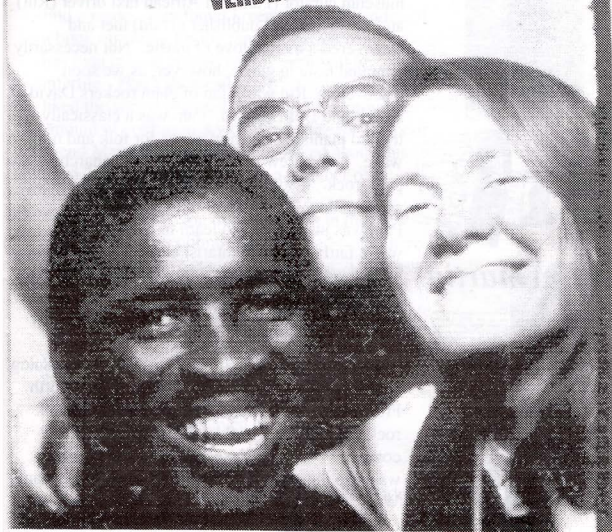


FREEMARTIN

VERBIAGE



A Brief History of Freemartin

Freemartin formed in late 1991, when a famous museum curator (Pam), an African taxi driver (Rui) and a radical book publisher (Todd) met and discovered a mutual love of music. Not necessarily a mutual taste in music, however, as we soon discovered. Rui was a fan of glam rockers David Bowie and Def Leppard. Pam was a classically trained pianist with a preference for folk and new wave. Todd grew up on hardcore and anarcho-punk rock. It sure seemed like an unlikely combination.

Pam was just starting to learn to play bass. Rui was a fairly talented guitarist and Todd had a drum kit and could play pretty okay, but for some reason they decided to trade instruments. So everyone was learning everything at once. It was probably the best move we ever made.

It took quite awhile to find our sound in the ensuing chaos, but at the suggestion of Steve "The Fourth Freemartin" Pyne, we started working on a punk rock version of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" complete with a mosh section at the end. (Steve was also the writer of our second song "American Way", a political folk/punk ditty which was later

freemartin

one, usually, about 10% of a page, from what is called a "hook" or "line" of a paragraph. Short, snappy sentences are the result in a good story (100, 50, 40, 30). The overall length of all our "comp." combined is only about 70 minutes, as indicated by the song-chatter, so please don't BE LATE. (This goes double for band meetings, where you will be taping the event for posterity.) So, please think of witty things to shout out between songs, as we fiddle around with kinds and styles of music.



freemartin
POUCH WALL II

On Thursday, August 25 at 3:00 PM, Greenman will be playing another short set on the BOVA RAMA porch (300 N 4th). Don't miss this latest opportunity to see Greenman in an intimate setting, before he signs our multi-million dollar contract with Warner Bros. and abandons our humble roots in pursuit of... *glitter disco-punk god we're growing on*... membership through crap.

And please be on time, as we plan to start right at 5:00, and you won't want to miss a minute of the breath-taking gymnastics, outlandish costume changes, exotic male go-go dancing, or the lone comedian (200) worth of sound.



transformed into the Freemartin theme song: "Steve.")

With these two songs under our belt, it was time to find a name. Pam found Freemartin in the index of a book on caring for the family cow. When a cow has twin calves, at least one of them will be infertile. That calf is called a freemartin. We just liked the way it sounded. Little did we know the amount of confusion it would generate for our poor friend Martin who is constantly asked about "his band." Martin has never been a member of Freemartin, okay?

We practiced for months and months in the New Society Publishers library until we had a few more songs, and then we made our big debut: The Porch Wail. On the afternoon of June 28, 1992 we set up our equipment on our porch and played a 20 minute set of all our songs. About 25 people came by to watch us, mostly friends and bewildered neighborhood kids. Despite the friendly atmosphere, Todd was absolutely petrified and refused to sing. We played his songs as instrumentals.

to be continued, next record...

Spore • Kirsch Chao
Pod • Freemartin



8pm, Saturday January 16
88, All Ages, 4527 Springfield

Soupstock IN SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF SUICIDE
Sunday, August 22, 1993

Sheng-Tsueh Chen
Department of Statistics, University of Illinois
at Chicago, Chicago, IL 60607
E-mail: chenst@uic.edu

...and a full-length production of *The Inheritor* by John Galsworthy, which will include the *Blithedale* playhouse production of *Just a Minute* by "The Inheritor" and a full-length production of *The Inheritor* by John Galsworthy.

For more information, or to sign up
yourself, contact us at:

verdag, december 17

6 bands: 5 bands: 2 shrubs: 1 tall: 1 tree:

toybox

freemartin

policy of those

franklin

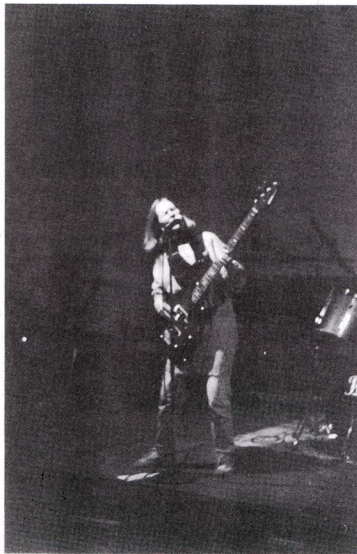
groovy monster

Fracture

oil eyes. no smoking. 100% cotton.

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Stifle!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

Shut your bald head!

It's not my baby!

It fucking is!

Stifle!

Head Fell Off

my head fell off
my tongue turned black
they pumped my guts
this is a set back

I hate this smell
(it smells) like chemicals
(it smells) like hospitals
it smells like me

ugly me

I love you, god
please don't be mad
I want my pills
and plastic bag

I want my hole
my box of pine
I want my stone
I want what's mine

Plastic bag

...us, 42-43, 109
and assisted suicide prosecution,
146-147
correct implementation, 92-95
use with drugs, 90-91, 92-95,
*09-110, 112-113

Aztec

an Aztec wet dream
walking in the park
your sun soaked flesh is
glowing in the dark

I meant to resist you
but when you...I couldn't resist
I said, "This is crazy."
You said, "No, spontaneous."

your tongue was warm
it held the heat of day
under your salty breath
I thought I heard you say

"I don't believe in the
Son and the Holy Ghost.
I just believe in the Sun."

Name: Pam

Born: Boston, Massachusetts

Birthdate: 3/24/60

Languages: English, French and Spanish

Status: Still thinking.

Occupation: Recovering professional

Police Record: Yes

Dream Date: With Heathcliff on the Moors.

Favorite Food: Everything! (except meat and watermelon)

Favorite TV Show: Kung Fu (the original)

Favorite Local Band: it was Toybox,
undecided on new favorite.

Favorite Freemartin Song: Head Fell Off

Musical Influences: Chronologically, my
Great Grandmother (the inspiration),
Schumann (a gruff underdog
classical composer), The Beatles
(obscure British band), The Police,
Babes in Toyland.

Musical Role in Band: Knows music theory
and has a decent ear.

Non-musical Role in Band: Driver

Musical Goal: Current: to write songs,
Ultimate: to play spontaneously and
intuitively

Life Goal: To be wise.

Message to the World: "Slow down."





Soupstock: A West Philly Would-be Woodstock with a Cause

by Eric Suler

For those artists to whom the word "concert" suggests a plush upholstered hall, this event was probably not your cup of tea. It probably wasn't your bowl of soup either. But if you're into the West Philly anarchist/grunge/hardcore scene, the lot next to the A-Space at 4722 Baltimore Avenue was the place to be last Sunday.

The reason to be there was Soupstock, the appropriately named benefit concert for Food Not Bombs, a group which gives out, in their words, "free food for free people." Local bands and rappers performed, a juggler did her thing with fiery sticks, a pig pig served as garbage disposal, and a colorful crowd of people just hung out. Of course there was free vegetarian food courtesy of Food Not Bombs: a table full of colorful concoctions and a huge soup pot boiling up people's contributions of veggies and spices.

Don't expect this kind of event to stick to a tight schedule. Although 2 p.m. was the supposed starting time, things were still fairly chaotic at 4 p.m. A friend confirmed that nothing much had been happening at 2 p.m.

The audience sat under a huge blue tarp much patched with duct tape, held up with twine and a ladder. Dogs wandered through. No suits were to be seen. Tattoos and body piercings were in evidence. Attire ranged from casual to trashy. Doc Martens and Buckenstocks. Leather and Spandex. Hey, in the ruffled pink shirt, was that a woman or a man?

The music got started with some rap by the Young Godfather and MC Flake Flake, and Q and his posse of friends. After that, recorded rap music changed abruptly to schmaltzy '40s dance tunes, and one or two couples waltzed around.

As the next band set up, distortion reigned. "We'd like to apologize for our unprofessionalism," said the skinny white hornonica player. "We've never rehearsed. Don't kill us." The bass player claimed they were "so far ahead of our time, even we don't know what we're doing." The feedback began to take on a life of its own and turned briefly into a recognizable phrase before dissolving back into chaos. A spectator commented, "These guys are never going to make it on MTV." He was right. They didn't have a bass player's



chance in hell.

The music got better. In fact, several of the other bands possibly would have a snowball's chance in hell. After a brief interlude of some sort of Gypsy folk music, the two guitars of Erin and Leno were much more coherent. Premartin was up after that and were very tight, very good. They're feeling like professionals now that they've had their fourth gig in less than three years. They only play all ages shows, either for free or for benefit. An unnamed source close to the band is spreading the rumor that their first album is due out soon on a major label.

Next was Pussy Boy, playing their first performance and obviously loving it. When the guitarist broke a string (apparently his first ever), he was elated and shouted, "I popped my cherry." He then apologized to the crowd, saying,

"I'm not a real punk rocker. I'm a real fag though." This announcement was met with cheers. The combination of flaming homosexuality and self-deprecating humor characterized the rest of their act. The music was not bad and could have been worse.

Thorng, formerly Hippy Christ, previously broke up, but got together for this show. Their style was more loose than most hardcore — loose, but energetic. The lead singer knocked over some amps in his enthusiasm, and later fought with makes that went dead. He explained that their song about Gretchen, a loving pet named vicious, was based on his own sad dog tale.

Thorazine came on last with some serious hardcore. Up until this point in the day, there had been little dancing. With Thorazine on stage, and a smaller but enthusias-

tic crowd, the pit got going.

The loose, free spirit of the event did have some drawbacks. Unfortunately, the scheduled performance of Amiri Baraka's play, "The Teller" never happened. Also missing was the "Miss Compost" concert. According to Spryte, who works with Food Not Bombs and helped organize the benefit, by the time they were ready to hold the concert, half the costumed had left. Nobody seemed especially disappointed, and no one seemed surprised that the concert ran late. Anyone who expected things to stick to a schedule was in the wrong place. The benefit raised \$100, and if fun is a measure of success, then Soupstock rated high.

Food Not Bombs serves free vegetarian meals every Sunday at 2:30 at the A-Space, 4722 Baltimore Ave. For more information, call 729-5373.

Name: Rui

Born: M'banza Congo, Angola

Birthdate: 11/1/65

Languages: Portuguese, French, Spanish,
Kicongo, Lingala and English

Status: Available. (Please write!)

Occupation: Auto mechanic, house painter,
plumber, all around handy person.
Will do anything legal.

Best Scar: Square black scar on arm from
pig-skinning accident.

Police Record: Yes. (disputed)

Dream Date: She laughs at my jokes, makes me
feel comfortable and both of us can be
ourselves.

Favorite Food: Beans and rice.

Favorite TV Show: Star Trek

Favorite Local Band: Minas (Brazilian pop)

Favorite Freemartin Song: Jackson

Musical Influences: Rui, David Bowie, Percy
Sledge, Jimi Hendrix

Musical Role in Band: brings African rhythms
into the band

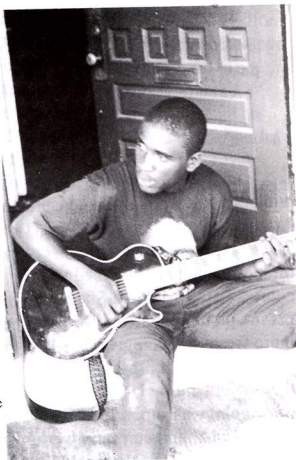
Non-Musical Role in Band: Contradicting Todd
at all times.

Musical goal: To play for a crazy, screaming
audience packed into a huge stadium like
ants. Or to make music that makes
people happy.

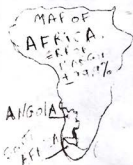
Life Goal: To keep learning and to teach others
to protect the environment.

Message to the World: "That could take a whole
other page."

Okay, you got it!



Rui's Whole Other Page



In the 1400's, when the Europeans decided to find the shortest route to India to get spices, they accidentally found many other lands. One of these was the Sub-Sahara Africa, also known as Dark Africa. A Portuguese named Diogo Cao (Dog in English) found what is today called Angola. For about 500 years, the Portuguese colonized (oppressed) Angola. After several hundred years of

violent struggle and resistance to colonization, the Portuguese left Angola on November 11, 1975. I was ten years old.

The Portuguese left Angola in complete chaos and civil war, with three warring parties armed to their dicks with destructive arsenals courtesy of the United States, the Soviet Union and others. Do you get the picture? Each of the three parties were representing one or more western ideologies. MPLA (Popular Movement for Liberation of Angola) was a pro-Marxist/Communist party. Their friend was the Soviet Union. UNITA (National Union for Total Independence of Angola) was supported initially by the Chinese, later by the South African CIA, and currently by the United States CIA. The third party, FNLA (National Front for Liberation of Angola), was supported by the good old US of A until FNLA dropped out of the war in 1976-7, at which point the US started supporting UNITA..

The war continues to this day. As a result, 1000 people a day are dying in Angola, mainly from starvation. An estimated 2.5 million will die in the next few years if the war continues. The people have no food, no running water. There is shit all over the street. The cholera epidemic is back and people are dying from it in large numbers. And of course, the AIDS thing. Personally I've had an aunt and a cousin die from it. My brother got cholera twice, but he did not die. He was lucky. I love him.

While all of this is going on, the United States still supports the war. You see, my friend, Angola is a very wealthy country. It has oil, diamonds, iron, oil, oil, more oil. I think if you use your imagination you can figure why the parties are so interested in fighting. So the big oil US companies (Chevron, Mobil, etc.) give money to the Angolan government for oil and the US government gives money to UNITA to overthrow the Angolan government.

I came to the United States in 1982 to avoid the army draft, because I do not believe in the war. But I am an Angolan. I love my country and I want peace there. My message to the world is this: Learn about what is happening in Angola, especially if you are a US citizen. The people of Angola would rather be making music than making war.



Freemartin is (left to right)

Pam bass, vocals
Todd guitar, vocals
Rui drums

David Bally plays saxophone on *Stifle* and *Anti Hair Cut*.

Engineered and mixed on December 16-19, 1993 by **Joe Deluca** at Why Me? Studio in Gibbsboro, New Jersey. **Joe** is great! This is exactly what we sound like.

Mastered by **Nim** at Masterworks in Philadelphia, PA

Cover hand-screened by **Steve Pyne** and the extended **Freemartin** family.

Cover Stars: (left to right) **Carl, Pam, Frances**, and (back) **Charlie Brown**.

All photographs by **Barbara Hirshkowitz**, except the cover photo (unknown) and the photo on the cover this booklet (self-portrait).

The words to *Stifle* are adapted from an actual domestic dispute, as told by **Susan Phillips**.

All songs by **todd/Freemartin**.

All songs are Copyright 1993, but only because the **Library of Congress** wouldn't let us register them in the Public Domain. Nonetheless, we are extremely open to people using these songs. For more information, please write to us.

While we are grateful to all of our friends, lovers, housemates, neighbors, and pets for their love and support, we would like to single out the following individuals for their valued contributions, above and beyond the call of doody.

Steve, Barbara, Rachel, Ulrike, Digger, Kat, Joe Deluca, New Society Publishers, Dave, Alexis, Paul, God, Josie, Nim and Albert, Martin and everyone who's come to see us play, especially the people who dance and clap and smile. Thank you.



Right now, you're probably asking yourself:

"But what can *I* do?"

Come See Us

It's so much more fun to play to an audience.

Book Us

If you are planning a show, please keep us in mind. We prefer free shows, benefits, parties, etc., but we would consider playing anywhere as long as it's all ages. Call Todd at (215) 748-0512.

Write To Us

We would love to hear your thoughts about this record, ideas for keeping music free, best scar stories, Angolan dessert recipes, silly jokes, marriage proposals (Attn: Rui), idle gossip or whatever.

Request Us

WKDU has this record. Give 'em a call.

Interview Us

As you might be able to deduce, we have a lot to say. Let us fill the pages of your zine.

Love Us

We probably won't be able to give the next record away for free. Please don't hate us.

Us, us us! Start Your Own Band

You don't have to know what you're doing. We sure didn't.

Freemartin

4823 Baltimore Avenue

Philadelphia, PA 19143

Have a stamp? Send a stamp.