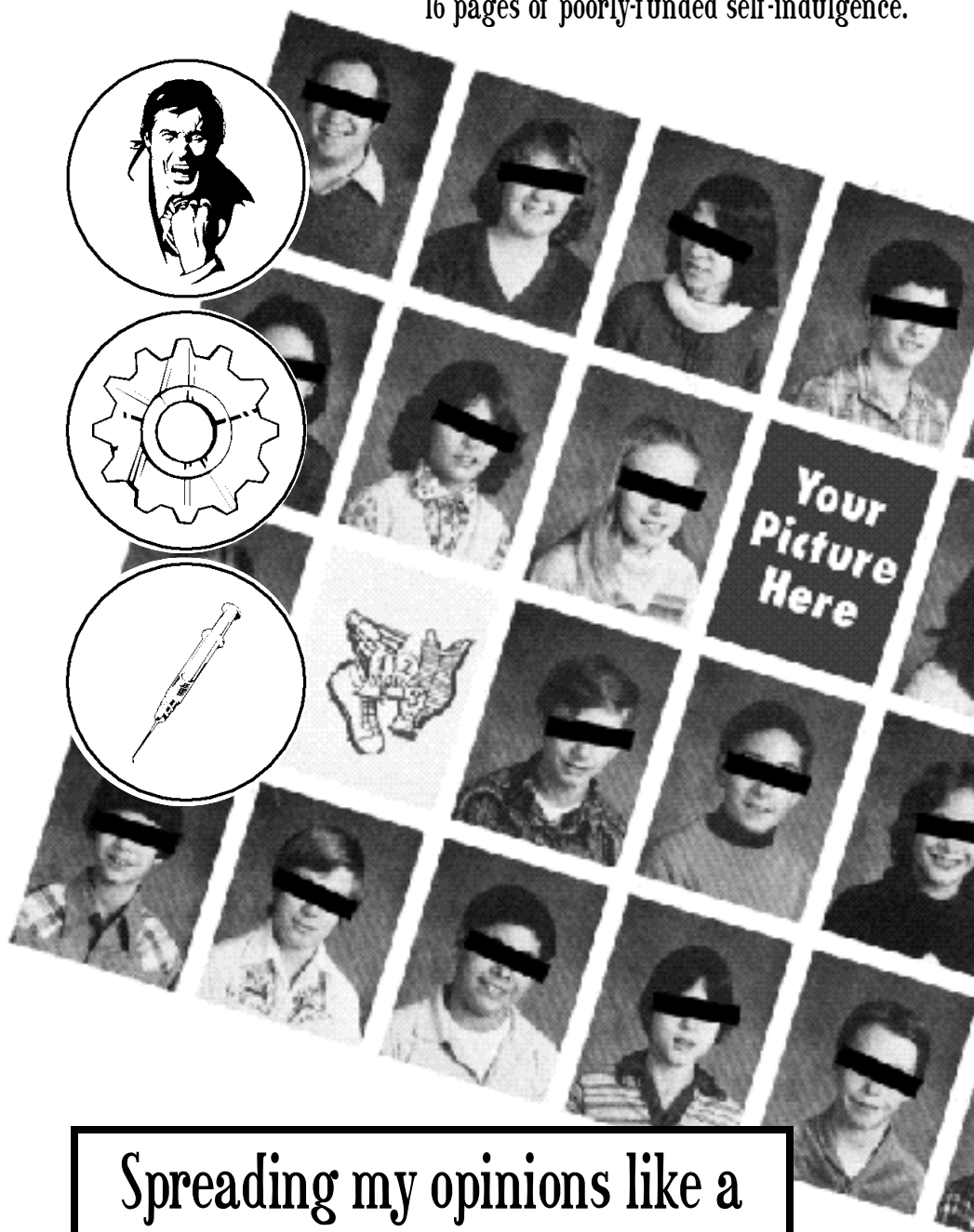


CRANK

\$2



16 pages of poorly-funded self-indulgence.



Spreading my opinions like a
Singapore whore spreads AIDS

- 1 Fuck The Suburbs
PERIOD.
- 2 My Favorite Asshole
- 3 Envy Me
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- 4 Obligatory Reviews
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is coming and we
ain't all gonna make it.
- 7 Drive Drunk With Us
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for New Stalkers
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Is STILL Vinyl
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~~crank@crank.com~~
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Little off the Top

CRANK

A by-product of
JEFF

CRANK will be published in the future under three conditions. 1: I have the cash. 2: I have the energy. 3: I have the words. Feel free to drop a line and ask how the next issue is coming along. I'm very friendly through the mail.

Writing submissions are by invitation only, unless you're SO fucking cool that I just CAN'T pass. Send words. No queries. Trust me. And don't send me any fucking poetry.

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I'm ready to sell out. Buy an ad so I can go off set next time. Write for sizes, prices & standards.

Advertising barterers will be considered with undue skepticism. But go ahead and ask. You never know.

DO NOT MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS OUT TO CRANK. I'd prefer that you just send well-hidden cash. But if you won't, either make everything out to "cash" or Jeff Koyen. Thanks a bunch, pal.

My most vitriolic apologies in advance to all those I alienate with this rag.

CRANK

~~PO Box 1616 Philadelphia PA 19105 1616~~

~~Crnk@oh.com~~ (see page 12)

Crank logo, icons & contents (c) 1994 Jeff Koyen

Fuck Your Suburbs

It's not a hate, really. Not the passionate, well-calculated outcry against humanity that you'll see in every little rag and underground "zine." No, it's not that at all. It's a lot more intelligent. And a lot more sincere.

You see, I've been thinking about the suburbs, and how much they disgust me. And how much you disgust me, because 99% of you live in the American Wetdream that is the suburbs. But I don't hate you. And I don't despise you. But you do disgust me; I resent you. And that's significantly different than common, page-deep hate.

If I hated you, I'd avoid contact with you. I'd scream in agony every time I saw you, every time I went to the mall for a pair of shoes. Every time I ate at a McDonald's. Every time I drove through the highbrow neighborhoods to get to the lowbrow track. I might even run over your dog one night. But I don't.

But you do disgust me. And I do resent you. I resent breathing the same air. I resent paying ridiculous car insurance payments because of you litigious assholes. I resent your tunnel-vision dreams of mutual funds and IRA's. I resent the fact that I was raised in the suburbs and I can't do shit to change it. Am I bitter? Sure I am. And with good reason.

It's the kids. The parents. The dogs and cats. The cars. The fucking MTV PSA's to save the Earth by separating your newspapers. Know what? I throw my bottles, cans and newspapers in with my fucking trash. And that's just the beginning, baby. I'm ending the world. Here and now. I'm ushering in the apocalypse with my garbage can and I could give a fuck which suburb is the first to go.

You spend 18 years trying to get out of your home town. You grow up with a few good friends. The lot of you sit around, get drunk, talk about how different things are gonna be when you grow up. Time to empower the teenagers. Time to respect the kids. Yeh, well, there's a reason that teenagers get no respect: THEY DON'T FUCKING DESERVE IT. Bunch of spineless, pathetic rats in a pack. Turn on MTV for the latest news and fashion advice. Read Sassy for what music to listen to. "C'MON, MOM, EVERYONE'S GOT DOC MARTENS."

So you sit around in corporate parking lots, hiding from the cops, experimenting with Mad Dog and malt liquor. Get a little high and talk about how you'll rise above as soon as you get the chance. Rise above what? Your parents' disillusion? Your suburban boredom? The petty dreams of adulthood? Well, you've got your chance, pal, and you're blowing it.

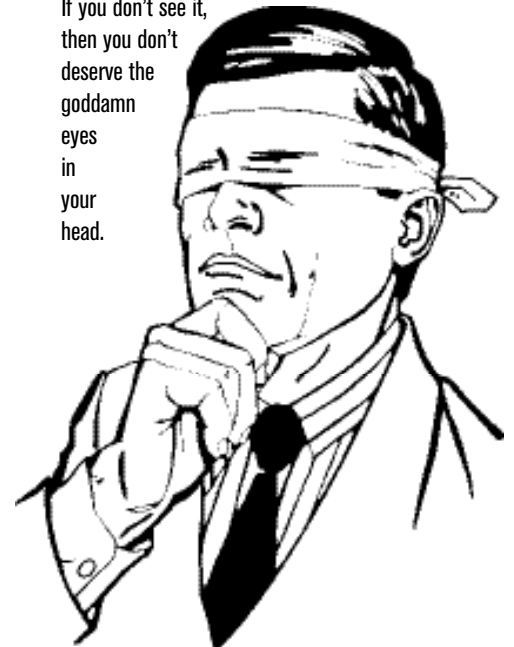
Case Study

I grew up with 5 close friends. 5 people to fight the depression and repression that only teenagers know. They're 25 years old now, and you know what? Three of them are still living in their parents' homes in the same fucking town we grew up in. Makes me sad to see the regularity of a paycheck break their backs with complacency. It disgusts me because I know that they now sit at the same bars we snuck into with fake i.d.'s. In essence, they're the people we made fun of—the assholes who inspired us to break out and above when we were seventeen.

Let me tell you about them: you might recognize yourself. Al and Greg became volunteer firemen because they're so bored in their shit hometown. Al and Jim got jobs as phone salesmen through Jim's mother at a construction supply company. Greg got a temp job and IMMEDIATELY bought a new car. (Fuck that. I'd rather make rent for my own apartment than make car payments from my mommy's house) Greg then got a corporate job through his father. Al's brother got out of law school, moved STRAIGHT BACK HOME (making \$60,000) and spent \$30,000 on the cheapest BMW he could find, JUST TO HAVE A BMW. Greg's sister got out of school, moved home, and waited for her boyfriend to propose; it took 20 months, during which time she worked as a temp. If I were a betting man (which I am) I'd say that Jim and Al will be a cops within 2 years, Al's brother will be married to a Jersey hair-chick, Greg will still be home, and Greg's sister will have 2 nice, Christian children and a husband who watches sports all weekend.

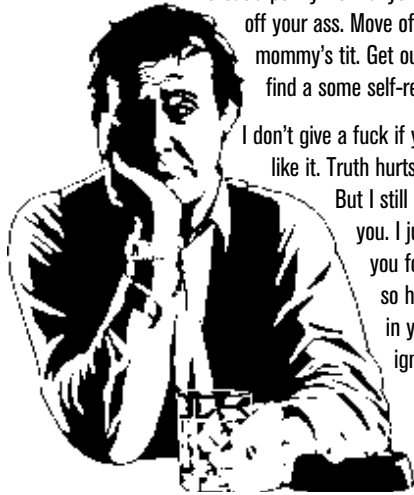
It gets me fucking angry. And it happens in every stinkin' suburban shit town I've ever seen, lived in, read about or visited.

If you don't see it, then you don't deserve the goddamn eyes in your head.



I've got a decent job now because I kept a shit job for 15 months. But I'm still broke. After my transmission got rebuilt for \$1100, after my muffler was patched with chimney flashing, after the car stereo was stolen, THEN the u-joints and suspension went. Fuck it. So I got a loan and bought a new car. Whoopee! So now my insurance is through the fucking roof and I'm more broke then ever. But I'm still paying all my own bills, without a penny from anyone. So get

off your ass. Move off your mommy's tit. Get out and find a some self-respect.



I don't give a fuck if you don't like it. Truth hurts, jerk-off. But I still don't hate you. I just resent you for being so happy in your ignorance.

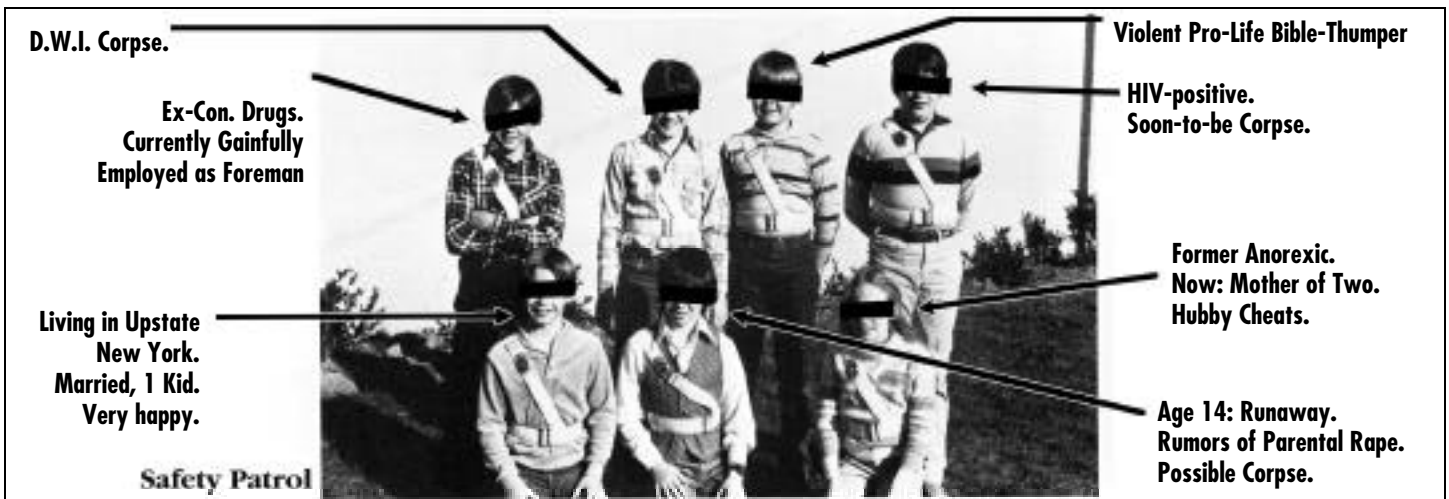
Understand? Sitting in your fucking suburbs—worrying about the next Mets game, strapping on your Rollerblades, cooking your low-fat meals, watching your asshole sons grow up to date rape your asshole neighbors' daughters, cheering for the LAPD, and sucking down the antidepressants for the holidays—you disgust me. And once in a rare while, you'll step outside and realize that something isn't right. Something bugs you about the air, and you figure it's the acid rain, or the pollution, or your hay fever. Well, it's not.



It's your last shred of dignity telling you to forget your family and leave town. Or, more like it, kill your wretched little kids, then your spouse, then a neighbor or two, and finally yourself, in a surprising move of integrity.

But you won't. Because you're happy with your small pond and the power you have over your children, or the satisfaction you get from raising the little brats in a nice house. You fuck your spouse once a week, but masturbate every day. And you're happy. How can you be so happy? I don't know, but I envy you; I wish someone would come along and cut out a portion of my brain—maybe the part that gets me so pissed off—and set me down with a secure job, a wife and a Lexus. Instead, I get sick every day watching your decisions. Because when you get that unsettled feeling in your belly, the feeling that tells you something is inherently wrong with your town, you go back inside, take an antihistamine, turn on CNN and lament the end of the civilized world. And you can blame everyone else. Because you live in the suburbs, where the American Dream endures.

The End.



My Favorite Asshole

Date: 94-01-06 23:16:12 EST
 From: ~~XXXX~~
 Subj: Being 20something
 To: Crank

Dear C, Just read your post on the GenX board. While you renounce the existence of a "GenX," I wonder what your anger stems from. I'm 24 and I have OFTEN found myself angry at the world: the inability to find a mate, the inability to fit into a satisfying job, the shrinking social base. I am turning to my computer to find some peace of mind. Maybe networking OL will help. I'd be interested to hear more about your point of view. You are so bitter, why? Just thought you might like to vent and find someone who can empathize. ~~XXXX~~

—Golly, thanks. Just knowing you're out there makes a world of difference.

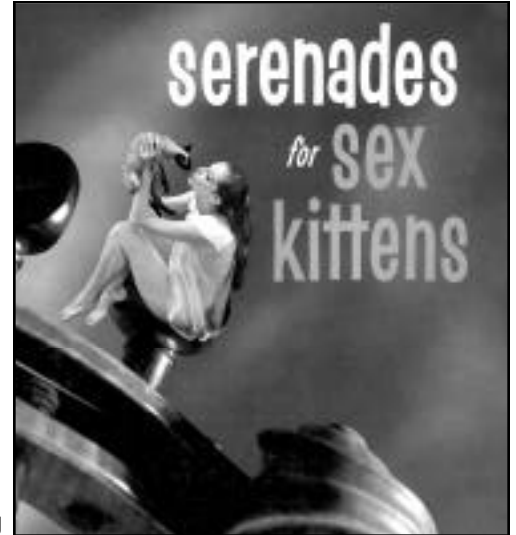
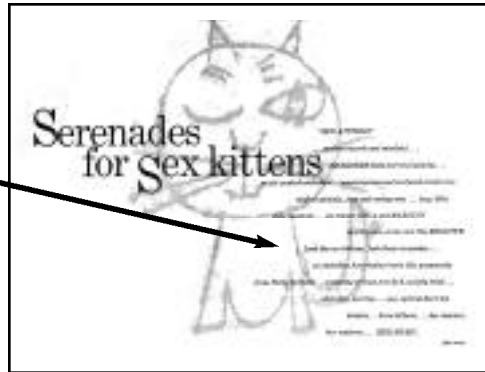
Some of the Best Crap that I Own

I've been accumulating shit for just about 10 years. It comes and goes, you know? It gets broken, gets lost or gets sold. Some things, though, you hold onto—or keep collecting—because you NEVER get bored with it. Here are 4 examples of what I mean.

1. "Serenades for Sex Kittens"— Carlton Record Corporation, no year

An entire album of smarmy, lady-killer instrumental tunes performed by Dante & His Orchestra, this album defines an era of koo-koo girlies runnin' wild with the boys. Estimated production date of 1963, "Serenades for Sex Kittens" features the following back cover copy (see photo):

"SEX KITTENS"...modern myrrh and mischief...flat-tummied, twin-turreted gamins...moist pouted underlips...amoral pixies and confused carnivores; stuffed animals...jazz and racing cars...lazy, lithe child wastrels...sic transit GINA and MARILYN swiftly now, cross over the BRIGITTE. Lush the sex kittens; lush their serenades...zee melodies Americaine burst like grapeseeds from Paris terraces...sweeping strings, tres hi fi, society brisk...whirring, purring...gay, cyclical Sartrian strains...hers all hers...her manner, her madness...HER MUSIC.
- jay arcy"



To have lived the life of these liner notes! Where have all the chickies gone? To be so swank, so debonair! NOTE: the ellipses are the author's originals. There are no typographical errors. If Jay Arcy is still alive, please have him call me so we can talk about this twin-turreted thing. You won't find this album in the "Glory That is Vinyl" article (page 11) because it's too fucking good to be mocked. Mint Condition, \$1.00, some Center City book store, Philadelphia.

2. "The Muddler" (aka "Nite Club")—1953 Ade-O-Matic Company, Chic., Il.

Described on it's cardboard tube/package as "an ingenious, easy-to-use multi-purpose opener," this multi-talented utensil can open just about anything: beer bottles, food jars, juice cans, buckets of paint, what-have-you. But, that's not all! Also advertised as a "muddler," this is the object you should use to "muddle," or crush, your fruits and garnishes prior to mixing your favorite cocktails. Hence, it's common name. In our service, The Muddler has recently been used to hammer nails, remove nails, pry apart two boards, brain a mouse and scare two brats down the block. God help the thief unfortunate enough to meet me and The Muddler; I'll open up his fucking skull.

Purchased UN-FUCKING-USED at The Morris Mission, Morristown, NJ - \$1.00

3. "The Holy Hologram"— Origin unknown. Production year unknown.

The crowning jewel of my apartment, this back-lit, glass hologram of The Last Supper never fails to elicit compliments and cash offers. With a 100 Watt display bulb that threatens to burn a hole through the faux-gold frame, this ain't no Cracker Jack turn back-and-forth hologram. Mix yourself a Rob Roy, turn down the lights, slap on "Serenades for Sex Kittens," and let a soon-to-die Jesus light up the room. It is a truly amazing piece—you've seen the painting, but with The Holy Hologram, it's like being there.

Good Condition, \$4.00 (bargained from \$5.00), Garage Sale, Central New Jersey.

4. 17 copies, Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass "Whipped Cream & Other Delights"— A&M Records.

Sure, the album is good. Shit. With timeless classics like "A Taste of Honey" and a horrendous cover of "Love Potion No. 9," every home should have a copy. And every home could, I think, judging from the number of copies that I've seen at thrift stores & rummage sales. So now, every time I see a copy for 50¢ or less, I buy it. Once, some guy at a flea market wanted a buck for a copy. I offered 25¢ and he just gave it to me. Obviously, he failed to see it's value. In the last 4 years, I've probably been through 30 or 35 copies. But they get used. With duct tape & a razor blade, the jackets are perfect shipping boxes. The vinyl is fun to throw across the room when you're drunk & bored. I've given a dozen copies out as gifts. I go through a lot, but there's always more.

Various conditions, 0¢-50¢, Garage Sales, Flea Markets, Used Book Stores, nationwide.



The Nite Club

My Favorite Cunt

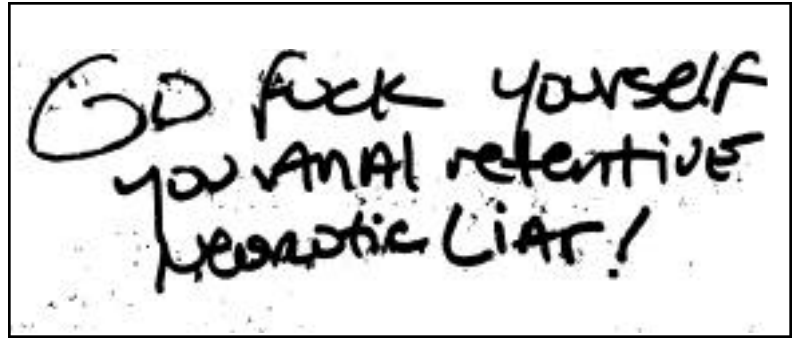
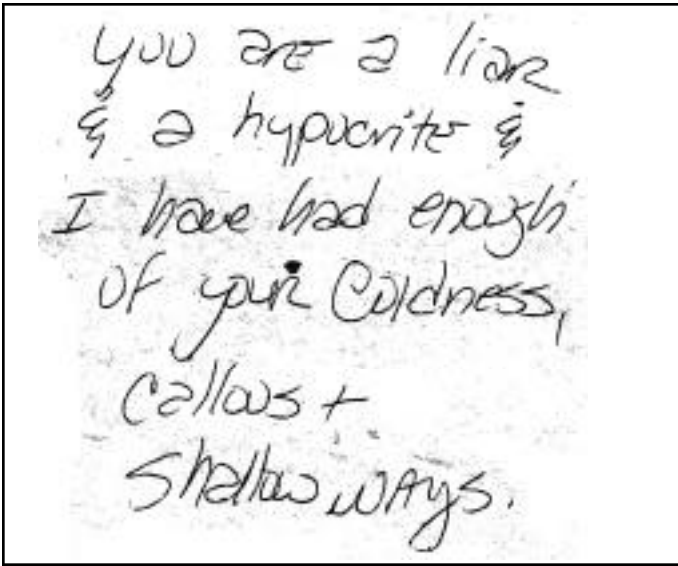
I moved into her 3 bedroom apartment in January, 1990. It was her and another woman. We hit it off famously. Became good friends for the next 2 years. Then, one day, she turned into a fucking lunatic. A raging, spiteful, bitter crackpot. One day, she was an interesting, intelligent, rational person. The next day, a cunt-full of screwed-up, unstable hormones.

You're welcome to call me a misogynist—I don't care. She was a CUNT. PURE AND SIMPLE. She screwed me for \$250 in utilities. She stole 2 dozen records,

including my "Chrome, Smoke & Fire." She tried to keep my security deposit. I never got my records or money. but I did slash her tires and break 2 car windows.

Two months after I moved out, she alienated the new tenant & her last 2 friends, then moved back to her mommy's house in South Jersey. I hear she's gotten real fat. Good. I hope she gets the AIDS and dies a long, drawn-out, painful death.

These are excerpts from the notes she littered around my room. She fancied herself a tortured artist. I'm sure you know a cunt just like her. They're everywhere.



I'd love to publish a photo of the filthy bitch but I never took a single one.

Miscellaneous, Outdated Pop Culture

(Nothing too current and nothing too COOL, so stay off my fucking back. All my money is in this rag.)

Sitting at some shit basement bar in West Philadelphia, the bands were so fucking bad, the people were such ridiculous caricatures, that we pumped 2 bucks into the jukebox and played "Puss" (•JESUS LIZARD•, Liar, Touch&Go) 8 times.

Needless to say, it was the best half hour of the night. Of course, we came half a step away from scrapping it with 3 of the meatball regulars, but we left at just the right time. Two weeks ago, I picked up the "Fly on the Wall/White Hole" single. I can't put my finger on what IT is, but that Jesus Lizard SOMETHING is missing from these cuts. It's the SOMETHING that "Glamorous" perfected; the SOMETHING that Liar carried through a full-length production. Shit, "Fly" is a fine song—worth your \$3—but I'm still waiting for that SOMETHING on their next album. Oh, and "White Hole" is a catchy bit of noise.

•SUPERCHUNK• will not stop. "Mower/On the Mouth" (Merge) is worth twice the cash. "On the Mouth" is perfect. FUCKING PERFECT. And "Mower" is right there with it. I plan to buy the new album, but, well, it's a matter of money.

•ROYAL TRUX• ("Cleveland/Back to School", Drag City) Hey, who the hell are YOU? And what have you done with the REAL Royal Trux? WHAT THE FUCK? Am I missing something? Haven't I seen you at the Khyber Pass a couple times, and

haven't you left my ears ringing? My toes a'tapping? What's this? An inside joke? Widened horizons? I won't be buying the album—sorry—but I will still go out to see you play.

Saw •CELL• at the Khyber Pass, here in town, a couple weeks ago. It was a Monday night, sure. It was getting late, I guess. But only 7 people in the place? The last album was great. This album is great (Living Room, DGC). They're loud, they're catchy, they're a great live band. This show was a local stop before heading to Europe. Maybe the album will break while they're in Europe. You'll regret not seeing them, I tell you. You will regret it.

•LATIMER• Seen them twice. Philadelphia band. They've got a single out (Baby Breath=label) on sale around town and probably available through some distributor or another. Recording quality is so-so, but still worth buying.

•GREEN DAY• album is as good as their first couple, so fuck you music assholes.












•COURSE OF EMPIRE's• "Infested" re-mix uses a swingin' Goodman song; the radio mix sucks. •ARCHERS OF LOAF• comes recommended by a friend. Try it.

I've got first pressings of •NIRVANA's• "Bleach" and "Sliver/Dive" for sale. Price just went up. Any takers?

Corpse-Watch 2000

Who's Gonna Make It? Who's Already Gone?

Celebrity Death—favorite topic of lunchroom conversation—holds a particular fascination for me. So, in this section, I provide a rather haphazard list of people for whom I: 1) predict an imminent death, 2) wish a particular longevity, or 3) remember with an offhand respect. Follow this key:




In the Morgue Soon	   
Likely Corpse	  
Could Die	 
Ain't Going Nowhere	
Dead & Buried	
Place Your Bets! Only 6 Years to Go!	

Mohammed Ali    
(b. 1942)

"Float like a butterfly,
Sting like a bee."
Sink into the ground like a big, dead, paralyzed ex-punching bag. Lucky for him, he'll die soon.

Brat Pack, The    
(b. 1985—release of "St. Elmo's Fire")

And I don't care which one. Take any of them. Emilio. Rob. Tom. Ally. Demi. Andrew. Judd. And you can throw in Molly Ringwald and Charlie Sheen, just to be thorough. On gut instinct alone, I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years. Personally, I hope that Emilio, Charlie and Tom are together when it happens. Oh, and did I mention the sooner the better?

James Brown   
(b. 5-3-1934; or 5-3-33, or 6-17-39)

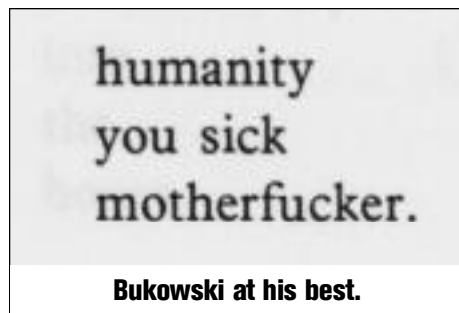
JB's got a new dime bag, baby, and you know what's in it? PCP. Fucking PCP. Who the fuck does PCP any more? James Brown, that's who—in 1988, at least. Clean now—says him. Judging from his past performances with guns and cars, I'm not sure how he's

more likely to die: vehicular suicide, police shooting, or a chemical breakdown. He's likely to go, though. Hee-yeah.

Charles Bukowski
(b. 1919)



With enough living under his belt for 20 of you soft-bellied, Heineken-drinking pussies, Hank could suck down 3 bottles of red & write 5 poems that'd put your Hallmark rhymes to shame. Sure, Sept. Stew (1990) sucked, but Last Night of the Earth Poems (1992) was perfect. When my grandfather died a year ago, they



held his wake across the street from his favorite bar. I sure hope they did the same for Hank.

George Burns    
(b. 1-20-1896)

At press time, the old codger is still kicking. They say he's got his 100th birthday booked. That's 3 long, tired, medicated years away. I hope they didn't give him an advance. Say Goodnight, Gracie. Goodnight, George. Whoops.

Sammy Davis, Jr.
(b. 12-8-25)



Word is that Sammy weighed less than his age, which was 64, at the time of his death. No shit. Only the oldest, skinniest corpses can pull that off. The heaviest part of his body was probably his glass eye, which I hope some mortician's assistant had the good sense to remove as a keepsake. It'd be a waste to bury it.

Jerry Garcia   
(b. 1942)

Longtime figurehead for a dope smoking, blotter sucking, dance-in-the-aisles sold-out hippie culture, Jerry is now paying for the finest doctors & prescription drugs with the cash you spent on a stadium seat in '72, or '79, or '84, or '92. Don't tell me

how incomparably communal you felt after that mesc; I dropped a tab, watched the "Mary Tyler Moore Show" and FELT THE SAME WAY. All for the cost of a cheap tab, not marked up by some 40 year old hippie fuck in a Saab.

Magic Johnson
(b. 1959)



A hero. Hero? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND? This big, dumb, ignorant asshole indiscriminately spreads AIDS to countless women, but because he had the "courage" to tell everyone—including the legion of women he's sentenced to death—on national tv—you now tell your kids that he's a fucking hero? The only bad thing about his imminent demise is the inevitable escalation of his idolatry. In exchange, I wish upon him a slow, lingering, hospitalized death. I just hope he lasts a few years after the AIDS kicks in. Wasting away, continually sick; just like everyone else with the disease. He ain't special, kids. He's just famous. And stupid. That's all.

Tom Jones  
(b. 6-7-1940)

What's new, Pussycat? With luck, the turned dirt of your grave, Tom. The worst example of the Dean Martin inheritors, Tom Jones continues to live on 2 hits. Ugly as sin, struggling to convince the world that he's still a sex symbol, Tom recently did the talk show circuit and had a couple sitcom cameos. Forget it, Tom. Go join your career in the morgue.



The Glass Eye of Sammy Davis Jr.
Of course, you'll have to take my word for it.

Peggy Lee   
(b. 5-526-1920)

Ah, Peggy, I'd love to see you live forever. But, from the looks of you at the NYC Hilton engagement 2 summers ago, you ain't gonna be crooning me into the 21st Century. Is that all there is? The 20th Century? Afraid so, Peg.

Rush Limbaugh  
(birthdate withheld)

The misinformation mouthpiece for racist, reactionary, conservative Americans, Rush Limbaugh can go fuck himself with a rusty pick axe. While I ain't no radical left-winger, Rush sure as fuck ain't my spokesman. Fortunately, it's a race to see which'll crap out first: his heart, or his career. Personally, I'd like to see the big fat bastard hit rock bottom, supporting himself doing supermarket appearances, then die in a government-subsidized hospital.

Ross Perot   
(b. 6-27-1930)

Little fascist bastard. If he'd been running the Post Office, he'd've long ago been the target of a disgruntled worker. This man will not live into the 21st century; someone is bound to kill him just to shut him the fuck up. Maybe they'll bomb the Larry King Show and give us that little bonus.

Iggy Pop 
(b. 1947)

The Hank Bukowski of the punk rock community, this man should have died decades ago. But, on the straight & narrow, Iggy seems to have many more years ahead of him. Many more dreary years of watery college-rock hits and duets with boring alternative-pop singers. Suck it up, kids.

Nancy Reagan   
(b. 7-6-1923)

Actual quote: "I wanted to do something until I found the man I wanted to marry." I find Nancy Reagan utterly reprehensible. With luck, she'll have been the last of the white, upper class, self-righteous First Ladies. Take a look at yourself, Nancy. You're a morally bankrupt, hypocritical, close-minded old goat. Your death will be my holiday, you bitch.




Keanu Reeves 
(b. 9-2-1964)

And I don't care what cool garage band you've formed, Keanu. After "Point Break," "Dracula" and whatever other embarrassment will be out by press time,


death'd be a good career move. Would've been a BETTER career move right after "River's Edge," but you made 2 common errors: mistaking good writing for good acting, and attributing a film's success to an actor's (alleged) talent.

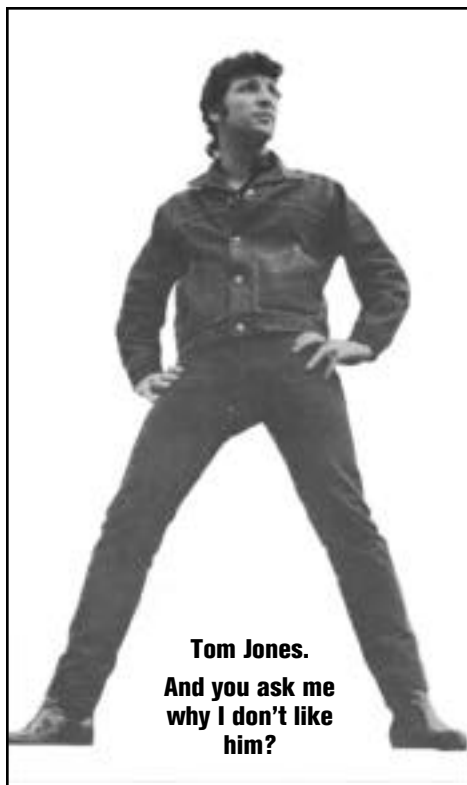
Satan 
(b. 1969—release of "Black Sabbath")

Satan the Heavy Metal icon, that is. Satan, as the origin of that bad word "satanic." Satan, the Devil, as an over-wrought, "I'm so evil because I worship Satan" caricature. If we could kill the Devil personae, then maybe there'd be less annoying teenagers & self-idolizing rebels out there.

Frank Sinatra   
(b. 12-12-1915)

Sure, he's falling over himself onstage. Sure, he can't remember his lyrics. Sure, he's almost 80. But I suspect The Chairman of the Board will be warm well past the advent of the Millennium. Why? There's just too many middle-aged Italian men praying to their OTHER God for Frank's good health. And I hope he does make it. Maybe by then I'll have saved enough money to buy a ticket to one of his shows.

Frank Zappa 
(b. 12-21-1940)
Good riddance.



Must Mention

Natalie Merchant

Just please shut the fuck up.
JUST KEEP QUIET. YOUR VOICE GRATES ME.

Laurie Anderson

You and Tim Leary. Brave New Artists of BlabberSpace. Go do something useful.

Courtney Love

Boo Hoo. "Double suicide" mean anything to you?

Liz Taylor

Growing old is tough, eh? You old hag.
Dead by 2000. Easy.

Hillary Clinton

Finally a good role model for women of all ages, and the fucking men in this country need to rip her apart. Now, I don't want her dead (Did you hear that MEIN GOV'T? NOT A THREAT!) but I'm afraid some backwoods hick motherfucker will shoot her because he's too insecure to face the reality of women's equality. Slim chance of it happening, BUT you heard it here first.

Olsen Twins

Wishful: Twin cases of bone marrow cancer.
Before they start making Movies of the Week.

Rikki Rachtman

Pretend you're that prick who used to host 120 Minutes: get a big head, quit MTV and fall into obscurity on some late-night, shit video show. Then kill yourself like the rock star you want to be.

Bob Dole

Will someone in their right mind PLEASE martyr themselves and kill this fucker? (Hmm... now THAT might be a threat. Not directly. I'M not going to try to kill him... but I am asking someone else to... can the FBI take away my passport for this?)

Pearl Jam

You're about as punk rock as The Go Go's were: you might have started out that way, but you sure didn't stay there when the record deals started walking down your street. I want the band to break up and Eddie to die. Sorry, kids.

The Lost Art of the Drunken Drive

Tough topic, eh? Pet taboo for the PTA, favorite faux pas for every suburban parent in this rotting country. Drunk Driving. Man oh man—what to say.

Let's say you've been drinking hard in your living room, alone, for the last six nights. Some new faces would do you good, some strangers to look at, some unfamiliar humanity to disgust you, remind you of your own superiority.

But how're you going to get there, drink your fill, and get home? How can you get drunk and successfully drive home? Take these tips from me, cause I got the experience, baby. Plenty of it.

1. Get the Fuck Out of the Suburbs

Move to the city. It's the simplest solution to your drunk driving problems. DWI Checkpoints and idle policeman inhabit the suburbs. City cops have plenty else to do besides worry about some drunk driving across town 10 blocks to go home. Of course, if you go tearing down Broadway at 4 in the morning, you're fucked. But, then, you'd also be stupid.

Face it—the suburbs breed angry, arrogant police. Town cops were teenage losers, kids too stupid and insecure to break out of the hometown. Suburban cops will put a flashlight in your face while you're kissing your date goodnight. Suburban cops will pull you over because a turn signal bulb is broken. Fucking suburban cops will proudly bust your ass for DWI. It gets the Sheriff re-elected and gets their pathetic hides closer to that promotion.

City cops, though, they've got bigger problems. If you live in a city, then drink and drive home in the city. Keep it calm and you'll make it home to drink more.

2. Know Your Car

Aside from the Check-Points, how do drunk drivers get caught? By hitting something. Hitting someone. Driving too fast. Or driving erratically. Yes. Driving erratically, swerving down residential roads, weaving in and out of traffic, wobbling down the road in front of that cop on your tail. But this can be prevented, no matter how drunk you get. As long as you know how to drive your car.

It doesn't really matter you're driving. Each car has its quirks and its subtle tricks for smooth driving. For example: a 1989 Volkswagen Fox (and every other Fox, I figure, since they're all identical) has a push-switch headlight control on the left of the dash, a finger's distance away from the steering wheel. On straight roads, you put 2 fingers of your left hand along the "On" portion of the switch and use this makeshift anchor to keep the wheel straight.

Similarly, a 1984 Nissan Sentra has a ledge along the driver's side window which is the perfect place to secure your elbow, locking your arm in place and keeping the wheel straight.

But there's more. You need to shift without stalling. You need to drive in the rain without slipping. You need to keep your windshield defrosted at all times. You need to drive well consistently—drunk and sober.

Period.

3. Do Not Drive Other Drunks Home

Never. Absolutely never. Let them take a fucking cab.

Why? Because people are assholes. And drunk people are bigger assholes. They will jump around in the car, they will yell out the window and harass girls, they will drink while you drive, like it or not. Drunk passengers attract cops like evangelists attract Southerners. Flies to shit, baby.

Being a nice guy is a one-way ticket to DWI, complete

with a night in jail, an expensive lawyer, and insurance surcharges so far up your asshole you'll need a second mortgage to get them out. Use your brain, fuck the other guy. That's why the government gave us public transit. Make them use it.

4. Breath Mints—No Gum

If I were a cop pulling someone over 15 minutes after last call, and he or she was frantically chewing on a pack of Wrigley's, I'd throw Miranda down the sewer and haul that asshole into jail just for being so stupid.

The same thing with cigarettes: If you smoke, then smoke. But don't light up as soon as you're being pulled over. It's just too obvious, eh?

Tic Tacs. BreathMints. Whatever. Shove a handful in your mouth as soon as you start the car. If you get pulled over, swallow them or chew them up. Don't spit them out. Don't scramble for more. Just take it easy, pal. Nice 'n Easy.

5. Crack the Window

Because you stink. Like a bar. Fortunately, bars smell like smoke, which isn't against the law. With the mints from #4 and an open window, you're cooking with gas and making it home.

6. Stay Off the Backroads

Sure, it seemed like a good idea at the time: Let's cut through that neighborhood, less cops around. But it's not a good idea. It's a stupid idea, if you think about it. More cars drive the main roads at 3 a.m. than drive the back roads. If there's more cars, and you're following these tips, then someone else is bound to look far more drunk than you. And that person will get pulled over and arrested.

In most towns, it looks suspicious to drive a backroad when a perfectly fine 2-laner is available. That's why towns build roads—for people to drive on. If you're not driving on it, then you're avoiding it. And if you're avoiding it, then you're either drunk or you've got a body in the trunk. Either way, you're fucked.

7. Listen to me.

As long as you play the odds, you're fine. Odds are that someone is worse off than you. Someone always is. Let them get fucked. They'd do it to you.

The End.



The Merchandise



Crank Drug I.D. Guide

A complete array of drug samples and their correct names.

Novice drug user? Teenager just starting out? EDUCATION IS THE KEY TO UNDERSTANDING. Looking to expand your horizons, but are afraid to ask your friends what your mom's Xanax will do for you? WE'LL TEACH YOU.

The Crank Drug I.D. Guide includes a full array of stimulants, depressants, hallucinogens, inhalants, and run-of-the-mill narcotics, plus a special display of favorite household choices, including Magic Markers®, White Out®, and WD-40®.

Hey, everyone else knows their drugs, why shouldn't you?

Item No. V-198-A93. \$449.99 + s&h.



Crank Catheter Kit For Education...and Fun!

The Nation is growing older. People are living longer, dying later, and falling apart more thoroughly. With the Crank Catheter Kit, you and your spouse—or just a close friend—can avoid costly trips to the hospital by taking care of business at home. Teach yourself how use a catheter, without damaging your genitals during the process! Comes complete with practice tubing and enough cleaner for ten urethras! Item No. G-203-A93. \$395.99 + s&h. Specify M or F.



Actual Size: 6" x 1 1/2"

Crank Sticker

Cheap Vandalism=Free Publicity

It's an ornament. It's a publicity device. It's the means by which you can demonstrate your good taste. It's something to put on the bathroom wall of your favorite bohemian hangout.

It's a sticker. Straight from the laser printer onto Crack'n'Peel & laminated with packing tape. Ah, shit, it's only a buck. Postpaid. What the fuck, eh?

2 for \$1.00, postpaid. Cash is fine—hide it well.

~~PO Box 1646 Phil PA 19105-1646~~

Stalking: Tips for Beginners

It REALLY started on July 26, 1989, with the California murder of the relatively unknown actress, Rebecca Schaeffer, the cute sister on "My Sister Sam." Shot to death by Robert John Bardo, an aptly described "obsessed fan," Becky's murder gave America its newest catch-phrase criminal... The Stalker.

Stalkers have been around forever, I'd imagine. But with the advent of mega-stardom, the last few generations have been treated to a whole bunch of entertaining Stalking crimes. The Sal Mineo Murder, the Kidnapping and Rape of Connie Francis, John Lennon's Killing, the Attempt on Ron Reagan...

Long since a saturated media topic, Stalking is already considered passé by some. Well, I could give a fuck. Cause I've got the tips, tricks and suggestions for the amateur Stalker in all of us.

1. Learn the Statistics

The statistics are your best friend for avoiding arrest and/or conviction.

- In 1990, according to the FBI, 30% of female murder victims were slain by current or ex-husbands or boyfriends.
- Stalking experts estimate that 75-80% stalkings are domestic in nature.

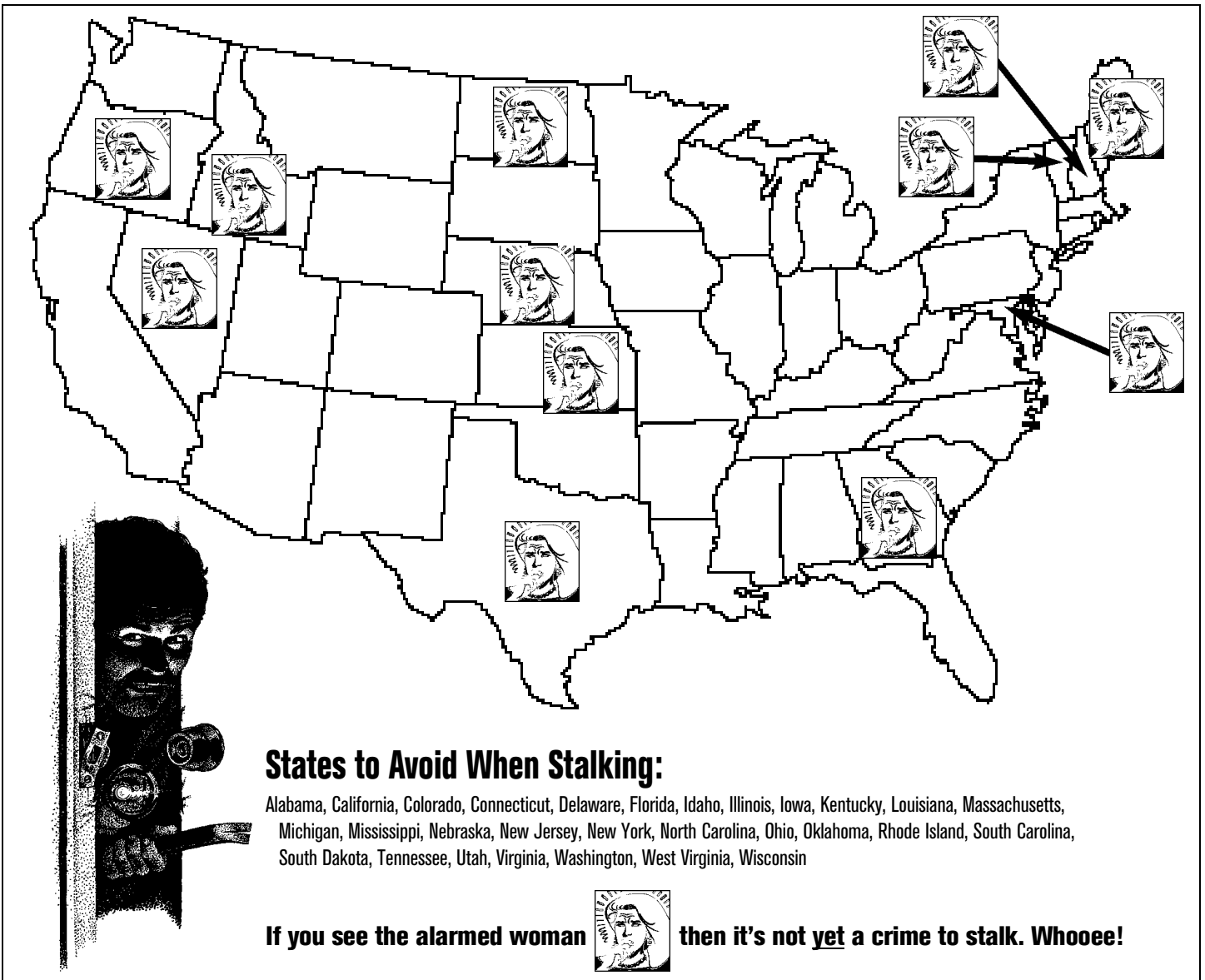
Together, these statistics tell you one very important fact about your impending hobby: too many assholes have given Stalking a bad name. In some states, spouse-beaters are now technically stalkers; an ex-boyfriend who makes a threatening phone call is now a stalker. So, use this knowledge to your advantage: Don't stalk someone you know. No ex-lovers. No ex-girlfriends, ex-wives. Because as soon as something

happens to her, whether or not you did it, you're the prime suspect. So, find a fresh face. Maybe that woman on the train. Maybe that new temp in the Accounting Department. Maybe that lady on Page 1 of the Lifestyle section of your local paper.


2. Be Creative, yet Prudent

You're in this for fun. Remember that.

- John Boyer, described as "such a nice person" and "the kind of guy who walks grandmothers across the street," stalked Amy Ralph, of Springfield, Mass, for 2 years. John took advantage of the Postal Service to meet his needs. After a dead rat didn't win Amy's affection, he sent her coat hangers for DIY abortions. Then, still pining, he wrote her alumni magazine and told them she'd died of AIDS. But Amy still kept her distance.



States to Avoid When Stalking:
Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin

If you see the alarmed woman  then it's not yet a crime to stalk. Whoeee!

John is currently serving time for violating probation on an attempted murder conviction—not Amy, a different woman. He could not be prosecuted under the new MA Stalking Law because he never made a direct threat.

John Boyer is, I'm sure, an asshole. An insecure, violent, misogynist asshole—but you've got to love that hanger trick.

3. Learn from History

Stalkers are not judicial favorites.

- Atlanta, GA. November 12, 1993. After stalking his estranged wife, Troy, for a number of months, Joseph Anderson snapped and stabbed her four times with a butcher knife. He plead guilty to battery & simple assault and negotiated a deal for a few years in prison, which would put him behind bars for a year or two. Not bad, for an attempted murder. But Fulton County Superior Court Judge Frank M. Hull rejected the deal and gave Joseph 15 solid years in prison. Fifteen years, pal. That's a long time, considering Joseph could've gone to trial and maybe gotten an acquittal.

So, learn, my friends. Make a deal, get fucked by the Man. See you in 2008, Joe, you dumb asshole.

4. Set Your Goals

- Face it, you loser. She's never going to sleep with you. She's never going to love you, or marry you. You've got to lower your expectations. My advice? Transparent Observation. In other words, don't affect her. Don't disrupt her. Don't beat, rape or kill her. Just observe her. Stalking, in it's essence, is a testosterone-based hunter/hunted thrill. Get to know her. Learn her routine, watch her friends. Take the train home with her, sitting in the next car. Watch her get the mail. Maybe catch a glimpse of her getting undressed. That, my friend, is Stalking.



Inside, all men are insecure, stupid little boys. Recognize this ugly little fucker? Might as well be you, pal.

But, if you need the satisfaction of a final culmination, then why not opt for a nice case of Post-Traumatic Shock Syndrome? A mild case can mean loss of job, maybe some therapy. But severe cases lead to relocation, name changes and destructive emotional imbalance, leaving her useless to any other man... FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE.



TOP NATIONAL CHOICES

1. Chick from Superchunk
Oh boy.
2. Winona Ryder
Check out her house in [Arch. Digest](#)
3. Nicole Eggert
Though I preferred her smaller boobs.
4. Chelsea Clinton
Hey, that wasn't a threat, ok? OK?

TOP LOCAL CHOICES

1. Supermarket Clerk
2. Bank/Fast Food Teller
3. High School Head Cheerleader
4. Any Self-Righteous Christian Mom

Stuck for a victim? Here are a few suggestions—clip & keep in your wallet!

5. Know the Law

Stalking laws are everywhere.

- As of press, 29 states have implemented Stalking Laws. The laws were set according to guidelines set forth by the National Institute of Justice, empowered by Congress, signed into action by George Bush.
- The new laws all essentially define Stalking as “willful, malicious and repeated following and harassing of another person, where there is a credible threat of violence against the victim or members of the victim’s family.”

Refer to the chart on page 9 to find out where you should and shouldn't go stalking. The laws vary from misdemeanors to felonies; refer to your state's individual laws for more details.

6. Be Careful

I figure that a good portion of Stalking is resolved the old-fashioned way—violently. Brothers, fathers or boyfriends, solving problems with a baseball bat. So don't be surprised when your affections are unfavorably received.

Oh, and keep your health plan up to date. Enjoy.

The Glory that Remains Vinyl

Ah, the late 50's/early 60's. The swankest time in this country's history. Plenty of disposable income. Plenty of jobs. Plenty of suave young men and naive young women. Dinner parties. Martinis at lunch. Rob Roys before dinner. Call your favorite girl and take her out on the town. Maybe go dancing to a little Latin swing. Stay out all night, wake up, go to a friend's house and have a few Mimosas before lunch. Sounds great, eh? Sure does. And it's immortalized on shit

vinyl piled in used record bins across the country. Fuck compact discs. Fuck digital cassettes or whatever the fuck is the latest. Give me slabs of scratchy vinyl for 50¢ a pop. Give me Cha-Cha's. Give me Limbo's. Give me that crazy, KOOKY music that gets EVERYONE dancing!

Stranded on a desert island. You want "Warehouse Songs and Stories?" I want "Will Success Spoil Mrs. Miller." You want "Atomizer?" I want "Happy Music

for Happy People." Just let me have these 15 albums and a needle that'll last forever, and I'll sit on that island, grinning ear-to-ear every fucking day.

Whenever possible, I have indicated the release date and which MODERN recording technique is responsible for the superior quality. I am, of course, willing to part with any and all of these albums for the right amount of cash. Make an offer.



Happy Music for Happy People
featuring Bobby Roberts and his orchestra
"Shuffle Rhythms For Continuous Dancing"
A Hi-Fonic, DECCA Long Play Microgroove Record



Primitiva
the EXOTIC sounds of MARTIN DENNY
Recorded in the Liberty Studios in Hollywood, "the WORLD'S ONLY TRANSISTORIZED RECORDING STUDIO." Featuring a man named August Colon playing bongos, congos AND making BIRD CALLS throughout the album. Fucking beautiful.



Cal Tjader's Más Ritmo Caliente
1957—Fantasy Records High Fidelity
An absurd album cover (flamenco dancer on a very large bongo) from a man considered a fine jazz musician by those people who actually like jazz.



Classical Music for People Who Don't Know Anything About Classical Music
1957—An RCA Victor New Orthophonic High Fidelity Recording



Will Success Spoil Mrs. Miller?!
Elva Miller nabbed a record deal because she's such a bad fucking singer. She was a regular on Jack Parr, et. al. This is, simply put, the fucking EPITOME of bad vinyl. And this is her SECOND lp. I love her.
"This monophonic microgroove cannot become obsolete. It will continue to be a source of outstanding sound reproduction." Amen.



Gypsy Campfires
The Emotion of 101 Strings
"Only the emotional depth of "101 Strings" can capture the contrasts of tender emotion and fiery crescendos of a night at Gypsy Campfires."
Whatever, I guess.



Music for Dining
The Melachrino Strings and Orchestra
Part of the Moods in Music series, which includes "Music for Relaxation," "Music for Reading," "Music to Help You Sleep," and more (I imagine).
1958—RCA Victor Living Stereo High Fidelity



Opera Without Words
A Program of Favorite Arias with 101 Strings
This stereophonic 33 1/3 R.P.M. long play record has been mastered employing the Westrex cutter head system drive by a Sculley lathe.



Polka Polka Polka Polka
with Paul Potski and his Pumpernickels
Nobody is complete without at least 1 Polka album. This features "Strip Polka," "Too Fat Polka," and "Wood Choppers Polka."
Coronet Stereophonic (YES: "phophonic") cut on a Scully Lathe.



Mood Music for Beer and Pretzels
 The Honky-tonk piano of Lou Stein and his Bar-Room Boys
 (Not part of the far more classy "Moods in Music" series)
 1957—Masterseal High Fidelity



Music to Break a Lease!
 Produced by Sid Feller and Don Costa.
 No singers or musicians listed.
 This record is so bad it's not even fun. I also own the follow-up:
 Music to Break a Sub-Lease, which is even more pathetic.
 1956—ABC-Paramount Full Color Fidelity



Music to Suffer By
 Leona Anderson
 Produced in the same spirit as the Mrs. Miller albums, Leona
 Anderson is no Mrs. Miller. But she is pretty funny.
 1958—Diamond-True Hi-Fi Sound

**These last 3 albums are not from the same time period,
 but they warrant inclusion for being so ridiculous.**



The Ethel Merman Disco Album
****NOT JUST RE-MIXED HITS****
 She got her fat ass into a studio and actually re-recorded her
 big hits as disco. Includes "There's No Business Like Show
 Business," "Everything's Coming Up Roses," etc.
 Beats per Minute listed on the label, for all you d.j.'s out there
 who need to mix this into your regular dance program.
 1979—Pretty late in the disco craze, don't you think?



**Joe DeCosta's
 Ten Dog Commandments**
 "Thou shalt not shit on the rug?"
 "Thou shalt not hump the couch when company is over?"
 No. Actually, a double-album of doggie discipline aimed at
 turning your pooch into an honest-to-God Security Dog.
 1973



Special Music for Special People
 Accompaniment for Adapted Dance/Exercise with Directions
 for Geriatric and Disabled Populations
 Albums like this get me out of bed on Saturday mornings
 and inspire me to dig through piles of shitty vinyl.

Crank-E: ~~crank@school.com~~

Reach me at "~~crank@school.com~~" If I had more money or if I were a fucking student,
 I'd have a more prestigious e-mail address, like Mindvox or The Well or an ".edu".
 Tough titties. Don't bother me with prattle.

Many of you are already reading this in e-mail. If you're not, then you can. Write me



ABORRECEDOR DE ENDS

as above and I will write back with the text-only version of this here document. If you are currently reading this as text, then why not cough up \$2 for a printed copy?

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If you find me online, don't expect anything. I might be in a good mood. I might not be. And don't antagonize me. I don't have the energy.

Trimming Down the World: My Friend AIDS

God Bless AIDS.

Do you know how many people are on this stinking planet? Too many—that's how many.

Now, some asshole Fundamentalist Christians might tell you that God gave us AIDS to kill off all those pesky queers and blacks and jews and what-have-you. Could be. Some Conspiracists might tell you that The Man slipped AIDS out of a beaker in order to kill off the _____ (fill in the blank: Black Man, Gays, etc.) Could be. Some downright stupid people—like my 80 year-old grandmother—might tell you that the _____ (“coloreds,” from my grandmother) “brought it over with them and spread it when they started sleeping with our white women.” Could be.

I don't know how it got here, and I don't care. It's here. And it's here to stay. And it's about time.

I don't have AIDS. And unless I get a bad transfusion, or someone bleeds on me in a barfight, I won't be getting AIDS. My girlfriend is clean. I'm clean. We don't fuck anyone else. Period. I can talk like this because I'm not really at risk. Maybe I'll somehow catch AIDS down the line, as a kind of poetic justice. Could be. Then you can laugh all you want. But I won't be around to hear it. I will have shot myself well before the pneumonia sets in.

Enough. Let's say there's 4 billion people on the planet. 4,000,000,000. There's about 250 million Americans. 250,000,000. But with all these people, I only care about 2 dozen or so. 24. And most of these people I COULD live without, if had to. Sorry, but it's true—you'd do the same to me. So there are, really, only 4 or 5 people I'd mourn more than a day or two.

So what about the other 4 billion? LET THEM DIE.

I don't care if you're straight or queer. Black or white, etc. I don't care what you do for a living. I don't care about your socio-economic background. You're going to die because you're stupid. And that, for my money, is the best modern proof of evolution.

Only those strong enough will survive, right? Well, maybe in our cerebral modernism, we can change that to: Only those smart enough to stop fucking whores and strangers at bars will survive. You got AIDS from a blood transfusion? Sorry, but yer dead. Your wife got AIDS from her dentist and unwittingly gave it to you? Yeh, sure she did. SHE'S A FUCKING WHORE, PAL. SHE WAS PROBABLY FUCKING YOUR BEST FRIEND WHO WAS FUCKING WHORES ON BUSINESS TRIPS AND IT'S TOUGH SHIT. Got me? TOUGH FUCKING SHIT.

It's a shame so many gay guys got AIDS. They didn't deserve it. They just got it first. Sorry, guys. But you

should be smart enough now, right? Stop fucking through glory holes? Stop sucking cocks in bathrooms? Good. You don't deserve any more dying than the straights.

It's about time to even out the playing field. It's time for the straights to start dropping. All the straights who figured the gays got it. All the suburban white motherfuckers who thought it was a City problem. All those fucking Catholics who listened to the Pope and didn't cover their cocks, but kept fucking strangers every other night. All those stupid fucking CATHOLICS who were STUPID ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO THAT FUCKING POPE. Yeh, that's right. The FUCKING POPE who gets his orders from JESUS FUCKING CHRIST HIMSELF. Too far? Fuck you. The Pope tells people “no rubbers.” Good. Listen to him. That's evolution, baby. Anyone STUPID enough to listen to the fucking POPE and catches AIDS as a result SHOULD NOT SHARE THIS PLANET WITH THE REST OF US. Go die. And then give me a call from Heaven. Call me collect. I dare you.



“Oh? You got AIDS?
Because the Pope said birth
control is a sin? Gee, tough fuck.”

Face it. Stupid people, male and female, deserve to catch AIDS. The stupid fucking people who go out, get drunk and either put their bare cocks into cunts, or take bare cocks into their cunts. Am I advocating Safe Sex? No. I couldn't give a fuck. Go ahead and spread it around. More real estate for me. More room for me to live in. Less stupid people driving at rush hour. Less bad music. Less bad fiction. Less bad poetry. Evolution at work. Desaturation.

There is one flaw though: slow death. The agony of a lingering death is fine, but the cost is for shit. In 5 or 10 years, every fucking hospital in this country is gonna be packed with people dying of AIDS. Nice suburban heterosexuals, dropping off like gays in '88. And

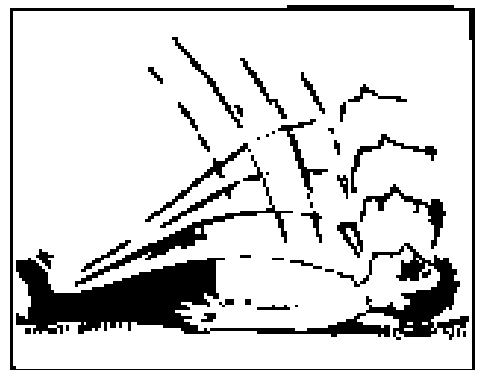
these lily-white motherfuckers better have good health insurance, because it's a long, expensive trip to the morgue when Mr. AIDS is pushing the cart. Don't expect me pay your way. I refuse.

I'm not looking to exterminate anybody in particular. No Master Race. No selective breeding or selective killing. I'm not picky. If we could eliminate a proportioned amount of people from EVERY ETHNICITY, EVERY RELIGION (well, actually, let the Catholics go en masse) and EVERY WALK OF LIFE, then I'll be happy. I don't want an all-white world. Or an all-anything world. I just want LESS PEOPLE. It's like that fucked up pair of scissors at the barbers: one half has an edge, the other has a comb. It thins out your hair. AIDS is that comb, thinning out the population.

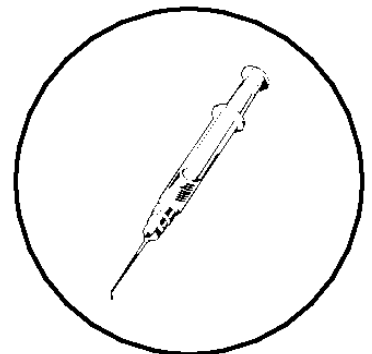
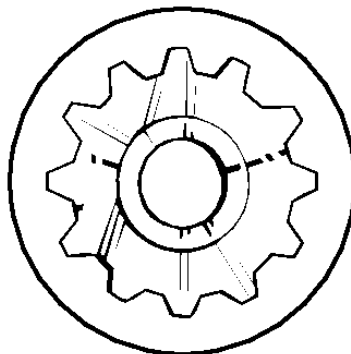
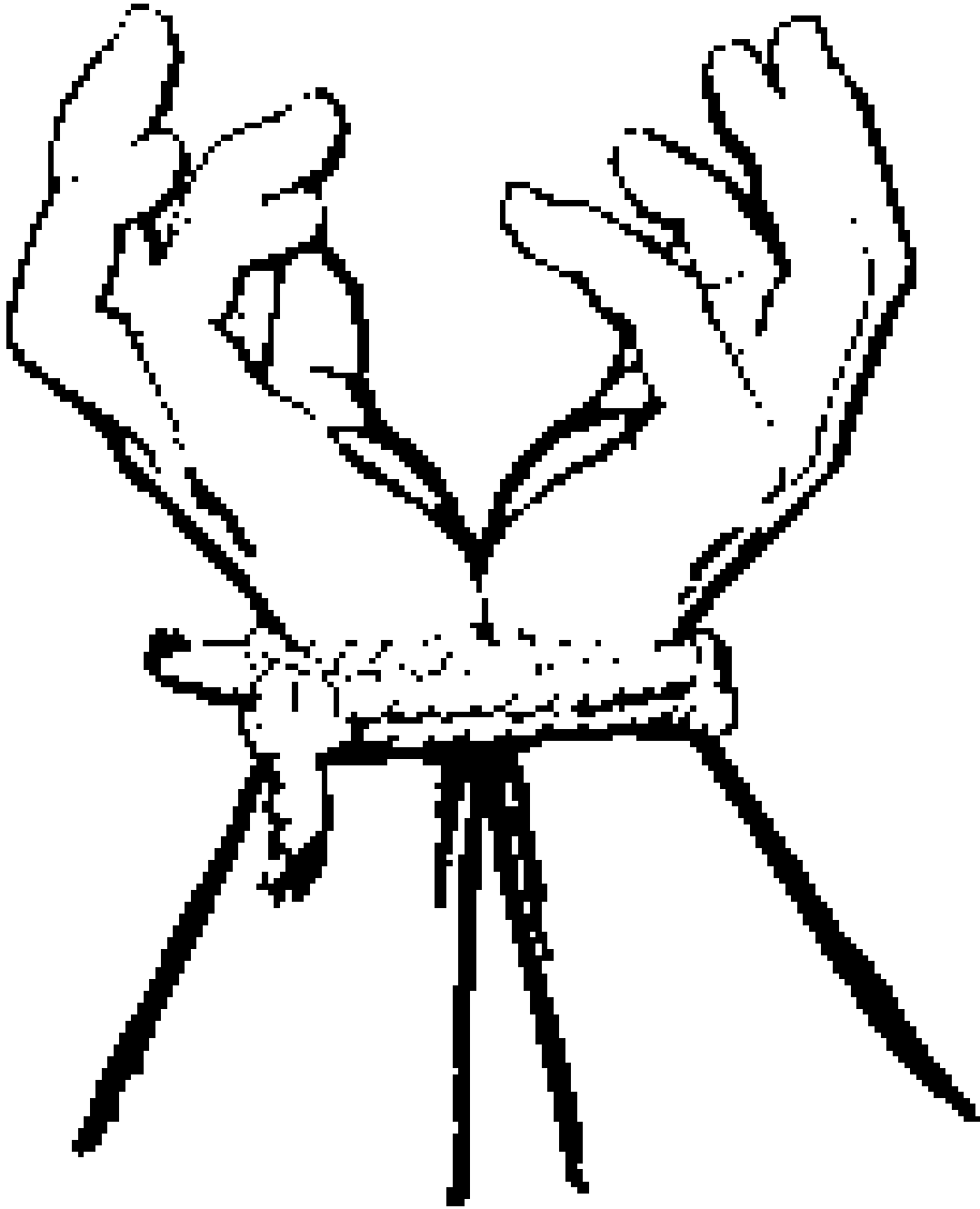
I'm not heartless. It is a shame that people have to die, ON AN INDIVIDUAL LEVEL. I know some people will read this and be angry with me. Maybe more upset than angry. Sure, you lost a friend, a lover, a brother or sister. And I'm sorry you were hurt. But, well, that's it. Tough shit. Don't write me. Don't do anything. Just don't catch it, eh? I'm sure to lose some people I care about in the next 10 or 20 years. Shit, I'll be sorry to see them go. But, if they were fucking around, or stupid enough to fuck someone who was fucking around, then tough shit. Good bye. You saw the news, didn't you? You knew it was going around, didn't you? Sure you did, asshole. Put me in your will.

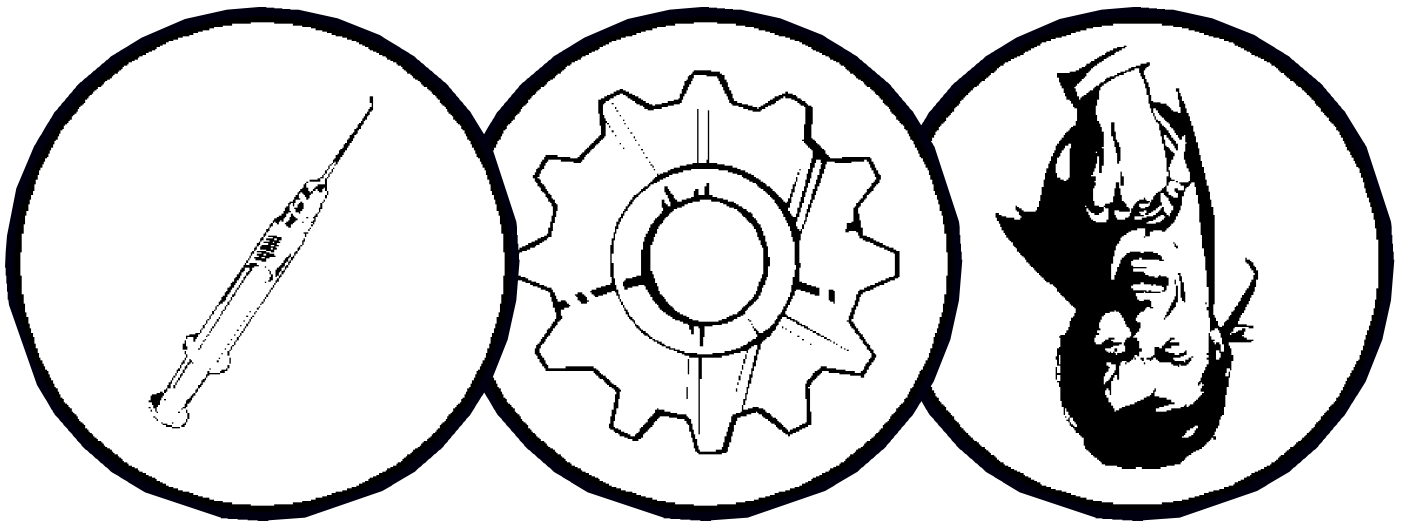
So that's that. The gays should be free and clear once everyone already infected dies. The i.v. drug users should be gone soon too. Then the fun starts: Family Men, Trusting Wives, Stupid Teenagers, Self-Righteous Christians, Politicians, ad nauseam.

And me and my girl will be waiting. 250 million stinkin' Americans. We're gonna lose 50 million, easy, before it's all over. And worldwide? Shit. We might make it back down to 3.5 billion. That would be nice. That would give us a little breathing room. A little more space to live, and maybe raise some kids. Some smart kids. Bye bye.



**You're helpless and
you couldn't care less.**





CRANK



Please deliver this fine publication to:

