



The
Meatmen
Mark's Record Reviews

I think they're using "meat" as a euphemism for "penis." Either that or "vagina."

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The Meatmen are gross. Always have been. Any girl who enjoys listening to The Meatmen is a special girl indeed. They sing about wankin' the chimney and getting reemed in the a-hole and bouncin' mcgillicudas around their magic wands and how much they hate gay people. The band is basically tall blonde creep Tesco Vee and whatever gang of jackasses he has surrounded himself with for the time being. The music is always rudimentary, be it hardcore punk, stupid wank metal, or (most recently) a fascinating combination of the two, but darn it - it's also awfully catchy, too. I'm not proud to call myself a Meatmen fan but heck, they make me laugh and their melodies get stuck in my bean, so why not? If you're a guy with a bawdy sense of humor, give them a chance. If you're a gal, well, umm - that's your call.

Blood Sausage EP - Touch And Go 1982.



See, I'm not positive that this was on Touch And Go, but the really cool thing that most people don't know is this - TESCO VEE FOUNDED TOUCH AND GO RECORDS. He actually originally started it as a fanzine before Corey Rusk joined him and branched out into the record business. Then Tesco moved to DC and let the label to Mr. Rusk, and the rest is hisstory.

Anyway, **Blood Sausage** is hilarious. Childish as hell, but so am I so who the fuck are you??? It has seven songs - "Tooling For Anus" bashes homersexuals, "1 Down 3 To Go" tenderly discusses the John Lennon assassination, "Snuff 'Em" tackles the sensitive abortion issue, "Becoming A Man" bashes homersexuals (sort of), "I'm Glad I'm Not A Girl" is a delightful romp through the joyous land of Manhood, "Dumping Ground" is an affectionate love ballad for that special someone, and "I've Got A Problem" is just a nice little punk tune. Funny? Yes! Moronic? Time And A Word! Infectious as an old bag of socks? Tormato! I love this record - it's

the short sharp epitome of everything that the dumbass peen-grabbing original Meatmen line-up stood for. It's also probably impossible to find for under 50 bucks, so just buy the **Stud Powercock** compilation and don't play it for anybody (they'll think you're an asshole). If I had to describe this record in five words or less, I'd call it "catchy upbeat poorly-recorded rudimentary punk rock with rude vocals and a gruff scratchy singer who sounds like a total cock." Then you'd whine about numbers or some shit and I'd have to kick your fucking jaw in. Douche.

Thanks, that was my Meatmen.

Reader Comments

azitelli@stevens-tech.edu

one of its main attributes is that it bashes gays? hmmmmm.....

rob.carroll@compaq.com

Tesco bashes everybody, not just gays.... if you don't question shit, even things like how you're "supposed" to accept everybody, then you may as well listen to Alanis Morissette, because that's exactly how proprietary you are. Don't be so fucking sensitive.

JHowke@nrtc.org

Quit crying about the "gay bashing"!! I've listened to the Meatmen since 84 and have seen numerous shows, in all likely hood Tesco is a closet gay himself-- I may be wrong but who the fuck cares! Shut up and quit crying you bitches!

pjsears@earthlink.net

the **Blud Sausage ep** was in fact rereleased on touch & go sometime in '82, in between the Fix's **Jan's Rooms ep** & the **Negative Approach 7"**. offending anyone and everyone with a record is originally what Fear set out to do with their 20 song 12", but in my opinion, the Meatmen accomplish that with this scrumptious 7" ep.

hunt125@msn.com (Hunter Brawer)

Hehe.. Tesco isnt a fag basher, he dicks everyone equally. Oh, and about him being a closet homosexual..he's been married for a while..so I dont know about that. But yesh...I have this on STud and Powercock...it is nice.

mr_sofakingwhat@yahoo.com

fuck you JHowke i'm from Detroit and have been listening to the meatmen , the FIX, and Negative Approach since 81-82 and tesco ain't no Fag ...(just cause he fucks your dad) trust me tesco is a funny fucker, afreak, really demented.....but NOT GAY IDIOT

Add your thoughts?

Crippled Children Suck! EP - Touch And Go 1982.



A pleasant follow-up, this lovingly titled record leans a little too far towards the disgusting side for my personal tastes (not that I'm one to talk or anything, but the graphic descriptions of violent masturbation in the middle of "Orgy Of One" are really a bit more than I as a music fan need to hear from Mr. Tesco Vee), but as a whole it's still a lot of fun. A few of the songs are more generalized than anything on the first one; "I Sin For A Living," "Meat Crimes," and the indecipherable but boppy "Spread Scat Boogie #2" appear to just be happy little raves about what it's like to live the life of a Meatman - druggin', fuckin', and causing general

mayhem throughout the community. Then there's the Bad Brains put-down "Blow Me Jah," the repulsive "Mr. Tapeworm," and of course, the classic title track.

Most of these songs aren't instant classics like the ones on record A (especially "Mr. Tapeworm," which appears to be their failed attempt at writing the fastest punk song ever), but they'll grow on you if you like this kind of crap. Same old catchy, poorly-produced obnoxious hate punk. So fuck you!!! Sorry. The Meatmen simply inspire a polite young man to shout "fuck you" every once in a while.

Say! Did I mention that The Meatmen claim to enjoy it when girls poop on their faces? Go tell Sis!

Reader Comments

mr_sofakingwhat@yahoo.com

yes an "INSTANT CLASSIC" so fucking rediculously catchy, it's hard to get the songs out of your head>>>>i still can't 20 years later

Add your thoughts?

We're The Meatmen... And You Suck! - Touch And Go 1983.



The Meatmen's catalogue, I should probably warn you at this point, is a tangled mass of issues, re-issues, live bonus tracks, and line-up changes. Consider yourself warmed! This LP is a re-issue of **Blood Sausage** with a bunch of live versions of **Crippled Children** tracks slammed onto the back of it. The live stuff detracts from the one-two kickpunch of the formerly teensy EP, but it's still pretty entertaining (though messy). The between-song patter, on the other hand, is just repulsive. Not even funny or clever. Just obvious grossosities pluggin' up the stinkyard. Tesco would later on become a crude and poetic master of the form, but at this point in his musical youth, he just sounded like a horny dumbass. One last thing I should mention about this album - it features a hilarious (yet stupid!) "dance" tune called "Buttocks" that should bring a tear to the cheek of every last Roman Catholic suckin' ass out there in Shithole Religiousland.

You know, I'm normally a pretty restrained young man, but those Meatmen will bring out the truck drivin' sailor in the most pristine of rural nuns. Obscene as a titmouse! Fuck you!

Reader Comments

WAYVED@aol.com

Its funny..I don't listen to it often anymore, but its good for a laugh every now and again.

steve.robey@mindspring.com

Ever since I was a high school boy, I've had a T-shirt of the album cover of this fine album. My mother attempted to throw it away about 17 times - but I always found it in the trash can outside. I've still got it, 20 years later! I hide it from my wife though - it would definitely be toast if she had a say in the matter. I recall wearing the T-shirt as an undershirt during a particularly important job interview. I didn't get the job, but I don't think it was because of the shirt.

Get the Stud Powercock compilation - The Meatmen are requisite listening for those who appreciate smooth production and adult themes. Like Stevie Winwood? You'll like the Meatmen. And YOU SUCK.

Add your thoughts?

Dutch Hercules EP - Touch And Go 1984.



If you find this record in your local Blockbuster Music store, you may notice that it is attributed not to The Meatmen proper, but to Tesco Vee - the esteemed solo artist. This would be because Tesco moved to Washington DC, the rest of the band didn't, and our beloved Mr. Vee had yet to come to the realization that he himself *was* The Meatmen, as far as anybody who gave a rat's ass about that sort of thing was concerned.

Also, it doesn't sound a whole lot like The Meatmen, so maybe Tessy was just covering his ass from punk rock counterattack. This is like '70s metal parody, sort of, but in a loving way. Three songs of total cock rock bullshit with diddly guitar solos and lame-ass midtempo, paired with a couple of funky disco rap sorta things. Vee was stretching, but it's an admirable and entertaining stretch. "Lesbian Death Dirge" holds to asshole tradition while introducing the silly new style he was diggin', "God's Bullies" is cool and violent, and "Wine, Wenches, And Wheels" is an instant classic - the theme song of what would soon be the new, updated Metallized Meatmen juggernaut, boasting of sex with big-breasted women and wild high-speed alcoholic races through the big city. Idiomatic adolescent dreams - but listen to the way Tesco sings it.... He knows it's bullshit. For this one special moment, he's admitting that the whole slambang is just a ruse. Ian MacKaye produced it, for God's sake. Would Ian MacKaye produce the record of a true dicksickle? Probably not. Tesco loves the idea of hedonism, and why shouldn't he? It's FUN!!!

The hate thing I'm not too sure about. Taking hate to the ultimate level of stupidity *is* a lot of fun; I've done it. But G.G. Allin meant it, and Tesco likes G.G. Hmmm.... A conundrum. Is Tesco truly full of hate? Towards certain people, probably so. But certain people deserve it. I think what's more likely is that he's just a lover of hedonism and good times, and punk asshole poses and song titles like "Blowjobs Ain't Cheatin'" are just a part of the package. Who cares? It's entertaining! Let's just laugh together. "Crapper's Delight" is a groovin' dance tune with a great boombox beat, too. Go go Tesco!

Oh! Remind me to tell you my Tesco Vee story at some point in these reviews. I met him once, and it was pretty funny.

Reader Comments

laynebro@aracnet.com (Layne Browning)

Tesco can break out a killer song every now and then, but not on this EP. Almost completely worthless, but mine's on green vinyl and in mint condition. Any offers?

rdb1971@hotmail.com

layne your opinion is absolutely worthless this record is a classic and no one cares if u have a green vinyl because a true meat men fan wouldnt give u any money fag

Add your thoughts?

Crippled Children Suck LP - Touch And Go 1984.



More repackaging in 'Menland. This full-length LP features the entire **Crippled Children Suck** EP, plus some really rough early demos from back when Tesco used a dopey drunken voice instead of a hateful growling muppet voice. The set is completed with a few live tracks from the **Dutch Hercules** era (including a

heavy metal version of "Blow Me Jah" and a stupid rewrite of "Becoming A Man") and one of the greatest ever Meatmen tracks, "TSOL Are Sissies." Good record! You'll probably never be able to find the original EP anyway, so you'd might as well buy this one instead. Unless, of course, you want to be the wisest consumer of all and purchase....

Reader Comments

pjsears@earthlink.net

"this stuff makes the Blut Sausage ep seem tame and subtle by comparison"--Touch and Go Magazine review excerpt.

Add your thoughts?

* Stud Powercock: The Touch And Go Years 1981-1984 - Touch And Go 1990. *



This CD contains a rare version of "Meatmen Stomp."

Oh! And everything else I just reviewed. Yes, this CD features THIRTY-NINE TRACKS of pure stupid offensive Meatmen power!!! Live versions!!! Demo versions!!! Studio versions!!! Cussing!!! Gross jokes!!! Sickening comics!!! A picture of a Meatmen condom surrounded by some pubic hair in a sink!!! But beware, for, as Cartoon Tesco says on the front of the disc, "If you like good music... Get the fuck out of here!" This is NOT good music. It's horsewaste. But it's such fun horsewaste! The kind you just want to wallow in and gulp down like a chocolate malt. Now, don't go telling everybody that I think that this is a perfect CD - as I've already told you, the between-song banter is gross, each song is on here about eight different times, and some of the songs just aren't as good as others.... But seriously, how the heck can you beat 39 TRACKS???? Just buy it, and suck a big Jewish cock.

Again, I apologize. To speak openly of The Meatmen, you have to BECOME one. It's a rule or some fuckin' shit.

Reader Comments

kurten@swafo.com

This is about all you need. This cd contains all their entertaining studio stuff, and also some terrible live recordings, that despite being performed in such a crappy manner, manage to make you laugh your ass off. Listen to the live version of "Tooling For Anus" to see what I mean. Towards the end of the song, Tesco's (probably drunk off his arse) singing degenerates into a mess of screaming, mumbling and an odd falsetto rant. Hilarious stuff.

useless_creep@hotmail.com (Steve)

This is what I think of as punk rock. Not a bunch of rich kids who adopt socialist ideology as a means of rebelling against their privileged lives.... not euphoric prettyboys who sing about girls in high-pitched voices.... but a bunch of misanthropic homo-repressed(probably) creeps who go out of their way to ridicule anything and everything in an attempt to offend anyone who's willing to listen. As one of the VERY few punk rock fans who actually grew up in poverty, this is the sort of band that appeals to me. It's no coincidence that the punk kids who grew up rich are the only ones who spend their time crusading for human rights. Those of us who live in the real world possess a healthy amount of contempt for humanity in general.

armlesspete@hotmail.com (Robin Kempson)

i hate to say this, but this "greatest hits" is probably what i'd buy if i spent money on these fellas. early was good then they got more and more metal...the lyrics stayed as funny..but it became a bit macho sounding..?! compare 'mr. tapeworm' with 'i want drugs'.

XDanzig@aol.com

The Meatmen aren't the usual punk band. They're not for political lyrics, rebellious hoo hah, or even anything really. They're just a buncha idiots who like to make fun of everything and everyone, and that's what makes them great. Their lyrics don't motivate your mind, and their riffs don't cause your brain to whirl (except in Lesbian Death Dirge, but hey...), but they still manage to stir up a good feeling, and that's what makes them special. Aside from their hilarious lyrics, (Tooling For Anus, Blow Me Jah, etc, etc, etc...) they are just some non-really good-ol' fashioned fun. But Stud Powercock is definately worth the money.

Add your thoughts?

War Of The Superbikes - Homestead 1985.



Tesco is again "The Meatmen," along with former Minor Threat guy Brian Baker and some other young people who think that the creation of boring bad metal is a worthwhile "ironic" substitute for the hardcore uproar of the T & G releases. Starts great with a boogie title track and the cookin' rocker "Abba, God And Me" (Tesco actually IS an Abba freak), but then takes a one-way bucket to Shitsville Direkt on the shoulders of inscrutable moronic humor (What is "Punkerama" supposed to mean anyway? And are "Cadaver Class" and "Kisses In The Sunset" intended to be *funny*? They haren't!) and catchy but pointless covers (Pagans' "What's This Shit Called Love" and Nazareth's "Razamanaz") until it finally ends on a high-note - the disturbingly dark "Pain Principal." Great song. But one of only a few here.

For some reason, this LP is considered by many to be a high point in the band's career, but I don't get it. The mix is weak and most of the songs aren't much better. I'd say skip it.

And skip school, too! The teachers are all poopchute-sucking rugmunchers anyfuckingway!!!

My apologies to you and yours.

Reader Comments

rdb1971@hotmail.com

for some one that devotes a whole page to the mighty meat men u sure act like u dont like them war was a classic meat men album sure some of it sucked but still great maybe u should just be honest and say u dont like them if u think u are going to get a review job at rolling stone forget about

BGirod99@aol.com

The definitive Meatmen opus. The title song is motorcycling's anthem and "Punkerama" is a blast. The covers are fine, I don't know what's meant by "catchy but pointless"- catchy is the point. It's satiric, and many won't get the joke.

Add your thoughts?

Rock 'N' Roll Juggernaut - Caroline 1986.



I consider this to be a vast improvement. It's the same cheese metal style, but no damn covers clog up the shoehole, and the gross jokes take a backseat to the riffs, which, in my opinion, are generally pretty great. The title track, "Centurians Of Rome," and "Turbo Rock" are primo overblown Triumph-type rockers, the anti-redneck "True Grit" has a soaring joyful chorus, "Come On Over To Mah Crib" is probably the most exuberant forkfest ever described in song (fast and catchy, too!), and "French People Suck"... is a stirring nationalist anthem. The last few songs are kinda dopey (especially "The Sweetest Kittens Have The Sharpest Claws"), and it's a bit difficult to ignore the fact that this is essentially a stupid Twisted Sister tribute act with grosser lyrics ("We roll out red carpets for sweet pubescent clam"???), but it's still a fine enough ride for your entertainment pallor. No long blues solos, at least.

Add your thoughts?

We're The Meatmen... And You Still Suck!!! - Caroline 1988.



If you feel an uncontrollable urge to investigate the MetalMeat period, start here. This live album covers the finest songs from the last two records, plus a bunch of early winners ("Tooling For Anus"!!!!), a few killer covers, and more obnoxious stage banter than you can shoot a booger out of your nose at - and I'm not speaking of that pissant early banter. This is new day rising Tesco at his finest - he begins "Lesbian Death Dirge" with the pointed query, "Any of you ever had the misfortune to run across one of those clam-lappin' slab glaciers??? You know, the ones whose butts look like two poster children fighting under a parachute???" Another tune starts with the stirring boast, "The fact remains, chickies, I stick my tongue so far up your puckered starfish, I carve my initials in tomorrow's TURD!!!!" Gentleman Vee at your service. Go ahead - rock and reel with the boogie-smackin' Meatmen! The sound is a bit thin, unfortunately, but at least you've got 16 great upbeat songs and you don't have to sit through "Pillar Of Sodom." Ugh!

Reader Comments

Feulner@sysmex-europe.com (Ron Feulner)

I just found this tape in a box, and have been listening to it over and over and over again.

Man this is some good stuff, now I have to find it on CD.

jtfortin@yahoo.com (Jeff Fortin)

I absolutely love this album. It is by far the best Meatmen album because, lets admit it, there is a lot of crappy filler on most Meatmen albums. This album has all the classics. A high school friend of mine and I agree that the crowd noise on this album is faked. If you listen to the crowd noise, it is more in line with what you would find at a Metallica concert. I find it hard to believe that a crowd this large would ever attend a Meatmen show, even if it was their "last" show.

I met Tesco in Milwaukee and despite the Meatmen's nasty and mean spirited, yet all in good fun, lyrics, he is the nicest guy you'll ever meet.

Add your thoughts?

Tesco Vee's Hate Police EP - Sympathy For The Record Industry 1991.



So like, even though The Meatmen by 1988 had included SEVENTEEN different guys, Tesco found it necessary to retire the name after **You Still Suck** and start this new outfit. Why? I have no idea, and never will. But this is a good place for my Tesco Vee story!

Way back in '91 or so, when I was still a high school chap, I made my way down to the Masquerade club in Atlanta to witness a cheap concert by a hot new combo called Tesco Vee's Hate Police. Now, I was not a HUGE Meatmen fan at the time, but I liked that live album pretty well, and I thought it might be fun to see what sorts of bullshit stage patter Te would be tossing at unsuspecting broads in the crowd with winnebagos the size of his head, so I gave it a go. So I was in there, underage with that stupid wristband thing on my arm, and I started tugging on the thing unconsciously while waiting for the opening band to come on. So the damn thing goes "ZA-PIP!" and tightens so freaking tight that my hand starts to turn blue. I was freaking out as you may very well imagine and, while trying my darnedest to make my wrist as skinny as possible, I made my way back to the T-Shirt booth and politely asked the T-Shirt guy, "Pardon me, but would you perhaps have a knife or scissor?"

He said nope, and his little friend said nope, but over on the other side of the little friend was this tall blonde guy smoking a cigarette. Squeezing the 'rette (as the kids say) between his teeth, this tall blonde guy said, "Yeah, I got somethin'" and pulled a big pair of sewing scissors out of his jacket pocket. My initial thought was, of course, "Why the hell is this guy carrying around a big pair of sewing scissors in his jacket pocket?," but I was in such a heap of arm trouble, that thought quickly passed away into the netherlands as I valiantly took the scissors and attempted to free myself from the chains of enslavement. I failed miserably and was getting noticeably upset, until the kind tall blonde man, cigarette clenched tightly between his teeth, said, "Here - I'll do it," took the scissors and began sawing away. Now, I'm not exactly sure what possessed me to do this, but I put my life's blood into this man's hands, my veins within plunging distance of his death blades, and asked him these two questions, in succession:

(1) "Are you Tesco Vee?" His answer: "Yeah!"

(2) "Is what you do just an act, or are you really that big of a jerk?" His answer (and remember to write this down for posterior): "Well... I guess I really am that way!!!" Then he politely finished freeing me from my ornery wristband and returned to his friends, where he amusingly pretended to jam the sewing scissors into his eye. My brush with greatness had reached cessation. And I felt so goddamned alive.

Of course, his band sucked and I left early, but that's hardly the issue at this point. What's important to note here is that one of the opening bands was King-Kill/33, who blew me away and quickly became my favorite Atlanta band - they've broken up by now, but they ruled my world for a year or two there. And this EP? Well, it's the dullest thing Tesco's ever laid his voice onto. "Crime Pays (The Bills)" is somewhat catchy, but "Burp Gun Boogie" and "Anal Face" do jack shim, and "Kill Ugly Naked," though amazing, is still just a cover of an Obsessed song. Oh well. It's just a damn 45 anyway. Nobody said you had to buy it.

Add your thoughts?

Gonzo-Hate-Vibe - Staple Gun 1993.



Still going by the name of "Hate Police," Tesco and three nobodies put this twenty-track dozer out during my sophomore year in college and whoa.... What a comeback. I was expecting stupid boring metal, but instead

got the most offensive and hilarious collection of atrocities ever penned by the illustrious Mr. Vee. I could not stop laughing!!! Would you mind terribly if I went track by track? 'Cause I want to.

Okay, then - "Die Foreign Scum" kicks ass; it's a phenomenal jingoist punk tune. "Big Boob Bonanza" is self-explanatory, and is also about women who have large breasts on their boobs. "Hair Helmet" trashes bald guys, of which Tesco appears to be in no danger of becoming one, lucky pile of height that he are. "Big Giant Cock" is about a male sexual organ, presumably that of Tesco Vee, although it could just as easily be referring to me or Gene Wilder. "I Club Baby Seals" is another kickass punk tune. "Jeff Boy R Deee" is a song about Jeffrey Dahmer set to the tune of (oh jeez... let me sigh and shake my head here) "Yummy Yummy Yummy, I've Got Love In My Tummy." Yeah! Then, "Nothing At All" is a right-on-target parody of all that Wax Trax industrial crap, heralding the age of mechanical music with the stirring motto, "I ain't singin' 'bout nothing at all!" "Vegetarian On A Stick" is, surprisingly enough, a song about eating a vegetarian. "Fuckin The Dough" is another bubblegum parody, this one slamming Tommy James And The Shondells' "Draggin' The Line" with new words about a Mexican pizza chef masturbating into the dough.

Hi! I'm Mark Prindle!

"Divide And Conquer" is about screwin' 15-year-old girls. Ooh! And how about side two?

"Gang Rape Lullaby" isn't nearly as offensive as it seems; Tesco is actually the *victim* of the gang rape (thank God.... Even *I* wouldn't be able to champion a pro-rape song). "Cold Call" attacks those mofos who take advantage of stupid old ladies on the telephone (social commentary??? From TESCO VEE???). "Big Backyard" was written by a couple other guys in the band, and is pretty much the punk metal equivalent of "Baby's Got Back." "Captain Skid Marks" is a lovely tune about a fellow who enjoys crapping in his trousers. "Baby I'm Gonna Shoot" is a hootin' scorcher about blowin' an unfaithful tramp's head off - through her vaginal hole. Hmm.

Okay!!! "Kamikaze Gridlock" is a racially insensitive song about how Japanese people can't drive their fucking gook way out of a shittin' paper bag. "King Carnivore" is a bubbly celebration of the meat-eating lifestyle. "Streetsweeper" is a relatively calm number about a boy and his gun. Oooh! And "Toiling In The Underground" is a biographical boogie boast about Tesco's musical career, beginning with the classic couplet, "Don't need to be rich... don't gotta be famous. So what if I'm remembered for 'Tooling For Anus?'" Indeed. And the album ends with a high-end thrash metal number called "Penal Colony Of Death," which is pretty much just a bunch of psycho-Satanic-popculture mumbojumbo.

There. Did that bore you enough? I apologize, but I wanted you to fully comprehend why I enjoy this record so much. It's hilarious! Who else, I ask you in person, would have the guts to pen the words, "There's a fine brown mist of liquid poop/Spraying from my puckered bung all day." Who???? Phil Collins???? Steve Winwood??? Larry Hagman??? Come now. Or as Tesco would put it, "Cum now - in my mouth!!!" Ahhh, hedonism. I don't live that way, but only because I'm repressed. There are also way too many repercussions for that type of behavior - AIDS, loneliness, homelessness, etc. I'm pretty darned happy with my straight and easy living working for the big PR corporation. But I can still SING about living that way, can't I??? What are you, an anti-hypocrite??? Blow it out your fucking asshole!!!!

But about the album - it would EASILY in a heartbeat be the finest Tesco product on the shelves if not for the weak melodies. Only a handful of these tunes will stick in your head. The rest are weak boring midtempo punk metal things based around three chords you've heard before. I'm glad Tes replaced these guys, because they weren't terribly creative. But man, what a funny record! A 10 for the lyrics, a 6 for the music - shove 'em together, divide by 2 and, mister, you've got yourself a grade!

Reader Comments

gothic@tstar.net (Peter & Leanne Campbell)

i love this c.d.! i picked it up at a used c.d. shop in dallas called 'pagan rhythms' . i got it for a dollar ! ha ! i didn't know tesco fronted the meatmen.everyone i play this c.d. for laughs their fucking ass off ! i think my favorite song is 'fucking the dough'. the art work on the cover and with the lyrics is hilarious ! i am female , but i have never played this for a chick . wouldn't want to pop their virgin ears . and god forbid i should offend a feminist.(as if i gave a shit !) anyway ,awesome site ! thanks for all the info !

Add your thoughts?

Toilet Slave - Meat King 1993.



In 1994, Tarco Vum rediscovered the power of a strong brand and rechristened himself "The Meatmen" for the release of a powerpacked new CD. I love Tesco Vee and his Meatmen, whomever they may be at any given moment. This is a totally new band, but jeez -- THEY RULE!!! 22 hilarious overly-slick punk/metal tunes, most of them as catchy as the day is long -- even an extremely long day! As always, subject matter is puerile and pure vile ("Hygiene Lapse," "Monkey Brain Brunch," "Pop A Boner," "Jerkin' Off," etc), and the lyrics are geared towards.... well, teenage masturbators. These new Meatmen may not be '70s metal gods, but who cares? Let Monster Magnet take that honor, Mr. Vee, and you just continue to be the most endearingly offensive punkster that you can be!

And, hey -- thanks!

Reader Comments

Mark "Hollywood" Glass

Hey...EX-Meatem Drummer here....Toilet Slave is great...lol

Bobby(Tescoe) is now dealing Antique Toys in Mich.

I'm still playin round....Norm is married and happy...and Mark Davis is Lost in D.C somewhere....

Thanx for having the Meat on your site....

Add your thoughts?

Pope On A Rope - Meat King 1995.



Another nice cross between speedy punk rock and overblown metal. The mix is still unfortunately kind of weak (too slick and digital), but the songs will get stuck in your head. They're fun, stupid, obnoxious, and upbeat - just like The Meatmen should be! The best songs are probably "I Want Drugs," "College Radio Loser" (exactly what it sounds like), "Found Your Cat," and "Freon Freddy," which is a totally catchy damn little album-closer about a gas-suckin' sicko.

Now see, the main riffs may not be of Beatles quality, but the style *totally* fits Tesco's image, and that's why I love it so darned much. Maybe the early hardcore stuff was a little too rough to go with the ROCK GOD HEDONIST side of T.V. that so adores Blue Oyster Cult and Judas Priest, but the midperiod cheesy metal stuff was too slow and dorky to do justice to his massively offensive side. The upbeat cornball high-speed

punk metal found on this record (and the past few) completely accentuates what he's going for. He's a hopped-up jackass, pissing on fire hydrants and wooing your 13-year-old daughters into his bedroom. His music is stupid, but who fucking gives a fuck? Fuck you!!!! This isn't Black Flag you're listening to here. It's The Meatmen. Do you expect innovative art rock backing lyrics like "Real Men Hang To The Right"??? (They do, by the way. Don't ask me how I know.) Of course not! It's just dumb, fun, and profane! Like a good ankle bracelet!

Reader Comments

beefblood@hotmail.com (Tony Burt)

i just bought **pope on a rope** thinking that it would kick ass. i have never heard the meatmen before but have heard alot about them. then i actually listened to the cd and found it to be one of the gayest fucking albums ever. the music isnt punk, the lyrics are fucking queer, and it just sucks. maybe their older stuff is better - i wouldnt know. but i dont plan on purchasing anything by them before i hear it.

Add your thoughts?

War Of The Superbikes II: The Double Album - Go Kart/Soapbox 1996.



I didn't much like the original, so I don't like this updated version much better. T and band have recorded ten new songs to make the lil' ol' original album fit onto a CD a little better, but most of the new numbers are either covers or just not that interesting. "Morrisey Must Die," for example - how out of touch *is* Tesco these days? An anti-Morrisey rant in '96 is about as relevant as making fun of Yaz or something. What's even worse is the way Tesco has Bianca Butthole, young lassie singer of Butt Trumpet, shout "Morrisey killed Mick Ronson!" at the beginning. Now, I could certainly be projecting, and I may very well be mistaken, but why the hell would Bianca Butthole, or ANYBODY under the age of 30, even know who Mick Ronson is? Heck, I'm a genius and *I* can't even remember who he is right now.

Moving on, the "Smells Like Teen Spirit" parody, "We Hate This Riff," would be a wonderfully cathartic kick in the nose of shit bands like Bush and Candlebox if not for the fact that they've altered the riff just enough to avoid both getting sued and having anything even remotely resembling a catchy song. You hate this riff? Good. So do I! And I *like* Nirvana....

They're not all bad, though, and don't let anybody tell you that they are. "Blowjobs Ain't Cheatin'" and "Fast Food Fist Fuck" are peen-splittingly humorous speedball rants, "Plague Upon The Earth" is a death metal number that succeeds in a way that "Pillar Of Sodom" just doesn't, and the straight-as-an-arrow-or-other-straight-object cover of Venom's "Evil In A League With Satan" is not only punchy and tough, but probably the greatest choice of cover tune they've ever done. The others aren't too hot, though. No biggy. The next album of all new tracks will probably kick. Apparently The Meatmen also have an enhanced CD out (it's being pushed as "the first punk rock enhanced CD," but just last year, I did PR for an enhanced cd by Todd "NYHC skinhead" Rundgren, so obviously somebody's got their nose up their mouth), so look for that one if you're one of those fuckin' pussyass computer geek losers of whom I can't stand the sight.

And don't forget to check out the 108 other band reviews on my site!!!! E me!!!

Reader Comments

dswalen@concentric.net (Doug Swalen)

To give you illumination "Genius"....

Mick Ronson was Bowie's mainstay guitarist in the 70's. I think he was in Mott The Hoople too at some point (but then what British guitarist wasn't? Frampton...Ian Hunter...etc...etc..)

I assume Morrissey was gay. I don't know about Ronson.

prompt@interlog.com (Trish)

I think the reference is overwork related rather than intimate...

Ronson was producing **Your Arsenal** whilst battling liver cancer... Instead of resting and trying to become well, he put his energies into finishing Morrissey's album. Then commenced work on his own (3rd) solo album, released posthumously.

tedium2000@hotmail.com.nz (Duane Zarakov)

dude,i cant b'lieve you din't no who M.Ronson is (was) (since moz did him in, the fukkk).....i only discovered your site 12 hours ago for the 1st time ever so mayhap i havent quite yet gut a full fistin' HANDLE ON YR THING,but i mean,you are familiar with the ouevre de BAD CO. Inc.....Bro.,you gotta delve deep into Pete Frame's ROCK FAMILY TREES bk. ... whuh,you no savvy?get a copy,if you don;t awready cos it is i'm sure,TOTALLY CERTAINLY your "bag"...anyway blah blah blah ,uh mostly i just wtd. to point out Mick Ralphs>Bad Co./M.Ronson:=*!!![Mott,Opal Butterfly///Hawkwind-High Tide]. I mean dont you know anything? Hey but yo trulee yr site is a FLAMIN WONDER TELEPATH,yr take on completely hackneyed areas of classic rock and the exciting post-alternate hothouse scene is FUNKEE FRESH almost max me wish i hant sold all my rock albums to buy jazz albumz and then sold all my zzazz alb's to buy hard drugs.almost but not quite. anyway

nsmith@clm.com (Nicholas Smith)

Be proud to call yourself a Meatfan. It's not important that they say stuff about people that they probably shouldn't. So do most rock bands. So do most people period! What's important is that Tesco (and Dave Stimson for a while) churned the best fanzine of all time (barring Slash and Search & Destroy), Touch & Go! From 1979 until 1983 nothing could touch their stylistic excellence and their taste in music was awesome! The Meatmen grew out of this and brought a sense of humor to a music scene that desperately needed it! They were, simply put, one of the best hardcore bands ever!

D_BUS@hotmail.com (Dave Trybus)

I still can't shake the effects of Tesco Vee and the Meatmen from the early '80's. Seeing him on stage as the 6' 6" Polar Bear re-shaped my whole out look on DC hardcore and the rest of my life.

OSLANE@student.gvsu.edu (Edwin D. Oslan)

venom's original version of "In League with Satan" was actually a lot slower.

eranliber@walla.com

great album very good band. in desperate need for the lyrics: morissey must die. nowhere to be found. tnx

Add your thoughts?

Evil In A League With Satan CD-ROM/EP - Go-Kart 1997.



As it doesn't seem to operate terribly smoothly on my TRS-80, I'm going to refine rebuke revoke what's the word I'm trying to think of confer rebime rebummel reject I'm going to reeeeefer

re.....re.....re.....re.....reFRAIN!!! FRAIN! FRAAAAAAAIN!!!! WON'T YOU TAAAAAKE ME OUT OF THIS TOWN?

As it doesn't seem to operate terrible Smoothies on my Commodore 64, I'm going to refrain from reviewing the CD-ROM portion. As far as I can tell, it's a bunch of funny photos, old flyers, band member info and live Meatmen footage -- all tied together by Tesco Vee dressed as Satan and saying horrifically unfunny things in a stupid fake accent. But the music is worth reviewing! So let's do just that!

But first let me tell you about me. My psychopatarithologist put me on this drug designed to treat schizophrenia (even though I don't have schizophrenia, and even if I did, I wouldn't have a bunch of characters in my head who all get stranded at a motel during a rainstorm and get murdered one by one) and it is REALLY making me a not very good person. So not good in fact that I'm going to begin weening myself off of it today, without even alerting my psychopaleontologist. But what do I mean "not a very good person"? What I mean is that all of my thoughts are focused solely on ME. On how other people perceive ME. I have no real feelings toward or about anybody else other than how happy they make ME. If I choose to do something nice (like the \$22 tip I left the depressed waiter at the restaurant last night -- on a \$38 check), I want credit for it, and I'm doing it solely to improve peoples' perceptions of me. My every thought and spoken word is about me. You'd think that I'm making an elaborate joke about the new Madonna album, but I'm not Unlike the "Material Witness Girl," most of my self-focused thought is extremely negative -- beliefs that people think I'm stupid because I pause for thought too many times when I talk, my Tae Kwon Do teacher thinks I'm a spaz because I have trouble memorizing which moves in the Dun Goon Hyung form should be in front-stance and which should be in back-stance (I finally figured it out btw, but that doesn't mean my BODY remembers when to shift!) -- and all of this sort of veers back around on itself to where I'm thinking about people thinking of me so much that I become almost paralyzed. Like the other day at work, when I was in a meeting and began focusing 100% on the fear that I would become so focused on not pausing for thought while speaking that I would never be able to speak again -- on the strength of mental handicap alone. . I didn't even really put two (medication change) and two (having no control over my constantly inward thoughts) together until my wife last night pointed out my recent strange behavior. And suddenly it all came together -- the way I've been too impatient to wait for others' conversations to end before butting in to speak with one of them about something else entirely - the way I've been stopping my sentences while speaking to ruminate on the fact that I've stopped my sentence while speaking -- the way I seem to

Oh but there I go again. I'm trailing off - this shit is too weird and I don't like the person it's turned me in to. I'm not sure what physical part of the brain it acts on, but if anything, I'm getting the feeling that the pill is PRO-schizophrenic because this brain in my body isn't acting like the one I'm used to! I don't FEEL the same. I FEEL like somebody I hate. So if your psychocandyist tries to put you on an anti-schizophrenic drug whose name I can't remember, Just Say No! (to those drugs).

The Meatmen EP features eight songs from the later-period slickish fake-sounding punk metal version of the band. The title track is a funned-up Venom cover pulled from **War of the Superbikes II**. The next two are from a split EP with Boris the Sprinkler (who covered the Ramones' **End of the Century** and whose singer Reverend Norb is linguistically a Tesco Vee ripoff), and are great short hilarious gross songs about drugs and masturbation (written by Revernd Norb!) and getting your wife to shut up and suck (sic) suck (sick) fuck. Oh, and then there are two new tracks with lead vocals by the late Bianca Butthole from Butt Trumpet. In retrospect, her vocals on "Caucasian Guilt" were pretty adorable, but in these two ("Butt-Trumpet Express" and "Strap On"), she just sounds like a gross talentless fatso. That still doesn't mean I'm glad she's dead though. She was way too young. Finally, the CD closes down shop with three tracks from the infriggingpossible-to-find **Toilet Slave** CD.

I really like the Meatmen. There's nearly no reason I should, yet I do. I wish Tesco would get something together and put out a new record! Who's with me?

(*the simultaneous silence of every living creature on Earth causes the entire planet to implode, due to some sound wave-related phenomena that I'm not going to bother explaining, like that psychologist in *Identity* who doesn't bother explaining how he has managed to force ten multiple personalities to "confront each other" or how he "knew there would be violence" or why this treatment didn't magically occur to him until "24 hours before the guy's execution."*). And don't you DARE bitch at me for ruining *Identity* for you. You should buy me dinner for saving you the 10 bucks and two hours you would have wasted on that piece of absolute SHIT.

Reader Comments

johnjandrews@earthlink.net

Enjoy your site. I just wanted to say that I worked with Bob Vermeulen (Tesco Vee) in 1980-81 at a long gone bakery in Lansing's Meridian Mall and found him to be a fascinating character. I haven't forgotten him after all these years, he left such an impression. He was also working as a substitute school teacher and contrary to what people say about him possibly being gay, he had a live-in girlfriend at the time. We had a mutual interest in music so we wiled away our shifts talking about the rock scene and his plans for The Meatmen. I'm impressed by his dedication, perseverance and prodigiousness in holding fast to his genre, long after the fever faded. He accomplished more than I ever thought he would, even though I knew he wasn't just talking bullshit like a lot of people. Trust me -- there is not a prejudice bone in this guy's body. He just uses music as a forum for his wicked satire and all his favorite artists took that approach. He merely pushed the envelope further.

I never met anyone who was as knowledgeable about punk and heavy metal than Bob. There was a club called Club DooBee in nearby Haslett that featured hardcore bands in the early 80s. The Meatmen were a staple there and all the big names of the era appeared at one time or another during the club's brief heyday. He knew all the players personally - Jello Biafra from Dead Kennedys, Lee Ving from Fear, Keith Morris from Circle Jerks and Henry Rollins from Black Flag as well as the members of the Bad Brains, Husker Du, Flipper, Avengers, China White, Agent Orange and on and on and on. I got to meet many of these people and found them, like Bob, to be relatively normal and that all the angst and hostility were merely stage personas. His influence still resonates with me after more than 20 years. I'll never meet another personality like him.

dmkeel@eastlink.ca

I cant find meatmen lyrics anywhere except fucking turbo rock i need help man
PLEASSSSSSSSSSSSSE my hardcore band is going to cover a bunch of their songs and it would help man THANKS

Tesco Vee

Very much enjoyed reading your blog thingy do..nice assessment on the good, the bad and the ugly that was The Meatmen..I'm doing my first show in 11 years in Detroit May 26 with Negative Approach at St Andrews Hall. Half an hour of the old shit for old times sake...I'll be personally apologizing to everyone I offended over the years!

Add your thoughts?

The Devil's In The Details Volume 1 DVD - Music Video Distributors 2008



Three hours THREE HOURS!! of Tesco Vee video ridiculousness both musical and comedic begins with a menu screen graphic of a masturbating cartoon man. Click on any of his sperm splotches to begin viewing.

"What in God's Christ could be on this thing, filling up three ludicrous hours of my important time generally spent earning imperative money?," somebody somewhere might be wondering. Well, here's just a sampling of the sights and sores your eyes will wreak:

- Live footage spanning his entire career, including:

* Very early footage of the original Meatmen line-up performing "I've Got A Problem," "I'm Glad I'm Not A Girl," "Toolin' For Anus." This line-up looks *exactly like* the caricature of the band on the cover of **We're The Meatmen... And You Suck!!** The bassist is indeed short and squat, and Tesco is indeed impossibly tall and filled with ridiculous skinny energy. I LOVE THIS FOOTAGE!

* 1983 performance of "Blow Me Jah" with Tesco mocking Loverboy and looking extremely drunk and/or exhausted.

* 1985-86 metal line-ups performing "What's This Shit Called Love" (with intro sung by Tesco through a giant Elvis poster, right after he demonstrates his homemade 'Urinal Bag'), "War of the Superbikes" (with Tesco dressed like an Abominable Snowman), "Pillar Of Sodom" (with Tesco air guitaring on a giant cardboard penis reading 'ASS BANDIT'), "Abba, God & Me" (with drum solo), an a capella version of "Mr. Tapeworm" (am I nuts or is Tesco wearing a bullet vest full of dildos here?), "Meatmen Stomp," "Lesbian Death Dirge" and a goofy Slayer parody (twice). This footage is just *bizarre* - the stage is bathed in bright lights and dry ice, one of the guitarists looks straight out of Motley Crue, and another appears to be a *BLACK* guy! What on Earth were these seemingly serious hair metallers doing in a band with Tesco Vee!? It's equally bizarre to see former Minor Threater Lyle Preslar making gross sex faces and sharing the stage with Tesco's Ian McKaye impersonation.

* 1993 Tesco Vee's Hate Police performing "Big Giant Cock" (with expected prop) and "Die Foreign Scum," alongside Tesco apologetically asking the audience to forget "the last 8 years - that rock crap I was doing."

* 1994 new Meatmen line-up performing "Real Men Hang To The Right," "Tesco's Tender Love Ballad" and Gang Green's "Alcohol" (aided by Gang Green's Chris Doherty himself!). For once, Tesco appears to be in a band of like-minded musicians -- they even wear silly costumes like him!

* 2007 older heavier Tesco and new Meatmen line-up performing The Suck Trilogy ("Crippled Children Suck," "French People Suck" and "Camel Jockeys Suck").

- The original (godawful) '80s video for "Centurions Of Rome" (which the band refers to as 'the \$20,000 slap in the face'), along with newly-created videos for "Pope On A Rope," "Toolin' For Anus," "Camel Jockeys Suck," "I Want Drugs," "Crippled Children Suck" and "Men, Meat & Fire"

- A laugh-til-you-fall-on-the-floor Meatmen docu-drama called *VHI's "Behind The Nonsense"* interspersed with fascinating old commercials for toys like Beep Benny, Big Loo, Rockem Sockem Robots, Robot Commando and the Great Garloo (as well as a ridiculously racist fake commercial for 'Country Club Malt Liquor' featuring Tesco dressed as a 'jig') (his words, not mine)

- An entire, endless episode of Tesco's fucking GODAWFUL TV show *Way USA*, insanely intended for late-night airing on MTV. Sweet Jesus, is this a bad show -- it alone drags this DVD's grade down from an 8 to a 7. It's filmed on Super-8 so the whole thing looks like a cheap early '70s porno, Tesco's persona and wordplay are at their least funny and most annoying EVER, and the entire thing is focused on *Baltimore* of all unnecessary cities. He gets a few witty quotes out of John Waters, but the rest of the overlong episode (trips to strip clubs and costume stores, interviews with local entertainers) is a colossal bore.

- Out-of-nowhere comedy segments: At one point, cut-outs of Charles Manson and Jeffrey Dahmer meet each other in a yard and have a long paranoid conversation before Manson winds up in a pot on a Dahmer's stove. Another segment finds Tesco and his friends/family putting insulting (and hilarious) words into ABBA's mouths for about 10 minutes!

- "Tesco Vee For President" propaganda: everything from scripted Man-On-The-Street testimonials (including a hilarious 'True Grit' trailer-dweller wearing a 'Bags Of Shit Are People Too' t-shirt) to negative campaign ads

making fun of Hilary's thighs and showing Obama smoking crack

- Tesco dressed as Satan, making rude comments like "Glenn Danzig? He called his last album *666* because that's how many copies it sold!" and trying to appear diabolical while his (Tesco's) real-life wife and daughter keep pestering him to lend them money and mow the lawn. (Best scene: Satan vacuuming the living room and whining to the cameraman, "Turn it off! I don't want them to see me like this.")

- Tesco showing off his possessions: cars, motorcycle, toys, Satan figurine collection, Jesus paintings, little black guys with big penises, etc.

- Tesco appearing (and behaving like a *normal human being* for once) on a local TV show called *Collector's Showcase*. Did you know that Tesco sold most of his expensive hardcore records in order to fund an ever-growing collection of rare toys? He did indeed!

- Tesco's 20-year-old son Dane in a couple of funny scenes mocking the idea of having *Tesco Vee* as a father. (One ends with an off-screen Tesco walking forward to rest a comforting hand on his weeping son's shoulder... while wearing a gigantic strap-on)

- A touching (and serious) segment dedicated to Bunde, Tesco's favorite dog of all time. Bunde was indeed a cutie!

- The statement "Being on tour is like having your head up your mother-in-law's bunghole."

Skip *Way Out USA* and you'll come away from the experience thinking, "Say, Tesco Vee has some terrible songs, but he sure is funny!" Include *Way Out USA* in your viewing, however, and you'll probably come out absolutely loathing the guy.

Not that that happened to me. I still love him! And his disgusting sexual patter is much easier-to-take in live footage than on record because it just comes across as so (intentionally) awkward -- he's not a Roger Daltrey Super-God Rock Star Sexist joking with the boys about gigantic tits; he's a tall goofball dressed in a ridiculous costume and making 'come-on lines' so gross and ridiculous that even *girls* would probably find them amusing.

Besides, it's THREE HOURS LONG! And you never know what's coming up next! Well, you have kind of an idea since I just told you about most of it -- but you don't know what ORDER it's in! And, as Robert Frost once told me, "that makes all the difference."

Granted, he was telling me to pump the shaft but the sentiment still applies.

Add your thoughts?

If you're having girl troubles, the answer's at the end of your arm!!! (click here to buy Meatmen CDs)

Return to the Prindle Used Car Warehouse -- Where If The Car Doesn't Start, Tough Crap!