



CLOWNS Killin PEOPLE



DEAREST READER

Welcome to the 'music issue' issue. We hope it gives you strength to Rhumba in these trying, choffeesome times, times overflowing with melancholy and heart-ache. From the very bottom of our collective heart, we, the Secret Devil Corporation of Earth, send you all our good wishes,
Gigan Ashton
Anghirus Havok
Spigrah Mckenna
Monster Island, 1992

CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE wants contributions, BUT we won't print just ANYTHING. All contributions are expertly examined by our team of japanese robots. We'd like to print as wide a span of stuff as possible, but that doesn't include dull, badly thought out rubbish, cuz the Secret Devil code of ethics just won't allow it. It doesn't have to be stuff we agree with, just so long as it's interesting and (semi) original.

BOX 32
52 CALL LANE
LEEDS
LS1 6DT
THIRD FROM THE SUN



LET'S GO TO SAN FRANCISCO

(A Guide to Hippy Music)

The hippies of the sixties may have failed to change society but the music they made did. In 1967 the city of San Francisco was flooded with people looking for the summer of love. Unfortunately they were a year too late and by the end of '67 it was all over, sanitized, boxed and wrapped up for public consumption.

Let's get into the time machine, rid your mind of cynicism, be optimistic, an idealist, believe in peace, love and L.S.D. Take off your post punk blinkers, lets travel back. lets trip.

You're at a party thrown by the author Ken Kesey. It's the Acid Test, there's a band, play all night long. It's the Grateful Dead, the god heads of the Frisco scene. Great live band always made bad studio albums. The first one though is fine, recorded in a week in an amphetamine blitz. The closing track 'Viola Lee Blues' blows a hole in the roof. For the next album they tried to recreate the acid test vibe. 'Anthem of the Sun' mixes live and studio weirdness to chilling effect. The Dead went on to be the biggest underground band in the world.

The Jefferson Airplane were the other big S.F. band. Suffice to say you should own 'Surrealistic Pillow', the definitive S.F. album, includes the hits 'Somebody to Love', and 'White Rabbit'. After this commercial high point they went to the other extreme. With 'After Bathing at Baxter's' they became dense, intense and way too hippy to handle.

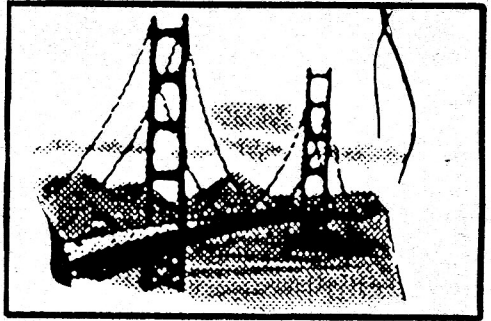
Another band that started off great and then blew it were Quicksilver Messenger Service. They released two indispensable albums, featuring the unique guitar sound of the late John Cipollina. The second, 'Happy Trails', features an awesome live, side long version of Bo Diddley's 'Who Do You Love'.

Moby Grape were a band formed by ex-Airplane drummer Skip Spence. Their first album was ignored by punters after the record company released nearly every track as a single in the same week. A shame, its collection of varied psychedelic pop made a break from the long jams prevalent at the time. Too many stand out talents in the band caused them to split after a couple of patchy albums. Skip Spence went on to record a solo album 'Oar'. Recorded in a day with Skip playing all instruments. Nothing like it was made in the sixties, something like an American Sid Barret if you will.

Now forget about Levi's and think about being lost at sea on a foggy night with nothing but a fog horn for company. This is the sound that kicks off Steve Millers second album 'Sailor'. He also released another highly polished L.P. in 'Children of the Future'.

Another guitar star was Randy California from Spirit. All the early Spirit L.P.'s are worth checking out, but the best is '12 Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus'. This included ecological songs with a political slant such as 'Natures Way', and 'Mr. Skin'. In 1973 California attempted suicide by jumping off London Bridge.

Another political band of the time were Country Joe McDonald and the Fish. Joe was raised by communist parents who named him after Stalin. Best sampled on 1st album 'Electric Music for Mind and Body'.



Now you're at the Golden Gate Park, it's a free festival and you're starving. Don't worry, because a group of people known as the diggers provided free food at these events. The diggers had a band called Mad River. Their first album contains some interesting songs with good guitar but let down by crap lyrics. Due to an accident in the production process the record was originally mastered at twice the speed. Rolling Stone magazine called it the worst album ever released.

A similar band to Mad River except better were Kaleidoscope. Not to be confused with an English band of the same name, Kaleidoscope contained David Lyndley who went on to play with Jackson Browne and Ry Cooder. This band were very eclectic tackling R+B, Blues, Jazz, Folk and Eastern influenced material.

There was a second wave of S.F. bands in 1968 headed by It's A Beautiful Day. They sound a bit past it today. It's A Beautiful Day are best caught on their first album which includes the peace anthem 'White Bird'. They featured violin as the favoured psychedelic instrument.

H.P. Lovecraft took their name from a cult gothic horror writer, they even did a couple of interpretations of his stories, characterized by locomotive drumming, groovy organ, and operatic style singing, their

album 'Spin, Spin, Spin' is so acidic day-glo you'll go blind.

One of the first bands to feature weird electronic effects were The United States Of America. They only released one album, a diverse collection of drug songs, satire, parody and time trip frequencies.

So as we whirl back to the present day you realize we have only caught a whiff of what it was all about. There are of course hundreds of psychedelic bands out there, Los Angeles, Texas, New York and Boston all had scenes going on 'underground'.

While listening to this sixties stuff it's ok to laugh, in fact it's a good idea, never forget you live in the nineties. Just open your mind and let it flow.

CARL



**SELL
C.K.P.**
**DISTRIBUTORS! WRITE IN AND
FIND OUT HOW MUCH MONEY
YOU COULD MAKE OUTTA US!**

LEARN TO LIKE CRAP WITH A.C. MONKS

Being a renowned half-scot-tish tightfisted skinflint

it came as no surprise when the editors of this fine magazine wrote asking me to do this column, fortunately they enclosed an S.A.E. and promised me a free copy. I managed to borrow a pen, and wrote this on the back of the letter they sent me.

For the serious record collector there are two ways to fill up one wall of your room with records: either;

A) Buy everything as soon as it's released even if it's £6 for an american import. In which case you feel a total dickhead when it comes out on Looney Tunes the following week for 12ip, or

B) Scour 2nd hand shops, Car Boot sales & bargain bins refusing to pay more than £2 for anything.

I tend to prefer the latter and I'm here to give you a few tips;

1) Never buy a record that is in every 2nd hand shop in town-it's shit.

2) This might not be true-some people have no taste-Capt. Beefheart's ABBA ZABBA/ TOP SECRET (same album, different title) can be had for £2 just about anywhere, even in picture disc, and that is the business if you like neo-60's Psychedelic weird blues blues type shit the Captain is where it's at-worth it for 'Plastic Factory' alone.

3) If you'll pay £1.99 for a single you can feel fairly happy paying that for an L.P. with one good song on it. Raw Power by the Stooges for 'Search & Destroy', or Jethro Tull's Aqualung for the title track and 'Cross-Eyed Mary'. 'Search and Destroy' is classic Sub-Pop, only recorded twenty years earlier-if you've got this track you can save yourself about £100 by never buying a ltd. edition Sub-Pop record in your life.

'Aqualung' is Black Sabbath with flutes, awesome techno-grunge riffs, and one-legged-english-gent-sing-about-tramps type vocals, this song

runs into 'Cross-Eyed Mary', which is more of the same & it lulls you into a false sense of security where a song about being tossed of by a nurse in hospital cos you're dead famous, and the line "...is it really true there are elephants and lions too-in Piccadilly Circus" can seem kind of meaningful. Until someone points out that the rest of the album is a load of shite-which of course it is, but worth it for the first ten minutes.

Another L.P. in this category is Rainbow Rising, worth the two spot for 'Stargazer' and the gatefold sleeve with hunky Ronny James & the Gang (By the way, did you know that DIO is Italian for God?). Another complicated metal epic, with lyrics that appear to be about building a tower of stone with our flesh and bone, so that a wizard may climb to the top and jump off-class.

4) Don't be fooled by the hit single-mention Tom Robinson, most people think of '2,4,6,8 Motorway', 'Glad to be Gay', or maybe the horrible 'War Baby'. Not me, I get a vision of bleak totalitarian society, civilization crumbling around us, and unfortunately a grey cortina. A little weak in production but basically a good document of the times, kinda reminds me of that general no hope atmosphere of the late 70's.

A.C. MONKS

READ C.K.P.

Girls go for smart Men



WAYNE KRAMER AND THE DEATH OF ROCK AND ROLL

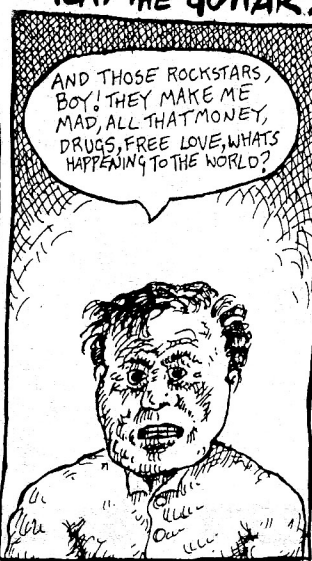
At the end of the derelict street a group of boys were dancing. Metronome rythm pumping through their heads, their eyes blank and lifeless, personals at full volume.

Wayne Kramer, one time M.C.5. member, ignored them concentrating instead on the vehicle moving slowly up the street. The gasoline powered machine was old, 56 Chevy, scarred paintwork, rust eating at the body, it was close to death.

The car rolls to a halt in front of him, the engine coughs and dies. Silence. Wayne stands up and walks around the car. He opens the door and looks in. The upholstery is ripped, blood stains the dash. He knew what the car was or what it had been, a forgotten world of teenage testosterone powered rebellion.

IF ONLY I'D LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR....

A.



Pulling himself into the driving seat he spun the radio dial. The car filled with the sound of Elvis singing Heartbreak Hotel. The temperature drops and in the seat next to him the outline of a figure begins to appear, it was the king, the ghost of Elvis. Looking in the rear view mirror he sees slouched on the back seat Hank Williams and to his left in dark shades Roy Orbison.

Sharing the car with these ghosts of Rock'n'Roll took him back. He loved the old slow songs they had sung, but this was because he was old and slow himself. He was aware of this though, and knew the music needed something else, something to get the balance right, right rythms, volumes, tempos, fast, slow, electricity. No wonder the old jalopy was run down, it had been riding the same roads for far too long, it needed to break out, Wayne knew he could fix it, make it right, bring it on home. He felt pretty good and he guess that he should but was he fakin' now baby. "Kick out the jams Motherfuckers" he cried turning the ignition.

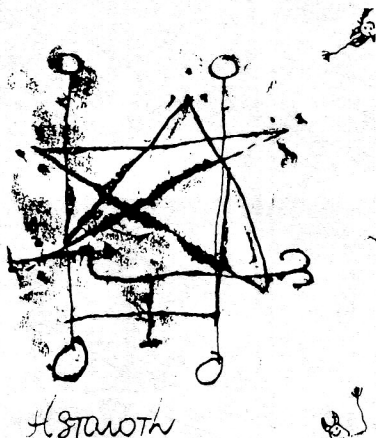
White light. The car explodes in a ball of flame spewing wreckage and smoke into the air. It begins to burn furiously. White heat.

The boys at the end of the street stop dancing and stare at the light show. They turn off their personals. The glare is blinding almost religious in its intensity. The sound of the explosion echoes through the street. Then silence.

A change had come to the boys, a new feeling that they couldn't explain in words, so they sang. Pitching around until their voices locked and rolled onto an inner harmony. It was a type of music not heard on the streets for many years.

The Doo-Wop revival had begun.

CARL



TIWA PURIKINI

PRONOUNCED MRS. FIBIG

It's lunchtime and those big young virile construction

workers squirm like rats out of their hole in the

ground,

Toss their helmets to the grass and shed their shirts

to lie on your neighbor's lawn.

They soak up the warm spring sunshine like lizards on a

rock.

And there are your eyes, and there are your eyes.

Don't worry Mrs. Fibig, your husband is coming home

tonight

With him he'll bring his body, his mind, and his paycheck

Don't worry baby you earned it, you earned that paycheck

You lived with his body and his mind this week--

You earned it.

JOHN MOLLIN

ROUGH AND TUMBLE FOOTBALL

My brother said one day in June

I need to get a check-up soon

I plan to spend this very fall

Playing rough and tumble football

I said to my big brother, "I want to be like you."

So Mom made an appointment for me too.

In a cold room they stripped us bare

At that young age I had no hair,

he checked us for hernias around our nuts

He probed our prostates up our butts;

With that the doctor scribbled some notes,

And peered at our tonsils down our throats,

With a cold thing he heard our hearts

He checked out all our other parts

The door swung open--a nurse appeared!

While doc he calmly looked in our ears.

The doc and nurse acted pretty cavalier

Towards a little boy's natural fears,

They invaded our bodies and that's not all:

The minds of young men still that small

JOHN MOLLIN



NOTHING BUT PEOPLE WAITING

There's a sale on at Debenhams today, a twelve hour spectacular, or something. Everybody's standing outside the building though. If you ever hear an announcement over the tannoy: "Could the plumber please report to the basement", it's a bomb scare. There's a woman and her kid outside, faces pressed up to the plate glass, trying to figure out why they can't get in. No one goes up and tells her. There aren't any cops around, they're all

round the back. It's sealed off to cars there but you can walk up as close as you like, maybe it's something to do with the white tape not being long enough to go across the pavement as well as across the road. Maybe somebody doesn't care. The woman and the kid are still there, up against the windows, tongues hanging out. It's one second later, and nothing happens, the glass doesn't splinter into shards and lacerate the child. Everybody's just sitting outside on benches, smoking or eating ice cream. Another second later, the metal work doesn't twist and shriek as it warps under the blast. The cops don't come round and tell the woman. Another second later, there aren't no kids toys lying bloodstained in the broken glass. There ain't

buy our shirts so we can buy more coffee



1.



2. FRONT



BACK

FOR EVERY TEE-SHIRT BOUGHT, WE WILL DONATE SEVERAL PENCE STERLING TO THE BRAZILIAN COFFEE MILLIONAIRE OF OUR CHOICE! HERE AT A SECRET DEVIL, COFFEE'S INTEGRAL PART OF THE DAILY PROCESS WE GO THROUGH TO BRING YOU THE BEST IN MODERN LEISURE WEAR. IT'S LESS A LUXURY THAN A MOTHERFUCKING NECESSITY.

£350 inc p&p

BOX32 52CALL LANE LEEDS LS1 6DT

nothing but people waiting. This is Belfast, and I keep walking, I've got better things to do with my life than spend it as a spectator in someone else's fucked up bloody war. I keep walking. We always do.

MAC

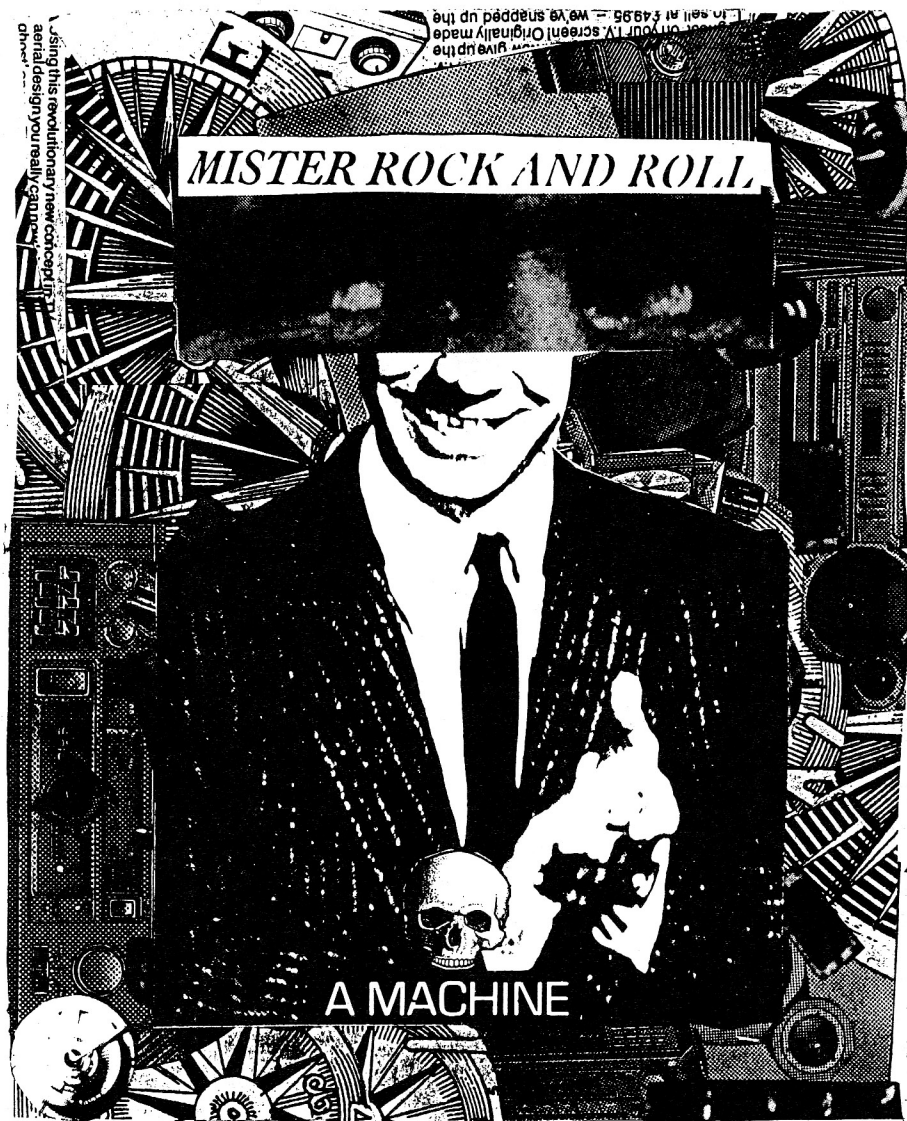
COCKFIGHTER



I was sitting in my garden and I saw a wolf coming towards me on the wolfs back was a dwarf on the dwarfs shoulder was a cockerell as they got closer I could see a hooked blade strapped to each of the cockerells feet. When they reached me they stopped and the dwarf said 'I have come to pit my bird bring out

your rooster Put on his silver gaffs and pit him against us' I told him I did not have any rooster then he got off the wolfs back and gripped my face with both hands I tried to escape but he had the power of a wolf and at least a dozen roosters he kissed me and drove his tongue into my throat I felt it go down inside my stomach and when it emerged there was a feather on the end of it then everything around me suddenly became gigantic and I knew I had been changed into a little fat red rooster I was even shorter than a dwarf he quickly scooped me up and tucked me under his arm then he fastened the hooks on me and set me down on the ground beak to beak with his Prize Killer I wanted to run away but that Poulet would have leapt on my back and cut off my head I had to fight it fight it to the death we circled round each other for a long time then my enemy leapt in the air and came down on my back sticking his hooks in me then getting out Up he went again and down he came slashing carving he was so quick I could not stab him with my hooks I tried to chase him and get him before he leapt but the dwarf had put too much fat on me Slowed me down I was no match for his king bird I was cut to ribbons Worn out used up finally I saw him rise above me one last time and I was no longer a Whole thing But a single Rooster head gurgling blood.

S. KIBBLEWHITE



The band had a message to sell. Piece by piece it was bought but it never ran out. The band had nothing more to do with its time than manufacture more message. They were suppliers of the finest message, they had to be, with so many bands selling messages the consumer was often too confused to purchase anything at all. The band worked hard at making their message stand out and regular buyers of message were aware and grateful for this. They knew they'd always get their moneys worth.

TRANSLATION-ONE

think on it

need a decision about it

dont suffer lame excuses

want grass roots

consensus, yes but

who's payin' for the time

all cant agree all the time

put your vote in

a vanity of participation

democracy may as well be a shoe size;;

think on it

how the airwaves are distorted

puttin' out nature with the trash

no questions asked

stuck in pause

dont wanna know

on non-profit cause

who's playin' rock house

tryin some escape, out on welfare

ha, get blindfolded with chrome bullshit

or get aware;;

think on it

who's handlin' the throttle

it's strangulation

by multi-ignorance corporation

cant pin your hope on the future being all paid

shake your mind

need a decision, your own not pre-made

bluff of unity

exposed edges cut n cut down

and out

get triggered to, behind the glare

who's makin' peace nuclear capable

shiftin the ground

that's something to care

no rules, impacted truth, rotted

out of hand

what do you know about it;;

think on it

your choice, choose it

tolerance or self-righteous

which will it be

mighty bold talk

for what, well.....

think!!!!, it's okay

think it out

put way out

that old junk

dont just bring in

new non-reusable;;

need a decision, about it

so what do you care

on the environment

closer on it

squattin' under the poverty line

refuse harrassment

hear promises

then understand what was said

like what was meant;;

think on it

first generation, right on it
screwed up

cut up

touchin' to detonate

strokin' a pump action

real close range

what tag you gonna hang to fate,

why messenger bash

you would say it the sme, I guess

if you wanted to hear

like where's the line

down vigilante and crash;;

injury to one

we'll fight but

but we ain't pushin'

except against one-d fun

n how y'all distill into apathy

take note

or don't if you want

hey, you cant breath

face down in society

no statute of limitations

as a saviour

get out by yourself

think on it

what do you wanna be;;

get to know

trouble dont always make the news cut

feelin' safe, false as it is,

under need to know, write it

reality dont edit

decide, which dots to join

who's payin' for the time

n what ideology are you on

on cruise control

blind spot

to the give way sign;;

think on it

how flipper don't sorf

it ain't on file

so f.o.i. won't come forth

obligation cop out

over n over

over n out

no trust no risk

nothin' done no let down

so get notice to this sound;;

don't forget

when you think, why

about, why you're thinking

alls okay-is that it

wanna drown us out

'cause you're stagnant n numb

n content being

free to do what you're told

I've thought on it;;

there's no small print.

unreadable or misplaced

just translation-one, how we see it

n the right of reply;;

MICK HOLLOW

Political trends have always played a part in rock'n' roll since its conception. The plight of animals in laboratories, on farms and in their natural habitat is an issue that has bloomed from a handful of protest songs to a new stage in our evolution.

Animal rights has become more important than human rights among some sections of our community. Without being overly dramatic I'd like to voice my concern about some conspiracy's I've uncovered.

For instance the noble veneer and outright false portrayal of animals as helpless, harmless, noble, innocent creatures. I don't think and would not like to imply that this act is played out solely for the benefit of the animals concerned.

The world is becoming an incredibly hard place to live in. Many people would like to escape it.

The amount of records released in the last four years that have contained animal rights as an over-powering theme belies more than a mere love of animals or a concern over their welfare. After all this concern often makes only half hearted attempts to branch into other areas so why should anyone assume it's real??

I don't believe this concern is in any way real.

Secret yearnings and desires have always been subliminally presented within the confines and trappings of rock 'n' roll.

many people yearn to escape this world. They desire to be free of its drudgery.

The hippies deluded themselves that they could achieve these things by the taking of hallucinogenic drugs.

I believe much of the 'concern' over animal welfare in music is a subliminal yearning to escape the drudgery of the world by becoming an animal. This is heavy delusion.

Animals do not think in words. Animals are without morals. The animal may senselessly rape or murder. The animal is a lover of blood not peace.

If the people who desire to become animals had their wish come true they would find that there is more to an animals life than running free or being at one with nature. They would probably find that the life of an animal is something that could tear their delicate pampered minds to shreds.

This of course depends on the animal.

I believe that as time inevitably passes the true desires behind much of today's 'animals music' will present itself in naked honesty. I believe this honesty will be matched by the advance of science.

Evolution will take a new turn when the multitudes of 'want to be's' find out they have become 'can be's'

Because of the instability and delicateness of their minds they will not want to be the wolf or the lion or even the eagle or the cat.

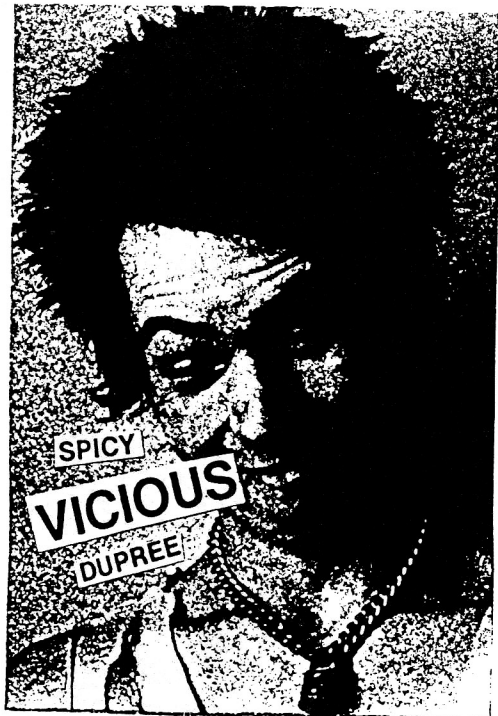
They may choose to become tortoise's.

WHY SOME WORKERS

AREN'T BORED!



Are you bored with your job and want to do something about it? You can!

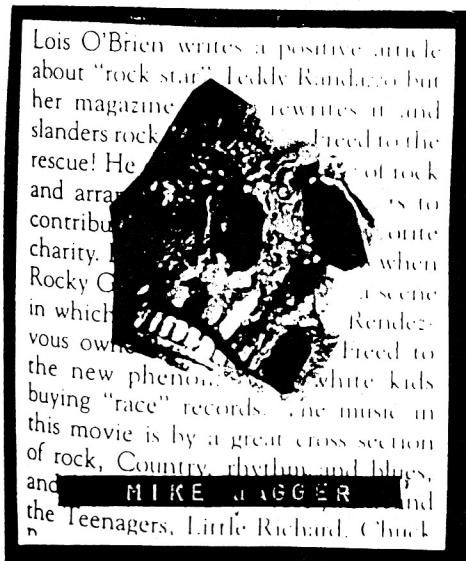


Music is art. You can't get away from that unless you make music that's secret. Throw it to the public and it is subject to their interpretations and limitations. Eventually so are you. A performer with an audience is a bug with a niche. Safe.

Our society is based on such configurations. Figure it out. The problem is a new kind of mathematical mechanics, two plus two equals four is corruptly expected. Count me out of that way of thinking. The audience on the other hand need your re-affirmation to be able to sleep at night, you better give them a four and not a digit more. Their is a number of things. The attraction??? well I can only speak for myself on these matters.

An average brain will fit snugly in an average shoe box. It really doesn't have to be this way. Its a case of average mathematical mechanics. I like music. I want to make it bigger. Solid energy that could fuel machines we have yet to invent (or even realise the possibility of their invention) I think with application we can achieve this, its not such a hard task (even if our brains are in shoe boxes).

What can you do about it. Well round here we don't like to tell but let me tell you this. Feel good about it. When its route goes directly through you, you have to ride it and be-un-afraid. If you find yourself kissing the wall at a million miles an hour your not even half way their because 'there' does not exist. Keep on it, don't lose your grip, you have to stay in transit. Let manoeuvre be a product of collision. Derision only stifles the foolish and the wise. Who needs that shit. This is all about new needs or didn't I tell you. This is all about surpassing destination. Beyond flesh and bone. Beyond spirit and soul. Electrical current. Lightning storms. Birth and death. Destruction and construction. Together they are beautiful power that defies their individual qualities. Together they make the road. Stay on it. Sing your song.



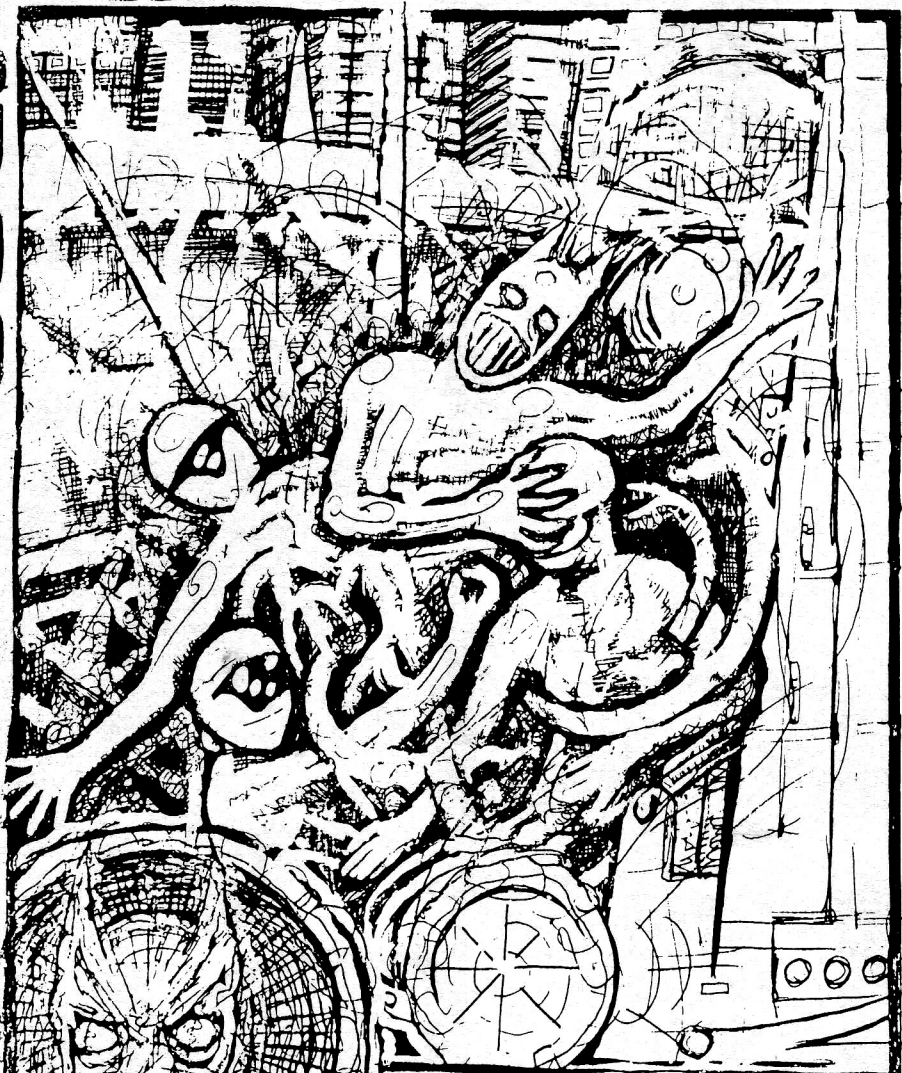
Lois O'Brien writes a positive article about "rock star" Teddy Randazzo but her magazine rewrites it and slanders rock. Freed to the rescue! He is a hero of rock and arranges to contribute to charity. Rocky G. is a scene in which Randazzo's own Freed to the new phenomenon of white kids buying "race" records. The music in this movie is by a great cross section of rock, Country, rhythm and blues, and the Teenagers, Little Richard, Chuck

HOKIM HAWOK

Now let's take a look at fashion for the 90s and our theme for fashion in the 90s and that is rebellion, James dean, malin brando, sid vicious!! As you can see, our models are wearing leather motorcycle jackets, which are very rebellious also big boots are very much the look, and shance is wearing a belt which is a necessary for any rebels wardrobe, and for our soundtrack, we've chosen big big big...



YLNZMUCS



1991
R41

ALL HELL
BREAKS LOOSE

NO
©

ALLACTION
COMICS

Presents...



5 4 3 2 1



7
4
3
2
1

ROGER

MUSIC «

GARAGE MONSTERS

POWERHOUSE
sympathy . 7"

One side of this skinny near see through young fella is a gorgeous etching from the Pizz, whilst the other side, the musical side, is the nearest one may ever get to the musical equivalent of drinking a dozen cups of coffee. manic aint the word, sheesh, this thing bounces of the walls an may well take you along with it. also, its dressed real fine, missy.

If coffee drinking needed a soundtrack this is it.



CLAWHAMMER

Q, ARE WE NOT MEN?
A, WE ARE NOT DEVO!
sympathy rec's

A concept that could brake your little spuds, DEVO'S early mutation takes a lovin' lickin' from folks who know how evil rock'n'roll can be. Recorded live onto two track, sleeve notes by Mark Mothersbaugh, a richness of concept and physics. Mongoloid, space junk, shrivel up, oh man, I gotta pooty-poo-poo. This shits alive and eating my fuck-fuck ohio mind.

GORE

WREDE
Something....

2LP

A double LP, four man-sized instrumentals, I'm glad I got it second hand. A little like 'Mean Mans Dream', the whole often seems less than the parts. It has it's moments, but its only the last side, 'Death has Come (De Dood)', that really works for me. Years of dragging drums finally give way to something that really does feel like the reapers knock at the door, quite an incredible ominous power, I haven't heard many things this strong. Considering that it is four twenty minute instrumentals, it doesn't drag too much. I think if they had got it just right it would have been amazing.

G.G. ALLIN + ANTI-SEEN

MURDER JUNKIES L.P

JESUS CHRIST ALLIN is the real thing and the only thing that rock 'n' roll really has to offer, GG is the king and god of pain, bondage, hate, S and M.....GG means what he says and he will die to say it. This album see's GG not only delivering the real SCUMROCKIN' goods but also delving into the 'spoken word' trip like no-one else has or will (We welcome proof of otherwise) GG outlines HIS MISSION to purge and destroy with backing from ANTI-SEEN who are a great band but really only worthless dogs compared to the creature. What makes GG scary is his commitment to his own tortured demise, GG isn't faking.

(NEW ROSE RECORDS)

SENSELESS THINGS

Epic

If this is the type of shit you like, you are MORE than welcome to it. Very much Aunt Petunia, not very Ben Grimm. Shit.

HARD-ONS

Vinyl Solution

Yet another in the seemingly endless stream of Hard-Ons releases, which seem to be breeding like those self replicating machines, so beloved of sf. Didn't do anything for me, but Luciano shat his (already somewhat soiled) pants when this said hello.

COWS

CUNNING STUNTS
am-rep records

Ho, I do love this foursome for their fearsome tales. Five albums on and things are really starting to get interesting for Thor, Kevin, Norm and Shannon (the MEN) you could call this NOIZE, HIP, or DAMAGED GRUNGE but at the end of the day it's pure dippy courage an' it's close to my heart. I can feel real fuckin' sad when I get an earfull of this full on babe. It certainly is 'terrifique', maybe more psycho than 'PEACETIKA' even, which surely surely is no bad thing.



WISEBLOOD

PTTM. 12"CD

big cat

This is musically mostly different to DIRTYDISH, 4 tracks this time going for a more bluesy big band sleaze out, cept for 'stop trying to tie me' which is more in the DIRTYDISH take your bat outta ma teeth scale of things 'Grease nipples' is great for M'way driving. all in all pretty darn neato an who made you judge and jury, who made you fudge n fury

SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS

HEART & MIND

a label

Heart & mind is S.D.H, second album and was initially a tad harder to listen to in places, didn't last long though, a couple of the songs are kind of, well, folky, but Gary floyd's got such a great voice that I even kind of like them, the lyrics are a bit cheesy in places but what the hell, when I bin thinkin bout ma baby this is the weep fer me ta weep ta !!

PAIN TEENS/GOD & TEXAS

SPLIT 7" INCH

rave records

PAINTEENS do 'bondage' with cut ups, rhythm 'an bleeding sodden leather, heavy like a bran torpedo in a halloween mask. GOD & TEXAS make a fast entuned din that wets the tongue but doesn't wholly satisfy one's cravings. PAINTEENS win this bout with a submission!

PAINTEENS

SACRIFICIAL SHACK

CRUZ RECORDS

Two big shark-meat chunks of armour plated muscle bound thickness, great 3D production that leaves the scum intact and festering. Four solid walls of freakyness, jumpin' Jimenez it's another quality PAINTEENS record.

DIAMANDA GALAS

PLAGUE MASS

mute

This is scary. Diamanda Galas is a scary lady. Live doubleLP, maybe better than the studio ones, powerful and that. SQUA FRONT!

NITZER EBB

AS IS

mute

12"

4 Tracks, 2 of which don't move me too well, mainly due to em being just plain dull. The other 2 tracks, last track 'Higher' is neat for its up and down temponess, and the first track 'Family man' is perhaps one of their most beautiful babbles, if only for its antinowhereleaguesquess. Amen.

BARRY ADAMSON/ANITA LANE

and the THOUGHT SYSTEM OF LOVE

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING

mute

12"

Three peculiar dance versions of THAT song, sung by what sounds like a schoolgirl, a lot better than I expected and all done very well, tho, at times it begins to slide into dub, but, hell I suppose most things have a downside.



ROCKY ERICKSON+

27 DEVILS JOKING


'YOU DON'T LOVE ME YET' 7"

sympathy rec's

From the dusty surface of the moon comes this slice of lazy desert rock, not frantic noise or youngpup heavyness but a pure laid back atmosphere that grows all over you like some other worldly lichen. Cover art oughta win prizes 'an 'you don't love me yet' oughta brake hearts.

SEVEN MINUTES OF NAUSEA

S.M.N. are not gods or even godzillas, this is the slime that would eat Australia and maybe the entire cosmos given the advantage of alien technology. As it is S.M.N. have to content themselves with primal absurdities that even PUNK choose to sneer at. You'll probably never hear 'em on the radio in this solar system but you may be able to pick up one of their three hundred song seven inch e.p.'s from
MATHIAS WEIGAND
DRESDENER STR.30
5400 KOBLENZ
W.GERMANY.



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WORDS OF WARNING LTD. P.O. BOX 119, NEWPORT, GWENT, NP23 7YD, WALES, UK

JELLO BIAFRA

SPOKEN WORD NURSERY RHYME L.P.
TENTACLES

Man, Biafra really ruined my week when he ruin'd some'a my favorite nursery rhymes. Little Miss Muffet has long been a piece of wordage that makes me feel good inside, but old lard-face has fucked it up with that stupid stupid voice of his. Jesus, why don't he just stay at home an' squeeze his spots.

(n.b. Since the release of this L.P., Jello Biafra has also released split L.P.'s with over 60 famous bands, making him statistically the most famous and caring person ever to have lived. Should his proposed Chumbawamba/Biafra record surface, experts estimate that he will be so wise, caring, and witty, that his surface temperature will exceed that of the sun, he will collapse until all of his body mass is concentrated in a point the size of a large HEART, and the resultant blast of hot air will destroy the earth.)

ANTI-SEEN

SOUTHERN HOSTILITY L.P.
Rave records

The thing from the caves is back with it's message of SATAN and SELF DESTRUCTION. ANTI-SEEN are alone on a mission that they hope NO ONE WILL SURVIVE. "LAST DAYS ON EARTH" is one

of the songs that make this record the experience it is. DIG THAT BEAUTIFUL FEEDBACKER ENDING, JUST LIKE A U.F.O. INTENT ON DEATH. ANTI-SEEN would be the RAMONES if the RAMONES were scary AND corrupt and driving a big TRUCK to YOUR house to KILL you. This record is so HARDCORE it'll piss on YOU and your FUCKASSY records. YEAH!

RAVE RECORDS
P.O. BOX 40075
PHILADELPHIA, pa 19106
U.S.A.



BLOCK OF FLATS

demo 002

Pronounced 'Bloccoflats', these are the YOUNGEST, most ELEGANTLY DRESSED, and the most ROMAN band i have ever heard. Frankly the music-o are not my cup of tea, but if fast, inventive, varied, and just FANDABBYDOZY Hard-o-Core-e is what you desire, this band (average age 17) have the kind of youthful GENIUS that always makes this kind of stuff seem ALIVE, VIBRANT and a lot better. They deliver the goods-TWISTY. And live they were FUCKING good, so if that's your bag, you'd BETTER write to them, cuz they're KINGS. But WHY are they called BLOCK OF FLATS?

ROMANI RICCARDO, Via Monte Cervialto, 56
00139, ROMA

FABRIZIO DI BENEDETTO, Via Brandolini, 20
00139, ROMA

PAOLO MARTINELLI, Via Pienza, 146 00138,
ROMA.



These Italian mofos have got all those Victims Family/Noneansno dance moves down pat BUT that isn't always a recommendation. Man, they need to get imposing and bully-like to score points on my shifty dial. Maybe next time.

EN VOGUE

My Loving

KEE-RYST! This song is great. If this was the year 2019, and Motown was on the dark side of the moon and run by four 100ft tall japanese Superheroines, this would be their first release. The human race is unfit to LICK THE BOOTS OF EN VOGUE. EN VOGUE DESTROY ALL PLANETS! Ooooooooooh-bop! I really like this record!

VOIVOD

ANGELRAT

Major

A strange development. Voivod are slowly mutantasizing into something unique. I like the different songs, especially the one about pirates and ships figureheads, and the way I can imagine them living in a castle in a snowy Canadian waste, at the edge of a frozen sea.

ROLLINS BAND

END OF SILENCE

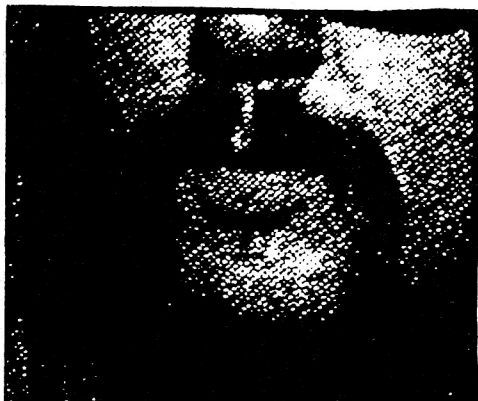
Imago recording Co

"Few are made for independence". This is the fellas first release on a major, and on the whole rocks the shit, tho nothing they've done since 'Lifetime' has had the same feeling of power and energy, there is some INTENSELY moving goings on throughout, I mean on a par with my high bran diet. A spot to over produced in places but what the hell, they work hard and I dont even know how to tune a guitar.

BRUTO POP

DEMO TAPE

Jerky punk'o' jazztastaic Instrumental nonsense that's just a bit too fucking nice and certainly didn't give me the shakes.



METALLICA

METALLICA

Vertigo

METALLIFANBURTONREANIMATATSIC! You know who Metallica are, they all dress in black!, they have long hair! Long pointed boots! This 2LP (or 1CD) is rock of a FINE type. Superhero-Bjorn-Borg drumming from Lars (still the UGLATO of the band, but getting better), Japanirobot-style-guitars from Kirk, even 'throbbing' turned-up bass from Ginger-nut Newstead, and that HSINGING! It's like a angel from heaven. Real Heavy Metal. Even A\$!sh bought it.

I AM THE HETFIELD.

MALHAVOK

THE RELEASE CD
epidemic records

One fella with a liking for horror, heavy metal and some things I don't fully understand makes a solo l.p. that sounds like FOETUS mating with HELIOS CREED and producing a child that doesn't always live up to expectations. Eccentric metal?? Eggy metal?? Eggy bread?? Not bad.....AT ALL.

Its a musicaly split thing with one half leaning heavily t'ward industrial tomfoolery perhaps some of the most impressive I've heard, and the other half is some kind of frightening metal thing. canadian as well!!



PUNISH ME 12"
Vinyl Solution

Poison Idea ain't nobodies idea of supreme handsomeness and that's gotta be part of the appeal. 'cuz straight edge nancy's they most definitely aren't. 'Punish me' is whip crackin' motorin' and mean with boss-o sound and tough guitars that know precisely when to get carried away, when the bottles dry and their's nothing left to smash. Happy times are here again.

BLUE CHEER

OUTSIDE/INSIDE L.P.
garage land records

Blissful freaksome re-release of this '68 gen, these crazy fiends was rock and outta control in a big amp way, fuzz an' all sorta bad things in big doses. Years ahead of it's time in a very literal sense.

GUNS 'N' ROSES

USE YOUR ILLUSION 1-11
Geffen

These two are less basic Rock'n'Roll than appetite for destruction, there's ballads, and strings, and tinkling pianos a bit of sampling and a whole lot of variation. Even Alice Cooper.

Having pockets full of money may of aided the fellas in experimenting with different musical styles, and on the whole it all comes together nice. Use Your Illusion I is the more rocking of the two releases, with the highlights being 'Right Next Door To Hell', and 'Back Off Bitch', Alice Cooper 'n' W.Axl larking about in 'The Garden' and the epic 10 min adventure 'Coma'. Illusion II is a little weepier but still full of goodness. 'Locomotive' is tops for bass power'n'shit, 'My World' sounds like W. Axl's discovery of the industrial, of which he just had to have a go, turned out nice though, Hell it all turned out nice cept' for a song or two, which out of 30 songs all together ain't bad, now what's happening with the Fear cover?

EARTH CITIZENS

NO LEADERS E.P.

Low tech home made audio aggro from the Swiss anarchist network. Plenty of shouting and basic chord structures flung out at all three punkeroo tempo's (slow-medium-fast) some of the ideas are clever such as having the lyrics printed in about four different languages.....but those lyrics didn't do much for me. They have an anti C.D. song called 'COMPACT BULLSHIT' which I didn't like because compact disk's are smart and technologys cool. My message to EARTH CITIZENS is FUCK YOUR STERIOPHONIC RECORDINGS-ONLY MONO IS PUNK!!! \$3. from RIP, P.O. BOX 426, 8026 ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

DOPE GUNS AND FUCKING IN THE STREETS

VOLUMES 4-7

Am-rep records

Sprightly compilation l.p. of musical derangement with big names such as MELVINS and JESUS LIZARD, plus folks who are new to my ears like the hammerin' HAMMERHEAD an' the yammerin' JONESTOWN, but top tracks have gotta be 'bad times' by the superhuman LUBRICATED GOAT and 'lesbian nun' by those loveable dog dick lickin' perverts THE DWARVES. also for your money you get HELMET, THE MIGHTY CEASARS, GAS HUFFER, THE CROWS, UNSANE, BOSS HOG, VERTIGO, CASUS BELLI, COSMIC PSYCHOS an' FETISH 69, so no complaints from this particular purchaser.

DEVO

HARDOORE DEVO
fancclub

LP

Akron's kings of redeye auto-reanimate with these original recordings from back when they were still working things out in the cellar(74-78?), and taped on a four track, the power of the music and ideas comes through, and works plenty. Peculiar versions of some of the earlier stuff, like Soo Bawls, and Social Fools, and unheard of miracles like Space Girl Blues, and Buttered Beauties, wipe away memories of un-powered recent material, and wipe the floor with most of the shitty knockers passing off as innovative today.

Devo came out of the ground fully formed, and everything of theirs you hear makes them seem more potent. This is only Mark Mothersbaugh and Gerry Casale, playing all the instruments, boiled, roasted and otherwise. Seething Wells says it's speccy music but then he's a cunt.

END OF SILENCE

DEMO TAPE

E.O.S. use guitars and drums in a way that could only be termed creative abuse, totally alien lucifer headache stuff with no tangible chords or notes within ear-shot. The first track "Halfway to paradise" is the hit for me, ten or more minutes of creepyness and downbeat noize. Industrial? Possibly, possibly something a whole lot worse. The second and final composition is let down by repetitive 'normal' vocalism that simply annoys. "Halfway to paradise" is the nightmare that makes this package worthwhile. FIVE DOLLARS POST-PAID FROM M.WEIGAND DREDENERSTR. 30 5400 KOBLENZ W.GERMANY.



DANZIG

LUCIFUGE
def jam

He came, He saw, He's the wao-oaalf. Different to the first LP, with a much denser sound, Lucifuge goes from Leg Breaking hardness to Soppy-boy softness and back again, and never stops to comb it's hair (not that it needs it). He makes like he believes that he's evil, and I believe it too. Some coffin' record.

IN REVERIE

DENIZEN
(Dikdik RECORDS)

FUCKOOP, TWPTH, I smashed this up into lty bits with a hammer before I got to hear it even cuz I stupid stupid stupid. Now it wont play so what can I say but it was fun to SMASH SMASH SMASH!!!!

VIDEODROME SOUNDTRACK

HOWARD SHORE
Varese Saraband

This is probably more powerful on record than in the film. Sustained tension, and very melancholy.

DOPE GUNS AND FUCKING UP YOUR VIDEO DECK

VARIOUS AM-REP ARTISTS

Professional amateurs AM-REP take to the world of video like kings. Mostly studio super editing technique monsterness with unbelievable performances from some of my personal favorite recording artists of the present day. COWS, LUBRICATED GOAT, KING SNAKE ROOST, HALO OF FLIES, TAR, HELMET,



GEKY

UNOFFICIAL RECORDINGS 91

Geeky sixties pop made by sunstroke suffering Italians. Lightweight da-da-dum-oh baby action with little of the murdered guitar squaring that make instant classics of anything. Still, if the vino was flowing freely I could no doubt enjoy this.

SURGERY and VERTIGO are on the screen in differing amounts and moods with between vid banter by DR. SPHINCTER and a porno ending. LUBRICATED GOAT's vid is them playing naked live on Australian t.v. with a triple smart song for warmth. TAR on the other hand use black and white cut-up spooky footage to add depth to their already depth depth-charge 'Les Paul worries'. Class, all the way through.

SONIC YOUTH

'GOO' THE VIDEO

Geffen

HEY HEY! After a bag of COLT 45 and a race against time I was ready for whatever SONIC YOUTH could throw my way.....ALMOST! S.Y. blew my cabbage like brain into MOREOOMEWISSEVILLE wld a vid that has more hilarity and funnies than even VIC REEVES could muster up ON A GOOD NIGHT!!! If you thought the SONIC YOUTH thing was all about tossy goth students who talk art then you gotta see this 'cuz it's the absolute fuckin' tops in dismantling that tired old myth. Contains all the songs off 'Goo' and for my money is better value.

live performance

LIZGIZZAD/VIRTUAL REALITY/ PEACEMAKER/?

Brixton Dole office

6/3/92

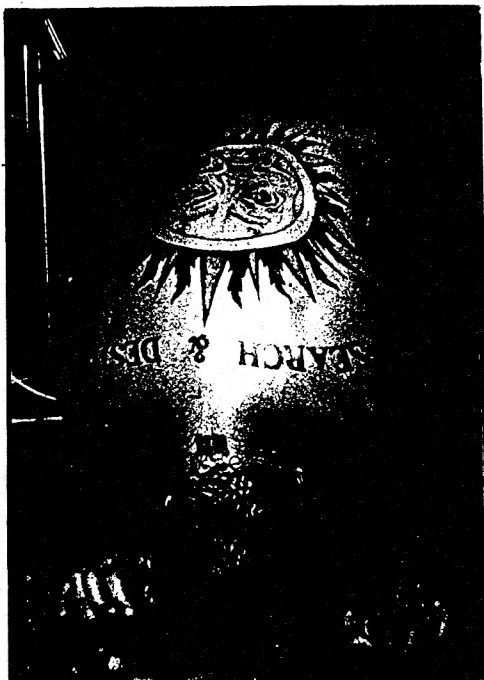
A fuckin' squat, fuckin' sab, fuckin' anarchy. Fuckin' '?' weren't fuckin' called fuckin' '?', but fuck' knows what they were fuckin' called but that's fuckin' anarchy so don't fuckin' lable me mister. Peacemaker are fuckin' best band since CRASS with a wholesome and crunchy mix of reggae and thrash, two completely crazy (and most important) meaningful types of music. Support this band-save animals. Well fuck' that and fuck' the system an' fuck' Virtual Reality who are starlike in presence. Is that Ozzy Osbourne? Is it the Devil? No it's three big girls, a drum machine and a riff-blending of tip-top metallers Trouble and Black Sabbath, Yowsa!!! And Lizgizzad? Well they were fuckin' cants smoking their Pall Mall and fuckin' punchin fuckin' jugglers like they didn't have the fuckin' right to live. Whey

hey!! Then van loads of filth turned up so that was the end of this little rock and roll evening.

ROLLINS LIVBE

INB MANCIVHESTERT

This evening was something of a trial. As soon as we arrived at the International, a place which looks like a Dolphinarium, it was clear that the devils own work was being performed by Mancunians. Monkey insisted on parking on the side of the road, and not in the Intntl. carpark, and as we left our transport of delight, we were most grievously set about by unpleasant urchins, demanding that we pay for their surveillance of our vehicle. We moved away, jeering, until a bearded gent in the employ of the venue told us that only last week this same gang of infants had destroyed an infinite amount of cars, set people on fire, and shattered the lives of thousands. We moved the car to the carpark.



Inside, things were strange. People were sitting cross legged on the floor, which stretched away to the horizon in all directions, acting clever, wearing hard to get T-Shirts. No prizes for non-elitism tonight.

No time for a pleasant chat! From the moment we arrived, Rockin'Mr. DJ played his choice of fashionable rec's over the P.A. so loud that any conversation was impossible, a

good time. Ideal! I am so mad-fucking-sick of hearing this obligatory Ministry/Revoluting Cocks/Front 242 soundtrack, I gonna weep.

Rollins everywhere! You couldn't scratch your face without a staring, intense Rollins storming up your arm, and into your ear. Everywhere you looked, there was Rollins, storming, pushing people aside, storming, going in a door, coming out of another, appearing on the balcony, coming up some stairs, climbing a rope, crawling through a tunnel, swinging on a chandelier, feeling big boy stiffen. The rest of the band were happy to just swan about looking like a less dapper Hair Bear Bunch.

Soon Jallcell Recipes took the stage. This was not too good. Their singer has been gifted with every unpleasant stage-quirk possible. The guitarist looks, plays, sounds like Greg Ginn, even down to the Senile Dementia trouser, and apart from their first song, which sounded like Black Flag, I couldn't get much from them. Why anyone would want to see these play when the Roberts Brothers Circus Band are in the country, God alone knows.

The Rollins Band played a set of almost entirely new material, the first time much of it had been played in Europe, Rollins was cheeky & charming, the band rocked the fuck, and they were pretty great. Maybe the atmosphere suffered a little because the place was so big, and two thirds empty, full of slimy bastards, or maybe it was because of those nasty ol' shorts.

'But you shouldn't enjoy it, it's about confrontation, Man!'

Ahhh Fuck it.

SPACE MONSTERS, MR SOCIAL CONTROL, TUNNEL FRENZIES

1 in 12 club, 27/6/91.

Ten fuckin' people isn't what I'd call a good turnout, tonight the universe deserved the space monsters. Playing with borrowed instruments they didn't even do a Ramones cover. They really don't care. Mr Social Control was popular, all ten punters clapped and cheered at his rants and face pulling. I wasn't cheering. I was pig fucking drunk due to lending twenty quid off Richard earlier in the day. Well fuck it, it was a shitty day, what else was I to do? Getting real fucked up is no bad thing and it's easier than catching fish. Mr Social Control is a fucking irritable clown but at the same time decent, I'm glad people enjoyed him. Tunnel Frenzies are fucking great rocking solid hellsatan bastards, they are H.A.R.D. in the same way that Poison Idea are-without sounding like them at all. I would of danced (and I never dance) but I didn't want to leave the bar (and I never leave the bar).

Despite stunning performances by the Space Monsters and Tunnel Frenzies (and a

performance by Mister Social Control) this gig really made me see red and want to murder. Locals in attendance were close to zero. Fuck 'em!

COP SHOOT COP HAIR & SKIN TRADING CO.

LIVE IN LEEDS

'92

Yikes, I'm at a gig and surrounded by all those scary alternative types, is that Kafka over there?? is that Lydia Lunch with a box of choc's? man, whadoo I care, I am drinking BROWN ALE.

Hair & Skin T.C. are made up from folks outta LOOP an' they sound like they have songs about council estates and glue sniffing. Slow plod with none of the flashy guitar solo's that always liven up a party, 'an they played for six hours....TUSH!

COP SHOOT COP are much better. Two bass guitars, bits of a tin mine and a synth. Not bad and actually quite exhilaratin' every now and then. More entertaining than three million would-be punk bands. Hooray for the future!!

**LAZY PEOPLE WITH
EASY MORALS LOVE
THE XP SET GOOD
THINKING CITIZENS
ARE HORRIFIED...**

while they love it

JAMIE+SIMON

LIVE AT THE ROYAL PARK, LEEDS

FEB 6th 1992

JGS are an odd thing, a two man tag team of daftness that hits the musical ball into a territory that takes the thrashin' mad wallin' dumb-notes of EXTREME NOIZE TERROR and mixes it with the wawwahwah slipperyness of MUDHONEY and shakes 'em and bakes 'em in a way that makes you want to laugh at the world around you, tonight they battled with the cruel forces of shitty sound and still came out in front. When you live in a place full of wet brown dogshit like THE WEDDING PRESENT a thing like JAMIE+SIMON can give you hope.

CONTRASTO

Live Napoli

Contrasto played this squatted social centre in Naples, and even in the midst of this, the most insane city on this or any world, they were amazing. They didn't sound like anything

I'd heard before, perhaps you could liken them to Helmet, (not the sound, just the feeling), in that they turn up the supertight percussive power, until you go nuts-o. I tried to dance but ended up bodypopping or doing the Spazz, or something, you can't DANCE to Contrasto, but you have to TRY. They were a revelation. I got a tape of them that's not as good, but then it's old. They got better, so write to:

ROSSI GIULIANO, Via degli ULIVI n 9, 18014, OSPEDALETTI (IM)

FALLING SUNS/NADIR

Royal Park

Missed the Falling Suns due to the fact that I don't give a shit about 'em and would rather grab a beer. Nadir I was interested in due to their membership including Jamie & Simon of 'Jamie & Simon' fame. Well boy was I disappointed, Nadir are well rehearsed, progressive, and cheezy cheese, not a patch on the frantic duo's ramblings, but then it's not the frantic duo, it's Nadir. I guess they're good at what they do but what they do doesn't do me any good.

MONSTERS OF ROCK

Communist festival, Modena

All the bands were shit, except AC/DC and METALLICA, especially SELL OUT (I use the term advisedly) Italian fuckers NEGAZIONE who played first and STANK.

Due to not being actually inside the arena, I had to hang about at the gates with thousands of other unfortunates, and when Metallica took the stage, I took a trip to FEAR CITY. The crowd outside was already a little agitated, but hearing 'Seek & Destroy' sent them crazy and they started breaking down the gates, and running across the concrete no-mans land to the arena. Seeing this, security rang up the cops and asked for SIX police vans, with tommy guns.

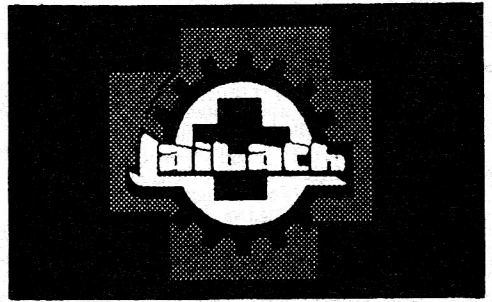
That would have been mad enough for me, but weirder still was the fact that all the cops were METALLIFANS, and started banging their heads, and singing along.

POINT OF ULTIMATE CRAZINESS was reached when 'One' was played, and EVERYBODY burst into tears and started smashing a way to the arena. SPA FONT!

LAIBACH

International 2

Same place as Rollins, and the atmosphere couldn't have been more different, although they both played to a full room. They stomped, stormed, frowned, missed queues, banged about, rocked, looked a little like Spandau Ballet at times, had greasy faces, and were most entertaining, although a bit



less of the Dance-esque schlop would have been nice. The audience was split into three groups:

- i. People who looked sad and lonely.
- ii. Smug, self satisfied, smirking dreadlock people who did the 'weight from one foot to the other waving arms in the air, and have a good time' dance.
- iii. People who took Laibach VERY seriously, and wore ties or big hats to prove it.

Apart from the crowd, it was fun. Laibach's merchandise included ties, tieclips, shirts, and clap-hands-here-comes-chocolate cappuchino cups, with LAIBACH on. HOLEY MOLEY! I bought one. Monkey bought a Laibach candle. Now if that ain't the strangest.



DUNCAN MCKENNA

READ A BOOK YA STOOPID SCHMUCK



WAR WITH THE ROBOTS

Harry Harrison
1967

I picked this up 'cuz robots rule supreme, sure, this aint JAP ACTION but it aint so rotten either. Eight short stories about ROBOTS each with an almost theological explanation (or lead-piece) from Harry H

himself. I read this on a total shite national express coach journey (national express hate living, intelligent life) and I gotta say it helped me pass time in an enjoyable way. Plenty lightweights 'don't be a baddy' type moralisms tied up in Mr Harrison's near famous wit. Far from earth shaking but hey, it was pleasant enough for me.

EARTH UNAWARE

Mack Reynolds

(first published as 'of godlike power' in 1966)

Hey hey, this is in more second hand shops than dry dust. A pisser as this is Mack's wacked classic before the evil evil triple evil forces of Marxism overcame him. Tune into this. Ezekiel Joshua Tubber has the 'POWER', him and his merry band of pseudo-religious followers are trying to change the world with authentically upside down results. Nefertiti is Ezekiel's beautiful sexy stripper daughter. Little Ed Wonder is the ambitious host of the 'far out hour' radio show and he wants to be the BIG ED of t.v. land. The three of 'em get all mixed up and the world ends up crazier than it ever was before!!! Absolutely recommended for it's readability an the fact that Mack scored double in the smart fella stakes.

NEMO ME IMPUNE

LACESSIT



ARTWORK A NEW BOOK OF ARTWORK FROM RENAISSANCE MAN ASHTON. YOU'LL BE AMAZED! YOU'LL BE INTRIGUED! GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF! HIS EVOCATIVE, FIDDLY STYLE AND VARIED SUBJECT MATTER MAKE HIM AN EXCITING PROSPECTIVE PARTNER FOR ANYONE! HAILED AS THE NEW GOYA! DARE YOU IGNORE THIS BOOK?

ASHTON

RAT WITH A LOADED GUN



WRITING A COLLECTION, INCLUDING RATS IN THE UPPER STORYLINE, LOW DEAD GUN, AND SOME EXCITING NEW STUFF. HAVOK'S WRITING GOES FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER AND BACK BUT IS NEVER LESS THAN POWER-FULL. FACTSHEET FIVE LOVE HIM! FLIPSIDE DOTE ON HIM! MORE IMPORTANT, LOOK HOW CHEAP IT IS!

PIG HAVOK

WINNING COMBINATION



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Sécret-Devil

Sécret-Devil

MY WICKED, WICKED WAYS

Errol Flynn

Flynn's only book, and it's incredible. His autobiography is one of the best books I have ever read! There's no point in trying to describe this book, it's too magnificent! Flynn dupes natives! Flynn steals diamonds! Flynn is besieged in a brothel by schoolgirls shouting his name! Flynn fights wars! Flynn leaps from moving taxis! Imagine Bukowski crossed with Robin Hood, and you're still not close! Hold on to your BRAIN!

INVOLUTION OCEAN

Bruce Sterling

Quite a good read, Moby Dick on another planet was how it was conceived, and pretty much how it reads, although the analogy gets a bit forced in places. It's a romping story, that gets better as it goes along, it's set in a crater on another planet, that has a sea of suspended dust in the bottom of it, on which 'whaling' ships sail about doing their thing. More worth reading for the mood and description than for the story, it's not the 'stunning tour de force' that Harlan Ellison promises, but it has its moments, and the same feel of 'period' that Schizmatrix did.

ELECTRIC SHOCK TREATMENT

ISSUE ONE

Industrial/electronic/difficult(?) music represented in a way that it's always being represented, i.e. DULL. Sure mister, a lot of time has gone into the creation of E.S.T. but that doesn't save its soul. There's an interview with (lovable) old ham BOB ANTON WILSON and plenty of reviews/contact addresses but the editors gotta get a life, a guitar and some fuckin' comedy.

£1.50 an a large S.A.E. from
B.DUGUID, G/L 128 ORAN STREET, GLASGOW,
G20 8LR, SCOTLAND.

DREGS

Duncan Dregs

Dregs is good, interesting, and more worthwhile than 97% of zines. The interview with Fugazi in the last issue was great, with Guybrows Moustachio and Pee-Wee Mackay hedging round the questions, and it actually made me THINK about the whole bands/payola/touring situation. Ranks along with Raising Hell. Also sexual fantasies, well done Duncan.

ウルトラ・D・シリーズ

Reality 1313 SANDWICH

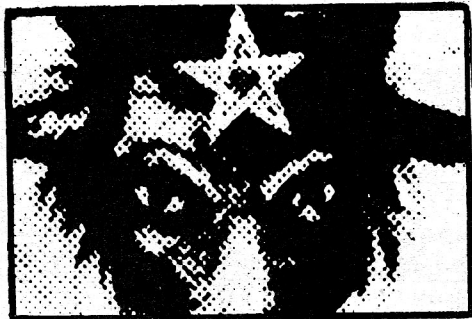
REALITY SANDWICH #16

Personally I think the sandwich strength is their ability to imitate winged bison eared fucknosed antelope in the time it takes most of us to clean our pearls.

p.o. box 2092. Baltimore. md 21203-2092.
u.s.a.

P.P.R. #2

Hardcore punk 'n' metal zine that's written half in english, half in mexican. What puts P.P.R. on my shopping list is the excellent printing quality which makes for reading pleasure rather than sore-bastard-eyes. Inside this ish is interviews with STIKKY, RUIDO DE RABIA, DESCONCIERTO and a whole load more plus reviews etc. Not sure of the price but write to-
JESUS JIMENEZ MTZ, APDO-87-481, 06603, MEXICO, D.F., MEXICO.



ACTIVATE no. 14

Ruthless and Chubby-Lad style, with reviews, intyviews, articles and faster-than-light sub-quarkian particles, Activate is BACK, in ABUNDANCE. Lots of reading, lots of metal, lots of comment, and the type of thing everybody who like SATAN, HELL, SLAYER and PENTAGRAMS really should buy.

£1+p&p Activate c/o Nick G Ruthless, 54 Carleton Rd., Pontefract, W. Yorks, WF8 3NF.

HOAX
aux

This doesn't do nothing for me. Maybe I'm just a fucking idiot, but it seems to me that

the good 'pranks' are the ones that 'don't have inverted comma's, and crowds of interested pranksters around them.

ANTI-CLOCKWISE #16

A.C.W. comes out that fucking regularly that I can't help but think putting it together must be bordering on being a chore and if that's true it reflects in the content which often tends to drag its heels and mope. I still like to read it for its subversive edge but its nowhere near as sharp as reality sandwich.

ANTI-CLOCKWISE #17

A tad better than 16, I don't know why I think this because on the surface it's no freaking different to any of it's past issues. Proof that reviewers are full of bullshit????????????

ANTI-CLOCKWISE #18/19

Final issues of this situationwhateverist zine. More rants and no hot pants, good intentions but not the sort of thing that's gonna get the authority's buttering their knickers.

40 pence and an s.a.e. from p.o. box 175.
l69 8dx. Liverpool. u.k.



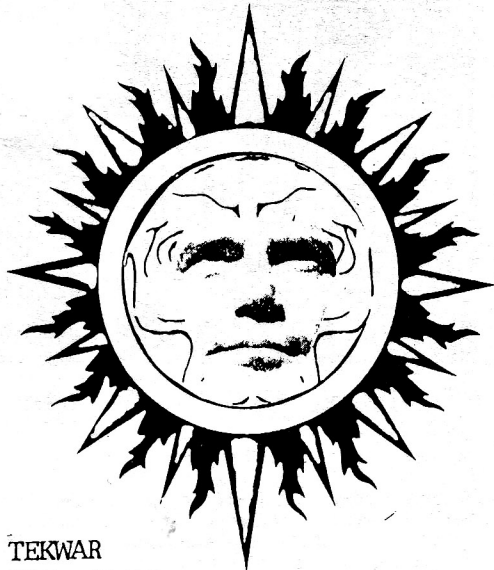
WHY PUBLISHERS CARRY GUNS

David B. Riley
Zero Press

Witty look at the not so wacky world of writing, written in a manically humorous way. DAVID B. RILEY is one author who deserves your money

UNIFORM HOLE #1

Gore, grue and nastiness delivered in an almost sloppy way. Lots of stories that are less story and more over the top painful situations taken to the extreme. Unique in some ways but I think the next issue could be the head squasher, not sure I understand the relevance of pieces on hunt sabateurs and politics though. 25p and s.a.e. to MAC, WARZONE, P.O. BOX 148, BELFAST.



TEKWAR

William Shatner

The SHATNER does it with style, his first attempt at a novel and he knocks the living shit out of over-rated windbags like WILLIAM GIBSON. No, this isn't 'cyberpunk' it's just a nifty fucking story that has PLENTY action. Ex cop Jake Cardigan gets framed for dealing TEK a futuristic drug (and maybe an analogy for virtual reality, eh Bill?) He gets released from the slammer and joins THE COSMOS DETECTIVE AGENCY from which point his life turns into one long battle with crazed cyborgs, androids and general wrong doers. The pace is fast, funny and very readable. All hail the legend. ALL HAIL THE MAN!!!

POLICE PATROL 2000 A.D.

Mack Reynolds 1977

A sometime violent, sometime funny almost plot-less story about TAD BOLESLOW, a future cop. Weirdly, this is like a rip-off of CHUCK BRONSON'S Death Wish films, only with an s.f. slant and slightly in reverse (here the vigilante is an obvious racist nutcase) Not as crazy as 'Earth unaware' but fairly exciting and silly all the same.



NEW STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Rod Serling

1962

Bizarre, zany, supernatural!!! Rod the ultra nervous chain smoker had a feel for the weird side of 50'S/60'S Americana and its participants. In this book you'll find six different tasting pieces of his ripe imagination. From the satirical to the warm and humane to the downbeat and downright scary. You get time travel, ghosts, miracles, cowboys, world annihilation and disaster, the real horror of nuclear warfare....all runnin' round your mind like a more real reality but equally unreal. Absolutely beautifully written in a style that veers close to RICHARD MATHESON'S most boss works. You'd have to be a gleep to pass this up.

THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION

Samuel R. Delaney 1967
(NEBULA AWARD WINNER 1967)

I ploughed through this thinkin' it rotten but much later realised it's merits. It's odd, unusually written and full of hallucinatory ideas that maybe owe more to J. P. SARTRE and 60'S drug experimentation than to HUGO GERNSBACH and pulp s.f.. This is a confusing, romantic adventure set in the crossing of two realities.....Hard to explain what actually happens as the author often seems to lose himself in a mad rush to be 'out there', even going as far as to throw in extracts from his own diary here and there to take things from dual reality to triple

reality. Things do get a bit too much dragons and swords type shlok in places but it is interesting.

WETWARE

Rudy Rucker 1988

This was joint winner of the PHILLIP K. DICK memorial award for '88 an' it really is no fuckin' wonder!!! Yeah, Rudy R. is in that 'far fuckin' out catagory' that P.K.D. ruled supreme (an pretty much still does, despite him being dead) O.k. you got the BOPPERS (read that ROBOTS) an' then of course you got the HUMANS (read that terminal FUCKUPS) now, if the two were to uh...like, HAVE KIDS!!! Then well...you'd have MEATBOPS, plus an armfull of arguments for the rights of ARTIFICIALL LIFE!!! Really, this book could seriously screw up your view of the world (and thats in the first couple-a chapters) AMAZING STUFF!!! EEEHH, I HAVE A RAT IN MY BRAIN.

THE MACHINE IN WARD ELEVEN

Charles Willeford (1964)

Halfway through this slim thing and I was doubting both my existence and it's existence (and certainly Charles Willeford's existence) Maybe I sniffed too much glue (or maybe Charles Willeford sniffed too much glue) MAYBE MAYBE maybe. 'The machine in ward eleven' is an electro shock treatment machine (cue our first visit into the multiple worlds of Jake Blake) and also the first short story in this book of short stories that seems to crazily toy with the trad and the insane. Some of it is just good old fashioned weirdness but a story like 'Jake's journal' treads on the same ground that Hubert Selby might if someone had spiked his drink with enough L.S.D. to give even King Kong the heeby jeeby's.

MONARCH BOOKS, INC.



Derby, Connecticut

THE GODS HATE KANSAS

Joseph Millard

Mr Millard had (in real life) been a grocery clerk, salesman, cowboy, advance man for a flying circus, trade magazine editor and advertising agency account executive. Somewhere along the line he also wrote this little s.f. chiller.. Published in 1964 it is 'A startling story of science at war with

alien life-forms', Pulp as can be it relates the attempts MONJ THE MASTER OF THE MOON made to save his people from extinction. Things are going well and crazy for the first seven eighths of the book with plenty of 'alien-possession-plate-in-the-head-old-war-wound' type stuff THEN all of a fucking sudden MONJ and the people of Earth sort out all their differences and get all buddy buddy like he never was trying to KILL ALL HUMAN BEINGS, or anything like that. Surely MONJ THE MASTER OF THE MOON doesn't need puny weak humans as friends, surely MONJ THE MASTER OF THE MOON isn't such a sap.....well thats just the fucking problem, HE IS!! Still he did manage to subject the VARDS to a long reign of terror and if it wasn't for CURT TEMPLE'S WAR WOUND things could have been different. MONARCH PUBLISHING.

SPLATTERPUNKS: extreme horror

Ed. P.M.Sammon

The world is full of people who would like to get famous by riding on the backs of other peoples talents. The editor of this was on teevee a couple of months ago talking about how new and dynamic this book was, and basically that is shit, this is an anthology of stuff that Sammon would like you to believe is part of a movement called 'Splatterpunk', although everybody who has a story included denies this.

Basically the splatterpunk idea is just run of the mill horror dressed up to please people who like to believe they're at the cutting edge.

But don't forget that Splatterpunk will not tolerate sexism or macho posturing! Splatterpunk's are caring, and use 'extreme terror' as a means to positive social change.

A lot of the fiction in here is good, some great, but allowing it to be published in this format doesn't do it any favours. People have been writing horror like this, as often as not better, watching 'gore' films, etc. etc. for a long fucking time, and having some loser who worked on Conan II, and Robocop II come along and tell you you're part of a 'new movement' is a shitty tasting pill to swallow.

THE SPACE MERCHANTS

Fred Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth

Super sharp cutting social satire sf adventure, this book shows the whole cyberpunk thing up for the over inflated bullshit it really is. The advertising agencies rule the world, and war against each other for work. The hero is a copywriter for Fowler Shocken Associates, who through no wish of his own gets caught up in an underground anti-ad movement (illegal), exiled, attacked, fired, and goes through a

set of CRAZY adventures. Inventive central, this book got more ideas than a Billion Ben Bova's, and knows what to do with them. Considering it was written in a much earlier and more gentle age, it hits hard, and its predictions which were written at the time when advertising was different are funny and close to the mark. Witty, sharp, modern. Look out too for Pohl's autobiography. And the Big Ball of Wax is pretty good too.

DEATH ARMS and INFERNAL DEVICES

K.W. Jeter.

I read Death Arms some time ago, and thought it was a good book, the comparisons with Philip Dick are pretty inevitable, if only because few people manage to get the same almost hallucinatory feeling that Dick could, where even in extremely unreal, or surreal, situations, the feeling of actually being there, and confronted with whatever goes on, is constant. The plot of Death Arms is convoluted, the world's a different place altogether, all kinds of odd things going on etc, etc..

Inferral Devices just seems like an overlong private joke, all written in 19th Century vernacular, like KW got drunk, started writing it, and when he sobered up saw the advance cheque, and felt compelled to finish it. It's OK, but not in the same class as Tim Powers' books, which is what it seems like Jeter is trying his hand at here. The mysteries which build well at the beginning just resolve into unexcitement, although it does have it's moments.

COMICS



HORROR IN THE DARK

RICHARD CORBENS ART BOOK

CORB

fantagor

Always a pleasure to see 'T-Shirts' Corb in action, and these are pretty fair representations of his modern output, mixed in with a couple of other fair-crappo artists stuff. More pleasant for the art than the stories usually, these all black and white comics have Corb, never a man afraid of the

feminist backlash, fiddling with his new computer, to generally good results. This series stopped after number 4, people were too busy buying the collectors editions of the Ecchs Men, Serious-Adult-Overtone Comic, Attractive Superheroine Monthly, Terrifying-Gore and so forth. Corbs done 'em all, earlier, and better.

ART BOOK is a nice collection of stuff done by Ugly Corb over the years. Some of these pictures are pretty disposable, but the high cover price is about justified by the good stuff, specially the great cover for SLOW DEATH.

Pretty much the Steve Ignorant of the comic world, Fantagor is his own firm, he runs it all himself, and makes a pretty fucking good job of it I reckon.

TORCHY

innovation

Bill Ward

Reprints of some old Torchty strips from the 40's/50's. Despite a SLEAZO cover, the contents are pretty enjoyable, with Ward drawing in a very nice, smooth pen and ink style, different to his work for CRACKED magazine, the angle of it being, i think, gentle humorous titillation, with the heroine Torchty Todd. In places the art seems distorted in various ways, e.g. just one head in a frame drawn differently to the others, but this may have something to do with the 'art restoration technique' used, which 'destroys the old comic so that the work may live again'. Nice contents, but a shame it wasn't packaged with a bit more sincerity, and had to be dressed up as comic-fan-boy-secret-pleasure-material. Also; World of Ward comic, more of Big Bill's drawings, and boy, these gag's weren't drawn for the punchlines.

バンダイ ぐらしの教室

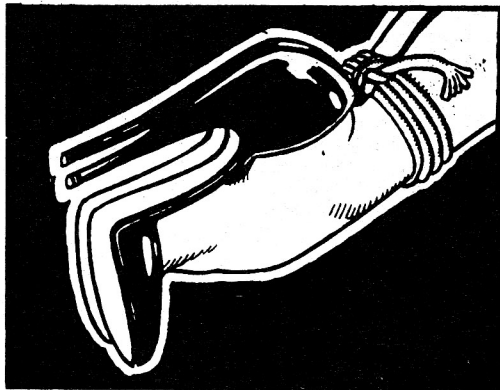
家庭シリーズその5 = 食事の前には手をきれいに洗いましょ。食べる前に「いただきます」と言いましょ。よい姿勢で食べましょ。



HOBBY JAPAN MAGAZINE

Authentically crazy magazine from Japan, mainly covering that months new model kits. Page after page after beautiful gloss-out-page of JAPANIROBOTS, JAPANIMONSTERS, and JAPANIBABES. Favourites are the GUNDAM F91 FEDERAL FORCE PROTOTYPE GENERAL PURPOSE MOBILE SUIT, GUNDAM GPO2A U.N.T. SPACY RX-78 GPO2A, PATLABORPYTHON, proto INGRAM, HOSAKUKIN, CELKEY HIO, KNIGHT OF GOLD, the kits of the heroines from SILENT MOBIUS, BUGMAN, BOWING JAPANESE GIRL, LEONARD NIMOY (not the

old A.M.T. kit), SUPER TERMINATOR GIRL, MYSTERIAN EVIL-BIRD, WEDDING GIRL, BEACHFIGHTER GIRL, GHIDRA, THREE WITCHES. At the back there's even a section of pornographic kits. This monthly magazine really is worth saving up for.



THE BLONDE

Franco Saudelli
eros comics

Nice pen and ink comic from Italy, set in that odd SF-past/future that foreigners seem to like so much. All bondage, with a bra and mask wearing heroine who ties up babes like nobodies business. Worth buying for the complicated drawings of knots.

MIRAGE FILMS PRESENTS

When the earth
spits out
the Dead...

ZOMBIE
FLESH
EATERS

CUT VIDEOCASSETTES
WILL TEAR THE FLESH
OF THE LIVING

The Zombie
Flesh Eaters
re-release
being passed
off as the
original cinema
version is NOT
uncut, so don't
rent it cuz
it's a FAKE.
Most of the
famous seque-
nces have been
edited, some to
the point of
complete extinc-
tion. Don't
know yet about
the other
titles also
getting a re-
issue, like The
Slayer and The
Bogeyman. What
a stinking
world.

FILM & VIDEO!

ZOMBIE AFTERMATH

dir: ?

Astronauts return to Earth to find that world war three has happened, the planets in ruins and bad men and zombies have taken control. This is 'Z' grade an' no shakin' mistakin', somewhere sandwiched between a mild HERSHELL G. LEWIS and a mutha-suckin' T.V. MOVIE (an' not much in the way of zombies, come to think of it) Furry J. ACKERMAN has two minutes of filling as the 'curator' but don't wet 'em 'cuz as dumb as this is it still ain't that fuckin' funny.



LA CHIESA

dir: Michael Soavi

La Chiesa is a very big lot better than was expected, especially after seeing the cheese-out of the Argento household in *Demons II*, *Ill* etc. It starts off in the middle ages, with the Knights Templars doing what they did best, reading hundreds of (EVIL) people in twain, and throwing them, dead and dying together, in a big hole, that later gets a church (what our Latin cousins call a Chiesa) built on top of it. Then the action moves to the present day and buh,buh,DEVIL buh buh MONSTERS buh buh POSSESSED buh buh HORRORIFICATION is what comes next. The plot is twisty and clever, typically varied acting (especially the always exciting JOHN MORGHEN, king of dance, romance and the sideways glance) and there are some heavy images, and a few real knicker-shitting shocks, helped by the Emerson/Goblin score which, though mostly quiet, increases at times of stress to SUPER volume. A lot better than Stagefright for me.

SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE

dir: Steven Soderbergh

Sex Lies and Videotape is a much better film than all the bullshit circulating about it when it came out had made me believe. A man returns to visit his college friend (they haven't met for ten years), who is now a big-shot lawyer, has got married to a repressed southern belle, and is having an affair with her 'wanton', 'bohemian' sis. Mr Ten-years-away has, however, got impotent, got weird, and is getting his kicks by videotaping interviews about sex with women he meets.

The tone of the film is strange, the nearest thing I can think of is *Dead Ringers*, it has the same empty, almost sterile feeling, that makes the whole world seem dead. The acting is pretty together and it works, and there's even a sort of genuinely uplifting ending. And a bossola soundtrack from Cliff Martinez of the *Wierdos* and *Stinkfist* vegetarian co-op..

A good film. Indeed.

KING OF NEW YORK

dir: Abel Ferrara

Low key, low budget, high quality stuff. Mr Abel has a real low budget cinema vision, that comes through even on video. This film, like *Driller Killer* and *Ms. 45*, doesn't look like a TV movie, even when you watch it on TV, unlike a lot of films. In fact it has the REAL Video Nasty look stamped all over it.

Song and dance favourite Christopher Walken is Frank White, a criminal who, at the beginning of the film, is being released from pokey after a long stretch. Although a bad man, he has an odd social conscience, conducting big money dope deals in the childrens ward of the underfunded, and closing, hospital, that he wants to keep open. Everybody thinks he's crazy, wanting to run the city. BANG!, they all die.

He doesn't like the underage hookers, the crack selling to kids, that the other barons are involved in. He wants things done properly. Three cops, two Irish, and one black, who don't understand this, want to stop him doing things properly. Fanfuckingtastic script, acting, and cinematography.

When people die in this film, you jump, cause it really looks like they DIE, and that's ONE of the reasons it's powerful. Walken isn't on screen most of the time, but he DOMINATES, and has a couple of tap-moves that rock. Abel Ferrara IS a FILM MAKER.

STAR TRECK 6

dir: Nicholas Meyer

This film started off great with a massive wide screen planet destructo scene. Forget Adeberaan, or the Death Star, this was BIG, and looked GOOD. After this the film went downhill, with some rubbish about cold wars, new beginnings and blabalabalaba, the big fault for me being that the Klingons, from being the crazy-red-faced-always-shouting-and-angry aliens of my youth, have gone to being the mildly-different-a-little-shirty-but-generally-the-same-as-humans aliens, who have more Scotland than of Scary about them. AND one of their greatest warriors is Christopher Plummer, who can put this alongside STARCRAH, who can put this alongside STARCRASH in the 'living-abortions' section of his Video Library. Despite this the film saves itself by all round good natured bullshit, and some fancy effects work, i.e. the zero gravity murders, and the shape shifting. The SHAT has also written himself a love interest so there you are.



THE MONSTER SQUAD

dir: Fred Dekker

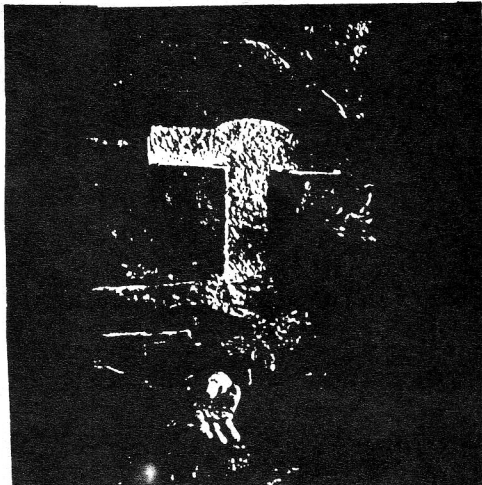
Apart from Stan Winstons great monsters, this film is a real let down. Karloff is still the best Monster, but look out for that great mummy.

THE KEEP

dir: Michael Mann

This was a film I enjoyed a lot. It has a lot of the faults that Mickey Mann's films usually do, like throwing away the story, and making it look all glummy, but still, it's got a dense mood about it, fantastic set design, and is quite enthralling from beginning to end. The plot you can pretty much forget, as it's been 'adapted' by Mann, but the visuals are strong enough to carry it

through. One scene stands out for me, when the Nazi sticks his head through the hole in the wall into a cave, and the camera pulls back for miles and miles, passing an avenue of slate columns, which is GREAT, until there's a shite optical effect which ruins it.



THE DOORS

dir: Oliver Stone

I like living in a world where JIM MICHELLIN MAN MORRISON is dead. Now if we could do something 'bout all this suck-suck hero worship we (the people of planet Earth) could begin to swing. This film is over two hours of an actor reading FAT JIM'S poetry like FAT JIM'S poetry was worth reading. FAT JIM'S poetry wasn't worth reading and FAT OLLY STONE'S film isn't worth seeing. Rent Queen of Evil instead.

2019

dir: Martin Dolman
and

EXTERMINATORS OF THE YEAR 3000

dir: Boh

What do Italians DO to their children? Two stark post apocalyptic visions from Italy, and they couldn't be more different. Extern. 3000 is the shit one. After the apocalypse people have taken to wearing Top Man-style leather and living in quarries. A group of technicians need water, the most valuable commodity in this desolate far future Hell, to keep the tomatoes in their underground greenhouse from drying up. Considering it's a THOUSAND years in the future, things aren't too different, people still drive nasty Ford Capri's, and Italian kids are still annoying. The baddies are an evil bald man with make up on one eye, and his henchwoman, Eartha Kitt.

Cheap and miserable, ugly goodies, and most unforgivable, boring. Not much fucking EXTERMINATING either.

2019, however, is a different bunch of bananas. Pretty much Mad Max II crossed with Escape From New York, it's kick ass action ALL THE WAY, with Muties, Rats, Spaceships, guns from Barbarella, Androids, helmets from Planet of the Vampires, sonic blasters, climactic car chases, and an evil bald Picasso-lover getting his eyes poked out by a man with metal clippers.

After the holocaust, everyone is INFERTILE, and there is only ONE fertile woman in the whole world, and she's in New York, guarded by a gang of midgets (including the 'little monster' from Phenomena). The Eurax (a Euro-Afro-Asian alliance responsible for pressing the button which initiated that Fateful War) have taken over America and are gradually killing off all survivors with



their SADISTIC Vivisection experiments, while the US President has to sit in chilly Alaska trying to restart the human race. He captures the hero with a Blakes 7 style force-beam, and sends him to find Beautility-Fertility-Woman and bring her back, so that she can be sent off in a space ship to colonise a planet

near Alpha Centauri (she'll have 500 eggs before she dies), and all in ONE AND A HALF HOURS. Now THAT'S CINEMA! Special guest star; GEORGE EASTMAN as BIG APE! How could this film BE any better? Adventures, an intriguing cast, great car battles, supergalactico music by OLIVER ONIONS, punk rockers, Lasers, not one boring second, an upbeat ending, and a 101% Evil-Mencarelli, LOOK FOR THIS FILM LIKE IT WAS A BUNCH A BANANAS, YOU MOTHERGRABBERS!

QUEEN OF EVIL

dir: Oliver Stone

Stone's first, and OUCH is it weird! In a large house a fantasy illustrator finds that his latest creations, a midget, a Big black man and a queen of evil, have sprung into existence, and that they intend unpleasantness towards the house guests (among whom is tough Mary Woronov, and Troy Donoghue, a man who lived in a bush for years after his surf-movie career died, you'll know him when you see him). The 'queen of evil' (in point of fact, Martine Beswick) proves just how evil she is by deciding that the first task will be to run around the house three times. This film has a couple of moments, but on the whole it's poor. Herve Villechaise is cast, most appropriately, as the nasty, ugly, stinky, evil, little dwarf.



NAKED LUNCH

dir: DAVID CRONENBERG

Ah, fuck, shit, bleaugh. This is a film I enjoyed and laughed at. This film is kind of HORROR but not completely scary, sort of TWIN PEAKS but not as cute. People may slag it for being slow moving or catering for an art crowd but fuck it, would you rather have more of that turd eating kid out of "MY GIRL" or maybe a smart Fred Krueger/Bruce Willis team up?? Naked Lunch is a tiny triumph in the world of entertainment, maybe not perfect but it's far from insulting, unlike nearly every other mainstream crock of baloney to come out this year.

SCARED TO DEATH

dir: Christie Caban

Alien type genetically engineered monster in the sewers that gets off on rubbing cheeks shlokarama, fish finger camera work, roller derby acting and a story that nobodies sure of. Nice monster costume but this is still a stinky pilchard as far as films go.

SLUGS

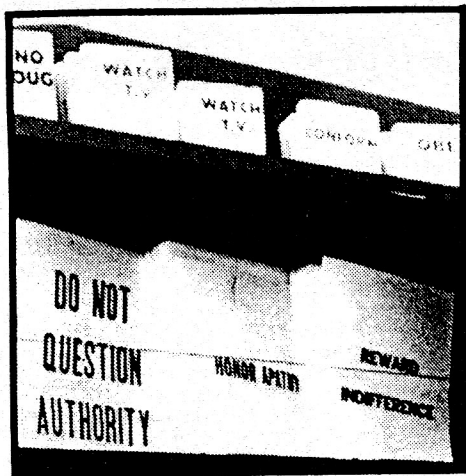
dir: who fuckin' cares.

The stinking film of Shaun fuckface Hutson's stinking offspring book. This has to be the most unentertaining bag of brown EVER. Yeah, sheer deadness, dull acting, dull script, one special effect. Don't hire this from your local vid-palace thinking it's gonna be a load of laughs 'cuz you will be sorely disappointed and surely disappointed.

THEY LIVE

dir: John Carpenter

Watching this again recently reminded me of what a pleasant, if tappy-lappy, film it is. Shocking in it's straight out attack on the world, it does a lot more to get me all stirred up than any anArcho-crapophile raving on about the new Ice Cube LP. A big lug-average Joe type finds out, by wearing special sunglasses, that the world is run by aliens, who have two way radio/teleporter watches, and faces like Freddy Mercury's uglier brother, and it's them who are responsible for all that Capitalist stuff that punk bands always talk about. Nobody believes him. Great fights, nice over the top makeup, no bullshit, just a plain, even oversimplistic look at things, which hits where stuff like that should; in the heart and the mind. Boy do I sound like a sap. Where's John Carpenter when we need him?



SECRET DEVIL REVELATION

SONS OF DESERT Vs. COMMIES

CKP can EXCLUSIVELY reveal that British chapter of The Sons of the Desert, the well known Laurel and Hardy appreciation society, has more registered members than the Communist Party of Great Britain! Great Stalin's Ghost!

AMAZONS

dir: Sessi

Felsty Amazon women fight it out with Baddies to get a sword so they can battle an evil Krls Kristopherson-like wizard, to regain their city (a big wooden door), and free the population (three women and five men). Sounds good, but three quarters of an hour was all it took to convince me otherwise. Even Ash agreed enough was enough, and Sword, Sorcery and Dominant/Tough Women is what he lives for. Features oily bodies and re-used sets from Deathstalker II. Should come with free beer.

TERMINATOR

dir: James Cameron

I'm going to review this because since I saw it it's become a symbol of everything detestable for me. I liked it at first in a kind of beery way, but man, the more I think about it, the madder I get.

Cameron said there wasn't going to be another Terminator, then he made The Abyss, split up with his ace-producer wife (who produced Tremors, which beats this) and 'LIVING ABORTION'! TERMINATOR II! ROBB CAMERAS!

There are ace bits in this film, but JUST bits. You KNOW Arn's getting too much money and too much say in what goes on. He's a nice guy, but no S.F. writer.

The Bleach-out of having Arn go-goodie, the flushing badness of the KID, the OVERUSE of (admittedly fucking amazing) effects, plus the fact that you'd had it shoved down your throat for the 4 months before you saw it, add up to a very cynical exercise in corporate manoeuvring, everything which, when I was a naive, stupid teen, I thought TERMINATOR proved wasn't necessary for a kick-in-the-head film, and EVIL DEAD II proved wasn't necessary for a sequel. Turning Linda HAMILTON into a souped up VASQUEZ / RIPLEY just smacks of BOXOFFICE. As reading CINEFEX magazine proved to me, Terminator II was a far better advert for the computer effects industry than for innovative film-making. Just shows you what an idiot I am. HARDWARE for the masses. Small on imagination, big on moneys, T2 is an icon of everything wrong with the film industry.



CAPE FEAR BARTON FINK

dir: Scorsese, Cohen and Cohen

For me, both of these were let downs, even though I hellu enjoyed Cape Fear, especially the be-ootiful Saul Bass title sequence, and it's quite solid throughout, but something doesn't work. But it is a LAUGH RIOT.

THE KILLER

dir: Forget

The Killer is a film about shooting, which proves conclusively that our asian friends can handle this type of thing far better than any white-ass honky. In the caucasian culture, the philosophy of a film like this would be different. In Japan it is simple: ALL MUST DIE. The BAM BAM story emphasises the difference between two cultures. Two fistfist thriller action. The plot takes some weird leans, and the dubbing sounds BAD, but make no mistake; this is GUN HEAVEN.

NEW JACK CITY

dir: Mario Van Peebles

Fast-moving and stupid, this exciting super action thriller features the ever funny Ice-T, as a crazy cop, mother killed by drugged up kids, etc etc shooting, crack, cars, running. King Act in this film is Wesley Snipes, very different from in King of New York, as Mr Cracklord. The style smacks a little of Johnny Handsome, in that it looks like a long trailer, but I liked Johnny Handsome, and shoot if this ain't fun too. Traction and action, not for fans of rap group CONSOLIDATED, who should be too busy catching planes to help out in developing countries to be anywhere near a teevee in THIS lifetime.

TREMORS

dir: Forget

Fun monster film about big worm things appearing in a minuscule US town, and killing nearly everyone except Kev Bacon from Footloose, and his pal Reno William (The Destroyer), not to mention tough talking female geologist/love interest. The worms are Cthonians straight out of Lovecraft, and blow me down if they don't pretty much CONVINCE. The plot's pretty good, and so are the cast. Low budget, but unpretentiously worthwhile, and a pleasant change from shit like Hardware.

PROSPEROS BOOKS

dir: Petey Greenaway

Nobody's going to see this for The Big Laff, but I liked it. Overlong, overblown, overGielgud, indulgent, and at times just plain shitty, it still carries the story of the Tempest in a new way, and surprise! it's VISUALLY RICH. Even the dancing man doesn't seem so bad. Better than Cook, Thief, Wife, Lover. Reminiscent of a kingsize Marsbar: nice, but TOO MUCH!

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LET HIM HAVE IT

dir: Medac

Good piece of cinema, powerful and moving without being stupidly sentimental. Fine acting, especially from Tom's Courtney and Evil Android Bell, and Derek. Like the Krays there's a strong feeling of period, the fifties brought to life in a way I never saw before. It's riveting-ish, it's filmed very well, what more do you want. Good English cinema, in the tradition of GOOD english cinema.

VAMPYRES, DAUGHTERS OF DRACULA

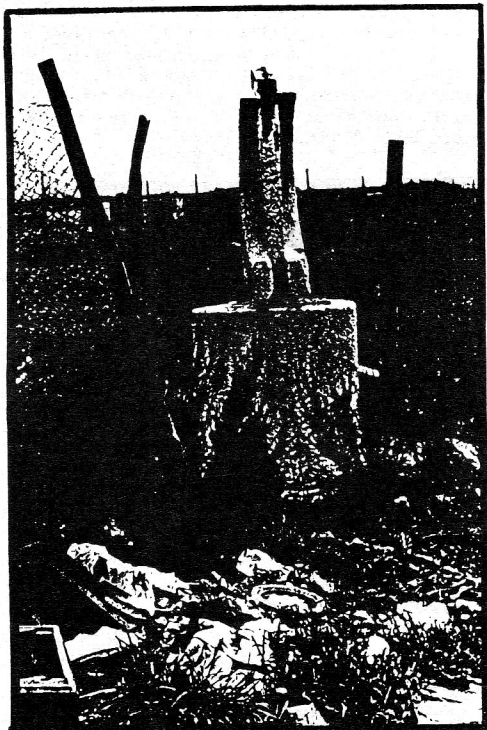
dir: Joseph Larazz

It took me a year to rent this, and, I'll be frank, when I did it confused me (just like Daughters of Darkness), as it seemed to have more in common with seventies U.K. T.V., than with J.S. Le Fanu. Maybe it works better if you're not english, or if you get dressed up for it. I'd like to see it again when I'm feeling a bit more awake. Blood, breasts, ex-Playboy girls, cloaks, cufflinks and caravannes, it might sound exciting, but for now I'll take Ingrid Pitt.

PASOLINI'S MONUMENT

Ostia

Well, this is where Pier Paolo Pasolini, hotshot Italian film director, bought the farm, when he was knifed to death by his boyfriend. The site is on the outskirts of the rough end of this sea-side town, out in some fields, near an incredible old tower (designed by Da Vinci I think), and as you can see it's not too easy on the eye. Surrounded by broken urinals, old clothes, hm-hm-ceptives, mud, planks, evil looking Signors, and all manner of YEECCH, it's so SQUALID you could fry eggs in it. As monuments go, this is one you can live without seeing, but it's worth a trip just for that SEEDY feeling (local cheese is nice, though).



SALO

dir: Benny Pasolini

After a long wait, we saw this in Italian with no subtitles, but it still made some kind of sense as an adaptation of the Marquis de Sade. Ash, the Marquis de Sad, is supposed to be the expert on this, but a few too many Nastro Azzuro's had put paid to his pretensions in that direction, as well as every other direction. Interesting.



FIST OF NORTH STAR

dir: Forgot

I can't afford to buy Manga videos from Sheffield Space Centre, so I'm GLAD that finally we are getting some JAPANIMATION at fair prices. This is a mystical-post-apocalypse piece, mainly about good, evil, and fighting. Although I don't like the art style as much as the more technical Japanese stuff, once you get used to it, this film is SUPER-VIEW-MADNESS. I couldn't explain the plot without having a nosebleed, but after a poor start it gets a lot better. And it doesn't star WINGS HAUSER.

THE LITTLE MERMAID

dir: Bill Disney

This is the film that marks Disney's return to quality after so much shit. It's about a little mermaid called Ariel, who's purty gosh-durn cute if y'ask me, who falls in love with a human-prince, and gets a eviltastic octo-thing to transform her flipper into a pair of human-legs, at the cost of her beautiful singing voice.

I liked pretty much the whole thing, especially the combinations of traditional

cell animation with computer stuff, which work together well (giving some fancy feelings of BIG, fast and DEEP), the first time I ever saw THAT, solid direction with exciting visuals. The characters are strong, especially La Sirennetta, the songs are catchy, the animation great, and there's a mood about the whole thing that makes it hard not to like. Sure, it's calculated bullshit designed to have that effect, but what isn't? If you're a big Throbbing gristle fan, and you like body piercing and talking about pain, maybe you ought to avoid it, but shoot, I thought it was good.



FIRE AND ICE

dir: Ralph Bakshi

Crapanimation from the man who made Lord of the Rings and Fritz the Cat. Taking the paintings of Big Frank Frazetta as a reason, this film doesn't have much in the way of PLOT. Fight, fight, fight. Everything looks pretty Frazetta, and the backgrounds are very good, but there's none of the feeling of STRANGE that Frazetta's paintings have. Maybe if they'd had more money, it wouldn't have looked as much like Jana of the Jungle. Hero runs and fights, monsters shuffle, and Princess Tigra shakes her BOOT-AY ALL THE WAY THROUGH, in fact she's the most Frazetta thing in the film, so it looks like Ralph don't know about art but he knows what he likes.

TOYS & FOOD

MOBILE PATLABOR

Type 98AV Ingram

CE

Mobile is a pretty fancy looking white robot about 8 inches (imperial) or 15cm (metric) tall, with Robo-cuban heels, and a typically Jap design to him. His head is the best part. He comes with shield, sword, and super-six-gun, and HOT DAMN! if he don't look smart. How in Sam Hill do they design these things?



絶賛発売中!

GODZILLA, MECHA-GODZILLA, ULTRA SEVEN and ULTRAMAN JACK

Bandai

Godzilla is about 20 cm tall, and just as green and ugly as on teevee. His only action is a turning head, and Tommy Cooper style forearm-swivel, and a colour lable shows him in action, fighting Ghidrah. Mecha-Godzilla, from Godzilla vs. the Cosmic/Bionic Monster, is equally impressive, his armour plated, iron body betraying no weakness! His picture shows Godzilla, Spigrah, Rodin etc., living it up on Monster Island.

From the Ultrahero series, -seven, and -man Jack give plastic proof of just how crazy the

Japanese are. Colour photo's show them wrestling with lobsters, and stabbing dinosaurs in the head. Make western toys look like religious artefacts. BANDAI! No, no tv sketch-ah!



KIMBO

Caffetiere coffee

What a pleasant and tasty coffee! Kimbo is a refreshing, tasty brand from sunny Italy filled with enough caffeine to give a Robot a headache. Three cups, and you'll be ready to fight Italian Zombies, George Eastman, Godzilla, bus drivers, and other modern day threats. Thank you METALL-ITALI-GIRLS! Fuck KENOO!



LOCK-ON

Konami

They might not be the soviet union anymore BUT THEY'LL ALWAYS BE COMMIES. I payed £3 to play this in the sit-down, pneumatic-moving version in America, and IT WAS WORTH EVERY PENNY. All you have to do is fly your super-fast F-16, and destroy every piece of commie hardware in the sky. This game is really VERY loud, and MOST colourful, and in the sit-down you have to wear a harness because it moves around like Yuri Gagarin in VOSTOCK. You have cannons and missiles, with a simple to use head-up display overlayed on the screen, speed control, and a proper stick. The scenery and opponents are amazing, and the graphics are flowing, furious and frightening, and it makes Afterburner look like Atari Pong. When I crawled out, after I blew it for our side and let the Russkies

win, I was congratulated by a Vietnam Veteran who seemed pleased to see someone taking it seriously, 'Nice going buddy!' It might be just a macho penis extension but WHAT A GAME!

OVERDRIVE

Konami

Pretty average driving race game set apart by the smarty-pants scenery and specators, which it's worth paying just to see. Waterfalls, cows, farmers, clouds, mountains, cities, and millions of human people lining up to see the race, done with a graphic system that gets across a real feeling of speed. It's not Turbo, but then this is the 1990's.

HARD DRIVING

Atari

It came out a long time ago, but still, did nobody notice how CRAZY it was? The hard-to-use control set up and the zero-value £1-a-go price are obstacles, but WHAT A FUCKING GAME. The operating system and 3D solid graphics are from an actual driving simulator, and it's the quality of gameplay that makes this the fucking KING of all driving games for me, seeing as how I'm shit at all the Monaco/Grand Prix style things. Smooth, fast, realistic and painfull, with vibrating seat and steering wheel, and after you crash you get a slow-motion replay from above showing you crash and burn.

SPACE GUN

Taito

Predictably, Taito (I think) come out with an Aliens arcade game better than the official licenced product. Same set up as Operation Wolf II, with a forward and sideways scrolling screen, and two-up gun-pleasure. The guns are way way better than any other of this type, with far better action, and also under barrel grenade launchers PLUS foot accelerator. The game IS Aliens, and you have all styles of moist Monst and more. Very good gameplay, and nice details, this is what electricity was invented for.



HELP ME! PLEASE HELP ME!

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THE NEXT ISSUE IS THE 'BODY AS MACHINE' ISSUE, BUT DON'T
TAKE THE TITLE TOO LITERALLY. SEND IN CONTRIBUTIONS ON THAT OR
ANY OTHER ISSUE RIGHT AWAY.

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