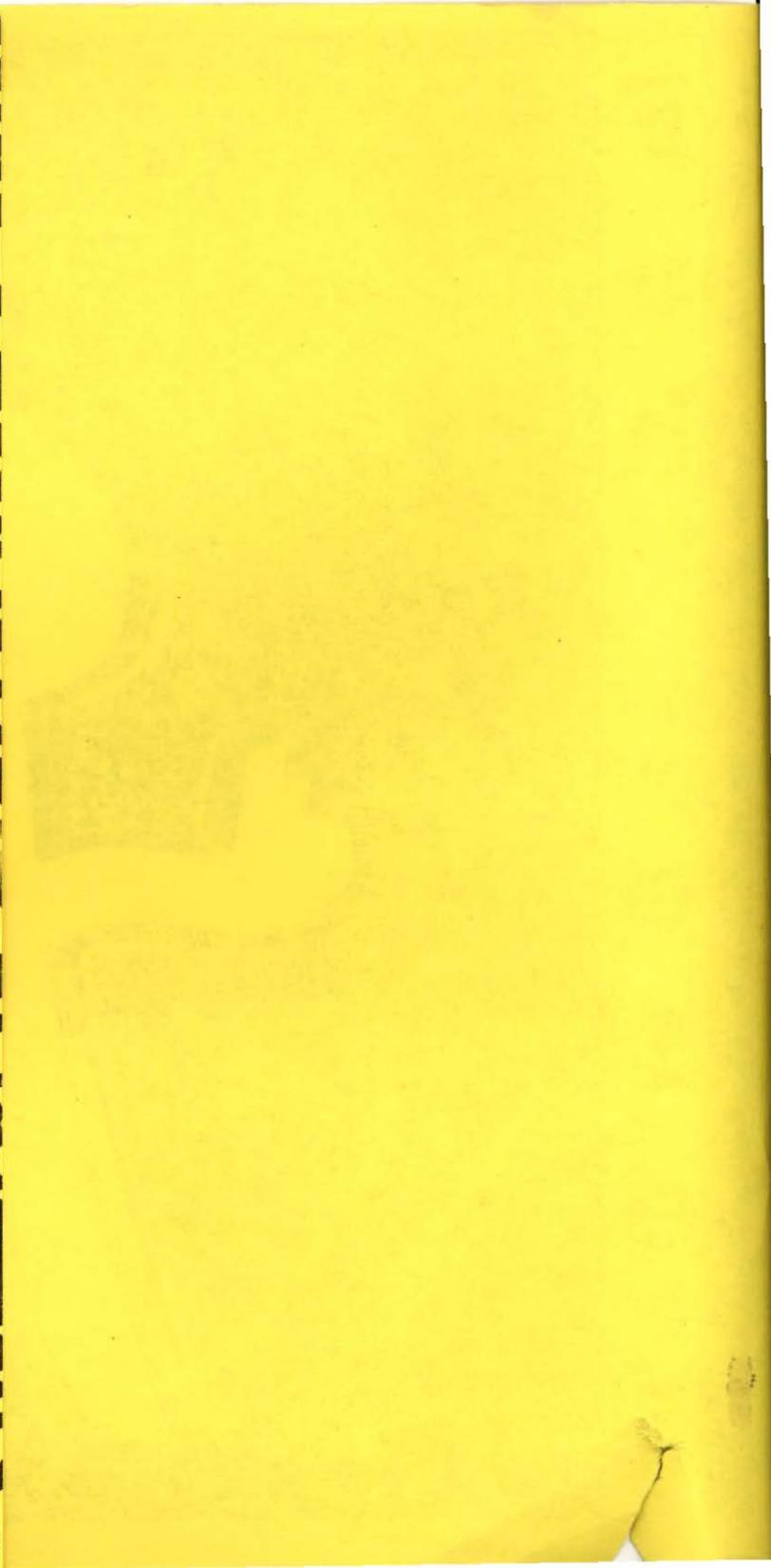
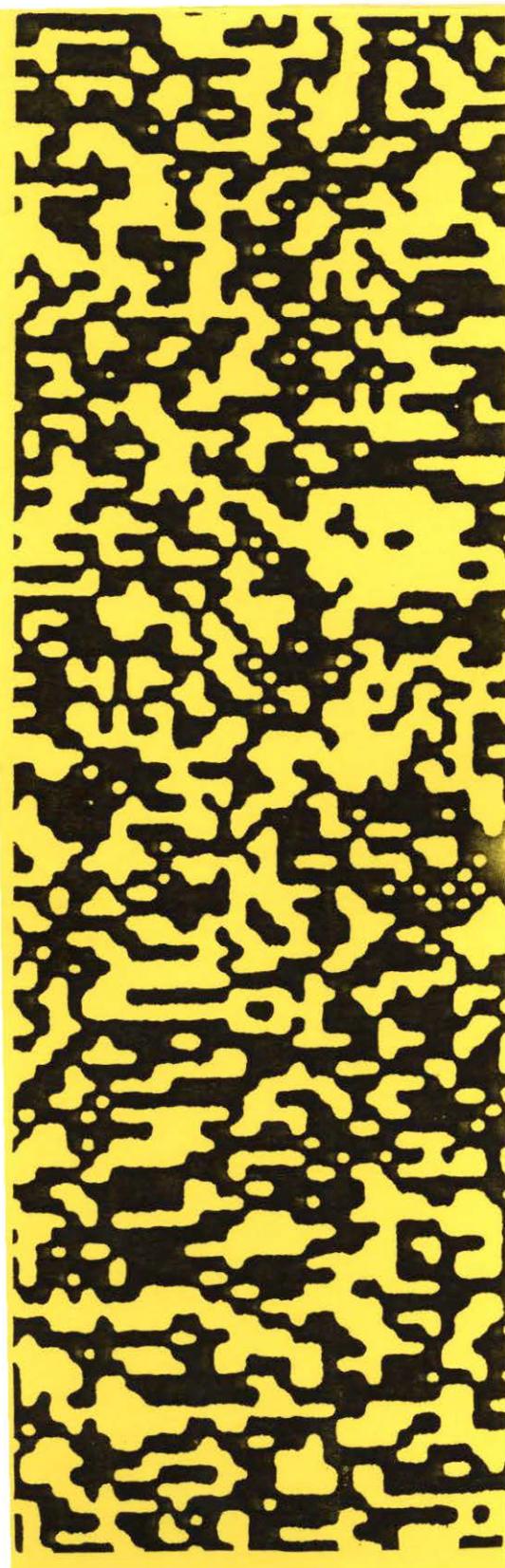


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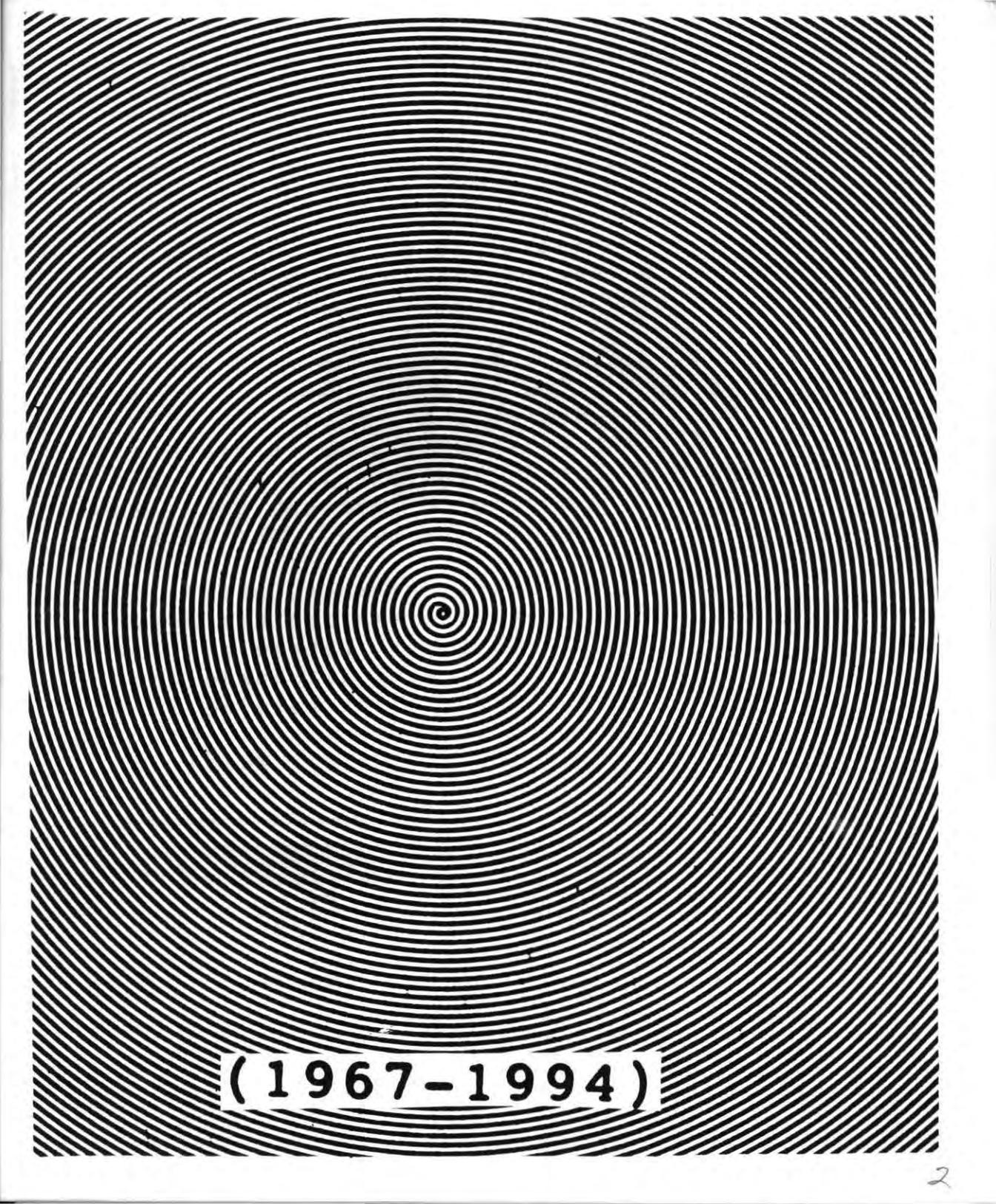
bright

side

is

suicide...

iloveyou iloveyou



(1967 - 1994)

We've had a lot of fun together, you and me. Seen so many things. Travelled the far reaches of the globe. Oh, indeed, it's been a great ride... but this kid's gettin' off, to paraphrase Super-Bitch, Jena von Brücker.

Um, yeah, so after this issue, **Fuh Cole** shall be no more. I've batted it around for years--played with the idea of killing my baby--and decided, as always, that infanticide is the way to go.

It's like this: I started **Fuh Cole** cuz (among other reasons) I hated Milwaukee and was totally lonely. Well, things change, baby.

Turns out Milwaukee's totally fuckin' cool, and I snagged me one fuckin' special boy. And on top of it all, I'm moving to Chicago, too. **Fuh Cole** simply can never be the same. Oh, well.

But enjoy this farewell blowout, okay? And warmest thanks to: Johnny Noxema and Rex Boy, Caroline Azar, James Robert Baker, Debbie and Jim Goad, Jim Romenesko--as always, Milwaukee for being so good to me, and Marc for helping me be real.

Kurt's dead. **Fuh Cole's** dead. Whatever. I'm not...Write me.

New

Address!

Fuh Cole
P.O. Box 477765
Chicago, IL 60647

\$3.00

I am
one big
blank
spot,
he said.

This
isn't
funny
anymore...



Coast t



Travel diaries are the shit, man.* Being nosy. That's what it's all about. You're reading about someone **else's** life. **Their** adventures. **Their** stories. Even if they're poorly written or too dry or even dull, there's still **something** in a diary that's compelling. That's interesting and irresistible. Anyways, I know I can't stay away from 'em.

So, I spent a week in New York City in September and, more recently, two weeks in Los Angeles this past January, and it's weird how people are so either/or about the coasts. Maybe you have to live there to get it. I dunno.

But, like, I dug NYC AND L.A. a LOT. Could see myself living in BOTH cities. In fact, instead of totally polar experiences, I found a lot of parallel happenings in New York and L.A.

A lot.



*See: Pub Cole 4, Publik Enemy 586.
Shithappy 3, Cometbus 31

O Coast

New York

L.A.

Drove 8 hours from Toronto to New York. Felt like 4½ hours.

Caught an 4½ hour flight from Indianapolis to L.A. Felt like 8 hours.

Stayed with insane faggot terrorist zinesters, Johnny Noxema and Rex Boy, in a sprawling mid-town hotel on 63rd St.

Stayed with insane faggot terrorist novelist, James Robert Baker, in a sprawling ocean-side house in Pacific Palisades.

Ate dinner with East Coast fag writer, Gary Indiana.

Dropped in on West Coast fag writer, Dennis Cooper.

Sat in traffic for 45 minutes trying to get across town to St. Marks Place.

Sat in traffic for 90 minutes trying to get across town to Hollywood.

Witnessed Allen Ginsberg jacking off one row behind us at a live sex show on 42nd Street.

Watched scat and human disaster videos with Answer Me!'s Debbie and Jim Goad.

Got caught in a rainstorm on Madison Ave. at 4:30 p.m.

Got caught in an earthquake in bed at 4:30 a.m.

See next page



BOOM!

So like I'm fucking the piss out of this scrawny little punk freak--creamy pale skin, smiling patch of dark, matte hair nestled in his breastbone, tattoos crawling his upper arms and the soft side of his right forearm, short tussled brown hair--and it's 4:30 on a Monday morning. Monday January 17, 1994.

So things are going pretty well. We're trying not to make TOO much noise, when like this **thing** happens. It starts kind of slow, but then quickly speeds up like an escalating rumble.

The whole house is rattling and shaking and there's this deep, heavy grumbling sound coming from everywhere it seems and this has never happened to me before, but it doesn't take a genius to know what an earthquake is.

Fault that caused the

So we scramble in the dark for our clothes as I hear this, "Dave?!" from down the hallway. It's my friend, Jim. I'm staying with [that James Robert Baker I interviewed in Fuh Cole 4; anarchist author; penned Homo-terrorist tract/tender love story, Tim and Pete].

"Jim?!"
I open the door to see him pad down the hallway. "Shit, that was a really bad one. The worst one I've been through. Are you okay?"
"Yeah. You?"
"Yeah. Fine, fine."
"Good."
"Do you--wha? Wait, who's that?!"

BOOM!

As we're talking, my little friend promptly scurries past us out the front door. Slam. Guess he gets kind of wigged over these things. Too bad. A real looker. Didn't speak much English, though.

"Oh, this kid I met yesterday..." I trail off. So we kind of talk a little while Jim locates a flashlight. Looks like just some books fell off the bookshelves, so after a while we just go back to sleep. No big thing.

THEN, in the morning, we get the power back and watch tv and like everything's **TOTALED**. Well, YOU saw the news. Wrecked apartment buildings. Broken freeways. Flooded streets on fire. Sheesh!

ALLEY

Hall

SANTA

BOOM!

VALLEY



SAN GABRIEL MOUNTAINS

Sierra Madre Fault
(Thrust fault)

San Andreas Fault
(Strike-slip fault)

We're planning to go to Death Valley and Las Vegas today, but that gets scrapped, obviously. We aren't sure what highways are open and blah blah blah so after a day of sitting around, we get totally stir crazy in the house--all sexed up with nowhere to go--so we decide to brave the roads and head across town to East L.A. to visit Jim's friend, Ken.

n thrust fault

s. Strike-slip fault

Well, Ken's house looks ransacked. Stuff EVERYWHERE. Rooms demolished. Christ, we really lucked out. And Jim lives on a cliff! so like it would've been bye, bye, baby, thanks for the tacos.

We bypass the broken Santa Monica Freeway by traveling down Sunset but after a while decide to try out the highways to see how far we can go and what exits are closed, what's open, all that shit.

On the way back, we stop at this deli in Santa Monica (and Santa Monica got TRASHED). Windows are boarded up and inside the ceiling is sagging, but the place is still open and it's PACKED--a line almost out the door.

Only one word to describe the freeways this Monday: E-E-R-I-E.

Epicenter of last week's earthquake



It's like war fallout. Or, what I'd imagine war fallout to be. NO ONE is out! Like, we're the ONLY car on the road! After a few exists, there are a couple more, but that's it. Five cars dotting MILES of six lane roads. "Is this normal. Jim? I mean, is it ever this DEAD in the highways?"

LES

We go home, eat, talk, people call to see if we're okay, and we decide this is all pretty cool. Definitely a more than fair trade for -75° F weather in frozen Milwaukee. A natural disaster for bitter cold? Yeah, I got the long end of the stick.

"If it can't be riots, mudslides, or fires, at least you can experience the QUINTESSENCE of L.A. and live through a quake," are Jim's sage words.

Jim's face is ashen. "Ahhh, noooo. This is really weird." It feels like we're doing something wrong. Or like everybody's dead, but somehow, for some reason, we survived.

Shit, well, god or whatever: Keep those fault lines lubed up, cuz I can't stay away from L.A. forever! And I'll be expecting at LEAST an 8.0 this time.

New York

L.A.

Didn't drop my zine off at See Hear.

Dropped my zine off at Amok.

Drooled at all the skin-head hip-hop boys at the Limelight. Danced up a storm until 3:30 a.m.

Drooled at all the tattooed skinhead boys at Sin-a-matic. Danced up a storm until 3:30 a.m.

Scammed on one of those insane hip-hop boys at the Limelight. No luck. (He did try to set me up with his fag brother, though, but I wasn't interested.)

Scammed on one of those beefy, tattooed boys at Sin-a-matic. Guess what? N-O L-U-C-K.

Saw a bunch of anarcho-punks hanging out by Tompkins Square.

Hung out with Skot! Steppenwolf, his friend, Rob, and a bunch of anarcho punks at the Long Beach Food Not Bombs.



New York

L.A.

Drove 100 mph down the huge hills in upstate NY listening to Beastie Boys and Shonen Knife real loud.

Drove 100 mph through Death Valley listening to Sonic Youth and Ministry real loud.

Met with drag personas, Brandywine and Brenda-a-go-go and got free drinks at the Roxy.

Hung out with drag EXTRAORDINAIRE and Black Fag mastermind, Vaginal Creme Davis, and sipped malteds at the Baskin Robbins.

Forced to stop at hideous rest stops outside Buffalo. Ate burgers that were even greasier than in the Midwest; watched dumb, ugly breeders.

Gladly entered the majesty known as Bun Boy in Baker, CA, the Gateway to Death Valley. Ate beautiful, perfect burgers; watched huge, pink breeders.

*See next page...

fetish & fuck present

Sin-a-matic

7161 santa monica blvd. (at pennets) • 18 & over • full bar • 213 463 7848

SATURDAY, Jan 22, 1994 • \$15.00

PSYCHIC TV with GENESIS P. ORRIDGE
LARRY THRASHER
FRED GIANNELLI



Special LIVE Performance!
\$15.00

PSYCHOTROPIC QUEER EXPERIENCE
PULSATING • GYRATING • TECHNO • INDUSTRIAL



BAKER, CALIFORNIA

Drop what you're doing, goddamn it! Quit that fucking job you've been loathing for so long, leave that stale relationship you feel rutted in, move out of that filthy, cramped apartment--do it ALL--and drive to Baker, California right this very instant!!!

TO SAN FRANCISCO

BAKERSFIELD

Say you're on your way to Death Valley, Las Vegas, or L.A. if you have to--just **get there**. It's the TRUE beauty of the desert.

MERCHANTS MALL

VICTORVILLE

You got the World's Tallest Thermometer, the Bun Boy restaurant, sexy, lethargic Chevron mechanics, and all the special inbred hospitality one community-family can give. And, boy, it's a lot.

TO LOS ANGELES
DISNEYLAND
KNOTTS BERRY FARM

SAN BERNARDINO
TO SAN DIEGO



AFTON

WILL'S FARGO COUNTRY STORE

DUMON

CIM

CINDER CONES

MARL SPRING

LAVA BEDS

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

KELSO

BRISTOL MOUNTAINS

KELSO DUNES

AMBOY

BIG BEAR LA

Good things
are cookin'
at the
Bun Boy

GATEWAY TO DEATH VALLEY

I didn't want to leave.
 Fuck Sunset Boulevard and
 the Santa Monica Freeway.
 Fuck all of Los Angeles.
 Baker is freakier, friendlier,
 more exciting, more dangerous,
 more challenging, sicker,
 sappier, funnier, quainter,
 more worldly, more insane,
 more libidinous, more profane
 and profound, and just plain neater.

You really have no choice.
 You can't turn from your destiny.
 Do it, already. Leave at once!
 You won't regret it.

And tell em Dave sent you.

DEATH VALLEY

SCOTT'S CASTLE

GOLF COURSE
 FURN

E

TECOPA HOT SPRINGS

IT DUNES

IA DOME

CIMA

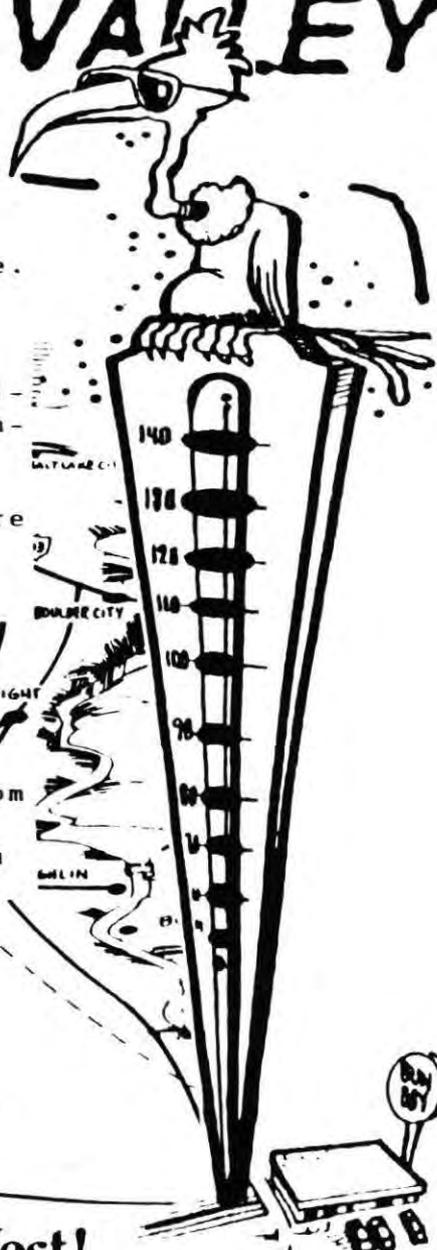
NEW YORK MOUNTAINS

ROCK SPRINGS

HOLE IN THE WALL

MITCHELL CAVERNS STATE PARK

40



A new Wonder of the West!

Homo Writer Kills Rock Musician

"Protecting" Young Friend From "Club Scene Vampires," Novelist Claims.

By Don Lamburger
Times Staff Writer

Al Jourgensen, colorful lead singer of the industrial rock group Ministry, was killed in an altercation in front of a West Hollywood night club last night. Jourgensen died on the scene, from severe cranial trauma. The singer expired on the sidewalk outside the Viper Room, at almost the exact spot where film actor River Phoenix suffered a fatal drug overdose last October. Arrested at the scene and charged with second-degree murder was controversial novelist James Robert Baker, 44, author of last year's inflammatory gay-terrorist tract *Tim and Pete*.

"I liked his music," Baker stated. "But when he tried to get my young friend Dave to shoot junk with a dirty needle, I flipped."

David Houle, 21, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, conceded that Jourgensen offered to "hit me up in the john." Houle, editor of the zine *Fuh Cole*, admitted "it was tempting. You know. Just to see what it was like. It's true the works were filthy. But Al insisted it was cool. His private works. And he's

straight. So there was no danger of AIDS or anything."

According to Houle, Baker had been acting "weird" all week. Weird? "You know. Like possessive, suspicious. I was staying at his house. And like I'd call someone, a zine friend or someone, and Jim would say, 'Who was that? A crack dealer? Some porno-film maker? A sex club owner?' I guess he meant well, but I felt smothered. Then, when I hit it off with Al at the Viper Room, Jim got really crazy. Like he was jealous or something, since Al's a bigger star than he is."

According to eyewitness Gibby Haynes, of the Butthole Surfers, "He (Baker) just went nuts. He grabbed the syringe out of Al's hand and tried to stab him (Jourgensen) in the eyes with it. When that didn't work, Baker said, 'Okay, (expletive) -head, let's mosh.' So he kind of moshed Al out onto the sidewalk. That's where it turned from moshing to murder."

"The guy (Baker) went totally psycho," stated rock musician Flea, another eyewitness. "Going bam, bam, bam, with Al's head on the concrete. Like where Nicholas Cage kills that guy in *Wild at Heart*. There were brains flying everywhere. It's really sad. It's a great lose."

For Baker, "a gifted novelist, madness and genius have always been very close," stated *New York Times* literary critic Mich-

Please see HOMO KILLER, B8

New York

L.A.

Rode by the Chelsea Hotel.

Drove to the Tate Mansion.

Hung out with that insane cosmopolitan Tory Colichio, drummer for Fifth Column.

Hung out with larger than life guitar maestro, Glen Meadmore, in East L.A.

Watched a dyke dominatrix beat the dick of a strapped-down fag on public access tv.

Witnessed my first public flogging as a girl with an insane ass got eagerly whipped in a Sin-a-matic backroom.

Saw a quadriplegic on a skateboard in downtown Manhattan.

Watched a Bunny video.

Walking in the gay ghetto on Christopher St. brought me to the verge of physical sickness.

Walking in the gay ghetto in West Hollywood brought me even closer to the verge of physical sickness.

Eyed up the video games at the Pleasure Palace, but they seemed so... DIRTY.

Played pinball at hustler bars with Vaginal Davis.

Got cruised by this freak from Holland who asked if I liked to have my dick sucked. [Um, gee, no, I don't really like that--DIPSHIT!]

Cruised the chicks with dicks up and down Santa Monica Blvd.

Had a feeling I'd get shot while walking alone on Avenue A.

Shot AK-47's with the Goads at the L.A. Gun Club.

*See next page...

Left knowing it wouldn't be my last visit.

Left knowing it wouldn't be my last visit.

**SET YOUR SIGHTS ON THE BRAND NEW...
LOS ANGELES GUN CLUB
INDOOR PISTOL SHOOTING RANGE**

Family

Tree

I've always wanted a real dad; a mom I wasn't afraid of. Well, as the saying goes: Blood clots thicker than water when you can't pick your family or friends. Or however that is.

Anyways, after 21 years, I've finally found my **true** parents. They live in Hollywood. They watch scat videos. And they load up on guns. Answer Me!'s Debbie and Jim Goad are my **real** mom and dad.

Or, I'd like them to be. See, I'm a bit torn on this one cuz like I know they use photos of their parents as targets when they shoot. And I **know** they publish rants about destroying the family and why babies are gross and how people just suck all around.

I guess I realize founding **another** family would be right up there on the Goad's list with a Winona Ryder film-a-thon or a slow, agonizing death, but I promise I'd be real low maintenance.

No diapers to change. No teaching how to ride a bike. No my walking in on them fucking. No puberty to live through or college to pay.

In fact, no financial OR emotional responsibility whatsoever.

What's the point then, you ask? I guess I'd just like to know they're there. Like when I visit L.A. again, they could, you know, hang out with their only son.

We could watch "Death Scenes" and talk about zine-sters and shoot guns and eat Thai food and do all the stuff I do with my **friends** and could NEVER do with my biological parents.

See, the Goads can be trusted--unlike certain OTHER people I know. And trust is a pretty rare, special thing for me. I want to know what it's like to trust your parents. I want to know what it's like to be real. Debbie and Jim Goad, please make me real...

Love,
(your son) *dave*

d a d ? ? ?



m o m ? ? ?









Remember, kidz:



Windows were MADE
to be broken.



film

PROJECT

SYNOPSIS

Teenage genius Dr. Jena (*Jena von Brücker*) is president of a cash-strapped rocket facility. Together with her colleague Prof. Jones (*G.R. Jones*), she is developing 'Project 36-C', Canada's first 'private' manned space flight... destination: moon. A surprise inheritance of nearly \$40,000,000.00 enables the scientists to finance experiments, test their theories, and manufacture a rocket ship. Lovestruck Caroline (*Caroline Azar*), their frumpy secretary, becomes concerned for Jena's safety on the impending space mission. The girls conclude their experiments early, and with time to kill as they await completion of the rocket, they turn to a favourite pastime: annoying boys. Meanwhile, Caroline's love for Jena continues unnoticed.

After lift-off, both Jena and G.B. pass out cold. When they awaken, they find their rocket has landed safely in a previously uncharted and unexplored region of the moon. They discover odd atmospheric conditions, and strange plants, animals, and people... moon dolls to be precise. The moon dolls are beautiful antennated glamour girls, and their All-Time Queen bears a striking resemblance to Caroline. It's love at first sight for Jena and the ravishing Moon Queen, but it ends all too soon as the scientist's oxygen runs out. With only minutes to spare, the girls make a hasty exit from the moon in their space craft. Later, as their capsule slowly sinks into the cold depths of Lake Ontario, they both awaken from another black-out. On the beach following an all-night raft voyage, G.B. realizes that she 'forgot' the samples and data she collected while on the moon. With the fuselage lost at the bottom of the lake, the only evidence the girls have that proves they were on the moon is a mysterious vial the Moon Queen gave Jena, which contains a miracle vaccine against all viruses and diseases affecting males. The substance was left over from the short-lived Moon Boy civilization, which 'just went away' for no apparent reason.

When the astronauts arrive back at the laboratory from what they think is a 36-hour expedition, they find 'von Brücker Cosmetics Ltd.' instead;... the company Jena founded as a 3-year-old corporate wonder-girl which she ran for six months before making the transition to rocket science. Dazed and confused, the girls purchase a newspaper which reveals the year to be 1979. Back at the cosmetic plant, a younger, vivacious-looking Caroline confirms that it is indeed 1979, and that she has only worked there 5 days, and knows nothing about a rocket project. The girls conclude that they have inadvertently travelled back in time... or, were they really even on the moon? Was 15 years of exhaustive research just a crazy, mutual dream? But what about the mysterious vial? With knowledge of the future, and the power to prevent or profit

special

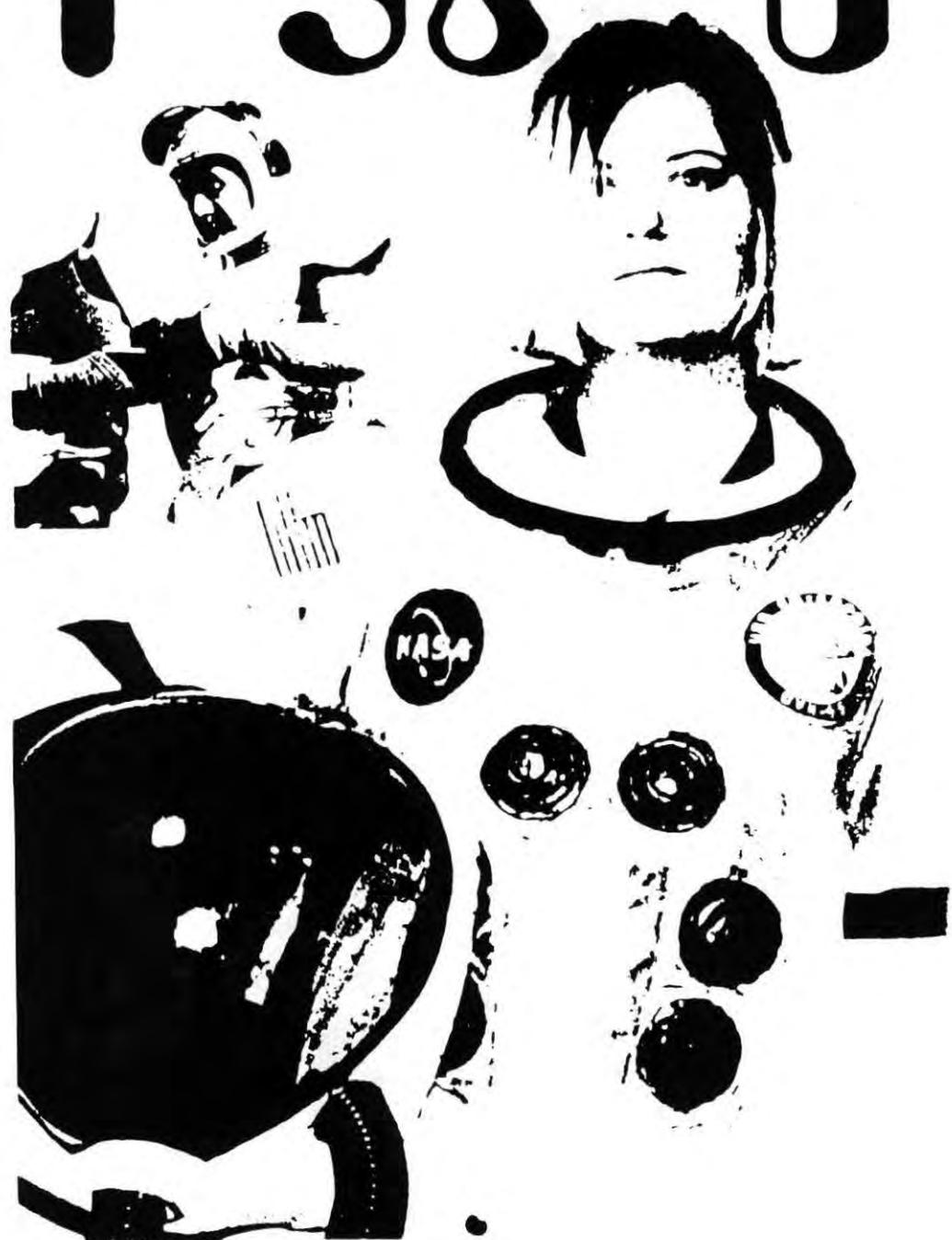
very

a



T 36-C

FROM



Johnny

Noxema

K.O.N.E. PICTURES *presents*
CAROLINE AZAR *in*

PROJECT 36-C

starring

JENA VON BRÜCKER

G.B. JONES

also starring

S-A ASSANTE

LISA FREEMAN

KEVIN KILJIAN

with

RACHEL PEPPER

MARK EWERT

DAVEY HOULE

JOHNNY RAY HUSTON

special guest appearance by

JEFFERY KENNEDY

music by

FIFTH COLUMN

HUMAN ASHTRAYS

DONNA MARTIN GRADUATES

MOTHER MAYBELA GOSI

production supervisor

G.B. JONES

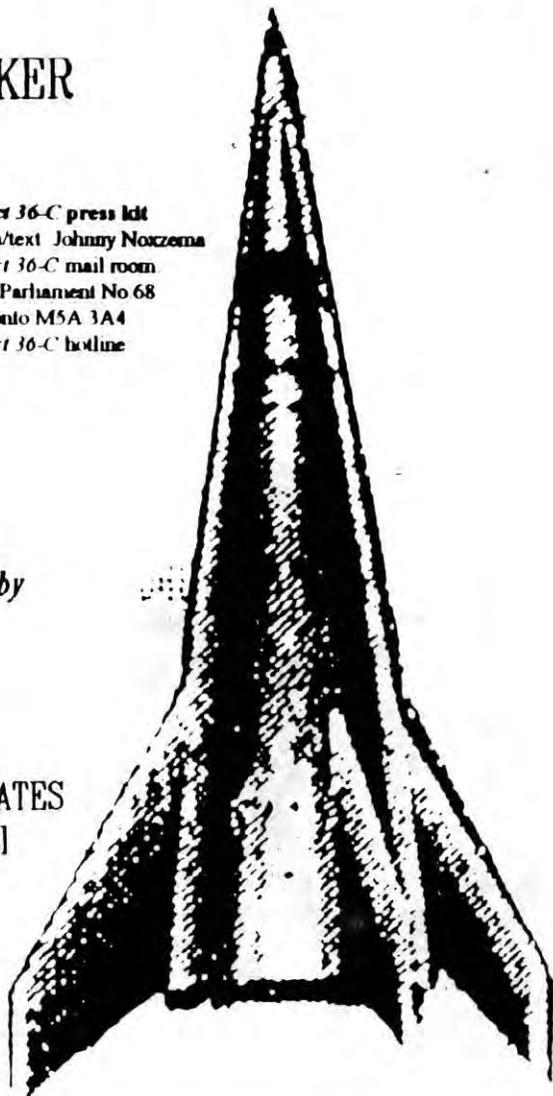
sound, make up, editing

BITCH NATION

directed by

JOHNNY NOZZEMA

*Project 36-C press kit
photos/text Johnny Nozzema
Project 36-C mail room
282 Parliament No 68
Toronto M5A 3A4
Project 36-C hotline*



HOMOCORE

with

Joanna Brown and
Mark Freitas

Featuring:

Vaginal Davis

9th for a show that promises to be one of

Fifth Column

yea up!
Vaginal brings a unique punk rock element to drag: a little **Suzi Quatro** and a little **Metallica**, all seasoned with

MDC

UPcoming appearance at the Star Bar, backed up by rock and roll mega-sensations **Chia Pet**, won't be any

Chia Pet

the Love mill winning biactress.

Ms. Davis is the first feminist for

Tribe 8

malr And that mainstream success herself." His words are proving all too true as this year alone she will be

Glen Meadmore

proc City BBC

debut **Ruby Takes You There**, playing Ruby's crazed sidekick in a Thelma and Louise style romp.

Huggy Bear ...

project. At age 8, turning tricks as a prostitute to help support her family. By the time she was a came notorious in a and art scene, sermon like about her grows growing up. This led to writing assignments for the **LA Weekly**, the **LA Times**, and other (uding her own zine), **Fertile La**

As a singer/songwriter she fronts **(Cholita)** (the female **Menudo** tures **Alice Bag** and metal band **Pedro**, **ther** (featuring **Glen Meadmore** on guitar). Vaginal has achieved international acclaim as the lead singer of the **Afro Sisters**.

For **Homocore** Friday, July 9th at 112 W. Division at the Division Street stop of the O'Hare subway line. Doors open at 10 five bucks.

10th at 7pm, Vag Video Issue of her **Fertile La Toyah Jackson** zine at **Bookseller's Row** 1520 N Milwaukee. If you're lucky she might read some poems or give xlife.

Vag

homosexual



Dave: So, what was your primary impetus for showcasing homo punk bands?

Mark: [Aghast] You're impotent?

Joanna: That's a drag.

Dave: No, why did you START Homocore? Was it the music? The scene? To get dates? What?

Joanna: Well, first off, we must say--as you very well KNOW--Bruce La Bruce "started the whole Homopunk thing."

Mark: Well, of COURSE he did--he's a MAN. He started the whole homosexual thing, too, I hear.

Joanna: Was that before or after Ben invented punk rock?

Mark: Before.

Dave: [Annoyed at tangent] But WE'RE here because of HOMOCORE, right?

Joanna & Mark: Sure!

Dave: So WHY did you start Homocore?

punk rock

at Czar Bar

Joanna: It's all a B-O-R-E. We were bored. It's that simple. Well, that and Mark was tired of taking his clothes off at Meat Market, so--

Mark: Oh, I've NEVER been there.

Joanna: Bullshit!

Mark: NEVER!

Joanna: Sure, whatever you say.

Mark: Oh, fuck you. [Composing himself] Um, what was the ques--?

Oh, WHY, right? We just felt so dis...disen...What's that word again, Joanna?

Joanna: It's um, disen...disenfranchised.

Mark: Yeah, disenfranchised! We felt DISENFRANCHISED. Like really bored and left out of mainstream gay clubs and music, AS WELL AS punk stuff cuz we're queer. So we said, "Fuck it!" and decided to do our own fuckin' shows.

Dave: That's the only way to go.

Fuh Cole's advice: Write Joanna and Mark. Get on Homocore's mailing list. Go to the shows. Bye-bye.

Correspondence:
Homocore Chicago
P.O. Box 476953
Chicago, IL 60647

1812 W. Division

I'm in love. And his name is Rude.



Wednesday nights. 6:00 p.m. So I get home from work, open my mail, eat...blah blah blah... and by 7:00, I know I'm his.



The station? 91.7 FM. WMSE. The Rude Boy. People bitch about Milwaukee. How there aren't any decent clubs. How there aren't enough good shows. How there aren't cool places to hang out. Woof. Woof. The mere existence of Rude Boy and his hardcore/punk show on Wednesday nights should silence any tired, boring criticism from people who don't have enough imagination to make their own fun in the first place.

The Rude Boy is the sole reason I stay in this town.

It's true. To be honest, Mr. Rude probably doesn't know about me. He doesn't know I structure my weeks around his time slot. That I break dates and cancel plans to be with him. Perhaps he's picked up a Fuh Cole or two around town, but he probably doesn't realize THAT'S the guy who loves him the most.



91.7 WMSF

If you haven't heard his show, you may not understand my frenzy. Let me say that if you could EVER hear him introduce a Clutch song the way I have; if you could EVER hear him talk about Jawbreaker or joke about a PSA, you'd be his, too.

91.7 WMSF

It's that VOICE.

That smooth, spooooth-ing, B-O-T delivery.

I tremble as he recaps a playlist. I tingle when he speaks. And having to wait through a 15 minute block of smoking punk rock before he talks again

makes each delayed syllable like melted chocolate. And I really like melted chocolate.

91.7 WMSF

When I phone in every week to request

the Jesus Lizard, I pray that Rude Boy answers. Sometimes,

though, his sidekick, Rockin Johnny P., mans the phones. I make my

91.7 WMSF

petty needs known, and then I ask about Rude.

What's he like, Johnny? Is he kind and thoughtful? Is he

self-assured? What's he wearing? You know, stuff like that. Yes,

yes. He's everything you thought of, Dave.

He's the shit, baby.

91.7 WMSF

I tape his shows. I listen to them at work. In fact, I'm listening to one right now. It's difficult to concentrate, my love is so strong, but I know I need to get through this so the whole world can know about Milwaukee College Radio's best kept secret.

91.7 WMSF

I was even once offered a Homopunk show on MSE. I wanted the slot right before or

after Rude Boy's, so I could run into him or

feel that awkward connection as we both

grabbed for an MDC record, but I couldn't

get it so I politely declined. I'm only free Wednesday nights, I said. Someday.

Someday.

91.7 WMSF

Until then, I am here for you, Rude.

You keep cranking those tunes because you'll always have a devoted

listener in me. All you FC readers know

where to find me on Wednesday nights. Although, I probably

won't answer the door or phone. I'll be busy. I'll be with my Boy.

91.7 WMSF

PILLOW



You want to be Caroline Azar. You want to memorize her innumerable cinematic performances. You want to applaud the loudest in that packed theatre as she takes her final bow. You want to sing along to all her hit songs as the lead singer of Toronto's Fifth Column. You can't get enough of her.

After an insane ballyhoo, **Fuh Cole** fanzine finally Q&A'd this ever-elusive star whose temperature can only burn white-hotter. As much as I try, I can't stop thinking about her. I can't get Caroline Azar out of my mind.

My memo to the world: Remember that not ALL women are bitches.

TALK

with Caroline Azar

1. MY STAY IN TORONTO WAS THE MOST INSANE WEEK OF MY YOUNG LIFE. WHAT (IF ANY) BOONS DOES TORONTO OFFER YOU, A FAMOUS MUSICAL STAR AND STAGE PERFORMER?

It's great! I love paying ridiculous prices for stamps, tampons, eggs etc. You see, it's that wonderful Miller High Lifestyle we got goin here. We got these social programs fallin out our booties.....O.H.I.P., that's Health Care. Toronto is also famous for its crazy people. You know, shy, neurotic, egocentric overplayed modesty...Fuckin Drama Queens...They rule the streets.

2. A FEW MONTHS BACK, I MET YOU IN CHICAGO AT A SOLD-OUT SMASH SCREENING OF G.B. JONES' THE YO-YO GANG, IN WHICH YOU STAR. WE BARELY SPOKE, BUT THERE WAS "SOMETHING" THERE--SOME UNSPOKEN BOND. I RETURNED TO MILWAUKEE DAZED AND CONFUSED THAT I, A FAG, HAD FALLEN FOR A CANADIAN GIRLIE-GIRL. HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS MADNESS?

Hmmmmmmmm...Why do you like me so...mmmm? Could it be my huge cock?



Could it be

3. I HEARD THAT YOU SOMEHOW FOUND OUT ABOUT MY CRUSH ON YOU. WAS IT THROUGH CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE, OR DID YOU JUST KIND OF FIGURE IT OUT FROM MY BEHAVIOUR IN CHICAGO?

When you looked into my eyes, I knew what you were thinking... Yes, what a magical moment...G.B. Jones' brilliance has sent us all into a strange and terrifying trance.

4. OH, YEAH--WHAT DO YOU CALL THE HAIRDO YOU WORE WHEN I MET YOU IN CHICAGO. I SWEAR TO GOD IT'S THE SINGLE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE SEEN IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.

I call that hairdo, "ECHOERETTE THE BUNNYGAL" (or if I'm in a really bad mood, I call it "UNTITLED"). MIND YOU, I've had 3 doos since then...unfortunately undocumented.

5. I'M CURIOUS WHAT YOU WERE LIKE IN HIGH SCHOOL...

Not many people liked me...I didn't say much. I looked like Ally Sheedy in The Breakfast Club...Too stoned...my mind raced like Pee Wee Herman. It is all a blur to me now. My art teacher liked me. Pretty typical stuff.

6. WHAT KIND OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC DO YOU LISTEN TO?

Tiger Trap, Runaways, Marvin Gaye, Aretha, the 5th Dimension, Dionne Warwick, Bow Wow Wow, Libby Holman, Unrest, Shadowy Men, Satanatras, Trailer Queen, The Curse, Roky Erikson, The Human Ashtrays, compositional poop by Draigon Le Febvre (my godson), Lois Lois Lois, Beat Happening, and Neil Diamond--the only man for every woman.

7. THE NEW FIFTH COLUMN ALBUM IS GOING TO BE AVAILABLE ON CD, CASSETTE, AND VINYL (EXCITING!). WHEN CAN WE EXPECT IT?

If a mother is carrying a freak baby in her uterus, one does not axe her when the critter's gonna make an exit? It would be medically and mentally incorrect...New single is on Outpunk with God is My Co-pilot.

8. IS IT TRUE THE NEW ALBUM'S GOING TO BE CALLED, "YOU'LL NEVER EAT PUSSY IN THIS TOWN AGAIN"?

The title...oh, yeah. Damn straight, bro. All titles are bitches.

9. WITH YOUR SINGLE, "ALL WOMEN ARE BITCHES," BEING SUCH AN INTERNATIONAL HIT, TELL US HOW YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE TRAPPINGS OF FAME.

my huge cock?

... I am ready for my

I've been training for it since I was young...I am ready for my close-up, Mister Noxema. When he giggles in that insane way, I know we've got us a take.

10. I WAS WONDERING WHO CAME UP WITH THE PRICELESS FATHER/SON DIALOGUE IN "AWAB" (ESPECIALLY THE "DRAGGING JUNIOR OUT TO THE CHERRY ORCHARD TELLING HIM THE FACTS OF LIFE" LINE).

That was an improv. I was doing Jack Lemmon having a coronary, somewhere in the late 50's.

11. COULD YOU TELL US A LITTLE BIT ABOUT YOUR MUCH COVETED ROLE IN JOHNNY NOXEMA'S UPCOMING FEATURE, PROJECT 36-C, AND WHAT IT WAS LIKE WORKING WITH THE MOST INSANE GAGGLE OF HUMAN BEINGS ON THE PLANET?

I am the Moon Queen...I was born into the role. Those gaggles know how to giggle. It's a totally relaxed type of acting. I'm directed in such a way that you'd think I was on sedatives--while not performing, I feel like an out-patient.

12. ARE YOU AT ALL WORRIED ABOUT THE REACTION TO THE CAVALIER ATTITUDE TOWARD AIDS THE FILM TAKES? (IN IT, GIRLS HIDE A CURE FOR AIDS AND GAY MEN WITH AIDS ARE TREATED AS EXPENDABLE CHARITY CASES.)



No.

13. DO YOU HAVE A DUMB JOB TO SUPPLEMENT INCOME WHILE YOU'RE PERFORMING?

Waitressing, some acting, ticket taking--Yes, all dumb things. I won't do the job unless there is something dumb about it.

14. DO YOU HAVE SOME FAVORITE TV PROGRAMMES, FILMS, AND BANDS?

continued on page 51

close-up, Mister Noxema.

Don't

Celebrate

P R I

Don't

Celebrate

P R I

Don't

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P R I

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P R I D E F

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Celebrate

P

an outstanding way to
and help

So, um I get this thing in the mail wanting Fuh Cole to place an ad in the 1994 Pride Guide and I just don't get it.

I mean, did these fools read the thing? It'd be like some bone-head asking the John Brown Committee to put an ad in an American Front newsletter. **DUH!!!**

Little assholes.

Look, whyncha just stick to what you know best: STDs, impersonal sex, child molestation, poppers, and porn.

Fuck you.

xox dave

fanzines

Angry Thoreauan

Haven't kept current on my issues, but DID want to get out AT's address.

Count on tons of fanzine and record reviews and hidden rants and columns over which to stumble, as always. Also, a feature from a phone sex worker!

Answer Nel #3

You've heard of it. You've read about it. You can't get it cuz they're out! HA!!!

But don't despair--issues 1-3 will soon be published TOGETHER. All good things to those who wait.

#3 has it all: Crank calls to Jack Ke vorklan and a suicide hotline; Interviews with Al Sharpton and NAMBLA; Boyd Rice; "I Hate Being a Jew"; why music sucks; the homeless suck; serial killer art; Steven Spielberg's...uh... "fascination" with young boys; 100 spectacular suicides...WAY too much to list. 142 pages!

The greatest.

Butt Ugly

#9 is/will be out, but forgot to do #8 in my last FC, so here it is.

Cory nails it in this latest **Butt Ugly**. Highly, highly personal issue about who Cory is and isn't, what scares him, and how he can't feel or can or is trying to, etc.

Fucken crucial. So human, it stings. Mini-size doesn't buffer the impact. Perfect.

Cometbus #31

A vet dream: **88 PAGES OF TRAVEL DIARY!!!** All text. All handwritten. Greyhounding all over the whole fucking country. All insane. All interesting. All right!

fanzines

Double Bill #3

Jena von Brucker, G.B. Jones, Johnny Noxema, Caroline Azar, Rex, and Mike Thompson are sick! This all-comic installment of the on-going battle of the two Bills--William Conrad and William Burroughs--scared me. To death. I'll never be the same.

Whipped butter, Mysoginite, the Waffle Palace, 23 Girl Bands, diapers...And, boy, do these kids hate junky writers.

Will Bad Bald Bill reign once and for all??? What do YOU think?!?

DOUBLE No 3 BILL



DOUBLE No 3 BILL



fanzines

Massive #3

So here's this local zine, SUPPOSEDLY started as a comp from "one of the best zine scenes around," and I see no mention of **Butt Ugly**, **Obscure**, OR **Fuh Cole** among others. And it's not like these zines are invisible. Three issues and nothing. Guess we're not "duh enuf."

Anyways, **Massive's** gone newsprint and majorly rave/underground techno party. Interviews with dj's (or whatever), Lenny Dee and Mr. Bill. Lots of house and rave networking. Even a Paris scene report.

I dunno, maybe if you're into the "scene," you'd appreciate this more. #2 sucked--WAY too much useless filler. #3 is more focused (but STILL has a "toast is neat" page). They have a huge circulation, a color cover, but out-of-control ad rates (\$300/full page!).

I don't know. If your true aim is to foster a scene, do it right. If not...whatever.

Obscure #26

Best issue of **Obscure**, yet! Consistently compelling and well written. Feature about the fanzine, **Judy!**, an obsessive zine about a UCAL Berkeley professor written by a horny young student named Miss Spent youth which is making waves in the academic community.

The real pearls of this newest issue are Jim's news columns. Sexed-up Sub Pop gossip; cock-hungry cardinals; sex zine, **Batteries Not Included**; masturbating with avocados (!); missing-pet poster zine, **Snacks**; **I Hate Brenda Newsletter** piece; a Mike Diana update; and the flap over the **New Republic's** story about zines and psychos.

Totally relevant. Yum!

Positron #3

One of the best designed zines I've seen. Sean has a razor-sharp eye for layout. Perfect eye candy. The content? Homo straight edge!

Great piece in defense of women and queer spaces; highly politicized interview with Spitboy; "Why I hate phoney bisexuals"; and tons of Homo-political rants.

Um, it's really cool to see Sean try to work out all these conflicts/compatibilities between punk and Homo, but maybe he's just a little TOO hung up on being a fag? Like making a big deal out of nothing?

All the articles are superbly written and provocative, but some things just ARE. Dissection can mutilate. Guess he's doing what he needs to do.

Get this.

more

Publik Enema #6

Back in the saddle again! Super anarcho-punk effort from Long Beach. Great letters; interview with Feral Faun, Portland anarchist writer; HUGE summer travel journal; zine reviews; anti-media stuff; welfare stories.

PE is amazing. One of my faves. Drop Skot! Steppenvolf a note.

Shithappy #3

Stumbled upon this gem at Amok Books in L.A., thank god. It's fucken great!

Hilarious opening about how editor Adam Bregman ran for mayor of L.A.; those ever-beautiful travel diaries--this time they take us to Montreal and NYC; touching piece about love; street theatre terrorism with clowns.

Newsprint. 28 pages. It's really good. Highly entertaining.

Rude Girl #11

The girls do it again. Bigger! Better! And they hate lesbian/bi/gay shit as much as we do!

Page by page analysis of why the Shocking Grey catalog sucks; thing about the stupid flap over the "gay" Ken doll; anti-sepratist rant (read as flipside to Posttron 3); right-on piece against all-women's presses; anti-religion and pro-choice.

Shit, if I were a dyke, I'd move to San Antonio.

Strange Looking Exile #5

The farewell issue from Robert Kirby and friends. 40 pages of highly personal, INCREDIBLY well drawn and self-conscious comix. Fags, dykes--ALL freaks, of course. Kind of pricey? Yeah. Oh, well.

fanzines

Angry Thoreauan/WWMU
P.O. Box 2246
Anaheim, CA 92814
\$2.50

Answer Me!
1608 N. Cahuenga #666
Hollywood, CA 90028

Butt Ugly
2506 N. Bartlet
Milwaukee, WI 53211
a few stamps

Cometbus
c/o Wow Cool
48 Shattuck Sq.
Box 149
Berkeley, CA 94704
\$2.50

Double Bill
P.O. Box 55
Station E
Toronto, Ontario
M6H-4E1
Canada

Massive
P.O. Box 11373
Milwaukee, WI 53211
a few stamps

Obscure
Jim Romenesko
P.O. Box 1334
Milwaukee, WI 53201
\$2

Positron
P.O. Box 477469
Chicago, IL 60647
\$1

Publik Enema
25686 Nugget
El Toro, CA 92630
\$1

Rude Girl
P.O. Box 690816
San Antonio, TX 78269-
0816
\$1

Shithappy
Adam Bregman
11338 Joffre St.
L.A., CA 90049
\$2

Strange Looking Exile
Giant Ass Publishing
P.O. Box 214
New Haven, CT 06502
\$4.25



“ fags at ♡ ”



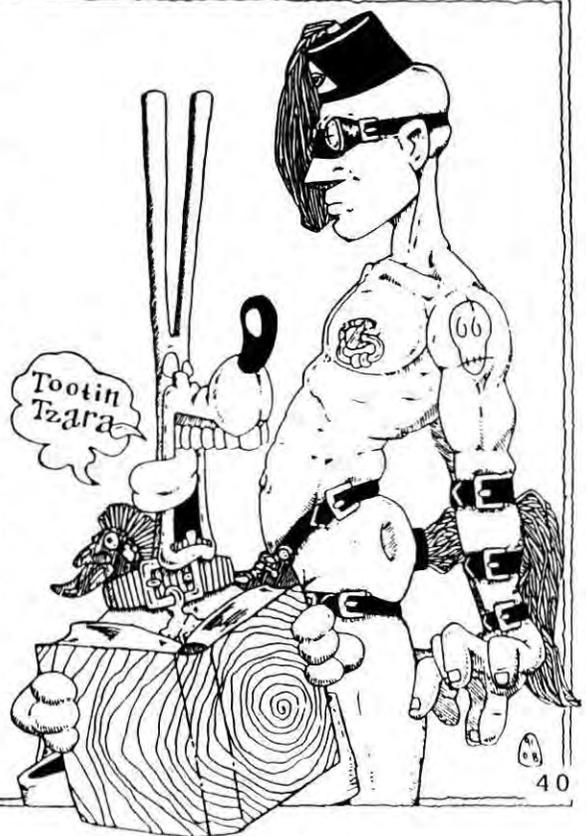
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books

Bob Flanagan: Supermasochist
Re/Search Publications
\$14.99

ISBN: 0-940642-25-5

You gotta love a book that leaves a body count. One co-worker passed out when he saw it. Another had to close it before she became physically ill. Beautiful.

This newest Re/Search mag focuses on Bob Flanagan, an L.A. poet/performance artist whose lifelong battle with Cystic Fibrosis led him into a world of extreme masochism wherein he could conquer pain AND provide exciting photographs for all the world to see.

In 6 highly personal interviews, Flanagan details his sexually formative years, bondage, endurance, and the underappreciated art of nailing your dick to a board.

Not for everybody, I suppose. But this is some FINE reading, believe me--whether you're into S/M or simply curious. And Bob captions all photos, too. A devilish touch. Yum yum.

Final Exit
Derek Humphry
Hemlock Society
\$16.95

ISBN: 0-9606030-3-4

The book for self-deliverance and assisted suicide. Yes, it's THAT book. The Suicide Book.

Except, it's really sick how pure Humphry's intentions are: He really, truly ONLY intends Final Exit as a guide for the TERMINALLY ILL. If Jack Kevorkian is a Messiah (and he IS), Humphry would be the big fluffy throw rug at Jack's feet.

See, he really cares. Hardly is there acknowledgement that the book could be taken as a blueprint to kill yourself.

But with chapter titles like, "Self-Deliverance Via the Plastic Bag" and "How Do You Get the Magic Pills?" PLUS a handy-dandy Drug Dosage Table, we troubled youths know a cooler use for this little hot potato.

Suicide. I dunno. It's your call. This book COULD help. But then again, there's the chapter, "The Dilema of Quadriplegics," with its heart-wrenchingly tragic tale of an active sportsman turned 84-pound-quadriplegic motorcycle crash victim who tried to off himself by driving his wheelchair into a river...but unwittingly got stuck in the mud!

I laughed for a half hour after reading it. Who knows? Maybe it could save your life, too.

Life After God
Douglas Coupland
Pocket Books
\$17.00

ISBN: 0-671-87433-0

Douglas Coupland switches gears after his incredibly amazing breakthrough, Generation X, and waste of paper shit follow-up, Shampoo Planet. Don't get me wrong: Beefaroni, 7-Eleven, and Sweet tarts references abound in Life After God, but we see Coupland's previously outward pop angst turn introspective.

It took me a couple hundred pages before I bought it, but Coupland's being honest. At first, I thought he was just whining and blah blah blah, questioning himself and god and other things that don't exist. Booooring.

But it turned. Slowly. And all the little, intimate two-page stories and memory flashes and chapter-heading sketches won me over and Life After God became a joy.

I dunno. If you're into some freak Canadian bitch about how it sucks to be alive, read this book. And don't feel bad about liking this crap, cuz it's real and it's good, okay?

My Lives
Roseanne Arnold
Ballantine Books
\$23.00
ISBN: 0-345-37015-6

Roseanne Arnold is a genius. If you hadn't already picked that up from her show, you're stupid. But if it doesn't hit you after reading her second autobio, My Lives, you deserve to get skewered by dwarves. Fuck you.

Not only does My Lives follow Ms. Arnold's tragic growing up.

Not only do we follow her stand-up career all the way to how she got her own show and struggled to make it her vision of a woman-driven series.

Not only do we read about Tom and Roseanne's stormy love life and Tom's penchant for putting white things in his nose.

Not only do we get the whole low-down about that hilarious national anthem fiasco.

We not only get all these compelling stories and insider's views into tv and stardom--NOT ONLY all THIS--but this little fucker is goddamned WELL WRITTEN!

It's insane how readable the thing is. Fun in itself. And bios can get so fucking dry. Too. Not this one. PLUS we get to hear Roseanne say that all those pro-choiceers are wasting their precious time fighting for LEGAL abortions when you can FUCK THEM ALL and DO IT YOURSELF! Cool-ol.

Book of the year.

Pluto, Animal Lover
Laren Stover
Harpercollins
\$15.00
ISBN: 0-06-017111-1

Scored an advanced copy of this here Laren Stover's first novel and it's SICK, SICK, SICK!

A small book beautifully packaged in its own little box, Pluto paints the life of Pluto Hellbender Jerome--an obsessive, psychotic, compassionate, murderous animal freak--with painfully subtle, intimate strokes.

The prose is so dark and lazy. It sneaks up on you and you're caught laughing and cringing simultaneously. Totally unnerving. Totally chilling.

The ASPCA meets Henry. Portrait of a Serial Killer. You'll never look at your pets the same way again.

books

more

Stripping and other stories
Pagan Kennedy
High Risk Books/Serpent's Tail
\$10.99
ISBN: 1-85242-322-6

"Stripping is a collection of stories about females who don't fit in- punk teenagers, voodoo queens, math nerds, sickly little girls..." Is how the jacket blurb describes Pagan Kennedy's book. I simply say: A+.

From the beautifully designed High Risk series, Stripping is the most solid, consistently amazing collection of short stories I've seen. Prozar, boyfriends, first kisses, rape, love--brilliant insight, touching words.

Standouts include the chilling title story, the unbelievably awkward and dead on summer camp story, and the opening piece, "Elvia's Bathroom," which makes me cry.

Fucking mandatory.

Try
Dennis Cooper
Grove
\$20.00
ISBN: 0-8021-1542-X

Fucking beautiful. Dennis naïve it this time around, reels you in with this un...Whatever. Narrative voice? The novel changes points of view between first and third persons depending, but the natural, uncertain teen speech of "whatever"s and "or something"s and all that is so ON. So true. Fucking bulls-eyed that feeling of awkward.

Try treads some new water, too. Oh, sure, there's the usual dad and lad stuff, drugs, necrophelia, the SMELLS. But there's more. There's EMOTION.

Cooper stitches the novel together with a frustrating, tender, GENUINE tale of unrealized (yet?) love between main character and fanzine editor (I), Ziggy, and his drugged out but hopelessly beautiful writer junkie pal, Calhoun.

It's not the cold, studied style of, say, Frisk. It's better. It still hurts, but you can dig into it more.

A winner. FIVE STARS.

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letter *noun*

1. A written communication directed to another

Dave:

Very good job on the latest Fuh Cole. The "Mini-Mag" was a good concept, too.

Yeah, we went to Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana and loved it. Butte, Montana is my ideal of a decaying, forgotten city. We may move there one day. As far as Idaho being a skinhead paradise, I'm a bit confused-- every white kid (the only kind) there dressed like he/she was in N.W.A. or Public Enemy! We couldn't sleep in Boise because of all the booming bass systems jacked up to monster trucks, all of them blasting ganster rap! Weird...

We're knee-deep in research concerning RAPE, and I'm not sure whether it'll be a book or another Answer Me!. If it's a book, we'll simultaneously release a book of Debbie's rants, old and new.

Hope all is well in Dahmerville. By the time you land in L.A., we may have **YET MORE GUNS**.

Best,

Jim Goad

Answer Me!

1608 N. Cahuenga Blvd. #666
Hollywood, CA 90028

Dearest Fuckin' Dave

Hey, Queenie! Har, just kiddin'! Anyone called me that I'd slap them silly! I love slappin' gay guys around, it's sooooo much fun!

Fuh Cole is totally great. Liked it a lot. The interview with James Robert Baker was good shit. I'd like to do INSANE things with that guy. Or maybe not. Definitely will check out his books, though.

I'm 22 years old on this bloated, diseased shit trip. YEE HAW! My interests, loves, obsessions are: Swords, knives/daggers, bamboo, my Russian AK-47, books, drugs, drugs, drugs, drugs, guns, zines, and traveling around in a big-bad-ass-fucking gas guzzling made in the frigging u.s.a., hunk of pissing shit automobile! I also genuinely enjoy terrorizing stupid people.

Jesus Lizard are Fucking demented shit! I luv 'em! David Yow gets a sexy voice. Their music makes me absolutely fucking crazy. I go out of my fuckin' head when I listen to Liar.

I'm makin' a mail run in 5 minutes and wanna get this shit off to you.

Gotta go! Write me if I don't totally turn your stomach.

Luv,
Billy

Billy Druid
P.O. Box 1381
Hollywood, CA 90078

Dear Dave--

Hello--rec'd your zine today & loved it. My housemate Amanda just about died laughing at the March letter centerfold. I got my mail before work so I kept going to the bathroom in order to read it--I'm sure they wondered what was up.

I don't know what's up with Texas'. GB Jones said she's been getting mail from here, too. Amanda and I are trying to get her to be our mail-order bride (actually, we are trying to get all of the cool women from "The Yo-Yo Gang" to be our girlfriends.).

Kelley (at work) was showing me an issue of Out (I think) & it had an article on girl groups & under the blurb about Fifth Column, it said GB Jones had appeared in Bruce La Bruce's movie-- **STRANGELY ENOUGH** it didn't mention **HER** movies. So I wasn't too impressed with their research (if nothing else). It looked like a really dull magazine.

You are so lucky! I wish I were going to Toronto & NYC. I may get to go to Mexico again but I think that's as far as I'm going this year. But Mexico is fab!

Well, Dave, I really loved your zine & I agree with you on the whole lesbigay thingy. Just had to write and tell you so. I hope you like the other Rude Girl's.

Write me back!

love--

eulalie

Rude Girl
P.O. Box 690816
San Antonio, TX 78269-0816

Dear

No more talk of Mike Patton, i won't allow anyone else in your life. Your main focus must always be ME! Nothing else matters to put it bluntly!

So you're coming to LA. Hope i'm in town during your visit. Maybe we can connect — namely your pucker hole and my brutal weapon. I'd love to tie you up and leave you for a few days in some deserted warehouse — that would be fun huh?

Still waiting for my nude pix. Don't deli nothing comes to those who hesitate
your new lover
Ms D.

J. 76. 16, 1974

Dave,

Hey. It was nice meeting you with Vaginal that night. Hope your trip went okay generally. Thanks for FUH COLE. It's terrific, alert and beautiful, and one of the best zines I've seen in a while. Onwards and upwards. Oh, and good interview with J.R. Baker. And your travel diary, and your editorial P.S. And FUH COLE Rates the Stars. Etc. Not a whole lot happening here. I'm going to Seattle in a day or two to interview Courtney Love for SPIN, and I will give Kurt Cobain the FUH COLE if he's around, or give it to her to give to him if nothing else. I'll let you know if he/she have an immediate, memorable response. Well, take it easy. Write anytime.

yours,



Dennis Cooper

PS Here's some stuff.

Dear Dave:

Hello: Sorry it's taken a little while. I'm glad you liked Positron 3. I hope your L.A. trip was eventful...either you freeze your butt off in WI or go to CA and let the earth swallow you up or drop a building on you.

Fuh Cole is a good anti-gay "community" rantzine. I'm so sick of the gay scene and being gay and dealing w/it. So I just hang out with my 16 year-old boyfriends cuz they're too young to go clubbing and they are cuter anyway. I feel like I might as well have never come out for all the consensus enforced by the queer "scene."

The i'view with James Robert Baker was probably the best thing in the zine. I enjoyed it. I'm sorry you're so stuck in Milwaukee. I complain about

the queer scene, but in a way I'm glad that I live in a big city that **has one** because like it or not, I think it is **important**. Its presence may be fucked up, but its absence would be even **more** fucked up.

Come to Chicago sometime. I can put you up and show you the "scene." I kinda don't give a fuck about the Homocore shows. They're not really that much fun.

Anyway, here's the zine. It deals with parts of the hard-core scene which I'm involved in which you may or not enjoy. It's more of a diary, in a way.

I've had a an extremely discouraging year, but I keep working 'till products result... Call sometime, the #1's in the zine.

Sean Capone/Positron
P.O. Box 477469
Chicago, IL 60647

personals

20 year-old masculine pierced splatter punk into punk, ska, alterna-whatever, goth, industrial, metal, etc. looking for friends/possibly more. I'm 6'4" and 230 lbs. Currently living in Kansas, but moving to Detroit, Michigan in mid-late May. I'm somewhat romantic (?) but not flaming, and sweet but not naive or a wimp. Get a hold of me and let's see what's up.

Chad Curry
516 Fireside Dr. #3
Lawrence, KS 66049

Write him.

18 year-old guy, somewhat intelligent and nihilistic, stuck in boring pseudo-hippie town of Eugene, OR. Into harsh music (Zorn, Bartok, Unwound, Econochrist), books (Genet, existentialists, beats); fascinated by radical ideas and people. My hermit-like existence has started to wear on my sanity-- somebody communicate with me.

John
1831 Kincaid St. Apt #18
Eugene, OR 97403

Write him.

Gay male, 31, looking for boyfriend. I'm an attractive blue-eyed blond who is intelligent, sensitive, and compassionate. Interests in music include Social Distortion, Bad Religion, Ramones, Dead Kennedys, and music from the sixties like the Stones, Doors, and Jimi Hendrix. Likes good conversation, cuddling, holding hands, safe sex, art, animals, plants, writing, and traveling. If interested, write.

Richard
P.O. Box 80561
Lansing, MI 48908

Write him.

25 yr. old gay black veteran of punk/gothic/no-wave, not into pre-fab gay subculture "identity," looking for others similarly oriented. Like: Dada, Gurdjieff, Sex Gang Children, X-Ray Spex, Satie, P. Sotos, Debord, Hafler Trio, Classical Chinese. Big, husky skins/hardcores are irresistible. Anyone with affinitive interests please write.

Milton
4389 E. 139th St.
Garfield Hts., OH 44105

Write him.

Incarcerated author seeks interesting penpal, possible long-time companion. Interests range from Star Trek to Shakespeare; from comic books to Carl Segal. Prison is a lonely place.

R. Omar
POB 1368-169-464
Mansfield, OH 44901

50
Write him.

24 y.o. bi skinhead looking for real relationship with a boy or girl 18-28--preferably in SF Bay area; preferably into punk rock; preferably into: Jawbreaker, Spit-boy, Tribe 8, Fuel, Fugazi, hanging out, having a good time and not just a total sex-machine! I'm 5'9" 150 lbs. Brown brown and scare easy so don't come on too strong!

Sean Aaron
4531 Mission St. #12
SF, CA 94112-2621

Write him.

Satanic witch seeks devil worshipers for independent coven for Anathian blood rituals. I am a white female, age 30, cult raised (Dragonites), carry the mark of the Devil, experienced Hellbitch, black mass sayer. Will train serious Satanics. Require ten males/females to complete coven. Write to me of your experiences and desires.

Catherine Miller
c/o P.O. Box 1135
Columbus, GA 31902

Write her.

Bisexual, black male, 25, a.k.a. "Celibate Cyberpunk" wants to hear from "dykes," "fags," etc. Write me an erotic letter and send a photo. The music I listen to most is industrial, alternative, 80's Nu Wave, etc. I like poetry, dancing, anything creative. Tell me about yourself.

Wesley A. Price Jr.
1634 West 60th Place
Los Angeles, CA 90047

Write him.

Teen activist seeking others to correspond with in the punk scene. I'm bisexual and my interests include: Animal rights, feminism, gay rights, environmentalism, vegetarianism, poetry, artsy films (faves are "Paris, Texas," "My Own Private Idaho," "Flirting," etc.), art (creating and absorbing), writing, kissing, ALF and Earth First!, and compassion in general. Those not as militant as myself feel free to write also. I am stuck here in Spokane, out of my niche in this conservative suburbia dream world! Apathetics need not write.

Alaric
N. 13619 Regal Crt.
Mead, WA 99021

Write him.

We're the Editors of the only existing Italian underground homo/dyke zine and we're looking for collaborators who can help us to know the many different underground homo/dyke zines all over the world. We have already some contacts, but our goal is to reach as many people as possible. We're ready to trade our zine with yours but if you're not doing one, just send a couple of bucks for the mail (postage is fuckin' expensive!).

Speed Demon
P.O. Box 44/a
P.zza San Babila 4/d
20122 Milano
Italy

Write them.

Eccentric, seeking same for correspondence/fun and who knows what else. Must have functioning brain. Those seeking fame/fortune need not bother.

R.J.
P.O. Box 343
Oshkosh, WI 54902-0343

Write him.

24 year-old gay white male, straight appearing and acting, 5'10" 165 pounds, shoulder length golden blond hair, blue eyes, smooth body, medium build, fairly good looks. Looking for other guys up to age 35 to correspond with or whatever. Your picture gets mine. All letters will be answered. Prefer Detroit, Michigan and surrounding area, but will respond to all.

Chuck Kabot Box 209683
8201 N. Croswell Rd.
St. Louis, MI 48880

Mr. Kabot, Mr. Kabot, Mr. Kabot, Mr. Kabot. My, my, my--don't we have a lot to learn. Okay, so I understand that like some of the people who sent in personals were responding to the ad I placed in Maximum and have never actually read Fuh Cole and all that and therefore don't know what it's about. I get that.

Because if they did read FC, they'd never send in shit responses like this here Chuck Tabot, right?

They'd know that stupid faggot suck-up crap like "straight appearing and acting" just doesn't float my goddamned fucken boat. You'd think they'd get the picture, right?

Well, my friends, you don't need FC to see that assimilation makes an "ass" out of "u" and "me"--or however that goes. Jesus Christ. "Straight acting?" "Straight appearing?" What the hell does that mean? It means you can't deal with yourself. It means if no one knows you're a fag, you're safe. You're clean. You're like everyone else.

Well, you're not like everyone else! Quit pretending. Or, wait--maybe you are like them all. Stupid, ugly, smelly, full of shit. Did I mention stupid? Oh, I guess I did.

Anyways, get over getting straights to like you. To accept you. There are so many more important things to do. Do your own goddamned thing. It's hard enough getting out of bed without trying to fit in. Leave it alone.

And, Chuck, finally acting like a human being will be apology enough. You can thank me later.

FUEL CAFE

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818 E. Center St.

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I think I look like a

...from page 32

Any programmes or films about UFO's. I like theatre that is silent. The tv movie about the Jackson 5 was a very emotional trip. I like commercials and groups that have commercial ability but also raise new consciousness--like Beat Happening and Radiohead, the Breeders, and the Satanatras (from T.O.).

15. YOU MENTIONED THAT YOU RECENTLY DISCOVERED THAT YOU'RE AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL WHO GOT TRANSPLANTED IN YOUR MOTHER'S BODY. COULD YOU NAME AN ADVANTAGE AND DISADVANTAGE TO THIS KNOWLEDGE? IT WOULD SEEM LIKE A DIFFICULT THING TO HANDLE.

I explains the extreme emotionalism that I surprise myself with. I'm anthropological about friendships, romance and social anger.

My mother is a rare soul. She affects the world everyday with her concern and support for people's general discomfort. I have never met anyone like her.

She won't admit it, but I think she is either Venusian or Pleidian. She has passed wide, infinite belief systems to me that I know are not part of this planet's logic.

Someone read the story of Pleids (star system) to me and I started to cry for no reason--it sounded like I was coming home from a long absence.

16. IT IS SAID THAT PEOPLE BEGIN TO LOOK LIKE THEIR PETS AFTER SOME TIME. WHAT ARE YOU AROUND ENOUGH TO BEGIN TO LOOK LIKE?

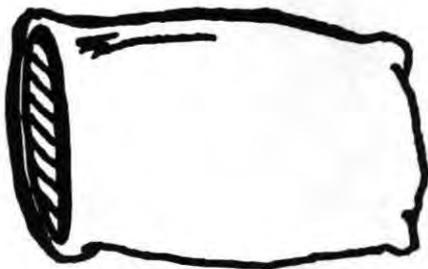
At the moment, I have no pets. It is hard to be a single parent. But sometimes, I think I look like a t-shirt or a pillow. I'm around those objects quite a bit.

17. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN IN LOVE?

Three times.

18. SO WHAT IS UP WITH YOUR LOVE LIFE? HAVE YOU FOUND THAT INSANE GIRL-FREAK TO SADDLE UP WITH, OR ARE YOU DEALING WITH ALL OF MEN'S SHIT (LIKE I WISH I WERE)? OR NONE OF THE ABOVE?

None of the above.



t-shirt or a pillow. 55

19. I HAVE A "FRIEND" WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. NOW I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE DEAR ABBY, SO PERHAPS YOU COULD OFFER SOME PEARLS OF WISDOM. MY "FRIEND" CAN'T SEEM TO RECONCILE THE PULL BETWEEN THE FRESHNESS HE FEELS FROM DOUCHING, VERSUS THE IDEAL TO LOVE YOUR BODY NATURALLY, AS IS. WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

Eat lots of greens and chlorophyll. Cut preservatives and red meat--he might be eating too much of that. It can cause a stink.

Don't douche. It can fuck up your ph balance. You need some bacteria, folks. You don't want to irritate your epidermis.

20. THERE SEEMS TO BE A REVOLTING MAINSTREAMING OF GAY AND LESBIAN POLITICS IN THE STATES THESE DAYS (I.E. LIFTING THE MILITARY BAN AND THE "GAY POWER ELITE" ETC.). DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENTS ON WHERE THIS MIGHT (HOPEFULLY) TAKE GAYS AND LESBIANS AND WHERE YOU FIT (IF AT ALL) IN ITS SCHEME?

Try not to be **too** gay. It's as bad as being **too** straight. But don't be shy. Use the system before it uses you--but never let it think it's using you.

Join a band. Start a zine. Queer is a state of mind.

21. ANY LAST WORDS? PARTING COMMENTS? FINAL THOUGHTS?

Leave it alone, you diet technicians full of your rock-n-roll anorexia. Eat some pie.

FIFTH COLUMN

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the end of the beginning.