...the ANTI-fanzine
for ANTI-fans of Urge Overkill...

We stalk Urge Overkill because they are fraudulent idiot bastards whose music sucks beyond belief.

About 99 percent of the people we meet support or at least appreciate our mission to end UO's career. This column, however, is dedicated to that one percent: who, for some inexplicable reason, lather themselves into an Urge-defending/Stalker-hating, eye-popping frenzy whenever they see us—those vein-throbbing stumbelums who get in our faces and give us that last little piece of their minds—the ones who never let the fact that Nate, Blackie and Ed don't give a rat's ass about them interfere with their resolve to pretend they might beat us up.

Freak #1: the producer of WLUP-FM's "L. x Wilde Show"

During our second stint on this show, Wilde's animated hambone producer (they called him "Sam" but we know his real name is Greasy Griselle) decided he'd had it with our "how do we stalk Urge, let us count the ways" fiesta, when he charged into the studio, grabbed a microphone and began serenading himself. The angrier he got, the meaner he became, until he was bounding around like a jaunty blood sausage, straining against his casing.

(see CRAVEN p2)

Being the open-minded stalkers we are, we decided it, for some inconceivable reason, Urge Overkill's new album turned out to be good, we'd stop stalking. But guess what? It sucks. So here's issue no. 5.

Tower of cowards. One night when we were cruising the sidewalks in our new Urge costumes (Miss B as 'Nate on stilts,' Miss K as Blackie & a giant-headed, appropriately inanimate thrift store babydoll as Ed), two men on a motorcycle pulled up at a stoplight to harass us. The driver turned out to be a downwardly mobile junkman from Miss B's past. His passenger was a young, worked-up West Side Story reject who wanted to see us dead.

(see RANDOM p2)

CAN YOU SEE

THE GOON IN THE MOON?
**CRAVEN**

(Cont from p1)

"We just want to say that we love Gaffney records, and we think these girls should get a life," beledows the Chicago-style hotdog as he knocked down a big fat smock on the cheeks of a corporate giant who, if it knew he was alive, would channel-surf past his loyalty dance without pausing to yawn.

He then got personal with us, singing such zingers as "You're no Miss America!" and "Get a vibrator!" When Miss K began mimicking him with a baby-talking parody of his "Allah Goffen" chant, he shot his arm out and smashed the microphone away from her face, screaming with all his might, "SHUT UP!!!"

Our only regret is that he didn't go into cardiac arrest right then and there so we could watch the life go out of his bulging eyes while the parasmemics tried to figure out how to give CPR to a bratwurst.

---

**Random**

(Cont from p1)

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! You ain't got nothin' better to do than ride the backs of Urge Overkill!" came the gottalir ravings of the declared thug as he shouted to be heard over the bike's flexing motor. "Yeah! Well, you just ride that stuff on September 28 at Tower Records!" He then threw down the gauntlet by lifting his shirt and showing us his naked back.

"Uh... September 28? What's wrong with right now?" answered Miss B, wondering why he wasn't seizing the moment. All we got was "Vroom Vroom!" and they took off. After being challenged by the mentally challenged, we had no choice but to show up on the 30th (not the 28th as our thug told us) at Tower Records to bum UO out by stalking them while they panned for fool's gold inside the store.

We heard all kinds of rumors about heightened security and rising blood pressures, so to diffuse a potentially unhealthy situation we phoned the Tower manager a few days ahead of time. We told him we planned to show up in our Nate and Blackie costumes and that we would be unarmed and non-dangerous to everything except Urge's career. He said it was no big deal as far as he was concerned: "I just think it's funny."

With that "what—me worry?" feedback, we opted for the luxe approach and arrived in a champagne-stocked, black stretch limo, which we were still relaxing in when a husky, Dockers-clad man in glasses came scuttling up to the window. "I am the manager," he announced, as if reading from flash cards that definitely did not include the line, "I just think it's funny."

"I cannot let you in. You will cause a disturbance. There will be a riot," he reiterated what we'd said on the phone, that our only plan was to gawk and laugh at the Spectacle Of The Wretched he'd been promoting all week. "Do you really think all these mobs in there would allow their kids to become violent?" we asked.

This did not pry open his sealed-up mind. "This is not your in-store. This is Urge's in-store. If you want your own in-store, we can arrange that. But your mere presence will disturb the band. If you come in I will have you escorted out."

"We're coming in," we promised. And they escorted us out.

We fell back on Plan B, which was to hunt and holler at the backs of our decomposing trio from the other side of the front window as they (and their new home-perm-haired bass player) plodded through a set of "songs" from their new album. Two disinterested, lethargic cops paced around ("Do what you want—just don't knock on the glass") as we proclaimed ourselves to be "the real Urge" and ordered the "impostors" yanked from the stage. Miss K stood inches from a bare-ankled Blackie, with only a thin pane of glass separating her real nutoo drumming from her mock-nutsu air-drumming.

After the set, half the crowd emptied onto the street and slammed us for copies of The Stalker. Many of the young people who'd been standing in the front row watching Urge were now asking us for autographs. "Wait—aren't you a UO fan?" asked Miss K. "No!" said one girl. "We only came because we knew you'd be here—we've been reading your zine and figured this would be a good way to see how gross Urge was without spending any money."

Throughout the circus, the store manager and a female Gaffney rep flanked the doorway, glowering at us with their nostrils flared and their lips stuck out. We're not sure if this was because of us or because of Urge, who we heard had been extra-extra-demanding in the days leading up to the gig. First, they made Gaffney call the president of Tower Records to make him triple-check the already backed-up security, then they presented the store with a humongous list of "backstage supplies" totaling in the thousands of dollars. Tower had the good sense to say "No," and batted the bomb shelter stock-up list (which, along with gallons of liquor, included such items as makeup and a full-length mirror) back to Gaffney's court. We know Urge had been quaking in their white vinyl slip-ons (and sellin' pants) over what we might do, so here's our guess as to what was really on the list:

- colostomy bags (30/box, $50) $200
- skin prop wipie (50/pack, $10) 40
- catheters ($9) 36
- mouthpieces
  - (to protect tongue from chattering teeth, $6) 24
- paramedics (2 at $100/hour for 3 hours) 600
- double the drugs 2,000
- triple the booze 1,500
- saltines, ginger ale, Pepto Bismol (for upset stomachs) 25
- can of Endust and feather duster (to remove the dust from Urge's section in the CD racks) 10
- duct tape (to attach an ink pen to Nate's hoof so he can sign autographs) 5
- more drugs and booze 560
- Total $5,000

The honeymoon is over. While the castread church ladies in the local press continued their fawn-fest, Urge has gone belly-up with the big boys. Rolling Stone (9-7-95) had enough of the UO rock-god- myth (key words used: "dolor... bad rock cliché... doesn't quite cut it... [Nate] just plain doesn't deliver.") Spin (10-95) rolled its eyes in a mixture of boredom and contempt (key words used: "The Stalker"). This lukewarm dissing is better than nothing, but there's far too much mercy in this media killing. While we wait for the fall-out (e.g., firing fritz... that definitely will inevitably replace this hem-hawing corpse-nibbling, we'll just keep on stalking until the only thing ever written about Urge is the zine you're holding in your hands.

---

"The only Urge fan in captivity"

It was a bad-ass evening of sidewalk stalking: we were in our Urge Gutwear passing out Stalkers to the crowd pouring out of the Fugazi/Shellac show, when a frat boy entered a nearby parking lot to claim his Vespa scooter. When he saw Miss B on stilts, he began screaming at her through the chain link fence that separated him from us. Miss B acknowledged him over our bullhorn. "Ah! I see we have an Urge fan over there—please buy our album."

This hit him like a shot of angel dust, and he snatched the chain lock from his scooter and began beating it against the fence, roaring at us like a caged beast. Miss K grabbed the bullhorn. "Hey—I need some Depends! Tower Records is still open—I know you're going to go..."

"YOU BITCH! YOU WHOOOOOOOOOEEE!! How what I think of you!" And with that, he made ready to let loose a gob of spit. Just as it left his mouth, Miss K brought the bullhorn into position and caught it on the fly.

This was fun, but we couldn't help wondering, why didn't he take a dozen steps to his right, walk past the fence and give us his "what for" on a face-to-face basis? (One guess: five letters, begins with F.)

What does this say about Urge Overkill, if these savage freaks are the kind of people who step to their defense? What does it say about the savage freaks if they give a damn about three assholes like Urge? It says they all SUCK that's what.
"The regime of music that has been played for 20 years is over. What we do has nothing to do with that shit."
—Blackie Onassis (Alternative Press, 7-95)

"People might think we’re just some funny contrast, but we’re all about great albums, like all great bands."
—Blackie Onassis (New Musical Express, 9-2-95)

Yep, Urge Overkill sucks—you know it and we know it. But let’s not let that keep us from taking a blowtorch to the ass crack of their latest debacle, Exit The Dragon (or, as we more aptly refer to it, Exit Their Draggin’ Asses).

This falling anvil is so rotten and so all-out irritating, we can’t believe it’s being offered for sale to the public. For starters, Ed’s leaky-faucet throat provides lead vocals on eight of the record’s 15 craniambararging tracks. This is a huge mistake, since he sings like a hologram of Neil Young underwater and has only three things to say: (1) I’m sick of my scaly, firebreathing, girlfriend-slash-manager-slash-gilla monster; (2) I want out of this band; and (3) I am very drunk.

What makes us especially sick is the positioning of his glistening, creepy stroke victim as some sort of rock-reverent, blues-based guitar auteur, when in fact he’s just a noodling menace. When Geffen held a gun to his head and said, “Everyone else has passed out—you have to finish the album by tomorrow, or else,” he went to bed with the Rolling Stones’ Hot Rocks under his pillow and then plopped-plinked his ass off until it was done. No matter. Five minutes of his keening warbling will leave radio programmers crying for mercy.

Ooops—Blackie’s still in the band. That’s Blackie “Liability” Onassis, who plays drums like a livid baby chimpanzee beating on his high-chair tray at dinnertime. One day when someone left his case door open, he sneaked into the studio and accidentally sat on the switch to the drum machine to make “The Mistake,” which every single rock critic in the world feels obligated to call “Blackie’s synth nugget” instead of “this dumbass bullshit that I will throw in the trash as soon as I finish writing this review.” In pondering the lisping, sicko sound waves created by this “song,” most reviewers seized upon the line “Beware the overdose… in the USA.” We were more thrown by the rock-a-bye-baby-meets-Marc Bolan vocal delivery of “Sta-TICK comes from every ze-RECK-shuh-um.” It made us wish our ears were double-jointed so we could slam them shut.

And what is Nate doing while all this is going on? Well, when he’s not slumping over in a corner watching his mind swirl around the room, he’s fretting out jack-knifed water bubbles like “Need Some Air,” in which he sings about singing about singing about absolutely nothing: “I’m choking on the silence and I wanna scream out—hey!—out loud/Need some air/Need some air/Air/Air!”

For out-of-the-box sucking, however, nothing even comes close to the shapeless drone of the album’s finale, a neverending Nate ballad called “Digital Black.” To find a female singing partner to help inflict this aural torture, Nate trotted the alleys of Philadelphia for someone with a voice so awful it would make him sound good by comparison. For no good reason the lyrics mock the death of Latina rock star Selena: “So long Selena/girl you had it all/and your life was only just beginning.” Nate strains. Then the woman clams in: “And when the tears are gone/don’t you know/well we still have this song/and we’ll sing it down the roh-ho-ho-oh-oh!” You can almost see the producers holding a ham sandwich in front of the microphone to get her to hit her high notes.

Exit Their Draggin’ Asses has got to be the last pitiful turkey Urge Overkill will have the opportunity to make. As Ed sings on “Take Me,” “it’s over.” You can see it in the strained faces of the Geffen employees stuck at the helm of the UO Titanic. You can see it in the turned-down mouths of the millions of rock fans who would rather not pay money to hear or see three deteriorating scarecrows go through the motions. If, however, they manage to rise from the dead with a sequel, we’ll be ready.

Last Exit to the poorhouse

Urg’s working title for this sour dollop of pseudo fly, When someone told them this would be the marketing equivalent of wearing a “Kick me” sign, they changed it to Exit The Dragon. Why? Let’s ask Blackie:

‘When Brandon Lee passed away a couple years ago, I think it was Nasi who was like, “Oh God—exit the dragon.” Once that became the title, the songs kind of took on a tribute nature. I don’t know who it’s a tribute to, it’s just a sort of a document of a rather lost, fucked-up generation that the media has deemed Generation X.’... Rock and roll is in our hands now. It’s not going to be there for a really long time, but while we have a shot, we want to do something that is every bit as cool as any other era in rock and roll.” (Rolling Stone, 8-95)

Every time Blackie opens his mouth he blows another gasket in our minds. At this stage, the only advice we have for him (besides “Deddy, find out if Betty Ford takes Medicinal”) is “dream on.” Not only is Exit Their Draggin’ Asses not “every bit as cool as any other era,” it’s not even as cool as those dime-store sunglasses with the neon ear stems.

The only thing they did right on the entire album was to put the word “exit” in the title, though, if it’s not too late, we’d like to submit our suggestions for something even more descriptive—maybe they could use one for the overseas edition.

- 100 Percent Castro
- Not Good
- The Deathwatch
- Please Give Us Money
- Take My Gills—Please
- Put Us Out Of Our Misery
- Bounced Check
- What Day Is It?
UO Career Snuff Film:
the lame video for the lame single, "The Break"

record company deal:
spend as little money as possible and just get it over with.

challenge:
how to photograph three corpses so as not to scare off potential customers.

premise:
three soon-to-be-out-of-work geeks try to stay upright while recording a "song" for their album.

setting:
the recording studio and everyday world stumbling distance of its front door.

motif:
breathing through the mouth.

gratuitous female:
two bored Asian women, wondering if they’re going to get paid or not, wearing mandarin-collared, embroidered silk dresses ("Exit The Dragon," get it?)

retarded "for-video-only" buck-toothed oaf.

extra-crummy Godzilla-meets-Obi-Wan computer-generated guitar solo.

while watching you realize the chorus is a complete ripoff of:

"Jumpin' Jack Flash."

hit factor:
Ed’s breaths-so touchable beneath his cloying red shirt.

money shot:
Nate shaking a handful of maracas, rearing up like a spooked horse having a cocaine seizure.

Interview
with UO’s Director of Merchandising

The Urge line normally consists of t-shirts and medallions, but now you’re branching out to other items.

Yes: Our biggest seller right now is our Urge phone line—this has gone over exceptionally well, especially at live shows.

Puke pall?
You know, buckets to throw up in after you hear their music. This is a prime example of how the band tries to turn a disadvantage into an asset. For instance, in the past, people would just puke on the floor, or have to miss a big chunk of the show standing in line for the bathroom. Now, for about $8, they can have their very own gold-tone bucket, complete with UO insignia. The retention rate is really high.

What are they made of?
For live shows we use plastic—for safety reasons. But a deluxe corrugated model is available through mail-order.

Any tie-in opportunities?
Definitely. Right now we’re in the middle of talks with an ante-diluvian manufacturer who’s interested in sponsoring the European tour. Urge is also intrigued with the idea of doing commercial jingles, and the whole radio aspect fits right in. We envision a 90’s twist on classic 70’s slogans, such as “Proposition 8—what a quoize, offensive, lustsome, repugnant disease this is.”

What Roget says about Urge:

INSIDIOUS
Nouns—insidious, virulently tasteless, weakness (see Adjectives); dullness, mediocrity, inoffensiveness.

UO INTERNET REPORT

UO's web site is just like the band: long on wishful thinking and dangerously short on substance. Under "UO Covert Reviews" only two were mentioned, one from November '92 and the other from October '93. Then it said, "... [Editorial—either personal or magazine reviews—are very welcome!]

Hmmm. We know of no magazine reviews that weren't listed, and a lot more recent than October 1993—both from their disastrous performance this June at the Glastonbury Festival in Britain. England's big music tabloids panned the show, and New Musical Express referred to Ed, Blackie and Nate as "Kingkey Arse, Blackie Sexwank and Thunor McDoukel." Not good. On 8-21-95, the on-line magazine Addicted To Noise ran this article in which Ed reasures everyone for the unthirteenth time that just because it seems like UO Overkill sucks, it doesn't mean they actually suck—it means they're doing great.

UO Overkill To Perform Exit The Dragon in Australia

UO Overkill start their first full tour of Australia next month and hopefully won't be bringing any of their Glastonbury Festival stage-trashing antics for the ride.

"That was the first show we had played where we did new songs," explains Eddie "King" Roesser. "The situation with festivals is you go from a base in a field in front of thousands of people. A lot of bands who play have the luxury of having been on tour for a year before getting on this gigantic stage. We didn't. Our other shows went well, but Glastonbury was the most publicized and the one that blew up. Things weren't set up right. Blackie broke a snare, got angry and trashed his kit. But I think if sometimes a set's a disaster it's okay."

CALLING ALL SPIES!

Thanks to our extensive network of dedicated spies, The Stalker is kept up-to-date on the many gross goings-on inside the UO camp. As we take to the road in our fight to stamp out UO's career, we'd like to invite those of you who haven't yet experienced the pleasures of stalking to help us pull the plug on Nate, Blackie and Ed. Not sure if you're spying material? Take this simple quiz to find out.

1. I used to hang out with UO Overkill but went running for the hills when I discovered they were

2. UO Overkill stole one or more of the following items from me:
   - money
   - equipment
   - boyfriend
   - drugs
   - my girlfriend
   - my peace
   - properly
   - mind

3. Nate/Blackie/Ed defiled my body by touching/kissing copulating with me

4. UO's "music" is just about the worst I've ever heard in my lifetime.

5. I hate UO Overkill and want to see their faces spinning around the toilet bowl of life as they're being flushed into oblivion.

If one or more of these statements applies to you, then what are you waiting for? Time to let loose!

You're damn right I'll help you make UO Overkill's life a living hell!

I volunteer to:
- scan free passes to their shows for purposes of in-the-crowd heckling or insidious backstage harassment
- visit record stores to place folded-up copies of The Stalker in between all the UO CD's
- quiz my music-biz associates for interesting tidbits
- share all my present dirt (letter enclosed)
- help blast UO from the rock scene by dogging their asses (proposal enclosed)

* Warning—paying money for any UO product is beyond forbidden—it's considered a treasonous outrage of the highest order.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City State Zip: ____________________________
Phone: ____________________________


Where's our money?

UO's latest ass-backwards attempt to combat The Stalker is to tell people, "They're getting paid very well," implying we are somehow on their payroll and that our telling the world they suck is part of their PR master plan. All we have to say is, "Where's our money?"

We've been working very hard over the past year to end their careers, and we've almost home free. If they were to come across with a sizeable donation of say, $500,000, we're sure we could finish the job even sooner than planned. Since we know Nate, Blackie and Ed are broke, we assume any hope of our "getting paid" would lie with Geffen (even though the UO publicity budget is microscopic compared to bands who actually sell records, we know they can find the money somewhere).

With adequate funds to cover travel and related expenses, Miss B and Miss K could visit every record store and rock venue in the world (including every stop on the UO tour) to distribute The Stalker and reiterate our message:

"UO Overkill are the most vile artists in the history of recorded music."

In addition, Geffen will need to provide us with the following: new computer and software, scanner, fax, modem, Internet account, postage meter and postage account, home entertainment center, copy machine, unlimited supply of Goldschlager, pre-quality bullhorn, a new car with phone, health insurance and funds for printing 3,000,000 copies of The Stalker.

We hope they contact us soon to make arrangements for dispersal of the funds UO has already assured everyone we are getting. If they do not, we regret only two options are available: (1) we file suit for breach of promise; or (2) UO Overkill cease and desist from polluting the world with their reprehensible faces, voices, and "music", and immediately begin their rightful jobs as mumbles, unemployed, degenerate bums.

(Just to be sure someone is locking after our interests, we plan to secure the services of Ed's life partner, Beth Winer Management [a/k/a Gils & Associates] to act as our representative in this matter.)

The Jesus-Christ-Give-Us-A-Break

UO Media Ass-Kiss Of The Year

The criteria: must be as embarrassingly nonsensical as it is pathologically gushy

The winner: Ben Kim of the Chicago weekly New City (7-20-95)

His actually wrote: "Later, in a moment of private solitude, I thought of UO, who in its own way is actually as great as Kiss—UO, saturated in some kind of spiritual greasepaint, conjugating the verb 'to rock' in an endless variety of indigenous dialects."
What's That Living Beneath Urge's Eyes?

play "Paper Bag Dolls" and find out!

bratwursts

orange candy slice

larva

stuffed pasta shells

cashew

avocado slice

par-bolled prune

sweet potato

rudimentary buttocks

quesadillas

shaved sunburnt gerbil in a hammock

oysters on the half shell

cocoon

gin-soaked croissants with seam stitched down the middle

green beans

BONUS: Nate's moles
Planning for that special day:
- transportation: horse-drawn carriage for the happy couple, with a black horse for Miss B & Blackie and a white horse for Miss B & Nate (MISS B & Blackie at my death in shooting armor; MISS B & Nate in my white horse on church steps).
- food: all can eat boozed and drugs
- security: three bodyguards (MISS B & I will not get my dress tray wrestling with public type horses).

The bridal registry: all that we’ll need for our new home:
- choker
- ed wine glass
- white wine glass
- all-purpose wine glass
- champagne flute
- champagne saucer
- co-education glass
- cocktail glass
- highball glass
- old-fashioned glass
- beer mug

A Very Stalker Wedding

spent a suspiciously huge chunk of our free time going over the heads of their like-minded lions with a fine-tooled comb. Just what is The Stalker? If not conscious evidence of two lovers who don’t present too much?

Let’s face it, at 10 and we’re pushing 40 from both sides, and beginning to worry about our prospects. So what if Nate and Blackie are disgustingly stupid. Is that any reason for us to turn our backs on them as potential mates?

- our first dance: “Heaven Knows” from Introduction
- our afterthought: I’ll have an experienced at holding a glassful of boozes. sailing for a minute, then drinking it all down.
- our personal note: we’ll stop stalking… all with us part
- fresh-made: lil’ Plain, Gills Monster
- groomsman: lil’ Jon, Ellicott
- honeymoon destination: Hawaii (if it’s good enough for “Star” Hawaii, it’s good enough for us)

- planter glass
- brandy snifter
- cherry glass
- ice punch glass
- ice bucket-cooler
- ice bucket
- butter pat
- sugar bowl
- blender
- cocktail shaker
- punch bowl set
- cookie

What Becomes
An Urge Hoe Most?

For years we were under the impression that Jim Ellison of Material issue was the only person alive more stupid than the members of Urge Overkill, but recent events have convinced us that the real holders of the More Stupid Than Urge title are the band’s female hangers on—those dependent, around-the-block hags whose motto is, “Sway by your man.”

We all know about ol’ Gila Monster and Blackie’s girlfriend, the Beef Jerky With Eyelashes. But what are we to make of the “Alphabet Girls,” who in September phoned Miss B to save these nasally messages on her answering machine?

First Message
“Hello Miss B this is Miss R. I heard your message—it’s really nice. Just like I think most of your messages are really nice. Heard about you in the Reader, Honey—hope you don’t bump into me anytime soon. This is Miss R. Bye.”

Second Message
“This is Mrs. M. We all and the rest of the Alphabet Girls were kinda worried about you the way we’re worried about Mrs. V on “One Life To Live.” You know, the old, ugly, fat, kinda big, blond dykey-looking chick. She’s been through A to Z herself. We just hope you stop at B.”

Are we scared to “bump into” these hoes? Hell yes—if they look anything like the hoes we’ve been hanging around Urge (all you need to know is they aboo each other out of the way to get next to Nate). These necrophilic vixens obviously mean business—just look what they had to do to earn their “letters.”

Club Rules Of The Alphabet Girls
- The Golden Rule: you must work as a barfly in order to provide your man with an endless supply of free boozes.
- Initiation: must have sex with a member of UO (if it’s me, the AlphaCandidate must remain until sunrise to witness the smoke rising from his flesh or else it doesn’t count)
- Dress Code: must own a leather jacket with your letter of the alphabet stiched on the back
- Health: must be fried

Grounds for dismissal:
- filching when looking at Nate’s face
- being dead
When did I realize UO sucked? Could it be their penchant for bad 70's rock and fashion? Their praise of the songwriting genius of Neil Diamond? The way Nateias with a turn of the phrase, like, "Baby, I'm a rolling stone?" No matter what, nothing sucks quite like Urge Overkill.

-Mr. G, Chicago

UO are cardboard cutouts, human cartoons, caricatures of their own adolescent fantasies. These crimes could be dismissed, however, they commit the ultimate sin in a cartoon-they demand to be respected and taken seriously. They are image without essence and everything I hate about rock and roll.

-Mr. T, Chicago

I cannot say that I would pay $20 to see the butts of your joke actually performed out of tune Neil Diamond cover and an "original" ditty that asserts, "When I take you down/I don't want to take you down." I never heard of UO until I read The Stalker. It was deep without being funny without prior knowledge of the band, but now that I hear them on the radio, and read that odious Spin article on them, I can hate them for their own making.

You may be aware that the words "Urge Overkill" appear on a Parliament album. George Clinton says Starchild explains that Sir Rose will use something called "Urge Overkill", the pimpling of the pleasure principle to snatch the natural Funkin' For Fun of Starchild. Don't you know that calling yourself Urge Overkill is like saying, "Hello, I'm SATAN, and I'm here to drink your wine and take your money?" George Clinton warned us, for chrissakes?

-Mr. E, Chicago

For about 30 seconds I thought Quentin Tarantino was a genius when I saw Pulp Fiction. When Uma Thurman died, I thought she had passed out from listening to Urge Overkill.

-Mr. J, Austin, TX

Who else could be Nash Kato?

"Even my family has started calling me Nash: My mom writes to Nash Kato now. In the end, I can't help thinking, 'I am Nash Kato. Someone's gotta be.'"

When we read this quote from UO's Nathan Kastrud in the October '85 Spin, it got us to thinking: is Nate the only one who could be Nash Kato, or could another decrepit individual serve just as well?

Others uniquely qualified to be Nash Kato:
- the disinterred body of author Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951)
- any dilapidated donkey or horse on its way to the glue factory
- Gloria Steinem at age 99