

yes, Mrs. Davis.



\$\$ 2.00 \$\$

yes, ms. davis. that is who i am
and always will be.

jodie foster's army, sandy duncan's eye and now from
arizona a hardcore all-dyke band named yes, ms. davis
- i'm touched and flattered.

what is yes, ms. davis? a piece of excrement, thats
what it is, necessary excrement.



ms. davis loves young humpy skateboard boys with large
penises so if there are any of you out there who want
a piece of ms. davis. give her a call at 213-851-7743
or drop her a line at 7850 sunset blvd penthouse suite
10 LA CA 90046 USA and enclose nude photos.

ms. vaginal davis

ms. davis doesn't like the
word no. only say yes to
ms. davis. if she wants
you for her sexmate, your
appropriate response is,
yes, ms. davis. if she
needs money and asks you
for it, you should say
immediately without hesi-
tation, yes, ms. davis.
remember that and you
will live a long time
on this earth.

staff box: publisher
and editor in chief:
Ms. vaginal davis.
special thanks to:
deaundra peek, johnny
noxema, larry bob &
nick, rick castro,
terust, kembra of the
voluptuous horror of
karen black, glennnda
orgasm, fonda
labruce, jeffreyland,
mrs. glace, mondo connie,
mrs. michael glass and
all ther wonderful others
who never fail to inspire
me, sorry if i forgot
your names.

VAN PEEBLES

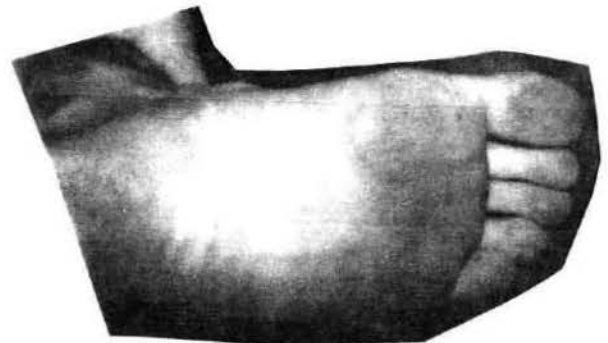
melvin van peebles and his son mario van peebles are both red hot fags, both film directors and both have large penile membranes. wow, what a familia!



Ann-Margret in the desert near Las Vegas 1969.



SHERRY B. DUNN



A WEEKEND WITH MELVIN VAN PEEBLES

IN-PERSON

As director, composer, playwright, novelist, early rap pioneer, Melvin Van Peebles can make a rightful claim to being the primary chronicler of black urban experience in America in the last three decades. A native of Chicago, Van Peebles was working as a cable-car brakeman in San Francisco when he directed his first short films in 1958. Faced with the racism of the film industry Van Peebles moved to Paris, where he taught himself french and published five novels in quick succession. He made his first feature, *STORY OF A THREE-DAY PASS* (*LA PERMISSION*) in 1968 and returned to the U.S. — as a French director! A brief flirtation with mainstream filmmaking (*WATERMELON MAN*) was hardly preparation for the work that followed.

SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAADASSSSSS SONG was and is a brilliant piece of cinema, and even more, a defiant gesture to the powers-that-be (especially the media) that black filmmaking had come of age. Launched into instant celebrity/notoriety, Van Peebles followed with a dazzling display of his talents: on stage (*AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH*, *DON'T PLAY US CHEAP*), on television (*SOPHISTICATED GENTS*, *JUST AN OLD SWEET SONG*), on record and in print.

In recent years, Melvin has been rediscovered by a younger generation of directors who willingly acknowledge their debt to his unapologetic vision of black identity. Like Rossellini, he has turned a willing and sympathetic eye to the harshest extremes of city life; like Cassavetes, he has presented men in all of their violent contradictions. He continues to exert influence, through his own work (a Black Panthers project for DeNiro's Tribeca Productions) and through his son Mario. More than ever, Melvin Van Peebles appears as the remarkable innovator and artist he has always claimed to be.

THE STORY OF A THREE DAY PASS (*LA PERMISSION*) 1967, France, 87 min. With Harry Baird, Nicole Berger, Christian Mann. Unable to break the color barrier at home, Van Peebles' first feature was made in France with government funding. The bitter-sweet love affair between a black G.I. and a young French woman (based on the director's own novel.) Plus short: **SUNLIGHT** 1958, 10 min. Van Peebles' first film focuses on the black male's struggle for recognition in a hostile world, a theme that occurs again and again in his work. *SUNLIGHT* opens and closes on images of a wedding, and in between tells a story of shattered love.



WATERMELON MAN 1970, Columbia, 97 min. With Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons. Van Peebles' twist on Kafka's "Metamorphosis" (and the specious liberalism of *BLACK LIKE ME*) stars Cambridge in a tour-de-force performance as a white bigot who wakes up one morning to discover that he has become black overnight.

NEW JACK OFFICITY

Ween Bros: sexy incest bros.



Dean (left) and Gene Ween



BRETT FROM PSYCHO-DRAMA

these bros. love each other a-lot, yes they are proud to admitt that their brotherly love is also physical, can you imagine coming between two brother lovers? no way! these musical boys are sexual revolutionaries and they are so very cute. I wish I was related to them.



L.A. PUNX C. 1980





REGI MENTLE is one of the original Californian punks from the early days of 1977. He's currently residing in San Luis Obispo Jail, producing some great art, corresponding with people in the fanzine World, writing lyrics, poetry, designing 'T' shirts, and being usefull to himself, and the whole DIY idead of punk. His story is an interesting one....I could have serialised it for two issues, but it had to be told, and here it is...These cutting are an example of Regi's prison art.

Hi Regi, so tell us, just how bad were things in that dim and distant pre 77' era that some kids out there didn't see..

Oh my God, everything was disco! Vapid clones of whatsisname, dressing in white polyester suits & print shirts.AAAGH.The Beegees, all you could hear. Shit, it was so long ago its hard to remember pre - 1977. I was remembering one night on Polk street (San Francisco) talking to my mate Susie Creemcheese, and her saying I came back from L.A. at age 16, so that had to be 1976. I remember being out in front of the Whiskey when the GERMICIDE (Germs) tape was being done.Me and John E. Valium had no money to get in. He introduced me to Helen Killer and she gave me my 'Germs Burn'on the spot.Anyway, the first punk I met was Johnny Genocide of NO ALTERNATIVE. John E. Valium is the one who really got me into it in L.A.its thru him I met DARBY, EXENE, JOHN DOE, PHRANC from Hollywood. Anyway, things were fucked musicwise, but its just like now with Phil Collins and all that utter crap on the radio. Things seem worse socially now. We have a mass murderer in the White House. He gets a pat on the back, and I get 15. to life.



courtesy of al slammer

the beauty prize

vaginal davis

julian sands

jorge ganz

ethan hawke

david duchovny

Lived at the MASQUE. Bands I dug were the CARTWRIGHTS, CHIEFS, way, way, early GO - GOS, CONTROLLERS, X, UXA, GERMS, BAGS, NEGATIVE TREND, WEIRDOS, MONTEY CAZZAZA, V.S., SLEEPERS, LEWD, FLIPPER, PISTOLS, XRAY SPEX, ESSENTIAL LOGIC, CRASS, SOUL REBELS, OFFS MARY MONDAY, WOUNDZ, MUTANTS, DEAD KENNEDYS, even though I never felt I fit in with the DK's crowd, dunno why?

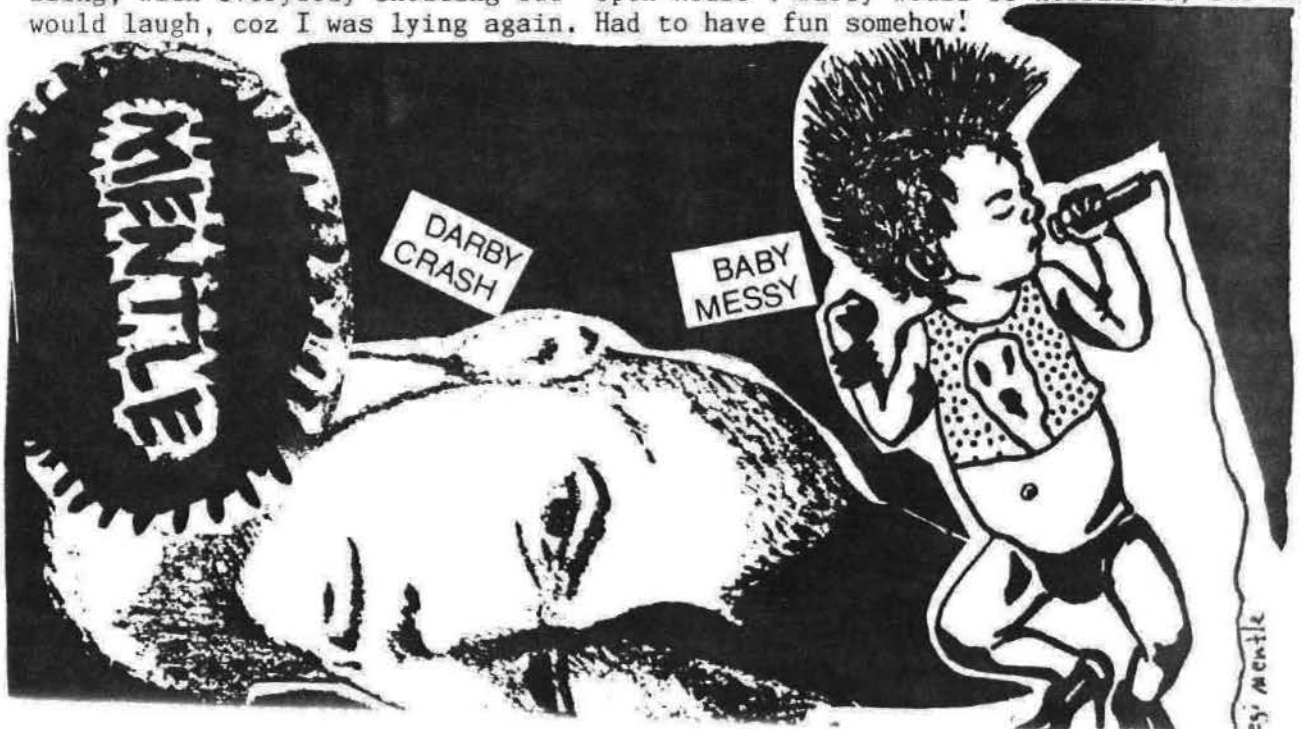
Me and Rover were best mates at the MASQUE, we used to run up Hollywood Boulevard oik doiking, doing head rolls across shop windows, attacking the Hari Krishnas, cutting off their pony tails. Just running amok all over the place.

Who ran the scene? Darby Crash of course..!

Tell us how you met Darby Crash for the 1st time, at a Screamer's gig.

My first gig was the SCREAMERS in L.A. John E Valium took me to. I cut my ROCKY HORROR 'T' shirt to pieces and safety pinned it back together. Tried spiking my hair, but it curled up on me. We had a fucked up dummy head, and fucked it up worse with marking pen, put it in a garbage bag, naming it Gloria, to give to Tomata on stage. He took her and held her up to the crowd. He loved her and has her still.

Between bands, this punk comes up to me. He shoves something in my mouth and says, "You are what you eat". I pull it out, its a one inch tall little rubber baby doll. That's how I met Darby. He talked me out of one of my studded wristbands, by say - ing "I'm Darby Crash, you should give this to me". So I did. Months later in San Fransisco, I was reading an article on the Germs, and there was a picture of Darby on stage wearing my wristband, so I knew who he was. Went back to LA, and the next time I saw him, grabbed it off his arm. He goes "Oh, its you". From then on were friends, coz it was like I wasnt one of his fans that he buffaloes into idolizing him, but if anything, a counterpart. So I was inducted into the D.C.C. to be an honorary Germ. I reckon looking back, that the song 'Richie Dagger's Crime' is about me. Coz once Darby asked about my self inflicted teenage tatoo of a 'dagger'. So I wonder if Richie Dagger's Crime is Regi's dagger crime, and he knew all along I would kill someone. Plus, I think the line, "We can lie so perfect" is about one time when I lied to Darby that I'd spoken to David Bowie on Polk street, and he ended up believing every word, because he was a Bowie fan extraordinaire, and wanted to believe it. So Darby's going "wow, really"? And I said I was only kidding, so we both laughed. I think the line, "We got a party line to ever call" from the song 'What we do is secret' is about when I used to live in the backroom of Darby's mom's home with him, and we used to use the payphone over the street, all crowding in. Anyway, Richie Dagger sits in his corner in the song, just like I did in Darby's room. "Suck me in, spit me out" is from my times with John in homosex alleys and bathhouses, that Darby was always too scared to go into with us. I even convinced Darby that open house night at the bathhouse meant having your ass greased in a sling, with everybody shouting out "Open house". Darby would be horrified, but we would laugh, coz I was lying again. Had to have fun somehow!



Did you cop any shit for your appearance in the early days?

Actually, I partly got into it cos I figured I'd cop less shit for looking punk than a fag clone. But I did cop shit one night. Me and Lorna and Don Vinyl, Susie Poptart left the Mabuhay and crossed the Broadway on our way up Telegraph hill to a party. We were passed by this teenage jock and some of his little admirers, so he decides to pick on us. Everybody but me and Lorna ran. I ended getting my nose lashed - you can still see the scar. I picked up a board to beat the shit out of him with, but it gave out. There was two of us, they chased us all over yelling "faggot", wich I couldnt figure out since I was with a girl, (even though I was a faggot), but this was before I knew that 'PUNK' in their venacular meant faggot. Oh well, lucky for him I didnt have a weapon. Other than that, the only shit I got was the usual "Devo, hey Devo"! To wich I'd answer "Fuck you".

One time, me and Tar were in Tar's slogan trashed car, and this stupid kid - the ones who sell flowers at the intersection has the nerve to shake his head and go "SICK", at us. I was on the door side, so I got out to punch him, but he ran, so I kicked his flowers all over the sidewalk and jumped on them. He was crying when we left and I felt bad, but what the fuck, he asked for it, so tough shit.

Generally, people dont mess with me coz I'm big, and act crazy, same as in here. I make sure they stay away by acting like a lunatic.

Do you think this readymade movement(punk rock) is taken for granted nowadays? i.e. in mags like Max RnR, and Flipside?

Yes its absolute shit when the rich can 'buy in' and 'be'. I grew up on the dole and was a punk ass kid, thief, shoplifter, check forger, (FBI after me at 14), cop ditcher, drug dealer, booze swiller for years and years. All these idiots going into punk with no sense of being trodden on by normal society, for being poor, fat, ugly, gay, black, Jewish whatever. Theyve been raised by kiss ass pillar of society, yuppie, zombie, hippy pig sell out parents.

The only good 'ready made' was the band the READYMATES from S.F. (my big sis Diane) went to continuation high, and later dropped out with their drummer Britley Black. We grew up with him in San Bruno. The first band I saw him in was the San Fransisco Sluts, a New York Dolls era band when they played the San Mateo county fair. At the end of their set they mooned the audience of parents and children to reveal the letters S.L.U.T.S. written on their butts, one letter per cheek. This was 1973 or so. Another time Susan Sommers who was the school slut got fucked in a field by the principal's artificial leg, when he was knocked down and had it tore off. And she liked it.

I fucking hate MAXRRR and all their advertising. This is them. "We want to own every punk rock record ever pressed so we can impress everyone with how totally punk we are dude." Bunch of hippie ass poseur capitalist consumers.

Do you think there is any rebellion left in music now, all these kids living out a 77' trip or whatever? Who's actually making a statement now?

Well I kinda like 77' myself, coz I've been in prison since April 14 1981. They caught me in Long Beach. All the way to the station my brain was going "This is the End, my only friend, the End". But no, it's all been said, and this rock n roll surely needs another boot in the head...What could possibly be next?

Where the fuck is Mary Rat? I would really like to hear from my old friends, but the dont know where I am. Trixi? Any of you? If you see this, write to me C/O MY GHETTO.

Punks out there now, judging by the letter from Bazy in RAISING HELL*22(thanx A1) are a bunch of fucking elitist swine. Punk was for everyone who was sick of not being accepted in normal society, but here we see 'punks' rejecting Bazy for being fat. Do you think they'd reject Jerry A? No. Coz he's a God. I know how Bazy feels coz I used to weigh 280 pounds back in junior high. The people who reject others on looks should come to california & join the other 'pretty people'. "Fuck you all" !!

You were a native of San Francisco, but you later went to live at the Masque club(an L.A. legend) What Masque bands did you groove on, and what fucked up individuals ran the scene there?

Did you cop any shit for your appearance in the early days?

Actually, I partly got into it coz I figured I'd cop less shit for looking punk than a fag clone. But I did cop shit one night. Me and Lorna and Don Vinyl, Susie poptart left the Mabuhay and crossed the Broadway on our way up telegraph hill to a party. We were passed by this teenage jock and some of his little admirers, so he decides to pick on us. Everybody but me and Lorna ran. I ended getting my nose lashed - you can still see the scar. I picked up a board to beat the shit out of him with, but it gave out. There was two of us, they chased us all over yelling "faggot", wich I couldnt figure out since I was with a girl, (even though I was a faggot), but this was before I knew that 'PUNK' in their venacular meant faggot. Oh well, lucky for him I didnt have a weapon. Other than that, the only shit I got was the usual "Devo, hey Devo"! To wich I'd answer "Fuck you".

One time, me and Tar were in Tar's slogan trashed car, and this stupid kid - the ones who sell flowers at the intersection has the nerve to shake his head and go "SICK", at us. I was on the door side, so I got out to punch him, but he ran, so I kicked his flowers all over the sidewalk and jumped on them. He was crying when we left and I felt bad, but what the fuck, he asked for it, so tough shit.

Generally, people dont mess with me coz I'm big, and act crazy, same as in here. I make sure they stay away by acting like a lunatic.

Do you think this readymade movement(punk rock) is taken for granted nowadays? i.e. in mags like Max RnR, and Flipside?

Yes its absolute shit when the rich can 'buy in' and 'be' . I grew up on the dole and was a punk ass kid, thief, shoplifter, check forger, (FBI atrer me at 14), cop ditcher, drug dealer, booze swiller for years and years. All these idiots going into punk with no sense of being trodden on by normal society, for being poor, fat, ugly, gay, black, Jewish whatever. Theyve been raised by kiss ass pillar of society, yuppie, zombie, hippy pig sell out parents.

The only good 'ready made' was the band the READYMADES from S.F. (my big sis Diane) went to continuation high, and later dropped out with their drummer Britley Black. We grew up with him in San Bruno. The first band I saw him in was the San Fransisco Sluts, a New York Dolls era band when they played the San Mateo county fair. At the end of their set they mooned the audience of parents and children to reveal the letters S.L.U.T.S. written on their butts, one letter per cheek. This was 1973 or so. Another time Susan Sommers who was the school slut got fucked in a field by the principal's artificial leg, when he was knocked down and had it tore off. And she liked it.

I fucking hate MAXRNR and all their advertising. This is them. "We want to own every punk rock record ever preased so we can impress everyone with how totally punk we are dude." Bunch of hippie ass poseur capitalist consumers.



Do you think there is any rebellion left in music now, all these kids living out a 77' trip or whatever? Who's actually making a statement now?



Well I kinda like 77' myself, coz I've been in prison since April 14 1981. They caught me in Long Beach. All the way to the station my brain was going "This is the End, my only friend, the End". But no, it's all been said, and this rock n roll surely needs another boot in the head...What could possibly be next?

Where the fuck is Mary Rat? I would really like to hear from my old friends, but the dont know where I am. Trixi? Any of you? If you see this, write to me C/O MY GHETTO.

Punks out there now, judging by the letter from Bazy in RAISING HELL*22(thanx Al) are a bunch of fucking elitist swine. Punk was for everyone who was sick of not being accepted in normal society, but here we see 'punks' rejecting Bazy for being fat. Do you think they'd reject Jerry A? No, coz he's a God. I know how Bazy feels coz I used to weigh 280 pounds back in junior high. The people who reject others on looks should come to california & join the other 'pretty people'.

"Fuck you all" !!



You were a native of San Francisco, but you later went to live at the Masque club(an L.A. legend) What Masque bands did you groove on, and

You lived for a time with Darby Crash, wouldN't it blow the average L.A. hardcore's mind to find out that Darby was infact a sensitive gay man? Do you see that the legend around him fails to recognize these things?

Yes, it definately would blow their minds. Ha,ha."Youre hero was a faggot,your hero was a faggot,nyah,nyah! It's partly Darby's fault tho,coz often at gigs he began dragging a girl on his arm to keep up appearances.I dont understand it coz if anybody thinks yer nothing coz of your faggotry they aint worth a shit knowing anyhow.But I guess it worked coz he wanted to be a star & now look at him.Dead & famous.Pat Smear(Germs guitarist) wrote a while ago to say theyre making a movie about Darby, as if anybody could play him.Anyway, all these kids and their macho posing, it aint punk its all facade.They would die if they had seen Darby walking down Hollywood Boulevard drunk, going,"Fuck me Tony!Fuck me Tony!" But then if they knew, they'd probably have to go off and suck a dick to be like him.The lege-nd around him is only partly true if nobody knows he was gay.He used to shave the hair around his belly button to keep that teenage look.Idiots that had nothing to do with him were saying they knew him when he died.They even said he O.d.'d at Hotel Hell and that's utter crap.When he went I was on the run, hiding out in Altadena. John called and told me"Darby's dead". "Yeah sure" I'd said - I didn't believe it, but he said he wasnt lying. I grabbed a couple ounces of pot & took off for Hollywood.I located the house, & its'nowhere near' Hotel Hell, its miles away. He offed himself in the garage of the house he had made his own.Being on the run with a description as a punk, I had grown a beard to avoid capture. So I stayed at the house for the funeral. But fuckwit Melissa was making a big production of it & said "Punks dont wear beards".She got everyone out of the house to the funeral as I slept, & didnt let me go. I forgive her now, but she had no fucking right, coz I was closer to him than she was or could be. It was a pretty fucked up thing to do & she turned the funeral into a major fiasco with girls hanging blue circles in all the trees, major Hollywood production.Cunt! His mom eventually had to have him reburied elsewhere coz of all the punk rock visits to his grave.THANKYOU MELISSA!!

How many assumed names have you had Regi? Can you tell our readers the reasons behind them?

Well, my new one is Dick Skinner, short for Harry Dick Skinner. Let's see, I started off as 'Paste'coz of Tomata Du plenty of the SCREAMERS. Then coz I shot up on MDA, Donny Rose named me'Regi Ster'coz I always registered the blood before shooting up. The girl who ran the Masque then named me 'Regi Vegi' coz I was a drugged out vegetable by then.Couple of years later I changed it to Regi Mentle, then when I killed this guy I wnt on the run and changed it to James Bondage.

Dave Delinquent(The Spikes),and Margaret Batty, Virginia, three supposed friends, who I gave heaps of support and kindness to, told the coppers who I was, so I had to change my name...At my trial my so called friends, were seen leaving the court room being given wads of cash by the cops, when my defence questioned this, they were told it was'bus money' Yeah right.Bus, dope, food,beer, rent.Also they pulled out this witness who I'd never seen before.Ever.

How about some famous names in punk that are GAY! Do some outing Regi.

Outing is pretty sick,BUT I'm far from well, so here goes;
Nick Lowe,Joan Jett,Crystal Speed Queen,Penelope Houston(ex-Avengers)is a child molesting dyke with a liking for ten year olds,Don Vinyl of the Offs, (but he's dead now),Far Larner of Flipside,Robert Lopez of the Zeros, now known as El Vez. Nick Lowe's was the first load I spit out. Come out of the closet you Idiots!!

What the fuck happened to punk in the early 80's? It got all tightassed & sexual liberation seemed to become a taboo subject..Why?
Do you think that the Homocore zines have a hard time ahead, even though theyve done a fine job in freeing the movement to(a degree) of the ignorance that's behind homophobia?

It died from media suffocation. Assholes came along to lay the rules for fitting in, when fitting out should have been it. The media was their master, there is no underground! The jock brains couldn't concieve any sexual or any other liberation. It was death to individual thought & action, so they faked it. They're not punk, they're pod people, they have no real inner rage. Let's pretend!!

I think with nazis on the rise, maybe J.D.'s and HOMOCORE have hard times ahead. I dont even know if theyve freed the things behind homophobia...

Tell us about your days at Target video in S.F. & all the people you knew there.

Target Video used to have gigs, parties, sell beer. It was fun, but the cops and Lowrider gangs got tough and harrassed and beat us up. Friends in S.F. were FLIPPER, V.S., JENNIFER BLOWDRYER, LEWD, ANIMAL THINGS, BAMBI, MARIE BARR, JOHNNY GENOCIDE, ROCK N ROLL ROSSETTA, WOUNDZ, KIM & RACHEL, MARILYN MANIK', SU'SIE POPTART/S, CREENCHEESE, & lots of folk and names pretty much forgotten now.

Would you like to get established one day as an artist, coz your work in silkscreens is exceptional..And perhaps break a few barriers with the outside?

Yeah, that would be cool. Might get into 'T' shirts, been planning on starting a band, but dont know if I care to play with a bunch of poseurs. Maybe it'd be fun. Any barriers I(can)break(will)be broken.



WAYNE COUNTY & the ELECTRIC CHAIRS

Once described as "Trash, beautiful, horrible, trash", Wayne County started his/her career as a teenage prostitute & runaway from the small town USA of the 1960's.

Wayne went off to the City, just like Candy Darling in the Lou Reed song, to become a drag actor/artiste, whos first role was as a speed freak alongside Patti Smith in the 'Birth of a Nation'.

In 1973, Wayne went to London & starred in the Andy Warhol stage production 'Pork', with all the other Warhol Factory minor stars, it was at this time that David Bowie could be seen in the audience enjoying the show.

Back in New York, Wayne started the Wayne County & Queen Elizabeth band for a short time, playing the early N.Y. streetrock scene popularised by the New York Dolls, & Wayne's early gigs were a similar combination of arrogant cross-dress gone wild.

In 75'/76 Wayne formed the Backstreet Boys who did actually record a couple of wiggled out punk numbers for the LIVE at MAX'S KANSAS CITY l.p., before County snuck off to London to become an important new addition to the growing New wave with his most famous band the ELECTRIC CHAIRS.

Wayne had perfected his look by this time, with his pink wighats, footless stockings, pyjama bottoms, tin foil wrapper dresses, & a catty sense of humour that nobody was safe from.

The first e.p. was the Paranoia Paradise 7". A great introduction to the flood of singles that the Electric Chairs released in 77' & 78' between tours. The band became a steady act on the London punk circuit, tho never a great name, they boasted the talents of Greg Van Cook, Van Haler, and Henry Padovani.

It was around the time of the band's second l.p. "Things youre mother never told you", that Wayne developed severe problems to just remaining a transvestite man. A more mature electrolysis version of Wayne could be seen lounging around on the cover of "Things", gone was the camp, to be replaced by a string of songs that explored the world of a woman trapped in a man's body, like 'Wall City girl', 'Waiting for the marines' & 'Wonder Woman'

The first fase of Wayne's career ended in 79' when he finally went under the knife to become a she. She re emerged in the early 80's with the Rock n Roll Cleopatra l.p. And a new name, Jayne County...

Jayne County still entertains to this day, by lying prone on the stage, microphone between her legs, screaming "I think I've been fucked by the Devil", in her characteristic southern belle whine, J/Wayne still defeats stereotypes & shocks the wankers....



Recommended listening: Paranoia Paradise 7"(77')/Thunder when she walks 7"(77')/
/Blatantly offensive e.p.(78')/Fuck off 7"(77')/Eddie & Sheena 7"(78')/Radio crimes
7"(78')/Electric Chairs l.p.(78')/Things your mother never told you l.p.(79')



vaginal davis, blacktress

height 6'6" ~ eyes brown ~ hair rust ~ shoes large ~ dress big

santa monica blvd model management/hustling and talent agency
1310 north stanley avenue LA CA 90046 USA fax/phone 213-850-0206



FER TILE

LA TOYAH JACKSON

premiere video issue!

pretty bull dagger gangbangers!

dorky white boys with big dicks!

model: fertile



starring fertile la toyah jackson
vaginal davis, the barby twins, lily braindrop, rupaul!
with retro breakdancer wilbur urbina, streetwalker fashions!
gossip!mayhem!miscegenation! & other sextacular events!!!!

order your vhs cassette by sending \$21.00 + \$5.00 postage & handling (\$8.00 overseas) to fertile la toyah jackson, video magazine 1312 north stanley avenue LA CA 90046 USA

ENSEMBLE VIDE

Radio program

The air to the Underground



MARDI
22 h 30

PLAYLIST

1-	NOX	Killin'drive power	CD	Permis de Construire	Fra
2-	Various: LOBOTOMY	Margaret F, Deleted, Sha261, Brume.	K7	Lune product	Fra
3-	Various STIMME Des VOLKES	Sons of care, D'no Con, Bourbonnese qualk..	Lp	SDV- Tontrager	RFA
4-	COSTES	Bras d'honneur au malheur	K7	Costes cassettes	Fra
5-	TRUST OBEY	The Veil	K7	J.Bergin / Brain Dead	USA
6-	Various CORROTCHER	C'est (19)90	K7	Corrosive tapes	Bel
7-	Various 7 DRIVIN BAND In L.A	Fearless Leader, claw hammer, lexington...	Lp	Trigon records	USA
8-	Various: MUTANT DISCO	16 groupes du KFR	K7	Turn about tape	RFA
9-	Lydia LUNCH	Oral Fixation	K7	Widowspeak / Artware	USA
10-	GYPSY	This tape is...	K7	Rodent tapes	GB
11-	F.A.R	Passi Uguali	Lp	Minus habens rec	ITA
12-	Rich Whorses on Acid	Self titled	K7	RWA	Fra
13-	G & P LUCAS	Sounds from Underground	K7	The cellar	GB
14-	C.PINNEY / Mac GEE	Usufruct	K7	HRM / Electronic Cot.	USA
15-	TERRORPLAN	Acidity	K7	IRRE- tapes	RFA
16-	HUNTING LODGE	Carnivora	12 *	Permis de construire	RFA
17-	MUDHONEY	You're gone	12 *	SUB POP	USA
18-	Various EFFETE	Slave state, Justine & Juliette..	K7	AWB rec/ Artware	USA
19-	Various: HEAR THIS WAY	22 groupes internationaux	K7	My way zine	RFA
20-	Various PLUMES ACIDES	4 groupes	K7	Red Box/ SHA 261	Fra
21-	Various LA MORT	4 groupes français	K7	Come together prod.	Fra
22-	THE HOLLYWOOD JONESES	Tits and champagne	Lp	Trigon rec.	USA
23-	DAS FREI ORCHESTRA	1990	K7	Out of the blue	RFA
24-	Various: THE UNKNOW 10	20 groupes internationaux	K7	Rain tapes	GB
25-	MISTERY HEARSAY	An hour away from the 23 rd April	K7	Mistery hearsay	USA
26-	MERZBOW / NULL	Live	K7	Artware / Merzbow	RFA
27-	HERD of THE ETHER SPACE	Beyond the confession of hiss	K7	Taped rugs	USA
28-	John BARTLES	Flat animals	K7	J.Bartles	USA
29-	DELETED	Self titled	K7	Lune product	Fra
30-	From NURSERY to MISERY	The oak tree	K7	FNTM / Gina Fear	GB
31-	A TASTE OF TAPEWORN Tapes	Peace & freedom band, Andrew savage	K7	Tapeworn tapes	GB
32-	KIVALO DOLGOZO	Annabella	7 *	Rassclat Inc/ D & M	Fra
33-	POL SILENTBLOCK & SPB	Nuances	K7	Red box / RR produkt	Fra
34-	SUICIDE KINGS	Fist fight	7 *	Trigon records	
35-	Various OBJEKT N°3	28 groupes internationaux	2K7	Ladd-Friith / Artware	USA
36-	VOODOO MUSAK	White noise	K7	Amanita product°	Fra
37-	MIKE SHANNON	The palette jack volume of joy	K7	Joy street studio	USA
38-	BRAIN INK	One	K7	Brain for breakfast	HOL
39-	MOHR	gewaltig geht es voran	K7	Lune product	Fra
40-	EDEN	Celeste	Lp	Den records	GB

ENSEMBLE VIDE
F - 33031 Bordeaux

Tel : 56 94 04 73

BP 12
cedex

Work Experience

When I was 14 I used to work in the rip - off store. It was the summer of Babylon's burning, and She's so modern. A new Tory government. Little did we know what that was going to mean. All these years down the line.

The rip - off store had a cracked red lino floor. Smelt of piss, and was always cold out the back. Even in summer.

The customers (that was a joke). Were all thieves and liars from the suburbs. Not one of them over 21. But it was fun.

My boss was this crazy skinhead, and an ex art student hungry for cock.(really).

One day, this guy came down from SMASH HITS magazine to ask us why we never sent the mail order punk wear.. but kept the money. It was news to me. The ads had been going in for nearly two years. He had his nose broken and told to fuck off.

Life in the punkstore.

Never boring, but always dangerous. It had a red storefront, spraypainted obscenely, with a black steel net over the boarded up windows. The racks were full of studded belts and hand screened stencil shirts. Dusty black skinhead coats, big shiny death boots for hooligans to wear. Bumflaps in tartan green, or ones that had parachute straps for the crotch, and said 'DiscIplinE' or 'FuC K!!' In those corny ransom note letters. A big poster of 'Never mind the bollocks' in pink & green. Signed photos of the Slits, ATV, and Sham69. It was dark and uninviting, green fur lined inside walls that caught fire once when the display lights got too near. Racks of the latest singles from Sweden, Holland, USA, stuff no one ever wanted to buy. Stacks of musty fanzines that were rarely read... 'Ripped and torn,' 'in the city,' 'toxic graffiti,' and loads more I cant remember, though I do remember that 'SEARCH & DESTROY' was 50p..(a fortune) but great to cut up and paste with weird pictures of pierced clitoris' and train wrecks, dogs, and winos. Yankee weirdness. Weirdos, Dils, Nuns, Iggy..William Burroughs..Some just names.

Then the golden days ended. The mods came, and we had to carry their plastic union jack shit to survive. Then it was over.

We stole the rest of the gear one saturday, we learned that the owner was being sought for tax evasion and dirty deals by the fraud squad. He ran off to London and we cleared out the goods.

Then I carried Andy Warren's guitar one nite in Camden...

It was the best job I'd ever had, coz I got to see the ANTZ for free. Leather city rockers, ANTZ people 'Kick' a job to learn the violent dance trick..A job for life.

But I never became famous or did anything with such an impressive start. I Wonder why?

BY AL SLAMMER

far from the madding crowd party
at joel-peter, cynthia
& miss barbara witkin's
in albuquerque

the beautiful octavio
from caracas



actress uma thurman

heroin addict river phoenix

ble
st '92



francoise

art maven gladys may

from
se
2
CA

from motorcyle boy

duff from guns & roses

Darby
cussing
25.00

osaka hearthrob mickey one!



tim of denmark

chervine, the cute

shiat moslem terrorist!

alan carr's concubine johnny dark

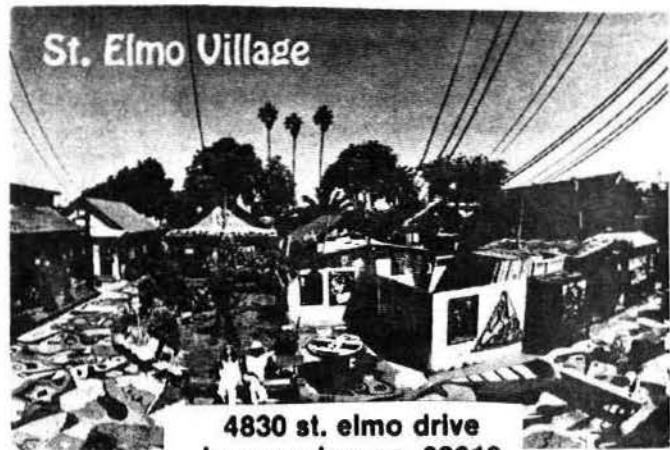
Which member of NYC's Sonic Youth is having a torrid affair with Ms Vaginal Davis?

ms iris parker is the sexy chanteuse who usetobe in madame X and is now striking out on her own as a solo artist. record companies you better sign this girl!

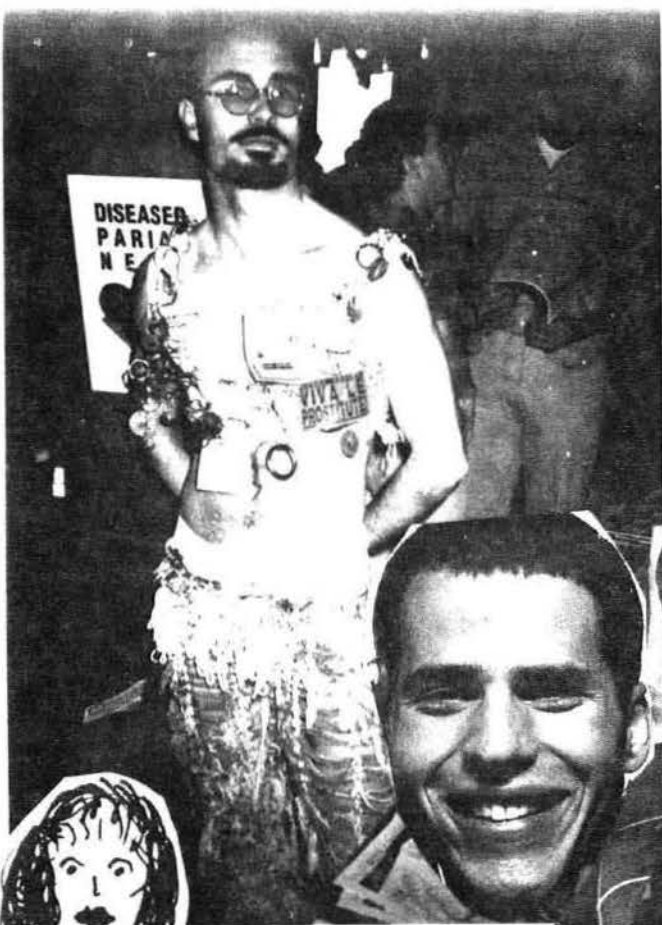
YOUTH BRIGADE



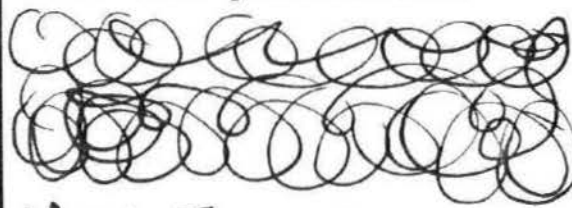
i'd like to sink with california as it falls into the sea - only if i can chug-a-lug on the hefty sized penile membrains of the youth brigade's stern bros. lately these punc roc heroes have been moonlighting with a 40's swing combo, which i think is the route to take for the 90's.



4830 st. elmo drive
los angeles, ca. 90019



"j" of "j & j" that dynamic sex duet of Chicago, are every hornrimmers delight. Not only is "j" a voracious manhandle, but he's sweet, kind and puts others needs ahead of his own. Now that graciousness!



MALE MODEL
John-Francis



WOW!



or connie as he's nick named by his peers, is a bonafide male modeling superstar! being well hung and juicy sure didn't hurt him in his ruthless climb to the top!



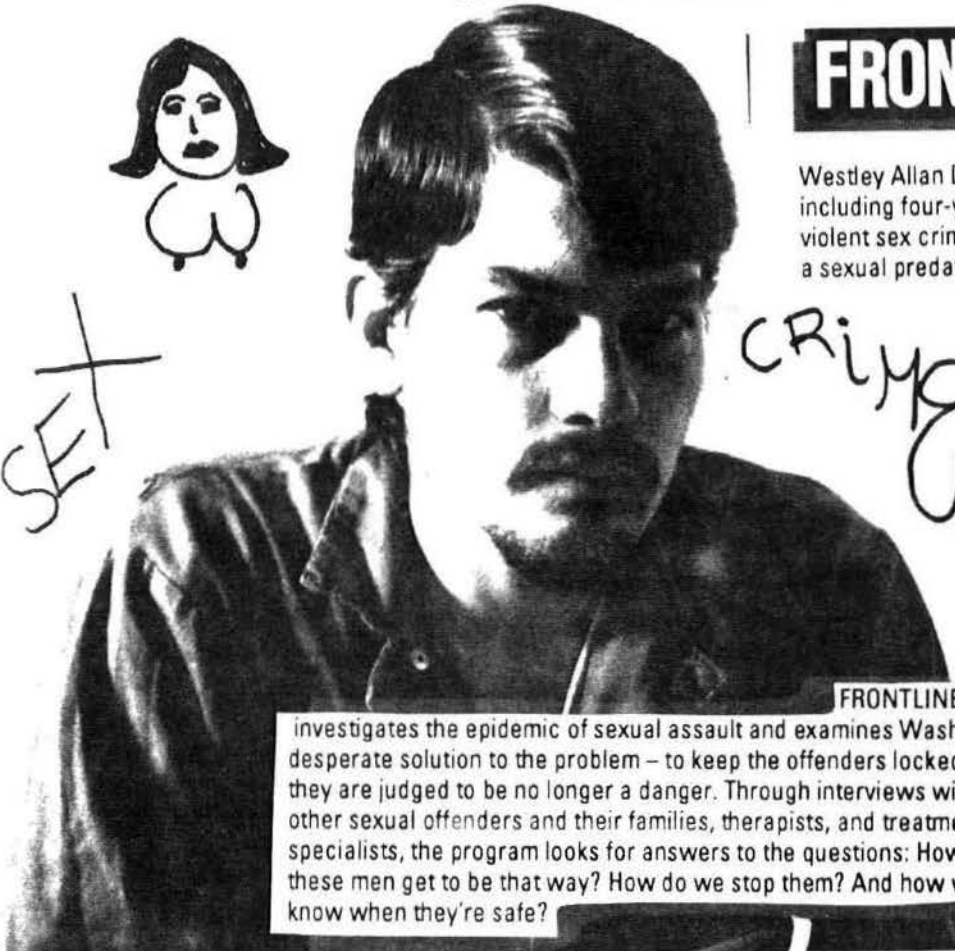
SEX

FRONTLINE

"Monsters Among Us,"

CRIME

Westley Allan Dodd's 1989 arrest for the murder of three young boys, including four-year-old Lee Iseli, ended his fifteen-year career of violent sex crimes. He is one reason the state of Washington has enacted a sexual predator law.



FRONTLINE investigates the epidemic of sexual assault and examines Washington's desperate solution to the problem - to keep the offenders locked up until they are judged to be no longer a danger. Through interviews with Dodd, other sexual offenders and their families, therapists, and treatment specialists, the program looks for answers to the questions: How did these men get to be that way? How do we stop them? And how will we know when they're safe?



bubblebutt ingenue rodney harvey, leslie and gregg, mark wahiberg, kelly garland, pearl jam's eddy vedder & brad pitt at vaginal davis' hag gallery opening for brazilian artist wagner vieira.

Photo by Taken Fairchild



MY GHETTO ZINE



THESE PUNX READ MY GHETTO

ISSUE THREE OUT NOW: with PLEASANT VALLEY CHILDREN/
 M.D.M./WAYNE - JAYNE COUNTY/REGI MENTLE/DREW BLOOD/
 DISARM/JAPANESE HARDCORE PHOTOZINE/SEX/GOSSIP/LIES/
 & DISTORTIONS!!! PUNK AS IT USED TO BE!!! 24 PAGES
 OF BRIGHTLY COLOURED CHAOS ONLY(40p) OR \$ (2.00)
 POST PAID FROM: AL SLAMMER/112 FOLLY PARK/
 CLAPHAM/
 BEDS/
 MK41 6AF/
 ENGLAND/
 U.K.

40p (U.K.) \$2 (WORLD)

INNER CITY BEAUTY

legend!myth!mrs.glass!



mrs. michael glass is certainly a legend,
myth and an enchantress. born in the
harsh reality of watts she has risen to the
very heights in the art world.

multi-talented mrs. glass is committed to
improving living conditions of her people,
and will stop at nothing in her fight for
justice. mrs. glass, lovely and warm chocolate
colored woman, i salute you!

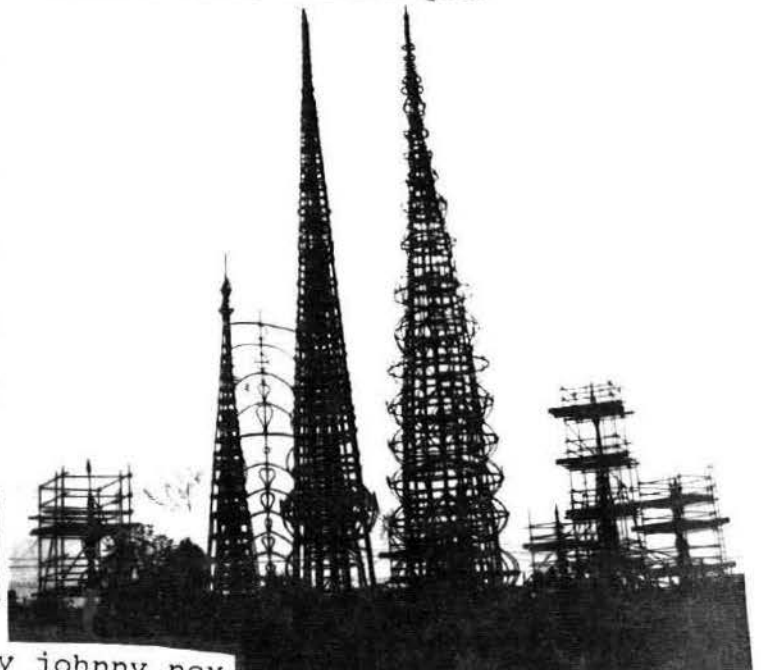


photo by johnny nox

Afternoon

a genteel picnic

in fish and tea.

Black Botticelli

and me.

Be talk'in that talk

get'in shit

for being free.

No one understands

No one sees

that while that

they laugh

and taunt

some unknown cancer

makes a disease.

It's called

hummanity.



— Cherry
Jefferson

Dear Mr. Zangger.

I am a 64 year old male who requested circumcision at the age of 22, believing the old wife's tales about cancer, disease, etc. Now that I have the real facts at hand I regret that decision every day of my life. I would like to thank you and your organization for helping to stop this outrage.

I recently became a grandfather, and thank God I had the perseverance needed to convince my daughter and son-in-law of the truth about circumcision in time: that it is a senseless, painful, abusive operation that has no place whatever in a rational society.

Unfortunately, ignorance still has the upper hand. I pray every night that people will start taking heed of societies like yours and work to abolish circumcision from the face of the earth.

Sincerely, Abram Bronsanger
28110 Poppy Dr.
Willits, California
95490

super 8 1/2

super 8 1/2 is the new bruce la bruce film. bruce scored a hit last year with the underground classic no skin off my ass, and this time returns bigger and better badass than ever.

his latest sweetback find is mikey, who is a more masculine version of fag veinthrob klaus von brucker. bruce's no skin ex-lover/protoge' who

also appears in Super 8 1/2. This film is a loose remake of the tuesday weld starrer, play it as it lays. this version stars art & porn luminaries chris teen & richard kerns, with special appearances by la bruce herself & vaginal davis.

w
irresistible

Super
8 1/2

Super 8 1/2.



from the creators
of Trade
& Sin Bros. //

"Cheap"

John Leguizamo

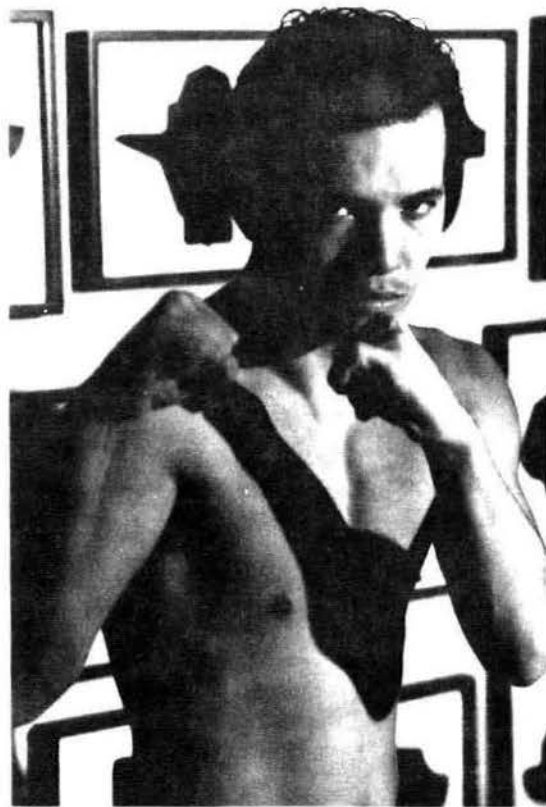


photo by Has

every Thursday 10-2pm at Tempo
on the corner Santa Monica & Western in Hollywood
in the mini mall