow up Smith-Corona, so then typewriter ink will be cheaper. Sadly, the jerks get tired and lose, so they resort to plan B -- Crime. The boys use SOME common sense in choosing a nice yacht to hijack that some rich snort could do without, but ultimately prove their idiocy when they find out that a fugitive has decided to steal it, too. Maybe it was pheromones, I dunno, but they all miraculously become buddies (Hey, it was the 60's), and the male bonding thing is completed when the whole gang of scruff-beard moppets get lost at sea and attacked by none other than Toho Latex Atrocity #6 - Ebirah, the mongloid crab. This sucker totally decimates the wildly rocking bath tub toy boat with one retarded claw, but luckily (or, possibly for you, not so), everyone escapes unscathed and washes up on a deserted island. Deserted, except for the secret base of a highly disorganized and very low tech terrorist organization known simply as the "Red Bamboo" (Yeah, really), a cave full of slaves imported from nearby Mothra Island, and wow, Godzilla, too, geez, how lame. The "reds" control Ebirah with this sort of funky yellow juice that the slaves produce. The ORIGINAL jerks decide that, yes, this is very bad and decide to wake up Godzilla with a makeshift lightning rod. Y'know, this Godzilla suit has eyes that are lighted and look just about ready to come unglued. Watching this, you may very well be scared shitless. I truly think that the big bastard was really meant to be more of a surrealistic clown mutant than a dinosaur, as they lead us to believe. I mean, how else can you describe the giant pitch n' catch FIGHT between the two miserable titans and a huge piece of wadded up paper spray-painted in earth tones. Something leads me to believe that real giant animals wouldn't do this. Nauseating. Ebirah gets his big claw chewed off. Godzilla goes on to trash the terrorist HQ and the Bamboozies themselves are killed by their own pissed off pet. Mothra shows up and saves everyone via airlift, very much in the fashion that the Flintstones used to travel. Jerky producers try to throw in one last, umm, "thrill", as a dying clod's hand reaches out from the rubble and presses a doomsday device. Godzilla is still stomping around the island as it's about to go nuke. I say let the bastard burn. Everyone on Mothra screams some words of warning, and the huge albatross-lizard seems to comprehend n' comply, jumping into the sea like a babe leaps toward it's mother's welcoming breast. The End.

Terror is a Man - (1959) - Richard Derr, Greta Thyssen. Directed by - Gerry De Leon (Aka -Blood Creature)

Caught this one on TNT a while back. From what I gather, this is the first of the series of Filipino mad scientist flicks produced by a huckster called Eddie Romero (See the BRAIN OF BLOOD review). I know his later movies were pretty wild and tasteless, but this baby is definitely quite tame... (Although there is TONS of implied sexual innuendo.) It was pretty crude in a different way though, 'cuz De Leon and Romero made no attempt to hide that this is a damn bold rehash of the original Island of Lost Souls/Dr. Moreau story. There'd be a mighty big lawsuit if this was made nowadays. In a nutshell, this shipwrecked sailor "hunk"-type washes up on an island and is taken in by 1.) Stereotypical cocky German scientist, 2.) His bleach-blonde, long neglected, horny wife, and 3.) His two servants - a little boy and a stupid, beer-gut jerk who basically rapes the native girls. Now, the scientist is SO involved with his research that the revved wife immediately makes a move on the new guy and some hoochie smoochie ensues. Bill (the sailor) takes her to bed, and I get the impression that both of 'em are pretty much assholes. The sadistic alcoholic servant seems to agree when he finds out what's going on, 'cuz HE wants her for himself. And the poor Doc never does discover the dirty secret, all the while consumed by the simple project of trying to evolve a leopard into a man. Yeah, he's doing what everyone else hopes to do -- Procreate the perfect human... And I, not even having the slightest bit of knowledge or authority on genetics whatsoever, challenge this dude's theory. Uhh.. a leopard? Y'know, guy, go with something harmless -- Say, a Rainbow Trout. Of course this Leopard man (who's completely wrapped in bandages so you can't see him) gets out in between operations and ravages the local native populace (who live in a tree), but the Doc doesn't seem to give a shit. It's funny how the director seems to make EVERYONE in this flick a jerk, EXCEPT for the confused monster and the natives. Go figure. At one point the beast is recaptured and brought in for more surgery, and there's a surprising scene where the doc slices into what appears to be a moldy jelly-roll shaped like an appendage of some sort. I cringed, and heard what sounded like a dilapidated telephone ringing. I thought maybe I fainted, but remembered the disclaimer at the beginning which mentioned a "Warning Buzzer" which would go off during certain "shocking" scenes. Ah, I just love gimmick films. (And the buzzer only goes off once!). Many long minutes of nothing concur until the finale, where the creature gets real pissed at the servant-dork and wrecks the lab, killing him and the doctor. He grabs the wife and splits, with Bill the sailor in hot pursuit. NOW the thing's face is revealed, and it's quite a horrible sight to behold. Picture a mummy-like body with the bearded, sabre-toothed head of the midget from Fantasy Island!! The poor thing puts the woman down and is promptly shot off a cliff. (Or, if you watch closely, nonchalantly slides down it). I couldn't believe THIS, but it survives, stumbles along the beach, and in one of the weirdest endings I can remember, apparently gets away in a rowboat!!! Strange, these Filipino flicks. I really liked this... Very relaxing to watch. I mean, with most of these clunkers, there's no real horror or tension... You just gotta sit back and wait to see what the monster looks like. This one drags but is fun. Not bad. (It was on TNT, so it'll be on again sometime, mcst likely late on a Friday night..)



Majin, Monster of Terror - (1968) - Aka

DaiMajin

Miwa Takada, Yoshihiko Aoyama

Directed By: Kimiyoshi Yasuda

...Excellent flick. No question, without a doubt, one of THE best latex creature pics ever made, in terms of quality. This is very atmospheric, set in what I believe is 17th century Japan. The director Yasuda is real good at this sort of thing, and obviously he musta cut his teeth on something else...But on what, I have no frackin' idea. Shit, I guess that does NOT qualify me as an "official" knowledgeable Japanese monster movie watcher. Oh well. I'm actually proud of that fact. Anyhoo, it goes like this - As we begin, we have a nasty bad guy feudal lord/shlep storm into his kindly warlord's fortress and pretty much slaughter everyone. Eventually, through, time, he gains power, and unites all the local barons and lords into following his rule, n' basically everyone works the peasants to death. Meanwhile, the original warlord's son and daughter have escaped, and are placed under the care of a Shinto high priestess. So, enter the story of Majin (oooh...there's actually a semblance of plot in dis baby..) We're told that an eternal war of some sort is constantly being waged within a nearby mountain between the peasant's god Shinto, and Majin (Who is a demon, I think...they never really say.) Gathering what I could from the AIP brutalized translation. Shinto is forever trying to kep this Majin character from breaking outta the mountain. On top of this mountain, however, is a giant statue, crudely shaped like a samurai warrior.

This is friggin' confusing, but this is Shinto's temple...But it's just SHAPED like Majin. Hmm...Either this was one bitch of a love/hate relationship, or AIP frigged up again. I think that there's really only 1 god, which is Majin, and he's just kinda mean all the time...Sheesh. It don't matter anyway. We take a jump into the future next, and we see the deposed prince and princess all grown up now. They're gettin' pretty upset, 'cuz the new warlord's a real dick...The peasants are still gettin' treated pretty bad, and a lot are getting tortured or punished. So they begin spying on a village quite often, and eventually, the dumb ass prince's persoanl assistant or whatever is caught. Oops. So, ta once again vastly shorten things here, the prince is captured too after tryin' ta rescue his buddy, and the warlord decided that it's a nice day for a crucifixion. Bash the shit outta the government time!!! As he's to execute both men, the warlord also decides that it's high time ta demolish the Majin statue, ta demoralize the people. He slashes the Shinto priestess in the process. Uh oh. Now it gets good...The band of grunts who're climbing all over the huge figure start workin' on it with mallets, and the wind picks up and it darkness sets in. Things get real hairy when one of the mental giants drives a pretty large iron spike into the statue's forehead. Lightning flashes, and in a nice touch, the statue BLEEDS...This scared the hell outta me when I wuz a kid. In a polite gesture of thanks, Majin returns the favor by merely having the earth split open and swallow the regiment whole. Hey, it coulda been worse. The effects were so-so here, but ya get the idea. But jeez, that didn't seem to be enough to set off a massive stomping spree. So, in reality, what would set someone or something off on a violent spread of destruction, if an act of violence to oneself didn't trigger it off in the first place? A female, of course: The princess offers to die for Majin if it saves her brother. Ahh, that "aroused" the big boy. Next thing ya know, ya got a humongous fire ball charge over the warlord's fortress, scarin' the shit outta everyone. The sphere transforms itself into the statue, but with a brand new face...A twisted cross-eyed look of snarling hate..The latex sculptor got lucky on this pup. The director builds real nice tension here...You KNOW something REAL bad's gonna happen. It kinda helped if you sort of pictured yourself in the warlord's shoes, too. And the proceeding ten minutes are extremely satisfying -- A smorgasbord of destruction, goddamit. The huge, slow bastard stomps, crushes, pounds and obliterates anything in his path on his way towards the panic stricken warlord (spelled that way for a cheap joke). Cool

scenes of smashed plywood barracks abound. And, in a sequence which goes best after a particularly frustrating day at work/school/on toilet, Majin grabs the screaming warlord, rips the iron spike outta it's forehead, and impales the asshole on a wall!! Savage, baby! It don't end here, although it should. Majin is STILL a bit ornery, after accomplishing his deed, and continues toward the almost crucified prince. Cool...I though he wuz gonna get 'em too. Nope....The princess dives underneath the boheem's about to stomp foot, and starts cryin'. COOL!! I thought...he might, JUST might, get her too. NO! Her lame tears cause Maj to dissolve and that's it. Oh well....I guess I would to. In retrospect, this is a fuggin' great movie and it shoulda won the fixed Cannes film fest for ALL the years. Good visuals, a misty atmospheric setting, and massive scenes of sloooow destruction are very worthwhile. Nah, it ain't a perfect movie, but who the hell WANTS a perfect one? Try n' watch this one.

(This one's available from Something Weird video for \$20...Not too bad a price...And it ain't out on video yet. See the ad.)



MAJIN, THE GIGANTIC STONE SAMURAI AND "NOVEAU JAPANESE HORROR FAN" PREPARES TO STAMP MARKALITE EDITORS INTO OBLIVION IN A XEROX SO HORRIBLE IT'S FUNNY.

THE OFFICIAL GUEST REVIEW: (DONE BY BRIAN JOHNSON OF THEY WON'T STAY DEAD! 'ZINE)

Good ol' Ray, one of my favorite directors of all time. Ray makes movies for fun, and he has an individual style. He hates Hollywood, and he does it on his own terms, or none at all. He's great, and the following are two examples of Ray's genius in the face of adversity. When Ray wants to make a film, he makes due with what he's got, a lesson we can all learn from.

The Las Vegas Serial Killer - (1979) - This is amazing. It looks like outtakes from a home movie! Two small time hoods prowl around Vegas and commits petty crimes. A recently released serial killer murders young women at the same time. They eventually cross paths and the hoods kill the murderer. The ending seems to vent some sort of "message", as an innocent youngster pulls the murdering weapon out of the trash and flashes an evil grin. Steckler, directing under the name of "Wolfgang Schmidt" (!?!?) uses every means possible to eat running time (Hmm...kinda like this 'zine.--Nick). The crooks go to airshows, parades, and endlessly walk the streets of Vegas making catcalls. All of these sequences are stretched to the limit, making one wonder if Steckler really had more than just a title to work with. All of the dialogue is dubbed in badly, I may add. I've watched it five times so far.

The Hollywood Strangler Meets The Skid Row Slasher - (1979) - This is one of the flicks that could have (should have) had a total running time of about 10 minutes. There's no real story, the sound is all dubbed, and the acting consists of lots of shots of people staring blankly and walking around the same street corner over and over again. Still, this is a rather peculiar viewing experience. Pierre Agostino (the Serial Killer), is the woman hating strangler, who, posing as a fashion photographer, puts the choke hold on half dad young girls looking for their big break. Carolyn Brandt (Steckler's wife, and co-star of his "best" - The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed Up Zombies) stars as the Skid Row Slasher, who makes drunken bums puke blood with her switchblade after they pass out in the alley behind the bookstore where she works as a clerk. The strangest part, is when the strangler, searching for fresh victims, goes to a sex club where girls on rollerskates break balloons with whips as they chase a naked man around in a circle (!?). After many murders, the strangler strangles the slasher while the slasher slashes the strangler in an S/M shop, until they both expire, as does the film. Most people would probably super glue the fast forward buttons for this movie, but if you're into the kind of mental abuse I am, you might find it strangely satisfying. A real oddity by Steckler, who continues his unique, anarchic style of filmmaking. Besides, how can you hate a movie where none of the characters have names?!?!? Reccomend this film to your gore lovin' friends and watch as they gawk, opened mouth and try to figure out what the hell is going on.

Monster From a Prehistoric Planet - (1967) - Mio Kawa, Toko Yamamoto.

Directed by: Haruyusu Noguchi - (aka - Gappa, Daikyaju Gappa)

The "prehistoric" planet being Earth (Those sly social commentatin' bastards)... Now, this is without a doubt your typical giant yahoo on the loose escapade, but, there's a kinda charm to it... Call me a sucker fer a total, balls out ripoff I guess. See, this is a BLATANT mishmash of Gorgo and King Kong, and with no little plot stylizations to smooth everything out, either. And, according to the mentality of a certain Mr. Harryhausen, I guess this would ultimately be a ripoff of his Beast From 20,000 Fathoms But that's another fuckin' gripe altogether. Anyhoo, the title beastie (Gappa), is actually not only one, but THREE city trouncing motherfucks. See, here's how it goes: A major Japanese magazine publisher - (Entitled "Playmate Magazine" by the translators at AIP, which made me hack a bit), wants ta set up a kiddie playland stocked with all sorta exotic animals. Some smartass comes up to him with the legend of "Gappa", a supposed monster on a certain "Elisk" island. So, letting the smell of yen faries go to his little snivelling head, he ships two dudes and a gal (Names long forgotten) to the aforementioned isle. There, the blunder around n' check out some big "Easter Island" - like statues (In their words, not mine...They look like stuff from my mother's old ceramics class to me), and meet up with the obligatory dancin' fool island inhabitants. Jeesus, can a Japanese movie EVER go by without a little choreographed number? Eventually, after some meaningless chit chat, a small EarthQuake knocks down one of the statues, revealing a cave (which oddly resembles a swimming pool), and a large speckled Egg. Ok, smart guy, so I betcha you know what's in the egg. Sure ya do....it's a baby Gappa! The little guy's kinda funky looking, sorta either a big dinosaur/griffin or a bird/E.T. combo. Or a giant Gargoyle. One of them. Welp, stupidly, they crate the freakoid (still ensnared in it's embryonic juices) back ta PlayMate land, along with a little native kid (I really hate ta think of the reason why). As can be expected, the daddy n' mommy Gap's discover the little theft, and come charging through the air at supersonic speed towards the mainland, intent on doing some major league damage. And they proceed to mess things up pretty good for the Nipponese for the rest of the film, until they smarten up and give the proud and pissed parents their brat back. Not a bad flick. Wanna know why? I'll tell ya (no, really, I will!) First, the destruction scenes are pretty satisfying. The betrothed beakoids step on a LOT of natives, and when the smash things up in the city, they break things RIGHT. The sound guys seemed to have jacked the volume way up, so ya get a lotta great kapows outta the deal. Especially watch for the jet attack scene. Great tension reliever. In addition, sometimes it seems like the effects weren't always under COMPLETE control at all times, so we get some cool fireballs and out of place explosions. As for humor, this is Primo Mucko... Lotsa stinging lines like "AAAAARGGH! Stupid Bird Lizard!!!", and "It gives off sparks, like electricity — it really IS a monster!!!" (What the hell was it before, a lynx??!?!?! And furthermore, the damn thing NEVER gave off sparks!!!). Heh...the monster actors also looked like they were goin' fer an Oscar or something...They ham it up quite good. The scene when they're in the bottom of the lake is a testes-buster. Hoo boy, I gotta stop watching these. As an aside, this is also the first movie I've scene which depicts a giant monster getting a GIANT STARFISH shot out of it's mouth by a tank for no GIVEN REASON!!! Yeah, I GOTTA stop watching these...

EVEN MIGHTIER THAN "KING KONG"!

GAPPA

THE TRIPHIBIAN MONSTER

EASTMAN COLOUR "SCOPE



TRIVIA

For HORROR BUFFS!

--- Gigan, the giant bird monster from the Godzilla movies, and possibly even Baragon (the lizard/dog), are rumored to actually be Japanese men in latex rubber suits. I'm not joking.

--- I've heard from a reliable source that Clive Barker and Stephen King, the two most beloved horror fiction writers on the face of the planet, are really pseudonyms for none other than Gary Busey, famous actor/retard. Not all that astounding a discovery in this strange, strange world of ours.

--- Expect a surprise announcement towards the end of this year by David Cronenberg regarding his long planned remake of the original KING KONG. Could it be in regards to the waning interest of screenwriter Phillippe Mora?

Totally Awesome!

--- Christopher Lee's new autobiography (available in a 3 Dalton near you) reveals only part of the truth... Apparently, co-author George Plimpton got the facts mixed up. Chris prefers Nintendo, not Intellivision. Everyone knows that.

--- Chas. Balun, reknown cult horror journalist, video pirate, and fat guy, is really a full-fledged nudist. Yes, that's right... The leather vest and plaid shirt you see him wearing is his skin.

Some things about Chas. Balun you just have to admire. First, he's truly demented. Second, he's quite talented. And third, he's a giant mollusk of vaguely lobster like appearance. →



Chas. Balun

--- The following are actual release dates of very old horror films. Hopefully, this researched list will provide you with some very valuable information, which could serve as a handy reference to those of you writing detailed movie articles for other horror 'zines.

- Abbot and Costello Go To Mars -(1953)
- Dracula -(1931)
- Frankenstein -(1931)
- Ghost Busters -(1985)
- Hush...Hush, Sweet Charlotte -(1964)
- Star Wars -(1977)
- The Wolf Man -(1941)
- Zaroz -(1974)

--- The infamous BASKET CASE series of films aren't really that creative and original after all, considering that the basic premise was virtually ripped off from the clever "Baby Bosch" trio of films, which are STILL enjoying tremendous popularity, both in director Yan Sechin's home country of Israel, as well as Japan and Hong Kong. The differences are minimal, to say the least... Baby Bosch, a blind old man, crazy glued to a chubby, malformed child genius, is easily identifiable as Duane and Belial, the vicious siamese twins. Check out Don Glut's HISTORY OF THE HORROR UNIVERSE, (Penguin, 1987), for the full details and a good number of stills from the Israeli comedy series.

Time of the Apes - (1977) (The date in the Americanized film credits sez 1987, but I don't believe it, nor do I think you care.) - Reiko Tokunga, Hiroko Saito. Directed By: Atsuo Okunaka AND Riyo Sumi Fukazawa

A huge earthquake. Two kids and a woman cryogenically frozen and thrown forward in time. Shoddy Chimp and Mandrill men in army uniforms. A scraggly human rebel named "Goto". A mysterious UFO as big as Rhode Island. A Sandy Frank production (The individual who imported BATTLE OF THE PLANETS). This all adds up to one horrible conclusion: Japanese PLANET OF THE APES rip-off. Your weary mind reels with the implications, and then it hits you with the fact that this gem was actually gonna be sold to innocent children in the cartoon section of a local mall video joint. The overtaxed brain then conjures forth the image of the ape leader, dressed in a white leisure suit and smoking cigars... You cry a lot and throw this horrid piece of "entertainment" history in the trash. The worst is now over, until 4 AM when the heartburn and nightmares start. Welcome to crap country.

Yeah, this garbage has a sledgehammer effect on you. You think you've seen it all, but then something flies outta the woodwork and scares the SHIT outta ya. Well, that something would be this pup. Me describing the plot is painful enough... But it's also near impossible, even though it SHOULD only take about 2 sentences to do the job. SOMEHOW, the TWO directors of this flick managed to make a movie about four humans and a monkey kid (wether it was male or female, I'll never know. It's name, however, was... Pepè.) wandering around doing nothing into a full length, 90 minute jobber, and that's one thing... But what kills me is that the amount of shit that happens to these people(?) within that time span is enough to make 14 other movies! The saps are endlessly chased, shot at, captured at least 37 times (therefore ESCAPING 37 times), hounded by the aforementioned hubcap UFO every twenty seconds, escape a firing squad, make buddies with the President of the apes (Sort of an Orangutang with an outfit that Fred from Scooby Doo would piss his pants over), have a duel with the ape general -- Who in turn has a long flashback showing how he really shot his own son (another story within itself), and a psychedelic trek within the insides of a steel wool-like super computer, not to mention the stunning non-climax or the shockingly predictable trick ending. Yech. I quite honestly had to watch this thing in segments, over a span of 5 months. To this day I still don't understand what the hell was going on in some parts. If they repackaged this as an art film, it would be a HUGE hit with the Cineaste crowd. If anyone out there dares to check this out, you are at least gonna find some quality humor in it. How many times in the real APES movies did you see any of THOSE self-righteous monkeys wearin' spurs on their cowboy boots? Try n' count the number of

occasions in your life in which you've witnessed a chubby kid, tied to a tree and about to be executed by a Rhesus firing squad, scream out "But I don't WANNA be killed by a MONKEY!!!!". Or, the same tot smacked full in the face by a Lemur man? Classic moments which will haunt you for sure. Hmm... obviously this was a kid's movie in Japan... But then again... I just don't know. I don't want to know. Let this one rest. (Celebrity Creature Features. About \$10... Look in the kid's video section of your local store.)

NOZZIE SEZ:



CAN. THANK YOU.

REMEMBER THIS ...



... IT MIGHT BE YOUR FUTURE.

Please give me credit when using any information presented here in future articles you may write. Thanks.

RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD - (1973) - Tony Kendall, Fernando

Sancho

Directed By - Armando De Ossorio.

Ok, what we got here is the second feature in the unbelievable Ossorio "Blind Dead" series of flicks. See, if ya don't already know, the Blind Dead are a buncha tall, leathery ghoul type fellas, with scuzzy little goatees, KKK dress attire, metal gauntlets, and some big ol' cardboard swords.

But WHO the hell are they, you might ask? Well, seems as though way, way back in the 14th century, a group of murdering, raping, maiden sacrificing group of "Holy" Knights called the Templars really pissed of some villagers and ended up bieng strung up and having thier eyes pecked out by crows..

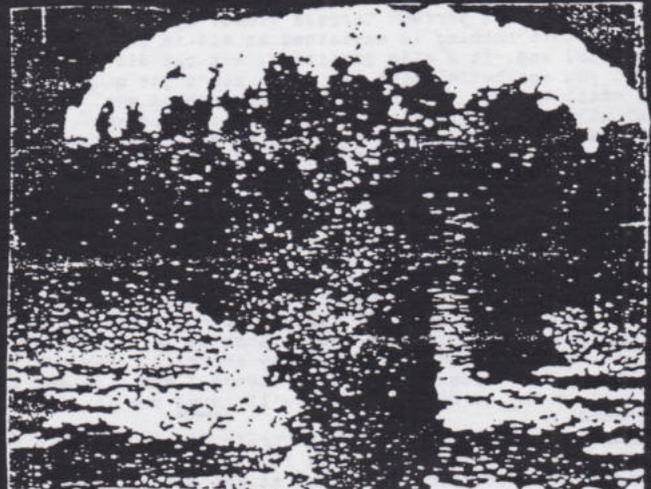
Which, in some cases, ain't such a bad way to go, but the creepy mothers get a little upset themselves, and of course, promise to one day come back and beat everybody up. And, sure enough, they do, riding thier Zombie asses along in slo-mo on undead horses, and pickin' off their prey by means of super hearing.(Y'know, 'cuz BLIND people rely on hearing..) Well, ANYWAYS, that wuz set up in the first flick. In this baby, Ossorio rewrites Templar mythos a tad (for no reason I could think of)....

Now the Temps have been burned by villagers, and had their ojos (Eyes in Spanish..Write down for zippy future reference) sizzled out by flaming poles. And to cork things off, they again spout the obligatory threat that they'll return in 500 years.....Sooooo, zoom to (nearly) modern times, where the same small town is celebrating the 500th anniversary of the Mean guys' deaths. And enter the archaetypical "Stud o' the Flick", Jack Marlowe, the hotshot fireworks coordinator for the fest. He quickly strikes up a love interest with the stone faced mayor's secretary. These, of course, are the main characters, and a pretty goddamned unattractive couple at that. Well, anyways, as promised, as the festivities rage on (with about 20 people dancing wildly), the Temps emerge outta a creepy tomb in a pretty damned eerie sequence (complete with gregorian chant soundtrack) (Or is that the sound of Bob Englund pullin' the metal blades outta his ass?).

They proceed to a lonely house, and then to a train depot, doin' some major league sneakin' around, and the tension builds. But, alas, the film sorta falls apart from here. As the Muertos con Cajones approach the town, instead depicting a brutal display of raw hispanic orange blood carnage, Ossorio wanders the Jess Franco path and goes for a DOUBLE ANTICLIMAX...See, the Temps slaughter a lot of the town in a pretty good scene where they strafe the festivities on horseback poking out eyes along the way. BUT, most of the villagers escape. Meanwhile, the 2 main characters, the mayor, and 5 others hole up in a deserted church, and one by one are picked off ala NOTLD (Jeesuz, I wish someone would pick another film to rip off for once!). This sounds like it could be interesting, but what do you think's the answer ta that? Well, to wrap things up, eventually dawn breaks, and all that's left are the ugly couple and a little girl. As the 3 attempt to sneak by the Temps, the wrinkly schleps collapse and crumble to the ground. The sun killed 'em. Just like that. The End. DAMMIT!!

That's it. Ah well, I liked it anyway. Sure, it drags a lot, but the good parts are innovative, and more then worth it. I mean, what more recent, bigger budgeted lard ass zombie gore monstrosity had BALLS enough ta attempt to show a buncha gothic rotting carcasses attack more then five people at the same time? Sure, it doesn't work at all, but the thought was goddamned appreciated! I'm damned proud of this Ossorio guy. I mean, where else would ya find typical 70's dialogue + dress, endless firework stock footage, a bum that looks exactly like Stephen king, and a zombie blown up by a roman candle? Jeesuz, this sucker's worth it if ya can dig it up in the 99 cent rental section.... Oh, and I suppose it probably annoys the hell outta you that I didn't review

the first in the series yet...Well....just remember...Think about Stacy Donovan, and it'll get better....
(Some tacky video company)



FUCK BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO (Figuratively: not literally):
This is obvious, and yeah, I'm recanting what I said two years ago. They dominate the home video scene. Virtually a monopoly, there's like 3 or 4 within a 5 mile radius in this area alone. Kinda scary how they're now allied with McDonalds. They do have a good selection but they operate like the big Movie theatres -- The prices keep going up and up (Around \$4 now, I think), while business booms. When they open a new outlet they'll most likely buy out the closest mom n' pop joints for their inventory, discarding anything resembling porn. Somehow I doubt this place is worthy of a boycott, considering there's tons of sludge being dumped into our drinking water and nobody even cares about that...But it is quite scary to sit and watch throngs of people pile through the blue-light swarthed revolving doors, just to be inside the place they call home for about 3 hours a week. Hey, they even got little seats in their for your kids...

HEY, NO ONE EVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT APPLYING LEARNED LAYOUT SKILLS IN THE MAKING OF THIS 'ZINE, BUSTER!

BIGFOOT BIGFOOT BIGFOOT ESCAPES — KILLS TWO!

The Capture of Bigfoot - (1979) - Stafford Morgan, Otis Young. **Directed By:** Big Bill (William) Rebane.

"Life is a journey, take it my friend" gorges the theme song/folk singer, and off we go into some putrid filmmaking depths we probably couldn't conceive of being possible. In my opinion, I would say this is THE prototypical, no-frills Bigfoot film of the 70's, 'cept it was made about five years too late to be of any influence. By this time, 'Foot flicks were dying like the dogs they truly were....Oh well. Worse things have happened, I guess. In short, the plot of this one is simple - A cruddy, fat bigfoot is terrorizing a small hick lumber town in Wisconsin, generally making an asshole out of itself. Some really dumb trappers go out and kill it's smelly lookin' kid. At the same time, the lumber company owner gets it into his pimply, P.T. Barnum-like head that he's gotta catch it, and make some dough offa the lard assed neanderthal. And, as you can probably guess, the hairy clod is wrangled, thrown into a big 'ol cage, and at the climactic as all hell cheeze ending, rescued by the schlep/game warden good guy, a lame fire ensues, and daddy'foot reunites with it's somehow reanimated (?!?!?!?) tyke (or maybe there wuz two wee ones....Rebane never really clarified that.) And that's the tale. I betcha you can tell I don't really feel like writing right now. Forge on like a bastard I must, however, for the sake of you few yet ever so loving readers. Well, to pull no punches, this flickdefinitely **BRUTALLY** and **PAINFULLY** boring. I shoulda known. I think I expect too much nowadays. The father bigfat (A joke I've wanted to do since second grade...Ha Ha!) is a semi-nasty S.O.B. - Unlike other celluloid 'squatches, this bad ass ger's physical. Well, Kinda. In the opening scene, he smashes one of the scuzzy town trappers into oblivion with a lethal forearm, and beats his buddy to a bloody pulp and sends him hurtling back into town on the back off a dogsled. Sure, this all happens mostly offscreen, but dammit, I had to find SOME good points to this crap. After brutalizing a few more schmucks, the furry bastard goes after his son's killer....And throws him WHILE HE'S STILL ON A SNOWMOBILE! Again, kinda done unconvincingly, but a nice try. The action towards the end is so badly choreographed and boring that I mainly don't have to discuss it. Poor, to say the least. snot-boy Sean Penn can clout scuzzballs better than this freakoid anyway....And oh, as for the 'Squatch himself...Well, ya gotta see 'em. He's most likely a big fat stock actor, who's wearing a white, furry rug, a Santy Claus beard, and with grotesquely threadbare Planet of the Apes make-up on!!!! REAL shoddy. As for the main characters, they didn't impress me too much, 'cuz I don't seem to remember much about 'em. There was, though, a scary as all hell deputy sherrif who KEPT doing FRIGHTENING celebrity impersonations throughout the movie...And I can't tell who the frick he's supposed to be mimicking!!!! Gee, these little touches make shit-flicks ever so charming...That made the movie for me... Woweeee...But the next scene I'm about to described pushed this baby into the

classic league - Bill includes a scene which only needs to be described in 4 meaningful words - **SKI LODGE DISCO PARTY**. And the friggin' yeti watches this whole event through the fraggin' window!!! I tell ya, if you've got an hour or two to kill, try and watch it...It's on cable a lot. Yepo, real goddamn boring (which is, apparently, the underlying theme to this ish), but fun if you're in the right mood. A great, drawn out time killer. Bill Rebane is just itchin' to be some sort of unsung cult director....Ya gotta admit. I sometimes wonder about this guy's mentality....Awww jeesuz, who the frig cares. Next review, please.

(Oh yeah, talk about catching some rising stars - Janus Randkivi played the dad'foot, RANDOLPH REBANE played the kid'squatch!! I kin smell the ozone, maw....)

(Active Home Video)



Screams of a Winter Night - (1978) - Matt Borel, Mary Agen Cox
Directed by - James L. Wilson

Woah, we got quite the flick here. Jeez, this one SO easily fits into the niche that I'm trying to cover -- The beloved, long forgotten 70's trash heap. Astounding, and of course it's a Bigfoot fiasco. I love it when things are this easy. Well, technically it ain't, but I think it deserves points for at least TRYING, feebly, to jump on the exploitation bandwagon. You may wonder exactly WHY this being a 'Foot film is in dispute...I'll explain later. But as it stands, I think that this just might rank up there as a perfect double feature for the legendary CURSE OF BIGFOOT. Yup, it's that bad. Not only that, but this may in fact be a truly obscurity (if they even exist anymore), filmed right there on location in Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. I'm seriously inclined to believe that this is a student production gone psycho that somehow ended up on video. There's no other explanation. Packaging and all just screams "Student Grant"! And lemme tell ya, one look at that video box n' I was hooked. A wretched pastel depiction of SOMETHING, vaguely humanoid in appearance, a sort of black outline that's vaaaaaay outta proportion. (at least in human terms) standing in the middle of a snowy forest. Well, maybe more like a heavily shaded stick figure...as rendered by a dolphin with mechanical arms. Intrigued, I quickly read the lavish description provided on the back, which vaguely alluded to some sorta evil going ons in the somethin' or other. Cool deal, I thought, this just may be shitty enough for someone to properly enjoy it. I was not disappointed. Let me sum up the "spirit" of this thing by simply saying that it's one of those films, which, for lack of a better term... utilizes it's actors to their fullest potential. As in having it's stock of 10 people play, say, 3 different roles each. Yes, this is an anthology, and yes, each actor has more than one part in each story. So, for example, in the main scenario, you would see an overweight ol' geezer playin' himself, and in the next segment he's a happy go-lucky, teenage football hero. I'm serious. I've never seen anything like this before in my 20 years of life. Hopefully, lightning really doesn't strike twice. I believe the proper term for this might be "cheap fuckin' hack job"? In fact, this may even be the CHEAPEST. Or maybe, just maybe, it's supposed to be ART...Or there's some sort of a cosmic explanation...or...or...or somethin'...

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE. No Foolin'.

Here's a little section I might just keep as a continuing feature. Just a place where I can blab on and on and on about things that affect me in life....So from now on, this is gonna be known as.....

TALES THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST...

Ok, here's a quaint story that I just hafta tell. It's really rather mystifying to me, and there's a lot of elements and variables that complicate things. In general, just try n' consider this as a very disturbing, disturbing, written version of one of those HIGHLIGHTS (remember this children's mag?) extreme close-up pictures...Y'know, those things where they showed an enlarged segment of an ordinary household object, and you had to figure out whatever the hell it was. Usually, it was something really easy, like a microchip or an orange. Well, this scenario I'm gonna explain is MUCH more complex. Odds are I'll NEVER know what the frick was goin' on. It's like a snippet of a larger, perhaps ongoing adventure that I just happened to stumble into momentarily...Thank God. Although this occurred fairly recently, it still haunts my mind and I think it's gonna for a while. I can only speculate about what went on AFTER I left this scene straight out of a lesser hell. Maybe it was part of a sinister government experiment. Maybe aliens abducted me n' left this memory as a decoy within my mind. It could've even been a hallucination. You judge...

This all occurred in, oh...April, I think. As I've mentioned before, I go to school in New Paltz, which is about an hour south of Albany, and twice that north of the city. Now, since my home is real close to Albany, I can go home to do my laundry on the weekend. Cheap, too. So, on this particular weekend, on Sunday, to be exact, I had just finished drying everything, n' since no one was home, I decided that it was time to head bck to that good ol' conformist scumbag infested hellhole known as "Cage Hall". In fact, if I got back before seven, I could even catch dinner. Oh how cool. So seain' how it was about frick five(ish), I started to get my ass in gear, and before I knew it, I was onto the radar infested NYS Thruway, headed for the most unexpected encounter a person could hope to have on a Sunday night.

Imagine goin' about 70, death metal on the speakers at full crank (the cheap speakers that distort at half volume), in the middle of returning-home-to-New-York-after-a-weekend traffic, and trying not to fall asleep, when the faint sounds of something going horribly wrong with the insides of your car strain into your eardrums. Well, faint at first 'cuz the music was so loud...but pretty damn scary with the tape off. It vaguely reminded me of a Pteranodon screaming into a tin can. And it got louder when I took my foot off the gas pedal. Panicking, ('cuz I suck mechanically), I thought of the odds of gettin' a towtruck out on a Sunday night. Especially in the nearest "city", which is Kingston. With no money. I started gettin' real scared. Luckily there was a rest stop right there, at that instant, so I swerved in to check things out. Yeah, of course it turns out that nothin' was wrong with my car and that it was possibly the worst decision of this year so far.

So I pull in there, the place is fuckin' packed, n' civilians are walking all over the damn place. It's real cute how no one looks where they're walkin' anymore. Maybe they actually enjoy the gnawing bite of fear that grows in the pit of their stomachs as they watch the car headlights loom bigger n' bigger, or maybe they get their kicks outta watching the person behind the windshield get a look of total anger over their usual loving faces. Either way it sucks. So, avoiding the masses, I pull into the near vacant outer lot, vacant I say, except for the cartoon-like purple-pink drag/funny cars parked on a trailer across the way. I see nothin' amusing about these. But of course mom, dad, n' the kids stare from the comfort of their air conditioned mini-van. I could imagine 'em starin' at me, too, as I opened the hood and pretended that I knew what I was doing. Maybe it made their weekend to see me stare in confusion at a machine I don't know CRAP about. Everything looked fine to me, but then again, a rubik's cube looks fine to me the way it is, goddammit. They eventually pull off into the sunset (which was rapidly approaching), n' there I stood for about ten minutes, frantically thinkin' what the frick I should do. I think I kicked the tires a few times, then decided I should go take a piss. Things always look better after I pee. So I vent...

Into a nightmare of tourist HELL. Of course the joint is swarming. Vehicles line the fire lane in front, n' even though it said specifically "NO PARKING", I suppose the young nubile girls n' their bohunk, greasy parents using that space had a valid reason for breaking that rule, possibly illiteracy, or maybe shit for brains. It really doesn't matter. What did matter was that RIGHT upon entering the moderate size building, a very distinct and shrill voice was heard above the high school cafeteria-like clamor, and that voice pronounced "Oh! There's LINES!". No fuckin' shit. Two wicked lines, looking sorta like human whips, snaked towards the doors of each separate bathroom. My heart sank n' my bladder hurt like hell. The sound that Pac-Man made when he died echoed through my mind, as corny as that sounds. Jeez, I 'member this shit like it was yesterday. An' here's where everything happened in fast motion. In a flash, right before my very eyes. JUST as I was contemplating turning around and startin' the car up again and chancing it for another twenty miles, the mens' room line breaks up in thin air! Just dissipated...The guys just dispersed. And I'm thinkin'...God, is this weird or what? Was that just, like, an illusion of a line? Were there a buncha folks just milling around, like they do in the middle of the parking lot, chatting about the good old days when they used to beat up hapless blind kids? Wow...N' maybe that adrogynous, ghost-



HURREDLY FLIP THE PAGE →

like voice that penetrated my ears a few seconds before was actually SINGULAR instead of plural. Yeah, I'm thinkin' all this AS I'm proudly walking towards the door. I think I remember one guy staring at me as if I were mad. Smart guy. In fact, I'm inclined to think that they were ALL smart guys. I didn't know that then. I didn't know SHIT then. All I knew was that I was gonna open the door, go in there, urinate, and leave, triumphantly avoiding any sort of line situation. The first part came to being with no prob. I reached out, swung the door open, and was STRUCK.



Dammit, I was struck FULL FORCE in the face by the WORST SMELL OF FECES, EVER!!!!!! By either human or animal, n' trust me, my uncle had a farm. Within a nanosecond, two things happened: 1.) A gag-reflex convulsion trickled upwards from my stomach through my esophagus VERY slowly, and 2.) I quite honestly thought that some little kid ate a sub and shit it out whole. The bile wells even as I write this, it was that bad. A moment in time that ended all too soon. The next thing I knew, well, I was aware of a couple things simultaneously, because the visions were flying so fast. But within a half millisecond, my vision became to come back bit by bit, and I saw somethin' pretty freakin' horrifying. I saw a very tall, full grown adult man, not bad looking, standing BAREFOOT in the middle of a half open NEW YORK STATE THRUWAY REST STOP STALL, pulling up his shit stained pants!!!! An older gent stood a little bit away from him, quietly spraying the fellow with a yellow can of lysol. Nearby, another man, a black man, reached down, picked SOMETHING up, and put it in a plastic bag. I choked. My brain reeled. And the "defecator" stared at me, RIGHT IN THE EYES, with a facial expression that seemed to blame ME for this incident..or maybe just asking for some oatmeal. Yeah, the poor guy was retarded. In saying that, I think I pretty much negate all the humor in this sick story, because he's been through more in his life, in all probability, than most of us have had to deal with. But I need to express this, and I don't think that he'll ever know. In fact, he will never know. So, get this straight, I ain't making fun of this guy. But it did freak me out. I stumbled to the latrine, like a drunken cyborg, trying not to piss MY pants. Ghastly is what happened next. See, being a human, I succumb to human impulses such as curiosity. Uh huh, you got it, I looked IN the stall as I passed. I don't even wanna mention it. All I can say is, I took my pee in morbid silence. A stupid smirk stretched across my lips as I tried not to puke, and I almost really laughed when I realize that there was ANOTHER guy pissing next to me. I turned my head halfway to look...He was a stocky, middle aged dad type.. His eyes were sorta bulging and his mouth was, like..kinda twitching and convulsing and stuff. I guess he was affected, too. And I KNOW this is a very mean thought, but I couldn't help it...I was seriously worried that this fellow would start freakin' out himself and start tryin' to wipe his by-product on OUR backs. Needless to say this didn't happen. I paid my debt to the cold white porcelain and left. On the way back to my car, The black man with the bag was walking in front of me. As he boarded a tour bus which was parked in that damn fire Lane, a teenage guy, with his girlfriend and all smiles, hopped down the stairs and spoke to him. The black man laughed and sat down. I got in my car, drove back to New Paltz with no problem, missed dinner, and went to sleep.

Questions, questions, questions. And they'll always remain unanswered. But still, I gotta wonder...Who WAS the older gent spraying the poor guy down? His dad? The bus driver? A random guy that had a can of Lysolx in his pocket? Who was the black guy? And Jeez...What DID he pick up and save? What the hell could it have been??? Furthermore, more things to

ponder...Like...When the accident first happened (presumably on the bus), what was the guy sitting next to him thinking? How did he alert the driver? And, on the same line...When the poor guy got back on the bus, and had to sit next to the same person...What was he thinking then? Furthermore, what did this retarded guy's mom think when he got back home? Other, minor things ran through my mind, too, such as exactly WHERE were they going, and where did they come from? Isn't there usually bathrooms ON these tour buses? And while I was undergoing this trauma, did the tour bus empty out to look at the funny drag race cars while the driver cleaned the seat? Anyone present at this occurrence reading this, get in touch with me.

**southern californiam
not saudiarabia**



- all systems gone
- another destructive system
- cantankerous
- cause-n-effect
- confrontation
- conscious alarm
- corrupted ideals
- lish (o.c.)
- gambler
- glycine max
- holocaust
- infected
- instantly plea
- junio
- media children
- mindal
- non-compos-ments
- pestilence (o.c.)
- uproar

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MORAL: NOTICE MANY IDIOTIC ERRORS
AND ANNOYING WORD REPETITION. THEN DEDUCE
WHO REAL RETARD IS.

AAARRGH!

OK!! OK!!

I'LL INCLUDE FUCKIN'

POSTAGE NEXT

TIME!!!

THE NON- SEQUITUR POST MODERN LIT- ERATURE SECT.

Dear Jesus - #38 - Great mag from the sanest mind in NYC punk, Sam Mcpheeters (of Born Against). Graced with a biting sorta sense of logic and humor, this is a really interesting and well read pup. This ish features a well thought and humongo editorial piece on the Iraqi massacre, as well as interviews with EconoChrist, some Latin American Punks, and of course, ye obligatory record/video/zine reviews. This may sound like every other run of the mill 'zine, but the difference here is that Sam's intelligence is never in question...He actually thinks things through before writing. (Gee, I think that makes me sound like a hypocrite....) It's also kinda cool to read Sam's ninja-like wit destroy anyone who attempts to cut 'em down. Sorta like a moralistic Chris Gore, and cuter, too. Oh yeah, this ish comes with a free split Rorschach/Neanderthal split 7", too. A fuckin' bargain at \$2, so snag it while you can (and it's probably waaaaaaay too late by now...). Only question I have is as to why it's printed on ritzy paper...but I guess in the long run that don't matter.

(\$2 - P.O. Box 1145, Cooper Station, NY 10276)

3:am - #5 - As of now, this is my most favorite 'zine in the world. A very very cool effort from the Oracle of Oil City, Joe Johnson. This rag warms the pits of my arms. It specializes in fraggin' South of the Border/Spanish crust flicks!!!! Now this is readin'. Fuck the scholarly rants on random scraps of film spliced together for a few stinkin' bucks of blow money...Stick with Joe n' he'll guide ya through the mess pronto, no bullshit. A very satisfying read, CHOCK fulla reviews. This is a diges size jobber filled with more shit than most normal full sized mags. An oddly enough, every cover seems to eerily capture the mood of these flicks...Right down to the scuzzy orange, red, or neon green paper stock. I love it. Joe, stick with it and become a legend. Or maybe I'm just sayin' this 'cuz you praise me a lot. I dunno. Nah, it really is good. Trust me.

(\$1.50 - Joe Johnson, 608 West 1st St., Oil City, PA, 16301)

Monster - #67/68 - Oooh, I like this one, too. I thought this wuz gonna be another one of those die-hard shit-heaps, but I was more than pleasantly surprised! A lotta fun, here. Every ish is sure to include both an obscure Hong Kong vampire flick review, as well as a list of wanna-see flicks by a horror zine editor or reader, which is always interesting. I really like the sense of fun in this one, and the layout's really neat. Kool Krap. Comes out like clockwork, too. Just one question...Why is every ish really 2? So, like, does that mean it's really issue #34? Just wonderin'....

(\$1 - Kronos Productions, MPO Box 67, Oberlin, OH 44074-0067)

Ear of Corn - #22 - A big 'un from Dave of SockEye, who virtually dominates this ish for no apparent reason. (See music section + interview). I consider this guy the Neil Young of punk, 'cuz he just don't quit. Well, E.O.C. is an enjoyable read, stuffed with lotsa funny reviews + at least a zillion silly interviews each ish. This one is a special larger size "edition", an' it comes with a Kingdom Scum flexi, too. Interviews with them, Big Poo Generator, And Family, and Wag also round out the bastard. Pick this pup up, 'cuz it probably cost 'em a bundle to put out...

(\$1.50 (I think...) - Dave Schall, P.O. Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224)

They Won't Stay Dead - #17 - The always cool TWSD...I like dis 'cuz Brian always includes a fucked-up personal little story along with the regular horror sheebangs. Jeez, he seems to have had one helluva interesting life. The freakshow tales always catch my attention (Brian has a passion for 'em), too. Welp, this ish has some art by a Florida dude, a neat comparison of The Little Mermaid and the immortal Mr. Limpet, as well as the usual flick reviews.

(\$1 - Brian Johnson, 11 Werner Rd., Greenville, Pa. 16125)

Sanity Sux - #11 - I freakin' LOVE this 'zine!!!! Let me start off by saying that this is all done by a 13 year old female, who, in my opinion, should in actuality be about 30. Nope, I ain't knockin' her 'cuz of her age, it's more like I'm in awe that she actually stried this, and has kept this goin' this long, without ever hearin' about Factsheet Five! Well, until recently, anyways. I give this the highest recommendation, dammit. This is not yer standard variety 'zine, either, 'cuz it really strikes me as more personal than most of the rest, and has a nice sense of humor, too. Uhh, I can go on an' on about this one. Kimmy puts a lotta effort into this, and takes a lotta slack for it, so I urge ya to order one from her...You can't be disappointed...Really...It's quite the worthwhile read. (Oh, and Kim...I think Ethan Hawke is a doof....)

(\$1.50 - Kim Martin - 3754 Kimberly Dr., Gainesville, Ga. 30506)

The Book of False Gods - #1 - Heh, this pup's quite razor blade in society's side. Another good one....Geez, it seems as though every fuckin' 'zine in the goddamn world is gettin' better n' better, an new 'zines are poppin' up alla time that are fuckin' good ta START with, n' then there's me, who quite simply, still sucks after 2 issues put out at year and a half intervals. Real cool. But anyways, B o' FG is a rankin' mini - 'zine that's about as thick as the friggin' phone book, oozin' with social commentatin' sarcasm, n' lotsa good variety crap. Easy readin', too, 'cuz it's done on a computer. Gee, it's from right down the road, too. Neat-o!!

(.50- P.O. Box 9471, Schenectady N.Y. 12309-9471) (ISH #2 is out NOW FOR SAME PRICE)

Suburban Voice - #31 - Big, thick Hardcore mag with lotsa love fer the Boston scene. Didn't impress upon me too well, an' anyone who shows an extreme affection for a big city is kinda misinformed 'bout things, I think. Interviews with Sam Black Church, Bad Religion, Third Degree, an' many more. also comes with a Sam Black Church/Said & Done/Wrecking Crew split 7", but I didn't get it.

(\$2.50 - Al Quint, P.O. box 1605, Lynn MA.01903)

LISTEN, DUUUUDES (OH, I FORGOT, I HATE ASSHOLES WHO SAY THAT WORD...), THESE REVIEWS WUZ WRITTEN A WHILE BACK, SO ORDER THESE SPECIFIK ISSUES AT YOUR OWN SEXY LITTLE RISK. HOWEVER, I DO BELIEVE ALL O' THESE 'ZINES ARE DEFINITELY STILL KICKIN'. ORDER. BUY. OBEY. SHUT-UP.

IMPORTANT
NOTE

Hey Ladies #4 - Well, I go to school with this kid so I guess the review better be a good one. Yeah, some guy from my Anthropology class makes this with another guy from an Albany punk band, and I gotta say it does indeed kick butt. Handwritten, raw as hell, and a slashing razor wit...What more could ya want from a punk 'zine? Packed with opinions, reviews, and a unique sense of humor, HL is one very dangerous muther to contend with. This is also one of those 'zines where you have to go back n' read it a second time, just in case you missed something. A must for the local yokels around here, and hell, you might love it even if you live in Spain. Cool. Maybe Don will hang out sometime. If you (Don Seimer, shit, I don't have his new address. If you really want this, send me the \$\$\$ n' I'll give it to him the same day.)

Maximum Rock n' Roll #107 - The bastion of punk mags is still going strong and still goin' P.C. berserk. A lotta folks are starting to dislike it, but I still find it a good read. This is the "Queer Nation" issue, containing interviews and resources for homo-punks. Interesting as hell. Who cares? (\$2.50 - MRR, P.O. Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760)

Strange#8 - Totally bombastic piece o' work, covering all the major and zillions of minor areas of the weird and unexplained. Incredible and fun to read...Well, most of the time. It can get quite a bit boring when the overly scholarly types write their articles, but the sucker starts movin' when little meandering phantoms, but the scholar-experiences. (Which often involve their own bizarre personal fungi and shrimp men.) And take comfort in the infrequent that this ain't no Sun or Enquirer. I love the knowledge variety), a piece on trends in UFO cults, as well as tons and tons of newsclippings and freakoid reports from around the world. Even though the price is very high (it's a pro 'zine) (\$4.95 in stores, \$5.95 from Strange Magazine, PO Box 2246, Rockville, MD 20847)

Primal Scream #1 - What the hell? What the hell is this? It came with a cover letter that had the publisher's picture photocopied into the background. I almost shit. I guess this has the potential to be a cool review 'zine, but then again, I don't know. It seems to have an attitude, which is good, but...It's only seven pages long (one-sided), and contains a whole THREE reviews, printed in HUMONGOUS type. (Chopping Mall, Basic Instinct, and It's Alive 3, for those of you curious enough...). Maybe I'm just a dick, but couldn't this have been a little better, seein' how he supposedly has like 7 people contributing? And, I might add, he's in cahoots with this Dave Szurek guy... Not too good. (75 cents - Mike DeAngelo, 2828 James St., Apt. #303, Syracuse, NY, 13206)

HappyLand #3 - A freakin' monster. This 'zine is almost bordering on greatness. Loads of vicious humor, as only a semi-pissed off guy from NYC can do it. Some reviews tossed in, many, many rants, and even some contributor stories. Best parts by far are when the editor gets the Sticky Carpet Digest kids all bent out of shape. Classic. I do think the racist parts suck, but if that shit can be ignored this smooching is a little too much, but if that shit can be ignored this is a killer. I hope he fuckin pisses tons of people off. Good luck. (\$1.25 - Selwyn Harris, 350 6th Ave #4, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

Peasant Licker #7 - This is done by my friend Jeff, formerly going under the name "Speak Up, Peasant Licker", and "Cadavers, Fruit, and Government Forms" before that. It seems to be constantly mutating, and this ish is no exception -- It's basically a long conversation/ramble of almost mini-epic proportions, spanning from dumb movies to record reviews, before then a feature on stupid newspaper clippings, and then a feature on stupid off with a chat on various games for the whole thing. Crazy. The layout never fails to provide added fuel for the almost psychotic feel. I must add that a couple of the local punk clique got a little upset over a past issue, so you know Jeff must be doing something right. And the typeface is so rad, I just can't stand it! (2 stamps to - Jeff Licker, 442 Rte 146, Clifton Park, NY 12065)

Sounds of Death #1 - Pretty dumb death metal mag. Lots and lots and lots of "Fucking brutal"s and many, many, many "Fucking ultimate"s used as adjectives when describing their favorite band reviews. Also includes a batch of interviews, one of which being with Malevolent Creation, who explain that their song about AIDS does not blame the disease on heteros or innocent children, just "users and fags". Fuck this, maybe the nefarious Yg-Sitoth will swoop down from the darkened skies and "fuckin brutalize" these dicks. Uncreative as hell, too. (S.O.D. 'zine, 1220 Lindgate Dr., Kirkwood, MO, 63122)

ANGERS JEERK! SECTION

OKAY? HUU?



Rorschach/Neanderthal Split 7" - This comes free with the excellent Dear Jesus #38, and it's quite a fuckin' bargain at that. Rorschach plays some pretty intense hardcore, and they seem to focus on the senselessness of organized religion. I saw 'em live, and they're pretty fuckin' clever. Charles' voice is quite musical, too. On the flipside, Neanderthal is somethin' else all together. Brain stomping "ugly core" that most assuredly, for real, urges you to go out and pinch people really hard. Dainty crap. I love this stuff. Neanderthal epitomizes good music. A nice catch. (See Dear Jesus in 'zine section)

Citizen's Arrest - A Light in the Darkness - 7" - Blazin' hardcore from a NYC band that broke up. Grrr....mean. As always, socio-politico-bitchin' lyrics, moshy parts, n' a holier than thou attitude. But it's pretty good. An', Heavens to mergetroid!!! It's gotta psuedo-grind quickie!!!! Wowee!! Not the best, but worth a listen(ee), I guess. Nice cover, too. (WarDance, \$3....Shit, I don't have the address with me...Go look in a record store..)

Concrete Sox - Lunched Out - 7" - 4 live songs from a British grindcore outfit. To be honest, this really didn't do a lot for me -- Everything wuz kinda fuzzy/monotone (of course, for obvious reasons), and it just didn't leave a big impression on me. I did like what they were saying, though (Anti-Racism, etc.) Worth a try, I guess, if ya can stand washed out sound. (Desperate Attempt, 1320 South Third St., Louisville, KY. 40208 - \$3.50)

Sockeye / Eavors Power Prayer - Split 7" - Ok, E.P.P. plays some wickedly screwy shit, y'know, an "unclassifiable band". I can't really get into it...In fact, I don't think it's meant to get into, but at the very least, it's kinda interesting. Lottamoaning n' stuff. A lame review, yeah, but I'm stuck. On the flip, all I can say is, this is what would happen if you gave 4 sheer geniuses some musical instruments....But, like, the geniuses would each have a tremendous brain tumor sprouting out their eyes.... Humor light years ahead of any one else living on the Earth can comprehend. Of course I'm kissin' their asses, but that's the effect these dolts have. A live track, too. Eerie. (\$3 from Dave, again. See above.)

Sockeye - I've Got An Indian Reservation In My Cum - cassette - So, as I was riding in the back seat of a Fiero driven by two Madonna-worshipin' gals on the way to some advertising agency (my car wuz low on gas, and this was a time wastin' class field trip, so I hitched a ride with 'em), I almost went insane. Y'see, the kept playing such admirable, loved by millions rock classics by The Doobie Brothers and Zeppelin over their mucho-expensive stereo, and CONSTANTLY, "MushRoom Gravy" kept playing itself over and over and OVER and OVER in my head. Now I TRULY know what the word "classic" means. And yep, that very song is on this very tape. Twice. Many a metal 'zine writer has used the term "god-like" to describe the newest demo that catches their fancy. Well, if that is the truth, then these boys are GOD amongst the underground. Words can't describe their comedic genius. It's almost ghoulish. I wuv it. Just, take my word for it...check this shit out.... (\$3 - Dave...PO Box 2143, Stow, Ohio 44224)

Agony Column - Brave Words and Bloody Knuckles - Metal, Metal, Metal, Fuck, Frig, Frick, Goddamit, AGAIN!!!! \$10 blown out the ass, 20 bucks altogether this month!! I coulda bought like 6 7's, and loved 'em all. Yes, I am stupid. (As if ya didn't know.) Semi-Creative lyrics, but dumb-ass solos and dry heave vocals. the bastard sings like a friggin' mutate of every sonofabitchin' crooner ta inspire a hard on in a little metal-head's school boy fantasies! Maim the fucker! And with names like "Bat Lord" and "Devil Chicken", it looks like these lame-o's were tryin' ta rip off Gwar too...A massive waste of time...and space. Oh well. (Metal Blade, who else?)

YEAH, IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS THE REVIEWS HERE ARE OLD

MOST STUFF STILL AVAILABLE, THOUGH...

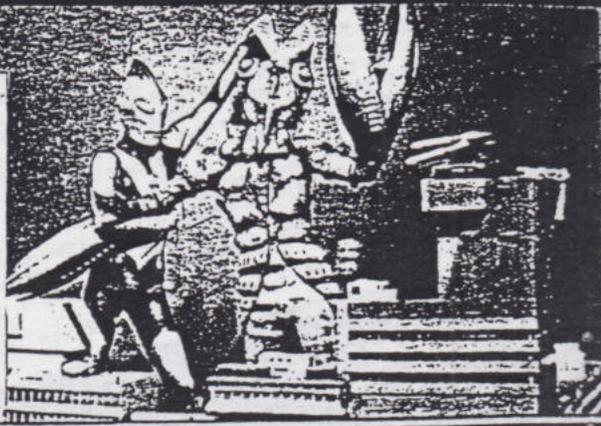
Nocturnus - The Key - Technical Death Metal? Hurrmmrrack!!!! Boring solo laden shit is what I call it!!! Fuck this crap --- I got ripped for \$10 again!!! (Combat)

Attica - 49 Fingers Live - tape - Ok, nowadays I really hate metal bands, but I do like these guys quite a bit. Ok, so I know two of the guys in the band....Honestly, I do believe this will be the last metal band I will ever like., because they ARE good. Very militaristic - type thrash with cool, non-sexist lyrics dealin' with the personal realm of problems. The music kinda gets you angry n' shit. The quality on the tape is pretty decent, too.... An', like, wow...I actually get a song dedicated to me, too. So, like, I gotta plug these guys good. So buy this tape....An' just think, they opened for Slayer, too....Think o' the value of this bastard once they get signed!!! (\$3 - Mike Valente -- 47 WEBERMAN...)

Capitalist Casualties - The Art of Ballistics - 7" - Holy Shit!!! This band kicks my ass in a nice sorta way. Very, very good punk/grind, with intense Enviornmentally/Politically aware lyrics. These guys let you KNOW how they feel. This hasta be one of my all time favorite bands.....Very intelligent. (\$3 - Slap A Ham Records, c/o - Chris Dodge, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA. 94142-0843)

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OPEN 7 DAYS



- CB picks the hits:
- 1.) Carcass - Reek of Putrefaction
 - 2.) Impetigo - Ultimo Mundo Cannibale
 - 3.) Sockeye - Indian Reservation
 - 4.) Mindrot - Both demos
 - 5.) Phobia - All That Remains
 - 6.) Anything Wings
 - 7.) Funky John & The Scum Apes - Oh, This Concrete World of Mine LP
 - 8.) Moo Moo Marymakis - Self Titled LP
 - 9.) The Bloody Baw Bawks - Christopher Lee is a Hack LP
 - 10.) Minor Threat - Out of Step

Mindrot - Faded Dream (1992 Demo) - Wow. Mind fuckin' shit here. Almost indescribable... This is sort of based within the grind/death metal range, bordering on industrial. But I think it would be insulting to classify these guys, so I'll just say that it's different then anything you've heard before. The lyrics are completely depressing, as is the actual music. They combine keyboards, a flute (!), tight goddamn playing, and a positively animilastic vocalist for a very weird effect. I must admit I can't throw myself right into this, but I do like it. Intellectual grind? Yeah...n' I don't think the Superchunk fans'll like it much, either.
 (\$3.50...I think...from Matt Parrillo, 27502 White Fir Lane, Mission Viejo, CA. 92691. Write him first to see if that's right...)

General Surgery - Necrology - 7" - I like these guys. They're afraid to have their names printed 'cuz they sound a little TOO much like CARCASS... Cool deal. Yeah, definitely a total lack of creativity with the song titles and lyrics, but the music rips and the production is pretty good. Top o' the line grind for anyone out there who's into mega-distorted vocals. Get it.
 (\$4.00 - Relapse Records - P.O. Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

Pungent Stench - Been Caught Buttering - This has gotta be one of the sickest album covers I've ever seen. Two rotting decapitated old man heads suckin' face. The music is longish, well produced Grind, with gurgled Austrian vocals. It's ok, with the last 3 songs kickin' poser butt, but gimme Carcass anyday. The lyrics are stupidly anti-women, too. Not very funny, either. Blah Blah Blah.
 (Nuclear Blast)

Cancer - Death Shall Rise - 1.) Generic, cheezy, AWFUL cover painting, 2.) Song titled "Back From The Grave", 3.) Lotsa solos, 4.) Produced at Morissound, and 5.) lead Guitar by James Murphy, ex-Death, also in Obituary. You be the judge.
 (Restless)

Carcass - Necroticism (Descanting The Insalubrious) - This is the new one by my all time favorite band, (Yep, I even like 'em more than those agin' British moppets with that White album thing), and suffice to say, it blew big time. The one time masters of ALL forms of horrifically rebellious "music", the only band in the world whom can instantly cause rectal bleeding through simply playing one thirty second song and IS ON A LABEL (although I wish they weren't...), THE kings of krap, have indeed stumbled. Dig at Earache musta obviously bazooka'd heaps of cash at these boys in order to make 'em hire a second guitarist n' clean up their act at the same time. What we have here is another goddamn death metal band. Ok, they're not yer typical Morrissound shit-fuck-crap, but compared to the "Genital Grinder" days, this is a major disappointment. I don't even see a connection. I do like the first two songs, and the lyrics are still quite intelligent, but of course they're waaaay toned down in terms of twisted pathology. A letdown. Let down. Whatever. I weep.
 (Earache)

Naked City - This is good -- A zany jazz sort of thing headed by the infamous John Zorn, a guy who is apparently loved throughout the world, and whom I know shit about 'cuz I'm so dumb. 16 tracks of demented noise, 8 of which clock in at under 40 seconds each. Spasitic - Especially when they bring in Yamakutsa Eye from The Boredoms to scream a few things. Funky and very messed up. A couple romantic pieces and a ravaging cover of the Inspector Closeau theme round out the deal. This is well worth it, even though it's on Elektra....
 (Elektra, \$10 or so)

Attica - This One - Once again, the ol', tried n' true biasness factor leaps forth right before your eyes. Some say 'zine editors/writers should never review their friends' stuff, but I say that might be a little too asshole(ish) to even care about, and people who refuse to do that should be whipped in the face with a big Rigatoni. Anyway, (I say that a lot, don't I?), this is a fuckin' DIY, self released CD demo, put out by my roommate Steve's band, Attica. Now, to be honest, I'm really starting to hate metal, well, in fact, I do hate metal, but I truly, honestly, swear to God like these guys. Sort of verging on a Crossover/Death/Slayerish line intersection, this is very vicious shit. Live they're even better. Great lyrics, rippin' heavy parts, and a lotta creativity round out a well produced package. Plus they're all a bunch of nice as hell guys that really busted their asses to get this thing out. Oh, and I gotta mention that they've got a new singer now...But the CD still speaks for itself. Now if only they refused to get signed.....
 (\$8 - Mike Valente - 47 Wertman Lane, Loudonville, NY 12211)

Crossed Out - 7" - Everyone's sayin' this is a mixture of early Napalm Death n' Neanderthal. I agree. Didn't strike me too good at first, but after listening to it again I thought it was pretty damn powerful. The slower parts are real crunchy n' shit. And as always with bands on this label, the lyrics are pissed off at the government and anyone remotely involved with it. Only complaint I have with the whole deal is that the drums sound sorta like a thin peice of cardboard, but I suppose that's no big deal. ~~SECRET MESSAGE~~
 (\$3 - Slap a Ham - 420843, San Fran., CA 94142 -0843)



WHY, YES, I DO ENJOY THE FINE RYTHMS OF PERE UBU ON OCCASSION.

What we have here is, yes, an interview. Y'know, the staple of 'zinedom.....the space filler to end ALL other space fillers. The almighty through the mail question n' answer session that impresses the reader upon first glance, but in reality accomplishes nothing. This is cool by me. Originally, about a year ago, I was trying to get an interview via modem through a computer system I was on. Word filtered through to me that a dude who had directed a good number of the ORIGINAL Saturday morning schlockfest, **LAND OF THE LOST**, also subscribed to this on-line service. After tracking the guy down, I exchanged some mail with 'em, and sorta confirmed that, yeah, this was the real mccooy. (Although no one in their right mind would fabricate a story like that, I suppose...) So, get this --- I ask the guy, "Hey, I have this 'zine going, and I'd get a big kick outta interviewing ya for the next issue.". I mean, hey, I figured that this guy had nothing really to lose by doing one, 'cuz, what, the circulation is only about 100. So, get this...He writes back tellin' me that maybe he'd do one, but i'd hafta go through his AGENT first. I laughed so hard I spit blood, and about a month later cancelled the service. Good riddance to both. But this is a positive thing, indeedy, 'cuz the lil' discussion I got here is with someone who you probably never heard of, but is a LOT sexier. Yep, it's with **Dave Schall**, the bastard/genius behind the enjoyable **Ear of Corn** 'zine and the demented punk-god band, **Sockeye**. He also runs a punk distribution service. I really like this guy...In fact, he's my surrogate cousin as of this writing. But in any case, you're probably sayin' "What the HELL does this hafta do with a friggin' Horror 'zine????". Well, nothin'. But I wanted to do it anyways. So there. I do hope ya enjoy it, though, 'cuz Dave is a very interesting guy. And more so, I can actually say, hey, I have ONE interview under my belt. 'Cept I don't wear a belt. Oh well. Onward ho.....

CB: Okiedoke, Dave, to start this lame thing off, I guess we should begin with the mandatory interview crapola -- Just kinda tell us a little bit about yourself n' your 'zine. (If you consider yourself a boring guy, feel free to embellish with gusto....)

D: Myself. I am just this guy who works and drinks like any other idiot, except that I waste my time & money on things like **Sockeye** and **Ear of Corn**, which is an idiotic piece of crap which caters to a lot of garbage that I, and very few others, like. But I've taken **Ear of Corn** through 21 issues (-- now 22..) over the past three and a half years. It keeps me happy, but I doubt if anyone else gives a crap about that.

CB: Cool. Damn. This is gonna get REAL boring REAL quick (not on yer part, however), so let's go for the heavy duty emo-type queries....Dave, if there was another 'Zine editor(s) you'd like to maim, whom would this be?

D: Editors to maim? Ah, well, I'd only taunt them relentlessly. I think MRR is worth it. They are a bullshit clique, but there are good ways to use them. They'll print articles on a band, but might not review their record because "it doesn't fit their format". Makes no sense, eh? Of course, I'm speaking from experience. I'm also very happy that HippyCore went under.

CB: Hmm...On the same frightening note, who would be the most BORING band you've ever interviewed or reviewed?

D: I'm not sure. There have been several that couldn't understand when I asked a joke question. It seems pretty silly to me. The most boring bands I've reviewed are mostly on RoadRacer Records (save a few.).

CB: What kinda stuff wouldn't you review in **EOC**?

D: The Grateful Dead.

CB: Fuck yeah. Umm....What's the wierdest letter you've ever recieved (for either **Sockeye** or the mag)?

D: Well, I've recieved a couple death/sex letter from So. California from some one who only signs their social security numbers. The letters involved a series of threats and sexual proposals. Very strange stuff. I really want to meet this person, but they don't write anymore.

CB: Are you married?

D: Nope, haven't found a willing cat or dog.

CB: Would you marry a 'zine girl?

D: Huh?

CB: If there were such a thing as a "zine groupie", in your opinion, what would be the STD of choice hosted by the xerox smellin' yard ape/apettes?

D: Probably sexually transmitted christianity or coprophagia. I don't know...Maybe it would be something like broken arms or legs...

CB: Dave, I must ask, are you naked right now?

D: Yes, I am. And I'm playing with very sharp farm tools.

CB: Ha boy....Ok, here's one...If **EOC** was a real thing, and not just some pieces of paper stapled together, what would it look like?

D: Like a big vomiting stockbroker, listening to Uriah Heep's greatest hits.

CB: What IS Stow, Ohio like?

D: It's a little shit hole full of white trash and rednecks as well as your occasional one-man band or Jesus freak. It also has 37 trees and one fire engine which is 875 feet tall and has large breasts.

CB BBBB: I need a quote, Dave, I need a FRIGGIN' quote....

DDDDD: "It is better to drink yourself sick than to read a book." (---Ha!!!! Let it be known that this mag does NOT censor!!!! I don't drink n' looky here!!!! A pro drinking message!! Uhh...Umm..Well...I guess I just wanted to say somethin'....Back to the interview....---Nick)

CB: I'm writin' these questions during my stupid college elective "History of the U.S." class...And I'm wonderin'...My "teacher" looks exactly like Stephen King would if he was crushed vertically in a trash compactor...And he's gettin' real excited right now talkin' about early Indian skirmishes with the first settlers/land rapersand he wuz just....oooh...wait...Jeesuz...He wuz just starin' at me...and...Gee....Kinda freaky...Anyways, I can't think of a question. Free form this one, Dave...

D: I just thought of another quote. This one

was said by my pal Scott: "The more you drink, the better I look". A lot of conversation in Ohio goes back to drinking which may be due to our complete lack of personality. (---Nah, well maybe, if you say so, BUT ...look... Another drinking statement and NO censorship! Amazing! Duhhhhh....---Nick)

CB: Well, I suppose that since this is a horror 'zine, I should ask ya what yer favorite horror flick is.....

D: "The Shining" is one of my favorites, Jack Nicholson is beautiful in that one. Andy Warhol's "Bad" is pretty good, too.

CB: I've noticed that your distribution thingee, **WheelChair Full of Old Men**, carries everything from Metal to fucked synth/dance music. Is there anything you wouldn't carry? For instance, a country band?

D: I'd carry most stuff. NOT Faith No More or SoundGarden, though.

CB: Well, to wind things down, lemme ask ya this -- Would you liken yourself to anybody else in the world?

D: Everybody.

CB: Define Love.

D: Shit.

THE END.....

....And there ya have it. Fun, eh? Well, I urge you to get in touch with Dave and buy some stuff from him, El-Cheapo.....He carries an assortment of genuinely cool records...and you OWE it to yourself to give **Sockeye** a whirl. His address:

Dave Schall
c/o WheelChair Full of Old Men
P.O. Box 2143
Stow, OH. 44224

The shoddiness kicks right off during the opening credits. You find out that during the oh so popular 1800's, this naive pioneer family gets mauled by a very mean unseen entity type deal that makes haunted house special FX record sounds, in the middle of a freakin' cursed forest, fer chrissakes. WHY do people choose to live in dangerous places, especially when there's vengeful Indian spirit thingees runnin' around? Well, anyways, the narrator tells ya that's exactly what it is, and it all reeked of another EVIL DEAD rip-off to me. "But...But...THAT wasn't made until YEARS after this deck was produced!!", you're screamin'. Well, you never mind that, 'cuz y'know, these folks were SO cheap that I wouldn't put it passed 'em to have taken that student grant and used 97% of it to build an actual working time vehicle, warp themselves into the future in order to STEAL ideas from a half-way-decent movie, and then rush back and use the remaining three percentile (which amounted to around \$13.48) and attempt to make a film ahead of it's time. And STILL fuck it up. Anomaly or massive blunder? In either case, whatta flick. The whole Indian thing takes place during the first 45 seconds!! So then we flash to the present. A van load of 100th generation Big Chill types are truckin' up to a mountain cabin in the very same woods. You never woulda guessed. On the way, they stop at a gas station where some little kids are playin' with a crate with a monster in it. It's never explained. After pilin' out and bitching about everything, the gang of about 10 settles into a shitty cabin and gets down to business, which apparently is for the men to tell lame stories in an attempt to scare the very mean looking women hangin' with 'em. I might add that not only are the gals extremely evil in appearance, but everyone seems to NOT be having a very good time, almost as if they were forced into this...Or possibly calculating how much this film might ruin their lives in the future. Definitely no sense of humor whatsoever. Ok, so we got three stories, and I'm gonna ignore the first two because they sucked. The first one sucked too, but at least I can remember what it was about. One of the guys starts tellin' about two kids who leave their prom n' get stuck on a dirt road out in the woods. coincidentally, the two kids look startlingly like the story teller and his wife. The tale proceeds very much in the vein of the "Hook man" legend you might've heard as a kid, where they hear noises and start to get really freaked out. So the guy tells the gal to stay in the car while he runs to get some gas, brilliantly taking a dirt path right into the heart of some fierce lookin' territory. Yeesh...the sucker starts gettin' chased by somethin' outta a nightmare...A tiny, maniacally laughing dwarf Sasquatch!!! I think he gets killed..it's hard to tell. The music here is way out of place, too...Almost making this a comedy(!) The whitish creature (you really can't see it

too good) drags the dude's body back to the car. The gal keeps gettin' more scared n' begins hearing this creaking noise...She looks up and there's her knight in shining armor, swingin' from a freakin' NOOSE!!!! The goddamn monster hanged 'em!!! Oh god...she boots ass outta there as the fiend laughs again. The narrator informs us that she was found the next morning tied to a tree, insane, and covered with tiny bite marks, claimin' a "little person" did that to her. (Although it sounds suspiciously like the work of Sky Lo Lo to me...). And that, friends, is your Bigfoot yarn. No, it really doesn't sound like a traditional 'Foot, but I think it's good enough. Considering this whole segment took a grand total of 5 minutes, from start to finish. Disgusting, I must say. And as I said, the next two stories are rather worthless to relate here..Although they are good for a few laughs, and hell, they don't take much longer to watch then cutting yer fingernails. In the surprise ending, the pissed off spirit blows up the cabin n' kills everyone, for which you're sorta grateful. Eh...Maybe this flick wasn't so good, after all. In all honesty, the acting was wooden, but not horrible. The actors were ordinary looking, not very glitzy...That's a nice change of pace. The concepts were semi-interesting. Hmm...Nah, it still kinda sucked.

Public Service Announcement: A while back I got a real nice letter from a Rev. Jim Harris, (ordained in the Church of the SubGenius), requesting an issue of the CB supplement and tellin' me how much he enjoyed the Camera flicks. I thought he was a pretty nice guy, n' since he so proudly displayed his clerical status for the whole world to see, I decided that, hell, if the SubGenius fools can do it, than so can I. So, let it be known that from here on in, not only is Jim a Reverend, but he's now also the official BISHOP OF CAMERA FLICKS. There is no other. Jim was so impressed by this newfound title that he actually went out and wrote two folksy type songs about the giant turtle from hades. I laughed, half in amusement and maybe half out of fear. So, since Jim went through the creative steps to accomplish this, I don't think he'd mind taping the tunes for ya if you sent a few bucks down his way. Or, just correspond with the guy and talk about Jap. cinema. Either way, he's a pretty damn interesting guy.

Write 'em -- Rev. Jim Harris
(*member of the new title)
2517 Smith Ave.
Marietta, GA. 30064

Anyone feeling particularly upset because they don't have such a title can apply for the remaining DUKE OF ANQUILLAS or MASTER OF EBIRAH positions.

The Bill Rebane Filmography !!!!!!!

I gotta thank a guy named Tim Coats from San Francisco for the idea on this one. Tim ordered the first ish and said a few words on his love for flicks by this guy, and dammit, here we are 2 years later n' now I fully realize what Tim wuz talking about. Bill Rebane is either a very lazy genius or an idiot, and I really like to think he's the latter. His film-making career seems at best very sporadic, and his exploitation skills border on pathetic,

ripping off genres anywhere from 5 to 30 years after they've lost public interest. In fact, the movies themselves are, for all purposes, unwatchable. But the guy kept on going, doing what he wanted to do (I guess), stocking video racks with very stupid box art. You gotta like this guy.

- 1.) Monster a Go-Go (1965) - Bill only "contributed" to this one, and unwillingly, at that. The ultimate huckster, H.G. Lewis, bought Rebe's unfinished THE TERROR AT HALFDAY, and incorporated it into this new monstrosity. The mutated thing is unbelievable!
 - 2.) The Giant Spider Invasion (1975) - Incredible. All sorts of spiders invade countryside, including a giant one constructed out of a car and some fur skins!!
 - 3.) The Alpha Incident (1978) - A sort of Andromeda Strain rip-off, I think.
 - 4.) The Capture of Bigfoot (1979) - See review. Vomit comes to mind.
 - 5.) Rana, the Legend of Shadow Lake (1981) - Black Lagoon type kills people.
 - 6.) Demons of Ludlow (1983) - I have no idea.
- Footnote: The local video store has an atrocity which I refuse to rent called INVASION FROM INNER EARTH. It's directed by...ITO Rebane. I'm still stunned. Oriental relative? Stunningly bad fake name? Bizzare hallucination on my part? Does it matter, considering the state of the world today? A mystery.

STOP THE
PRESSES!!

THIS WAS IN
THE JUNE 21ST
NEWSPAPER. SOME-
THING INTANGIBLE
DREW ME TO READ
THIS GARBAGE. I
WAS MILDLY SURPRISED

YES, HE IS AN IDIOT.

Tiny Tim gives kids kick in pants

Tiny Tim has some advice for unmotivated grade-schoolers: Go to work!

"If kids, after 8 or 9 years old, aren't doing good in school, put them to work. Repeat all those child labor laws," the singer said. "You can tell at 8 or 9 if school's doing any good. If it isn't, don't let them linger there."

Tim sat Thursday in a plump old chair in the middle of a sound stage at Baron Studios in Irma, Wis., as workers put finishing touches on the set of a one-hour pilot for a children's show, "Tiny Tim & Friends."

The pilot has been picked up by a distributing company, said Bill Rebane, chief executive officer of the Baron Group.

Tim, 61, has been searching for success since "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and his wedding on "The Tonight Show" in 1970.

"The last 10 years, I've always been trying for that hit record," he said. "Since 1970, it's been 22 years of trying to get back on top, in this business it's always the top or the very bottom."

I just want to mention here that I'm not real satisfied with the way this turned out at all. Rereading it I can see that aside from all the obvious errors n' sloppiness (which is GOOD), I seem to come across as, fuck, almost cute/jolly. This sucks. Maybe next issue I can actually work at gettin' some people a little riled.

Next Issue:

Release Date: Tomorrow
Price: Twenty Million dollars
Contents: Reviews.
More war waged on the fucking Horror buffs. A Tony Timpone Hologram. Maybe another interview.
And grit, son, plenty of fuckin' grit.

What The Critics Say...

" Spastic Layout....blocks of text pasted over grainy photos...basic film 'zine.... "

---Steve Puchalski, *SlimeTime*

"....A little hard to read..."

---Joe Bob Briggs, *We Are The Weird*

"....Sort of like a cheezier *Psychotronic*....Whatever you do, DON'T send me another copy.... "

- - -A Godzilla "purist", *Markalite*

"Zoombie"

---Steve Moro, *Attica*

