

\$2



CRANK

#2

28 pages of good news, love & happiness.

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**HEY JERRY
FALWELL:
SUCK MY
ASS YOU
USELESS
SHITBAG.**



**"Fish for Satan" icon ©1994 Jeff Koyen.
If you think you thought of it first,
you better get ready to prove it, baby.
Buy the shirt—see page 4.**

CRANK #2

A continuing by-product of
JEFF

Well, well, well. Number Two. Keep 'em coming, barkeep. God bless clip art. And booze.

THE USUAL CRAP

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Thanks to: Amy Nathanson; Tom Bielavitz; Jeff Fox; my day job; Tower; Blacklist; distributors of Crank-E; anyone who responded with kind words; and you for the marginal interest.

Appreciated contributors to this issue:

Vinnie Jordan: Interview with a Killer, p. 3

Tom Bielavitz: Dog Stories, p. 11

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Unappreciated contributors:

Dave & Buster's: The fascism behind p. 18

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the horror. the horror.

Names I should have chosen—rather than CRANK—that would have attracted media attention and ensured national distribution:

Die, Dave Pirner, Die

Catch a Cold, Evan Dando, Catch a Cold

Mouth Rape Minors

MTV SUCKS ASS

Skull Fuck the Virgin Mother

Newsweek

Wired

FUGAZI

i fuck dogs

I AM GOING TO KILL THE PRESIDENT

Anarchists: The Same, Old Hippie Shit

Could be that I'm naive. I'm willing to admit it if, indeed, I am. But I don't think I am. Not this time anyway.

Wasn't there a day when anarchy meant a lack of central control? Lack of government? And—more importantly—a violent upheaval of the existing organizational structures in order to achieve a perfect (utopian) society? Yeh, that's what I thought it used to mean. It don't mean that any more, I tell you.

The self-declared anarchists that walk the streets today are nothing more than too-cool, punk-rock hippies playing themselves off as lovers of anarchy. Their literature is about feeding and sheltering the homeless. Their pamphlets ALWAYS talk about Nicaragua and the injustices put upon the people by totalitarian governments. They scream about the oppression facing fellow human beings worldwide. You know what you sound like, you anarchistic windbags? FUCKING HIPPIES. Fucking hippies fighting for the rights of the impoverished. Pioneering housing for all. YOU'RE NOTHING BETTER THAN REHASHED HIPPIE GARBAGE.

Seventy years ago, they had the right idea. Bombings, sniping, murders, riots. An effort for TRUE anarchy. But today, we're stuck with the money kids, the squatters who can afford not to squat, and two dozen other variations of shitbags wearing that fucking Anarchy "A" on their leathers jackets, all worrying about equality for mankind and feeding the homeless.



—YOU like the Sex Pistols? I like the Sex Pistols!
Wanna be anarchists?

—Gee, maybe next week. I've got an interview for college tomorrow.

I see them everywhere, from the garden-variety teenager in the mall, to the dirty poet in the coffee house. What do they have in common? (Goatees, generally, but that's something else.) They all dress alike. Anarchists? YOU ALL LOOK THE SAME! You dress in torn clothes, dirty t-shirts and Doc Martens, with nose rings of course. You've got a very TRIBAL tattoo that means Eat Me in some dead Native American tongue. You don't seem to drink much, don't ever seem to loosen up from your idealist stance. And—don't forget—you're all either vegetarians, or you don't eat beef. You know what I eat? WHATEVER I CAN AFFORD THAT DAY, FUCKER. Sometimes it's plain spaghetti, sometimes it's take-out Chinese with enough beef to clog 10 colons. Christ, you're all so PREDICTABLY ALIKE. And HOMOGENEITY has got to be the furthest thing from anarchy that I can fathom.

Worse yet, you're so fucking smug and self-righteous. I figure that anyone BOLD enough to declare themselves in favor of ANARCHY should be willing to take the heat. You should be willing (and intelligent enough) to listen to CONTRARY opinions, and then decide for yourself if you agree. And if you don't agree, THEN DON'T AGREE. One magazine I found with the Anarchy "A" in the title declares that "We encourage you to take the initiative to express yourself, but don't bother to send us any racist, sexist or otherwise hateful material." THEN HOW THE FUCK CAN I EXPRESS MYSELF? Do you want poetry about the stars in the sky? Stories about my cat? Prose describing my empathy for the oppressed? Anecdotes of how I tried to educate 20 children in the Peace Corp? ALL IN THE NAME OF ANARCHY?? I can't write about that shit. I am able to write about very few things: working all the time but still being broke, surviving hard nights of drinking in spite of myself, and rejecting ideas AFTER LISTENING TO THEM WITH AN OPEN MIND.

Anarchy? You want anarchy? Go LIVE in Nicaragua. Or, better yet, go to Bosnia and try to house the homeless over there. See how much good your thorough knowledge of Ginsberg and Creeley does you? You're all full of shit. You're all just a bunch of hipster fucks who fancy yourselves fringe. And as soon as you get out of school, or as soon as the SCENE dries up and it's no longer fashionable to be you, then you'll dye that hair back to brown, hit the Gap for a pair of Khakis, get that job, and pay your own rent. Just like the rest of us working shits.

Fuck you.

Interview with a Killer

Provided by Vinnie Jordan
(vinniej@sco.com)

The following is a transcript of an interview with teen killer Alvin Harper, accused in the murder of his aunt, Thelma Kidd. Harper is a slightly built youth, seemingly incapable of the crimes of which he has been accused. As is the case with all these types of interviews, the dialogue by the police has been left out, leaving only the words of the suspect.

“My name is Alvin Harper, and I make this statement of my own free will.”

“Listen, do you think they’re going to send me to prison? God, I’m only 16, but they said they were going to try me as an adult. Oh, shit! What am I going to do?”

“You have to understand, this woman was the most sadistic person I have heard of or met in my life. When Mom died, she stipulated that she wanted me to go and live with Thel. I knew she was an alcoholic, and I know she had been through two bad marriages, but she had always treated me well. I guess you really don’t know someone until you live under the same roof. Had I known what she was really like, I’d have surely run away.”

“She used to beat me anytime and for any reason. Mom died when I was 12, and life was complicated enough, but she slapped me right after I moved in with her for saying I missed Mom. She said ‘She’s dead, and it’s time you moved on with life. Dead!! Do you understand?!’ I just thought I had caught her at a bad moment. But it was only the first in a long string of violent episodes. She was a big woman, as you probably know, 5’10”, and she outweighed me by 80 pounds.”

“I was a real good student up until this tragedy. I was making all A’s in my studies, but I wasn’t any good at organized sports. She said if I didn’t improve my grades in gym, she was going to punish me. That’s how she referred to any kind of abuse, as my punishment. Sure enough, when I got my report card, I had a D in gym. She grabbed me by the wrist and twisted it as she dragged me over to the stove. It was one of those electric ones, and she placed my palm on it, then turned it on. You can see the scar.”

(At this point, Harper holds out his hand. Indeed, there is a large burn scar on the palm.)

“One time, I forgot to take out the trash, and she came up on me, quietly. She moved like a cat for a large woman, at least when she was sober. Anyway, she snuck up on me and punched me in the ear. My equilibrium was off for nearly a week, and my

hearing is still affected from it. This is no isolated condition. It happened with frightening regularity.”

“Why didn’t I report her to the authorities? Aren’t you listening to me? The woman was dangerous, sadistic!! You know as well as I do that Protective Services usually ends up returning kids to their parents or guardians after the most perfunctory of investigations. And where would I be then? In the hands of an angry sadist.”

“OK, I’m getting to it! So that last night, I was late coming home from school. I tried to sneak in, but it looked like I had lucked out, and Aunt Thel wasn’t home. I crossed the kitchen when I felt this stinging on my back, like I had been stung by the world’s biggest bee, and I turned to find her holding a belt by the wrong end, so the buckle was the portion that struck me. She swung again, and again, and had me on the floor, with my arm up in a half-hearted attempt to defend myself.”

“When I awoke, I didn’t know how long I had been out. It was dark now, and I was bleeding from several gashes on my back. The bitch had left me there on the floor, and it was cold while at the same time the raw skin on my back was burning. Out in the living room, I could hear the TV going, and I saw a half-empty bottle of whiskey hanging from her limp arm. Drunk again, and hadn’t even checked to see how I was. That was when I decided to do what I did.”

“I dragged myself up from the floor with a lot of pain. Look at this!” (He lifts up his shirt, and there are several long streaks of bruised flesh, giving an indication of how bad they must have been 10 days ago at the time of the murder.)

“Anyway, I dragged myself to my feet, and went to the kitchen and got into the utensil drawer. I took out the ice pick and started off into the living room. It was at this time that I almost talked myself out of it. But a drop of blood had flowed all the way from my back to my fingertips, and fell all the way to the floor. I looked at it, and thought if I didn’t do something soon, she was going to kill me.”

“As I entered the living room, I could hear her snoring softly. The area around her head was cloying with the

smell of alcohol fumes and halitosis. As a heavy drinker, that aroma was not uncommon. Her gums were receding from the constant burning away of skin from drinking straight whiskey, and her breath smelled like she ate carrion for breakfast, all the time. Her head was bent slightly forward, and I plunged the ice pick into the back of her neck. It was eerie. Her pelvis lifted off the chair with such force that it jerked the pick out of my hand as she flew out of the chair and landed on her belly on the floor. I thought at first that she was dead, but then I heard her making mewling type sounds. I must have hit some nerve or something, because she seemed to be paralyzed, though she still seemed to have feeling. I poked her in the leg with the ice pick, and sure as hell, she made that mewling sound again. For just a moment, I thought about calling an ambulance.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I should have let it go at that. But something just came over me when I realized that she was helpless, and all the old anger from years of abuse. I remember everything, but was out of control of my faculties. I was no more able to stop the next sequence of events than I would be to stop my bladder function.”

“I dragged her limp form to a sitting position. She could barely sit up because of her stomach being so big, but since she was paralyzed, I was able to force her into a sitting position, although there was much creaking of stretched muscles and cracking vertebrae. She looked at me with the same pleading look I had given her when she had beaten me. Her head was lolled over to one side, and a thin run of spit ran out of the side of her mouth. I leaned toward her, smiled, and spit right in her eye. It ran down the side of her face. Then, I took a step back, and reared back and kicked her directly in the center of her chest. She went back and hit her head on the floor. I looked in her eyes. She was awake.”

“Why did I sodomize her? Revenge, I guess. It seemed the ultimate insult to someone who had caused me so much pain. She seemed to be trying to scream, whether in pain or shame, I guess we’ll never know. And to be honest, it doesn’t matter, as long as it was pain, emotional or physical.”



"No, I guess I wasn't done yet. I dragged her and into the kitchen. As I said, she was a big woman, but I had never felt so physically strong. I draped her fat ass face down over one of the kitchen chairs."

(Note: The suspect is becoming agitated as he tells this part of his story)

"By this time, I was out of control. I wanted to be sure she was still with me, so I heated up a kitchen knife and applied it to her left nipple, which was hanging over the chair. She had big tits. Not nice tits, But big saggy ones that went with the rest of her big saggy body. Anyway, she was still with me. The heat applied to the nipple brought the loudest noise I had heard from her since she was hitting me with that god-damned belt. I couldn't think of what to do next, and as I looked down at her big fat ass, with the old stained sphincter staring up at me, I decided to finish her in the most vile way I could think of."

(Suspect is breathing hard, and flushed. I ask him if he wants to rest. He says no, and we continue.)

"So, I go to the cabinet and take out the cooking lard. I spread it all over my right arm, up to the elbow. Then I slathered it all over her asshole. I thought about just reaching in and yanking her fucking colon out. But she deserved more than that. At this point, I couldn't let her off easy. So, I spread her cheeks and just started punching at her sphincter. I wondered if the lard would allow my clenched fist inside. I just kept punching as hard as I could, until I lost count. I was caught up in some sort of frenzy, and I just kept punching. I was about to give up, when the wall of her rectum caved in, and my fist slid inside her. Problem was, my thumb was bent back when my arm had entered the rectal cavity, and it was stuck. It felt as if it was badly torn, too. I tried to pull my arm out, but the pain was so intense I couldn't move my arm more than an inch in either direction."

"So what am I supposed to do? I gritted my teeth and pulled as hard as I could. I could see the blood, probably mixed with her shit, dripping out of the opening of her asshole where my fist was buried. I started to panic, because I was afraid of bile and poison getting into my bloodstream from the open wound. So, I put my foot against her ass, held my breath, and yanked as hard as I could."

"The last mental reaction I had was to squeeze my hand shut, and as my hand exited her rectum, it closed onto a handful of flesh, and although it was probably the most pain I have ever felt, including the beatings that bitch gave me, I was rewarded with about a foot and a half of that cunt's colon hanging out of her ass."

"Then, I looked in her eyes. They were still open, but the light had gone out of them. She was dead. I was unsure of what to do then. So, I called you guys."

"Remorse? No. I feel no remorse."

Alvin Harper was convicted of first degree murder, sodomy and aggravated assault. He was found criminally insane, and sentenced to the psychiatric unit of Vacaville Prison in Central California.

The "I'm Already Going to Hell" Merchandise

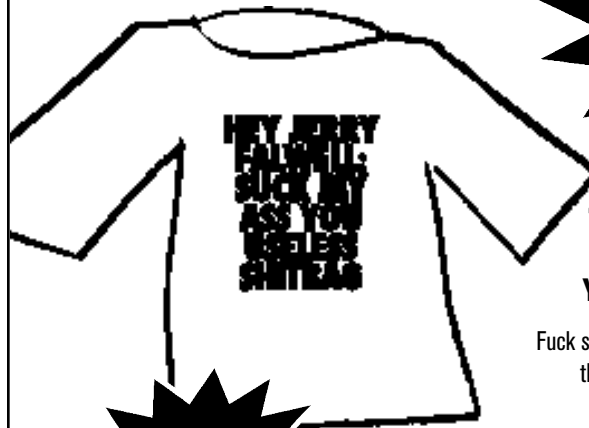
"FISH FOR SATAN"

That "Peace" or "Christ" in a Fish symbol, straight from the bumpers of obnoxious Christians and onto your chest, with a little twist.

White on Black.



As Seen on
Page 1!!



Also Seen on
Page 1!!

"HEY JERRY FALWELL:
SUCK MY ASS
YOU USELESS SHITBAG."

Fuck subtlety. This design is BOUND to get you thrown out of the mall. Or your house.
Black on White.

Jesus
saves...
other
people

"jesus saves...
other people"

And ain't that the truth?
Black on white.

**Oh yeh? How the fuck else am I supposed to support myself?
Ad sales? HA! Just buy one of these shirts.**

All shirts 100% Cotton. Large or X-Large only. \$10.00 + \$2.00 for postage & handling.
SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO "CASH" OR "JEFF KOYEN" PO BOX 1010 PHIL PA 10106 1010

\$2.00 covers postage and handling for ANY SHIRTS AS YOU BUY. \$2 FLAT RATE!

(International orders must add \$2 PER SHIRT for postage, etc. Sorry.)

All orders AT LEAST 3 weeks for delivery. I'm a very busy man, and so are you.

All designs ©1994, Jeff Koyen. Please don't fuck with my copyrights; they're all I've got.

No More Fucking Serial Killers, eh?

Doesn't the title just say it all?

I am so fucking sick of articles and poorly-written, original worship-oriented pieces about serial and mass murderers. Sick to death, in fact. Haven't we (especially as the so-called UNDERGROUND & INDEPENDENT small press) done enough to stomp this dead horse? Yes.

Fortunately, there is an end in sight. "Natural Born Killers" arrives one of these months. Though Quentin Tarantino is supposedly unhappy with Oliver Stone's treatment of his script, the film will be incredible if it maintains even one-half of Quentin's brilliance. The only disappointment I expect are the stars: Woody Doldrum Harrelson and Juliette Bad-Actress Lewis.

The script is truly wonderful. A piece of art to anyone who has been a part of the serial/mass murderer fascination throughout the years. Quentin obviously did his homework (or went through his library) to create Mickey and Mallory Knox, the dynamic-duo, Sid & Nancy of killers. He's built them from the ground up to be the quintessential media icons: attractive, sexual and witty, with a death count of 44. Tarantino makes fun of your fascination, too. He throws the Sid & Nancy crap in your face; he pounds you with Geraldo allusions; he grinds down the Americana serial/mass murderer attention to its ridiculous core. It's beautiful.

And I expect "NBK" to finally put this serial/mass murderer nonsense to a bitter death, so that I won't have to open any more 'zines and see articles and fluff about the same half dozen killers. But in an effort to hasten the process, I offer the following declaration:

Attention Writers, Editors, Publishers

I, Jeff Koyen—embittered serial/mass murderer aficionado, failing writer, snotty elitist, working shit—am hereby officially declaring a MORATORIUM (look it up, kids) on the publishing of the following:

- articles about the personal lives of serial/mass murderers;
- articles about/pictures of the artwork of serial/mass murderers;
- articles about/pictures of the deeds of serial/mass murderers, unless they are previously unpublished and particularly gruesome (see page 3);
- reviews or exposés of OTHER media covering ANY serial/mass murderer (current article excluded).

In fact, I don't want to see ANYTHING AT ALL about serial and mass murderers. Got me? I'M SO FUCKING SICK OF IT. It's all so goddamn redundant.

Do you know how many places I have seen the Richard Ramirez and Henry Lee Lucas artwork? It was interesting when I first saw it in Answer Me! But I've since seen it in 2 or 3 other small press, UNDERGROUND magazines. Shit, it's probably been in Newsweek and Time by now. Haven't YOU had enough?

I will grant 3 exceptions to my totalitarian decree. As "Murder Can Be Fun," "Evil," and "Answer Me!" have always published interesting articles, photos, etc, in the true crime vein, I feel they're the only publications capable of continuing to engage me in spite of all the other shit out there. Let the professionals do it, ok, kids? You just won't do it better than the Goads.

Please don't tell me that YOUR magazine published a Gacy painting WAY BACK in 1990 because I don't care; so did "Details." And don't tell me that YOUR magazine printed a letter from Manson 5 years ago; it's been passé for 15 years. (Hell, when the Lemonheads covered a Manson song, it was interesting, SIX YEARS AGO. Guns 'n Roses jumps on the wagon and gets national media attention?) It's all crap. It's boring, mass media nonsense, ok? You've been sold out by yourselves and all your little DANGEROUS rags. But don't take it up with me. I don't like to argue.

So. In the way that "Airplane!" spoofed and ultimately ended the string of "Airport 19xx" movies, "Natural Born Killers" will do the same to the national fixation on serial/mass murderers. After all, when your so-cool hobby is being detailed on a 50-foot screen at the local MultiPlex 12, how underground can you REALLY be? Even the stupid motherfuckers buying Gacy paintings for \$5000 will be bitching that "now EVERYONE'S got one. I had mine X years ago." Shit, when your grandmother knows what Gacy's body count was, how CUTTING EDGE can you possibly be?

All I can say is that I got my Gacy for \$100, and it's up for sale for \$2500. I've also got my Bloody Visions trading cards, and they're for sale, too. But I need to sell them quick, before the public realizes how trite and commonplace all this crap is. I'm selling 'cause I need the money; I've got 2-color covers to print and sacrifices must be made.

So, quick, get yours now, before "NBK" outcools you!! I'll even pick up the shipping and insurance! Make me an offer.

One for the Boys

Q *I am a girl from France, 15 years old. I am a virgin, but I love making oral and anal sex with men friends older than me. I have many girl friends that also like very much making anal and oral sex only. We say that we avoid pregnancy and keep virginity in this way. I think such kind of sex is the sex of the future. What do you think?*

A: *Oh my.*

An actual question reprinted from somewhere.

Screw Women, Part 1

A few years ago, Date Rape hit BIG. Movies of the Week. 20/20 Reports. College Dormitory Seminars. The running truth? Guys are assholes. Amen.

Fuck education and awareness—men still cling to an underlying philosophy that women are nothing more than fuckholes dropped on this earth for their pleasure. Doubt me? Read the below passage.

I suppose it's outdated, but you know what? It demonstrates an attitude that has been passed down from father to son for countless generations. An attitude that still—in 1994—dictates that women should fuck guys when the guys want it, **WITHOUT QUESTION.**

If you're a woman, listen up: For every nice guy you know there are 3 dozen assholes waiting to date rape you and your friends. For every nice word a guy has for you, he's got 20 words for describing your cunt to his buddies. It's our nature as assholes.

If you're a man, listen up: Ever try to talk a woman into fucking you? Sure you have. Ever leave a woman's bed, unfulfilled, feeling cheated, and maybe a little angry? Sure you have. Ever told your friends about that girl's pussy that felt looser than a stretched-out sock? Sure you have. You're a fuck.

And the solution, ladies? Kick any man in the balls at the slightest provocation. Carry a taser and fuck him up as

soon as he grabs your titties a little too roughly. If he does hurt you, hurt him back. Or find someone to hurt him. Fuck the cops—they won't deal out nearly the right amount of punishment he deserves. Shit, they'll probably high-five each other.

Above all, don't fall for men's bullshit. On the first date, assume that he's an asshole. Really now, who needs benefit of the doubt for one cock? There's plenty more out there. And somewhere in the batch, you'll find that swell fellow who looks at you as something more than a fuck. We're out there, hiding from the rest of the motherfuckers. And we're just as sick of the little boys and their big bad cocks as you are.

"In kissing a girl whose experience with osculation is limited, it is a good thing to work up to the kissing of the lips. Only an arrant fool seizes hold of such a girl, when they are comfortably seated in the sofa, and suddenly shoves his face into hers and smacks her lips. Naturally, the first thing he should do is to arrange it so that the girl is seated against the arm of the sofa while he is seated at her side. In this way, she cannot edge away from him when he becomes serious in his attentions. This done, on some pretext or another, such as a gallant attempt to adjust the cushions behind her, he manages to insinuate his arm, first around the back of the sofa and then, gradually, around her shoulders. **IF SHE FLINCHES, DON'T WORRY. IF SHE FLINCHES AND MAKES AN OUTCRY, DON'T WORRY. IF SHE FLINCHES, AND MAKES AN OUTCRY AND TRIES TO GET UP FROM THE SOFA, DON'T WORRY. HOLD HER, GENTLY BUT FIRMLY, AND ALLAY HER FEARS WITH KIND, REASSURING WORDS.** Remember what Shakespeare said about "a woman's no!" However, if she flinches, makes an outcry, a loud stentorian outcry, mind you, and starts to scratch your face, then start to worry or start to get yourself out of a bad situation. Such girls are not to be trifled with...or kissed. It is such as they, in most cases, who still believe the story of the stork which brings babies because of the consequences of a kiss."

—from *The Art of Kissing*, Hugh Morris, 1936.
(without permission. emphasis added)



"Arrange it so that the girl is seated against the arm of the sofa"

Jerking Off: The Self-Publishing Trap

They were wild times lived in a sort of bored desperation. Starved for excitement, driven by apathy, we hunted for diversion in the trickle-down environment of suburban pop culture.

It was a time before collection agencies and before bad credit ratings. When a cheap used car could break down and not lose me a job, and me and my friends would withstand the shit and grief we gave each other; I knew, from all the bad movies and worn-out Coming of Age novels, that I'd "start missing everybody" as soon as I told anybody anything. Old J.D. sure was right.

••

It was 1986 and we smoked dope in a semi-corporate parking lot across town, stuck behind a thin row of pines and a drab concrete building. One night, Laurie was high and knew there were police in the bushes. We all ran. Laurie first. Ed and I fell over each other, Tom disappeared, no one knew where Jason went.

There were no cops. We walked back to the lot and kept smoking. Jeff and Joe were also there, but they didn't smoke. After the police scare, Laurie sat with Jeff and Joe, deciding she wasn't all that high.

Another time, the same parking lot, we didn't have any pot but had beer and vodka. I was a cashier at a liquor store, so booze was cheap or free, never expensive. It was me, Tom, Ed and Jason. Tom had the tape player he took from someone's car down the shore, but it was a little fucked up.

We got pretty drunk and after a few hours walked to Pathmark. On the way, it was all-around pitch black except for sporadic bursts of music from Tom's broken radio. Over Route 80, Tom threw the player off the bridge onto the Westbound lane. Traffic was



sparse. He'd forgotten to take out his Replacements tape. It was his second copy—he'd lost the first copy in a similar incident.

At Pathmark, we shoplifted Hostess cakes and Ed & I drank cooking sherry in aisle 12. Cooking sherry is very salty, to prevent people from trying to get drunk on it. We spit it out on the floor.

Tom was close to home, so he left us at Pathmark. Ed, Jason and I had been closer to home before we came to Pathmark, but it was too late. We asked a trucker for a lift back into the developments, but "No can do, I'd never be able to turn around back there." No money for a cab. We walked home.

My drab, white duplex had never before looked so comfortable. I woke up the next morning at 8 and met Tom and Ed at work where we hung old women's polyester clothing on ten foot high racks. We were hungover, dizzy, miserable.

••

Summer of 1986. We took the bus into NYC to see some bands at the old Ritz. I stole six ready-mixed cocktails from work for the bus ride. My liquor store was in the Pathmark shopping plaza, which included a K-Mart and Drug Fair, plus the usual card shop, florist, pizza shop, et cetera. The bus stop for New York was at the far end of the parking lot, so Tom met me at work and we rode in from there. I figured on sleeping at Tom's apartment that night.

The bus cost \$7.20 round-trip. I'd won the tickets to the show on some local college radio station. At the Ritz, Tom and I talked our way into the back room where the opening bands drank before and after the show. There was a sink filled with bottles of Rolling Rock so Tom and I helped ourselves and got drunk.

Coming out of the band's lounge, two girls, Joy and Kris from Long Island, nailed us for suckers and picked us up. Horny and drunk, we bought them overpriced white wine. We spent too much on the drinks, but we fucked around with the girls in the middle of the bar. I was grabbing Joy's tits and Tom had his hand down Kris' pants. It was quite a scene. If you'd been there that night, you'd remember it.

The last bus OUT was some time around 1:30am, so at 1:15 we left the club. Outside, Joy vomited up the wine in the gutter and Kris wrote her phone number on Tom's hand. Then we kissed them goodbye and hopped a cab to Port Authority.

We missed the last bus OUT. It didn't matter, though, because the cab fare from the club had been our last 4 bucks. We were broke. And drunk. In NYC. Fuck.

Ed's summer job took him into New York every morning at 7. We could wait 'til morning, find him at work and get bus fare. That left us for 5½ hours on the streets. Instead we found a stupid cabbie to take us to the suburbs with my driver's license as collateral. "C'mon, man, we're desperate. Shit, you've got my license—what am I gonna do?"

In the cab on the way back, we stopped on Route 10 to help two young women whose car was broken down. They asked for a lift, but changed their minds when we told them what we'd be doing. Sorry.

In Parsippany, Tom directed the cab into the dark maze of a random development. Turn here, Turn there, That's my house, Stop here, Be right back.

Tom left the car door open, ran up to a dark house and searched his pockets for keys. In the cab, I thanked the driver and made small talk. At the right chance, I leaned over the seat and snatched my driver's license, dove out the car door and dashed into someone's back yard. As I was grabbing my license, I saw the meter: \$62.80. "Thanks for the ride, pal." Don't forget a generous tip.

The cabbie chased us through two yards. Tom and I lost him behind tool sheds and air conditioner stacks. We ran into two fences and set off one house alarm. Between the house alarm and the cabbie's CB, cops flooded the neighborhood in 10 minutes.

It took us over an hour to fight our way through the yards across town to Tom's apartment complex. We stumbled in, exhausted and sobered. We were pretty miserable, but we knew there was one fuck of a story in that night.

••

One of my most fond memories of childhood is standing in front of the bowl, urinating, trying to break a discarded cigarette in half with the force of my urine. When my bladder was just about evacuated, at that last moment, the butt broke, sending wet shreds of tobacco swirling around the water, floating in and under the foam of my piss. Triumph.

Every time there's a cigarette in the toilet when I'm pissing, I try to break the butt. Most guys do, I figure. Ask your boyfriend or spouse.

••

My next-door neighbor, and best friend for the first 10 years of my life, was Dave. He and I were chums and all that shit from the start. When I was in high school, I used to buy dime bags from him.

My sister would buy me booze and I'd buy her dope. A very close relationship. She first bought me liquor

when I was in eighth grade. Andy R., Jon C., Jeff and I were going sledding at the hill behind St. Clare's hospital. Jon got a pint of rum, I brought a pint of blackberry brandy. The four of us got drunk and when my mother picked us up, she knew.

We dropped Andy & Jeff at Jon's house. Mom took me home and told me it was o.k.: "I'd go into your sisters' rooms and it would smell like the Napa Valley. Just don't let it become a problem." No problem.

••

Will didn't drink, but he was a great host. His parents often went on vacation, and when they left, we arrived.

The first party at Will's house was around Mother's Day 1986. We all drank too much. Ed held Tom's head over the toilet. I passed out somewhere.

Will's house, New Year's 1986/7—we all drank too much and I fucked Jason's ex-girlfriend, Jen. I was so drunk I was blacking out, and when I snapped awake, my cock was raw and my balls ached. It was still early, so I started drinking again. Jen had left; I never saw her after that.

That same night, I met Laura from Randolph and began dating her the next day. We never had sex because she was absolutely terrified of getting pregnant. That kind of terror isn't worth the lay.

It was to Laura that I wrote my first cheesy love poem. For Valentine's Day. I threw it out years and years ago, but I think of it every once in a while. I was a sincere young man, if not a good poet.

••

We worked at a shit warehouse in North Jersey. Jason got a job there through an outside friend. He got Jeff a job. Jeff got me, Tom, Ed and Joe jobs. \$5.50 an hour part-time after school and weekends. Good money for high school kids in 1986.

Warehouses are interesting places, and they remain a place of comfort for me. Office buildings and corporate environments hold death and boredom—the people are stale, fake and narrow.

Oscar, Jerry and Goody were our supervisors. They seemed so old at the time, but were only 25 or so. We climbed racks of clothing 10 feet high in order to move, pick, pack and count units of women's clothing—Alfred Dunner, Sportswear for Mature Women. Polyester. Rayon. Nylon. The warehouse needed us to keep distribution flowing. We knew they needed us.

We were young and we didn't like being inside when the nice weather came. And the bosses—like most bosses—were cocksuckers. But we found satisfaction. It started with changing garment labels. It quickly progressed to wrinkling, tearing and soiling them. Tom finished by pissing on them one day.

None of us ever jerked off or shit on a garment. Not that I know of. If I had, I'd tell you, right?

••

Michelle was a very attractive blonde woman who worked on the picking and packing line. She took a liking to me and asked me out. She was 23 to my 17. I'd sneak away from my assigned rack, hide in a rack near her line, and steal snatches of conversation. It felt good to have someone you didn't grow up with enjoy your company.

Michelle and I never had sex and I guess I know why. She was very shy and I was very nervous. We talked on the phone for hours and sat in her car fooling around a few nights a week. She'd drive 20 minutes to see me. As I said, it was nice to be accepted by someone outside the group you went to elementary and middle school with.

We broke up when I went to live down the shore for the summer of 1986. It wasn't particularly sad; we'd had fun. During that summer, I bought a '68 Mustang for \$600, lost my virginity, met and said goodbye to Laura from Florida, and missed my friends.

••

I don't remember much about middle school. The memories that do stand out are vague, cartoonish images of a cut kneecap, nervous school dances, playing trumpet in the band, starting to smell when I sweat, and waiting for pubic hair. I realized in 7th grade that middle school was the place where young men and women jockeyed for social position. It is there that boys become masculine and girls become desirable. I found I wasn't interested in sports and wasn't seen by the girls I desired.

But I was cute, I suppose, in a girlish kind of way. I was the kid who always seemed to be friends with the attractive girls. I was a mascot.

My first love was a girl named Ay. Spring, 7th grade.

Our relationship was written in notes in class and spoken over the phone each night. On occasion, we'd walk to class and I'd hold her hand. I soon discovered the problems of getting hard in public.

Rob Pellino lived down the block from me. We'd grown up together, though he was more Dave's friend than mine. Rob and I always had some sort of tension between us, because I didn't follow his neighborhood leadership. I was too selfish to follow anyone other than myself. Rob was a year older and went to a private middle school; he always told us about the girls he was screwing and what they did to him. I was, secretly, in awe.

April: It was nice weather, so I'd ride my bike across town to Ay's house. I once made the mistake of bringing Dave and Rob along. Ay fell for Rob and dumped me a week later. I hated him.

When Ay dumped me I was so upset I cried in school, in the middle of classes. It was a turning point. Full of emotional weakness, unable to keep it hidden like the tough guys. I was ashamed. I'd become attached to a fleeting relationship. Start of a bad habit.

Ay got pregnant during her senior year of high school and might or might not have gotten married. I don't remember. I might not have ever known.

Rob's brother, Danny, died in a car accident on his honeymoon in the Bahamas five years ago. Fuck my condolences; I couldn't've been happier.

I am, on the whole, a bitter man who takes pleasure in the appropriate misery other people receive.

••

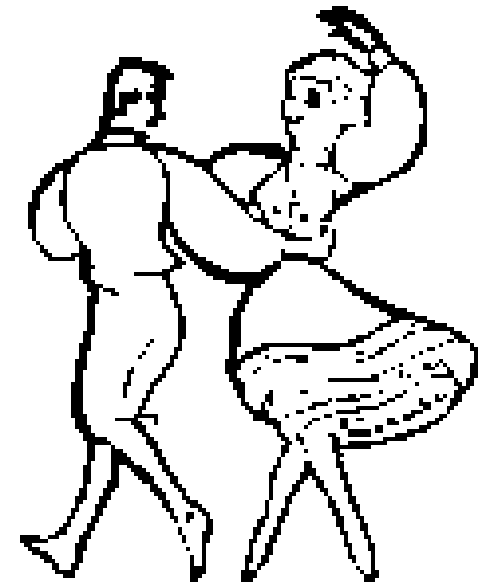
Mary Beth was a friend of Janet, Jason's little sister. I met Mary Beth when I was 15 and she was 13; she was young and awkward, but cute. When Marybeth was 17, she was no longer awkward.

Ed's house, 1988: His parents took the camper and left for a week every summer. Usually Memorial Day. We were 19, drinking from a keg of cheap beer and smoking Tom's pot. Tom usually got the best pot.

We were having a picnic, and Janet and her friends were old enough to drink with us, mainly because they were suddenly old enough to be sexual.

It was the first time I'd seen Marybeth in a couple years. She was a very beautiful young woman. Probably still is, I suppose. Tall, dark hair, very nice breasts and long legs. Fucking American wet dream.

During the night, Marybeth and I flirted, while I drank. Ed drank, flirted and got bent out of shape. Marybeth and I walked around the neighborhood and made out in the bushes next to Ed's house. Someone drove Janet and Marybeth home to Janet's house; I took the ride with them, and Marybeth and I molested each other for a few minutes in the backseat.





I took her out a week later. Conversation was dull. I was dull. She was dull. She probably still is. I am.

It was my own fault that we were both disappointed. I should've known, even then, that the best and worst aspects of my personality come out when I'm drunk. I'm a very bland person sober; whatever passions I have come out through the crutch of booze.

Problem is, people interpret the same good and bad qualities as attractive or repulsive, depending on my relationship with them. In the times of Marybeth and the rest of them, I exhibited my passions physically when I was drunk; this tended to attract. Fortunately, I stopped getting drunk and fucking a few years ago. Too many lost friendships. Too many regrets. Now I wake up and regret saying things too loudly or too frankly. I am often uninvited to people's apartments.

I don't have many friends anymore. Back then, though, the friends were the unassailable network of trust and love. I guess it's still that way for most people. I wouldn't know. Really.

..

I still think about the few women I fooled around with that first year at school, before I transferred. Pam, a pretty blonde punk who never wore a bra; we'd get drunk and dance at parties. Eileen, Pam's friend with a cute little ass. And some girl with bad breath at a hardcore show in Philadelphia.

I was dating Laura from Florida, and I thought that I loved her. But I was still lonely; Laura was in Florida for a few months and I was rotting in Pennsylvania, surrounded by men and women my age who had nothing but fucking on their minds. I was also drinking and smoking a lot. I also dropped acid every once in a while. So it's no surprise that I couldn't keep the loneliness at bay.

Sandy was a friend who wanted to fuck me; we talked about it. She was the sophomore who had slit her wrists in the dorm the year before. Thank god she survived; she was a great person: intelligent, attractive, without inhibition. After all, when everyone around you knows you as That Suicide Attempt, what place does inhibition have in your life?

I don't understand how or why I never had sex with Sandy, but I did regret it, sometimes. Laura dumped me in May after she fucked some guy in Florida. For all my flirting and the occasional kiss, at least I kept my dick dry. The year after I left that school, I heard that Sandy was pregnant and married during her junior year.

It was too late to go back, of course. Sandy was dating someone, Pam was dating someone, and I was left alone, still. Would it have been better if I'd fucked Sandy? Laura would've still fucked her guy in Florida. I probably would've stayed at that school and kept the friends I'd made. Sandy wouldn't be pregnant and I wouldn't be so bitter.

But, then I wouldn't have what I have now... true fucking love. And ain't True Love worth a world of shit?

I miss them, sometimes, those friends for a year. But I don't want to see them ever again; I don't want to see what life has done to them. And I don't want them to see what life has done to me.

..

When I was 14, mom & dad gave me the option to buy a moped or a computer with the money I'd saved from working. When I was 15—legal moped age—they gave me the option to buy a computer.

Sold.

I hit the computer age when 300 baud modems were top dollar and my Atari 800 came with (I think) 8K of Ram. It was the time of "War Games" and "Cloak and Dagger," when computer hacks were heroes for a new suburban revolution.

On the computer bulletin boards, I found a new world of intelligent, anonymous people inhabiting islands of intersection on the phone lines. It was beautiful: everyone used aliases. I found a place to express myself without giving my name. I found an audience for my ranting and raving. I made a lot of enemies, for someone without an identity.

An older woman started leaving dirty messages for me on some of the bulletin boards. Horny, confident and anonymous, I answered them.

A month later, one Thursday afternoon, I met her in the Pathmark parking lot, a short walk from school. She had straight black hair and a yellow VW bug. Mid-thirties, a little overweight. I can still smell her perfume; I don't know what it was.

We went to the Willowbrook Mall and walked around. She bought me a drink in the Irish restaurant at the far end of the mall. She held my hand. She bought me a box of discs in the computer store. I was beyond fucking terrified.

She wanted to fuck me, only because I was 15. She was a freak for young boys. And I was a young boy. Of course, I REALLY wanted to lose my virginity; and I knew I wouldn't be screwing the head cheerleader anytime soon. I just wanted to fuck fuck fuck.

I didn't do it. I was too scared. She kissed me goodbye and dropped me off at home.

We still talked through the BBS's for a few weeks. She got me and my friends tickets for a concert once, and I saw her at the show, getting high with a friend. After that, I never saw her again.

I can't remember her name. Just her perfume. And the taste of mature sexual terror she gave me that Thursday afternoon.

..

I had my first fuck on a bed in my grandparents house, down the shore, summer 1986. Dana was a little whore—though I didn't realize it at the time—who was fooling around with half the guys on the boardwalk. We hung out together for a week or so.

One afternoon, before I had to work, we were petting on the couch. Out of nowhere, she says "I like it on the bottom" and slides underneath me. I didn't know what to do. Instinctively (?) I led her to the nearest bedroom and closed the door.

On the bed, she dropped her pants. I dropped mine. She wouldn't take off her shirt—I don't know why. I felt her up a little, stuck a finger or two inside her, got on top, and got it in. "Don't come inside me, ok?" "Sure, fine," says Mr. Cool.



I couldn't feel a thing. I don't know if it was the fear or if she was really loose. Probably both. And just like a bad movie, I pumped away and her head smacked into the headboard a few times. We did that for a couple minutes and I rolled off.

I hadn't come. I hadn't felt a fucking thing, in fact, the whole time. She rolled halfway on me and kissed me tenderly. I guess it wasn't that bad for her; not painful, if nothing else. Maybe she'd actually felt something good? How the fuck would I know? It sure as shit couldn't have been TOO good.

Then, the front door opened. I don't know what the fuck I'd been thinking; my grandparents were rarely away from the house for more than half an hour.

So we jumped up and put on our clothes. I cracked open the door and saw Dana's friend, Lisa.

I stuffed my underwear in my pocket, smoothed out the bed, and we joined Lisa in the living room. Dana was chatty, I was embarrassed.

It was 4:50 and I was due at work by 5:00. So Dana and Lisa walked me there, I kissed Dana goodbye, and went to work, befuddled by the whole experience.

We never fucked again. She must've lost interest in me, because I heard she was fucking around with some guy who worked further down the boardwalk. I guess maybe he knew what a clitoris was. If someone had told ME, then maybe I would've gotten a second chance. And, maybe I would've gotten off.

••

Diamonds and rubies, her father used to tell her. He drove for a living, and, you know, late night highways get real fucking boring. So you think. Or you talk, or sing. Or you watch other cars. And it became diamonds coming at you, rubies running away in front of you. When you drive the highway at night, it's all diamonds in the headlights and rubies in the tail lights. That's what he told her as a child.



Hello? Is this Jeff? Oh, hi, it's [FILL IN NAME]. Just calling to say "fuck you." Gotta go! Bye!

I met Jennifer at school. It was my first year at Rutgers, a sophomore transfer. She was a freshman; very outgoing, pretty, enchanting. It was great, when I was nineteen. When I was twenty, I hated her. And I still do, at 25.

But I still find myself driving at night and my mind's rushing around in boredom, I see the rubies of the tail lights and the diamonds of the headlights and I think of the year that I (once again) thought I was in love.

I was no great fuck when I was 19, mind you, but I'd dated Laura for almost a year and we'd screwed when we had the chance. So when Jen and I got into it one Friday night, I was better than most of the boys she'd been with in high school. Unfortunately, the booze gets most of the credit; I was able to last pretty long because I was pretty drunk. The next night we had sex sober and I was done in 30 seconds. But being young, I got hard again right away and did a better job of it the second time.

Sex was ok. She'd had a good bit of experience; simple, normal high school sex. Eventually, she'd get on top, all that. I'd guide her around a little; we had fun playing around. It never became phenomenal, but it was the best I'd ever had. Hell, it was REGULAR.

After 6 months, she dumped me for Tony, a guy I drank, smoked dope and played cards with. It sucked shit; I had to see this guy at least twice a week—I couldn't avoid him.

Aside from the emotional collapse, the decline into apathy, harder drinking, afternoon dope and the occasional cocaine—all that break-up/breakdown crap—what really sucked was that all my investment was sleeping in his bed. She told me I'd done wonders for her sexual ambition. So now my investment was riding someone else's cock, pulling him around in ways he'd only seen in videos and cheap magazines. She probably scared him, she was so sexed-up. Teach her how to have fun fucking and then watch someone else get my profits. Man, life is unfair sometimes.

So, like that little boy in 7th grade, I was destroyed. But six years later I'm not going to waste your time with bullshit love-saga trash. I'm talking about sex, about how fucking affects the simple routine of life.

Do I have to be blunt? Diamonds and rubies; expensive, pretty, petty pieces of stone. If that's the only thing that reminds me of her, then why not remember the utility of the relationship? I don't think of her when I see diamond earrings or a ruby ring; only the red and white lights of cars on a fucking highway. It's not real. See? It's not the real thing. Just an excuse. And so the memory of fucking her isn't really all that's left

of her in my mind. It's just the only thing I feel like talking about.

So, anyway, I guess the diamonds and rubies will always be with me. At least once a month, like it or not, they come to mind when I'm driving the highway alone, late at night. Ironically, her father hated me, and all I remember about his little girl is fucking her.

But, as I said, that's not entirely true.

••

"Liquor! Girls!" the sign reads.

If I could have both, 24 hours a day—or at least every hour that I'm awake—then I just KNOW I'd be happy. But if I had to choose one, I'd choose booze. Because when I have any amount of liquor, I can always imagine the girls. But when I've got my girlfriend in bed, but no liquor to speak of, I always seem to feel half empty.

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Hey, I'm a fucking human being, ain't I?

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It ain't much, but it's mine. Thanks for your time.

.....

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TRUE Dog Stories for Young Readers

By Tom Bielavitz

(Jitbagger, Cackoon)

When I was an infant my parents took a puppy in and named it Sugar. It was a small, terrier type. It loved my father greatly, and was very obedient. However, Sugar took to backing my mother into a corner, baring it's teeth and growling. Sugar became more aggressive, especially when I was the center of attention. My mother had to carry a small baseball bat to beat it off. Finally, she convinced my father to give it away, but they had a hard time doing so. It seems no one wanted a full grown pit bull.

Years later we got another dog, a pointer mutt we called Bronco. As Bronco aged, he had many health problems; arthritis, cancer lumps, and ears that would fill with fluid. The epilepsy was the worst, though. He was a large dog, and during the seizures his hind legs would stretch forward, past his nose. His tongue would hang out, salivating, and his eyes would glaze much like a human epileptic (except the part about his legs stretching forward). I was about ten years old and it was disturbing to watch: he would scoot around backwards, and then, suddenly, he would flip backwards, his hind legs acting like the spring on a mousetrap. Since we lived in a small apartment, and he was about three feet tall, furniture and stuff would be thrown about the room. Once he lost control of his bowels. The worst part was to look into his eyes and see the shame he felt after the seizures. It became obvious that his accumulation of health problems was painning him. My dad thought it was cruel to make an animal suffer, so we decided to put Bronco to sleep. I watched as the vet put the needle into his leg, as he stretched, closed his eyes, and died.

While riding my bike over a small bridge about 10 miles from home, I noticed a dog, a german shepherd, in an unusual position; he was hanging from a tree. Upon further inspection I decided he was hanging from a hook jammed into the roof of his mouth. Also, he had been gutted, kind of like a bear skin rug you might see in a cartoon, so that his head, back, and front paws were intact, but his hindquarters were removed. I wasn't allowed in that town at that age, so I didn't say anything.

In college, I visited a friend's home during winter break. He had a small toy dog that also had problems. It had lost an eye to a tumor, so all that remained was a hole with an open sore above it that collected lint, hair, and dirt in it, complete with oozing mucous. The dog's other eye was cataracted; it had a heart stutter, and asthma. When it would bark it would begin to wheeze, which would cause it to fart involuntarily. It would just wheeze, and fart, wheeze. and fart. Once, I saw it in the back yard barking at a neighbor's dog when it went into one of these fits and fell over sideways, rolling for a few revolutions down a small hill.

I was living in a boarding house with about sixteen other men, and I decided to take in an elkhound that was going to be put to sleep. His tail curved strangely, and he came with the name Clue. Although he was meant as a common house pet, he became very attached to me, and would sleep outside my door, and growl at visitors. When my girlfriend came over, he would nuzzle in between us.

A guy down the hall named Pete didn't like Clue, and would often taunt him. I think Clue knew I didn't like Pete either. One night Pete and another guy, Steve, ate some LSD, snorted some coke, and drank for many hours. I wasn't around that night. At some time, Pete began sticking his head out the door and yelling "Party on, Clue!" When the dog would lunge forward, Pete would slam the door on his head and he and Steve would laugh from the other side. The next day, I heard the stories. When I went back to my room, I was looking for Clue to give him a biscuit or two. I walked to the second floor porch door just in time to see Clue dart from around the side of the house and sink his teeth into Pete's leg. He locked in, and shook his body fiercely, tearing Pete's flesh. I turned around and walked back to my room to get Clue his biscuit, listening to Pete screaming as I walked.

Pete now has four half-dollar sized holes in his left calf. He moved to Florida, and I haven't heard from him. I hope more of his life went the way of his flesh when his town got hit by Hurricane Andrew.

I've heard that when a dog gets the taste of blood, he'll bite again, and I believe it. A few weeks after the Pete incident, one of the men in the house decided to do some woodwork with a circular saw. It was about 9:30 am, and I had just finished three MD 20/20's mixed with Andre champagne when I heard him screaming. When I got to the back porch I saw that he had severed the upper half of his forearm down to the bone. I could see the striations of the muscle, and white cord things; ligaments, I guess. Blood had splattered across the porch flying from the spinning saw wheel. The safety guard didn't slide back, and the dope had crossed the saw across his body to put it down. Ironically, there is a warning on this particular saw telling the user not to set the tool down in this manner. Pictures are included, if English isn't your language.

I grabbed a bath towel, wrapped it around his arm, and dropped him at the hospital. I took my towel with me because the blood had made a nice Rorschach image I intended to hang on my wall. I put it on the fire escape to dry. Unfortunately, Clue tore it to shreds while it was still moist. A week later, Clue bit me, barely breaking the skin, and also leapt at a mailman's throat, although held back by his chain. I took Clue to the pound's night drop off with a note that he's a biter.

Sometime later in the same house another guy brought in a huge Golden Retriever named Buster. He was a good dog, but hated Meathead, the Black Lab next door. The day after Buster got fixed, he was lying on the second floor balcony sleeping with me. Meathead came outside and began barking at Buster; Buster began barking back. I don't know what went on between the two dogs—maybe Meathead called Buster a ball-less faggot. I do know that Buster jumped over the balcony railing, dropping 25 feet down to the parking lot. He landed without even a wince, and ran over to Meathead, who looked pretty surprised, for a dog. Buster proceeded to bite Meathead's fat head, until the owner ran over and began beating Buster over the head with a large stick. It took about six good whacks before he let go. At first, the guy hit him pretty lightly, but by the end he was winding back for some good swings. No shit.

After a year or so Buster left with whoever brought him, and I was suckered into another puppy I named Bob (a Black Lab). Bob, like most puppies, would eat anything and so we all took great enjoyment in checking his shit for interesting things—you know, crap we'd lost, like maybe a ring, or whatever. Once, while playing volleyball in the side dirt lot, I went to throw some of his shit aside by picking it up with a stick, but it fell into two pieces, held together by a used rubber. HE HAD EATEN SOMEONE'S JITBAG. I flung it, and the two hunks of shit spun like a bola.

Another time, I saw that Bob's meal for the day had included a pool cue (blue goo), a few rubber bands, some broken glass, and a walnut sized rock.

During the summer of Bob's youth we had a party at the house, which was very old and in terrible condition. There was a bathroom on the first floor, and another on the third. Girls mostly used the third floor, for the privacy and because the guys had pissed all over the seats downstairs. Late into the shindig, the upstairs bowl became clogged, but the women continued to use it to shit, piss, and even change their rags in. I know this because we didn't call a plumber for a week or so, and all that crap just sat in that bowl. Also, for a day after the party we neglected to tell Dave, a blind man, who continued to use the bowl. It always smelled bad up there, so he thought nothing of it. After a couple days, however, you would have to hold your breath to move around the third floor. When we finally got a plumber in, he filled up a five gallon bucket more than half way with the various ass puddings, and left it in the bathroom, where it stayed for another couple days. I finally moved it onto the third floor fire escape. It sat there for at least a week in the summer sun, until someone kicked it down into the lot below. One evening I found Bob into the bucket up to his shoulders. I yelled, and he lifted his head out, toilet paper stuck to his face, and looking mighty proud. I chased him out, but he had eaten it all.

Born Too Late to be Truly Swank

Readers of CRANK #1 already know how much I yearn to have lived in 1961, rather than 1994. Why? Shit, the Swank Man ruled the fucking world, baby. "Get me a drink, hon." "When's supper ready, darlin'?" "Mix me 1 last highball—I've got to get back to the office." What livin'!

It pains me to have such envy weigh on me. (And sorry, gals, it wasn't exactly a liberated paradise. Tough darts.) But it sure looks like it was a swell time to have been young and devilishly handsome. I happen to be both, in case you didn't know.

From the notes on "Happiness is Dean Martin," Reprise Records, 1962. Back cover:

"Happiness is Dean Martin" Singing "Lay Some Happiness on Me" And Other Selected Hoop-Las

"Aesthetically, he ends up somewheres between '39's Mickey Mouse Watch and Lichtenstein's neo-heroic painting, "Take That . . . Pow !"

"A little camp, perhaps, but too much of our current action really to rate that high on the Camp Charts. Put him more in the Hula Hoop-Silver Mini-Skirt-"Chelsea Girls"- William Manchester bag [?]. That is to say, awfully celebrated right now, not to mention being hellishly good examples at what they're driving at.

"Nothing, for example, is more hula-hoop than a Pink Plastic 1960 Hula Hoop. Nothing is more Dean Martin than Dean Martin.

"Of course, doing a really preposterously good job of being Dean Martin depends a lot on knowing the rules about what makes the best Dean Martin. Knowing the archetypal definition of Martinism: How is he different? Why is he individual? What is he driving at?

"What Dean Martin is driving at seems to be to lead a Life Of Sloth. A Life of EPIC Sloth. Not just your common little ol' Sunday afternoon lazy Sloth, like you get with minor Erskine Caldwell Georgia darlins. [?]

"No, Martin now epitomizes EPIC SLOTH. Sloth like Joseph E. Levine would come up with. In big, 3-D letters, like in those Ben Hur movie ads, with all forms of EPIC EXHAUSTION draped over the letters. "Epic Sloth," starring Dean Martin, and then running around the bottom, instead of Mongol hordes and Jack Palance you find other things, for this is "Epic Sloth." Things like deflated innertubes. Like the ears of sleeping Spaniels. Like Kleenex ashes. [?] Like all of Life's Most Unresilient Stuff.

"And there, leaned up in Herculean-Scope against those giant letters, our Pop Star slumps. Dean Martin. Kind of half-eyed looking out at you, grinning "Hi ya, pally," like he hopes you haven't got anything heavy on your mind.

Fuck Sinatra. Give me Dean Martin, toots. He was THE MAN.

The Man charged with keeping the Swank Man a mass appeal. And this album drives it home in a BIG MOTHERFUCKING WAY. Sure, many of the pop culture references are woefully dated, and the racist comments will offend some of you, but FUCK, man, that's why they call it "dated." Take your lumps, kids. I have marked the places [?] where I'm admittedly lost. You may catch stuff I didn't. Call me ignorant. Also note where the author was out of his mind [!] when writing. Suck it up!

"Dean Martin has been working at becoming an Epic Pop Art Object. He's been getting in a good deal of pop art hypnotizing. Avis knows, you don't get to be Number One by just sitting round. Some detractors have published this about Martin: that he sits round, trying to make spaghetti look tense. [!] "Pish tosh," we say, and "Yellow journalism."

"You have to publicize to get to be Our National Epic Sloth. Martin has. His medium: the most popular art object of Our Times, meaning . . . your television set. (Breathes there a soul with fingers so dull he can't

find his Vertical Knob blindfolded?) [Note similarity to remote control in 1994.-Ed.]

"The mind-boggling task which DM has accomplished in his upwards surge to Number One Epic Sloth in [sic] this: he has put other would-be number one lazy slob into limbo. "Amos 'N Andy's" Lightnin, for instance, now is largely forgot. Shiftless and No-Account has moved to Beverly Hills, where dey got no deltas, chile. [!!!-Whoeee!-Ed.] The other competition—those slothy Southern belles once played by Lee Remick and Joanne Woodward—are now minor league stuff.

"Martin (few people have known this until this very minute; it has been a closely kept secret) was actually only Number Two until quite recently. The spot of Number One Epic Sloth was recently held by another performer. Not a human being, but a small dog. His name: Red Dust. He is (or was, for he has largely disappeared from our scene) part of a Vaudeville turn. His master would bark out commands: "Red Dust, Roll Over! Up, Red Dust!" But Red Dust was an utterly and irrevocably sag-boned hound. Red Dust never voluntarily moved anything, least of all a paw. The pooch looked permanently pickled. It was pretty funny stuff.

"Dean Martin finally won out over Red Dust. Much of his triumph has been ascribed by some scribes to his ability to project an alcoholic aura from coast-to-coast, into millions of Puritan homes. Good, Puritan, beer-drinking homes. Martin has almost by himself established Boozo-o-Vision as America's new Art Populaire. It's difficult to imagine any other object that would currently be more welcome in our historic nation's thousands of beer bars and juke joints. Nothing more popular than DM, slumped there, looking for his cue card, all brung [sic] to you in NBC's surrealist color. Martin and his—dare we say it?—goopy baritone. [??] Martin: the biggest sex symbol to hit neighborhood taverns since the heyday of The Rheingold Girl, may she in our secret imaginations requiescat in flagrant delicto.

"Nothing should slow up his reign as our beloved EPIC BOOZER short of a sudden attack of dysphagia. —Stan Cornyn"



Oh, yeh, and if anyone from Reprise is reading this, just cut me a fucking break, won't ya, pally?



Watch Out: Here

“The greatest wave of millenarian excitement—one which swept through the whole of society

Eeeeeek! It's the year 2000! Something bad just HAS to happen, right? Maybe the environment will crap out once and for all! Maybe AIDS will wipe everyone out! Maybe a crazed Middle Eastern dictator will drop THE BOMB on us! AAAH! That's THREE things that can happen! At LEAST one is just BOUND to!

Run for hills, motherfuckers! And take your brats with you.

In brief, I've got some problems with the hegemony of apocalyptic doom that's been going around for the last, oh, say, 100 years. No matter who you talk to, it seems, everyone has at least one doom issue on their minds. Either it's the fucking Christians planning for HIS imminent return; or it's the jerk-offs who quote Nostradamus at length; or it's the h-bomb paranoids buying into the government's pitch for nuclear exclusion in the name of saving the world; or worst of all, it's the environmentalists screaming at you to save the earth by recycling your newspapers. YOU'RE ALL VICTIMS OF BLATANT MILLENARIANISM, YOU DUMB SHITS.

Stand back. Take a number. One at a time.

Christians

A couple months back, here in Philadelphia, billboards popped up proclaiming September, 1994 as judgment time. They gave an 800 number which turned out to be a Christian radio station in California. They wanted money. How shocking! Christians? God's People? Playing on your fears just to get your wallet open?

Check your history books. Look up a certain William Miller. In the 1830s, he convinced 50,000 people that the world would end in 1843, based on calculations made by cross-referencing Biblical clues, specifically Daniel 8:13,14 and Revelations 20:4-6. After 1843 passed uneventfully, Bill announced a corrected date of October 22, 1844. After this date, too, passed, most of his supporters got fucking smart and hit the road. One group of suckers, though, maintained that Miller was correct with the prediction, but instead of the end of the world (a premillenaristic prophecy), 1843 was really the beginning of the Judgment process, to end at an unspecified future date (a post-millenaristic assertion). This group is now called the Seventh Day Adventists. Ever hear of them? They're probably the largest group of postmillenarists in the world.

And they're not the only assholes out there. Look up

Charles Taze Russell. He predicted October, 1914 as the end of the world, only to see that date pass uneventfully. His people hung with him, and continue to be on-the-ready for JC's grand entry. Today, Russellists are called Jehovah's Witnesses. Yeh, those fucks. Probably the largest group of premillenarists in the world.

But it's not all ancient history. Check out Edgar Whisenant's "On Borrowed Time." He predicted September 11-13, 1988, as the time of "rapture." Then he went for September 1, 1989, with an outside error of 1993. Tough luck, eh, Ed?

OF COURSE it's nothing new. Go look into something called the Sibylline Oracles. Compiled sometime before the year 1000, they encouraged Christians to see themselves as "the Chosen People of the Lord—chosen both to prepare the way for and to inherit the Millennium." No shit. Do you know how much panic those writings caused during the approach of the Year 1000? Everywhere you turned, there was a new millenarist proclaiming the end of the world and the return of Christ. Yeh, that's right, 1000 fucking years ago. But don't take MY word for it, go read The Year 1000 by Henri Focillon.

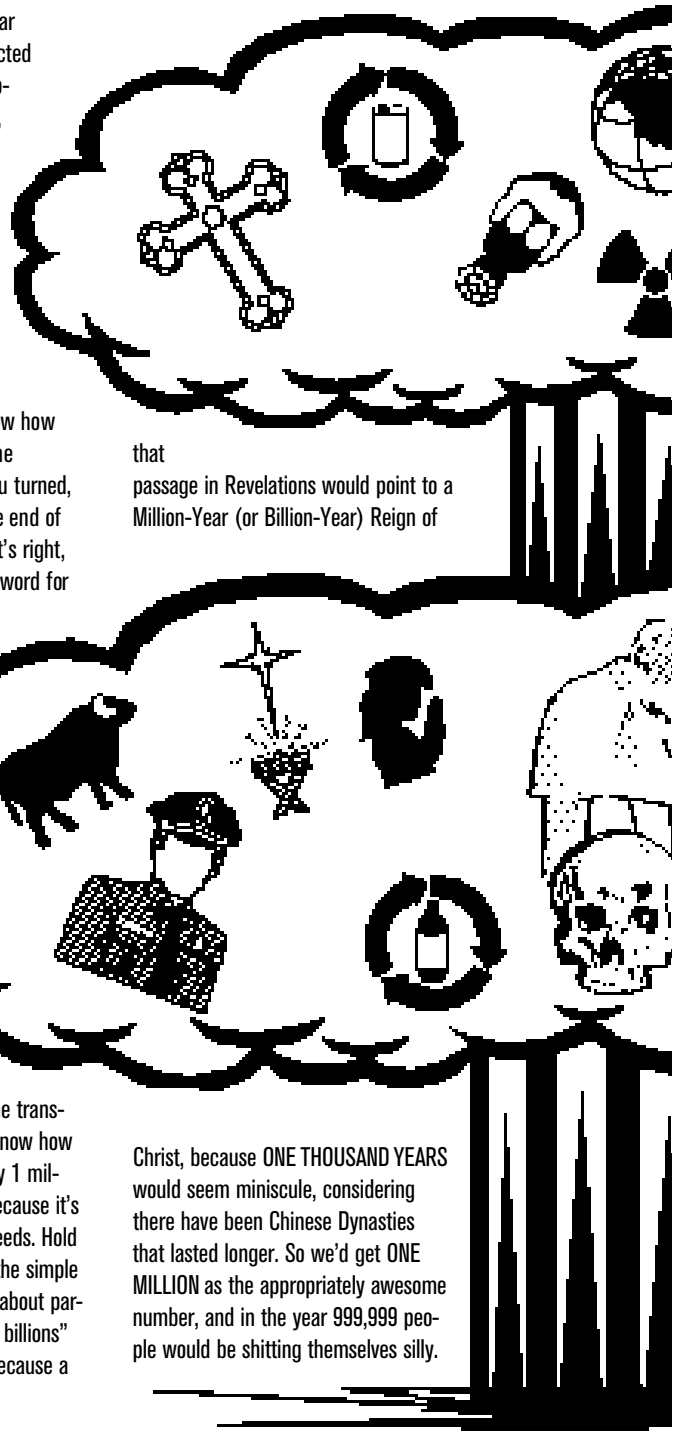
It's the book that will shut your apocalyptic Christian trap.

So why 2000? Well, Christians point to the Bible for their evidence. Some acid trip nonsense about 1000 years of Christ and another 1000 years of heaven on earth. You want an original idea from me? Here it comes, and you better not steal it, or I'll sue your ass. Maybe—just maybe—ONE THOUSAND is the largest arbitrary number that the translators of the Bible could envision, eh? You know how you say "Man, I'd like a million dollars." Why 1 million? Why not 2 million? Or 1.38 million? Because it's the best large, round number to suit your needs. Hold on, all you geniuses, this idea goes beyond the simple round number theory of millenarianism. It's about paradigms. Example: Carl Sagan's "billions and billions" of stars. Why not "millions and millions?" Because a

billion is closer to infinity? No. Because we can EASILY count a million stars; people can EASILY put a finite perception on a puny MILLION. "Millions and millions of stars" didn't carry the same punch as "billions" because we're jaded by the attainability of one million. So we got "billions." Similarly, I'd bet the house that if the Bible were translated today, fresh,

that passage in Revelations would point to a Million-Year (or Billion-Year) Reign of

Christ, because ONE THOUSAND YEARS would seem miniscule, considering there have been Chinese Dynasties that lasted longer. So we'd get ONE MILLION as the appropriately awesome number, and in the year 999,999 people would be shitting themselves silly.

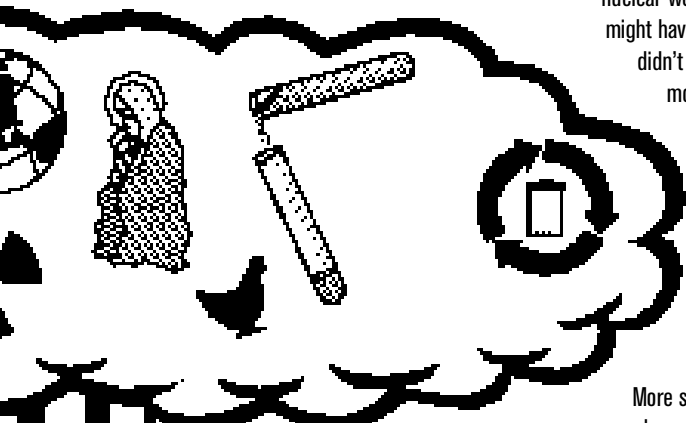


Comes Big Bad 2000

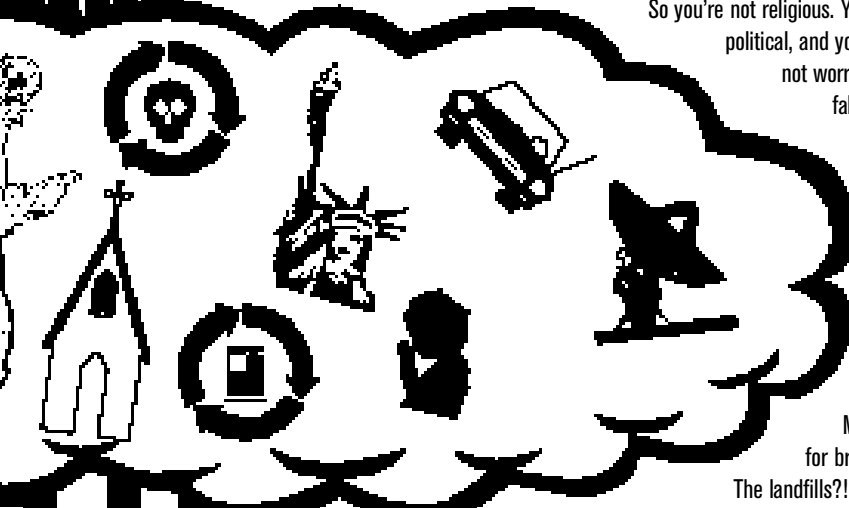
—was precipitated by the most universal natural disaster of the Middle Ages, the Black Death.”

Nostradamians

This one's easy. Doesn't it occur to you that this jerk Nostradamus was himself nothing more than a victim of religious millenarianism? Why the fuck else would he place the end of the world at the very end of his own millennium? Why not 1793? 1845? Nope. Had to



be close to 2000. Nostradamus was a religious man, kids. He read the Bible. And he fell for it, too.



We just happen to be at the wrong place at the wrong time: the end of the millennium. So stop producing TV shows about Nostradamus, will you? Just stop this kiddie-scaring crap.

Paranoids

You remember “The Day After?” That fucking movie scared the piss out of me as a kid. Nightmares for weeks. You know what that movie was, DON'T YOU? An easy way to approve a larger defense budget. And it's still the same way. North Korea might have nuclear weapons. Radical Middle Eastern countries might have nuclear weapons. So what? Listen, if WE didn't use OURS (and we were, I assure you, the most likely to have launched a first strike), and the Soviets never used THEIRS, you think the North Koreans are about to use the ones they MIGHT have? Of course not. And hell, even if they DO, what the fuck are you going to do about it?

So the Pentagon keeps getting the cash to fund nuclear weapon development.

More spy satellites are launched. And you sit in your house afraid of the end of the world. That's just plain dumb.

Environmentalists

So you're not religious. You're not particularly political, and you're smart enough to not worry about nuclear bombs falling on the farmland.

That Nostradamus crap never even gave you the shivers. But you really do think that this environmental issue needs to be addressed, right?

Mother Earth is gasping for breath? The ozone layer? The landfills?!

Whatever you say. Sure, the planet is fucked. But you think that recycling your cans and newspapers for a couple years will solve the problem? Think Locally, Act Globally? HA! You and me ain't the problems, buddy (well, I might be one of the problems, actually.) It's humanity's consumption OVERALL. You've got a refrigerator? Whoops, big problem. You use batteries? Shit, they clog landfills. You drive a car? Man, that's a lot of pollution.

Of course it's not good for the environment. BIG FUCKING SURPRISE. But do you really think it's the end of the world? It's not. This planet is a lot bigger than us, and if wants us gone, then we're gone. Who knows what those pesky dinosaurs were up to? They might've been washing their fucking shorts in the oceans and dirtying up the water. Look what happened to them. Poof! Gone. Simple as that.

I'm not really taking issue with the idea that we're doing something wrong. Of course we are. WE'RE ALWAYS DOING SOMETHING WRONG. WE'RE HUMANS. But it's just like worrying about North Korea having the bomb—waste of time. When the world becomes inhospitable for human life, we'll pull up tent and hit the road. Or we'll learn to breath carbon monoxide. Or just peel off that annoying case of skin cancer and grow out of it, like acne. Christ, man, we'll adapt. Or die. And fuck the scenery; I don't spend much time outdoors anyway. And there's always Vu-Masters.

If it were the year 1234, or 6573, or 809145, we wouldn't be trying to save the environment. I guarantee it. We'd still be dumping our old motor oil in the sewers. Everything would still be made out of Styrofoam. When we found that hole in the ozone layer, we'd've just put on stronger sunblock. We're stupid and ignorant. It's our nature. If it weren't for a nice round number heading our way, we wouldn't even notice the IMPENDING DOOM.

What's to Come

Remember the opening quote? Go back and read it. It's from Norman Cohn's *The Pursuit of the Millennium*, (Oxford University Press, New York, 1970, p.282). You know what that means? THINGS ARE GOING TO GET WORSE. In a few years, after every person in every country has seen AIDS kill their friends and family, the prophets will be everywhere. The religious zealots, the political paranoid freaks, and the Whole Earthers begging for environmental penance. In fact, they've already got their angles: God sent AIDS to punish; the government created AIDS; Mother Earth is using AIDS to thin the population. You've already heard them, and you're going to hear more. Shit, they've probably already got their pamphlets in storage.

JUST YOU WATCH. The End is Near. Or so they say.



Here's What I've Been Doing for Kicks



The A-Bones—Maxwells, NJ—June 4, 1994

Seven years ago, Tom & I went to a waterfront festival in Hoboken, NJ. It was a fine Saturday. We strolled around the docks, ate over-priced food, and saw this crazy little band called "The A-Bones." Since that first waterfront show, I have seen the A-Bones at least 50 times. Why the A-Bones? Fuck, daddy-o. They are the best swamp-abilly, goddamn rock 'n' roll band to be found. For 10 years, they played rock-abilly the way it was meant to be—loud, fast & danceable. And I've danced at A-Bones shows. Hell, yes. I've gotten drunk at A-Bones shows, too. Hell yeh! In the mood to hoot and holler and dance around like an asshole with strangers? A-Bones. Want to hear a band and jump around in a crowd WITHOUT the hostility of jerk-off suburban kids acting like

bad-ass punk rockers? A-Bones. Wanna drink?? A-Bones. Well, you COULD HAVE done those things, if you'd seen them before June 4th. But the A-Bones are now DEAD. Yep. They've broken up. Billy & Miriam (ex-Cramps drummer from the old days) run Norton Records and are doing well enough to

do it full time (read about Norton Rec's in one of the REsearch volumes). And I assume the rest of the band have other things to do as well. So on Saturday, June 4, 1994, they played their farewell show for a roomfull of regulars—people I've seen at shows for the last 7 years, but have never spoken with; girls I've danced with but never gotten a name. Amy & I swung ourselves around like idiots. They played an hour and a half, complete with guest appearances by The Great Gaylord (a.k.a. the Sultan of Squat) and some old rockabilly singer who I didn't recognize but I'm sure is famous in that circle. God bless you, A-Bones. You will be missed. See you at the first reunion gig.

Mule, Arcwelder, Kepone—Khyber Pass, Philadelphia—May 5

I knew the name, but I couldn't place KEPONE. UNTIL I saw the bass player and remembered them as the band that bored me when they opened for Jesus Lizard some time back. They sound good for a few seconds, but quickly becoming monotonous. And that fucking bass player can't seem to keep his tongue in his mouth. ARCWELDER, though, were real fucking good. Basic loud, noisy guitar-driven songs. And try as I might, I couldn't think of a bad thing to say, except maybe that the guitar/vocalist was too pretty, or was trying to be pretty. Shit, I'm supposed to be critical, right? Regarding MULE: hey, it was a Thursday night and we were tired. We left before Mule got on. I'm sure it was a mistake, but I make mistakes every day. One more won't hurt. Next time, Mule.

Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo—Khyber Pass, Philadelphia—April 27

I wouldn't recognize Lee Ranaldo if he stepped on my foot, so I didn't realize he was one of the two guys who opened up, playing with their guitars and synthesizers. What one of the local rags called "a wall of buzz," I call shitty guitar art noise. Sorry, Lee. And the same goes for the 2nd act, a very hip japanese noise rocker (whose name I've lost) who played with his guitar for 20 minutes. But Thurston's little side project was pretty good. Not amazing, but worth 6 bucks on a Wednesday night. Sounding like Sonic Youth outtakes from the last 2 albums, the band was entertaining enough to keep me there. I would've preferred something a little more daring, or something, but it was just right for the kids in their "Goo" t-shirts.

The Fenwicks—Brownies Pub, NYC—April 30

Many years ago, I heard a punk cover of "I am the Walrus" and, ever since, I've stood by the statement that "The only good Beatles song is a covered Beatles song." Test it out for yourself. And if you still don't believe it, go see The Fenwicks perform "Ob-la-di, ob-la-da" at a fever-pitched ska beat. The Fenwicks are not normally my thing, describing themselves as a ska-funk-punk-amalgamation (or something like that), but I did enjoy them live. The main entertainment onstage is the singer; he's a fucking goofball. Half eccentric (a la Tom from Alice Donut) and half Art School/Theater reject, he's got quite an act, including stuffing his harmonica in his mouth (width-wise) and playing it, and later playing a tune on a plastic trumpet with his nose. Their album is called "Member of No Tribe," out on Argus Records. Give it a shot, if you feel like it. But do see them live if you have the chance.

Shellac, Brick Layer Cake, Rodan, Shortie—Thread Waxing Space, NYC—May 9

Tom has a tape of a show from WFMU (the ONLY thing I miss about living in North Jersey) that announces—among other amazing shows—Big Black appearing at CBGB's. This was 1986 or so. We were working; we didn't go. In 1988, Rapeman played The Roxy in New Brunswick, NJ. I was new to the area and didn't know where The Roxy was; I didn't have a car; I didn't know anyone to ride with; I didn't go. In 1989, Flour played Maxwells with Albini guesting on guitar; I was working again; I didn't go. Now—eight years after falling in love with Atomizer—I REFUSE to miss the latest Albini incarnation. So Tom and I drove to NYC this Monday night. And fuck me, wasn't it worth it. We sat outside while Shortie was on, though they sounded good from the street. Rodan was good enough to enjoy. Brick Layer Cake (Todd Trainer, Shellac drummer, singing) sucked ass; with or without Albini smacking the drum for them, they were a band to endure, not enjoy. Sorry, Todd. You seem like a nice chap, but, well, sorry. But then Shellac came on and kicked the shit out of this (mostly) industry crowd. (It was such an industry show that there was a back area set aside with a monitor and bar—for the label people who didn't want to get TOO close to the band, but wanted to see how they'd look on TV. Even Todd Trainer bitched that he's "played 13 shows on this island, but together they don't add up to the fucking guest list for this show.") Shellac played 4 of the 5 single songs (no "Man who invented fire") and a load of unreleased material. It was a truly great show, complete with heckling kids in the audience and a surprisingly nice rapport with the band. They even urged everyone NOT to pay \$25 for copies of their singles at Bleecker Bob's: they've got enough copies to go around. A great show, a great band. I hope you caught them before they go the way of Rapeman. You know how fickle Albini is.



Shellac, Brick Layer Cake, Don Caballero—Walnut St., Phil.—May 11

(As I said, I wasn't missing them if I could help it.) I'm a sucker for a strong bass line. That's one of the reasons I was always crazy for Big Black and why I'm crazy for Shellac. And as luck would have it, Amy & I were able to park our asses on the ground next to the bass stack. Whoeee! Talk about loud. And talk about a great fucking time! Sitting there with a couple drinks in my belly, Amy leaning against me in these tight shorts, the bass pounding in my stomach, Albini's 12-string tearing through my hollow skull—shit, I wanted to throw Amy down on the floor behind the drums and fuck her, hard, in tune. Now THAT would've been a show. But even if we didn't screw, we did get FREEFUCKING BEER. Yes, the guys hosting the party—it really was more like a party than an organized show—had a couple kegs of free beer. And it was 5 BUCKS to get in. FUCK ME, it doesn't get better. So what more can I add? We skipped out on Brick Layer Cake (having been burned on Monday) and saw half of Don Caballero, who were ok, you know? Good enough, but not as good as I'd heard. But the sound wasn't so hot, unless you were sitting in front of the stacks, so I'd go to see Don C again. But then it was over and we went home. And fucked, hard. What a perfect night.

1-800-544-2028

I cannot accept automated phone solicitations. I am so fucking sick of getting up off my ass to answer the phone, only to hear a fuzzy recording asking me to call for more information on real estate, or banking, or home repairs. In the right mood, I call the numbers back and scream at their machines. Other times, when it's an 800 number, I ask people to call them from everywhere in the country. It's my aim to make it so uneconomical for these companies to solicit in this fashion that they'll stop this shit. So call these fuckers. And stay on the line a long time. Thank you.



Although I don't expect it to happen often, I do receive free things to be reviewed. And unlike CMJ and those other industry jerk-off rags, I will tell you what I think of a band, show, etc. With that in mind, I will inform you as to which materials were received for free, so that you can take any praise with a grain of salt if you don't trust my integrity.

Surgery—"Shimmer"—Atlantic Records

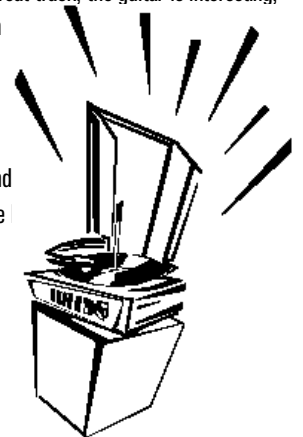
FREE!!

What we've got here is a slow starter, a REAL SLOW starter. Flat out, the first 2 songs annoy me: "Bootywhack" and "Off the A List." I've had enough tired guitars and slung-low NYC vocals to last a lifetime. But, then out of nowhere, "Vibe Out" (4th song) whips in and lifts my spirits. And it continues. "D-Nice" is a great track; the guitar is interesting, the vocals engaging. Same thing "Gulf Coast Score." But then "Didn't I know You Once" loses me like the first couple songs, and the album ends on a so-so note with "No 1 Pistola." Overall? Half great, half eh. I'll tape the songs I like & forget the rest.

The Miss Alans—"Blusher"—BMG/Zoo

FREE!!

A sticker on the shrink-wrapping led me to expect The Miss Alans to sound something like Lush, or Luna, or any one of those flaky 4AD band. In any case, I was looking forward to an atmospheric, ethereal background music; I had a six of Porter in the fridge and Amy naked in the It was going to be a pleasant fuck. But after 2 songs, I had to jump up and turn it off. The Miss Alans aren't a pleasant, dreamy music. They're shit. The first 10 SECONDS of the first song are all right. Airy, plucky, synth'd guitar. And then the singer opens his hole and out comes crap leftover from a 1986 John Hughes movie. And even worse, on a few songs he slips into an inflection like that fuck from Smashing Pumpkins; I hate that shit. The worst song of the album is far and away "Winona," an honest-to-god sympathy song to the big W. The best song? No such beast. Don't give this crap your time.



small 23—"True Zero Hook"—Alias Records

The current curse of North Carolina is Superchunk, and the comparisons that are inevitably made to any band hailing from that area. But even before I checked the production notes and saw NC as the home of small 23, I was considering a bill with them opening for Superchunk. But that's not to equate the 2 bands—not at all. small 23 reminds me more of the good (rare) Das Damen song, or "Home Again" Doughboys. It's more on that powerpop end of the spectrum. And do I know the singer from somewhere else? (I wish I got bio's with some of this shit.) Whatever the category, it's a great album. Try "Noodles" and "Saturday" for the quick argument.

One Nation, underground—compilation—Monkeyland Records

FREE!!

If I liked this kind of music, I'd enjoy this CD more. But the selections are mostly the same poppy, radio-ready crap that I avoid in daily life. It runs the gamut, at least, from the hippie-edge with The Grovers to alternative-metal tracks from Little Savage and Betty Stress to synth/techno-crap from Night Shade. The standout of the disc, though, isn't a song—it's a soundbite from "Barfly" included at the end of the Zen Parade song. It's the conversation leading up to one of my favorite lines of the movie: "Nobody in this neighborhood can swallow paste like I can." So I guess I won't throw this CD out, like I will The Miss Alans. I'll just leave it on the shelf until I find someone to give it to who'll appreciate it more.

ExVegas—"1993/Thin Across" 7"—Nylon Rash Records—438 Denison St., Highland Pk, NJ 08904

Some bands need to be seen live before they are heard from out of the studio. ExVegas is such a band. For instance, I don't like bands with female singers who sing like female singers—Scrawl, Throwing Muses, etc.—and at first listen, ExVegas should be lumped into this bunch. But I saw them live before I heard the single, and it made all the difference. 3 guitars, 1 Fender Jazz Bass and a drummer: ExVegas is a great band to have blaring out of a large stack in a small venue. Live, the singer gets drowned out, which I wish would've happen on their recording. I missed their first couple songs, which included a cover of HD's "Pink Turns Blue," but enjoyed the half dozen songs I did hear. Worth seeing, and even worth a couple bucks for the single—especially if you like female singers.

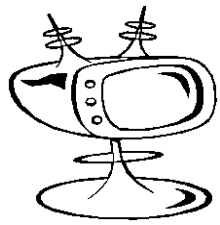


Iron City Beer—3 - 40 oz. @ \$1.25 ea.—Camden, NJ

After a particularly rough week and accompanying weekend of drinking, I decided to dry out for a week or so. It's tough work—drinking—you know? I've actually been waking up sore from the exertion. Shit, when you're starting at 7 and going 'til 2, it's like another fucking job. So I decided to take a vacation; call out sick from my boss, Mr. Booze. I didn't drink at Shellac (NYC) mainly because I had to drive 100 miles back to Philadelphia at 2 a.m. And I didn't drink too much for the local Shellac show, just to see if I COULD stop drinking at 5 drinks. And I did. So confident that everything's OK—no trace of alcoholism here, thank you—I stopped at my favorite liquor store after work and picked up 3+ quarts of my favorite cheap beer. I knew you'd be happy for me. Thanks for the concern.

Beer Frame #2—c/o Paul Lukas—160 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, NY 11217

A fine publication that has a healthy respect for the swank man and America's by-products, "Beer Frame" offers a wonderful listing of some of the more odd objects and services to be found in this fine country, such as Guycan Canned Mutton, the Car John Disposable Urinal and a complimentary extra button service by a small shirt manufacturer. I'll be sending out my \$2 for a copy of #1, since I enjoyed #2 so much. You should do the same. Or go find for a copy at your local bookstore.



Urotsukidoji—Penthouse Distributors

Japanimation with a hardcore demonfuck slant. Even in their animation, it seems that the Japanese cannot show pubic hair. Oh well. I recently watched the undubbed version with 2 quarts in front of me and Peggy Lee playing behind me—I recommend you do the same. This is a perfect video for the art school crowd that screams to be dangerous, but will cringe and protest when the multi-cocked demon rapes a high school cheerleader. Show it at the next hipster party you throw.

Boxing Helena—Rented—May 13

Holy Cow! What a horrible fucking movie! If I were the King, I'd've put a bullet through the TV. Even seeing what's-her-name (the lead) with her shirt off didn't help. Whoeee! No wonder it bombed! From bad dialogue to bad acting to a PATHETIC resolution, this film has NOTHING going for it. I cannot believe that in 1993, anyone would be stupid enough to use the "it was only a dream" cop-out. Is that Ms. Lynch's idea of artsy? Quirky? MACABRE? The ONLY thing that could've possibly rescued this movie would've been watching Julian Sands fuck Helena the Stump. BUT THEY STOPPED SHORT and consequently, this movie is not worth watching at all.



Friday Night Asia Fuck—Cinamax

A few months ago, I got a call from a pleasant woman at the cable company. She caught me at 8pm and I was already a few drinks into the evening. She offered me HBO and Cinamax for \$10 a month, for both. Shit, I figured, 10 bucks? If I see 3 good movies, it's paid for. Then the bill came 4 weeks later—I wasn't being charged a dime. And now, 3 months later, STILL NO CHARGE. So we've got 2 movie channels which we rarely watch—for free. But about this Asia Fuck thing. The last few Friday nights that I've turned on Cinamax, usually getting home drunk from a bar or some such place, I've encountered softcore porn featuring skanky Asian women screwing old white men, or screwing dirty Frenchmen, or screwing each other. Shit, if I WERE paying the 10 bucks a month, I'd consider Cinamax PAID FOR. IN FULL. And I suppose if the TV weren't in the living room (and in my bedroom instead) then I'd be getting a lot MORE out of these movies, you know what I mean? (Get it? I'd be pulling myself, eh? Ah, grow up. You do it, too.) But, as it is, I sit back with another drink and enjoy the nudity. Is this an official programming decision at Cinamax? Did the big wigs decide to feature Asian Fuck Films every Friday night? They've already got the Vanguard Cinema, where they show ART movies each Wednesday night. And I think they offer a Meathead Action Night and a Dismal Romantic Film Feature every week, too. Good marketing, Cinamax. Very good marketing. I'm not cancelling my subscription (until you make me pay, that is).



Rocko's Modern Life—Nickelodeon—Was Sunday a.m.—Now Sunday 5:30 p.m.?

Here's the first version of this review, written 5-94, now painfully outdated: "If it's not already, RML is sure to become the next big MTV hit. Rocko's Modern Life is cool as shit. Rocko is a cynical, dry-witted wallaby who lives in a shithole apartment with shit furniture and a stupid dog, has loud neighbors (frogs named The Bigheads) and has shitbag friends, principal among them being a cow appropriately named "Heffer." Heffer is the adopted son of a family of wolves who regularly serve him beef for dinner. Sarcastic, intelligent and obnoxious, RML is the perfect entertainment for nursing that Sunday morning beer, with or without the kids." Problem is, RML has already been picked up by MTV! FUCK! AND they moved it to the late afternoon! I'm a fucking cultural prophet, I tell you! First early-60's swank cocktail jazz, now Rocko! In any case, my thanks to Amy for introducing me to Rocko. (Hmm... maybe Amy's the prophet this time?) And fuck "Entertainment Weekly" for calling RML a Ren & Stimpy knock-off.

The Operation—The Learning Channel—May 17, 8:00 pm

I was eating dinner and flipping around the channels. Then—glory be!—a man's sac fills the screen. Enter a doctor: he grabs one of the balls, squeezes it TIGHTLY in his fist, pulling the normally-wrinkled flesh nice 'n TAUT, and SLICES IT OPENS. Whoa, mother! Stopped me dead, I'll tell you! It took HALF A DOZEN SLICES to get through all the veins to the ball itself. And it was a fucking mess! I cringed and turned the channel. After finishing my food, I turned it back on. By this time, the doc was deep into this guy's testicle, noodling around, looking for something. And you know what? A man's balls, flayed wide open, look EXACTLY like a woman's genitals when you take 2 fingers and spread the lips. RAW FLESH, BABY. Watch "The Operation," weekly (Tues. nights, I think), on The Learning Channel. But finish your dinner first.

The New Third Reich: Dave & Buster's

I sometimes wish that I didn't use vulgar language so often; I've become jaded & desensitized to the impact of obscenity. The English language simply doesn't contain some of the words I need. Specifically, the words I need to convey my utter disgust and contempt for a place called Dave & Buster's, located on the waterfront here in Philadelphia. Based in Texas, D&B's has opened a couple of these places across the country. Basically, it's a Chuck-E Cheese with liquor; a giant arcade with Bennigans-style bars and food. They cater to the white 20-something crowd that wants to go out, have a safe time and not question their hosts. The patrons of D&B's are the same element that, in Mussolini's Italy, said "I don't know nothing from a totalitarian dictatorial regime. The trains are running on time, eh, paisan? Keep you mouth a-shut." But I'm getting ahead of myself.

A couple of Tom's friends were coming into town and we decided to go out with them. One of them, Jim, is a bit of a cheeseball. He enjoys the places that the Philadelphia waterfront has to offer—big hair, tight pants, abundant assholes. He wanted to go to Dave & Buster's, much to my dismay. Dave & Buster's is immense, the size of an airplane hanger, filled basement to ceiling with suckers and assholes.

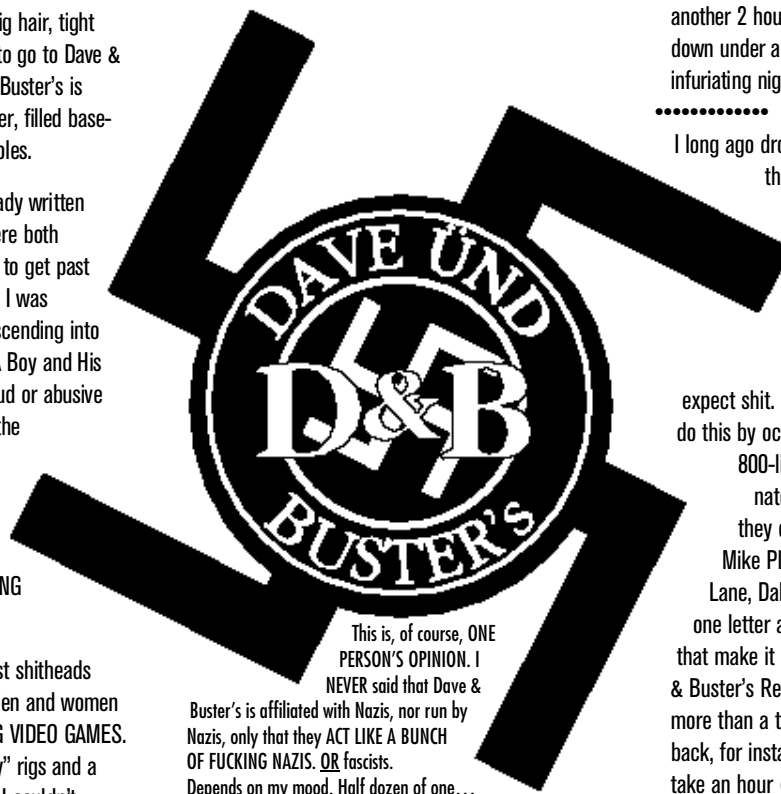
We paid \$5 to get in—fine, fine; I'd already written the night off as a disaster. Tom & I were both wearing hats; we had to remove them to get past the door. On the way up the escalator, I was struck with image of Don Johnson descending into the underground, future-America in "A Boy and His Dog." And the analogy held up—no "loud or abusive language" was posted on a sign near the bar. It was Texan ideals (Read: backwards, conservative) carried to an extreme. Five minutes in the hole, I said "Fucking Budweiser" a little too loudly and was scolded BY THE FUCKING BARTENDER to "keep it calm, now."

We had a couple drinks and stood amidst shitheads pumping money into VIDEO GAMES. Men and women in the 20's and 30's PLAYING FUCKING VIDEO GAMES. There's one of those bullshit "Virtuality" rigs and a "virtual" golf that you rent for \$20/hr. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. A giant Nintendo nightmare. One big fucking scam. And it was PACKED.

Needless to say, Tom & I put our hats back where they were meant to be—on our heads. Within minutes, a D&B Stormtrooper was in our faces, aggressive: "I KNOW you were told to take those hats off." He could've been polite. you know? He could've ASKED us to remove the chapeaus. But he was an asshole.

"Sure, sure. They're off," I say. "Fine," he responds, "keep them off." As he turned to walk away, I called him a Fascist. Affronted, he threatened to throw us out, but we parlayed that into our "First Warning." (I SWEAR THIS IS TRUE.) I told Tom then-and-there that we would be kicked out before the night was over; there was no other logical conclusion. And sure as shit, after a few more drinks, we donned the hats and the same SS Fucker said we were "OUTTA HERE." He called 4 other Fucks and we were impolitely escorted to the door. Along the way, we proclaimed to everyone watching the scene that we were being kicked out "because we're genetically inferior—you're next, brown eyes! They're Nazis!"

Outside, one of the genius managers got in our faces. Ten bouncers (big motherfuckers, real big: "If I had six inches, and maybe fifty pounds, and maybe if I had kung fu training, then maybe you'd have to watch your ass.")



surrounded us on the sidewalk, itching to throw a punch. Tom and I stood firmly, smart enough to keep our fists at our sides. I normally disdain the litigious segment of bloodsucking American society that uses lawsuits to supplement their income, but that Saturday night, I PRAYED to get hit. Just ONE PUNCH, motherfuckers, PLEASE, and I'll bring this cocksucking, right-

wing, Nazi company to its knees. Mr. Dave & Mr. Buster themselves will be kissing my ass! But the bouncers were too well-trained to place an unprovoked shot.

Two highlights of the sidewalk confrontation: 1. After repeatedly calling the whole pride of shits a bunch of "fucking fascists," the manager turned to one of the bouncers: "I think 'DESE guys are the communists, don't you?" Brilliant. 2. The D&B shuttle bus (NO SHIT) pulled up and we tried to board, to get a ride back to our car a couple blocks away. The manager, of course, wouldn't let us. Tom: "I was planning on taking this shuttle to mass transit, so that I don't have to drive drunk from DAVE & BUSTER'S, but even though I'm a paying customer, you won't let me use it? So now I get behind the wheel, kill some people, maybe your wife and kids, and you're going to be liable. Fine. Let's go drive drunk, Jeff!" "Whoooooe!" I respond, "Let's go run over the fascist's whore wife and bratty kids!" They did call over a cab for us, but refused to pick up the bill, so we drove home where we drank for another 2 hours, doing our best to keep the anger down under a complacent haze of booze. It was an infuriating night that will stick with me for weeks.

.....
I long ago dropped the notion of getting justice through consumer action. When a company fucks you, and you look for retribution, the best you'll get is a form letter, or maybe a free coupon or two. So I don't bother. I don't try to arrange boycotts. I don't expect a refund. I don't expect shit. Instead, I do my best to incur expense. I do this by occupying managers' time and running up 800-line charges (see page 16). Unfortunately, D&B's doesn't have an 800-line, but they do have a regional manager. His name is Mike Plunkett. Write him at 2751 Electronic Lane, Dallas, TX 72520. I'm planning on writing one letter a week. Well-written, intelligent letters that make it clear how disgusted I am with the Dave & Buster's Reich. I don't plan on receiving anything more than a token response—I won't be getting my \$5 back, for instance. But it will cause Mike Plunkett to take an hour (salary \$\$) to make some phone calls (toll charge \$\$), talk to the Philadelphia managers (more salary \$\$) and have his secretary print up and send out the standard disgruntled customer response letter. So if you've got nothing to do one day at work, write Mike a letter saying that you'll never patronize their Southern-minded, white-boy fascist establishments. But don't tell them I sent you; I don't need the legal hassle. The Nazi Logo (above) is going to cause me enough problems.

Trepane Yourself for Enlightenment

The Greeks did it. The Romans did it. The Egyptians did it. Ancient Peruvians and the Neolithic French (as far back as 10,000 years ago!) did it. What—pray tell—am I talking about?!

TREPANATION

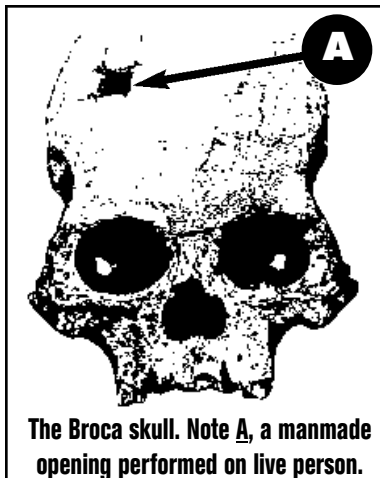
Synonymous with TREPHINATION, trepanation has been around for thousands of years. In the strictest sense of the word, “to trepane” is nothing more than opening a hole in the skull, usually for medical purposes. But we’re interested in the more spirited experiments with skull digging.

History

In the Cuzco region of Peru, more than 9,000 trepanned skulls have been unearthed, many dating back to the first millennia before Christ. In one Paracas Indian site south of Lima, more than 10,000 well-preserved bodies have been found, with more than 6 percent of the skulls showing evidence of having been trepanned. That’s a lot of drilling for a fairly primitive culture. Of course, these holes were PROBABLY made in the interest of medical experimentation. The society’s doctors likely rounded up the slaves (or working class, or whatever they had at the time) and opened up their skulls to see what would happen.

In the 19th century, 120 prehistoric skulls were found across European archeological sites. Of these, 40 had manmade cranial breaches! Coincidence? Maybe. Mere injuries? Maybe. But take a look at the skull presented by Paul Broca in the 1800’s (below). The opening in this skull is unquestionably MANMADE, evidenced from the cross-hatched incisions. It was also Broca’s opinion that the opening was made while the individual was ALIVE and that there were no fractures or injuries to require this trepanation. Ah ha! Proof of voluntary trepanation? MAY BE, buster.

In brief, it seems that EVERYBODY WAS OPENING UP THEIR FUCKING SKULLS! Why, you ask? There are



The Broca skull. Note A, a manmade opening performed on live person.

3 theories. 1: to treat depressed skulls fractures (a medical procedure); 2: to treat headaches, convulsions and mental disorders (in the Middle Ages, holes were drilled in skulls to let DEMONS out; see p. 21 for the rigs]); or 3: THOSE WHO SURVIVED TREPANATION WERE ENDOWED WITH SPECIAL MENTAL POWERS. That’s where my money is, momma. Just ask Joey Mellen and Amanda Fielding. They’re a couple in England who drilled holes in their heads and claim to have never been happier.

Modernity

In 1962, the Dutch doctor Bart Hughes put forth a radical new idea. He observed children and adolescents and determined that as we grow older, we lose touch with a childish intuition and perception that is dependent on the volume of blood flowing to the brain. He reckoned that infants have the most desirable view of life, since their skulls are essentially wide open and the brain is free to pump as much blood as their little hearts permit. As we age, our skulls slowly harden and gravity thereby restricts the blood flow over our gray matter. He said that an individual can temporarily adjust this situation through a number of methods, such as jumping from a hot bath into a cold one, standing on your head, or the use of drugs. But Dr. Bart was looking for something a little more permanent, so he cut a small hole in his skull with an electric drill. HE NEVER FELT BETTER! Dr. Bart was thrown into a Dutch asylum after he publicly praised the benefits of trepanation.

In 1965, Joey Mellen met Dr. Bart and became entranced by the idea of enlightenment through trepanation. Shortly, Joey himself was ready to put a hole in his own skull. One weekend, apartment-sitting for Amanda Fielding, who was away for the weekend with Dr. Bart, he made up his mind and bought a manually-operated trepan (probably similar in fashion to those from the Middle Ages), a bunch of hypodermic needles, a local anesthetic, and tabs of LSD. On his first attempt, it was impossible to get a groove started. So he called Dr. Bart, who agreed to return and help Joey. But Doc’ Bart was refused entry at the British border.

Amanda took Bart’s place to give Joey a hand. She took the trepan and got the saw-teeth started; Joey then cranked the saw, after dosing with LSD again. Things went smoothly for hours—the hole was coming along nicely. Then Joey collapsed. Ambulances were summoned, and the doctors at the hospital were horrified by the home-surgery. The psychiatrists were called in and so on... they let him out with warnings of instant death, etc.

But Joey ain’t no slouch. His third attempt was a success. Here, in his own words, is the moment of truth:

“After some time there was an ominous sounding schlurp and the sound of bubbling. I drew the trepan out and the gurgling continued. It sounded like air bubbles running under the skull as they were pressed out. I looked at the trepan and there was a bit of bone in it. At last! On closer inspection I saw that the disc of bone was much deeper on one side than on the other. Obviously the trepan had not been straight and had gone through at one point only, then the piece of bone had snapped off and come out. I was reluctant to start drilling again for fear of damaging the brain membranes with the deeper part while I was cutting through the rest or of breaking off a splinter. If only I had an electric drill it would have been so much simpler. Amanda was sure I was through. There seemed no other explanation for the schlurping noises. I decided to call it a day. At the time I thought that any hole would do, no matter what size. I banded up my head and cleared away the mess.”

from Bore Hole (publisher, etc., unknown)

Though he writes that Amanda was sure he was through, Joey wasn’t certain. He couldn’t be sure that the euphoria he felt was from the hole, or from the cessation of drilling. So in the Spring of 1970, with Amanda away in American, Joey took his fourth shot at his skull. Using an electric drill, Joey worked for an hour and a half until the drill burned out. The next day, with a borrowed drill from a neighbor, he took crack number 5. Again, in his own words:

“This time I was not in any doubt. The drill head went at least an inch deep through the hole. A great gush of blood followed my withdrawal of the drill. In the mirror, I could see the blood in the hole rising and falling with the pulsation of the brain.”

Joey’s spirits rose higher and higher until he reached a state of freedom and serenity which he claims has been with him ever since. When Amanda returned, she was envious, so they went to work on her. With a new electric drill and a movie camera, Amanda Fielding put a hole in her head ON FILM. The film of Amanda’s skull dig is entitled “Heartbeat in the Brain” and I have been unable to track it down.

Amanda and Joey live happily in Chelsea, have a child, own an art gallery, and lecture on the benefits of trepanation. I wrote them a letter a month or so ago and have yet to get a response. It is possible, of course, that this information is pure shit, but I’d like to imagine otherwise. When I get a response—if I get a response—you’ll be reading it here. Watch this space.

DIY Trepanation

If you're like me, the first question you're yourself asking is HOW? How can I do this in the privacy (and comfort) of my own home? Well, I'm here to tell you.

The Tools

I took a trip to Rickel and Pathmark in search of the right trepanation equipment at the right prices. I followed three guidelines:

1. Buy only dependable hardware—having the drill crap out in the middle of the procedure would be a problem, I feel.
2. Try to save money—this ain't like suicide; you've still got to pay the rent, even with a hole in your head.
3. Buy American—I don't know why; standing in the hardware section, though, it seemed like the right thing to think.

I shopped in the order the procedure would follow: Situate Yourself in some stable manner, Prepare the Drill, Assemble the First Aid, Make the Hole.

Situate Yourself

I considered 2 possibilities: a friend will help you trepane, or you will trepane yourself.

If a friend will be assisting you, the shopping list is considerably shorter:

- 3 1/2" Steel Beam Vice Bench SWL BS (\$69.99). This is the typical vice you find in any typical workshop or garage: a big, red chunk of steel bolted onto a workbench or table. I found that my head fit inside this model with half an inch to spare on either side—PERFECT! With a couple rags to protect the sides of your head, your buddy will have a good angle of approach, and you won't twitch or flinch when the hole gets started. Also look into the situation proposed below, for the Solitary Trepane. It involves 2 smaller vices and 1 wood vice, but might be more comfortable. Also refer to page 23 for more details.

- 8" C-Clamp. Steel. (\$12.49). This is listed only as an ALTERNATIVE to the above vice, just in case \$70 puts you over budget. I'm warning you, though, that trying to keep yourself still—even with your head secured by a c-clamp—will be difficult. And could be dangerous. And shit, who can't use a vice, anyway?

And if you're doing this alone:

- 2 - 2" Steel Beam Vices (\$24.99 ea.). Smaller versions of the above-listed vice, these 2 vices will be used to hold the wood clamp (listed below) in place. Be sure to securely bolt these babies down—find a heavy workbench or table.
- 12" Rock Hard Maple Standard Wood Clamp, KC Professional [no. 94644] (\$19.99). This is a standard wood clamp you see used every week on The Yankee workshop. Tighten one of

these on your head and hold the clamp itself in place using the 2 vices listed previously. This will give you full access to your forehead and the top of your skull, all the while keeping you in place. MADE IN USA.

- 18" Quik-Grip (\$26.99) From the makers of Vice-Grips (one of my favorite tools—probably everyone else's, too), I found that the grips weren't deep enough and didn't offer enough "grab" for my comfort. Definitely stick with the wood clamp. MADE IN USA.
- Prolite Tool Bag (\$15.99) Once your head is clamped down, you won't be left with much mobility. This in mind, I'd purchase a tool belt to keep the booze (see page 21), your drill and first aid supplies in easy reach.
- Nicholas Lifter's Belt (\$34.99) This isn't a WEIGHT lifter's belt—it's a PACKAGE lifter's belt. See, my back is sensitive to trauma. And if I'm going to drill a hole in my head, the last thing I want to do is throw my back out with all the thrashing about; a lifter's belt will keep my back straight and prevent unwanted lateral motion. So for me, the \$34.99 is worth it. Consider it.

Prepare the Drill

Again, we must consider that you may or may not have a friend assisting you, and shop accordingly.

With a friend helping out, make his/her job as easy as possible. Buy this drill:

- DeWalt Professional Rev. Spade Handle 1/2" Drill (\$156.99) Sure, it's an expensive drill. But this is the mother-fucker of all drills available for less than \$200. TWO HANDLES (one on the side, one at the rear). Triple gear reduction. 100% Ball and Roller Bearing. 7.0 amps. 450 rpm. Rear handle adjustable in 90° increments. Fairly lightweight. Reversible. With this baby in hand, your friend will ENJOY liberating your brain. MADE IN USA.

If you're going this alone, though, you've got to consider other qualities in a drill: ease-of-use? Is it lightweight? Is it unwieldy? A 2-handled beast like the DeWalt will not work. Instead, consider:

- Black & Decker D1000 3/8" Drill (\$34.94) Single speed, reversible, 2-year warranty, and (most importantly) a LOCK-ON BUTTON. This drill is perfect. It's lightweight and simple to use. When I asked Jim, the fellow working the hardware department, which drill HE would use if he were drilling a hole in HIS head, he told me that "any of the Black and Decker's are top of the line—the D1000, though, is a real nice

drill, and it's on sale." (NO SHIT, that was a real conversation.) SOLD!

So you're all ready to go, right? What kind of drill BIT are you going to use, smart guy? Standard wood/metal? Wood boring? Tile and Ceramic? I hadn't considered it, so I had to go back to Rickel the next day. I found Jim in hardware and had this conversation (it's true, I swear—I polished up his grammar, though; he was a bit of a dolt):

Me: (assuming he remembered me)

"So what kind of bit should I use?"

Him: "I think you have to figure out which is best for what you're working on."

Me: "I'm the guy who's drilling the hole in his forehead. I was in yesterday. You recommended the Black and Decker D1000."

Him: "Oh, yeah, I remember you. That's a good drill."

Me: "So which kind of bit should I use? Wood boring?"

Him: "You definitely have to figure out which one is best for you what you're working on. I don't know about that stuff."

Me: "This isn't trial and error, Jim. I'm drilling a hole in my head. I've got to choose one."

Him: "I don't know. Sorry."

So these are my choices:

- Black and Decker Standard Wood/Metal bits 7/16", 15/32" or 1/2" (B&D #s 15639, 15641, 15643; \$7.49, \$7.49, \$9.99) These are the normal drill bits you'd use to put a hole in the wall, or a piece of wood, or a piece of metal. They're also the bits I assume most people would use to put a hole in their head. My main concern is that it'll be a real slow start to get a good groove in my skull. So I considered others.



Choosing the Right Bit Makes Drilling a Hole in Your Head Much Easier.



Wood Boring Drill Bit. Very Mean.



Glass, Tile (and Ceramic) Bit. Very Nasty.

- ✓ Black and Decker 1/2" Wood Boring bit (B&D # 17204; \$2.99)

These bits are used to put larger holes in wood. They are very mean looking. (see illustration, above). Described on the package as "fast, rough drilling in all woods," I am afraid this one will tear the shit out of my skull and scar real badly, leaving me a freak [sic]. "Always wear eye protection." Yeh, no shit. "Money-back guarantee." Sure, but I doubt they'd honor it with blood and bone fragments stuck to it.

- ✓ Black and Decker 1/2" Glass, Tile bit (B&D # 16905; \$14.99)

At first glance, this carbide-tipped, easy-start bit looks perfect (see illustration, above). But then I read the package: "use a slow drilling speed; variable or hand drill is ideal." Well, if I'm doing this myself, then I've got the B&D D1000, which is single speed. And I sure as fuck ain't gonna use a HAND DRILL for this. And, come to think of it, even if I DO have a variable speed drill like the DeWalt Prof. Spade Handle, I don't particularly WANT to do this slowly, eh? "Apply a lubricant such as white spirit or turpentine to keep drill bit cool." The ice cold blood in my veins should do the trick.

So there I was: STUCK. I don't know which type of bit to recommend. But rather than buy one or the other, and make a mistake, I wrote to the professionals: Black and Decker. (See the letter, next page). As soon as I get an answer, you'll get the answer.

Assemble the First Aid

Whenever you open up any part of your body, something can go wrong. Isn't that what we've all learned? Well, trepanation is no different.

Face it. Not many people have access to real medical supplies. Not many people can get sedatives, or pain killers, or antibiotics. So I took a trip to Pathmark and nosed around the OTC drug and first aid aisle.

- ✓ J&J Sterile Pads, 4"x4". Box of 25 (\$7.99)
You're going to bleed like sick. Buy 2 boxes.
- ✓ Witch Hazel, Generic Brand, 1 qt. (\$1.87)
Buy 3 quarts, close your eyes, and pour it right on your head. It's already going to be messy, so what's a little more liquid all over the place?
- ✓ Cotton Roll (\$4.99)
Wrap yourself up like The Mummy. It'll be fun.
- ✓ Liquor (various)
There is no question in my mind that booze should play a major role in your decision to open up your skull. Personally, I'd buy 2 quarts of cheap beer (\$2.50) and a bottle of really good gin (\$23) for the trip. **MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH LIQUOR FOR RECOVERY. YOU WILL NEED IT.**

The strongest over-the-counter topical anesthetic comes in products such as Anbesol and Chloraseptic. You might as well buy a shitload of it and try to numb yourself beforehand. Check the shelves for yourself; the active ingredient you're looking for is BENZOCAINE. Check with your pharmacist.

Iodine. Rubbing Alcohol. Neosporin. All of these things will help keep your new orifice clean. Go spend \$20 on everything you can find. And pick up some Advil (\$4); you're going to need it.

Total Expense

So how much is this trip to enlightenment going to cost?

DOING IT WITH A FRIEND:

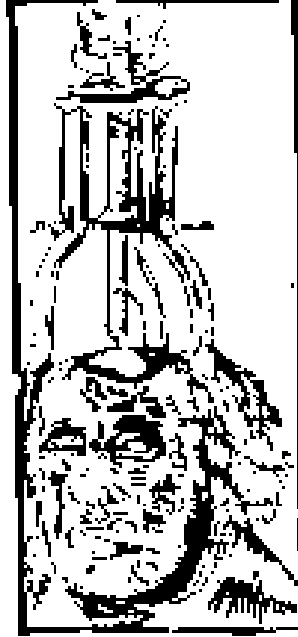
✓ 3 1/2" Steel Beam Vice Bench SWL BS	69.99
✓ DeWalt Pro. Rev. Spade Handle Drill	156.99
✓ B&D 1/2" Glass, Tile bit (most expensive)	14.99
✓ First Aid supplies	50.58
✓ Liquor (various)	25.00
TOTAL: (add your state's sale tax)	317.52

DOING IT ALONE (AND DOING IT RIGHT):

✓ 2 - 2" Steel Beam Vices @ 24.99 ea.	49.98
✓ 12" Wood Clamp	19.99
✓ Black & Decker D1000 Drill	34.94
✓ B&D 1/2" Glass, Tile bit (most expensive)	14.99
✓ Prolite Tool Bag	15.99
✓ Nicholas Lifter's Belt	34.99
✓ Liquor (various)	25.00
✓ First Aid supplies	50.58
TOTAL: (add your state's sale tax)	246.46

Looks like you'll save about \$70 if you take care of business alone. But keep in mind, that if you do it with someone else, he/she can pick up half of the \$318 if they decide to FOLLOW YOUR LEAD. That would bring costs down to LESS THAN \$160 EACH! Not bad for total enlightenment, eh? That's even cheaper than a year's worth of church dues, I think.

If you do drill a hole in your head, PLEASE take photos. Or video. And send 'em in! Good luck, sucker.



Until modern times, trepanation was, shall we say, an UNPLEASANT experience. But thanks to Rickel Home Centers and OTC drugs, you won't need to use things like these fine examples to crack open your cranium on the road to enlightenment. All three are European, circa 1520. I have a photo of a pre-Columbian Peruvian trepan, but I ran out of space when Dennis suddenly handed over the 3 beautiful pieces of art found on pgs. 23-25. The Columbian trepan photo didn't make the cut. Tough shit.

Actual letter:

██████████
██████████
May 13, 1994

Black and Decker
Customer Relations
10 N. Park Drive
P OBox 798
Hunt Valley, MD 21030

To whom it may concern:

I recently read about a couple in England who have drilled holes in their foreheads in an effort to enlighten themselves. I will spare you the details, but will mention that they claim to have "never been happier."

I am planning to perform this procedure on myself in the immediate future. And because of your company's reputation and my past experiences with your products, I intend to use Black and Decker tools EXCLUSIVELY to accomplish my goal. I have already purchased a B&D D1000 for the job--I found it to be a very lightweight, easy-to-use drill, on sale at an affordable price! The lock-on button was very important, all things considered.

My question is this: which type of drill bit should I use? I'm looking for a 3/8" - 1/2" opening. I'm favoring the 1/2" Wood Boring Bit (#17204) but am afraid of the package description: "fast, rough drilling." Will this be a little TOO rough and hard to handle? I'll be doing this alone.

On the other hand, I considered the carbide-tipped, 1/2" Glass and Tile bit (#16905). My only problem with THIS bit is the advice on the package: "use a slow drilling speed; variable or hand drill is ideal." As you well know, the Black and Decker D1000 drill isn't variable speed! Maybe I've made a hasty purchase with the D1000? Should I have sprung for a more expensive model??

Or should I just stick with a trusty 1/2" metal/wood bit? (Maybe #15643?) But I'm afraid it might be difficult (and painful!) to get a hole started.

Any advice you provide will be considered with great attention. Your hasty response is appreciated, as I am--of course--anxious to get this done.

Sincerely,



Jeff Koyen

I patiently await their response. Watch next issue.

For discourse on all things deviant and otherwise, subscribe to the Deviants Mailing List, a **free** Internet service provided by a chap named Ian Dickinson.

Subscribe with the email msg: "subscribe [your net address]"

to:deviants-request@csv.warwick.ac.uk

"Occasionally disgusting—but not always—the home of ranting, experimental reports, news clippings and other related items. Medical curiosities, cults, paranoia, murders and other phenomena are well in place here."

CRANK TESTIMONIAL

I've been a member of the Deviants Mailing List for a year or so. Among other things, I found out about Joey Mellen & Amanda Fielding, the British Trepanners (p. 19) from the list. The quality of the content is up-and-down, as it depends on the members for contributions. But fuck, its free, you know?

Subscribe and see if you like it. If you don't, then simply unsubscribe. No gun to your head, eh?

██████████

I am easily reached via the Internet, or less easily via the US Postal Service. Either way, I'm here.

The text of this document is available from a variety of sources. FTP from **██████████**

(pub/zines/crank). Gopher from The Well. A bunch of BBSs, including Mac Tersius (215/245-8211). Of course, you can email me and ask for a copy. For financial reasons, I cannot email copies of the last issue, sorry. FTP or Gopher it.

If you are currently reading CRANK electronically, then you really are missing half the fun. Send me \$2 and you'll get the printed version. Its got a swank, 2-color 80# cover, 28-pages total. Plenty of art, etc, to make it worthwhile. AND AS AN EXTRA BONUS, you'll get that swell feeling gained by supporting independent press.

Crank is also available as a DOCmaker file for AOL MAC USERS. E-mail to **██████████** on AOL—SPECIFYING THAT YOU WANT THE MAC VERSION—and I'll attach it to my response. It'll be a self-extracting archive. Or you can send me a floppy, if you are so curious.

My deepest thanks (no shit) to everyone who helped distribute CRANK 1.1 world-wide. Yeh, that's right, baby, we made it to Sweden and Finland (not to mention Canada and the UK.) God Bless the Internet.



Trepanation: An Illustrated Guide

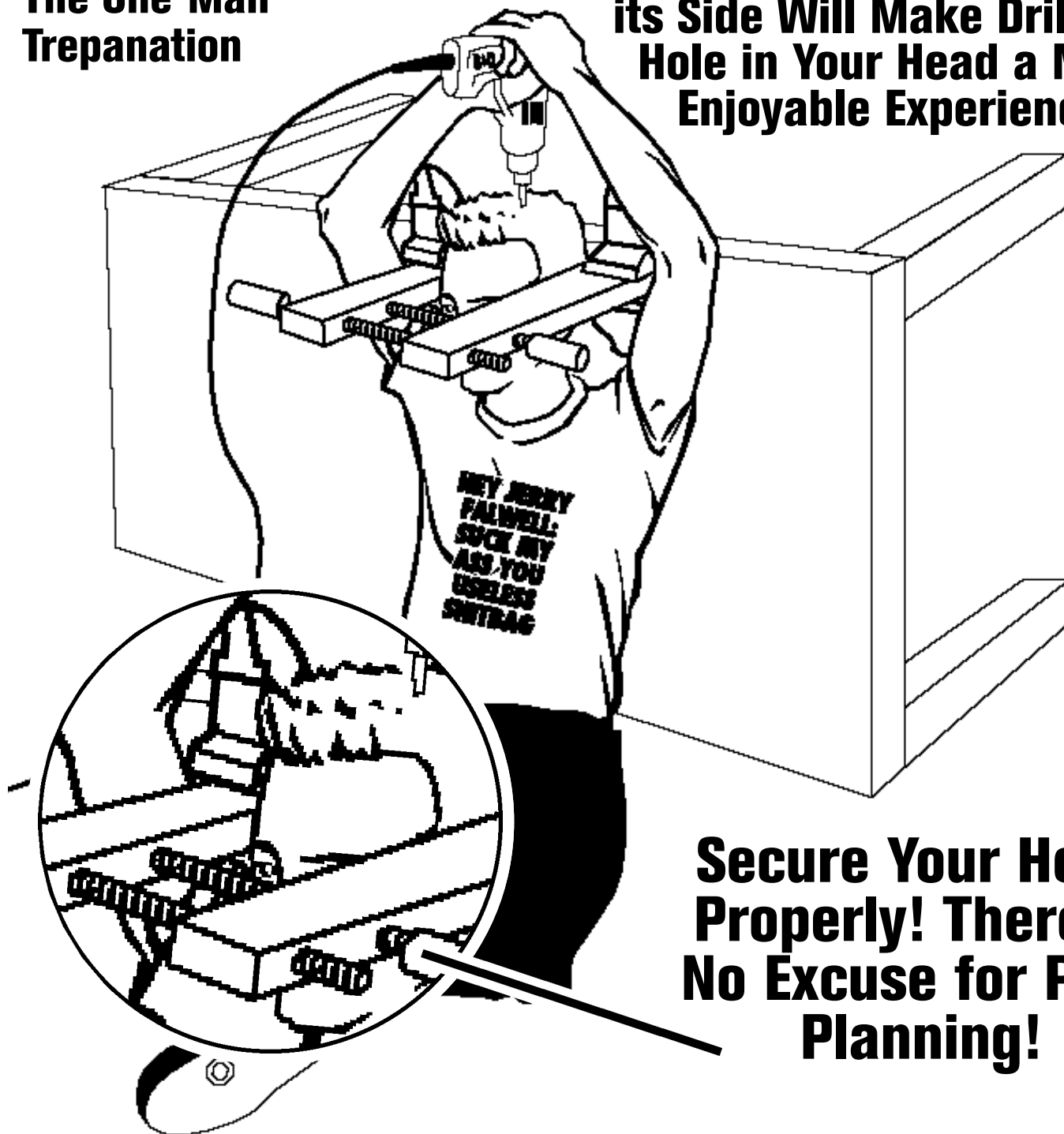
“I need _____ like I need another hole in my head.”

Well, baby, maybe you DO need another hole in your head! Ever consider that? Here's THREE FUCKING PAGES dedicated to how we, at CRANK, would acquire new holes of our own.

Ink by the Incredible Dennis McGee. Swell typography & call-outs by yours truly, Jeff Koyen.

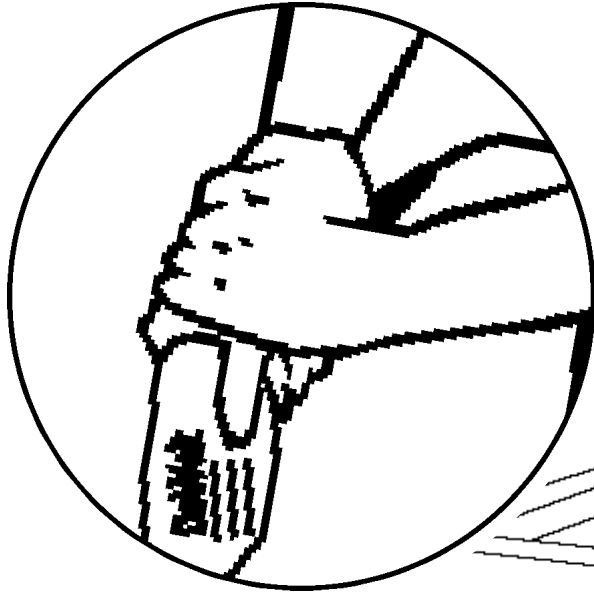
The One-Man Trepanation

Turning Your Workbench on its Side Will Make Drilling a Hole in Your Head a More Enjoyable Experience.

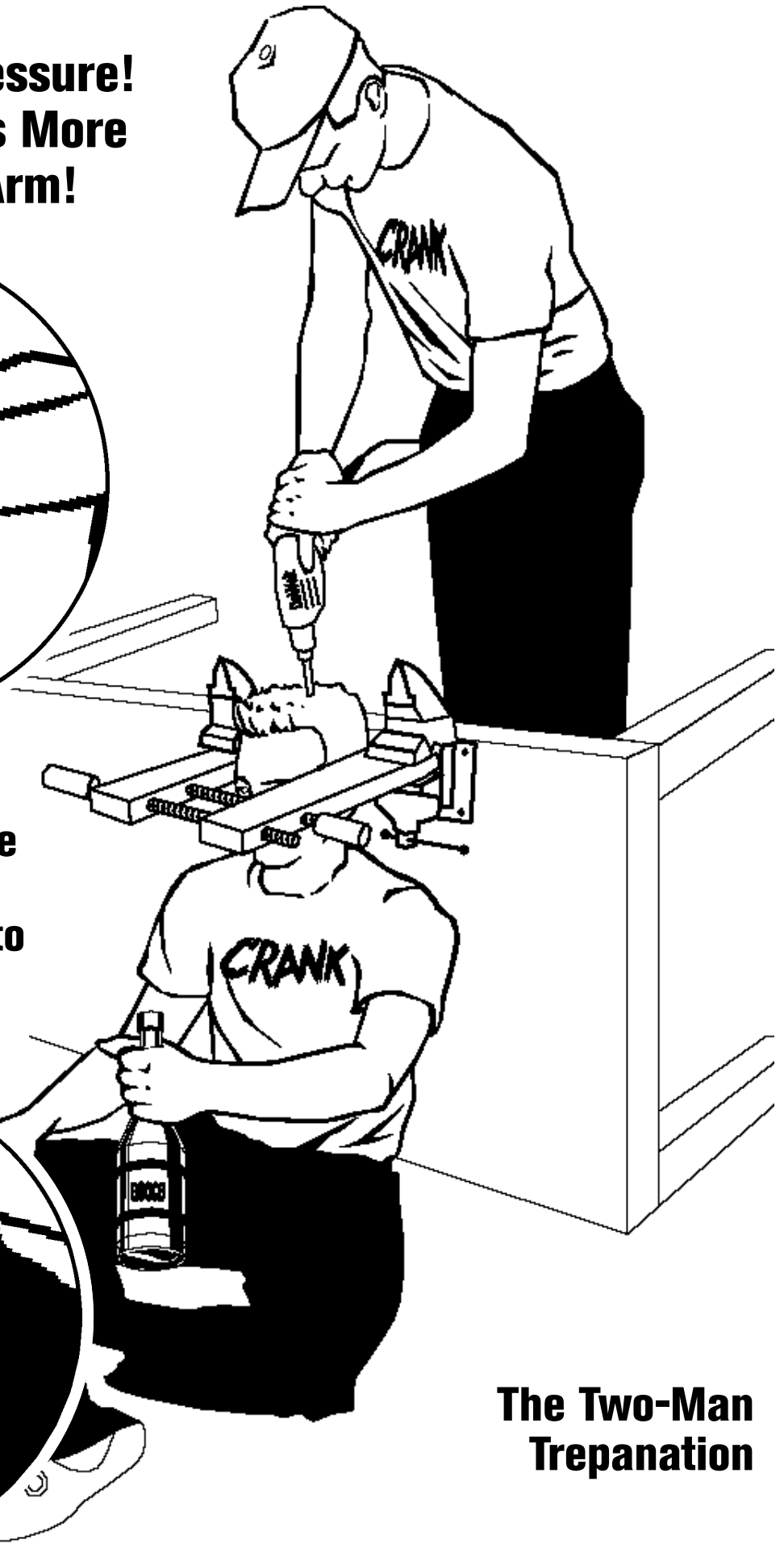
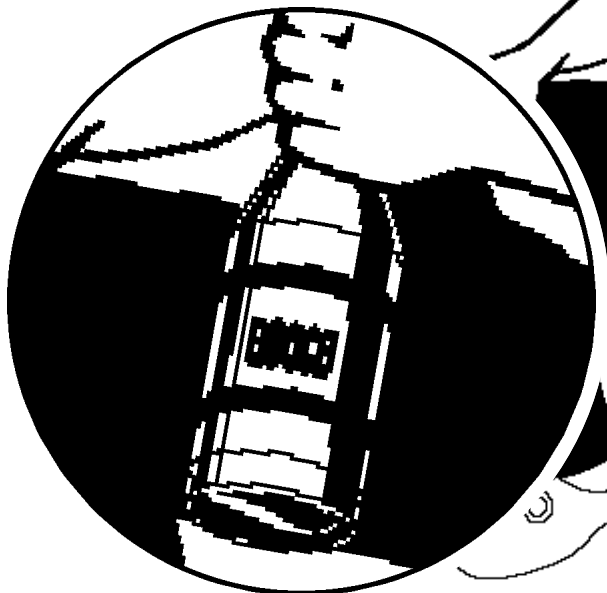


Secure Your Head Properly! There is No Excuse for Poor Planning!

**Apply Plenty of Pressure!
Slow Drilling Hurts More
than Just Your Arm!**

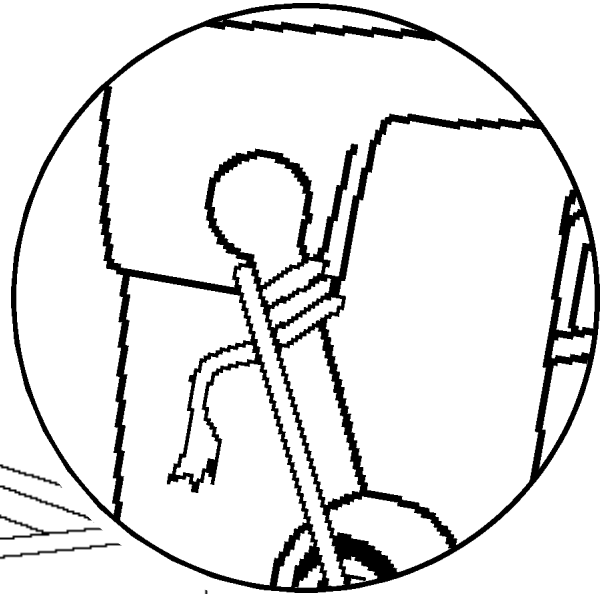
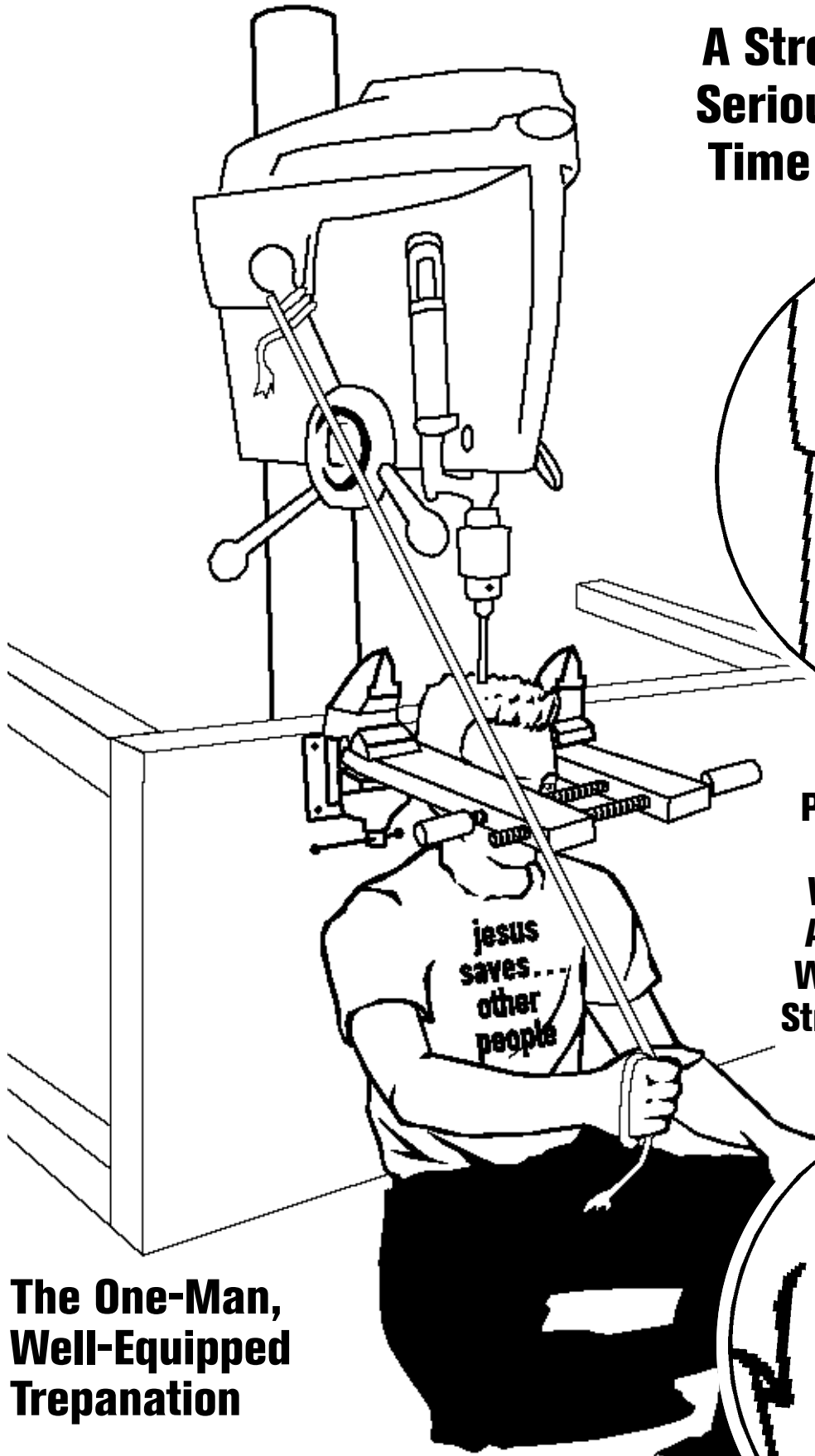


**Booze is No Man's
Enemy! A Visit to the
Liquor Store Will
Make The Decision to
Open Up Your Skull
Easier to Swallow!**



**The Two-Man
Trepanation**

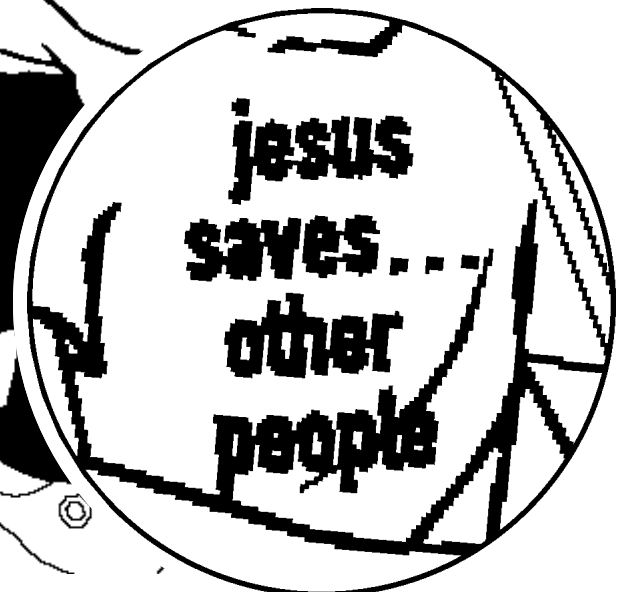
A Strong Knot Prevents Serious Injury. Take the Time to Double-Check!



Proper Apparel is No Joke! Be Cool Even When the Volunteer Ambulance Workers Wheel You Away on a Stretcher! See Page 4!

The One-Man, Well-Equipped Trepanation

Drill Press sold by Sears, Roebuck and Co. - USA
Model No. 103.23141; Made by King-Seely Corporation
Estimated Production Date: 1946



Screw Women, Part 2

Q. *May a woman politely refuse to dance with a man who cuts in?*

A. No. She must dance with him until a third man cuts in or until the music stops. The partner who was first dancing with her should not cut back in.

—from *Emily Post on Entertaining*, Elizabeth L. Post, **1987** (without permission...don't tell Emily.)

We are doomed.

Identify the Corporate Spokesman!!



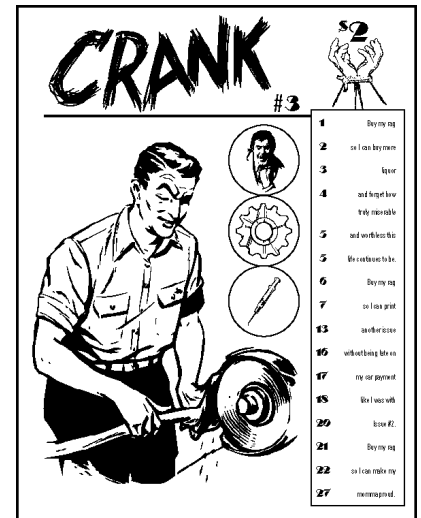
Do you know this fellow? Be the first person to identify him and CRANK will reward you with fame and fortune. Don't press me for details.

Send your guesses to PO Box 1646 • Phil PA 19105-1646.

If you win, your name will be published.

Send a photo with your guess and, shit, maybe I'll publish that, too.

in the works:



The Bossa Fucking Nova
Swank Vinyl for Lovers Only

An Equipment List
for Living the Low Life

Interview With A Killer #2

A Recommendation for Lawyers

Christ Bashing au Go Go

And LOADS more, chump.

CRANK #3: the farce continues

Available mid-October.

Reserve your copy? \$2 to the address that seems to be listed on every fucking page of this issue.

_____ 19 _____

I, _____ hereby represent to _____
A State Store or Licensee of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board that I am of full age and
discretion and over the age of 21 years, having been born on _____ 19 _____ at _____

This statement is made to induce said store or licensee above named to sell or
otherwise furnish alcoholic beverages to the undersigned.

Serial Number of Identification Card _____

**I UNDERSTAND THAT I AM SUBJECT TO A FINE OF \$300 AND 60 DAYS IMPRISONMENT FOR ANY MISREPRESENTATION
HEREIN. I FURTHER UNDERSTAND THAT I AM SUBJECT TO LOSS OF DRIVING PRIVILEGES, FINES AND PENALTIES
OF UP TO \$500 AND POSSIBLE IMPRISONMENT FOR UP TO ONE (1) YEAR FOR ANY MISREPRESENTATION HEREIN.**

WITNESS:

NAME _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ADDRESS _____

The PLCB reserves the right to furnish the Declaration of Age card to any appropriate law enforcement agency.



CRANK

**PO Box 1646
Phil PA 19105-1646**



This swell publication is intended for:

