

CONQUEROR WORM #3

20¢

IT'S for your children

we stand for this SHIT!

CONQUEROR WORM PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH: THIS TERRIBLE BAND!

SUMMER 1987

THEY WILL TELL THEIR OWN HARROWING STORY IN- THE TOP 40 BAND THAT

TALENT GOT!

DEATH AND YOU'RE SO PERFECT. THRONEY

THOUGH I RESEMBLE THE GENETIC MIXTURE OF ROBERT PLANT AND A FROG, I GET TO WEAR TRENOY CLOTHES. I AM A REAL MUSICIAN, SO THEY DON'T SHOW ME IN THE VIDEO.

HIYA HIYA! AS THE TOKEN BLACK MALE IN THIS GROUP, IT IS MY JOB TO BE A PRINCE IMITATOR, BY WEARING RUFFLES AND TRYING TO LOOK LIBIDINOUS, I ESTABLISH THIS QUITE NICELY. THE ANIMALS TOOTH + EARRING EXPOSE MY RAW, ANIMALISTIC SEXUALITY. PLEASE HAVE SEX WITH ME.

ISSUES ISOLATE YOU FROM THE CONFORMITY OF THOSE ABOUT YOU?

IN THIS ISSUE: SCHIZOPHRENIA, BIG BLACK!, BON JOVI REVIEW (HA HA HA), HOROSCOPES, PIX, REVIEW AFTER IGNORANT REVIEWS, BOOKS, RECORDS, MOVIES, SHOWS.



Society

Civil Liberties

HELLO THERE. AS THE TOKEN BLACK FEMALE IN THIS GROUP, I HAVE TO GOOSE EASY SEX WHENEVER POSSIBLE. WEARING LEOPARD SKIN LINGERIE HELPS ME. THE FACT THAT I CAN NOT SING CAN BE EASILY MASKED THRU THE PROPER USE OF TECHNOLOGY. I AM A S... ..

ETHICAL CULTURE

God

World Peace

NOT a quest for CULTURE

MARY

COMBAT CORE

PEACE

GREETINGS!! I AM AN AMATEURISH MADONNA CLONE WITH LESS MONEY AND BAI LOOKS. I OWN THE CORRECT JEWELRY AND CLOTHING TO SUCCEED IN THE HIT PARADE. THE FLOWERS REPRESENT MY TRENOY 60's ASPECTS, WHILE MY BARED BELLY REVEALS MY SLUTTY SIDE. MY TIGHT PINK PANTS ALSO REVEAL THIS WORSHIP ME.

WHY? DO YOU SEEK A DEEPER MEANING FOR YOUR LIFE?

SEX GRANOLA FIEND. POLICE

SEX!

MAKE LOVE WITH THE PIGS. SHE CALLED ME A JOKE!

NOTHING

Things To Add To Your Record Collection:

COMPILATIONS- "Speed Trials", "PLOW!", "Paranoia You Can Dance To", "Boston/Not L.A.", "Cleanse The Bacteria", "We Won't Be Your Fuckin' Poor", "A Diamond Hidden In The Mouth Of A Corpse", "7 Inch Wonders Of The World", "Blasting Concept"(I & II), "Animal Liberation"

SOUND EFFECTS/DIALOG/LOOP/MIX-BBC-"More Death & Horror", "Horror Sounds Of The Night", K-tei-"Spooky Halloween Record" Orchid Spangiafiora-"Flee Past Ape Elf", Stutter "Watching Animals Drive"/Stutter 12', Steinski & Mass Media-"We'll Be Right Back", Killjoy-"Cosmodestroy"(I made that one.) ITS A DUMB FUCKING EGO TRIP.

"BETTY BLUE"(Vogue) THOUGH THIS WILL PROBABLY BE GONE BY THE TIME THIS RAG IS OUT, A MOVIE THIS GOOD WILL BE BROUGHT BACK. From JEAN-JAQUES BEINEIX, CREATOR OF DIVA, THIS IS A SPELLBINDING MOVIE ABOUT A COMPULSIVE, DESTRUCTIVE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A HAPPILY-AND-NOT-SO-HAPPILY INSANE 20 YEAR OLD GIRL NAMED BETTY (PLAYED BY THE ASTONISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL BEATRICE DALLE) AND A MAN NAMED ZORG. THOUGH 2/3 OF THIS MOVIE ARE HILARIOUS, THE END IS BRUTAL AND DEPRESSING. BEINEIX SHOWS HIS INCREDIBLE DIRECTION/CINEMATOGRAPHY AGAIN! ***

So This Is How It All Began:

In the Beginning, in the dark, there was nothing but water. And Bumba was alone. One day, Bumba was in terrible pain. He retched and strained and vomited up the sun. The heat of the sun dried up the water until the black edges of the world began to show. But there were no living things. Bumba vomited up the moon and then the stars, and after that the night had its own light also. Still Bumba was in pain. He strained again and all living things came forth; Bumba vomited forth Man also."

Row for Timov - "Primal Myths" The above is the Barbara Sproul, creation myth of NY (Harper&Row) the Busnongo people, an 1979. African people. Other interesting myths include "In the Beginning, the World was Slush", as well as the Egyptian myth in which the great god Khepera creates the world by jacking off. Think about that the next time you're told about evolution.

BE-DA-PE-I WANNA BE YOUR TOASTER!

DIAMANDA GALAS-"The Divine Punishment" LP -DIAMANDA GALAS IS FRANKLY THE MOST DEMONIC PERSON ON THIS EARTH, HOWLING AND WAILING BIBICAL PASSAGES ABOUT THE PLAGUE, GUILT, AND DEATH, THE ARRANGEMENT IS ALWAYS SINISTER, POUNDING, AND EVIL, EVIL, EVIL. "Deliver Me From Mine Enemies" is a great song about the plague and fear. "Free Among The Dead" is also creepy. Diamanda beats Mercyful Fate and Glenn Danz'ing by a mile on the Satanometer. I LOVE THIS!! The organs, pianos, and drums are all used to marvelous effect. THIS IS THE LAW OF THE PLAGUE.

POTENTIAL ENERGY/GILTHORP/SHADES OF BLUES/SLINT (St. Francis High Concert) Potential Energy had some good musicians in it (the guitarist and bassist/singer) but their choice of material was kind of a yawn. They were sort of loose too, but with better songs and more practice they'd be ok. Performing "I Just Die In Your Arms To-night" is pretty stupid. Giltthorp did a good job on the Batman theme and "It's A Man's, Man's, Man's, Man's World" and they also did a good instrumental. Next came Shades of Blues, and they were really incredible, performing 3 Jimi Hendrix songs (including a killer "Voodoo Child") "Sunsine Of Your Love" by Cream, a blues song called "Crossroads", and others. Bill Heidemans drumming was very impressive and professional, as was Joe Grissom's bass work, but it was John Hawkins who "stole the show", if that's possible, playing behind his head, with his teeth, and just amazing the shit out of me. He's not a great singer, but he's not bad either. Anyway, this is just an all around great band and I urge you to see them whenever possible. Next came a centuries long set up for Slint. Though their explanation (they were laid back in order to get the audience laid back so everyone would have a cool time) was plausible, it was still kinda unprofessional to sit around. BUT WHO CARES? I DON'T! Slint was great as usual. Both times I've heard these guys, my eyes glaze, my tongue sticks out, and I space out completely. But it's fun. Here is the one and only Slint lyric: "Don't worry about me, I've got a plan/I've got a Christmas tree in my hand". They did their usual set, with some interesting variations stuck in, as well as one I had't heard before, "New Day". Instead of a Maurice opening for the first song, they used a fun, thrash-em-up opening to wake everyone up, and then started their dizzying tunes. What a fun show this was.

ANOTHER BOOK REVIEW-"The Damnation Game" by CLIVE BARKER (ACE/PUTNAM PUBLISHERS '87) THOUGH HE HAS PUBLISHED A 3-VOLUME COLLECTION OF HIS SHORT STORIES, THIS IS HIS FIRST HORROR NOVEL AND GOOD IT IS. COMBINING WELL EXECUTED CHARACTERS WITH A GRIPPING PLOT AND A GREAT EYE FOR DETAIL, THIS BOOK IS FULL OF AN ALL-PERVADING SENSE OF DOOM, DECAY, AND LOSS. IT IS WELL WRITTEN AND THOUGH IT HAS SOME STRONG SEX AND HEAVY GORE, IT'S STILL CONTROLLED AND UNGRATUITOUS. THE PLOT REVOLVES AROUND A MAN FROM PRISON HIRED AS A BODYGUARD TO PROTECT AN INDUSTRIALIST WHO SIGNED A PACT OF SORTS WITH A PSEUDO DEMONIC, 200 YEAR OLD THING. IT IS FULL OF HORRIBLE SCENES (A CHAPTER IS TOLD FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A ROTTING CORPSE), LIKE SUICIDES, CHILD MURDER, MOLESTATION, CANNIBALISM, HEROIN ADDICTION, POSSESSION, ETC. IT DOESN'T HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH IT. WE MAY HAVE FOUND THE ANTIDOTE TO STEPHEN KING IN THIS WONDERFUL ENGLISH WRITER.

MORALITY IS MEANINGLESS. STOP ABORTION. THEY'RE FORGETTING SOMEONE. MY PURSE! WERE A FAMILY MAN. CONQUEROR! DRIPPING FROM YOUR WALL IN THE LARVAL STAGE. 104

THE REPLACEMENTS—"Pleased To Meet Me" (This review by Rob Kemp; see if you can count how many times, and in how many ways, he uses the word "rock"—Ed.) This record sounds like somebody picked up Paul Westerberg, Tommy Stinson, and Chris Mars out of the booze-soaked gutter, gave 'em some coffee, a shave and a warm place to sleep (Incidentally, whoever did so left former guitarist and brother Bob Stinson out in cold recording limbo). Although this indicates that the -ments are 'nt as rough-edged as they used to be, this really is 'nt that bad at all: They sound like Creedence C.R. with distorted guitars, faster rhythms, and brattier vocals. Standout tracks include "I.O.U.", a boisterous rocker about something I can't possibly detect, "I Don't Know", a stomping meditation on the space between success and obscurity (they'd know all about that one), "Skyway" and "Nightclub Jitters", two quiet, nervous ditties, and "Can't hardly wait" a song that brims with honest, pure satisfaction and happiness (ain't that cute?). There is 'nt a really bad song on this record, including the unabashed screamers "Red, Red, Wine", "Shooting Dirty Pool", and the patented Paul Westerberg contemplative songs "Valentine", "Never Mind", "The Ledge" (an update on 60's cop show guitar riffs) and "Alex Chilton" a nice tribute to the writers of such classics as "The Letter", recently parodied by Cneech and Chong as "Vanna, Give Me A Letter." I think that a major label deal has 'nt quieted down Paul Westerberg, but has only given him a bigger audience to reach. Besides the undeniable change in the Replacements was bound to happen, Sire Records or no. This certainly doesn't mean that it doesn't rock out. No Sir! It rocks with 'da best of 'em.

ROCK & ROLL WILL NEVER DIE, YOU SAY. YOU'RE FUC T! THE SUN WILL HEAT UP AND BOIL ALL OUR BRAINS AND WHERE WILL ROCK & ROLL BE THEN? WE WILL HAVE REACHED SPACE BY THEN, YOU SAY. BULL SHIT! THE SPACE IS SO TIED TO THE MILITARY THAT WE'LL NEVER GET OFF THE PLANET. FACE IT, YOU'RE SO TRAPPED ITS NOT FUNNY, AND SO AM I. SO DON'T THINK YOU CAN EVER ESCAPE. YOU CANT. THEY'VE GOT YOU WHEN THEY DO, WONT YOU HELP AT ALL. NOTHING WILL HELP. WHAT WILL YOU DO THEN, YOU PITIFUL HUMAN!

LIFE SENTENCE-(EP)-This is kind of fun, enjoyable thrash from Chicago that has a sorta British "Punk" sound to it, ie. anthemic choruses, a lighter guitar on some songs, etc. If you like SEPTIC DEATH, C.O.C., or SIEGE, this should be your cup of rubble. The lyrics about struggle and life on the street sound hollow, but this is 'nt too literary in the first place, so who cares. Anyway, check it out.

CRO-MAGS—"Age of Quarrels"^{QUARRELS} LP—This band—made up of skinhead/Hare Krishnas—is nice, very very nice. Actually, this album, with its great musicianship, rapid vocals, and grinding chords, is marvywonderfulonsodelicious and stomps the suicidal tendencies to ratsnit. Great. Wonderful. On occasion, it descends into plodding pseudometal, but generally, I love this. The lyrics are usually meaningful without being preachy or "deep" or a snam. Stand out songs include "Don't Tread On Me", "Malfunction", "Signs Of the Times", and "Hard Times". Yanoo.

LOUISVILLE SCENE NEWS
 Guess what! I don't know a single thing about the Louisville scene. I am cast out. Not old enough or cool enough or I try to hard or whatever the reason is, I just could'nt make the scene. Boo hoo Sob Sob..... Anyway, since I don't know about it I won't try to talk about it, & thus keep some integrity about me.
 New Stephen King novel out now—entitled "Miserery", it is about a writer kept imprisoned by a psychopathic nurse who is forcing him to re-write a novel in which he killed off her favorite character. Sounds kind of like an ego trip about the power of a writer in people's lives but as it is a situation which could be quite terrifying, I won't judge it prematurely. (Viking Bks)
 The patient screamed, tearing off the wires & probes as the apparatus fell to the floor, oozing a viscous, lacteal fluid on the tile asylum floor.

DON'T FORGET TO FOLLOW THESE.
 Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)—You will be forced at gunpoint to take a course in Elementary Fork Lift Operation.
 Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)—A wonderful marriage is on your horizon, but you'll have to donate your pancreas to your mother-in-law first.
 Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 19)—You will die and be reincarnated as Sylvester Stallone's daughter.
 Taurus (Apr. 20—May 20)—You will be the only person to actually go to RETS college of technology.
 Gemini (May 21—June 20)—IF you don't watch out, you will be caught naked in Central Park with Meryl Streeps jawdone.
 Cancer (June 21—July 22)—Do you hear that buzzing in your ears? Listen to what it's telling you—kill Bob Hope, kill Bob Hope, kill
 Leo (July 23—Aug 22)—More aggression is needed if you're to have a successful sex life. Try chainsaws and mint juleps next time.

THE LACIOUS HOROSCOPES
 by MYSTICAL WANDA

Virgo (Aug. 23—Sep 22)—Try some experimentation with religious cults of questionable origin.
 Libra (Sep 23—Oct 22)—If you stare at him/her hard enough, your enemy will vanish in a flash of smoke. Try it!
 Scorpio (Oct 23—Nov 21)—Surprise! Your stockbroker just embezzled all your money and spent it on cocaine. Now he's in jail and you have to eat dogfood.
 Sagittarius (Nov 22—Dec 21)—In the middle of the night, an enormous beaver will enter your room and chew off your legs.
 Capricorn (Dec 22—Jan 19)—Warning: Don't jump off a building, flap your arms, and hope to fly. IT WILL NOT WORK!

THERE IS SUPERSTITION. BISQUICK ON THE SHAWL.

CANCEROUS? EAT MORE GREASE

STERILIZE ME

HEAVY HAIRSPRAY - YOUNG WOMANS CHILLING TALE OF

BON JOVI! LIGHTS! CLOTHES! HAIR! "CONCERT!"



1980 METAL MALL QUEENS

eat their dead

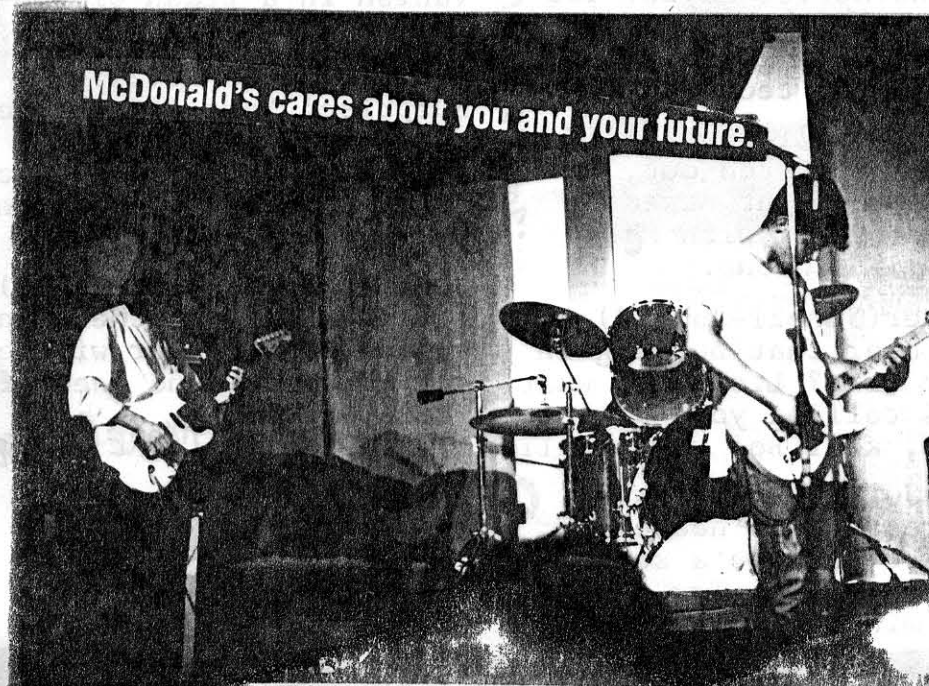
IT'S HORRIBLE!!!!!!

WASS IS STILL INTACT by MC McGinty-Recently a leading force in the world of "hipness" declared, "If it matters to Bon Jovi, it matters to kids." I'm glad someone has realized the need for kids to have representation, but I sure didn't vote for this guy. On sure, he looks good, but so do most politicians. It goes like this. There are three great moments in a hairspray manufacturer's life.

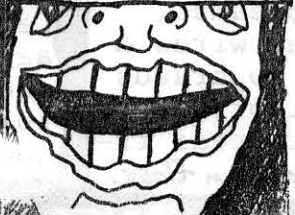
There is the acquisition of the first factory; then there's the discovery of a powerful new holding formula, and finally, the ultimate realization of a hair-dresser's dream, a Bon Jovi concert. (The astounding quantities of the stuff used as ten thousand squealing teeny-boppers attempt to imitate Jon Bon Jovi's immaculately coiffed "do" must run into tons.) You get the picture. All fluff, no protein. The lights were pretty, the costumes were neat, the guitars were shiny, the fireworks were snappy, and the god of good ol' Rock n' Roll was out to lunch. But wait. Before you assume that Jon Bon Jovi is nothing more than a pretty face in spandex and vinyl, let it be known that he is socially aware. He proved it by referring to little known scandal surrounding the PTL club and even went so far as to dedicate the quintessential "You Give Love A Bad Name" to good ol' Jim and Tammy. It takes real guts to throw something in like that in among songs about hard living and escapism and it takes someone like Bon Jovi, who is surely no stranger to suffering, to come back from the rough side and tell us all about it. Don't get me wrong, the music was all that I had hoped for and less, but everyone knows the real reason for attending a Bon Jovi concert is to watch the musicians (sic) do the same things they do on the ever-hip MTV, only this time you'll get the actual sensation of sweat (if you're one of the chosen ones). As for the AIDS rumor, I don't know. It's not really any of my business. Besides, as long as we have the Bon Jovi videos, we can rest assured that we possess the maximum performance potential of Bon Jovi. In other words, if Bon Jovi comes to your town, stay home and watch MTV. You'll be getting twice the show for half the price. (TRANX for daring this brave foray into hellacious heavy hairspray land-Ed.)

BIG BLACK-SLINT-URGE OVERKILL-BIG BLACK-SLINT-URGE OVERKILL-

(AMERICAN LEGION)-Solution Unknown could'nt play, and Riflesport didn't show up, so his show was cut to a three-some. Nonetheless, THIS WAS A GREAT OCCASION. Slint is casual, taking about an hour to set up, and had the usual soundchecks and breaks between songs, but they were still incredibly good and enjoyable. I'm not sure they need lyrics, cuz they seem pretty o.k. as it is, but they kind of bore some people. Anyway, Slint was good. Real good. Next came Urge Overkill, who were kind of snoddy, stupid, and unprofessional when they started out, but by the last song they seemed to have their snit together and were good. They weren't hardcore, more like noisy, distorted rock n' roll, occasionally using gasp! harmony vocals. Next came the mighty BIG BLACK, and they ruled like neil. This show is easily the best I've seen this year, even though it came to a tragic end. BIG BLACK did all sorts of great tunes- "Kerosene", "Pigeon Kill", "Passing Complexion", "L-Dopa", "Fists Of Love", "Bad Smilies", as well as a version, of sorts, of "hammering So Hard", by Squirrelbait. You could barely make out the vocals, but the guitars crunched and grinded, and the drum machine was great to listen to. These guys did a great job of re-creating how they sound on vinyl while still injecting spontaneity (the guitar opening to "Cables" is truly mind-blowing). The toilet bowl skanking was really impressive but very carefully controlled, with no fights, and everyone seemed to be having a cool time. Then disaster struck- the fucking tornado warning closed the show at about 11:00, which pissed me off to no end. Still, it's nobody's fault- though we should burn Motner's picture at the stake, put out her eyes, and dance a jig on her goddamn grave. Anyway, this was a great, great show and if you missed what little there was of it, you lose.



HERE'S A PRETTY PICTURE
SLINT - FAR LEFT- DAVID PAJO, FAR RIGHT- BRIAN MCMAHON CENTER- BRETT (BRITT?) WOLFORD, THE HIDDEN PERCUSSIONIST. THIS WAS TAKEN AT THEIR ST. FRANCIS SHOW. PICTURE TAKEN BY DAVID PHILLIPS. (THANK)



Bosom Beauty
For
Try the one tested, trusted body creme that contains a full 40,000 units of ESTROGENIC HORMONES

At 14, Andrea Schiros had it all. She was a cheerleader in suburban Atlanta, a member of the homecoming queen's court and an honor student who thought that taking drugs was dumb. But Andrea did an abrupt about-face when she was suspended from the cheerleading squad for putting on lipstick during class. She bleached her hair white and cut it in a mohawk. As her mother, Jan, remembers, "She went from preppy to punk in seven months."

Make it Happen!



MOLTEN FRESH WITH NUTS

UNethical culture

KILLDOZER/SLINT (Tewligan's) Slint didn't come on till 9:00 but MY God they were cool. Comparisons have been made to a jazzy Maurice, but I think this band has definitely got its own sound. It's not artsy, more like a very heavy fusion band. David Pajo on guitar and Brett Wolford on drums (both from MAURICE), Ethan Buckler (exDOT 39 on bass, and Brian McMahon (alt. of SQURREL BAIT) complete the ensemble. Brian McMahon didn't do as much as the others did, but maybe that'll change. Nonetheless, this band is incredibly talented musically, and have some real good songs. Next was KILLDOZER, and they were so fucking LOUD I thought I'd die. They did "King of Sex", from their "Snakeboy" record, "I Am" by Neil Diamond, which was funny and great, "La Grange" by ZZTop, and "Sweet Home Alabama". The guitarist was freaking out completely, playing on his face and jumping all around the place. They generally grinded around in a very loud-but not in a dumb hardcore-way. The singer was good, screaming out the tunes and seemed to be enjoying it. All in all, what a GREAT, GREAT SHOW. BY THE BLACK GODS OF THE YELL I COMMAND YOU TO BE SILENT ON MY 15th SFHS.

COCTEAU TWINS- "Treasure" Lp (4AD) AC its best- "Ivo", "Persephone" "Donimo"; this album is dramatic, haunting, and almost operatic. AC its worst- "Otterley" it sounds like New Age music with singing. The Cocteau Twins make some very dreamy, pastoral music, but can also make some fast stuff, "Beatrix". The drumming is excellent throughout, as is the remarkable scat singing (meaningless sounds and noises). I find this album very enjoyable, but listening to too much of it makes me tired. Still, they are excellent musicians and make some real neat-o stuff. THIS WILL TURN OFF A LOT OF PEOPLE SO BE VERY CAREFUL. P.S. - THANK YOU LAURA ORR! (For the tape).

Please write to me at: CONQUEROR WORM 2 Rebel Road Louisville, KY 40206: about anything. THANK YOU My Mom, D. Maron, Ear X-tacy, anyone who reads this venomous verd- igris, and Cameron McNeil for moral support.

SLINT IS GOOD PARADISE IS -

BOOK REVIEW

Robert E. Howard- "Cthulhu-The Myths And Kindred Horrors" (Baen) My God, talk about sensationalism! As far as I can tell, this book mentions Cthulhu once, and even then, it's really a name drop. It is obvious that the publishers are trying to make a buck by ripping off H.P. Lovecraft. Nonetheless, this has a few good stories- "The Black Stone", and my favorite "Pigeons From Hell". Howard, the creator of Conan, is an okay storyteller but is often formulated and obvious. How any editor could let some of his lines go by is beyond me. Example: "My eyes were as closed as if they had been welded together by the molten tongs of Satan!" That is just ludicrous and very stupid. A few stories are genuinely scary, as "The Shadow of The Beast" and "Pigeons From Hell". Though he and Lovecraft write in the same vein - sort of - Lovecraft is infinitely better, and this left me cold.

PUBLIC OPINION POLL

DO YOU THINK CONQUEROR WORM SHOULD HAVE = (A) MORE RECORD REVIEWS (B) LESS (C) NONE. SHOULD WE DROP THE FEATURE ARTICLE? HAVE MORE THAN ONE PER ISSUE? PLEEEZ TELL ME (AT SFHS) SO I CAN BETTER SERVE YOU. THIS IS ONE SATISFIED CUSTOMER -> HE'S FAT.



NEW PUSSY GALORE EP OUT NOW!
GREAT-BAND-ANTHOLOGIES-BUHAN'S "1979-1988"
IS O.L. "THOUGHTS OF WESTERN" - BLACK FLAG & EVERY-
THING WENT BLACK "NORRIS" - MISFITS CD "A
EINSTEINERZENE NEUBAU TUNING" - RATE GIVEN GREEN
ARCHITECTURE - MISFITS "LEAGUE OF BRUTALITY"

SWANS- "Filtth" (Neutral/LGM)- A lot of people write the SWANS off as boring, repetitive artistes- THEY CAN GO TO HELL CAUSE THE SWANS RULE. The Swans are an absolutely incredible hardcore-industrial hybrid, and their sound is heavy on percussion and unbelievably powerful. This record pounds like the end of the world, and good it is, from the first snuddering thump of "Stay Here" to the last teeth grinding squeal of "Gang". Songs as low and heavy as "Blackout" make me want to die. Also, the Swans have vocalist Michael Gira, whose voice is so low he sounds barely normal at 45. Great songs are- "Power For Power", "Freak", and "Thank You". This album also has a mindmelting version of "Weaking" that is even better than the one on "Speed Trials". The addition of background noise and the increasing skill of Norman Westerberg's guitar give this album a more exciting than "Public Castration Is A Good Idea" & "Holy Money". Try to get a listen to a song of theirs before you buy, as this won't appeal to some.

SONIC Youth BURN YOUR SKATEBOARD
THOU ART BUT A SCUM DOLLY.

CONQUEROR WORM VIDEO PICK OF THE GRAVE- "From Beyond"- This film adaptation (more like rape) of an H.P. Lovecraft story was never released in Louisville, but you MUST rent it. Even though it is extremely unfaithful to the original story- they stick in a lot of useless characters and gratuitous sex- I thought the storyline was interesting and not too hokey, the acting wasn't too wooden, and best of all- GOREGOREGORE! You'll see pineal glands and braineating weird insect attacks, people having their heads twisted off and melting into jellidose, lamprey-like horrors, and lots of other things. Also, it is faithful enough to Lovecraft (=God) to have some intelligent wit. 3 stars

the society



SCHIZOPHRENIA SCHIZOPHRENIA SCHIZOPHRENIA SCHIZOPHRENIA SCHIZOPHRENIA
 I DISEASE OF THE MONTH - SCHIZOPHRENIA - REVENGE AND BEEF!
 Let's set the record straight - schizophrenia is NOT multiple-personality disorder. What it is exactly, is harder to ascertain, though essentially it implies a highly impaired perception of reality and a radically different thought process. Scientists seem to be split over the value of neuroleptic drugs over therapy, but schizophrenia is almost always genetic (If your sibling has it, you've got close to a 50% chance of getting it). While most is process schizophrenia - from birth - there is also my favorite - reactive schizophrenia, which can swoop down on any rational human being at any moment, though it is rare. That dry & boring passage over, let's get to the fun part - SYMPTOMS! Here is an excerpt from "The Diary Of A Schizophrenic Girl" - "In waking fantasies I constructed an electric machine to blow up the earth and everyone with it. With the machine I would rod all men of their brains. I was abominably, intolerably guilty, without cause and without motive. Any punishment, the very worst, could never deliver me of the load. The voices ordered me to burn my right arm or the building in which I was. If I refused to obey, I felt guilty and cowardly. It seemed that my mouth was full of birds which I crunched between my teeth, and their feathers, their blood and broken bones were clogging me. Or I saw people whom I had entombed in milk bottles. and I was consuming their rotting cadavers. Or I was devouring the head of a cat which meanwhile gnawed at my vitals. It was ghastly, intolerable. "Though this sounds extreme - and it is - a lot of the symptoms of Marguerite Secenaye are very commonplace among the schizophrenic. One child was told by the "Voices" to cut off his hand, which he promptly attempted, though caught just in the nick of time (Damn). The feelings of guilt are also common, and schizophrenics commonly claim to be "the Devil", or "sinners" and describe a need to be punished. Also typical is a pathological withdrawal from others (it doesn't sound too bad) and the well known delusions of grandeur. It seems every institution has a few Jesus Christs and Napoleons hanging around. Feelings of persecution are also typical. I saw a taped interview with a schizophrenic, and he would constantly talk about the cops, and how "the police are after me". There is also the FBI, CIA, Nazis, Gays, Etc. What sounds most enjoyable about schizophrenia is the hallucinating which often occurs, sometimes with taste and smell. There are close to 85,000 schizophrenics in state mental hospitals in the U.S. right now, just sitting around. I say, turn em' loose! Let them run for president. Let them write the scripts for television shows and finally we will have something worth watching. The Presidency is just a front for the alien beings which control this planet anyway, so why not let someone who sees spiders in his Yoplait be president? I want to see more schizophrenics in the high levels of government, the church, and our schools. hey, wait a minute. what's this thing in my mouth, it's a BIRD! AAAAA! I hate you I'll kill you all! na na na I'm Christ, and Mary Mother of God and Sancho Panza and Bob Hope! Purple slime is oozing out my aunt's ears. here come the pigs. and the KKK. and AAAAAAhhhh!!!
 DARK NIGHTS...

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1987 SUMMER 20¢



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