



# CRUD BOMB

NUMBER THREE

ONE DOLLAR

BIG  
FOOT

•

BAD  
MONSTER  
MOVIES

•

GRIND  
HOUSE



## Zero Interest Bullshit



So I'm writing this in very early December of late 1993. God knows when you'll actually be reading it; hopefully somewhere in the ballpark of January of '94. I made a statement almost two years back, something concerning how I was gonna get this thing out on a more regular basis. Well, that ain't happening. To be honest, I think one of the main reasons is because I'm totally losing interest in watching crappy videos. Not completely, but just as of right now. There's too much to experience out there. I still love the premise and no-existent intent of the most forgotten of 70's monster flicks. I don't think *that'll* ever change... But I really find it hard to sit still through a ninety minute fiasco, eighty five of which consisting of unscripted dialogue, the remaining two delegated to a partially sighted cardboard box monster. It just ain't fun like it was a few years ago. So my solution is this: I definitely wanna keep putting this monstrosity out. In order to keep things kinda interesting, and somewhat under control for myself, I think I'm gonna play around with the format. Next issue is probably gonna be half-size (and cheaper), and from then on I'll probably try to variate from full to digest size, depending on what I feel like doing at the time. Also, even though this might

be considered hopping on everybody's bandwagon, each issue is gonna be split between movies and music. Music being Grind and Death Metal. Except I won't be reviewing hundreds of demos and printing dozens of form band interviews. It'll just be done on a smaller scale. Hopefully I can prevent it all from diving head first into a boring pile of stinking poopee like a lot of other mags that hybridize the two genres. Ok? Thanks go out to the people who've been reading this from the beginning. You'll notice that last issue I stated this was gonna have the typewriter look again. Fuck it. I have free reign of a Macintosh at the college I go to, and it's way too easy to belt stuff out on it. The layout sucks, though, 'cuz I don't have time to actually scan in all the pictures. Enough, this is boring as hell. Read.

--- The interview towards the end with **The MeatShits** may be viewed as controversial and tasteless and maybe shouldn't have been printed in this PC age of ours. I wasn't real happy with what the guy said at all, but that ain't gonna stop me from printing it. I'm opposed towards his whole attitude. I like the music. None of that has anything to do with what you're gonna read, just him answering the questions I sent. If you're easily upset or offended, make sure to read it. Not enough people get upset and speak out against things nowadays. Maybe you'll even get pissed.

--- Funny, I go to a college that is mainly geared towards "visual arts". Conjures images of alternative attitudes geared towards the destruction of mainstream society as you know it. Graffiti on the bathroom walls, political rallies every saturday. Nobody will relax for a second....Not until the fabric of reality is altered. A campus full of wierdos just writhing in their own creative juices. Bullshit. Don't ever be fooled. As far as i'm concerned, *every* art school on the face of this earth is a cesspool of conformist SHIT. Everybody is the same. This particular campus blatantly robs people of money, and only a handful make an effort to change things. It's pathetic. May alternative type people fry in their patchouli. Rot, you bastards.

--- On an up note, I'm happy to say that a lot of the people once considered "normal" and "average" by society-haters, are now pretty *fucked up*, in my perception. Very few of my friends are "punks" or "wierdos" nowadays. Most of them are incredibly devout normal folk who you never woulda guessed held such destructive opinions. One's even a fashion plate. They're all great. Do yourself a favor...If you consider yourself an outcast: Go and make a mainstream friend today!

--- There's a pretty startling lack of horror flicks being released nowadays. A trip to any video store will reveal hardly any real monster flicks available within the new release aisle. The "Horror" section will most likely consist of shot-for-video fantasy-comedies, like "Spell Caster" and "Dr. Mordred". It's pathetic. I've read in the past that this particular genre is popular within times of war or turmoil. Maybe it's dead now that we completely dominate the planet and the money-producing class seems pretty entertained with CNN. Maybe Charles Band helped kill it off. In any case, I think it's a lost cause, at least for the time being. Oh well, I suppose reading's always been a lot frigging healthier...

--- As always, let me just state a few things: First, feel free to contribute shit. Anything you want. Reviews, suggestions, articles relevant to the decrepit standards **CB** has maintained, *anything*. I always csay that I'd include a letter column, if I got any interesting letters. That still stands. If you're an aspiring band, of any musical genre, send a demo. I'll love it. If you'd like to do a stupid interview via postal service, I'll do that, too. If you have any newspaper clippings pertaining to Bigfoot and whatnot, send them and I'll hang them on my wall to impress visitors. Enjoy the 'zine.

### Thanks to:

Eric Soldano, Jamie Gabrini, David Schall of (the late) **Sockeye** and **Ear of Corn** zine, Brian Johnson and **They Won't Stay Dead** 'zine, Mark Sawacki and **Impetigo**, Robert Deathrage and **The MeatShits**, Matt Parrillo of **Mindrot**, **Dystopia**, and **Life is Abuse** distribution, Dave and Jack of **ERL** records, Simon Dysgenic, Don Siemer, Akimi, Devon of **God Awful** and **Monster X**, Tod Machin for the Sea Monkey stuff, Marcus Kempton for the cool letters of support, The city of **Boston**, for submitting to our whims, The whole world, for going crazy, and the nameless straight-edge girl who offered to a **CB** ad in her 'zine...

Write To: Nick, 71 Hubbs Rd, Ballston Lake, NY 12019 (Most of year)

#103 SUNY New Paltz, New Paltz NY, 12561 (February to May, 1994)



**The Last Man on Earth - (1964) - Vincent Price, Giacomo Rossi - Stuart**  
**Directed By: Ubaldo Ragona, Sidney Salko (American Version)**

Way, way, way far back in the moldiest nurons of my stupid brain, lie trapped dim memories of a forgotten Saturday afternoon in which I, all of seven or eight years old, plopped down on the fading yellow shag rug of my grandparents' living room (where my mother and I lived, as well), and attempted to watch this classic black and white adaption of sci-fi writer Richard Matheson's supposed classic, *I Am Legend*. Thirty seconds worth of viewing the dilapidated opening credits and I was out the door, killing Praying Mantises or falling off of abandoned warehouse spaghetti sauce crates or whatever the frick I did back then. Now, somewhere around 13 or so years later, I decided to tape this for lack of anything better to do. Putting things into perspective, I guess I can say that I don't blame myself for skipping this underrated rhinestone in those days, but now it actually holds up, sorta, especially if you're in a paranoid sort of mood. If you've never heard of this, it's basically the inspiration for *Night of the Living Dead* and the more recent (utter) piece of shit, *Night of the Comet*. Vince Price actually plays the first half of this pretty straight, not once frothing at the mouth or laughing maniacally at a dead rat. He's the head of a chemical research institute that somehow develops an immunity to a plague that's devastating the entire world. Most everybody croaks with this disease except for a good number who just decide to come back and muck around with things as, believe it or not, full-fledged vampires. Well, the act more like *zombies* but that's ok 'cuz Vince sez they're vampires and, after all, Vince knows the deal. Anyways, most of the flick deals with Bob Morgan's monotonous daily routine as the last man alive. He spends the day burning the corpses of whatever creeps he's killed or have succumbed during the night, as well as hoarding garlic, repairing the boarded up windows, finding supplies, AND THEN finding the time to search for the vampire's main nest hide-out. He's gotta hurry back by dusk 'cuz the undead, led by a semi-coherent ex-coworker, know's where Bob/Vince is holed up and come a swingin' with two by fours! They moan and groan and call out his name, and the poor ol' bean has gotta play wicked cool beatnik jazz at full blast to blot out their noise and keep his sanity. He does this same routine, day after day... And you begin to wonder why Vince doesn't just get the hell outta there, grab a huge plane equipped with napalm and bomb the hell outta the whole city, followed by a naked free-for-all spanning the entire globe. But no, he does the noble 60's ethical thing and defends his right to own a frigging house in suburbia, even though he basically owns the whole world now. Well, since by this point the average matinee audience back then would be ready to rip the whole movie screen down, things finally change when Morg stumbles onto a dog and a lady who're both alive and seemingly normal. Overjoyed, he takes them both in and the moves are applied, a whole new purpose rearing it's ugly head into the big boy's life. However, she and it aren't the only ones scampering around, either. A whole army of machine gun toting half-vamp jerks want Morg dead, along with all the OTHER full blood living dead. No real mayhem ensues, but Vince does get to ham it up quite a bit at the end, acting more like a ghoul than the bastards themselves. I'm not gonna give away the ending but I will say that the Last Man on Earth has the honor of becoming the Last Dead Man on Earth, speared through the heart by a spear, of all things. He calls the attacking jerks "Freaks...Mutations!" as he goes down. Grit. If you're into the decaying, spliced filmstrip quality, complete with totally washed out black and white hue, then this is for you. Depressing at the beginning, and it's damn obvious as to what inspired NOTLD's atmosphere of complete hopelessness. Cheezy and outdated. But not without a tiny, tiny bit of class. Best viewed at 4 in the am with a can of cheap grape soda, a bad heartburn, and a slight case of anxiety.

**Great quote:** Vince/Bob Morgan's daughter is seen dying of the plague in a flashback. He comes home from work to find that the army has already thrown her corpse into a dump truck, along with dozens of other bodies for disposal. Freaking, he races to the nearest landfill where the boys in shit-green are burning the dead in a humongous pit. Vince/Bob muscles around some dopey looking grunts and manhandles the dude in charge, screaming "I want my daughter!" ...To which the dork replies, "Mister, a lotta daughters are in there, including my own!" I yucked for hours....

**War of the Gargantuas (1969 or something) - Russ Tamblyn, Kipp Hamilton**  
**Directed by: Inoshiro Honda**

Unquestionably, one of my all-time favorite movies ever made. No, let me change that. This is *THE BEST MOVIE EVER MADE*. You really can't deny it, any way you look at it. The only flaw with it's construction is that they attempted to include humans as something other than food. Way too much screen time is devoted to such crap. But, in case you don't know, what you got here is EXACTLY what the title implies: Two giant, scaled, furred, fanged, ugly, karate chop-kicking-piledriving, bone snapping, people eating, clothes-spitting-out, gurgling, snarling, building annihilating, laser weapon stomping, tank chucking, tidal wave causing, subway ripping, milk sipping, asexual reproducing, sign language communicating, shake bootying, leg breaking, snoop doggying, Sasquatch-like, volcano-inducing, helicopter dunking, airplane chasing, running, sliding, punching, slapping, society destroying grotesque monster *bastards* who fight. It's spell-binding. Anything made after this is a futile effort in pointlessness.

Russ Tamblyn, the curly-haired monkey-man, found a darling little bigfoot baby in the woods a few years back. Apparently, in the original Japanese version, it was intended to be the offspring of Frankenstein, from *Frankenstein Conquers The Earth!* It apparently escapes, cuts it's arm on a twig, and grows to monstrous proportions. It's scraped cells grow into a seperate, eviler creature that makes it's way into the ocean and makes life miserable for an ocean liner towards the beginning of the film. The two eventually meet up, and the rest is history. I ain't gonna bore you with plot details. There's no plot. Just fight. Unique from other movies in the genre for many reasons, such as: 1.) *Extremely* mobile / karate trained monsters. 2.) Bad Gargantua actually chows on human meat. 3.) army nearly kills a monster. 4.) Groundbreaking tune *The Words Get Stuck in My Throat* garbled, before singer gets stuck in it's throat. 5.) Highly level of quality. 6.) Actual semblance of atmosphere. 7.) No little kids. 8.) I star in a bit part. Get a VCR and buy this for ten bucks. You're set for life.


**BY NIGHT  
THEY  
LEAVE  
THEIR  
GRAVES**

crawling, shambling  
thru empty streets  
whimpering, pleading  
begging for his blood!



VINCENT PRICE  
**The Last  
Man on  
Earth**





## Godzilla vs. Biollante (1989) - People.

Directed by: Person.

For a long time this was referred to by myself as the brand new Godzilla movie which I hadn't seen (nor cared to shell out 20 bucks to buy a dupe tape of), until I saw it and they made two more Godzilla movies which I now haven't seen yet. I got this for free, sort of... It's a short, stupid story that probably would make me out to be a jerk if I told it, so just accept it as face value. Instead, fondly recall **Godzilla 1985**, the milestone spectacle in which that glamorous think-tank known as TOHO film co. proudly decides to discard the decades long tradition of cheap rubber suit and boldly adopts the much heralded art of animatronic/hydraulic special effect works. **Godzilla 1985**, the hi-tech, multi-million dollar giant monster movie about a radioactive dinosaur who eats a starving Japanese homeless guy. No, on second thought, let thoughts of that worthless piece of shit lie dormant. Instead, direct whatever hatred seething within your head towards *this* film, the movie which thrust stupidity into the mainstream and attempted to make stupidity palatable to the upper class, the movie which destroyed the one thing I enjoyed "collecting" in life. They riled the collective fandom's interest. The shit got stirred. I'm pissed and this means war.

At age 16 I started collecting cheap plastic Godzilla toys. Every other male of that age seemed to be obsessed with monster trucks and dirt bikes and high school-black market contraband porno mags. With an emphasis on the dirt bikes. In fact, one of the stupid neanderthalish kids that used to be the classic redneck "bully" guy at my high school ultimately met his fate when in eleventh grade he apparently embarked on his routine nightly bike jaunt, ended up colliding head first into a tree, and walked around for a week without realizing he had a cracked skull. I saw him a few years after that in a tape store. He vaguely knew *who* I was in school; then I don't think he really knew *where* he was. Basically, I wasn't interested in the usual male oriented shit. Considering what happened to that guy, I'm sort of happy about that fact. When I was like 3 or so my father introduced me to **King Kong vs. Godzilla**, and I was instantly brain dead. I couldn't get enough. By the time I was 6, I always asked for monster toys for Christmas and every year my dad told me that he'd check the toy stores for Godzilla stuff but of course it was never there. So maybe that's why at 16 when I saw mail order toy outlets selling this imported Japanese stuff I just *had* to get it. They were cheap, they were extremely tacky and cheesy looking, and no one else was into it. Soon I was getting tons of screwed up monster shit from obscure sources. I dug out people from other states that were getting stuff and we sorta traded. People came into my room and immediately were in awe and wanted to touch the plastic animals that beckoned with their seductive pvc aromas and orange spray paint jobs. They may have even become frightened at this little hobby. It was cool, though. Not to mention a lot of it is now worth a small fortune. So I stopped for awhile, and then this flick came out. The Japanese public went nuts. Nipponese toy factories begin churning out mass quantities of expensive, high quality collectible toys. But the Japanese ain't *that* stupid, so the most obvious market is targeted: Us. Rich american collectors froth. Legions of californian skate punks go nuts, holding Godzilla toy shows and driving market values soaring. Old kiss ass 'zines are resurrected and some subhuman geek types actually get pissed off at *CrudBomb* #1 because it doesn't bow down and treat the Godzilla series of films as *art*.

This film's american success unleashes a horrible domino effect, what with a whole slew of 'Zilla flicks to be produced -- including a gigundus budgeted u.s. version directed by the guy who did **House!** It's really time to start getting nervous because Star Trek can only hold the imaginations of the planet's introverts for so long....

Getting to the story: Godzilla, looking extremely nasty and mean, fights a big flower. A rose. He blows it up and then fights a big alligator/spider, who *used* to be the big rose. And has the soul of a dead japanese girl. And wasn't such a bad monster, after all.

The sort of stolen copy of this I have is in the original language and un-subtitled. Upon viewing, it seemed like a big mess of shit, but really wasn't that hard to figure out. It's on video now and it's on pay-TV Cinemax like every other day, so the plot is probably clear on that print in English but I haven't even bothered watching it again. Let's see if I got this right -- Some seedy types get this piece of Godzilla skin from the rubble of a building he smashed in the previous flick. A horrible american actress from "CCN" news network reads lines from a cue card as people are shot down for the skin fragment. All sorts of subversive spy folks are running around and eventually we end up in this fake middle eastern country where they wanna turn deserts into farmland. Somehow a Japanese scientist is involved and he crosses 'Zilla's cells with those of a plant's and his dead daughter's or something. All the while this dark sunglass wearing japanese bad ass double agent attempts to thwart the scientist. Jeez, the plot has been summarized in numerous mainstream shit rags so if you care enough to have to know about the plot in a movie of this sort you've probably informed yourself of those details a long time ago. For those who wanna know the deal: the pacing is slow and it all sucks. The soundtrack is disgusting pop VOMIT. In the old flicks, the soundtrack was like pre-Pitch Shifter. Something bad was gonna happen to civilization and it made you know it.. Now they have this Godzilla theme music and it make chills go down your spine in embarrassment. The humans, as if they matter, are cloying little bastards with expensive haircuts, decked out in whatever fashion was popular at the time. No one gets stomped. Godzilla looks very real, and very canine. (Too real, and too canine). He looks like my dog, but shooting blue radiation instead of projectile alpo vomit. Scenes of Godzilla blowing up warships are done very cool, scene of Godzilla blowing up giant rose is not. It's lame and all this cutesy sparkly stuff goes up into space. At the end the pretty dust floats back down to Earth and reforms as the humongous multi-tentacled outer space crocodile doohickey. It's quite angry and spits ungodly amounts of green acid and it crustifies 'Zilla's eyes by such means. Then things get all dark and moody and I think you're supposed to get scared. The tentacles, which have ALIEN-like jaws on 'em impale Godzilla's hand and all this green blood squirts out (it ain't pink anymore). After much shuffle-footing in a massive rainstorm, the G shoves his head down Biollante's throat and blows the motherfucker sky high from the inside out. Some stupid shit happens after that but that's all ya need to know. Monster wrestling has now apparently been cut from the agenda and now apparently, cheap giant monster gore has replaced it. Well, the next two in the series which are already out on the bootleg circuit, **Godzilla vs. Mecha-Ghidrah** and **Godzilla vs. Mothra**, look promising as far as cheapness is concerned, but I still have my doubts. Hard to believe; but pass on this one....

(HBO Home Video)



(Here's a review from the guy who did one last issue. His name's Brian Johnson, and he puts out a proliferous rag called They Won't Stay Dead, where a lot of like-wise sleaze can be found...)

Messiah of Evil ('72, '73, or '74...sources conflict). Color. Not to be confused with Dan O'Bannon's Spoof, aka Revenge of The Screaming Dead. Directed by Willard Hyuck. Starring Marianna Hill, Royal Dano, Joy Band (Yes, these are their real names!), Michael Greer and Elisha Cook Jr.

Sued by George Romero (for using the tagline for it's re-release "When there is no room in hell, the dead will walk the Earth, from Dawn of the Dead), and slagged off by Michael Weldon in Psychotronic, Messiah of Evil may have slipped by your VCR, and that's a shame, because it's an oddly surreal horror film worthy of much more praise and attention than it's recieved.

Sort of an analagam of HP Lovecraft, NOTLD, and Hitchcock (Check out the nod to The Birds as Band sits in an empty movie theatre watching a Sammy Davis Jr. western (!??), as zombies slowly fill up the seats behind her, much in the same vien as Tippi Hendrin and the classic "Jungle Jim" sequence). No, I'm not kidding you, Messiah takes the viewer on a nightmare trip into a world of zombies and otherworldly religions with it's confusing (but nonetheless intriguing plot, stunning, atmospheric visuals, and genuine shocks. Intense and frightening, it's a challenging picture to get through, but well worth the effort to do so. Dig this one up, you won't be sorry.

(Contact Brian at: 11 Werner Rd, Greenville, PA, 16125)

Not Even Close.....



### The Last Dinosaur (1977) - Richard Boone, Joan Van Ark Directed by: Alex Grasshoff, Tom Kotani

Imagine yourself waking up one morning to the scent of fresh flowers gently wafting through your bedroom's immense picture windows. You toss the silk sheets off of your well fed body, taking extreme care not to disturb the rest of your naked lover. Padding across the marble floor, you approach the vast ornamental mirror which sits on the opposite side of the room. Gently removing the sleepers from your eyes, and gazing deeply into the reflective glass, you survey the spacious room from a different perspective. You see numerous examples of cutting edge technology and luxury; items which many dream to possess and you can obtain on a whim. You have it all - you are the wealthiest individual on the face of the planet. Nothing can touch you, for you control the majority of life's everyday variables through your money. *You* call the shots. Yes, imagine having all of this, as well as claiming the distinction of being the UGLIEST person in all of existence. You're really heinous and even your own dad suggests you strap a plastic bag over your head and light a cigar. You're absolutely nothin' to look at and you know it. You seek revenge on mother nature by blasting holes in the sides of every form of animal life on the Earth and then chopping off their heads and mounting them on your wall. Then you hear about the greatest scientific discovery ever and decide you wanna kill that, too. You asshole.

Now, imagine a friggin imbecile director getting that basic premise in his head. He waddles over to a small island in the Pacific and discovers another hack to participate in his incompetence. They expend their energies to make this an american TV movie reality. Imagine the unabashed pride both these knuckleheads felt as this brashly burst onto the screen one fabled Friday night in '77, even as their respective families wept with shame. The very same jingoistic attitude toward their monstrous creation most likely influenced them to release this film in some foreign countries theatrically. I salute their crassness!

The world's filthy richest tycoon, played in slo-mo by wart-hogg(ish) **Richard Boone** (who the hell is this guy?), is a big game hunter, as well. He actually has a girlfriend. Upon hearing about a scientific expedition to the center of the Earth which seems to have met it's doom at the hands of a Tyrannosaurus Rex, he goes nuts. He gets all sweaty and has this big metal can built which digs it's way to the scene of the crime. Along for the ride are **Joan Van Ark**, some bohunks, and an expert animal tracker who's African and gets ordered around a lot. After a bunch of gawking, the beast is spotted and Boone-doggie is immediately obsessed with killing it the goon. It all turns into a sort of mind game between hunter and prey, except involving two combatants possessing the intellect of a pea. The Rex never exactly eludes or outsmarts the evil rich bastard's traps....It just kinda blunders through them. It's a very generic looking dino, too... Although it is given a smidgen of personality in a near-retarded sort of way, due to some fluke on the special effect guy's part. You *definitely* hope it kills the human, though, it has that going for it. A two-people-in-a-suit Vaudeville quality Triceratops rudely stumbles onto the scene and tussles with our boy T. in a battle whose choreography woulda made B.A. Baracas proud. Then the king of all thunder lizards is totally humiliated when a giant rock is tied to it's swishing tail and then the rock is pushed down a hill and it's sent packing on it's ass straight towards a big shitty background painting. Scene depicting 3 he-boys struggling to throw huge jungle vine around leviathanic tail (hung at obscene angle) is painful. The animal's size continually varies, ranging from 25 feet tall to 3 miles high at the knee. Take note on the way the swarthy directors overused the worms-eye view. Forgive them as you realize they might've been dead drunk and flat on their backs as they filmed. But jeez, let's face it -- this flick is FUGGIN' AWESOME!!! The mother ovary of ALL classic giant monster scenes occurs at what could be called the climax, as a last ditch effort to wipe the smelly, latex jigglin' carcass off the face of the universe is set into the motion. A meteorite-sized chunk of granite-mache is launched at the beast's lumpy noggin via bamboo catapult. The actiaon inexplicably shifts into excruciating super-slow motion as we witness this most primitive missile approaching it's mark...striking...The Rex's head snapping with initial impact...It's *very* rubber skull embarrassingly indenting...conquaving...SQUISHING under the massive weight of the projectile!!!! The cranium's foam structure quickly reverting back into initial shape as rock bounces off. (Re: Stick your fist into an inflated baloon. Remove fist. You get the idea.) Words *cannot* describe. If you really wanna know what happens after that, it ain't worth it. Let's just pretend it ended there. But at that, it's a masterpiece. Not many films are awarded that distinction nowadays. Just ignore the mild racist and sexist overtones...Or better yet, just watch with no volume.

(On cable station WTBS a lot, and it's on video for like \$10)



## The Night of the Death Cult (aka Night of the Seagulls) (1975) -

Maria Kosti, Victor Petit.

Directed by: Amando De Ossorio

A common idea which continually floats around the parascience circuit (an area of interest which amuses me to no end) is the hard to define concept of "synchronicity"... Which some of you will immediately identify as being the shit that blonde freak sang about in the mid-eighties. I have no idea what the lyrics dealt with but I do know he was talking about the Loch Ness monster at one point. Smart guy. Originally, however, the term was coined at the beginning of this century by famous Swiss psychiatrist Carl C. Jung, his attempt at cracking the common human enigma of weird coincidence / Deja Vu. He postured that these reoccurring events were very much tied into the revolutions and orientation of the planets contained within our solar system. That's basically an oversimplified statement on my part, and I really can't say for sure whether or not Jung single-handedly spawned the horoscope stuff that dominates newspapers nowadays. But the dude was without a doubt into the Astrology thing. And I do know for a fact that *any* bastard who even indirectly paved the way for *Dionne Warwick* and ilk is frigging deserving of SOME form of post-humous harrassment. Shit man, I think I'd be much more interested in calling some 900 number to find the hidden pathways to my future if they had some decaying old guy with a strapped on fake beard and hunchback callin' himself Nostrodamus then this hideous thing with orange hair who was right there, smack dab in the middle of the "We Are The World" horde of animals, fer chrissakes. Thanks Carl! Thanks a lot. But in the long run, maybe revenge *has* been had, ~~as the~~ as the original definition has completely warped from it's initial origin, nowadays connotating something much more sinister. (At least smongst conspiracy theorists). An easy way to explain it is like this -- You hear a song on the radio you haven't heard in years. You almost forgot about the tune 'cuz it was popular for maybe two weeks back in '75. You don't particularly care if you ever hear it again, or maybe you do. But inexplicably, over the next two days you hear it like three more times on three seperate radio stations. It's random chance converging on you. The odds are completely against something like that happening but yet it does. You've probably experienced this many times throughout your life, and if you haven't, you probably will, just because you're reading this. And if it never does, then you're a freak. The funny thing is, every two bit weirdo phenomenist has some sort of theory as to exactly why this kind of thing

plagues us pitiful humans on a somewhat regular basis. Any amount of reading on the topic will uncover ideas ranging from unseen energy fields converging on ley lines to outer space yetis as the culprit. All seem to agree that some higher, unknown force enjoys tinkering with the affairs of our kind. Personally, I myself do not believe the forces of random probability are really ever to blame. No, I've concluded that the first time you see something that registers as unusual in your mind, the government picks up on this (via Brainwave Scanner) and brainwashes you into thinking that you see/hear/feel the unusual sight/sound/sensation one more time, when you really actually *see/hear/feel* it a *third* time. Thus, the potentially dangerous ability of psychic premonition is denied to the average human. What's more, the brainwashing process is conducted by the FBI's remote control grey space aliens which burst into your room late at night and decimate any memory of the *second* view/listen/touch/taste and also erase any thoughts of them even intruding upon your sleep, so you only end up with the notion that a weird "synchronicity" experience that had happened and you wind up with this weird triangular scar on your knee where they (the robot aliens) bite you (In order to sample your knee skin for the new "Knee Skin" ID program being implemented by the government, which is replacing the outmoded fingerprint ID system). The point is this. I watched this flick about two years ago, and I am just now getting around to writing a review for it. And I can only do so thanks to the copious notes I took while viewing it back then. Really -- now, ever since I started doing this 'zine three years ago, I'll be watching a film I think I'd like to review, and I'll actually force myself to jot down notes about somewhat relevant shit I think I'll forget. It's kind of anal retentive now, considering I don't give a crap about movie information. Truthfully, I don't even know whay I do this mag anymore... Most of these movies ARE shit and ain't as enjoyable as they once were, and seeing how the whole world has seemingly sold out AND every conceivable flick has been reviewed already by some 'zine, somewhere....What's the sense? But after scanning the old notes I took I realized I didn't remember much about it, anyway. Reading the hastily scrawled bullshit quickly brought fond memories of the old crusty zombies surging forth like pee, and then the sting of tears swept my eyestrained eyes. Yes, it took me two years to realize it, but a genuine case of synchronicity had sprung into my life once again.

This was the last Templar/Blind Dead film made by De Ossorio. I've read somewhere that slime-bag *Jess Franco* made some sort of Blind Dead rip-off/homage in the early eighties, but I can't find anything else about it. If



anyone can fill me in, drop a line. Once again, the goateed ghouls chant in baritone and run around in the dark after lovely European model types. A simple formula, repeated four times until the slasher craze hit a few years later. I really liked these movies. Each one contains a somewhat genuinely eerie atmosphere, and the antagonists are quite freaky. This attempt is probably the weakest, but they seem to have tried to make the plot a little different. It's set on a beach, and not only do the Temps suck blood, but they suck it in the name of a large, bulbous stone fish god statue! We are informed this is a true story (See Encounter With the Unknown review). I sorta hope it is. Crabs scamper around corpses on the beach. Way too many women die. Ossorio doesn't explain why the undead are now pagans and cavorting in oceanic caves. Two people survive and the boys once again crumble into dust, this time for oblivion. A run-of-the-mill jobber, but what freaks me out is that I recall tuning into NYC's channel 9 one afternoon as a kid and happening upon a *Planet of the Apes* week viewathon. Oh, yeah, the original series was pretty good, but this was a weeks worth of the righteously forgotten POTA TV series. 2 episodes tacked together to form a half-assed, disjointed "movie". I forget what happened in the first hour 45 minute segment, but eventually astronaut Verdun and his jerk pal plus the monkey stumble into this ape populated fishing village. Of course they're captured, and if I recall correctly, are forced to undergo a series of stupid physical trials to appease a stone fish god! I have this vivid memory of flabby Verdun treacherously diving under this flaming rope hanging like five feet above a barely disguised swimming pool! So, am I supposed to blindly assume that these two completely different films closely resemble each other due to random fate? Or is there something more to all of this? One word: sweetbread.  
(Readily available on home video)



## Godzilla vs. Megalon (1973) - Katsuhiko Sasaki,

Hiroyuke Kawase.

Directed by: Jun Fukuda

A simple vision of cyber hell. Labelling this film a "landmark" would be a blatant travesty of justice. And even that's an understatement. The slithering tentacles of Mr. Fukuda's second to last film in the Godzilla tour of duty continuously snake through the corridors of time, even to this day, influencing the creative output of such wannabes as Ministry, any given film by wanker James Cameron, and yeah, even all that virtual reality/ info highway crap going on nowadays. Jun bailed one film later. He had done his job and he knew it. It is whispered that today he sits upon a throne of animal skulls someplace in the Himalayas, plotting the next move unleashed on the unsuspecting populace of this planet.

The governments of the world keep carrying out underground nuke testing. Not only is the entire human and animal population at risk of massive ground water contamination and an increased arms race, but hell, those damn monsters of Japan are suffering too, dammit. Random explosive earthquakes are knockin' 'em on their asses. No one particularly seems to care. Except, this up-to-this-point-unheard-of middle earth kingdom of "Seatopia", led by a very hairy Robert Dunham and a buncha females with socks for hair, is kinda ticked. Really, because the detonations caused by the sundwellers are killin off *their* people (whose assaulted cities are shown as shitty acrylic matte paintings..), and maybe also because their pet monster Megalon is getting a little antsy. And is just itching to rip the face of humanity into a mesy bloody pulp in the name of total vengeance. You've seen this guy -- the big frickin' bug with the drill bit arms. How evolution brought about this adaption is never really questioned, nor is how it's massive internal anatomy set itself up for an infinite supply of potato-like bombs which are shot out of the bastard's multi-segmented mouth. People don't even seem to think it's weird that it can shoot lightning bolts outta it's star shaped forehead horn. Nope, nothin like that -- But we are all dyin' to know how the nightmarish agents of Mr. Dunham's Seetopia sniffed out the pad of 2 Japanese inventor guys and a kid (relationship unknown) who just happen to own a super-duper fucking robot, at random. That's the mystery. The greasy, mushroom-haired spies beat the shit outta the torrid threesome and steal their metal buddy. Enter Jet Jaguar. That's the robot's name. The mechanical jack-ass, somehow manufactured by two seemingly normal shmoes to resemble a latex rubber shogun warrior. Apparently this was Toho's attempt to cash in on the Ultraman fad. The scream from the truck in Duel rips through yer skull as ya realize that this is the first robot in movie history which looks exactly like a humanoid NIKE sneaker with a medieval knight face !!!! And only Japanese culture can provide us with this shit and much worse.

A boring, below speed limit car/motorcycle chase occurs. Megalon demolishes mankind, doing it in the only way he can -- Like his predecessor Ghidrah did it -- Only because at this point times musta been tough and only endless stock shots of stray lightning bolts from earlier films were prescribed by the budget. Jet Jaguar does something for the Seatopians, under their remote control, but I ain't sure what. It then "reprograms" itself to disobey commands (which would be like a stone commanding itself to live), and high tails it to fetch Godzilla. The big boy. HE gets to Monster Isle and asks the marionette lizard to help through a series of too cool Karate sign language. Godzilla sez ok. Jet Jag gets back to Megalon first and, get this, reprograms itself to grow REALLY LARGE... Somewhere, Sockeye's Maureen plays. Great karate chop action ensues as you're struck in disbelief. Things get really hairy when Gigan, a horrid thing from the "Space-Hunter M1" galaxy shows up, a leftover from the last flick. Eventually, after the robot gets beat up, 'Zilla arrives (looking more like a big ugly grey Teddy bear than anything else..). A rabble rousing tag-team WAR occurs. The savage dinosaur action is quite good and Spielberg's little toys can fucking go rust in a freak rainstorm when compared to this, the way it *really* was 65 million years ago. Godzilla and Jag are surrounded by a blazin' ring of flames at one point, and the shit hits the fan. You can BET pink blood is squirted. The kid's pals are beat bad but revenge is dished out in stinking heaps when Meg gets on the recieving end of 400 foot tall lizard horizontal flying dropkicks. Truly -- Life, sex, love -- Do not hold a spark when compared to *that* sight. You can deduce what the outcome of this flick is. But then, nothing can compare you to the ULTIMATE knock out PUNCH. THE JET JAGUAR THEME SONG. Al thinks he knows what lame-ass Industrial "music" is, Cameron's got robots and underwater wuss aliens, etc. Witness in terror the real deal...

## GIANT AGAINST GIANT...the ultimate battle!



## GODZILLA

The Invisible Dead. (19 seventy-ish) - Bridgette Carva, Howard Vernon

Directed by: Pierre Chevalier (Jess Franco?)

Settled down to watch this on a Thursday night with my friend Jamie, even though I didn't want to. She insisted on viewing it, specifically *because* I had mentioned I had started watching it a couple of months before-hand and had found it amazingly dumb and boring. She begged me to show it, for *spite*, and I pathetically gave in. What scares me is that I think she actually liked the frickin thing. In fact, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that she's probably the only female east of the Mississipp to even *sit* through it. For that, I give her a lotta credit. She's the best.

We had no idea what was going on. I half-ass tried to explain what little I remembered of the plot through reading a review in 3:AM 'zine... Which was that this was part of the Dr. Orloff sleaze series, and there was a rape scene. I made sure to mention this to Jamie, who amazed me with the simple statement -- "Oh, a rape scene -- With boob's a-jigglin'?" I don't even like to fucking think about rape, and I'm sure she doesn't either, but somehow, somehow, it all made sense. Nothing else besides that did. Dr. Rolloff (again, *her* term...) makes some sort of invisible zombie to do his bidding. A doctor sleeps a lot in his castle. The dialogue dubbing is almost in sync, but the sound effects are entirely human made and random (including horses and dogs). Hopeless. The flick was completely hopeless. A fat guy wears a styled leather jacket in what we thought was the late 18th century or so. Orloff's daughter dies, comes back to life, and such. At the end, the invisible thing tries to rip her clothes off, and you find out it's not a dead but an ape. German Shepards rip it apart. Some unintended stop motion animation appears. Definitely worth four bucks if you can find it for that much. Brilliant in a flipbook way.



# Bigfoot Crap...

SnowBeast (1979) - Yvette Mimieux, Bo Svenson  
Directed by: Herb Wallerstein

"We've got cross country skiing, snow-mobiling, dog sled racing, and every variety of freestyle skiing...and what WE used to call... *HOT DOGGIN'!*", croaks the grisly, pock-marked 80 year old Bette Davis lookalike... And the annual ski lodge winter carnival is off and running. Happy children and their jet setting, canary yellow clad parents don their '79 model ski boots and embark on a lovely weekend of white, powdery heaven. That is, until an off camera Yeti mungles his way onto the scene and decides to rip people to shreds. Which is no real consolation, because I absolutely hate skiers, snow, Bette Davis lookalikes, Robert urich lookalikes, Bette Davis, Robert urich, Bo Svenson, off-camera anythings, and made for TV movies... So right off the bat, before I even set the VCR to tape this, I just knew it was gonna suck crap.

I guess this stupid Bigfoot's been terrorizing this Colorado resort. The ol' Bette Davis clone (hereby referred to as "BD") is refusing to close down the place (she's the owner), 'cuz obviously she'd lose a lotta revenue. Her prick son, Mr. Robert Urich wanna-be, (Svenson?), is the hero, I think, because he keeps pushing her to close up shop, despite the fact. When he realizes she ain't gonna budge, he decides to ignore the impending doom and reallocates his ample energies into hitting on his olympiad skier buddy's wife. And whilst these numbing shenanigans develop, every goddamn TV camera angle cliché is utilized to depict the invisible 'squatch's attack on a ski patrolman. Rather funny - The guy's cruising along and he hears this generic jungle animal roar. He boots ass outta there, but in the confusion, one of his skis randomly decides to fly off of his ski-patrolman-like foot. The authority figure takes a tumble. Landing at the bottom of a small cliff, he takes a gander upwards and checks out this big fat ass claw coming down quick to tear his face off, implied at least by the whole screen turning red. Cut to commercial. I can clearly imagine the blood-chilling screams of those 4 or 5 frightened housewives on the deolate plains of Idaho back on that fateful eve this debuted upon. Well, this is how most of the boring kills are set up. The proceeding gigundus chunk of movie is kind of a blur, presumably because my finger was on the FF button for something like 20 minutes. In a nutshell, the stupid vactaioners are still blind to what's going on, Bo and his cohorts and the kops are bugging out, and the unseen creep gets a few more bucks allocated to it's budget and we get to glimpse some matted white fur. A lot of TV dialogue is spewed and I begin to understand where such modern day masters as Dean Koontz, Newsweek, and Bolt-thrower gain their inspiration. The whole resort is eventually in a position to get slaughtered like so many McDonalds cattle. Does the stupid piece of white fur bastard take advantage of the situation? NO...He sits and breathes heavy whilst he hides. Apparently the director guy was crudely attempting to do the *JAWS* thing (Monster's eye view, tense pacing, etc.)...But instead of winding up with a sleek, pissed off killing machine, ya get this pathetic shaggy blanket with the tact and agility of the planet Jupiter. The movie sucks. There's just no way around it. But, just like with people, there's always one small glimmer of hope in a piece of shit... And that would be pertinent here in the scene where Mr. SnowBeast decides to take on the local school's winter prom. This is so good it very nearly comes close to halfway redeeming the whole sheebang. But not quite. Lots of shots of Facts of Life type shenanigans, a lotta kids prepping for a night of lustful carnage. During the festivoous confusion, dingbat whumps some lady right through her car windshield. Someone sees it's face looking in the gym window. This warrants a rewind. 2 hole-eyes, sharp teeth, a lumpy pile rug for a face...Woah. Living at it's finest. A girl screams, sweaty teen chaos ensues. BD takes it upon herself to save the prom queen, or, more aptly, the prom queen's crown, hopefully ensuring the future of capatilist stereotyping for future snow carnival generations to come...And as the flimsy tiara flies off of the running girl's locks, it falls...falls...falls...skittering wistfully across the slick floor, just beyond the old bag's leathery digits...a humongoid blue and yellow, Gene Simmons-like Nike platform/elevated sneaker stomps the sucker into smithereens!!!! I enjoy replaying this scene over and over, hoping maybe I can relive it for myself one day. The kids brilliantly run outside. Then the stricken prom queen discovers it was her mom that got smashed in the parking lot. I think this was meant to evoke pity.

At the end the title beast is shot and killed like a dog. For some reason the olympiad's wife starts crying, which seems to be a common ending to monster movies throughout the ages, and never ceases to strike me as a fairle melodramatic thing to do at such a joyous time. I suppose this is basically what you'd expect out of a made for TV movie, even now, as they indeed appear to be timeless. 60 minutes longer han it should've been. I can't even recommend watching this to make fun of it. Pretty amazing in that aspect. Watch the immortal Bill Rebane's *Capture of Bigfoot* (reviewed last ish) instead. The plots are almost identical...And that one's...A little better.

(Please don't be on video....please....)

## Bigfoot: Man or Beast? (1975)

Produced / Directed by: Lawrence Crowley, William Miller, J.H. Moss

I don't think anybody realizes the importance of a film such as this. Really, how can we allow a document of this calibre slip through our sound - bite numbed mental grasps and into the over eager talons of dead airwave obscurity? I dunno. But it happened. And it's a colossal dunder on the part of humanity. Imagine my suprise when I saw it listed in the local tv guide. I almost shit... I think I last saw it around 14 (long) years ago. I recalled it as being sort of wishy-washy, a real middle-of-the-roader. No lame-brained ape suit re-enactments, no conclusions, no exciting climax of an army of gorilla men shooting boulders at little kids. Just a group of "Sasquatch investigators", acting tough and wandering around the California wilderness, scaring the hell outta redneck townfolk with their scandalous rumours of rediscovered links to the evolutionary chain. I think my memory was pretty good on this one... To the average viewer, this is a real snoozer. And for years I was under the impression that the ending that had imprinted itself in my mind was not in fact real; maybe a dream or hallucination spawned during one of the many bouts with quasi-malaria I underwent as a kid. However, I guess I was right again - The conclusion is as sense shattering as it was back in those glory days of *In Search Of...* inspired tomfoolery. In an entirely knuckle head context, of course....

## The Bigfoot Film Checklist

- 1914: The Miser's Reversion/ Conversion (Details on this are sketchy.... It's included in 2 reference book but nothing is really said and even the titles are in dispute...)
- 1927: The Strange Case of Admiral Ramper
- 1954: The Snow Creature
- 1955: Half Human
  - Man Beast
- 1957: The Abominable Snowmen of the Himalayas
- 1958: Invasion of the Animal People (aka Terror in the Midnight Sun)
- 1965: The Snow Devils
- 1969: Bigfoot
  - Skulduggery
- 1972: Beauties and the Beast
  - Shreik of the Mutilated
- 1973: The Legend of Boggy Creek
- 1975: Bigfoot: Man or Beast?
  - Mysterious Monsters
  - Night of the Howling Beast (aka Werewolf vs. Yeti)
  - Panic in the Wilderness
- 1976: Creature from Black Lake
  - Curse of Bigfoot
  - Legend of Bigfoot
- 1977: Return to Boggy Creek
  - Sasquatch
  - Snow Beast
  - Yeti
- 1979: Capture of Bigfoot
  - Night of the Demon
  - Revenge of Bigfoot
  - Screams of a Winter Night
- 1987: Demonwarp
  - Harry and the Hendersons
- 1989: Return to Boggy Creek 2

*Continued on next page*



Basically, this is a haphazard puff-piece of documentary trash, at first glance seemingly sincere, but eventually the filthy intentions float into perception. The film-makers, whoever the hell they may be, follow the progress and "non"-investigations of the **American Yeti Expedition**, which consists of 15 or so free-wheelin', hippie pseudo-scientists (with titles such as "tracker", "field biologist", etc.), and their pissed off leader, the rather Anton LaVey-esque Bob Morgan (Synchronicity? See **LMOE** review). He's mad as hell, and y'know, I have no idea why. He rants on about Bigfoot's superiority to us peasily humans. He saw one, once. And there's your premise. This whole scenario can only really appeal to very, very, very patient Bigfoot novices or diehards. I guess I'd be one of them. For those who've never seen it, the infamous Roger Patterson footage is played, twice. Those pendulous boobs still give me the chills. A *very* young Grover Krantz is shown (That's the anthropologist guy who always has the plaster feet casts and was on like every other **Sightings** episode). Even Albert Ostman is interviewed, for only like a minute!!! (Check this guy out in any Bigfoot book in a library. He claims he was abducted by a family of the hairy bastards in the '20's, right outta his sleeping bag!! He escaped after a few weeks by giving 'em chewing tobacco, only 'cuz they started heaving). Bob gets pissed at two Canadian 'Foot hunters, who say that they wouldn't be opposed to killing one and using the corpse as evidence. The expedition finds some extremely fake tracks. A couple of the smelly flower folk explore a lava cave / tube underneath (pre-eruption) Mt. St. Helens, and the narrator reminds us that, hey, y'never know, this *could* be a Bigfoot dwelling. An old scientist guy waiting outside for them, reading a book, observes some pebbles rolling down a hill towards him and speculates that it *might've* been, yep, you know who, just *toying* with his emotions. A tape is played of a couple of people growling into a microphone, and it's explained that this is an "approximation" of what the beasts might sound like. Generally, this film can be taken on two levels - Either as an extremely plodding waste of time, or a veritable treasure trove of mindless, exploitative carnage. I just adore the wretched dramatization of every little occurrence. The trashiness and weasel-like aura of the eyewitnesses. (Witness one half-retarded farm girl, complete with overalls, claiming she witnessed a Sasquatch giving birth.) The hamminess of the researchers. It's the realization that you're viewing a piece of trash, some desperate film-makers clawing at straws that just weren't there, that make this so fun. It's like real life. The producers obviously realized what a sinking ship they were on, so they forged on like the troopers they were. And bullshitted their way out of the stinking mess. And fell on their faces, anyways. Yet, the ending mentioned before is still a beautifully pathetic little animal to behold...

A forest fire erupts, forcing any hominid family they could've been tracking to pack their flabby asses outta there and up to high ground, most likely scores of hundreds of miles away in any random direction. The expedition is ruined. That's it. It's over. They can't do anything until the next year. An hour and a half wasted on nothing. Some of the 60's leftover people cry. Bob sits and broods. Then the coup de grace. A certain Sam Neville, star of the then popular **Rookies** tv show, a "good friend of Bob's", drops by to console the gang and act devastated. The king genital-smasher of all guest star cheap-shot endings. Don't question, just believe. Watch this. (Look for it on cable, possibly the Discovery channel)

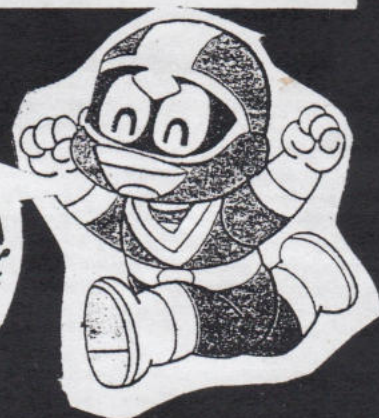
### IS THERE REALLY AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN?

Possibly, but so far, as with the Loch Ness Monster and sea serpents, nobody has ever caught one. As long ago as 1887, so-called footprints of the Abominable Snowman (called Yeti by the Sherpa natives of Tibet) were found by explorers. Subsequent expeditions to the Himalayas described other footprints. But until one is actually captured, we can't be sure such a creature really exists.

### WHAT IS A YETI SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE?

Based on various sightings, the Yeti seems to be about five feet six inches tall, covered with reddish-brown hair which is very thick—except on the face. Its head comes to a point on top; it is tailless and walks upright. Yeti leave distinctive five-toed footprints.

DEDUCTIVE  
REASONING  
POWERS!  
DE-ACTIVATE!



### Burial Ground (1981) - Karen Wood Directed by: Andrea Bianchi

There's probably no reason to review this, as it seems like the entire world has seen it at least twice. It's been present in practically every video store I've ever stepped foot in. You've most likely noticed it - it's the red box with the shitty painting of a featureless half-face, half-skull. It's the kind of lousy, non-descript type of picture that for some reason will stick in your mind forever... A graphic designer's wet dream... Kind of like that stupid toys-r-us mascot. That skull face is so hauntingly crappy that I just had to watch the flick. This was about 2 years ago, and I liked it enough to buy it for \$4 when it was for sale (used) at a local store last summer. As far as zombie / gore films go, (A genre I've learned to respect, despite their overexposure), this is the creme de la creme. As far as lousy movies with absolutely no continuity, and not a shred of sanity, *this is the shit.*

Some wacked out, bearded scientist creep somehow awakens the dead through secrets he learned from "ancient Etruscan" manuscripts. Nothing is explained. They just come out of a cave and eat him. They look like skinny guys with robes and half-melted candle wax and cardboard splattered on their faces. A bunch of sex-crazed Italian folk are attacked by them at the missing scientist's mansion. Even though the undead have the whole population of the planet at their disposal to attack, they choose to focus their intestinal scavenger hunt strictly within property limits. One of the females has her kid along, and damn, what the hell were they thinkin'? He's played by this midget, or mutant, or *something*, and he's quite blatantly got a thing for his mom's ample charms. Yeah, this one's well known for it's incest theme. Eventually the scabby corpses arm themselves with weapons, most notably throwing knives, axes, and scythes, and systematically begin slughtering the group. The plot is self explanatory - just get the hell outta there. What sets this apart from the rest of the Italian Zombie flick pack is the *all-out wierdness*. Nothing makes sense, and if the (female?) director was actually trying for this, I don't know, but it's all reminiscent of a nightmare. We don't know who the zombies are. They're pretty raunchy. A bunch of lightbulbs shatter for no reason. A maid and butler are trapped with the gang. They continue to serve the visitors, as if nothing was going on (until they're butchered)! People react and behave as if they were living rocks. A woman gets her foot repeatedly (in a very painful scene) mauled by a bear trap, only to escape with a bruise on her ankle.. Wow. To say the least, this is extremely watchable on a 3 am insomnia kick. The nipple biting-off scene will no doubt make you wanna go right to sleep and forget about things for a while....

(Paragon Video)



**Night Beast (1982)** - Tom Griffith, Don Leifert  
**Directed by:** Don Dohler

I remember seeing advanced stills from this one in one of the later issues of *Famous Monsters*. The pics showed this monster's head and I recall really wanting to see this at the time 'cuz it looked completely pissed, to say the least. The flick never appeared on cable tv, and through the years my psyche just flushed any memories of it into the cesspool of crap at the base of my cerebellum, until I happened upon the non-descript box rotting away in the corner of a local video store. Maybe this is a sort of rare release, because I ain't ever seen it before. Seems like it was one of those early releases that was dropped from it's company's catalog in the mid-eighties. Who cares. I dug out that old issue of FM, and found out some extremely important information. Number one. Director Dohler put out a "fanzine" (when they were called that) back in the seventies. Dumb ass. Number two. The special effects guy had a photo in that issue of him posing along with the monster's head. Lard boob. Three, and this was a bombshell - This motherfucker was put out by the same team that unleashed *The Alien Factor* upon humanity!!! The movie which influenced my entire pre-pubescent mindset!!! Wow. Wow!!! Eric Soldano WOW. W O W. This was gonna be the shit. The quote, unquote stars of this bastard were the same hooligans to grace the screen as the main characters of AF!!! Fifty points in *NightBeast's* favor already. But as it stands, I give Dohler credit for the film alone...He produced something here that legends are made of... *NightBeast* captures the unknown element...Possibly that crappy film stock. Don provides us with a basic, fuggin horrible little classic that almost blows *Jurassic Park* outta the water, just, y'know, substitute a shitload of multi-billion dollar dinosaur robots with a fifteen dollar skinned ape alien in a shiny silver jogging suit (complete with collar). I'm serious. I'm not certain, but I think (it) was wearing sneakers, too.

The original FM preview said some stuff on how this was gonna concern a psycho alien crash landed on Earth, being pursued by it's outer space alien psychiatrists, and there was supposed to be some sort of super-duper surprise ending. That would have been pretty cool, but Don seems to have made some tactical editing arrangements, nothing major, just splicing out the latter two elements, but still providing us with the essence...The fucking crazy martian. He crashes on Earth in this little stop-motion box that flies across the galaxy really fast. Some redneck campers see the wreck and go out to explore the site, thinking that it's a plane that fell outta the sky. In order to rescue as many survivors as possible, one of the boys brings along his rifle. And the carnage begins. Here's where I wanna mention that *NightBeast* holds the distinction, in my opinion, of having one of the highest body counts for a low budgeter that I've ever seen. For the next seventy or so minutes, the butt-head gorilla goes nut, zapping the SHIT outta anyone dumb enough to just sit and stare at it in horror. (And they do, boy, they do). Extras step onto the set by the flock with cheap BB rifles, only to exit seconds later...Unofficially, I think I tallied twenty eight deaths in all, roughly one kill every two minutes or so for the duration. The ape has this tiny little pea shooter, and when that gets shot, people get vaporized all over the place. And then half-way through, when he loses it (it gets shot out of his hand!), he just claws people to bloody shreds with his big ol' fingernails. Definitely a violent film, and it seems like the writer(s?) caught onto the gore bandwagon early, 'cuz there's a fair amount of mangled limbs and faces to satisfy those of you into that stuff. But, before I go on sounding like this is some sort of low-budget *Terminator 2* or something, I must add that: 1.) There are VERY long periods of non-actors spouting dialogue seemingly lifted from *Jack and Jill* kiddie magazines, and 2.) The alien's main opposition: A pot belied, way out-of-shape sheriff, his bleach-blonde deputy/girlfriend, two doctors, and a fellow named Jamie. That's it. Not the army. Not Jackie Chan. Not the Predator. Not even lord Alfred Hayes. Then there's this biker guy named Drago, who gives everybody a hard time and beats up this naked girl he lives with. The bastard has nothing to do with the movie. Maybe the director owed the guy a favor. And the alien doesn't even maul him, Jamie does. See, I have this theory... Don Dohler and crew were planning on making Jamie some sort of action hero for kids, and this was actually the pilot for a TV series in which Jamie went around searching for clues to the mystery of Amelia Earhart, and he'd have to kill commies once in a while. It would co-star Ernest Borgnine and be called *Jamie's Ark*. But then Jamie dies trying to kill the *NightBeast*, so there goes that plan. Gruesome sex occurs between the two flabby cops. The snarling, grind-core vocalist monster is finally electrocuted after it's rampage, by a doo-hickey referred to only as "the coil". Mangled continuity, hellish acting ability, no real plot, no real story per se, very bad special effects, a lack of common sense, a completely over the top abrupt ending - All equal one sonsofbitchin bad movie. Oh, one of the baddest. I unfortunately watched this alone, mouth agape, drool swelling over teeth, eyes glazed. But it's fun. Recommended.  
 (Paragon Home Video)

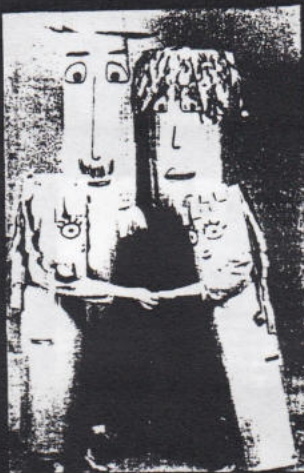
#### The Body Count:

1 - 3.) Campers evaporated by laser zip gun. 4.) Guy whizzing in woods gets his eye popped out. 5.) Boyfriend gets gored. 6.) Girlfriend gets hung by neck and torn apart. 7,8.) Whizzing guy's two kids fried, along with car. 9 - 14.) 5 man posse eradicated by rapid fire blitz. 16.) Son of sharpshooter fragged, a second car fizzled. 17.) Half eaten corpse by the name of "Ben Cooper" found on the road! (This is only mentioned). 18.) Girl is choked to death by Drago. 19.) Guy's arm ripped off at hospital. (You assume he dies). 20 - 23.) De-armed guy's friends mauled for spite. 24.) Unnamed victim found on road with hole in stomach. 25.) Girlfriend of mayor reduced to mere hamburger gristle. 26.) Drago plugged by vengeful Jamie. 27.) Guy I never seen before, but apparently a main character, smashed in the face. 28.) Jamie, the boy wonder, transformed into a charred, bug-eyed corpse thanks to the mysterious "coil" weapon. Oh yeah, 30.) The stupid martian bites it at the hands of ... well, you guessed it.

**From Hell It Came (1965)** Tim Andrews, Tina Carver  
**Directed By:** Dan Milner

Another in the dwindling series of long lost films I always wanted to see, but never got the chance to. Maybe I should be learning something here. None of 'em are ever any good. In most cases, they ain't even watchable. Although, where did I get off thinking that a flick concerning a vengeful tree was actually gonna be a work of art? (Probably from the same set of brain cells

that made me think that *Sea Monkeys* were actually gonna be talk-



ing and playing volleyball in the little Seaquarium when I was 5 years old) This finally popped up on TNT after seeing clips of it years back on *It Came From Hollywood*, or something like that. And come to think of it, those friggin clips were the best things going for it.

You see this guy tied spread-eagle on the ground. There's chickens pecking around his well-groomed head, no eplanation given. Camera pans to voodoo man and a crowd of all american guys painted brown to resemble south pacific island inhabitants. Come to find out, Kimo is being accused of killing his dad, the chief. Seems as though there's some navy scientists on this island too, researching the effects of minor atomic fallout. The natives are under the impression that it's the "black plague" (!), and Kimo's father was affected. Before the scientists could help him, the evil new chief, Kimo's wife, and the voodoo witch-doctor poison the bastard. And they kill Kimo too, by pounding a knife through his chest (offscreen) Before he croaks he proclaims

that he's gonna rise from hell and beat everyone up. Big deal.

The scientists are a great lot. 2 guys with a bunch of pep, they ain't. These actors are so wooden that they make my *Incantation* t-shirt's emotive ability look like Olivier. Some annoying cockney British lady runs around, and the native "servants" are treated pretty degradingly. Eventually, after decades of dialogue, one of the navy boys' doctor girlfriend shows up. He complains at one point that he'd like to "kick her beautiful teeth in", although I forget why. They all eventually notice a sapling rising from the grave of Kimo. After ten minutes of screen time, it erupts into something hell-sent nightmares resemble... A humanoid tree, with half of it's body being a monstrous, twisted cartoon jack-o-lantern face! It has tufts of gnarled hair, and the knife sticking out of it's chest. They try to leave it open to speculation as to whether or not this guy is supernatural or radiation born. You won't give a shit. 20 hours later, it finally shambles forth to, well, kind of hug, or maybe crush, the new chief, Kimo's ex, and the voodude to kingdom come. He grabs the female doctor (who's name, by the way, is *Terry Mason*), and before he can do (whatever) with her, the knife gets shot further into it's chest, thus plunging it backwards into a tar pit. I'm not gonna bother with the describing the pathetic attitude and dialogue presented by the screenwriters, as it would take 5 issues worth to cover it all. The whole schpeil ends with a rocket scientist islander proclaiming to the gang: "We know now that american magic is better." Ugh....



## Encounter With The Unknown (1973)

Directed by: Harry Thomason

Many years ago I had heard about this flick from my father; many years from now I will probably have no recollection of having viewed it and will still recall hearing about it from my father. Now, I ain't so sure, but I think **Gold Key**, the company that released TONS of Bigfoot/UFO/Ghost psuedo-exploitative bullcrap documentaries (in the 70's), had a hand in this. And if they didn't, I think they should have. This undoubtedly follows the supernatural craze of that era (which I hope will soon rise again). As it begins, zillions of blurry little words fill the screen (ala **Star Wars**), enough to fill a whole friggin novel. Your utmost desires are fulfilled as an off-screen narrator reads it to you.... Some claptrap regarding a reknowned scientist's theory on how all paranormal incidents seem to occur around graveyards, and the stories you're about to witness are allegedly "true". If you've ever heard anything about this movie, or maybe have come across it in a video store and read the box, you'll recall that it's claim to fame is that it's narrated by Rod Serling, the guy from **The Twilight Zone**. But the narrator that reads the words at the beginning is NOT Rod Serling. After that introduction, though, Rod Serling does voice over the start and finish of each of the three segments. (In a VERY confused and rambling manner)—So I guess this would be the first movie I've ever viewed with a "Guest" narrator!!! Or would the first speaker be like the "Overlord" narrator, while Rod was more like the "working-man's" speaker...a hero to the average joe, if you will? By any means, please decide for yourself and let me know, 'cuz it's freaky. I do know, however, that Rod shoulda walked away from this without looking back. So, the first tale of this anthology features some near-dethalish college guys who mistakenly cause a shy kid's demise. His mom gets all stupid at the funeral and curses all three buddies to die — One by land and two by sky. Just look at the heptagon, you stupid ree-ree. (\*) When she announces this, the music from **2000 Maniacs** plays and she tries to look scary but is only really annoying

### PASSIVE FIST

4621 OLD LOUISVILLE RD.

SAVANNAH, GA 31408

← GREAT PUNKY DISTRO. SERVICE WITH REALLY CHEAP RECORDS, ZINES, AND A WHOLE SLEW OF HIGH QUALITY 25¢ STICKERS. SEND 'EM A COUPLE OF STAMPS FOR A CATALOG.



and you'd really like to kick her kneecaps out. Yep, 1 dude gets hit by a car, 1 is in a plane crashed, and the third is transformed into stock footage of a skydiver free-falling with colored smoke coming out of his shoe. (I ain't kidding). A priest tries to make sense of it all, and apparently in the screenwriter's mind that entailed 15 minutes of flashbacks of virtually every scene of the whole segment. Basically you get to watch it over again. Then they show that damn scene of the mother repeating the curse over and over and over. I nominate this as the single worse anthology segment, EVER. Dismal.

The second aberration at least has an interesting premise. It's 1906. A fraggin' "manchild" and the "manchild's dog" (Rod's description of an Opie dead ringer and his scraggy mutt) stumble around a prairie. It starts to thunder and kid loses dog. Distraught, he goes out searching for it late at night, only to discover a smoking hole in the woods with dinosaur howls and moans coming out of it! His dad magically appears at the same exact spot and gets freaked out, too. Next day rolls around and a bunch of flabby men are recruited from the local barber shop (!) to go out and investigate the site. A retarded guy with no shirt wanders onto the set and is inexplicably shoed off moments later. The torrid posse stand around the steaming hole, which really looks more like a grassy rectum, and wax philosophically over what the hell could be in there. The majority seem to think it's the dog! The monster noises persist, and that night they get so loud and nasty that the dad announces — "Get the boy's - Let's get this over with." Yes! All of a sudden it's light out and the pappy with cajones de brass attaches himself to a rope and commits dumb-ass atrocity numero uno — Lowering oneself unarmed into a pit of horror. A gratuitous blood-curdling scream is immediately yelped and the rope is yanked up. He's still attached but unconscious. The camera closes up on his face and the screen polarizes red. Again, every major scene from the story is replayed (although to a somewhat lesser extent)! What gall. What nerve. Well, then, the sire o' Opie wakes up, flails around like a squid, and runs off into the woods. Serling then provides us with the immortal line — "Somehow through this wild experience, he had lost his mind, gone insane, and spent the rest of his life in the state insane asylum." What spooks me is that line sounds like something I would have wrote. Oh, and I don't think it needs to be said that the monster is never shown or explained. Cute. The idea: good. The execution: Blew.

I didn't even watch the third segment.

By the way, those first two really didn't have anything to do with graveyards at all. Somehow, it all makes sense.

(On WTBS, or in finer KMART outlets)



### So who owns Death TV?

The Society for the Eradication of Television discussion group explores this and other media issues. For information, contact SET, Box 10491, Oakland, CA 94610-0491.

Just Say 'No' to Television!  
Bumperstickers: \$1.50 each, 4 for \$5.00.  
Society for the Eradication of Television,  
Box 10491, Oakland, CA 94610-0491.

## THEY WON'T STAY DEAD!

\* Obscure Horror & Cult Movie Reviews / Articles!

- \* Drive-Ins & Grindhouses!
- \* Jet Powered Funny-Cars!
- \* Wacky Humor for Social Misfits!
- \* Carnival Freak Shows!
- \* Monster Model Kits!
- \* Jackhammer Music!
- \* All Kinds of Kooky Junk!

ONLY \$1 EACH!

BRIAN JOHNSON  
11 WERNER ROAD  
GREENVILLE, PA. 16125-9434

(\*) - A very cryptic statement, you gotta admit. But I will reveal that "ree-ree" was a term used by my best friend from elementary school when someone in the classroom did something that was "retarded". ie. "Rebo", "Botec", "Retard", et. al.



# MUSIC.



## Vaginal Massiker / Regurgitate 7" - I had real high hopes for this.

Ax/cion records described it using adjectives like "sick", "raw", and "hideous", the key word being raw. All fingers pointed toward the underproduced mess of totally distorted basic thrash that I so love. Despite the five buck cost I ordered it. (Hell, it came on pink marble vinyl, I mean, that alone is worth say ten or fifteen...). Ok, let's just say I got a good, healthy \$2.50 worth. Yeah, the theory of cool band name = shit band in general came true (yet again). VM has this sick-o gross (non-sexist, of course) cover of just what you can probably imagine it would be of. Very raw music but it all sounded exactly the same -- like a guitarist strumming the same note over and over but making it sound like a Volvo engine, but not a cool one. The vocalist stunk, too. But Regurgitate....Ah, Regurgitate. Incredible 3 man nuclear bomb noises accompanied by one long monster growl sung through a partially broken kiddie microphone. 5 heavily songs with interesting hardcore-ish titles but of course, no lyrics. If he's actually singing words, I'm frightened. Vaguely Carcass-like but I'll tell ya, if they could match THAT bands output they may be my new all time favorite. And looking at the picture, these guys look YOUNG.....Shit.....Regurgitate is one to look out for.  
 -(AVAILABLE THROUGH AX/CION... \$5... SEE AD)



## MAN JS THE BASTARD / AUNT MARY 7" - MITB (Formerly

Charred Remains, and containing one of the guys from Neanderthal) force ejaculate some of the rawest, grooviest, flailing-in-all-directions-and-not-caring-what-gets-flat-tened hardcore grind I've ever heard, EVER. Fast as hell, crunchy as fuck, an unreal wah-wah bass sound....Shit, that's not even mentioning the horrific Caveman/Sleestak volcal combo. This is so fuckin' diehard underground, these guys don't even care where they cut their songs off. Everyone should get one of these....Just for the fuck of it. One of the best bands going today. Aunt Mary makes the shit hit the proverbial floozola on the flip... Noise,noise,noise. Your prototypical grind song, smashed up into a trillion little soundbites, and reassembled without a care in the world. Oh, and liberal-ly sprinkled with a healthy dose of stupid crap from those little kid sound fx machines. Fuckin' brilliant. Hunt these bands down.

(\$3-4.00 - Wood, PO Box 164, Claremont, CA. 91711)  
 (Note - This 7" is most likely sold out by the time you read this. But, of course, as always, try out the address and see what's going on)

## Sockeye / Sheep Squeeze - Split 7" - Ok, I gotta be honest here....Sheep Squeeze...

Ehhhhhh...I dunno. Generical punk that tries, kinda, to be funny. Their heart's in the right place, I guess, but they just didn't make me laugh. Sockeye - their side of the record cover has a drawing of a (the) band. Amongst various atrocities, the singer is naked from the waist down, and is wearing a shirt which says "Piss - 5 cents". I think that says a lot. 2 great old tunes, 2 fucked new ones....Yet another stupendous addition to the Sockeye library which will once again haunt your mind forever. Don't ever question their genius....Just sit back and enjoy. Definitely their funniest shit ever, and....Ahh fuck it, you know the rest. I gotta go see them live.

(\$3 - Dave, PO Box 2143, Stow OH. 44224.)

## CANDIRU - DISADVANTAGE OF SUPRISE - 7" - Now THIS is somethin'... This is

what GodFlesh probably shoulda been... A six foot deep industrial monstrosity. Memorable tunes, noticeably perturbed vocal quality, reasonably unfathomable lyrics. Sampled in sledgehammer strikes to accompany pounding riffs. I shouldn't like this but I do. Fuck, I even bought a Candiru T-shirt, it's that good. Only complaint I have is that there's only 2 songs for your 4 bucks.

(\$4 - Relpase Records, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA. 17551)

## Carcass - Live Foeticide '88 - Yeah, ok, this costs

\$20 if you can find it so no one would want to get it anyways, and the bootleggers didn't do so great of a job in terms of sound, and jeez, it's not so goddamn punk to go out and buy something like this.....But man, I woulda killed to see them back then. Wow.

## Brutal Truth - Extreme Conditions Demand Extreme Responses... - Although this is much heralded

as the greatest thing to come down the grind pike ever, bar none, I tend to think it's crap. Well, not really SHITTY but sort of leaning on the lousy side....Maybe even just within the parameters of out and out mediocrity depending on which way the wind blows. If you didn't know, Dan Liliker of Nuclear Assault / S.O.D. / Anthrax tomfoolery is this band's bassist, so that says a lot right there. (And considering there's a song on this called "Anti-Homophobia", I'd say they're quite goddamn hypocritical). The tunes tend to be ultrafast speed bursts with beefed up metal-mosh riffs creeping in all over the place. Combine that fact with a massively overproduced feel and a singer who utilizes the most generic elements of the Carcass and Anal Cunt vocalists, (in addition to a few other "guest" crooners)...What you end up with is the very first Las Vegas Lounge Death Metal outfit. I say pass. Although I gotta admit that Stench of Profit sort of cooks...

(\$10 or so - Earache, most mall stores)

## Grief - Depression - 7" - You wanna know freakin' pissed? Listen to this shit.

Ever slam a door on your thumb? That's basically what these guys are all about, 'cept they try to work that way on your brain. Slooow, crushing dirges about, well you figure it out. Mighty x-cellent, 'cept for the high pitched backing vocals. They really sorta don't fit. Or maybe that's what they want....I dunno. But my cousin Joe knows these boys, and I think that's cool, considering I found that out after I bought this. (Oh, and I gotta add that I personally have not only slammed a car door on my THUMB one time, causing the nail to blacken and eventually fall off, but also, once or twice as a kid I caught my fingers in the BACK of a door, y'know, right where the hinges are. My first experience with blood. I think I cried.)

(\$4 - Grievance Records - 21 Thomas Rd., Law, Mass. 01843)

## Dystopia - Demo - This is music to drive to when your car

is out of control and you're seeing your life flash before your eyes. Trust me. Slam-bang, catchy, nerve-frying electro-reggae grind. I can't listen to this enough. Consists of members of Mindrot, Carcinogen, and Confontation, so y'know this's gotta be good. Band of the year. Dangerous.

(\$3 - Life is Abuse - PO Box 541, El Toro, CA92630-0541)



## WHAT DO THESE BANDS HAVE THAT YOUR BAND REALLY NEEDS?

**WHITE ZOMBIE**

**AFFIRMATIVE ACTION CANT SAY**

**PLAID**

**KILLER F\*CKIN' T-SHIRTS!!**

**EVERY GOOD BAND NEEDS T-SHIRTS**

**•CUSTOM SCREEN PRINTING•**

**THE GRAPHIC ZONE**

384 BROADWAY, 2ND FLOOR SARATOGA SPRINGS, NY 12866  
 PH/FAX (518) 581-8561

**GREAT SHIRTS. LOW PRICES. DO IT NOW!!**

**ERL**

LPs-CDs  
CASSETTES

THOUSANDS  
OF SINGLES

MON-SAT 11-6  
SUN 12-5

**RECORDS**

ALL INDEPENDENT  
SELECTION

SEND FOR FREE  
CATALOG

418 MADISON AVE  
ALBANY NY 12210  
(518) 432-0851

**BUY-SELL  
TRADE**



**MALICIOUS ONSLAUGHT** - Got this one without a tape cover, along with seven other tapes without covers from JL America, the newest doom/death metal label on the scene. The promo sheet they sent really sounded enthused about all the stuff they're gonna put out (a lot of obscure German bands), which is cool, but I think that they should realize it's 1992 and not 1993. Now, I only kinda liked 2 out of the 8 tapes they sent me, and man, this one's the worst. Stupid thrash with a sound that possibly could've been mixed with a device made out of 3 flyswatters and a crushed beef-chunk soup can. I've never heard anything this bad, I mean, Splattereah kills this in terms of production (And of course there's NO comparison, musically). I've been getting promo sheets from this band themselves for about a year and I was halfway expecting something...decent? Jeesusz, where did this company get my name? Oh...Well, I suppose, as always, I should say that this is just a review, as you obviously know, and you should judge for yourself. 'Cept I forgot the address of this label and just about any other stuff you should know in order to get this.

**Malicious Onslaught Demo '94** - Talk about changes of attitude... What the hell happened here? The cheezy, self produced press sheet/packet I got with the tape proclaims the "new" Malicious Onslaught as "Futuristic, non-generic Alternative/Technical/ Death/ Grind/ Metal music ahead of it's time", which I would think is the most ambitious statement I've ever heard in my life. I guess you gotta give 'em credit for covering ALL the bases in one sweeping statement, even if it is a crock of shit. What this is is a blatant but good mix of *Morbid Angel* and *Entombed*. It's all pretty gruesome sounding (especially the bass), and the vocals are way rad... Monster growling is present, automatically granting it a favorable review, as well as eerie moaning metallish type snarls and then the singer will let out this gnarly assed shriek resembling something that a little girl would emit if she tried to lick a helicopter blade like an ice cream cone. Musically, each song has 2 big riffs, and it all sort of reminds me of a really talented, pissed off high school band, which is what I think it is. Yep, they're jumping on the death-metal bandwagon. The small number of songs have dumb names and lyrics ("Carcassed", "The Morgue", and "Blademare"). But they are pretty good and this tape definitely took me by suprise. (In the packet they mention that they are currently looking for a new label, which is really a step in the right direction. Their opinion of their old label is depicted in a kind of crude picture of a big, muscular lizard-demon sticking a sword through a nun with the J+L America logo pasted across her waist. Nice.)

(\$5 to: Robert Hanauer, 16 Madison Ct., Stony Point, NY 10980)

**Namland - The Shame - 7"** - This is a project band formed by members of *Eyegouger*, *Impulse Manslaughter*, and *Resist*. The sleeve says it was recorded in '90 on the eve of their first and only practice. It's on nice, clear green wax. 2 vocalists - one chunky, distorted monster growler and one goofy yet pissed hardcore yeller. All songs about, well, vietnam - each utilizing the same rif, or variations thereof. 3 long songs, 2 fast ones. Kinda generic but pretty good... Especially "Lefty's Request".

(Urban Alert - BP 21, 93340 Le Rainey, FRANCE..... Not sure of price.... Also available through AX/CTION)

**Post Natal Abortion** - tape- The mo'fuggin "demo" of the universe. I saw this band open up for some halfway decent hardcore acts, and all except for one outfit (*Disrupt*) held a candle to these boys. They played for like ten minutes, looked really young, and nobody could figure out exactly what sort of musical genre they fit into. I was hooked. This tape is a live document of a show that could only have been bliss-like. I think there's 10 songs on this; I'm not sure. Each mind-boggling tune is interspersed with primitive soundbites, looping, weird noises and whatnot, all accomplished with a common household tape recorder (I think). Fun is poked at themselves, *Revelation HC*, and grind core in general. Unbelievably cool prank phone calls are thrown into the middle of songs. This tape is a twisted, tangled, impenetrable peice of hell and I love it. I like to play snippets to confused college people over the phone when I'm really bored.. I don't know why but the remind me of early *Napalm Death*, or maybe they....No, I don't know. Lyrically they are serious, but with song titles like "Nazi Shmazi", "and "I Hate Myself For Lovin' You", you know this is a class act. Handwritten tape inset, crude 7th generation xerox graphics, and a bassist known only as "The working class of the U.S. of A". There is hope for the future. (\$3.50 - No address is given anywhere in the tape but ERL records has it..)

**Repulsion - Horrified** - According to *Relapse*, this band "introduced the world to grindcore". Wether or not that is a true statement is probably debatable, but who gives a shit because I have no idea who emblazoned the pathways of this music. This is sort of old, being cut in those horrendous mid eighties... And despite the antiquity, it still holds up like a snarling monstrosity against any newer, more progressive type band of this sort. Crappy yet groovy, this has 18 simplistic little blasts of radioactive fission noise, each extremely danceable. The song titles and lyrics are at a sub high school level of creativity, but that ain't nothin' new (See *Malicious Onslaught* review). The photo of the band reveals that one of the members sports a Hitler moustache, and another is named "Dave Grave". A good buy for the cheaper price of 8 bucks it's being sold for. (The mall)

**DropDead - 7"** - Tons and tons and tons and tons of ragingly pissed-off crust punk, like 15 or 20 songs or so. Typical stencil graphics and gloomy pictures of animals being vivisected...If it gets the point across, it works. Good hellish bass and passionate screaming vocals. You *know* they mean it. I dig, although, for some reason one burst of song sounds mighty familiar to the track *Hellocaust* did on the *Bleeeeeaaaauurrrggghh* Slap-A-Ham comp. C'mon, is it that hard to think up a 4 second tune? Ah, who the fuck cares...Support your scene, go to shows, kiss your mom, etc.

(\$4 - Crust Records - c/o Fast Forward, 224 Thayer St., Providence, RI 02906)

**News Flash:** PNA is now called *God Awful*, and their bassist/singer is in *another, incredible* straight-edge/grind metal outfit called *Monster X*. I've heard some of thier demo, and it's amazingly good. For info, write to: Devon Cahill, 143 Cherry Ave., Delmar, NY 12034...



**A<sup>x</sup>/T<sup>i</sup>ON**  
RECORDS

MAILORDER

We're a mail order company and record label. We carry mostly vinyl (7", 10" & 12") and tapes and t-shirts/long sleeves. We also have VHS tapes. We carry NO CDs. We've been in business since 1983. We started distributing punk and hardcore. And as the music scene changed to the more extreme and most brutal form of music (yes, I mean GRINDCORE and DEATH METAL) we changed too.... We now ONLY specialize in GRINDCORE, CRUST CORE, DEATH METAL, BLACK METAL, NOIZE, THRASH, SLUDGE CORE, DOOM METAL, DIRGE AND SCUM ROCK..... SEND 2 stamps (in US) or \$1. (one US dollar) (for you overseas people) for our latest gigantic lists. Our lists are updated monthly. Over hundreds of sick shit. We hold true to the underground scene and try to keep our prices as low as possible. NO RIP OFFS!!! TRADES welcome. STORES we deal directly with you... for wholesale list.

**GRINDCOR E!**

P.O. BOX 623 KENDALL SQ. CAMBRIDGE, MA. 02142 USA





**Carcinogen - Demo** - Mighty decent, ethical grass-roots Carcass-inspired politico-death core. I seem to compare a lot of bands to Carcass, but for some reason it's really relevant here. 2 vocalists, of course, 1 kind of a scratchy ghoul-type, the other a deeper scratchy ghoul-type. I single them out as being way ahead of the DIY death-metal pack, as they seem pretty intelligent and down to earth, lyric-wise. I sort of wish they'd move to upstate NY so I could watch infomercials with them. "Brain Leech" and "Petri Dish" would be the cuts of choice. Good driving music.  
 (\$3 - Life is Abuse, PO Box 541, El Toro, CA. 92630 - 0541)

**Slave State / Lack of Interest 7"** - LOI had absolutely no impact on me. I found 'em kinda boring, generic California HC stuff, like a No Comment wanna-be. Slave State didn't go over too well at first, but after a couple listens I realized how devastatingly monstrous they were. This is good because you really can't classify them as grind, or hardcore. It seems like the better bands are mutating both genres into a new, twisted shape. Fast, chaotic noise blasts with vocals that grow on you. And considering they're from upstate NY, (albeit hundreds of miles away), I must say that Slave State crushes butt.  
 (\$3 to: Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Fran, CA 94142)

**Anal Cunt - Morbid Florist 7"** - Wow. I dunno if they've actually signed to this label or not, but this piece of plastic is incredible. AC at it's finest. The usual stuff you'd expect from these guys (screaming noise), coupled with longer, slightly structured things. I believe the swan song of AC, their very own **Triumph of Death**, is the 2 minute long Song #6. But Guy Lombardo is has to bemy favorite, only because Seth, the singer, frighteningly hits the note that Godzilla shrieks when he's wounded...Where the hell will they go next?  
 (\$4 to: Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

**Gorgars - The Erosion of Sanity** - Most people I know who are into the Grind/Death thing were initially into hardcore (or still are), and we're all pretty much complaining and getting pissed off how this genre is continually plunging into the shit-reeking depths of blatant overproduction, robbing the music of any kind of anger or feeling, and replacing it with a dead lifeless stereotype worthy of mass consumer appeal. Personally, I think that once a band signs to a semi-mainstream label, in most cases it becomes the musical equivalent of any fucking Full Moon Entertainment flick... A pathetic attempt at scaring little kids. I picked up this tape used for 2 bucks hoping it might live up to it's cheeseball name. Plus they're from Canada, so I figured they might bring a little o' that french twang into their growls. No. So immaculately crafted that they mighta given frickin Steely Dan a run for their money. I can't listen to it. One track, "Hideous Infirmary", is good, but the rest is extremely unmemorable and shitty. I can't help it, they suck. Ooooooh, and scary picture, MEN!!!!!!  
 (R/C Records)

## Disclaimer

A lot of the stuff reviewed on the first page is gonna be pretty old by the time you're reading this so if I were you, I'd write for availability first.

**Organic Infest - Penitence** - This was purchased knowing full well it was on the dreaded JL label. The cover and horrible logo was too cheese looking to pass up. This is a bouncy Puerto Rican death band that sound a lot like Carnage, with maybe a bit of Blood thrown in, as well. They're really good, and the frigged thing is that the production is so screwed, so it makes the music incredible. It's all drums and vocals, so the guitar and bass are like two putridly horrid things, slithering around in the background. If you're gonna check out *anything* on this label, get this. Oh, no lyrics are included...You have to send an SASE for them. J&L claims it's because they're too disgusting. I claim it's because they're too cheap.

**The Meatshits - Advanced Promo Tape '93** - Maybe you should read the interview with them first to get an idea of what I'm reviewing here. As far as music goes, this is a big departure for the 'Shits, as it consists of just Robert and session members from a death metal band. The songs are mixed, some long and some trademark short. I gotta say that it's really explosive, some of the best of this type I've ever heard. The song titles and lyrics (if you can understand them) are full of violence aimed at women and homosexuals, for the most part. I can't deal with that, so personally I ignore them. I'm not completely excluding them from this issue because I feel that if you have an open mind, and want to send this guy money, it ain't exactly going towards funding the conservative right, or even a militant gay-bashing organization. I hope. Plus, I hate censorship. So it's up to you....  
 (See address at end of interview...Ask if this is for sale...)

**v/a - Crust and Anguished Life CD** - Japanese compilation of the planet's most kissable anarcho-stench core groups. Most of this is cool, with Destroy, Amen, Taste of Fear, Gloom, and Disrupt amongst the standouts. Too much concentration on bands from this hemisphere, but then again, this is aimed at folks in the far east, so...I oughta shut up. A good buy.  
 (\$13 - Sound Pollution -PO Box 17742, Covington, KY. 41017)



(\*)TRANSLATION: "NO CONDOMS IN THE VATICAN/FRANK PERDUE'S AT IT AGAIN/NO MEAT!!/NO MEAT!!/NO MEAT, YOU SLACK PUNKER MDREN!!!!!! @!!!"



## ARLST

Me: Well, Impetigo was formed in July of '87 by myself and Sievo (the singer) -- Soon after that we got Dan on drums and we did our "All We Need is Cheez" live demo. We sat on our butts for a while, until finally in February of '89 we added Scotty as a second guitarist, and we did our "Giallo" studio demo in May of '89. This eventually led to our signing of our debut LP with Wild Rags Records. In November of 1990 "Ultimo Mondo Cannibale" LP was released, and after that we did the "Buio Omega" 7" on a German Label (which is sold out). Then we did a split EP with our friends Blood on their own label. (still available from them), and Wild Rags released out "Faceless" EP on tape and vinyl. Wild Rags has also recently put out our second LP, "Horror of the Zombies", which brings us up to date.

Impetigo is a band which plays extreme music, mostly crude death metal mixed with grind-core and doom, with sick guttural vocals and gore movie inspired lyrics. Me, I'm 25 and a cost accountant. I've been in the underground scene for 9 or so years now, and I'm a maniac collector of tapes/CDs/vinyl, not to mention horror/gore movie stuff. I've also been married for 2 and a half years now. But that's enough about me.

**NOT  
FOR PEOPLE  
WHO FAINT EASILY!**

**M:** It really doesn't sound like they should buy our LPs 'cuz they would hate it. Only buy our shit if you're into extreme stuff all the way. If you think Cannibal Holocaust is funny, then you should try to find our LPs. If you think Led Zeppelin is god, then you better pass on us. ( -- I think Led Zeppelin is the devil.)



M: Well, our new album *Horror of the Zombies* is out. We are now writing new material, as in 1993 we hope to do some split releases with *The Meatshits* and *Blood Duster*. We do sell both our albums, the *Faceless Ep.*, a video, and several different shirts, so send a stamp for a full list and prices. We also answer all our mail and fill orders really quick. The most bitchin' thing to do is buy a laser disc player, lasers rule! And check us out if you like sick shit!

**MARK SAWICKIS**  
**LAKEVIEW APTS. #7B**  
**W. JEFFERSON ST.**  
**MORTON, IL 61550**

ムンテガンテ

ウラインス帝国

A black and white photograph showing the lower legs and feet of a group of people, likely athletes, in a starting crouch on a track. They are wearing various types of athletic shoes and socks. The image is cropped to focus on the lower half of their bodies.





# ERIC'S FACE

The first time I saw Eric was in my lousy Cultural Anthropology class a couple of semesters ago. It was a big lecture hall, and we both always sat in the very back row, a couple of seats down from each other. I never really took notice of him, considering he was basically mute and always sat there, reading some dumb science fiction novel. One day, though, I figured that I'd better ask someone what the hell was going on in that class so I went up to him and uttered a few words and he in turn asked me where I got my death metal tee-shirt and the rest is history. Underneath that sinewy, pretty-boy Raver exterior is a twisted clown that knows no limits. Eric is one of those unique individuals that both operates on my wavelength and frightens me at the same time. I credit him with reintroducing the customary "Peanuts" method of dancing into my life, as well as enlightening me as to why giving birth to a double bodied/one headed siamese twin would be so much fun. I like Eric. Since then, he's been in some more of my classes and I decided that I just had to include some of his thoughts into this 'zine. He gave these primitive little tales to me with some hesitation, worried that they may have some sort of negative effect on me. On the contrary, I was delighted and hope you are too. Enjoy!



# TADPOLE

Once upon a time, there lived a little mutant boy who lived in a tree house near the river Styx. He was a cosmetically disadvantaged little creature, having a permanent scowl plastered across his face, and the lack of hair follicles on his head made him look plain silly. He went by the name of "Tadpole." My friends and I used to pick on him and make him the center of torture in our cruel games. Our two favorite games we used to play with Tadpole were, "Disect the Tadpole mutant boy," and "Whip the Tadpole mutant boy with razor sharp barbed wire." Tadpole took these games with a grain of salt and a smile on his face, not because he liked it but due these violent games Tadpole had 52 serious head injuries and lacked something everyone else had... common sense. You see Tadpole had the IQ of a cynderblock and the personality of crab grass. But he was a good egg nonethe less. Because of these factors I guess that's why we derived so much pleasure tying Tadpole to buses that said, "New York- Los Angeles Express Non-Stop." I stopped picking on him about a year ago but every so often I see Tadpole naked, bloody, and smiling while he is being dragged along behind a Greyhound bus. Sometimes I feel sorry for the little mutant, oh who the hell am I kidding if he dropped off the face of the earth I wouldn't shed a tear.



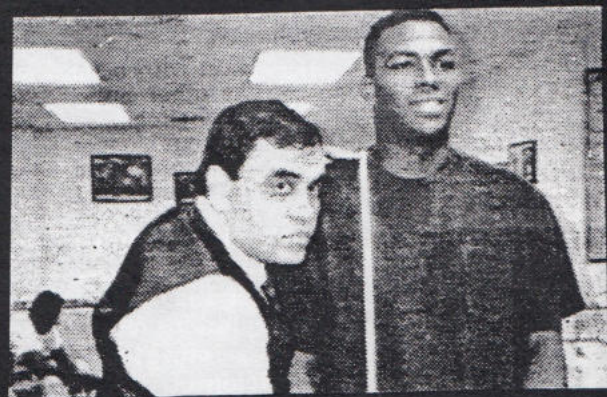
Does God ever get confused when assembling human beings? Did you ever wonder about how come God never makes many mistakes when assembling humans. Well I took this question straight to the big guy himself to see what was the big secret. God was cool and said, "Thank goodness them damn human beings come with instruction manuals because if they didn't I'd be so lost. After I have a few in me I can't even spell my own name." You see God orders pre-packaged human beings from Santa Claus in the North Pole and gets them shipped UPS straight to heaven he says it costs an arm and a leg but, "them humans are worth every penny even if they are ignorant and enjoy murdering each other."



He was naked underneath his clothing. The boy who was standing in the corridor spit at me and yelled, "Fuck you, you white mutha fucka." I pretended I didn't hear him and kept on walking. But suddenly he was following me and stepping on the heel of my foot, boy was I fumin'. I turned around and said, "Say mack, ya got a token fo da subway." He replied that he didn't and said he only had a rice patty and it was covered with fungus. I invited him back to my pad which was really a refrigerator box turned on it's side. We both indulged in maggot-covered raisins and some other types of body excretions. I discovered I had alot in common with this vagabond. We both had fingernails, we both had to breathe to survive. He was black and I was white, He hates cottage cheese and I love rotten milk, He carried a bic pen at all times and I carried a bald good-year tire strapped to my chest at all times. My feet smell. He said he replaced his own colon with an ordinary garden hose, I was impressed. Later that night we went to the library and pierced our ears with a shoehorn. (Sounds impossible right, but this is just a story so let your imagination flow ya butt-pirate.) After all of that he beat the living piss out of me. He wasn't cool anymore, in fact he was just a big fat humungous

# BULLY

I'm sure Eric doesn't care if you didn't like them, and I know I sure as hell don't. What I am sure of is that Mr. Soldano would probably correspond or write to anyone who got a guffaw out of 'em. I even think he might be willing to contribute something or other to any 'zine looking for stuff to fill up space. I mean, the guy has very little exposure to the outside world...Just look at the address. A few fan letters might make a world of difference.



Contact the big guy at:  
17 Smith Rd.  
Cornwall, NY 12518



# Literature



## **Dreadful Pleasures - #5** - A lot of exploitation trash is covered

in this rag... To compliment the stupefying contents editor Mike throws in lots of 70's newspaper movie ads no one has probably ever seen before. I dig the typewriter look the 'zine has to it, and the whole thing is pretty big. The only problem I have is that the writing gets a bit too dry... Interesting stuff, but needs some bite to it..This ish has long-ass reviews of such treasures as *Grave of the Vampire* and *Sweet Sugar*, as well as a number of capsule looks at assorted neat-o action films. Every edition also seems to include a few various filmographies, too.

(8 1/2 x 11, 20 p., xerox)

**(\$7 / 4 issues** - c/o Mike Accomando, 65 Prospect Ave., Fairview, NJ 07022)

## **Pit #8** - Monstrously huge semi-pro 'zine with tons and tons and tons and tons

and TONS and TONS and **TONS** of interviews... 34 in all! This is a sort of front or spearhead or whatever for Mosh Pit records, who probably distribute most of the bands they chat with. You can't really accuse these guys of forcing their mail-order catalog down your throat, though, 'cuz they only advertise it once in these pages. (Which I find amazing) However, what CAN be criticized is the mind-numbing stupidity of the questions asked to the (obviously) much-revered bands, Ass kissing never was presented in a more slick form. I can say that the interviews were at least varied....These boys talk with everyone from Metallica, Megadeth, and Overkill, all the way on over to Deicide, Carcass and Bolt Thrower. If you're into mindless banter check this out...It's big and cheap. If you like to think, leave it alone.

(9 x 12, glossy, 97 p.)

**(\$2.75 ppd.** - PO Box 9545, Colorado Springs, CO. 80932)

## **Monsters of the Northwoods by Paul and Robert**

**Bartholomew and Bruce Hallenbeck- (Book)** - I went into shock when I saw this on the local mall chain book store's New Age shelf. When I was a little kid I ate up Bigfoot docu-novels like they were ju-jubes. It always upset me though that these things were never sighted in my neck of hell, upstate NY. All we had to deal with were child-nappers and rampaging vets, never any monsters. Well, I was FORCED to buy this book because now, apparently, the three authors have a plethora of documented cases to cram down our throats, all occurring within 50 miles from where I live. Not a bad read, if you have a very very very open mind, but even then it'll either make you laugh, cringe, or both. The boys divide this into categories, providing very sketchy case histories of sightings by area. They start off with a hick town called WhiteHall, which is sort of up towards Canada in the mountains. The stories are pretty typical of yer average 'Foot sighting (Big fat-ass ape runs across road and is blinded by car headlights, etc.), with the exception of a few eerie incidents of the beast laughing like a hyena in the distance. As I'm reading I'm thinking that it's sort of poorly written...A lot of sentences could've been cut out here and there. Then they shift downstate to Kinderhook, another shitville not very far from me, and things start to lose credibility. One o' the authors claims that the creatures creep around his house at night 'cuz they're subconsciously attracted to his mom's psychic powers...And his sister's boyfriend's uncle's aunt's grandad shot one and before the corpse could hit the grass it disappeared in a sheath of white mist...And how the obligatory UFO's are involved. I mean, given half a chance, these occurrences are scary as shit. But the casual, nonchalant attitude of the writers view the cases as normal, everyday occurrences....You know this is bullshit. Not a trace of facts, follow-up interviews, or on the spot investigation is to be found...The witnesses tell their stories and that's that. So the whole thing is pretty fanciful, but I'll tell ya, it is pretty entertaining and there ain't that many Sasquatch literature coming out these days, so you take what you can get. If you got a lot of money to spare, go for it... And, might I add, I'm mounting a personal expedition into the fuckin' savage Kinderhook area to see what's what myself. Reports may be included myself. I WILL capture a live Bigfoot, or at least photograph one. Any financiers willing to donate to the CB Bigfoot Expedition, write to this address...

(136 pages)

**(\$15 and postage** - North Country Books, 18 Irving Pl., Utica, NY 13501)

## **Gunk - #3** - Now, this shit I like. A personal 'zine but out by a really cool

sounding gal outta Jersey who's in a band of the same name. I think, from what I read, this was intended originally as a skate-zine, but if this is a new direction, she should stick with it. There is some skate stuff included, as well as the usual music reviews and an interview with the HC act *Naked Aggression*.... But what I think works are the little personal stories Ramdasha throws in. There's one tale about a little boy who she was friends with when she was younger and how he turned out to have racist tendenciesand...Well, you'd have to read it. Makes you think. Cool sloppy layout and good choice of background pics. A mag with heart and attitude.

(Digest, xerox, 44p.)

**(\$1** - Ramdasha, 16 Lord Stirling Rd., Basking Ridge, NJ 07920)

## **The Unintelligencer - #9** - Really screwy --- At first glance this looks

exactly like one of those community newsletters, y'know, the free things you get in the mail if your quote unquote community is actually composed of people stupid and bored enough to compile a listing of police activities occurring within the area during the past month or so and then throw in a recipe for chicken con merda and maybe a quote from an ancient greek philosopher or two which have absolutely nothin' to do with your shit-assed miniscule quote-unquote community but in there for spite. Well, if you ain't seen one of these, go live in Rotterdam, NY, where my grandparents do, and you'll see, boy, you'll see... I don't think I liked this too much. A lot of personal stuff, which is good, but all sort of boring. The graphics are kinda lame and sparse and I really don't like poetry. The piece on getting laid off was interesting, though., and so was the interplay between a guy and a hooker. Maybe I shouldn't be so harsh on this but he's pretty shitty toward women in general so nah, I didn't like it.

(Digest, xerox, 20 p.)

**(\$1** -c/o Embassy of Planet Claire, PO Box 3194, Bellingham, WA. 98227)

**The Weekly World News** - Don't ignore this. A quality humor periodical that perfectly snags the moronic fears and hopes of conservative america, week after week after week. And it's only eighty five cents!! I wanna write for this someday. Genius.



**Fear of Corn #25** - Gosh..... According to schlockmeister supreme Dave, this is the very last issue of this legendary sub - Factsheet Five. I know Dave was kinda pressed for time so it's easily understood why this ish is a little on the small side. What I can't understand is why he didn't publish any nude photos of himself to sink the whole run with a bang BANG BANG!! Only one interview with Sun City Girls but a hefty dose of 'zine and music reviews of material only Dave could dig up. The man has taste, that's for sure. It must also be said that he states this may be resurrected at a future time. Keep that in mind.  
(8 1/2 x 11, xerox, 10 p.)  
(\$1 - Dave, PO Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224)

**Baphomet #9** - A thick Italian death metal/metal 'zine. Set up pretty much like most music mags are nowadays, but it's intelligently written and covers some obscure bands from Europe that you've probably never heard of. The English is fine and it's a pretty hefty read, reviewing tons of demos and regular releases. Interviews include the likes of Necrosanct, Paradise Lost, The Obsessed, and Extrema. Rounding out this ish is a long article on mondo/snuff films, extensive enough to satisfy most metal-head's bladder chompin fantasies. I also notice that the editors are extremely honest sounding and ain't afraid to say what's what. I like.  
(S3 - Enrico Leccese, Via C.Metalla 10, 00179, Rome, ITALY)  
(81/2 x 11, 42p, xerox)

**Wind Chill Fator #8** - This is a really old copy, circa December of '92, but it comes out pretty regularly, and I hear now it's gonna be out on newsprint. WCF is like THE prototypical anarchist 'zine put out by agitated types from Chicago. It's fulla newspaper clippings, spray-paint type graphics, and slews of scam related ideas. Sometimes the writing (done by a number of people under code names) gets a tad too idealistic, but I like this rag and I think it has a lot of valid shit to say. It does make you feel kind of shitty if you ain't exactly ready to go out and burn down town hall, but maybe that's the gist of it. If you've been submerged in the capitalistic craphole for too long, order this and get on a few FBI lists.  
(S1.50 - PO box 81961, Chicago IL. 60681)

**Maximum Rock N' Roll - #125** - This'll be old by the time you read this, but you'll get the idea. 150 pages of underground punk crap, packed with tons of ads, letters, columns, reviews, and massively boring interviews. (In this particular issue they speak with Peter Bagge of Hate comics, some humdrum bands, and Crazy Fucked Up Daily Life). Really, this seems like the last hold out to the stubborn, "fuck you" school of underground attitude. They still urge you to not sell out to labels. They're still PC crazy. I don't agree with all of their ideas, and they are pretty bossy with their readers. But I like it a lot. The few home made ads that pop up every issue make it worthwhile. It does suck how Chris Dodge seems to be moving away from the grind stuff, though...  
(8 1/2 x 11, offset, big)  
(S3 - MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760)

**Nexus 6 - #?** - For a while they were sending this to me and I always thought it was some sort of little advertising supplement for a label that put out techno stuff. Now I get this, a slick rag, and a letter stating that they're leaving their xerox days behind. The cover is a big, full color painting of a home alone type screaming brat with this mechanical shit all over his head. Some spiffy lines adorn the piece, automatically making it look rather suave and tech oriented. The header at the top announces that this issue's got Chemlab, Jennifer Lynch, John Bergin, and Chris Gore (Film Threat guy), in cheezy mid-eighties computer type, no less. After flipping through it, and bypassing all this cutting-edge mondo 2000 wanna-be(ism), I notice that this is your typical 'zine, heavy on reviews (mostly of music and computer software). The int. with Chris Gore is kinda boring, but they do have a section reprinting a scary text piece they downloaded from whatever computer system they are on. S'ok, not a great mag...But they seem to have a punk-ish attitude, which is peaches in my book. I'm expecting to see this in the neighborhood Barnes & Nobles very shortly...  
(8 1/2 X 11, Glossy cover / offset interior, 35 p.)  
(\$2.50 to: N6 - PO Box 1394, Hollywood, CA. 90078)

**House on Pooh Corner** - A.A. Milne (Book) - A very pleasant, kind of funny little collection of Pooh tales. A lot of the humor is lost, 'cuz it was written in the twenties, but a certain kind of irrelevance is present throughout the book. I believe the guy was British, so anyone who likes that sense of humor is ok here. Pooh and Piglet build a house for Eeyore, meet Tigger, go looking for a beetle named Small, and go on many more meaningless adventures. I would think this was all some sort of socio-political commentary of the time, but I really don't give a shit. I bought this to relax, and it worked. Great illustrations, as well. Now I wanna try this extract of malt crap for myself.  
(Softcover, 130 pages)  
(Any bookstore, \$4)

**I, Yeast Roll #78** - This is the new 'zine by Sam of Dear Jesus fame. Strange -- I like the way he did the whole layout -- All the words are curvy and jumpy and out of whack, yet it's all very readable. What scares me is that it looks like it's done with rub-off transfer lettering, although I hope to God he didn't have the time for that and did it all on a Mac. The majority of the mag has a prolonged, out of sequence tour diary that definitely conveys a sense of doom and despair. It's funny, but I'm so fuckin sick of depressed people...Urrrhg. Makes me wanna give somebody a big hug. Then there's an interview with writer Ben Hamper, and an index... For this 'zine. There's a certain quality to this...  
(S1: Vermiform, PO Box 12065, Richmond Va, 23241)

**Murder Can Be Fun Datebook**  
**1994 - A US #31**  
thick little packet of dastardly information. The title says it all. A calendar book with a snippet of real life carnage for every day of the year. For example, May 12: "A group of high school students and staff ignore storm warnings and leave Portland on a field trip to climb Mt. Hood; Over next 3 days, they get lost in a snow storm; Nine die, 1986."

**\$2.50 to: John, Box 64011, San Fran, CA. 44104**

Heard about this for years, but never actually got around to reading it. Famed for its impeccably neat handwriting and entertaining personal tales. It's cool. In this issue, Aaron, the punk writer guy, talks about various spots around his home-town, stuff he remembers from his youth, and people he knew who died. It's all very interesting, and yeah, it's pretty much what it's cracked up to be.



- \* Serial Killers of the Month!
- \* Sick Artwork!
- \* Demented Poetry!
- \* Video Gore Reviews!
- \* Interviews with twisted people!
- \* Roadkill Pix!
- \* And so much more evil doings!
- \* 1.00 to cover postage.

Watcha waiting for?

Goat Fanzine  
9253 Birch st. #1  
Spring Valley

I'll send current issue.

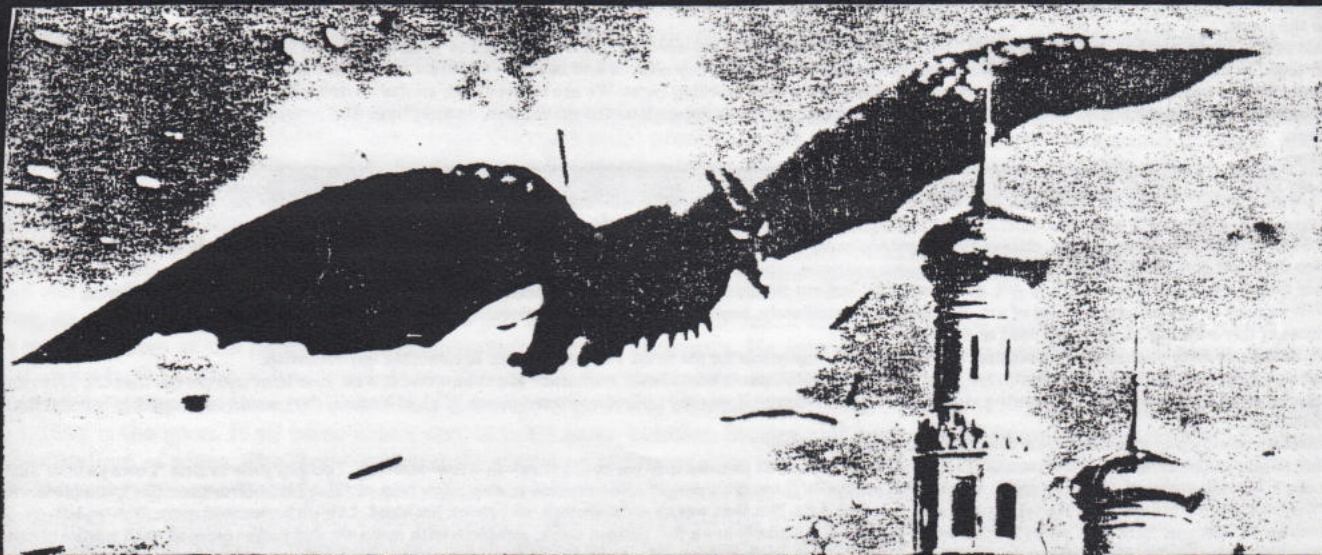


I Like To Hurt People (1978?) - David Bourke, The Shiek, wrestlers....

Directed by: Donald Jackson

This represents the last two bucks I ever spent at blockbuster video. My friend wanted to go in there to rent something, a year ago, and I agreed to just walk around and shield my eyes from the bright blue lights. I saw an offer I could not resist. This flick, brand new, two bucks. I'd seen it a few years ago, but didn't recall anything about it. Just that it sucked. So I picked it up, going against my own morals, and bought the damn thing. And didn't bother to watch it until recently. I open the shrinkwrapping, take the thing outta the box, and see a blockbuster sticker on the actual tape. They fucked me over. The bastards. I want my two bucks back. This movie means *nothing* to me. I'll have their heads. BASTARDS!

I've been into pro-wrestling since I was eight. It's stupid, imbecilic, and a waste of time. In fact, I actually was *above* watching the garbage when I was six years old. Then, for some reason, I was hooked. That was back in the pre-neolithic days of fat-guy wrestling in the seventies. Not even the most gym-jailed of powerhouses came an iota close to the sculpted, unhuman freaks doing the job today. Back then, the average wrestler was 90% body fat. The average fan was 95% toothless. Not much has changed in that aspect. I don't really watch it anymore, maybe occasionally, just for fun. I used to buy some wrestling 'zines, and it's pretty interesting how the show is run, how ramshackle it all is, etc. So I like to watch it to see what the hell will go wrong next. You gotta love pro-wrestling. However, you *don't* gotta love pro-wrestling movies. There's a few floating around out there, and all of them are quite putrid. I think this one's a little less known. Not that they're all on the tips of your tongues. If there ever was a movie that shouldn't have been made, this is it. It's put out by the guy who did the **RollerBlade** flicks in '87. I have one and it's insanely pathetic...A jumble of images, much like a video 'zine. Well, this was made about 10 years earlier, and the guy never frigging improved! There is absolutely no plot in this film. Some people are interviewed: wrestlers, psychologists, and fans. They're all dumb fucks. Some fake guy, "Lou Firpin", leads the "Stop the Shiek" movement, a 10 year old organization who's single purpose is to drive the biting, pencil-stabbing old guy outta the business. He's just too violent. See, I kind of think this is centered around the Shiek (a real wrestler, as are all of 'em in this flick), but not really. There's like 8 or 9 (near) full-length matches, most of which feature the cliched Arab. It also seems as though Don was aiming at some sort of social statement on the business. He includes tons of rambling scenes of crowd members, a National Wrestling Alliance chairmen, and wrestlers themselves, droning on and on about how it's all very violent, but a necessary aspect of society, much like "Ancient Roman sport" was. You really have to dig to put this all together. It's a rough flick. If can manage to view it, you might find it interesting to note how stereotypical wrestling was (and is). Clownish portraits of Jewish, Arabic, and Black folks within the ranks is pretty stupid and funny. A midget wrestler explains how his mother initially didn't like his career choice, and how his other option was to be an architect major. By now I'm frothing at the mouth. Luckily, I was able to skim through most of this dreck because the majority of the eighty minute running time was devoted to slow motion slob wrestling. Classic bad rock accompanies the bouts, songs with titles like "Mr. Cool Shoes" and the prophetic "I Like To Hurt People". Profound. Startling. Spooky.



## Jamie Gabrini's Statement to the World!!!

Ok, so here's the deal. Nick needed somethin' to fill space, so here I am writin about nothin in particular, in the name of entertainment. Hey, that's me. Jamie. And notice that I leave my "g"s off. That's 'cause I'm cool. I just wanted to relate an endearing little mishap, if you will, that occurred just hours ago, involving me & that barrel of fun known to commoners as Nick. I live in the same building as him, two floors up. I went down my hallway to the pay phone to collect call one of my friends ('cause I'm too damn irresponsible to actually get a code number to dial off campus). There I was, talking to the computer (which was in the process of thanking me - no clue why.), when the door to the stairwell opens and spits out Nick. A wild eyed, snickering Nick at that. He was clutching one of his fingers with his other hand and laughingly saying to me "I have to talk to you". Little did I realize what fate had in store for me. I hung up the damn computer and went to see what all the excitement was about. Slowly, carefully, Nick unvied the beclutched finger. It was bleeding. He chopped off the tip! And he was laughing! I still can't figure that one out. Anyway, I bandaged him up and we called it a night. That's me. Jamie. Friggin Florence Nightingale. But at least I suckered you into reading this pointless crap.

**Thank You, Jamie Gabrini.**



# TALES THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST



Every so often, the college I go to, (The State University at New Paltz), offers a cut-rate trip to somewhere in the northeastern section of the continent. I never, *ever* considered taking advantage of one of these student deals, as I always envisioned a bunch of art shit-heads (which I'm supposed to be one of) running around to what-ever little museums happened to be in the area and getting drunk and puking on my sneakers. But for some strange reason, I heard about the trip this semester and just had to go. It was \$36 for a night in Boston. You really can't beat that. I'd been there once in eighth grade, but all we saw was stupid, historic crap. This time I'd have the chance to witness sleaze, firsthand. So the next day, I asked my pal Eric (Refer to "Eric's Page" for more info) if he wanted to go to Boston. He said "...yeah", we bought the last two tickets on the bus, and vowed to not set foot inside any kind of intellectually stimulating environment, if we could help it. So, this may not have any relevance, or even be amusing in any way, shape, or form...But here's my stupid....

## Boston Tour Diary.....

### Day 1:

- Get on Bus. Make fun of Roly-Poly Bus Driver(ess). Get bored fast. Get pissed at very loud girl sitting next to us. An old guy in front of us, apparently a teacher, tells Eric to shut up. Girl finally falls asleep. We quietly make mental note to find out what room the old guy and his wife are staying in.
- Arrive at hotel. Everybody heads out gleefully for a walking tour of the architecture of scenic old Boston. Me & Eric jump on our beds, grab a hotel matchbook for reference, and head out in random direction.
- Subways are way too clean. Something noticeably odd about the city.
- While attempting to cross the street, I'm confronted by a man in a powder blue van, pointing his finger at me. He rolls down his window, and rambles on to me. I don't hear him because of the roar of the traffic. Figuring he's trying to sell me something, I just blurt out "Nah.", and keep walking. He yells "Nah? Thanks A LOT, BUDDY!" Putting it into perspective over a greasy piece of pizza, we begin to get an inkling of how unnerveingly nice this town is, as he was probably simply asking for directions. If this had been a *real* city, I wouldn't be writing this.
- We notice 2 cop cars (the whole trip). That's it.
- After hitting two giant used record stores, I begin to understand there's not a single *Disrupt 7"* anywhere in the city.
- We also notice that there's too many beautiful college people, and they all look the same.
- We only see a grand total of 10 homeless folk.
- It rains really hard.
- Eric proclaims to me that he's dead tired. It's mid afternoon.
- We ponder going to the infamous "Combat Zone", home of hardcore, death, and destruction.
- I think the famed Quincy Market is in Quincy. Little do I realize that Quincy Market is well within city limits. About an hour wasted on the subway.
- Quincy Market sucks, just like it did when I was there 8 years ago. Me & Eric sit on a stoop, in the pouring rain, watching the massive traffic jams and cloned business folks go by. We also wonder where we are. It's dark out. A big homeless black man, with combat fatigues and combat boots, yells "hey" at us, and does a full-fledged moonwalk right alongside a guy walking towards a taxi. We try to ignore him. When he comes back with a cart full of wood and plastic and starts throwing it on the ground, we decide to leave.
- I eat meat for the first time in 8 months. Fried clams on a roll. I feel sick.
- We meet a nice janitor.
- I have to pee really badly, the first of many such instances on this trip. I, for some reason, do *not* make it a priority to find a restroom.
- Dejected, tired, and bored, Eric proposees two options: Either go home, or go back to the hotel room. It's 6 PM. He's pissed that the subways close at 12:30 AM. We go back to the room.
- I drag his ass back out until 11 PM, which is ok. We go to Newbury street...Very upscale, but close enough to walk to. Found a really cool comic/music store that had zillions of cool 7"s. I meet a really nice 15 year old straight-edge skater girl. We buy records and books. We see lots of cool places and people. We scoff at Tower Records, but check it out anyways. I almost pee my pants. The bladder's not working right. We are rejuvenated, smiles all around.
- We get back to hotel. We see a bunch of New Paltzians heading out in a direction with no stores, no bars, no anything. And away from a soon to close subway terminal. Chumps.
- Fitful sleep.

### Day 2:

- Get up. Shower. Eric attempts to poop, claims "only a pebble came out". Look up guitarist from A.C. and Choke of Slapshot in phonebook, consider calling them, then realize the hotel charges 45 cents a call.
- Take tour bus to Boston Museum of Fine Art, as we want to find out where it is. We're supposed to catch it there at 6PM to go back. We ain't impressed.
- Everybody excited to see priceless works of art. We take off immediately, hoping to meet homeless sleeping on steps of museum.
- Waste most of day walking 10 miles up road to nowhere.
- I poop in bathroom dirty mcdonalds, something which is almost impossible for me to do. I buy some fries to celebrate the occasion.
- We check out a skate shop. I find this really cool long sleeve. It's \$45. I put it back. I still reminisce about how cool it was. Eric later informs me that the kids running the place stared at us and were whispering stuff to each other. Maybe it was my lack of oversized pants. If I had known, they would have quickly learned the fury of grind-core.
- We eat shit wrapped up in pita bread at a dive called the "Aladdin Cafe".
- We decide to give a homeless guy some money. Eric drops like a hundred pennies into his cup, I sneak in a few quarters. The guy yells to Eric "I owe ya one!". Eric yells, "Ya don't owe me nothin'!". The guy grabs Eric's hand and yells "I owe ya a song!!". He proceeds to sing a few bars of "The Little Drummer Boy", complete with baritone "Pa-Rum-Pum-Pum-PUMs". He tells me to slap 'em five. I do. But that wasn't good enough, so I shook his hand. I think he wanted more, but we left.
- We go into an arcade/pool hall. Eric plays Paperboy. I spend \$2. I actually see a full fledged punk, complete with mohawk and jacket painted with misfits regalia. He plays "Lethal Enforcers", a game where you're a cop shooting down bank robbers. We leave.
- 3 rich college types stop us on the street. They ask wierd, meandering questions. We brace for the worst. It comes, in a different form then we were expecting. They ask us to come to a meeting of thier "non-denominational church". Eric, who had been bullshitting them the whole time, shoos them off. I grunt something, I forget what. I'm planning on tackling the bookish, John Lennon-ish one in the middle. Eric could deal with the two tall, skinny ones. They walk on down the street. We still consider jumping them from behind and taking their jackets. We still wonder what they *really* wanted.
- Still hungry, after all we ate was that shit, we stop at an innocent pizza place. Little did we know that we had chanced upon the absolute worst pizza butcher shop the world has ever known. It was so bad it was pretty damn good. Soggy moss, we ate. However, the Greek counter man was extremely nice, and Eric was quick to remind me of it.
- Wander around for an hour.
- Me & Eric bond. We have to urinate, again. We consider desecrating the museum, but mutually agree it would be smarter and less embarrassing if we relieve ourselves AND desecrate the small pond *behind* the historic structure. Y'know, anybody coulda walked by and saw us.
- It's 6. We hop on the bus, (which was late), and aren't suprised to learn that nobody had done anything except go to museums. Everybody was shocked to learn that we had actually gone on a subway. We brag and gloat.
- 2 hours later, the bus takes a rest stop in Connecticut. I get 2 donuts at "Bess Eaton" (play with that in your mind, for a while), an amazing little confectionary shoppe, clearly inspired, structurally and soulfully, after the always ubiquitous Dunkin Donuts. Eric takes me up on my 2 donut ante and follows it with a completely uncalled for big mac and large fry chaser at the adjacent mcdonalds.
- 1 hour later, I bid Eric goodnight and go back to my dorm room. As I lay in bed, sleepily recalling the trip, and thinking about the small, lovely girl with the exposed green bra strap who sat in front of me the whole ride home...I truly realized that...It was a good weekend...and had uncontestedly *Conquered Boston!!*

### Day 3:

- Same old shit.



This incident occurred about a year ago. Every Thursday night is hopping in this town, as nobody on campus seems to have anything to do on Friday. So the hill which leads off campus is thick on those nights with bunches of mindless people off to get drunk at the 20 or 30 local bars. I like to go sometimes to watch the festive stupidity. On one of those particular nights, me, my room-mate Steve, and this guy Brett, were heading back from town at about 1 or 2 in the AM, kinda early. The number of people walking was still heavy. It was pretty warm out, and Brett and Steve were deep in discussion. I was walking behind them, and I sort of noticed an object behind one of the three trees which stand off the road, on the municipal lawn, or whatever the frick you'd call it. (Let's just say it's a bunch of grass with three trees.) I stared at this slightly moving object for a while, and I slowly realized that it was a figure, crouching in the shadows. As we got closer, I made out the form of a Chinese guy, poking his head out from one side of the tree to the next, as if he were spying on us or somebody or something. It was kinda wierd... and looked pretty stupid. I don't remember this at all, but according to Steve, I yelled out "What the hell's THIS?", and BOOM! Off goes the guy, running in a wierd, animal-like gait, almost like he was in a guerrilla warfare fire-fight, ducking shrapnel. He zoomed past us, and crouched behind the next tree, peering around it again. Then he pounced forward and took off down the road. We tried to ignore the mysterious going ons. We couldn't even begin to grasp the shit that had just gone down. Then a beat up white Chevy, filled to the brim with kids screaming something unintelligible out the windows, streaked down the hill. Were they after this poor Chinese guy? Did he know something we didn't? Does it matter? Fuck it. That's the story.

After reading an interview with this organization in *Flipside* magazine, I decided to write to them and maybe get some sort of literature I could reprint within these pages, 'cuz I found their attitude really interesting. The whole ideology is basically the opposite of the purpose of this 'zine...But hell, I think TV should be banned, too. However, since it is prevalent everywhere you go, we all might as well exploit it's seamier side. Right? They send me a newsletter with the very same interview that was in *Flipside*. No side notes or anything. So I assume I have permission to run this here. Read with an open mind.

## The Society For The Eradication of Television

An interview  
with  
Steve Wagner  
of S.E.T.

by

Ace Backwords

SET POB 10491, Oakland, CA 94610 (510)763-8712

# KILL YOUR T.V.

Television is one of the most pervasive forces in modern society. While many people believe television has had a negative, destructive effect on contemporary culture, few have taken the next logical step, namely: junking the boob tube. Steve Wagner is a member of a growing minority of people who believe that, now more than ever, we need to unplug the plug-in drug. What follows is part one of my mail interview with Steve.

**Ace:** How did S.E.T. get started? How did you get involved with them?

Steve: S.E.T. was started by Mary Dixon in 1982 when she was a law student at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. She and a friend printed cards saying that they did not have a working television in their home and encouraged others to do likewise. They realized that they were on to something by the range of responses they got from people they gave the cards to. This ran the gamut from wildly amused to angry. Mary started a newsletter, "S.E.T. Free: The Newsletter Against Television" that she published quarterly until 1986. This was a potpourri of news items, excerpts from books and magazines, and correspondence from all over the world. I think of Mary as a pioneer in many ways, as she parlayed the small cards into first a newsletter and then into areas previously uncharted. She got the Society listed in directories of associations, and stated that there was a "Speakers Bureau" available. This resulted in radio interviews, and requests for television interviews. Mary would do the radio interviews at all hours of the day and night, but steadfastly refused to allow television to capture her graven image. A listing in "Newsmaker notes" or some such thing published for the radio industry in the winter of 1986 resulted in so many requests for interviews that she couldn't handle them all. She asked me if I would take on a few, which I agreed to do. For the several weeks in December of 1986 I was doing as many as four interviews a day with stations as far flung as Sydney, Australia, and Germany, with most being in the United States and Canada. Mary, meanwhile, was doing the same thing from Albuquerque. I remember that winter as "The Great Radio Blizzard of '86". I had first gotten involved with S.E.T. in 1983, my wife and I were managing a large apartment complex in

Oakland where we shared a small one-bedroom apartment with our year-old daughter. Our daughter had the bedroom, and my wife and I shared the rest of the apartment along with a television. I soon realized that without "somewhere else" to go when the television was on I could not concentrate on anything, such as reading. I guess I'm one of those people who is mesmerized by the presence of television, and I found it quite irritating. One day during that period I ran across a copy of "Children's Advocate" newspaper that had an article about television and why you should consider cutting down on your viewing time. A side-bar to the article listed several resources, including The Society for the Eradication of Television. I wrote to all of the organizations listed, receiving some pamphlets from Action for Children's Television and a picture of Bert and Ernie from the Sesame Street Parent's Club. Mary sent me copies of her newsletter and a little note. She and I began corresponding, and I started to put advertisements in "The Express" newspaper promoting the organization. Among those responding to the ads was Pat Brown, now our Berkeley representative. To make a long story short, Mary came to Oakland in the fall of 1986 for the first meeting of the Northern California chapter of S.E.T. In the spring of 1987 she departed for a cross-country hike to call attention to America's increasing dependence on automobiles. We had been publishing a local newsletter called "News and Notes from All Over" and Mary asked if we would like to expand into a national newsletter to replace "S.E.T. Free." We did do that, and we have since changed the name back to "S.E.T. Free." Originally a quarterly, we now use the formula of "Material + Time + Money = An Issue." People send us news and notes from all over, so we have enough material to publish a small encyclopedia. The "Time + Money" part of the formula is a little harder

to get together, however, so the newsletter doesn't always stick to a quarterly schedule.

**De:** What percent of people don't watch television?

According to the Nielsen ratings, which we try to keep a close eye on, a little under 2% of the population does not own a television. How many of those sneak a peek elsewhere we do not know. As ubiquitous as it has become, it is an effort not to watch television. Waiting rooms and lobbies now have the things blaring out at volumes too loud to allow for conversation, and there is even talk of installing them in grocery store check-out lines.

**What were your reasons for kicking the habit?**

Besides the trauma of trying to coexist with one described before, I found that I could think more clearly, be more productive, and enjoy life more without television's rude intrusion.

**De:** You miss it at all? Feel like you're missing out on anything? Or, at the least, that you're cut off from, and alienated from, one of the central group experiences of this culture?

I've found many alternatives to television, including showwave radio. A study of how people in Pennsylvania first learned of the crisis at Three Mile Island revealed that the majority had heard it through word of mouth. It seems like even without other media resources such as radio and newspapers I'm aware of most of the "big" news events. Sadly, television seems to have become 'the culture.' I don't feel alienated by being cut-off from

that. In fact, even without watching it I stay abreast of the big television issues by reading about them in the newspapers. Ironically, when "something big" happens, such as the massacre at Tian An Men, the death of socialism in Europe, or the Persian Gulf fiasco, the newspapers busy themselves with writing about how well television covered events. I don't remember ever seeing or hearing about anything on television deriving into how newspapers or the other media covered an event. It may be helpful to point out that the same people who own television own most of the rest of the media. [With the exceptions, of course, of "Twisted Image" and "S.E.T. Free" - Ace]

**Could you summarize Jerry Mander's book "Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television"?**

Published in the late 70's, Mander's book documents the harmful effects of television watching per se, rather than dwelling on the programming. Pat Brown is an expert on the health aspects of television watching, and is much more familiar with Mander's book than I am as he worked on a Spanish translation of it. I am going to ask him to respond to this question in more depth than I feel I can.

**What effect would you say television has had on American culture?**

I know this is a big question, and yet, surprisingly little has been written on the overall effect of people being bombarded with thousands of televised images directly into their brains day after day. Even more disturbing when you consider that the vast majority of those images were out there for the express

purpose of getting your money.

Television has become the dominant force in American culture. It has been described as one big commercial for the Establishment. The programming promotes an Establishment outlook on life, and the advertisements try to convince you to buy things that you don't necessarily need. An example of just how lethal television can be is the way that the Persian Gulf "War" was sold to the American people. As real bombs fell on real people, we were treated to 24-hour-a-day pictures of "smart bombs" hitting only military targets. Although the Kurdish and Shiite struggles were covered in some depth, television has almost totally ignored the massive destruction inflicted on the people of Iraq, and the epidemics and starvation that have been a direct result of Operation Desert Storm. Former U.S. Attorney-General Ramsey Clark toured Iraq during the bombing, and came back with a very moving video. The video, and even any mention of the video, has been totally censored by the television networks.

**One of the things that disturbs me the most about television is the centralization of power in the hands of a few. A handful of people have an awesome power to shape America and the world's beliefs and values. Comment?**

As said a few minutes ago, the same people who own television also control most of the rest of the media. This is an awesome power, and one that is being used for sinister ends. A society preoccupied with the latest soap operas, conditioned to think in sound-bites, and used to relating to the media as something that talks to them rather than involving them in a dialogue is a frightening spectacle indeed.





## MEAT SHITS



In the past I have been severely impressed with *The Meatsbits*. Their brand of all out, splattery noise bursts was simple, evil, and fulla hellish aggression. Every release was sure to contain dozens and dozens of songs, each titled after a porn flick, or something sexual and sickening. To me, they're legendary. Logically, I had to get in touch with them and do a stupid interview. So I got in touch with the main force behind the band, the self-titled Robert Deathrage, and asked if he's answer some questions. I also sent 'em an issue of the way-old #2. Months later I got a response, which consisted of a six page newsletter and a brand new promo tape. The info packet detailed the innumerable line-up changes the band had gone through in the last year, and the declaration that Robert was and is the only member of the band, as he could trust no one else. It went on to outline the 'Shits plans to put out 20 new releases in the next year alone! (Putting them way ahead of *Disrupt* and *Agathocles*, volume-wise). Bob seemed pretty pissed off at things and I kinda liked his ferocious desire to overcome his misgivings and get things back on track. What I didn't like was the direction he seemed to be going in: Total hatred towards women and homosexuals. With a CD coming out entitled "Violence Against Feminist Cunts" and a 7" called "Homosexual Slaughter", you know they're out looking for trouble. Personally, I hate this kind of attitude, even though I thought the music on the tape was incredible. However, I decided to go ahead with the interview, to call Bob out on this stuff and see what he really thought about things. Maybe this is a pretty hypocritical thing, seeing how in the last issue I stated I would never include any blatant racist, sexist, homophobic stuff, but fuck, this is real life and we all don't live in a little social bubble. If you're offended by what he's gotta say, then good. Everybody's entitled to their own opinion. If you're pissed off, write to the address below and take it up with Bob. If you're angry with me for printing this, I think you're into the PC bullshit a little too deep, but write and convey your opinion. As it stands, Robert sent a side letter back with his answers, stating "Thanks for the somewhat challenging letter and interview, as they're usually always the same..." He also mentions that the questioning of his band's intentions didn't piss him off, just irritated him a bit. I think that's cool, 'cuz at least I got him to respond. So, I thanks Robert for taking the time to answer the thing, and I hope you'll read it with the intention of making up your mind for yourself as to whether or not you're gonna listen to this band. Despite my dislike for the lyrics, I still listen to the music as I know that I ain't taking this stuff to heart. I really think that the majority of the people on this planet have the minimal intelligence to discern for themselves as to what they will or will not believe in...

CB: You've explained in your (lengthy) newsletter the details concerning your 20 (!) upcoming releases planned for this year alone...But, explain the long range goals of The MeatShits. Any plans to tour? Are you looking at labels?

RD: Well, my only goals are to just record and release as many vinyl and CD projects as possible. Personally, I'm not very interested in playing live or touring anymore, as it is just too much hassle and too much business involved. To be honest, my stress level would become too intense to handle! And yes, I am looking at labels, but only on a realistic level, as I have heard some horror stories from certain bands that were once on labels like Farache, RC, etc. So, I guess I will have to see what happens.

CB: Tell us as much about yourself as you care to.

RD: Well, I'm 26, married to a Japanese girl, work a shit job, and play in shit band(s). Not much else to say!

CB: What kind of fan base does The MeatShits command? What kind of response does a live show get?

RD: The band has all kinds of fans, of course, as I don't limit the band's musical style at all. I get all kinds of letters from different kinds of people, even professional people, like a lawyer, doctors, family men, etc. As for playing live, I will never play live again because of the business reasons I mentioned earlier. But one day, if the gig scene gets better (meaning when the promoters quit trying to fuck me on money and other bands quit talking shit about each other), I will play live again. But of course that will be never.

CB: If you fought Seth, the singer of Anal Cunt, who would win?

RD: Nobody, as me and Seth are good friends, and we back up each other's bands 1000%. Also, on the next big MeatShits project, some of it will be with AC as session members. So that will be cool.

CB: Spout some of your favorite flicks, any genre...

RD: Mostly, I like gore flicks of all kinds...like, I Drink Your Blood, Brain Dead (Dead Alive), Bad Taste, Cannibal Holocaust, Toxic Zombies, Blue Sunshine, Entrails of a Virgin, Zombie, House by the Cemetery, Nightmare Concert, and many, many others, as I am a major video collector.

CB: Ever seen a Bigfoot?

RD: Hmmm...Maybe that footprint I saw this morning on my lawn was Bigfoot. I don't know!

CB: What mainstream band would you choose to tour with if given the chance (if any)?

R: Well, like I said, I don't choose to ever tour. But I have always liked Napalm Death, old and new, so that would be cool. Also, other major bands like Decide and Cannibal Corpse told me at gigs that I attended that they really like the sickness of the Shits. So that would be a friendly tour! But like I said, I have no tour plans ever!

CB: Ok, what's the deal with the upcoming "made to offend" release titles? Would you consider yourself a true sexist/homophobe, as the songtitles suggest? Or are you just hoping for a reaction? Or both? As (ugh) Madonna say, "express yourself".

R: First I want to clear up a few things, Nick.

The band is not sexist. Talking about sex and wanting to fuck is not sexist. My wife is from Japan (for real), and there they teach women to be in total submission to their mate! And of course, at first it was very difficult to change my wife's teaching. But I taught her to think for herself, and to stop always bowing to me! So does this sound like the work of a sexist to you? (-No, Robert, but songs like "Isolated & Gang Raped" and "Runaway Sex Slave" do, especially when the lyrics, or at least what I can make of them, are directly aimed at violating women. Maybe "sexist" ain't the right word...) As for the band concepts, they are existing to vent a lot of my frustrations towards "certain" groups of people. Even though I am not sexist, I hate feminists and their like. Their brainwashing is turning men into a bunch of cry-baby little pussies. As for being a homophobe, I'd like to clear up this ignorant statement. A phobia is a fear and I do not fear faggots/dykes, I only hate them and want them dead! And I will back up my statement with a gun in hand! Homophobia is a word created by faggots/dykes and feminists to further support their cause! I am so sick of faggots/dykes asking for the right to be proud to be a fag. Like they are a fucking race or something. And the moment you question their sexuality and call them on their shit, they cry "racism", and try to drag Blacks, Mexicans, etc. to back them up. But it will never completely work and the faggots will eventually be chased back into the closet, and I will personally chain them all shut and pour gasoline. And burn those fucking faggots/dykes! But anybody that mindlessly uses the words sexist/homophobe to describe me, shut put down their fag lover's issues of Maximum Rock n' Roll and wake up and smell the fucking coffee. Oh, by the way, as for the Madonna saying "express yourself" to back up her dyke ways...Maybe I should be able to walk up, put a gun to her head and blow her fucking brains out, and say to the police "Hey, I was expressing myself"! (Well, I stand by what I said. Sure sounds like you're upset/unnerved by something.)

CB: What do (did) you think about GG Allin?

R: Well, he was awesome, but did you know he did fuck men? Sorry, but I just can't accept any form of homosexuality by anybody, even the sickest man himself.

I have friends that are both women, homosexuals, and women homosexuals. I just wanna assure them that I feel shitty if they let this upset them, and I personally have no plans to set them on fire. I also will grant Robert space in the next issue, if he wants to respond to the little comments I made, as I never sent him any follow up questions. You yourself can contact The Shits and get info on their stuff through: Robert Deathrage / PO Box 577241 / Modesto, CA. 95357 - 7241.



# Don's Manifesto



The following is a rant from a buddy of mine who used to do a 'zine. He asked me if I'd print something he'd written, sort of a statement explaining what he thinks of the current "underground" scene. Being the smoothie that he is, I agreed. I'm proud to include this, a quasi State of the Union address from the Punk King of New Paltz...Read and weep.

A few years back my friend and I produced a fanzine called **Hey Ladies**. Though it was a humble and slightly haphazard effort, each of the four digest-sized editions filled us with unparalleled pride and joy. To us, each was a tiny masterpiece, complete with record reviews, startling commentary, confrontational interviews, and thought provoking fiction. People actually gave us money for our little xeroxed journal, and major publications lauded our efforts. Oh, what happy times. Of course, four slim volumes is a rather short run, even in the world of fanzines. My co-editor and I occasionally bandied around the idea of a fifth issue, but our interest in punk rock and hardcore and it's itinerant politics had withered. Suddenly, my monthly pilgrimages to NYC for records and shows, were cut short in favor of a girlfriend, drugs, apathy, and the masochistic thrill of despair. Suddenly, the trials of dairy cows, the difference between hardline and softheaded, the pros and cons of "Riot grrls", ceased to be issues of paramount importance. My stack of MRR's, yellowed and mouldered, ceased to grow taller, and musical tastes went from Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers to Creedence Clearwater Revival.

In short, the dread plague of "maturity" and the transformational powers of a college education caused me to lose interest in whether or not Ben Weasel was a dick or if Bad Religion were sell-outs. Or did it? I don't feel any older, really, still a babe, me thinks. The charms of the "adult world", job, career, going back to school, paying insurance, marrying yourself to a dwelling and a piece of earth, just aren't that seductive. No, maturity didn't kill hardcore for me, at least not my maturity.

In it's brief stint as a musical sub-culture, hardcore and homegrown american punk rock has passed from brilliant and inspired nihilism, to a dilapidated platform for ideologues. "White Minority" is exciting, the latest Dischord or Lookout PC porridge is dull. Sure, pulling the PC card is a bit predictable, but check it out, political orthodoxy and the very insistence that hardcore be topical and not retarded is completely ruining the fun.

My favorite examples: How about these records you buy that come with bible-size booklets outlining every political, economic, and ethical problem in the known world (and some from the shadowy fantasy world inhabited by anarchists). Yes, they're very informative. I especially love how the reader's complicity in each problem is pointed out by the pious authors. Or how about the explanations to song lyrics? The message is so important that the band makes sure to pund the hidden meanings of their "Don't eat meat" chorus through your thick skulls. Or how about Kent McClard of No Answers fanzine (a rag so dry, so barren, that I use back issues to sop up household spills), admitting in his record reviews that he doesn't care about music "but rather reviews records by virtue of their lyrics"? This is punk rock? This is youthful rebellion? This is fun?

Speaking for myself, it's not, and though it really has nothing to do with why I stopped **Hey Ladies!**, it has to do with why I have no interest in hardcore. Aside from the fact that many non-hardcore bands put time and effort into producing good music (and often indecipherable lyrics), they all seem to enjoy it. I recently have seen fit to travel to NYC for 3 bands: Unsane, The Breeders, and Superchunk. They all rock. They smile while they play. If you want to talk to them, they're very friendly. They rarely delay a performance with a litany against bullfighting or admonish the audience for a little body contact dancing. Most of all, they express themselves, through sound, and not through obvious, dull preachy lyrics. That's fun. That's punk rock. **Hey Ladies** #5? Never!

If you'd like to write to Don, send a letter to my adress c/o him, and I'll give it to 'em. I may not agree with everything he's saying, but he's a beautiful guy and I'm sure he'll write back with plenty of love and oodles of charming exuberance.

## Extreme Last Minute Space Filler:

--- Dunkin' Donuts Lemon Donuts. Disgusting, neon, viscous. Awesome. The food of the gods.

--- There's no "Big Budget Shit Heap of the Issue", as I really have seen anything that qualifies. Nightmare Before Christmas was one I was dragged to see, but it wasn't horrible. Just kinda boring. Oh well. Maybe next time.

--- I'm almost ashamed to admit I saw **Jurassic Park** three times. But, if it's any consolation, I saw it three times for a combined total of seven bucks. Loopholes. I liked it. I mean, they really don't need to discover living dinosaurs now. It's even kinda evil, the whole thing. Ok, yeah, by the third time it was getting a little tedious, but the Big ass carnivore scene was worth it. Fuckin' assholes.

--- It's really hard to type with a sliced up finger.

--- It's too expensive to buy books nowadays.

--- Next issue, as of right now, there may (or may not) be an interview with Dino of **Carcinogen**, plus other shit. Hopefully, I'll be able to do this on a computer again. It might even be out by next summer. Who knows. Expect to see in a friggin' B. Dalton near you.





The well-equipped team of trackers spent nearly a month cornering the Bigfoot. A sharpshooter dropped him in his tracks with a single shot of potent tranquilizer.

The beast was then airlifted by helicopter out of the wilderness and to the dock where he was sealed up in the heavy-duty cage.

"It was a first-class operation from start to finish," says BIG president Muller.

"The Japanese know how to get what they want, but I think it's time someone stands up to them. This buy-at-any-cost attitude must be curbed.

"No man should get a million dollars for enslaving a proud creature like Bigfoot."