





# mystified by teen's murder spree

Deutschen Vergnügen with Mike "Animal Rights" Carnagena Einstürzende Neubauten played at Munich's Alabama-Halle on June 28th with Switzerland's Young Gods and Hungary's Kaszabon Leichenbeschauner (Raison d'etre?-Ed.) for the Voile Suppe Festival 87. After two snort sets by YG and RL, Ein. Neub. headed by lead singer Blixa Bargeld began what was to be a 2 hour set. Ein. Neub. covered many old songs as well as material from their new record. They used a wide range of sounds, often requiring members to play their "instruments" on opposite sides of the stage.

Led by a predominant bass sound, Ein. Neub.'s songs filled the packed hall. Sound problems ended the final song of their encore (weird pop song in English from their new record). fun show. 6/12/87 Hüsker Dü with Stump of Great Britain played the Alabama Halle in Munich. Stump opened with a popular set ranging from pop to hardcore. An energetic lead singer treated the crowd to a circus show of behavior. Hüsker Dü then opened, covering most of the warehouse material in order of the album. "These Important Years" and "Could You Be The One" were the crowds favorites. I would have enjoyed hearing some older songs, but was not let down by this fun show.

**MOVIE REVIEW-"HELLRAISER"** This is Clive Barker's directorial debut, and good it is. Without giving away too much of the story, it concerns a man who, seeking the ultimate pleasure, opens up a gate to sadomasochistic demons who torture and dismember him. But- he escapes, comes back, and requires his onetime mistress Julia to kill people for him so he can feed off of them and regain his once human form. The problems I had with this film can only be explained to someone who saw it. What this story has is originality and gore in the right amount- a lot. Rats nailed to walls. A couple of hammerclaw murders. Lots and lots of torn open or apart flesh. Rivers, oceans of blood. You'll see meathooks appear out of nowhere and rip human beings to shreds. You'll see maggots. You'll thrill as the lissome Kristy is chased through the house by murderous Frank. You'll feel chills as the Cenobites play around with body parts. You'll see the blood spill in horrible childbirth anxiety nightmares. Visual audacity, originality, class, good production all make this one of the most enjoyable horror movies in years. I hope this allows Clive Barker, the British horror prodigy, invisible wizard of gore, and author of "The Hell-bound Heart" on which this film is based- to make many, many more films.



A 41-year-old farmer who severed his arm with an electric saw picked up the limb and raced to the hospital.



They've cut off his arms and legs and big chunks of his face!

## MISGUIDED YOUTH-INTERVIEW! MARGINS RULE!

**MISGUIDED YOUTH:** THE INTERVIEW-A question I have often posed to the members of misguided youth- David Phillips (guitar) and Cliff Amos (drums/bass?) is ARE YOU GUYS PUNK ROCKERS OR WHAT? -

Q. Are you a punk rocker? Dave. (joking) wny, yes I am.

Q. Are you a punk rocker? Dave. No, I'm a neavy-metal-er.

Q. Are you a punk rocker? Cliff. Fuck You! You better not print that in Conqueror worla. (SEE LOUISVILLE SCENE)

C.W. - Hello Cliff **RESPONSE** → Cliff. Fuck You! (REPORT FOR FURTHER FAX)



AS YOU can tell from this interview, Misguided Youth are the soul, the lifeblood, of the punk rock scene in America. They express all the feelings we hold inside us, but they alone have the courage to express them. Their originality, exciting and inventive live performances, rebellious lyrics, their anarchy t-shirts, their Exploited t-shirts, their glamorous lifestyles and hairstyles bespeak an earnest dedication to the punk creed. Hallelujah. But most exciting is their aggression, the violence that boils beneath their leather and bondage surface, always threatening to explode. It's very intimidating, really. One can only pray that they will reach vinyl someday, or maybe, on no it's too much to hope for, and make the cover of MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL!!! The bliss, the ecstasy, the nirvana, the rapture, the blue heaven, the satori of it all. Too much.

THE TRUE FRIENDS' FILM shows that for Barbie and her gentle friends, there is only one thing worse than the filth, feces, urine vomit and disease they live in. And that is loneliness. . . . IN SEMI-DARK steel isolates that look like microwave ovens. Barbie and her friends can spend up to fifty years in solitary confinement. Each hears only the rush of air into the chamber, sees only the chamber walls. Many have gone mad and spend their entire days turning in



# The Conqueror Worm by Edgar Allan Poe

LO! 'TIS A GALA NIGHT  
WITHIN THE LONESOME LATTER YEARS!  
AN ANGEL THRO'G, BEWINGED, BEDIGHT  
IN VEILS, AND DROWNED IN TEARS,  
SIT IN A THEATRE, TO SEE  
A PLAY OF HOPES AND FEARS,  
WHILE THE ORCHESTRA BREATHE'S FITFULLY  
THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

MIMES, IN THE FORM OF GOD ON HIGH,  
MUTTER AND MUMBLE LOW,  
AND HITHER AND THITHER FLY—  
MERE PUPPETS THEY, WHO COME AND GO  
AT BIDDING OF VAST FORMLESS THINGS  
THAT SHIFT THE SCENERY TO AND FRO,  
FLAPPING FROM OUT THEIR CONDOR WINGS  
INVISIBLE WOE!

THAT MOTLEY DRAMA—OH, BE SURE  
IT SHALL NOT BE FORGOT!  
WITH ITS PHANTOM CHAS'D FOR EVERMORE,  
BY A CROWD THAT SEIZE IT NOT,  
THROUGH A CIRCLE THAT EVER RETURNETH IN  
TO THE SELF-SAME SPOT,  
AND MUCH OF MADNESS, AND MORE OF SIN,  
AND HORROR THE SOUL OF THE PLOT.

BUT SEE AMID THE MIMIC ROUT  
A CRAWLING SHAPE INTRUDE!  
A BLOOD-RED THING THAT WRITHES FROM OUT  
THE SCENIC SOLITUDE!  
IT WRITHES!—IT WRITHES!—WITH MORTAL PANGS  
THE MIMES BECOME ITS FOOD,  
AND SERAPHS SOB AT VERMIN' FANGS  
IN HUMAN GORE IMBUED.

OUT—OUT ARE THE LIGHTS—OUT ALL!  
AND, OVER EACH QUIVERING FORM,  
THE CURTAIN, A FUNERAL PALL,  
COMES DOWN WITH THE RUSH OF A STORM  
WHILE THE ANGELS, ALL PALLID AND WAN,  
UPRISING, UNVEILING, AFFIRM  
THAT THE PLAY IS THE TRAGEDY, 'MAN,'  
AND ITS HERO THE CONQUEROR WORM.

the light and life found death, seeing it

as a dream,

the ruin of Color and warmth and light life and pleasure;

the flames. glowed silent. cloud of gold. fires stars

souls died in dreams

ulcers burst from

his rotting body

People as slaves,

nations of evil.

death carved hearts

joy light.

I was feasting

vanished heavens

in the dark

worsened; vigor lessened,

radiance diminished

dreams fade.



MALLEVS MALLEFICARVM cuique acceffit Fuga Daemonum & Complementum artis exorcisticae ... any nunk of skin could be grasped, and if squeezed with a generous pressure from both directions...atq toratsA qsila eidn smebah ...said issue did expel from a goodly nole and would flow unnecked until the wound so caused was cauterized most violently...Nos pptens Lcfr juvnte Stn Blzdd Lvtm Elm...stones flew about the room...thou shalt kill the ob ...the hair long, tangled, ragged and the skin considerably sallowed, as if she spent a considerable portion on her time in a...the hot breath of the black beast on her neck before...united in a single body, but now many minds sitting in congress staring through the same slits at one huge face...the fingers digging and prodding deeper into flesh than he imagined his own fingers had ever dug but perhaps it was the fat arm he was about to pull and twist out and away as the face pulled into a horrid pain-grin-mask that even he turned away from...."Satan, pity us in our pain" she quoted as the car drove away from the limp ragdoll remains of the little girl lying in the snow drift dead and now half covered...the sidewalk stretched and he never got home but was sucked into the tunnel of trees...mus ogre otigoc ..auec la refutation des arguments contraires, que Bodin allegue [cutting open the goat's stomach and stuffing in the grinded paste of Host and the teeth of men nung until dead] au 6. chap. du fecond liure de la Demonomanie.. ~~Kongkongkongkong~~ cherubim who fly fat and winged and when they smile their metal teeth glint row upon row and their their black forked tongue darts in and out in and out like the knife in the hand of the man in the corner...the prettiest, sunniest dress on that girl in the grass and you lie down together and wake up with your hands clenched tight around her pretty throat...the day you walk into class early and every student solemnly hands you a razor blade and solemnly lapses into hysterical laughter as they solemnly beg you to cut yourself open...the vultures in the backyard.. the mummified suicide who locked the door and turned up the heat during the dog days and ~~BUGA~~...~~FUCK~~...her cheeks were pulled tight around nerteeth let me tell you, no small haven for the rhizophagi there...trenches, barb wire, gangrene...blitzkrieg, Dresden, atomflasn...colder wars...napalm, agent orange, dog eaters who lay punji stakes...and now what..there were piles of bodyparts found in abandoned streetcorners of Berlin before the Monster of Dusseldorf, the Drinker of the Blood of Swans was caught asking if he could take that poor young lost girl home...black shrouds no longer spook the mesmerized photojournalists who now realize that gory death and mutilation seems to come in every lurid color of the rainbow...yes of course we are all pro-choice but what if you had to perform the abortion...bettedgfn sforonotnotnot...??..the parents come home to find the dog skinned, all of its fur shaved off and lying on the floor and the skin carefully peelod off the form like a crispy KFC pet bucket surprise as little junior licks each blacknailed finger one by one...blood gusning and splattering in crimson fresnets and then drying brown and then cracking and chipping and then gone gone gone until we wish the blood was at least still wet and there and half living and so of course it happens again...and then when you are dead they burn all the things you ever owned or loved and scratch your name out of yearbooks and quietly eliminate those whose memories cannot be bought off and start public denial campaigns and sow your grave with salt mix your asnes with vats of Tang that will be consumed and excreted and you are really and truly oblivion...eutnasia clinic: service those disillusioned with their SAT scores...the world is swill youre feelin ill well theres a pill sweet and sure to kill..the entire city orchestra whip out submachine guns and open fire on the entire tuxedoed beaded furred enclave than nowl to their lupine master as the gibbous moon sits plump and fat in the sky.. private lycanthropy..secluded cannibalism for two...a quiet evening of pederasty and murder...prayer to the master..fear of the master..well sacrifices...menstrual slime seeping into the eartns core full of dripping sewage mixed with blood and vomit and semen and snot and earwax and cnyme and lymph and dioxins and chemical wastes spewing fortn from a hundred tubeways, sinuses, tunnels, corridors, and mines to the core of a rotten world.

DON'T

LOVE

ANIMALS

EAT

THEM

OFFICIAL TREATY  
LEFT OF ANIMALS



HELL. YOU'VE READ ABOUT IN DANTE. YOU'VE BEEN TOLD BY FRIENDS AND ENEMIES ALIKE TO GO THERE. YOU'VE HEARD GLENN DANZIG'S IMMORTAL WORDS, "HELL IS WHERE YOU WANNA BE." YOU'VE SEEN MATT GROENING'S CARTOON "LIFE IN HELL". NATURALLY, YOU'RE CURIOUS. "I HEAR A LOT ABOUT THE HELL PLACE. I'VE DECIDED I WANT TO KNOW MORE. I WANT TO SEE HELL" YOU SAY. WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT TILL YOU'RE OLD AND GREY AND PRUNED TO GO TO HELL, NO SIR! YOU CAN GO RIGHT NOW BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES TO SPEND A FUN FILLED ETERNITY ROTTING IN HELL! YES, YOU AND YOUR FAMILY COULD GET AWAY FROM THE WINTER CHILL, YOU COULD RIGHT NOW BE ROASTING ON THE RED HOT NAILS OF THE UNDERWORLD JUST BY TAKING UP THIS EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER, BUT WAIT! YOU'RE THINKING, "THEY WOULDN'T JUST LET ME GO TO HELL! THERE MUST BE A CATCH SOMEWHERE," WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT WHEN YOU LEARN WHAT THE CATCH IS, YOU WON'T BELIEVE HOW RIDICULOUSLY EASY IT IS TO SLIDE RIGHT DOWN TO HELL WITH US. AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO SACRIFICE YOUR CHILDREN! ALL A FUN FILLED, RED HOT, SOUL SEARING, NON STOP INFINITY OF TORTURE AND DELICIOUS SATANO-PAIN COSTS IS YOUR SOUL! THAT'S ALL\* JUST YOUR SOUL, PLUS THE PERFORMANCE OF A QUAINT BUT SIMPLE RITUAL. IT'S SO SIMPLE, EVEN A CHILD COULD DO IT.

\*DON'T WORRY. AFTER LIVING A FEW YEARS IN OUR MODERN SOCIETY, YOUR SOUL IS WORTHLESS ANYWAY. IT DOESN'T MATTER.



NOTE: AT TIME OF MISGUIDED YOUTH INTERVIEW THEY WERE CALLED MISGUIDED YOUTH. THEY HAVE NOW CHANGED THEIR NAME TO EUTHANASIA. PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF IT. -Editor

CONQUEROR WORM "GO TO HELL" TRAVEL AGENCY, 2 REBEL ROAD, LOU. KY 40206

call your Travel Agent or us and say hello to HELL. Once you do, you'll never say goodbye. HA HA HA HA

1-800-666-BURN FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

**Come to HELL.**  
**You'll feel warm all over.**

**In HELL you never run out of things to do.**

You really want to have some fun today? Good.

Spend a morning sailing on the clearest turquoise water in the world. Splash in it. Snorkel in it. Or scuba.

Have a quick lunch of conch fritters. Then stroll about town. Browse a Straw Market. Bargain for a hat. Play some

tennis before dinner. Then dig into a Bahamian lobster. Later, it's on to disco, bacarat and blackjack. **tomorrow**, let it begin at noon. Just the two of you on a beach. It's peace. It's tranquility. And it's all yours. **Forever**. You can do it all. Or nothing at all. In one place, right here in **HELL**.

**ACT NOW!** INGREDIENTS: (FROM HARDWARE STORE) WOOD, NAILS, HACKSAW, CLOTH, MATCHES, 9 CANDLES, HUGE BUTCHER KNIFE  
**HERE'S HOW!** (FROM PET STORE OR LIVESTOCK SHOW) GOAT, LARGE BLACK MALE, 3 DOVES, 1 BLACK CAT, (FROM PARK, CITY STREET) PROSTITUTE (SEX to taste), RUBY SLIPPERS.

I. Cut open dove, WITH NAIL, INSCRIBE PENTAGRAM ONTO FLOOR OF ROOM, USING ENTRAILS/BLOOD AS INK. SET ASIDE DOVE FOR LATER. DRAW SQUARE AROUND PENTAGRAM. PLACE AND LIGHT CANDLES BY DIAGRAM.



II. REMOVE AND BURN CLOTHES. EAT DEAD DOVE. REGURGITATE. REPEAT THIS THREE TIMES WHILE CHANTING "PERCURRIMUS FOEDUS CUM MORTE ET CUM INFERNO FECIMUS PACTUM". NOW DO THIS WITH THE OTHER TWO DOVES. ONCE YOU'VE VOMITED UP ALL THREE DOVES AT LEAST 3 TIMES, ROLL AROUND IN IT.

III. UNTIE PROSTITUTE. CRUCIFY (WITH WOOD, NAILS, HAMMER). THEN ENGAGE IN ALL POSSIBLE SEX ACTS WITH HER/HE/IT, USING HACKSAW, REMOVE HEAD. SET ASIDE IN CLOTH. USING ONLY YOUR TEETH, REMOVE PROSTITUTE'S SPINE, SET ASIDE.

IV. SAW OFF GOATS HEAD. ATTACH TO PROSTITUTE'S STUMP. STRANGLE CAT. USING ONLY TEETH, REMOVE CAT SPINE, INSERT INTO PROSTITUTE BODY. THEN SET IT ON FIRE AND MAKE LOVE TO IT, WHILE CHANTING "THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HELL, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HELL". CLICK RUBY SLIPPERS.

V. USING BUTCHER KNIFE, HACK OUT AS MANY OF YOUR OWN VITAL ORGANS. THEN INSERT THE CAT'S BODY IN THE CAVITY. CLOSE YOUR EYES. WHEN YOU WAKE UP: PRESTO! YOU'RE IN HELL. HELL'S FRIENDLY NATIVES WILL THEN REMOVE YOUR SOUL AND DAMN YOU TO ETERNAL SUFFERING.

AND ONCE YOU'RE THERE: NO MORE SCHOOL. NO MORE WORK. NO MORE LOVERS NO CHORES. NO WINTER COLD. YOU AND YOURS CAN NOW BE MANGLED BY DEMONS IN BOILING RIVERS OF BLOOD AND WHITE HOT VOLCANIC MAGMA. OR YOU CAN BE PLAYFULLY DISMEMBERED, OR STRANGLED. OR EATEN. IT'S ALL UP TO YOU. AND ALL THIS TO THE POPPING RHYTHM OF CRACKLING FLAMES UNDER A SKY OF BURNING PITCH, NOTHING TO LISTEN TO BUT THE EXQUISITE SCREAMS OF TORTURED SINNERS. AND IT'S NEVER, NEVER GOING TO END.

HELLO'S TO DANNY, NADERA, BROOKE, RAT, DAVEY, WOODY, (THANX MIKE) MELISSA, BETH, ANDY, SFHS [GODS CHILLUN], SPECIAL FUCK YOU TO AMY KATZ. HELLO'S TO SCROD PEOPLE.

WHEN SO MANY PLACES ARE TOO FAR, TOO EXPENSIVE AND TOO ORDINARY  
**Go to HELL, AMERICA!**

**RESULTS 100% GUARANTEED**



# My neighbors are werewolves but the cops don't care



the joy of taking the pills the joy of the lemony taste in the mouth before one vomits into the toilet the joy of coating the fingers with rubber cement so you leave no traces the joy of turning up the air conditioning so the bodies decay slowly and time of death cannot be established the joy of writing satan in the victims blood so they blame on a "sickie" and not you the man down the street the joy of laughing as their face twists the joy of laughing as the cop gives you a ticket joy of creating their destiny the joy of laughing as the joy of reading this monster because what does he know about the real crimes the joy of reading this monster must be stopped on the sunday opinion page the joy knowing you'll do it again and again the joy of looking at the people on the street and knowing you have the power the power the joy of dressing to be fat the joy of wigs and disguise and a fake limp increase there are ever witnesses the joy of driving to another county to do your thing the joy of an named un known runaways you can pick up and dick up and toss bleeding in the gutter the joy of nappy labels the joy of psychopath the joy of sexual sadist the joy of Ted Bundy the joy of Charles and Ed and the

**ZOOZ RIFT**-"INTERIM RESURGENCE"**SST**-Like a zombie pieced together from the flesh of Hendrix, all of Devo, Frank Sinatra, Don Ho, Eugene Chadbourne and Frank Zappa with Samantha Fox around for general songcraft assistance. The lyrics are the result of a long and stormy conference between Leonard Cohen, Cyndi Lauper, several key church of the Subgenius reps and Earth, Wind, and Fire. Weird-Juan-garage-synth-opera played by killer hippie ragdoll love-rock mutants from the fifth dimension. prof essentially weird. T-bar guitar solos. Saxophones. Long clarinet solos. Real long intuitive piano pieces. Tender songs about being dead and not having any treon. Upbeat pop songs about taking X-rays of girls skulls. Best of all, this does not rely on Satan, politics, gore, or relationships. one listen and you realize how strange can be.

O, my friend, you have already wanted long enough; yes, too long. Life is passing, time is fleeing, the grave is opening, and the righteous judgment of God is at hand. By your beating heart, by your throbbing pulse, I plead with you to throw off this delay, this indecision.

## the pulverizing jaws of a kill-crazed

**MISFITS**-"EVILIVE"(RE-release)Plan 9 records-first off, buy this now it's the misfits. I love them, but, I did not like evilive (originally an EP but now expanded with new live versions) the first time I heard it. The band is just fine, in great form ('cept for the backup vocals on "London Dungeon") but the recording is just too shitty. The guitar is too low and the drums are a bit too heavily miked, though this sounds cool on some songs, especially the new ones. Those really stand out - "horror hotel", "Ghoul's Night Out"-two of the 3 HITS FROM HELL-"Devil's Whorehouse", great song, great version, and "hatedreaders" (those from WALK AMONG US). Added material and evil graphics don't save this from being the worst Misfits album, but then again, even the worst Misfits is better than the best Dead Kennedy's or Exploited or JFA or Pet Shop Boys or Journey or Asia or Paul Anka, I hope Glenn's fight with Rudy Records over the rights to WALK AMONG US is somehow resolved, because a release of that superior album would make me kill myself out of joy. Or maybe kill..... hmmm. Let's see now

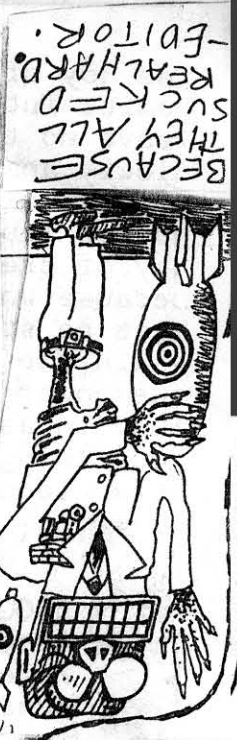
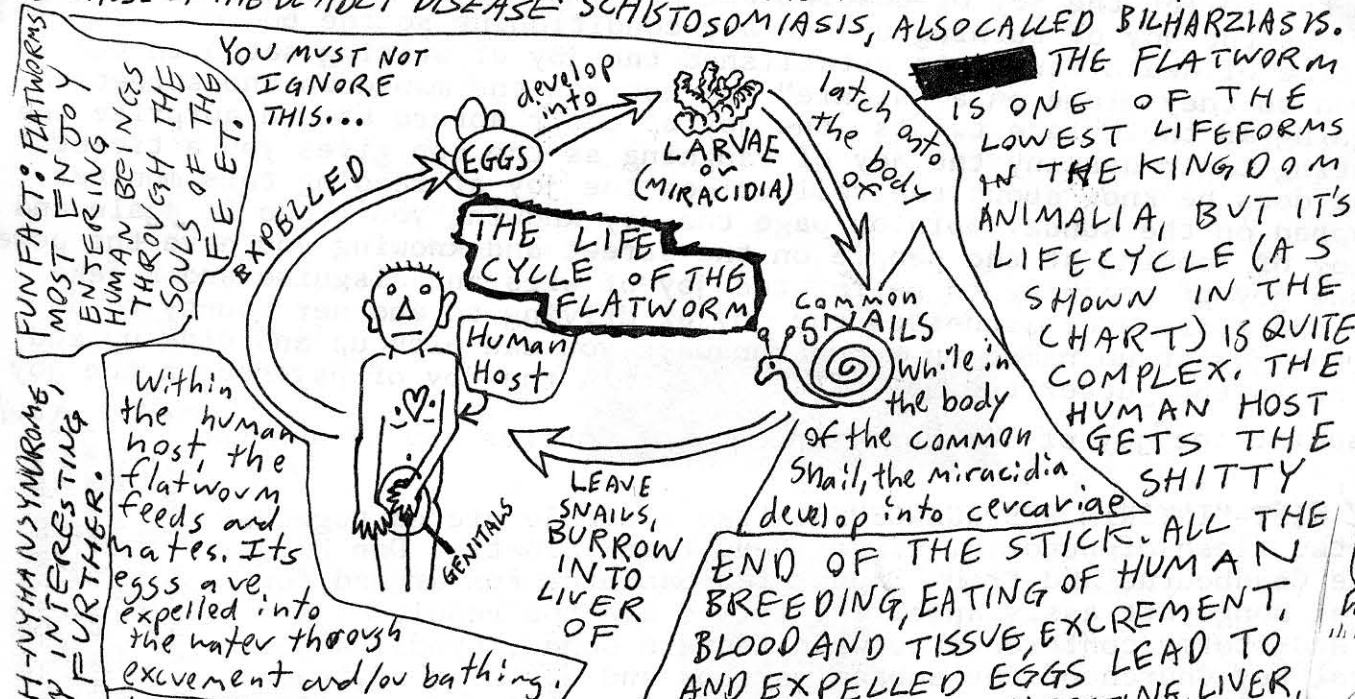
**WTSBLOOD**-DIRTISH LP-This is one smarmy, scummy, sweaty slab of wax, dripping with foetus nastiness. Clint Kuhn aka Jim Foetus aka J.G. Thirlwell did this one with ex-SWAN Roli Mostmann, with current SWANS guitarist Norman Westenberg, and it pounds like everything associated with this crew, so don't let the Skinny Puppy flourishes fool you. The lyrics are sleazy, sleazy, sleazy. Anal sex songs. Vagina songs. Songs about picking up hitchhikers and taping and killing them. There is also the soundtrack to the upcoming film "Where Evil Dwells" (film and lyrics about gay leather freak satanic ritual mass murderer Ricky Kasso, of Northport, Long Island. The sex songs are offensive. While the SWANS lyrics on sexuality (prostitution as a metaphor for capital ism) fit into their larger theme of money and power, Jim Foetus seems like a suit eating chauvinist pig, with all his talk of "A woman's place is on my face" and "Hey baby, keep your big mouth shut" He may be a pig, but he's a pig with big horns and sharp metal teeth. Needless to say, this record pounds like a jackhammer played backwards on a stone record player with grooves the size of the Grand Canyon. Don't forget to pack your cleaver.

**DINOSAUR**-YOU'RE LIVING ALL OVER ME-SST Like a very tasty fondue of college bands. Shades of Das Damen, a dash of Squirtbeat, a slab of R.I.M. (whose sleep related name is very appropriate) and all that those bands entail. Vocals are like Neil Young at his laziest or maybe flow but pre-sell out replacement. Though I bear a large grudge against this kind of music, I could not help but enjoy this album. Don't let the Phony Folk Fool You. DIRTYT, "Tarpit", "kracked", the opener of "Little Fury Tune", the closer of "Studsfeast" all grind with the best of them. "Polode" is kind of like "Revolution 9" meets "Never Talking to You Again". Generally cool, which is probably why they toured with some Youth (though not as part of the "Planning Telepath Experience") This just goes to show you that college music does not have to be entirely lame or crotch folk artsy porridge, even though most of it really, really is.

WAR GRAPPLE WOLF LE MA HOOD HAY'S  
GOV. GRANN  
ANY  
DARK



THE CONQUEROR WORM PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH IS TREMATODA PLATHELMENTHES. THIS FRIENDLY LITTLE FELLOW IS ALSO CALLED THE FLUKE FLATWORM, AND IS THE CAUSE OF THE DEADLY DISEASE SCHISTOSOMIASIS, ALSO CALLED BILHARZIASIS.



AND NOW SCHISTOSOMIASIS. PLEASE, IF YOU KNOW OF ANY INTERESTING DISEASES, TELL ME ABOUT THEM SO I CAN RESEARCH FURTHER.

A RATHER NASTY DISEASE. THEY INFEST THE INTESTINE, LIVER, LUNGS, BLOOD, AND EVEN THE HEART, CLOGGING THE BLOOD STREAM AND VITAL ORGANS WITH 'BILLIONS OF TWISTING, BURROWING WORMS, SUCKING AWAY THE LIFE AND VITALITY, DRAINING AWAY FROM THE INSIDE. EVENTUALLY THE HOST, WHICH CAN ALSO BE SHEEP, CATTLE, BIRDS, AND DOGS, DIES A PAINFUL AND CONFUSING DEATH. THE DRUGS DEVELOPED TO COMBAT FLUKE FLATWORM INFESTATION ARE QUITE EFFECTIVE, BUT HAVE RATHER UNENJOYABLE SIDE EFFECTS, ~~THEY~~ IN THAT THEY THEMSELVES ARE POISONOUS, FIRST CAUSING A RAPID PULSE, THEN THE BLOOD PRESSURE DROPS. FINALLY THE BLOODY VOMIT AND NAUSEA BEGIN, AND BY THAT TIME, YOU'RE DEAD OF THE DRUGS DEVELOPED BY MODERN SCIENCE TO SAVE YOU FROM THE DEADLY CONQUEROR FLATWORM. THE FLATWORM BREEDS ESPECIALLY WELL IN AREAS IN WHICH LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE BATHE, WASH AND FISH, OR OTHER LARGE BODIES OF STAGNANT WATER. THIS WAS FIRST NOTED IN EGYPT IN ~~1970~~ 1970 WHEN THE ASWAN DAM WAS BUILT, AND THOUSANDS DEVELOPED BILHARZIASIS. THINK ABOUT THIS AS YOU ENTER THE PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL NEAR YOU.

LOUISVILLE SCENE REPORT: WHAT'S IT ALL SUPPOSED TO BE? PUNK? METAL? TRASH? CORE? LAST LOUISVILLE BAND I SAW THAT WERE MUSICAL WAS FADIN' OUT. HOW ABOUT YOU? IN FACT WHY DON'T PEOPLE SEND IN THEIR DEFINITIONS OF THE LOUISVILLE "ALTERNATIVE" (GASH, PUKE, CHOICE) SCENE. ON THE ONE HAND, I CAN'T PLAY AN INSTRUMENT AND DON'T WANT TO DISCOVER AGE ANYBODY, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, I DON'T REALLY GET INTO ANY OF THE "HARD-CORE" BANDS I'VE SEEN RECENTLY.

BIG BLACK SONGS ABOUT ~~FUCKING~~ {EAR X-TACY} LP - THIS IS THE TITS WITH ME. I LOVE BY FAR, A BETTER DIRECTION THAN HEADACHE. I'M GLAD THEY DROPPED THE SELF-DEPRESSED BIT, IT WAS GETTING OBVIOUS. MUSICALLY GREAT. AS WITH ALL BANDS, THE EARLIER TRIA "BAD PENNY", "L DOPA" REALLY STAND OUT. NONETHELESS, THE OTHER MATERIAL IS FUNNY AND GRINDING, WITH LOTS O' BIG BEATS AND FUZZY GUITARS. THIS IS FORMULA MUSIC. ~~IT'S MOST~~ NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BUT IT'S A DAMN GOOD FORMULA. (TOUCH N' GO)

THROBBING GRISTLE - "VERY FRIENDLY": THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THROBBING GRISTLE THIS IS A \$10 IMPORT LP FOR FANS ONLY (WHO ELSE COULD STOMACH THAT SECOND SIDE FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, T.G. STARTED UP IN 1975-76, AND HORRIBLE GUITAR NOISE AND SPOOKY SYNTHESIZER MUSIC AND SANG LONG NARRATIVE STYLE SONGS ABOUT BURN UNIT PATIENTS, MASS MURDER, SUBHUMANS LIVING IN GUTTERS, RAPE, NUCLEAR WAR, ETC. THEIR PERFORMANCES WERE ALMOST UNIVERSALLY REJECTED AS SADISTIC AND OBSCENE (A TROUPE OF STRIPPERS OFTEN PERFORMED WITH THE BAND). THIS LP IS THEIR FIRST STUDIO RECORDINGS FROM 1976, AND CREEPY IT IS, ESPECIALLY THEIR RECORD LONG SONG "VERY FRIENDLY", ABOUT ENGLISH MURDERER IAN BRADY. BASICALLY, THOSE WHO LOVE T.G. SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS AND BUY IT, FOR HISTORICAL VALUE AND LISTENING PLEASURE. CAVEAT EMPTOR TO THE REST OF YOU. SPURT RECORDS

EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY MORN. SOME TO MISERY ARE BORN. EVERY MORN AND EVERY NIGHT. SOME ARE BORN TO SWEET DELIGHT. SOME ARE BORN TO END-LESS NIGHT. SOME ARE BORN TO END-LESS NIGHT. BY WILLIAM BLAKE. HIGH SCHOOL'S HELL! AND TOM PIKE IS SATAN!







**SOULSIDE LP.** (AMMICH/DISCHORD) - I LIKE "PEARL TO STONE", "I FIND THE OTHER SIDE", "WALKING", "FRESH AIR" AND THE WAY FUNKY "YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE." TROUBLE IS, THE REST OF THIS DISC SEEMS FLABBY AND UNINSPIRED MUSICALLY. I DO LIKE THE LYRICS. I DON'T KNOW, IT SURE AS HELL DOESN'T CRUNCH AND GRIND AS WELL AS THEY DID LIVE, WHEN THEY REALLY RULED. THEY JUST DON'T TRANSFER WELL ON TO VINYL. THEY STILL GET AN A+ FOR EFFORT AND THEY RULE LIVE.

"An electrifying and head-spinning experience of the highest caliber. An emotional orgy too overwhelming to be true." - Velvet

**LETTERS:**  
DEAR CONQUEROR WORM

Thank goodness your paper isn't afraid to publish the truth, no matter how bizarre or hard to believe it is. - G.C., New Britain, Conn.

THANK YOU, G.C. YOUR SUPPORT MEANS A LOT TO ALL OF US AT THE WORM.

**DAGNASTY (DISCHORD)** - THIS MAY NOT MAKE ME TOO POPULAR, BUT I HATE THIS. THE NEW SINGER'S VOICE SUCKS, AND HE SCREWS UP WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN GOOD SONGS. NONETHELESS "TRYING", "FALL", "SIMPLE MINDS" AND "DAG NASTY" ARE GOOD. I JUST THINK THIS IS TIRED AND STALE, VERY UNINTERESTING. THE LYRICS ARE OKAY THOUGH.

**RAMONES** - "1/2 WAY TO SANITY" - SIDE ONE HAS "BOY TILL YOU DROP" AND "GO LIL' CAMARO GO" (WITH A CHORUS OF "GIRLS! CARS! SUN! FUN!") TO REPRESENT THEIR DOO-WOP SIDE, AND "GARDEN OF SERENITY", "MADFACE" ETC. TO HIT A BIT HARDER. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THESE GUYS IS SORT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NECROS (MORE ROCK/METAL, CORE/PUNK TO A LESSER DEGREE). BUT THE BIG DIFFERENCE IS THAT THESE GUYS ARE A LOT MORE FUN THAN THE NECROS (THOUGH THEY'RE COOL TOO). SAME OLD IDIOTIC LYRICS, SAME "BABY, BABY" VOCALS, BUT THE SOUND IS DIFFERENT. "WORM MAN" WITH ITS "I WISH I WAS DEAD" CHORUS COULD BE THE CONQUEROR WORM ANTHEM. "I'M NOT JESUS" IS ALMOST THRASH. REAL COOL.

SPIN MAGAZINE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS! HAHHA HA HA HA I'M SO HAPPY I COULD PUKE. WHAT'S NEXT? BOSTON ROCK?

**USELESS FILLER RECORD REVIEWS**  
**WIRE** - "SNAKE DRILL" EP - WHAT A COMPLETE RIPOFF. \$6.00 FOR FOUR SHORT SONGS, AND ONE IS A CAPELLA. THE SONGS THAT ARE THERE ARE PRETTY COOL, VERY GOOD. JUST NOT WORTH THE \$.

**LYDIA LUNCH** - "QUEEN OF SIAM" - RAT GAVE IT TO ME CUZ HE HATES THIS BITCH WITH AN UNHOLY PASSION. I MUST ADMIT, SHE LOOKS LIKE A SLEAZY SPANDEX WHORE ON THE COVER, AND SOME OF THE SONGS "ATOMIC BONGOS" AND "A CRUISE TO THE MOON" SUK. BUT OTHER SONGS LIKE "MECHANICAL FLATTERY" "TIED AND TWIST" "BLOOD OF TIN" ARE REALLY REALLY COOL! THANK RAT U LYDIA!

**METALLICA** - \$6.98 EP (GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED) I HATED "MASTER OF PUPPETS" CUZ IT WAS SO CHEEZY AND SELF-INDULGENT AND THE LYRICS SUCKED. I LOVE THIS BECAUSE ALL THEIR CONSIDERABLE MUSICAL TALENT IS DISPLAYED. THEY DO SONGS BY HOLOCAUST, KILLING JOKE, THE MISFITS, AND OTHERS. LOVED KILLING JOKE AND MISFITS COVERS (THOUGH DOING MISFITS SONGS IS NOT A GOOD IDEA, AS ANYONE WHO'S HEARD MOLOCH BUTCHER "LONDON DUNGEON" CAN TELL YOU). OVERALL, JUST TOO FUCKING COOL.

"She was tending her plants - trimming or feeding them, perhaps - when she slipped or had a sudden attack of some sort and fell into the meat-eaters. After that it was just a matter of time before the plants consumed her."

He called the police, who broke down the door. Near the door, they found the nude body of one woman and the partly clothed body of another. Both were decomposed and were taken to the city morgue for autopsies. The skeletal remains of three other bodies were found under the rubbish.

A sixth body, also decomposed, was found Sunday evening tied in a blanket in a closet of the rear bedroom. The police said that it might have been there for as long as a year.

**JOIN E.S.G.E.S.** - ENTERPRISING SOCIETY for the GENOCIDAL EXTERMINATION of SKATE BOARDERS. CALL 893-0516 for DETAILS.

**Actress Soleil Moon Frye is 11**  
On a standardized test I made the highest score in the U.S. which was also the highest score for all previous years. I hope that you will have the intelligence to believe in Jesus.

This TRULY is the Ultimate the Ultimate Hard-Core



BEFORE AFTER

THERE ARE SO MANY BEAUTIFUL PRODUCTS OUT THERE. IF WE WOULD JUST BUY THIS INSTEAD OF THAT, EVERYTHING WOULD BE GOOD.

**FANZINES: PUNCTURE #14**  
-25 - Sort of admin-between ssue, I must say. Their last poster shows same really amazing back issues. This one right here seems to be venturing into "power pop" -ville, which I hate. Still, it's got INTELLIGENT RECORD REVIEWS.

**W.D.L. PERIOD** - It's free. Free = cool no matter what. I like it. The Washington scene looks pretty cool, what with the d.c. space and the Chow Chow Times. Overall, I enjoy very much. I like eat. Eat is cool.



WHAT IS PUNK ROCK? I couldn't care less.

Your life will be happy and peaceful.

O Lord, deliver us.

SAY THIS FROM all evil, EVERY SINGLE FROM Thy wrath, NIGHT. FROM sudden and unprovided death, FROM anger, and hatred, and all ill-will, FROM the snares of the devil, FROM the spirit of fornication, FROM lightning and tempest, FROM everlasting death,

SORRY I DIDNT REVIEW AND MARY CHAIN ZSH JESUS SUNS LOVE AND ROCKETS I'D LIKE TO. I HAVE NO\$. ASIANMARI

THE NEW GUY ZSH JESUS SUNS LOVE AND ROCKETS I'D LIKE TO. I HAVE NO\$. ASIANMARI

Your heart is pure, and your mind clear, and your soul devout.

JOIN = INTELLIGENCE/DESIRE



BOY, OH BOY! ARE YOU POPULAR!

OF PRIDE OF 25¢

the sun exploding

senseless crimes

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

PSYCHEDELIC DEATH

IT HAS RISEN AGAIN FROM ITS CHARNEL PIT

LOTS OF LAKE IN THIS BAD THINGS ISSUE:

ANTI-HARD ROCK CAFE ESSAY WEIRDNESS RECORD, FILM, SHOW REVIEWS HOW TO GO TO HELL!

POETRY

YOU... MUST...

DIE!

#5

CONQUER FOR MORM

PLAYMATE! DISEASE!

THIS LITTLE OLD MAN IS A MURDERER AND CANNIBAL!

His name is Albert Fish. In 1928 he murdered and cannibalized little 10 year old Grace Bud. He was arrested six years later. Albert was also believed to be involved in killing at least 15 other children.



MISGUIDED YOUTH/EUTHANASIA INTERVIEW! COOL!

It would be ideal for celebrities. Jeff points out Elvis Presley and Liberace would have been perfect candidates. "It would be a way for fans to look at them and they wouldn't be buried in the ground," he notes. A freeze-dried Elvis could have been a fantastic addition to Graceland.

YES! I WANT blood

MORE INSIDE

MINIMUM ROCK/ROCK

BUT I MUST HAVE BLOOD... AT ANY COST!

START YOUR 21 DAY BLITZ ON FAT

ORDER TODAY!

YES! I want to enlarge my breasts right now! SN10

trying to teach about life using pain and death.

SPEND YOUR

HALLOWEEN IN HELL