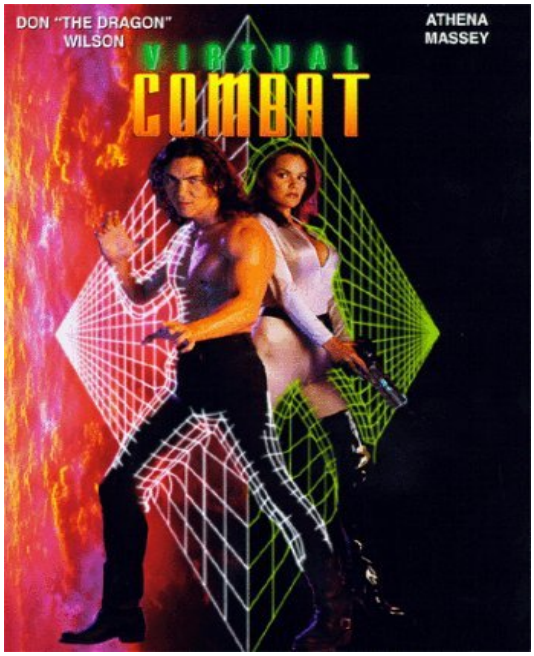
Achievements

From Pix to G

Achievements: An Introduction

Warning: this album and the words that this essay contains contain strong language, sexual and political references that some of you may find disturbing. The album bears the Parental Advisory logo, so you are hereby warned not to approach it if you're weak hearted or have strict moral values.

Achievements has a long history behind. First they were composed of Slp and Lego/Your Dog, and played only once, opening a concert for Sabot. It was great, we were filled with punk hardcore, Boredoms and Adult Swim. We intended to start the concert with a line by Space Ghost, followed by one by Venture Brothers. Slp played the guitar, keyboards and drum machine, while Lego Your/Dog was on effects and drums. We had rehearsed once, and just before playing we drank two full bottles of wine and were completely drunk. Aqua Teen was projected behind us on a wall. It has maybe been the greatest concert of all times, and lasted for about an hour. A full hour of ugliness and complete lack of talent.
After this wonderful experience Slp hired Mister Drey to produce a much awaited full album. Lego Your/Dog was still in Argentina, so we had to compose our first tracks. They were meant to be ugly and create a completely new genre that all music magazines would later talk about: digital punk. Our efforts were prized with the great album you are now listening to. None of us has even yet dared to listen to it again, deeply aware that this is music for a future long ago forgotten, for a future of virtual reality and virtual VCRs, where Sega Cd, Atari Jaguar, Philips Cd-I are still the vanguards of new technologies and where people only have virtual sex with visors and tracksuits. You also need special mind implants in order to understand the complexity of this absolutely new music, and a further evolution is needed in order to understand it.
This is what an average Achievements' listener should be.



And this is how the album should be listened to. A must have gear.

Maybe the closest experience you might have to this is the virtual drug in Last Days, or what the dolphin in Johnny Mnemonic was hooked on.
Achievements will surely become one day a franchise too, like the ones described is this short essay. A movie entitled “Virtual VCR” is currently in production, and its

success is granted when it will hit Christmas theaters in 1992.

“Achievements as the CNN of the middle-class era”, by Mister Drey

While the contradictions of capitalist society worsen the reaction of human beings is a kaleidoscope of non-sense, mystical escapes which move forward and back turns to ancestral clan dimensions. Achievements belong to the post-science fiction generation but pre-digital (well! the dreamless future era, that of VCR) and their schizophrenic position amongst the broken dreams of progress and the impossible dream to belong to something more ancient than them. At the moment they are mostly observers and they could be defined (paraphrasing an old expression) “the CNN of the middle classes”, those middle classes that raised them and that in youth believed that those same middle classes were the real enemy and which are slowly crumbling under their eyes. They represent the wrath without a target and the typical confusion of he who has never had a precise place in the production manner that raised him. They represent the ambitious likings and fears towards the fictitious communities that they never had the possibility to belong to (racial, of class, national, etc...) Thanks to global information they feel that something is wrong but they can't say what nor where this will lead.

“A Foreword”, by Slp

I always hated physical exercise, but nonetheless my parents made me practice every single sport on earth, in the failing attempt to find something that would suit me, or better, gratify me in some way. I was a fat kid, and although fat kids exist all over the world, even in China now, it wasn't such a common sight in Italy back then. That way I became the fat kid, thus I was brought to do sports everywhere. I remained the fat kid trying to lose weight and not competing in the team. A tough life, I know. Anyway, being good for your bones and stuff, like it is for every kid, swimming seemed a reasonable settlement between all sports. Everyone had to go through it, and I was no exception.

I don't know if I hated it or what, but anyway it was mandatory, so every week my mother brought me to the pool for my hour or so of returning to the watery womb of fit. What I really liked about it was completely different though from water and games. It was the small toy store right next to the public pool, called Giocas. Every week my mother would reward me for my endeavor by going to Giocas and letting me choose from a basket of 5.000 lire toys (about 10 Euros today I guess, counting inflation). There I would get a new

GiJoe every week, and that's how I now have, and cherish with all of myself what's left, about 200 and so of those action figurines that are the one and only real American heroes left. My mother loved them, too and really wanted me to collect, so we would form a good team hunting GiJoes down. One time we were driving to visit my aunt and cousins, and we stopped by a gas station to fill up, and I begged her to let me visit a small tobacco shop. She had maybe run out of cigarettes, so we agreed to that, and I, aware that tobacco stores always carried some cheap toys to appease smokers' off springs, ran in in excitement. There I was to find Lady Jane, one of the few female GiJoes, a hard catch, being GiJoes already a bit behind my generation and not at all popular in Italy.

(This is how a coinop was supposed to look like in real life to me).

Readers need to know about this, and I won't let them down: GiJoes, for those who don't know, are a special breed of action figures sprung out of the minds of Hasbro. They were first the Big Jims, and were later resized to the small figurines that we now know. Another, and later, evolution, were Action Men, which were as big as Big Jims (somehow, I even had this real big original Big Jim cardboard house which looked exactly as the old Barbie household, and which must have cost no small price, but, as many on my collector items, was given to charity in my disbelief, but this is another story I will later not spare). GiJoes were my point of measure though, so Action Men never made it to my house (actually they did, inferior specimens, cause I had to have everything that was around), since bigger sized toys couldn't rationally fit into my everyday adventures that took place on my carpet in my room. Hasbro was a pro though, so overtime a franchise followed, like the Jurassic Park craze, Robocop, Mortal Kombat and Street Fighter manias, always kept the GiJoe size. Variety made my imagination span to greater horizons. Also, the franchise never having gotten to Italy, GiJoes and Jurassic Park figurines melted well in my Cadillac and Dinosaur games, one of my (still today) favorite video games which I was able to play only in the summer at the arcades at the beach (another story) and at a supermarket which was very far away from my house but that my mother chose sometimes to make me happy and let me play that wonderful coinop. Back then MAME didn't exist and I didn't even have a PC (another story again).
Lady Jane is still remembered today by both me and my mother as a sort of miracle. Tobacco stores usually carry only Chinese fake toys, like Transformer rip offs, or policemen toys like plastic guns and belts. Finding an original GiJoe there was proof of how low Italian esteem was towards that wonderful series. GiJoe was maybe a

couple of years older than me. Furthermore, it wasn't supported by such a strong cartoon as the Cavaliers of the Zodiac or Might Max were, so kids in town were not as excited as me by its wonders. The cartoon was sometimes aired in the afternoon by a local television which in was called JTV and catered to youngsters who had finished school for the day and were free after lunch to watch TV and lust for everything that was put in front of them. I always had a free and uncontrolled access to TV, having one (something unheard of between my peers at the time) in my own room (we had 3 TV sets altogether, one in the kitchen, a very small black and white one which was replaced by an even smaller and portable color one that my father still has in his office today and about which I will talk later, a big one in the living room with a multi system VCR, the reason of which I will talk about later, and my own).

(You can see how big my Big Jim house was, taking up a whole wall. The GiJoe sailor here is one of my hall of fame. I soon lost the parrot though).

Television world in Italy was not so wide at the time, and JTV was one of the first private TVs with which Berlusconi made his way. They were filled with cheap programs, some interesting though, and later at night they turned into spotlights for sex lines showing naked women dancing and luring men into calling. These were the 144 numbers, which still exist today. I masturbated in front of them for the first time at the age of 12 maybe, and was shit scared by what came out of my penis. The next morning I asked my mother what that slimy white substance was, and I even apologized, knowing somehow that I had done something wrong, responding to some repressed substrata in my unconscious that had arose for the first time. My

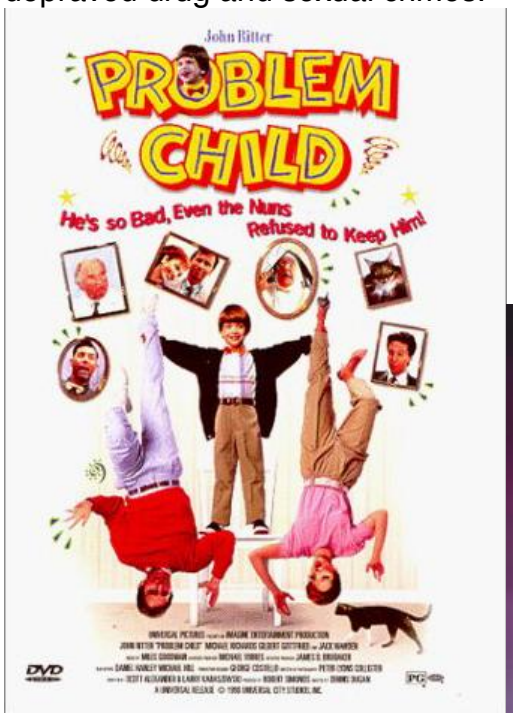
mother looked at my underwear and said nothing. That must have been tough for her, but my family was always open minded I guess and no one said anything about it. I can't recall though how it was I discovered it was sperm. Anyway, that was the beginning…
So, GiJoe showed up sometimes on JTV, and that was some big event for me. They were cool, and later on in England I found a videocassette of that wonderful GiJoe film that answered many sinister questions and threw me even deeper in the GiJoe craze. JTV also had some other very neat stuff on. First of all, they aired the Simpsons for the first time, and I remember very well that every Sunday, before going to that shit hole church, I had to finish the episode. It was nice to know that Bart also hated it, and had to wear a suit and comb his hair to attend Mr.Lojoys' sermons.

(Duke Nukem had some sort of “depravity” of which I was afraid of but that never stopped me from secretly playing. My biggest fear were pedophiles, and I was afraid I would once end up on some milk carton, so I really believed that Duke Nukem could contain such depravity).

But what made JTV and other private TVs cooler were the Japanese animus (they were just cartoons for us though, not anime) they were filled with. Japan made a great number of cartoons, and I guess they were much cheaper to buy than regular ones (American ones), so private TVs feasted on them and bought whatever was (badly) translated. The only major letdown was that Japanese cartoons didn't offer bad ass franchises as the American counterparts did. No one was able to buy a City Hunter, Ranma, or even better, a Ken Shiro figurine! They just weren't around! I strove for them, being second only to GiJoes, and Japanese characters definitely had something different in them. They were just more "adult oriented", they had no moral message, and they made us face sexual connoted situations, and finally, blood! I was not new to gore though. My father is a big sci-fi fan, and he let me watch all the Terminator, Alien and Predator films, and also, a Schartzenegger film was always a father and son event and we went to see it at the cinema without my mother. We still do, and the last film we saw together was "Expendables" You can only guess what a moving experience seeing that film together has been.

(I loved Dick Tracy and everything that resembled the America I had never seen, like Hopper's paintings. The film was great too, especially the ugly Italian Mafiosi, just as I imagined them to be in Naples or Sicily).

Anyway, in Ken Shiro enemies blew up, although you couldn't actually see blood, but a negative image of their heads blowing. Strangely, enemies were punks all the time, and only now I wonder why Ken wanted to break their innocent dreams of anarchy and liberation all the time. I guess Ken must have been one of those judo right wingers along with Suzuki Seijun's films and Mishima Yukio. In a possible present, Ken Shiro must have been a faithful and righteous yakuza keeping it old school while rival gangs go about killing their oyabun and trafficking in lucrative and depraved drug and sexual crimes.



Problem Child was pretty disturbing in some ways. Not as a Pee Wee showing is wiener in a park, but it was pretty mean for a kiddie film. Nonetheless I loved it and it was one of my favorites. Ren and Stimpy never got to Italy but it too was good. It shared some of those blurry nineties graphics that I associated with MTV's advertisements, and it was pretty gruesome and grotesque too. Kids love filth and ugliness in general. I was obsessed with one of Rohal Dahl's novels about a family of old dirty people, and games such as Captain Boogermen, and bands' names like Butthole Surfers really attracted me. John Waters epitomized this anal fascination with an open asshole in one of his first films. I would only later get to know that such a technique was called anal gaping, and that entire arms could fit into an ass. You could imagine my excitement at such marvelous information. I have also seen (on a screen though, as everything else) double anal penetrations which were impressive, and have heard that in the porno market the asshole is sometimes referred to as shit-hole. That made me think)

Anyway, Italy was much ahead in the trend of Japanese animation, and America came much later than us. The reason is simply as above: Japan wasn't such a economic stronghold at the time, and the right to air cartoons must have been cheaper. Everyone that grew up in the eighties as me still keeps fond memories of them, and Japan owes much of its followers to this. Mangas became a popular read among us, and Slam Dunk, Hokuto no Ken, Voltron (I had all the robots, inherited from my cousin, the one made by robot tigers!) were no novelty to us, but mangas came a bit later. At the time, when I was about less than 10, and still a fat kid, I was into Marvel comics (much more than DC, which strangely looks cooler now). Every week was my constant appointment to the edicola (where newspapers and magazines are sold), and that was another heaven to all kids my age. Parents had to buy us every sort of shit from them, and it was weekly, and even daily!

First of all, comic books. My favorite was Fantastic Four, but I also liked Silver Surfer, of which I had the game for NES which was hard as hell. I don't really have any explanation for the Fab Four, but maybe it was because of the enemies (anyway the same in all Marvel Universe), Doctor Doom and most of all the one who fed out of planets (I can't remember his name). He hated planets, that's pretty uncommon for some average enemy, and I remember my father was totally puzzled by him, and still today we await for a superhero movie to cast him. I also liked X - men, thanks to the cool cartoon they made out of it, and Batman too, for the same reason. I wasn't a sick kid, but I frequently paid visits to doctors and stuff, and still today I'm a big hypochondriac, but the cool thing was that every time we went to the doc, my mother would buy me a comic book, and the hospital newsstands were very well stuffed, since I guess kids had to be calmed down before the medical threats.

Every month or so the masterminds behind our parents pockets came up with new series to collect. The monsters, Combattini, some monsters on skates, and later on, were sold in small packets, and you never knew what you were going to find. I also have a couple of Exoginis from my cousin (Luca, he's 2 years older than me and I'll later talk about him too), which I recently found out were actually KInnikuman or something, Muscular Men which are a big collector's items in Japan. One of my most common excuses not to get rid of anything that belonged to my youth is the

possible duplicated value in the future, but actually, after the charity holocaust that my parents put me through, I would never sell anything, even if I was never one of those freaks that kept toys inside boxes.

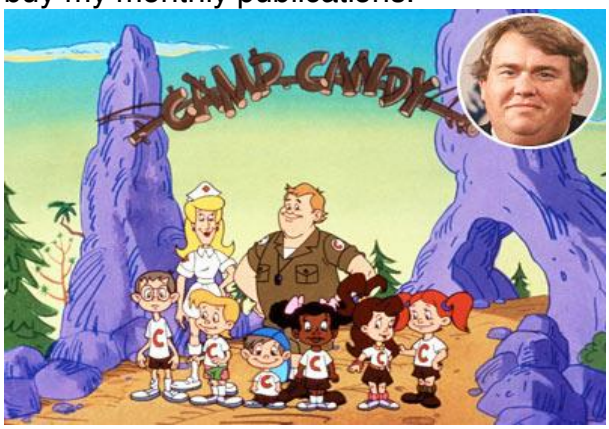
(The one and only GiJoe film, and Dinoriders, much ahead of Jurassic Park).

With friends we would exchange these figurines, and they were the object of much contesting and arguing. Our backpacks were filled with books and toys to exchange. Whenever I got a good deal done, my mother would be quite satisfied. She too wanted me to complete collections, and she would even order the lacking individuals from Panini or from who ever produced them. Panini also made sticker albums from whichever cartoon and film came out. I had all of them, but only a couple of them were completed. These were part of my family's accepted expenses: I had all of them: Police Academy, Batman from the Burton films, Teenage Ninja Turtles, Street Fighter, and even the GiJoe one, which you couldn't find anywhere so my parents ended up buying me the complete album.

(The infamous acid cartoons, and an equally addictive ad).

Lastly, weekly magazines started selling films too, in collections, like horror,

Stallone, the erotic and the action ones. So I had to own the films in order to watch them billion of times. There was even an American Trash collection, which I only discovered recently.
That's how newsagents became a big part of my youth, and still are, since I have to buy my monthly publications.



(John Candy was one of my favorite film actors, alongside with all the Saturday Night Live school. I don’t know how much of those sketches I was able to understand, but I just loved them, and The Blues Brothers was one of my all time favorites since it featured almost all of them, and had great music as well. John Candy died after Cool Runners, and even had a cartoon show apparently).

You see you couldn't just watch a film or a cartoon without owning its whole universe. I guess Pokemon and more recent games sell the same way, but they weren't part of my generation, so I can't speak of them. Also, something I never actually understood were role games. The cards were cool, and some of course I collected, since they showed a different grip on fantasy and sci- fi, more adult and less childish. I would buy them just to admire the pictures, and also just for the sheer collection. But none of us were up to follow rules and we were too busy making our own adventures with toys. I think that if had grown up in the States, I would have been prescribed Ritalin or something, since I must have suffered from ATT. I was never able to follow rules, even less play cards with my grandfather (who tried several times to teach me) or board games. I couldn't even finish video games, I just couldn't follow them and accept the different tricks and stuff. The only ones I finished, with great honor, were Duke Nukem (my all time favorite), Wolfstein 3d (on my fathers' work PC, on floppy) and maybe Doom. All with cheats for infinite lives and ammos. I considered finishing fighting games when I arrived at the closing scenes. Street Fighter was a beauty in that and I could never forget Zangieff dancing with Gorbaciof. The Street Fighter sticker album had the images for all the ending, and this is the only information I still have on them. Other games I finished were at the arcades at the beach. All action and shooting ones, such as Aliens, Cadillac and Dinosaurs, X-men, All the Capcom ones (Punisher and so on).

(I do have a couple of Lone Star, if this is the right name of the figurines, and just now have come to realize what beauty I possess).

You have to know that every family spent their summer vacation at the Adriatic shore, and we were no exception. I hated going to the sea, since at the time I became conscious of my flabby body I was too ashamed to go without a shirt on. I wasn't ashamed because of girls (that only later, a bit later than everyone I guess), but because of peers that would make fun of me. I still avoid gyms because I'm afraid some college football players will round up on me, steal my snacks and break my glasses. Needless to say, in Italy no one plays American football and there's no college or high school team nor thugs around. But that American vision from John Hughes films and The Revenge of The Nerds is still strong in my mind. Anyway, my mother had a friend living in Riccione, whose brother in law owned an arcade, one the best ones too!

(One of the reasons I was fat: even food featured superheroes).

So I was given endless bags of coins to play for free and finish my favorite games. Sometimes I had to go elsewhere though,since not all the arcades carried the same games, so it was a nightmare for my parents. Downtown my city, there were some arcades too. My father used to bring me and my cousin to them, and I loved playing the cabinet of Outrun, simply because it was cool when you went out tracks and ended up in the water. I must have really had ATT. There was one specific arcade which we hardly ever visited though. It was called Cadillac, and it had a fame of drugs and bullies, so I wasn’t allowed to go by myself. It was really big though, and I was thrilled to know what all the sick trafficking was about. My first experiences with

drugs were obviously fictionalized. First of all, Nuk, the futuristic drug smuggled by Kane in Robocop.

(for some strange reason, at Christmas Italian TV always schedules the same films, which are actually my favorite ones… All the Eddie Murphy, Short Circuit, Joe Dante's and many more. This is the real Christmas for me. Christmas brought gifts and also these masterpieces, but another occasion to watch them was when I was sick or just had a fever and stayed home from school. I would sometimes fake it to stay home. I had also heard about homeschooling in shows like Seventh Heaven, but unfortunately my parents didn't agree on that. Anyway on these occasions I would wake up at the regular time just to watch my favorite cartoons, and most of all, TV series, like Supercar, Magnum PI, MacGuyver and A Team which were shown from about 9:30 in the morning until lunch time).

Then the game NARC, which I loved, for NES (the arcade version had much better graphics though). Being a game of the 90ies, it was produced during the anti-drug campaigns that tried to keep kids out of drugs. Champions don't use drugs you know. Even the ninja turtles and Pee Wee Herman had to give their fair share to the war on narcs. The game featured two special cops, one red and one blue, which looked more like Power Rangers than police forces. They wore motorbike helmets and lax suits which made them come from some cheap planet from a Ed Wood sci-fi masterpiece. Enemies were drug addicts and hustlers, and the heroine addicts were the fiercest.

(Only now I see that white trash look on this fearsome heroin addict from Narc).

They actually threw syringes at you, and if you got touched you would stop moving and become colored, like on some LSD trip I guess. Cadillac arcade must have been full of these types, so I kept away from it anyway. Later on I think I bought some weed there to impress a girl I liked. It didn't work out anyway. Another encounter with drugs were some urban legends that got around from school to school. Apparently some trading cards of Sgorbions (which were dirty kids which vomited and pissed their pants or something) and some specific NBA cards were made of acid cartons, and if you licked them you would get sick and die. I wonder if it was true.

On Youtube you can now find a lot of the advertisements which told you to stay away from drugs, and I still find the most convincing the ones which feature popular cartoon characters. Especially cool ones, like the ninja turtles that just needed a pizza to get high, but some of them were a little ambiguous though, like the one which featured a guy who wore a Friday the 13th mask and had the hockey stick. He must have been up to no good.

(I had to wait to play Bloodstorm until I got myself Mame. It was talked about in one British video game magazine I had bought, and it was so gory that I couldn't even look at the images without shitting myself. That's why I glued together the pages about them and would secretly look at them in the solitude of Sunday afternoons. Next is Crystal Ball, something that was much advertised on TV but I don't think I have ever owned. It is much more a symbol of my generation than of myself then).

Going back to Lady Jane, she has been my first medium to sexual experience. I'm not saying that I had sex with it, but that during one of my daily adventures I had decided to make a big step in my maturity, and have 2 GiJoes have sex in a corner of my room (the male counterpart was captain Hawk I think). I just rubbed briefly the two soldiers together, and I think I had the moan in low toned voice not to get caught by my parents. Here too I felt that I was doing something wrong. That must have lasted a couple of seconds or so, but I remember sweating from the excess that I was portraying. Dolls are usually a common starter for sexual awareness, but I don't think that many have used GiJOes for that. Another great decision I had to take to grow up was to let one of my figurines die in a fight. That was tough, but I finally did it. It was all very dramatic, but the next day I just couldn't replace that character and had to resuscitate him like Jesus Christ in a Beautiful episode. Anyway, bad guys always died and were still up to wrongdoings everyday, so it didn't sound like such a big contradiction.
If JTV and other channels named after cheap Balkan discos like Odeon and Telesanterno had Japanese anime, the main 6 TV channels had American cartoons and some anime too, which were though mostly for kids, about sports like Lotti with golf, Captain Tsubasa with football, and Mila and Shiro for volleyball. Canale 5 had a good afternoon program for kids, and every single franchise that came up started from there. I loved James Bond Junior, Inspector Gadget, Conan, and also Captain Planet, another result of the 90ies issue, this time about the environment. Captain Planet was some kind of blue superhero in panties that tried to keep the world clean.

Enemies were polluters, and every time he told kids to keep the planet clean. GiJoes also had a series of defenders of the environment. They were all psychedelically colored, and had cool armors, and when wet they would change colors.

(only now I understand why so many people litter the world).

Also, but this was only in the States, even Toxic Avenger had a cartoon, so far away from the Troma exploits, talking too about the planet to be defended. Only much much later Toxie would became one of my heroes, but not for his environmental attitude, but for Troma's trashy looking films like Sargent Kabukiman, and most of all, Surf Nazi Must Die.

(Lucasart adventures were the best and my first encounters with personal computers, and next to it is my lost, and re-bought, favorite Transformer).

Another notorious sergeant was Sargent Slaughter from GiJoe, which had a live action counterpart in the Wresting Federation! Everyone loved wrestling, mostly

because their characters, all of which had figurines, were so many and so diverse (not really if you think about it), and my favorites were obviously the tough Platoon and Slaughter and the Canadian Guard which must have been some kind of pervert judging by its face and his teaser stick. Another one I liked was the one with a Scottish kilt. I loved everything that came from Scotland, and I even wore my socks up to my knees (that must have been a ridiculous sight) mainly because of the movie Highlander and of some remote ancestors from my father's side which supposedly were from Scotland. We even went there and the sight of castles and stuff was great.
Of course, there was Hulk Hogan, which made beautiful shitty films which I loved, and it was a very very sad experience to see his MTV show. Wrestling was somehow also connected with Power Rangers, which blew my mind away. There were many Power Rangers rip offs later, even one based on computer viruses and anti-virus power rangers which was pretty cool. I was very afraid of PC viruses after that, and always checked my PC for them, how I don't know though. I liked and had all of them, but especially the black one, although the red was everyone's favorite. I liked the black characters in all films and cartoons though. I loved the Jeffersons and Cosby Show, and wished I was black too, but my aunt told me that the first time I saw the Cosby show I cried because I was afraid of the black Bill Cosby. Also, during the times we went to the States, I don't know how and why but my grandfather always ended up driving through the ghetto and I even heard gunshots. I even saw a crack-house, as my grandfather explained, but I can't really separate fiction from reality sometimes.

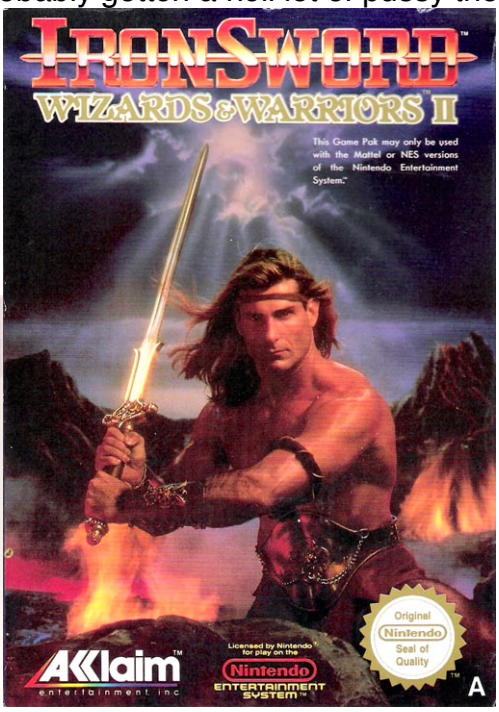
Power Rangers were also somehow dangerous., since there had been some news that some British kids kicked the shit out , and killed, another kid while playing power rangers. I guess we were not as tough as Brits, so our games were pretty much lamer, but anyway those were the first complaints we heard about concerning some of our favorite pass times. Anyway I have read that a couple of professional wrestlers have killed themselves and brought with them all their families. Well that's not keeping it old school, and I'm sure Hulk Hogan wouldn't have ever done something like that, but anyway it makes wrestlers much cooler, and closer to the sad image of Arnofsky's film.

(Aliens on Sega CD was awesome. Too bad I was able to play it only a year ago on some emulator).

Something dangerous were also horror flicks our course. My cousin was a little rough at times with me, and being the older kid he used to force me into watching Tales of The Cript (zio Tobia), Creepshow, Nightmare and Chuky stuff. I was already afraid as death by Gremlins and a film called The Abyss, which wasn't James Cameron's though. I used to spend every afternoon at my grandparents, and one evening this movie was going to be aired on TV, so my father, knowing that I loved sci-fi, told my grandma to let me watch it. It turned out it wasn't the film he thought, and I must have been shaking as hell, but my grandmother didn't know what to do and made me watch it anyway since my father had strongly recommended it.
So Luca made me watch Nightmare and stuff while my aunt and my mother would be chatting in the kitchen. We also played wresting and I always ended up crying, both for the scars and the horror on TV. Anyway I love my cousin, and we spent most of the times playing Game Boy. He had this really cool cassette his father had brought him from Taiwan, one of those "illegal" ones with 1000 games or so, which turned out to be the same ones over and over but with different names. Anyway, on the cover was Ken Shiro, but no sight of him inside. A film that literally made me shit my pants was Stephen Kings "It". Just the music on the commercial trailer made me shiver, some kind of Chopin music I think. I never had the courage to watch it, but hated clowns ever since, and so did the legendary "The Little Pest" with the killer with the bow-tie hate clowns, so I was in good company. I hated Robin Williams after that piece of crap that was ""Patch Adams". I liked Mork and Mindy and probably one of my first words as a toddler was "nano nano". I also loved the Peter Pan film, "Hook", and had the figurines of course, but after that Adams flick I'd just erase him from my memory and earth.
Anyway, I couldn't go in my basement alone after seeing Nightmare, and I remember that on the staircase leading to it we had this old portrait of this young girl that seemed to change expressions and luridly smile at me every time I looked at it. She was freaky, and I can't stand portraits anymore, especially of young girls which died centuries ago and haunt me. I'm pretty sure she must have been raped and dumped in some shit-hole in order to have looked like that.
Anyway, as I and other kids grew up, we were to be floated from mania to mania.

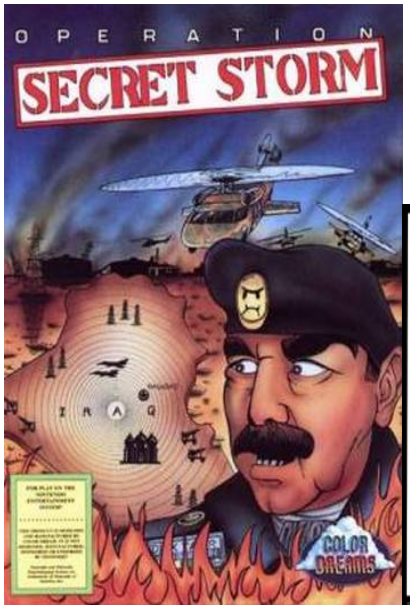
Their usual span was between a month or two, or maybe less. Nothing passed unnoticed. After the Ghostbusters craze was the time of ghosts. We weren't new to them. I was literally obsessed by this kiddie film called something like "Monster Club", something Joe Dante might have at least produced. Some kids, in their usual tree hut formed a club devoted to monster and ghost searching, and ended up living their own nightmarish adventure through which everyone went OK and found pretty girlfriends. I was no exception to those expectations, as I also awaited some incredible adventure to lead me through maturity and fame. We too formed a club, the club of ghosts, of which I was obviously the undiscussed leader. We told ghost stories and looked for evidence. I remember going around the neighborhood taking photographs and judging every single guy I caught as some sort of mysterious creature from hell. That was a common threat though, pedophiles and maniacs, which went about to kidnap us all. Faruk Kassan's case helped. Anyway Ghostbusters was a blast, and also united some of my favorite actors as Dan Akroyd, Ric Moranis and the great Bill Murray. Sigournie Weaver came from Alien and was much respected too. The toys were wonderful, and I still have all of them and keep some stuff in the house, which for the first time provided my carpet games with a full sized skyscraper which proved to be useful a number of times. The different ghosts were also great, from the postman to the old lady and the transforming cop. Some of them reach the scale of full surrealistic art, like the yellow Volkswagen which transforms into a green window and the toilet shooting creatures. Only the Masters of Universe figurines can, and actually surpass in absurdity those rejects of nature. Some are completely illogic and you wonder how an even alien planet could give birth to such uncomfortable creatures, something Todd Browning would cast and Suehiro Maruo would turn into perverts and transvestites. Ghostbusters were though preceded by The Real Ghostbusters, which were pretty nice too but maybe a bit too classic for our tastes. They were more like Hannah Barbera characters, with the big gorilla and the conservative type of undeads, but their relationship with the live action ones always made me think deeply.
At the time my favorite color was red, and I always had to carry with me a couple of my favorite red figurines. One was the GiJoe paramedic, and the other one the big truck from Transformers, Optimus Prime. It goes without saying that I lost both of them and had fits over them which are still to be solved.
Transformers were cool, and they epitomized the metamorphosis feature that somehow all the best games had to have. I was a great fan of the cartoon as well, and recently tried to watch it, but couldn't understand anything of it. Nothing, I swear, I guess my capacity to follow stories was far greater back then, or maybe it didn't make any sense at all and I just watched daily in awe imagining things. These are things the anthropologists should really work on.
Being a fat kid and devoting myself to righteous perfect male heroes, made me understand the difference between myself and them, and I ended up being aware of my own abundance too. Sure, if you looked at films like the Goonies or Navigator it didn't really matter how big or deformed you were to undergo a great adventure, but still I was faced with macho heroes like He Man, Conan, Van Damme, Schartzenegger and Kurt Russel all the time. Being a phrenology enthusiast and studying Lombroso with great care, I understand my "nerdish" (this is an overly exploited word though, which makes me puke when associated with Indies wearing thick glasses that suck beaver all day) being, and am convinced that had I been

some Stallone looking guy I would have probably been the worst asshole in town, bullying kids and ending up the most annoying right wing hooligan or bouncer ever. I would have probably gotten a hell lot of pussy though.

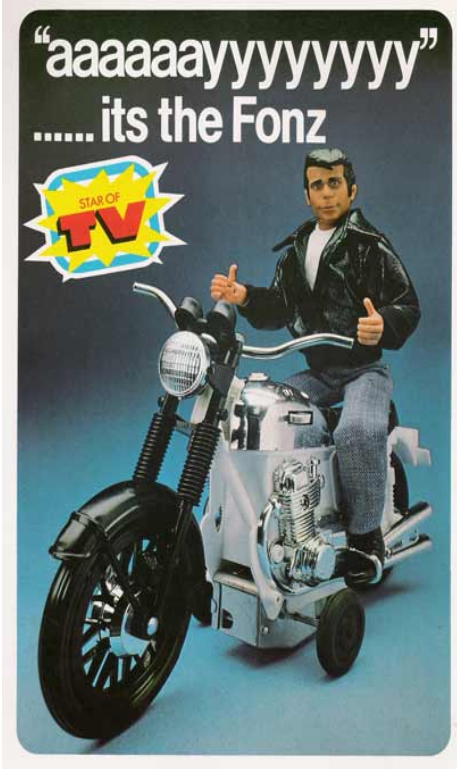


(This is how I would have probably looked like had I liked physical training. Notice that the Iron Sword hero here is Fabio, some Italian douche bag that was really famous in the States but absolutely unknown in Italy).

Anyway the days went by and toys summed up. I would even get excited watching that piece of shit that the film “Toys” was, just because it featured in a couple of frames a GiJoe. Here I start the rant about how good old times were and how bad superhero films are now. I went to see the Super Mario Brothers film in Brighton with my dad and loved it, and the Punisher and HeMan films with Dolph Lundgren were also good. Judge Dredd only confirmed my respect with Demolition Man Stallone, and now I just quiver at how my beloved Fantastic Four were treated. The new Punisher was also crap, along with Daredevil, and, sadly, the GiJoe one. But I won’t get too much into it. I loved every single game that came from films, and had all of them on Nintendo, Snes and Gameboy. I even had Universal Soldier and Total Recall, which were hard as hell, but never more than Dragons Lair of which I never got through the first scene.



(Public enemy Saddam and the logo that my favorite games and music had to carry).



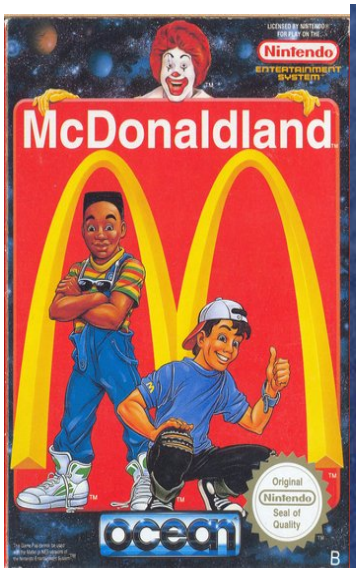
(Heroes and villains would most of the time roam streets on motorbikes, especially if in a post-apocalyptic future. The films like 1990 and The Bronx Warriors were the best thing Italy has ever produced in its long history, but it's a shame that the ouvres got forgotten and at the time were only shown on cheap regional TV channels).

All these movies were either seen at the cinema, with my parents or grandfather, or rented out at Videomania, a small video-store where, for some reason, at my mother's asking about how violent a film was, it was never judged more violent then Akira by the store clerk. Akira was my first encounter with Cyberpunk, although much later than the times, and still is my favorite anime. One day Videomania

vanished, and we still had credit on the membership card, but it was shortly followed by the grand Blockbuster opening downtown, which we visited right away with great satisfaction.
One thing is important to say: although fat, I was the coolest kid who owned most games, and who had games before everyone. But you could ask: how could you have been so cool?
Simple answer: my mother is Italo-American and we had relatives in Chicago which we visited every summer or at Christmas.
America was one big playground for me, mainly thanks to Toys'R'Us (which later opened here but was a major letdown), and to my cousin and uncle. My uncle was a big sci-fi fan, and a Trekkie, and the three of us would go to every film premiere around. My cousin was a big GiJoe fan too, and he would give me his old toys and VHSs, for which I needed multi-system players and adapters.

(A whole collection I would kill to have).

I was the poor Italian kid I guess, but the US had so much choice that I don't think he minded much. My uncle, everyday when he came home from work, would drive the two of us and buy us something. I remember that I was given the chance to choose between a Thor and an Iron Man figurine once. I loved both, but just couldn't have enough. I chose Thor, which is a cool character, and now have bought an Iron Man figurine, so that's OK I guess. Plus, the US had the biggest movie theaters, biggest arcades, toy stores, sodas, malls, hamburgers and biggest everything that I had ever seen. I loved every single fast food, and would get happy meals treats from each of them. I called MacDonalds Mickey D as them and even had a big birthday party at the only MD that was in my town at the time, and everyone just adored me, and envied me.



(Cool kids on cool games by Ocean for Mickey D. Cool kids are synonyms for shitty games usually, but surprisingly, not for shitty films. John Hughes had plenty of cool kids, like Emilio Estevez, an all time favorite after Repo Man. I also remember plenty of kid geniuses and kid hackers, but most of all, Edward Furlong in Terminator. “Easy Money”. By the way, Ocean was one of those prostitute game developers like Jin, THQ, and some other unforgettables. Also, Let’s Play Kentucky Fried Chicken. Yeah, why not.)

Anyway only a very few MD treats were acceptable, largely depending on the different film, and most of them ended up directly into the garbage. All I did in America was play video games and figurines with my cousin, and drive from mall to mall. I was amazed by how vast the landscapes were, and driving never bothered me, since my father would bring us in some European country by car every year. I had my Gameboy, about 50 full batteries, my carefully chosen figurines and comic books with me, so I never got tired of it. Also, driving helped me sleep and I was always a pretty quiet kid.

(Historical Navigator, whose peaceful aliens were later ruined and never to be restored by the upsurge of X-Files and the infamous alien abductions).

I would also watch tons of TV there while my cousin was at school: satellite TV was unheard of in Italy, and I had full day access to television. There I discovered Waynes World, Beavis and Butthead, Saturday Night Live, Jerry Springer (which I can best describe with a line from Bambloozed from Spike Lee: “I love Jerry Springer because it’s the only show where 3 white women fight over a black man

with one tooth”) and Nickolodeon, Fresh Prince (Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince was the first CD I ever bought, followed by Aerosmith which I had playing in arcade’s Revolution, and Iron Maiden which had their own video game), Cosby Show, and many many others. I loved everything that was nonsense, ugly, and everything that featured black people. I tried emulating their accents and my grandfather thought I was pretty good at it. Also, in the States, characters wouldn’t fade away. The fact is that although spoiled, I couldn’t buy everything I wanted, that was A LOT, and series came out of shelves pretty fast in Italy, and choice wasn’t so wide, but in the States series were developed much more, and there were entire malls just for toys.

(A mixture of cool stuff: Running Man, lately remade into Gamer which was cool but lacked Arnold. An incredibly uncomfortable He Man figurine, and the much desired Power Glove for NES, something I would have given ass to have but that would have ended up in the closet after a week).

Back in Italy I would make full lists of toys I wanted and my grandparents would send them to me, and friends would come over and see them. My cousin also had friends over in his basement all the time, and I did the same with my Italian friends, which was not a common thing to do at the time I guess. Parents must have been glad to be relieved from their kids for at least a night, so we would be permitted to play all night and challenge each other in video game matches. I would regain the popularity I physically lost I guess, and never had big deals at school. I had good grades, surprisingly given the amount of time I spent on games and TV, and was even a good kid at catechism!
Saturday afternoon was maybe the worst ever. We had to got to church and attend religion class before communion. There was this very old lady teaching us the word of Christ, and she scared us talking about hell and stuff. That was so boring and such a waste of time, but I put up with it, mainly because I was always pretty insecure and tried the best to be good. They even gave us homework and I remember well one remarkable afternoon spent coloring this drawing of the Vatican which we had to do. That was the least difficult though, the worst was remembering prayers and ATT didn't help. We had two Syrian girls at school which didn't have to do the religion hour at school and I could never understand why they were exempted from it and not I. After communion anyway I stopped going to church, and my parents were OK with it, and I even declared I was a Buddhist. I hated it and never

CBM AMIGA
REQUIRES ONE MEG OF RAM
COMMUNITY SAFETY MATCHES
MADE IN RUSSIA
OCT 26 1985 01:22
PRESENT TIME
LAST TIME DEPARTED
EVERYTHING ELSE IS CHILD'S
I DON'T NEED NO INSTRUCTIONS TO KNOW HOW TO ROCK
Day of the Tentacle
REB BROWN
VIOLENT COP
CUT and COLO
ON THE FARM
SS GIRLS
COOL AS ICE
INSECT
Nintendo

ORGASMO NERO
LONE WOLF CUB
MFP
Behind your back your friends and acquaintances are saying that you are a tin horn Casanova, always bragging about your past conquests. The gals are wise to you, Eager Beaver, that's why all you have to brag about is past history.
...its the Fonz
BEST SAFETY MATCHES
IMPREGNATED
TRADE
MARK
SUPERIOR QUALITY
ROBOT
Fooled Again
HINDU
PUSSYCAT
KILL!
INTERCEPTOR
ATARI
MAD MAX
MAXIMUM SPEED 55
WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL
LIVE
JAPAN
LOST WEEKEND
RAY MILLAND
VIRTUAL BOY
I NUOVI BARBARI
16-Bit
ACTION SERIES
COCK AND BALLS!!
Modern Ranch
HOMES
SHAQ-FU
BY DELPHINE SOFTWARE
SEGA
24 MEG
MA-13
Licensed by Sega Enterprises Ltd. for play on the SEGA™ GENESIS™ SYSTEM

went back since.

(Wonderful Cobras from the anniversary series).

The good and evil thing was never too clear for me. I knew there were pedophiles and serial killers all over trying to steal me, and given my American upbringing I was much more obsessed by them than my Italian counterparts. Toys played a dramatical cut between the two: there were heroes and villains, but the problem was that villains were often much cooler. Take the Cobras for example, but also the Star Wars and Star Trek aliens.

(Sadly, I have no idea who Frank Langella is, but Kevin Sorbo could have been a good pick too for HeMan. Of course, had he been blond, Bruce Campbell would have been featured too).

Companies like Hasbro and Kenner took much more time to reproduce them than the good guys. Also Army Men: the enemies were just like the good guys, and only the flags would differentiate them. Enemies were aliens in sci-fi adventures (how about Predator and Alien, how beautiful were they?), ghosts (and Gozer?), dinosaurs in Jurassic Park and what was after, and all the doomsday films had cool bikers and punks as bad guys which were much more attractive. I know that Nazis were evil, no doubt about that, but you had to give them that they had cool uniforms. What about Commies? How could a Red be bad after Danko and Hunt For Red

October?

GiJoe were an international army of chosen as well, and they had to cater to all the global market, so aside from Americans there were good soldiers from all over the world. Not even Nazis were featured, since a real American hero that would combat Aryans could have offended the survivalists or revisionist parents. Only Wolf 3d would put them there to be fought, but that Adolf Hitler with machine guns at the last level was amazing. Red Alert: Command and Conquer was also pretty open and let you choose between Americans and Soviets. Soviets were harder to use, since their weapons were far less sophisticated, but I loved tanks and heavy machinery, so I always opted for

them.

(This is how Adolf really was, in private life at least).

One thing I was sure of though was that Space Marines were cool. First seen on Aliens, then on some cool role game, maybe Starcraft, Space Marines were the best, and the GiJoe series was also there to stay.
After seeing Bad Boys with Will Smith, and then Independence Day, I decided to

write a novel about some film I would make, called Missing In Action. I knew there had already been a conservative Chuck Norris film with that title, but it seemed reasonable to make another one. It would had been an action stuffed flick, starring the greatest actors of the time: Bruce Willis, Schartzy, Stallone, Smith, Harrison Ford (my favorite film at the time was Indiana Jones, and I also wore a hat like him, and dreamed of having a husky named Indiana. Later I got a husky, which was though named Akira and after a few days became Rocco. He is still here and is the greatest dog ever), Jackie Chan and others. I was still in the “no girls allowed” phase which didn’t feature any remarkable women. I wrote about 50 pages and then dropped it. For those who could be interested I’d have to search my garage for it.

I was somehow aware that toys were just some other kind of commodity produced in series of thousands and thousands, but still I pretended that each had a distinctive feature that made it one of their kind. It short, each had a story behind and the screening of the film Toy Story only aggravated this fixation of mine. I also had several Toy Story figurines, that somehow didn’t resemble the strong personalities their cartoon counterparts had.

I also had some toys inherited from earlier generations, such as my parents. They had stories behind had bore their scars, through consumption and age, and I kept them in a glass case in order not to spoil them too much. I was always respectful with my toys and always treated them accordingly. Sadly, the GiJoes were the most subjected to wearing, and the rubbers that kept their torsos and legs together always broke and were irreplaceable, but that didn’t make me throw them away, rather they surged to some kind of higher status and were always returning casualties of war.

The wars they were fighting became more gruesome day by day, and I applied red color for the blood on them. I myself couldn't wait to be sent to some tragic space war. My drawings too were bloodier then ever, and video games such as Duke Nukem and Carmageddon added sprites to them.

(Something that helped me drinking Pepsi, Fido Dido. Notice the basketball outfit and sunglasses, just as every cool kid in town at that time. This street attitude really thrilled me, but white kids just didn't have the same charisma as these "Three Tough Guys", which had to be black in order to represent a social restlessness,furthermore I wasn't a street kid due to restrictions from my parents and the actual quietude of my neighborhood. Some kids at school were street hustler I could say, but ended up failing school and retiring. I much respected them for that. As I said I was really fascinated by black culture and was becoming aware of some of the clashes that were flowing inside of it. I liked the civil attitude of Bill Cosby and Mr T, which preached the kids to stay out of trouble, but I also liked the thug attitude of NWA, and couldn't understand why Fresh Prince wouldn't sell crack on the streets of Bel Air).

This is one of the ways I got in contact with the world of bizarre and gore. Once we went to Rome to visit the city and my father brought me to Cinecittà to visit the studios. There were plenty of videostores nearby that I had to check for novelties, and collect catalogues. One of these featured videos about serial killers, like Ed Gein and Richard Ramirez, and I was excited by their faces and stories. The Addams Family film too, the second I think, had the brother and sister collect cards on serial killers, and I too longed for them. In the meantime I saw Serial Mom, my first John Waters film, which was to cast an indelible remembrance. I was also given cards of the Gulf War by my uncle. Some feature geographical areas of Iraq and Kuwait, some jetfighters, and I also have a couple with Saddam and Dick Cheney. When the Bush Jr. administration came into power I took them out of my shelves in awe. No one had them here, and nor does now.

(This is how real 3d experiences were mediated. Also, put 3DO and Old Country Buffet together and you'd get me).

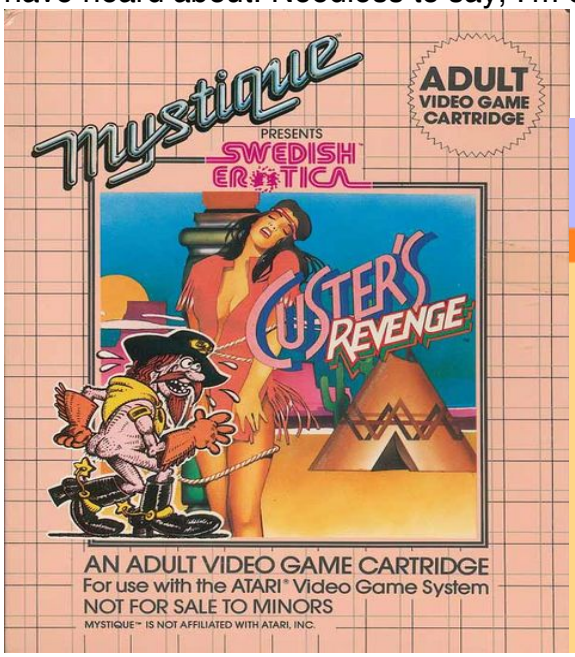
Toys and videogames didn't contrast each other. Of course, someday around middle school I switched to digital gaming, but for a long time they went hand in hand. I received my first NES after communion. I always had this bad habit of opening gifts before due date, and the nes, being electronic equipment had the perfect excuse that it had to be checked for eventual defects. So my parents would plug it in on that small TV in the kitchen and I cannot forget the excitement of trying it the first time. Of course I had bought it specifically for the GiJoe game which was awesome, coupled with the classic Duck Hunt and Super Mario. I had a ton of games in short time, and they were expensive as hell, so I really had to be good in order to make my parents get one for me, but it was in the States that I obtained the most, with my cousin's ones, since he had switched to Genesis. I spent so many hours on the machine, and actually didn't understand anything of the games. I was

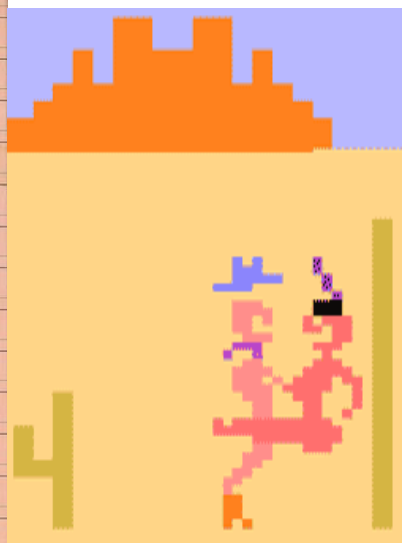
just mystified by the wonderful graphics and gameplays. The Super Nes shortly came out but I never had it, until recently, when my cousin Luke stole it from some Juvenile Recreational Center and brought it home. When Snes came out I was busy with PC Games, and LucasArts were my favorite. They were just amazingly complex, and all the Star Wars, Indiana Jones, Dig, Full Throttle ones made me crazy. I was never too fond of Monkey Island because I never really liked pirate scenarios, but I did have it anyway. I remember I was a pro using Dos, and now that I need an emulator to run them I cannot remember how the fuck it worked! It's also sad to see ALL of NEs and Snes games in some 50megabytes zip files. Each of them cost so much at the time, and I had to wait for the States or some special festivity to have a new one…
Anyway, Nintendo and Sega were equally cool to me, and I was never either a Nintendo or Sega type, but after having Playstation I became one.

(Cool games of the time. I wonder why they chose to put some retards on the Megaman cover. These scroll fighting games were my favorite, and I remember that once, in a Festa dell'Unità, the center-left wing party festival, at an arcade I tried one of these games whose evil opponents were junkies and homosexuals which would try to get you from behind. I also had to beware from gays then. Streets were crowded with perverts, while at home I had to fear Poltergeists coming from the TV, Freddy Krueger from nightmares, evil spirits from the dark, and evil dolls from Chucky, but also gray aliens coming to kidnap me from my bed. This last fear was mostly caused by XFiles, a show I loved but that couldn't watch without shaking terribly. I feared of ending up like Mulder's sister, who never came back. A constant battle, an epic one).

Sega, Capcom, Konami, ID, all of these were my favorite videogames companies, and I would avidly search videogame magazines to find out the new arrivals and projects. From magazines I got to realize that Japan was actually so much more interesting than America in terms of creativity and choice, and that's how I got to become a fan of the Orient. Akira had proven to be far more superior that all the other cartoons, and Ghost in the Shell followed. Getting to Tetsuo the Iron Man was just a step ahead, and from that came Boredoms, Zeni Geva, MErzbow and all the others. Anyway, I had my Playstation modified so it could read both Pal and NTSC games, and since my father is a salesman who has to go around all the region, I

would beg him to stop by some particular shops around Italy to get imported games. They were even more expensive so it had to be only on real special occasions, but at the time I already had the chance to spend some money of my own. I just wanted every single Japanese game, no matter how bad and how it sucked, and also, I couldn't understand a word of what they were saying and most of the time I ended up being stuck at the first scene or even at the main index. But it didn't matter that much, it was always exciting to own something from so far away, not thinking that all my toys were actually already produced in China or Taiwan.
Also, the African street vendors were a good source of games. They were plainly copied, and half of them didn't work, but the ones that did were great, like the Captain Tsubasa or Metal Slug ones. They also always had pornographic games, and we always wondered what they were but never had the courage to buy them. Actually I discovered they were just squalid series of photos of naked breasts and asses, and nothing that could remotely pair up with the fearsome Rapelay that I have heard about. Needless to say, I'm desperately looking for a torrent to it.





(Custer's revenge. Swedish erotica. I have been to Sweden a couple of times, but only found perverts in Germany and France, but I knew of their legendary fame. Also, I like how the Pocahontas from the picture looks like the impaled aborigine from Cannibal Ferox. Next to it is some hardcore footage from the game).

Going back to porn, in middle school older students would hide porno comic books in the toilets. I don't know why, maybe to help us youngsters grow up or to get us in trouble, but they were great. Some really famous comic book writers like Magnus had written these dirty books, and I didn't know anything about it at the time. Also, there was this TV magazine called Teletutto that had naked girls, and I remember well how we would gather in front of edicolas and challenge each other to courageously go in and buy a copy. Actually the clerks never gave a shit about it and I could also go to tobacco stores to buy my grandfather packs of cigarettes. Downloading wasn't available yet, so we had to go to the automatic videostore and rent porn films, but only a few of us could because you needed a special code to rent those flicks and not all of us had it. I had seen some porn before, because it

was always around the corner when me and my family went to such countries as Germany and France. Their newsstands were far dirtier than ours, and the worst was that in hotels they always had satellite on which I would be zapping for hours and end up on the porn channel. I was in France once and glimpsed for a couple of seconds at a scene were a woman was wearing a crown of erect cocks of men all around her. My mother was shocked and turned it off. Also, in Austria I think, in one hotel you could rent a VCR and some films, most of which were porn. Well, one of them was the famous Sylvester Stallone venture in pornography, and I was quite puzzled by seeing Rambo on some whore.

(This is how a porn VHS looked like at my time).

Anyway, each Saturday we would go to this friends' house, have a take away pizza, play playstation, and finally watch a porn VHS, during the meal indeed. Some of us would go to an expedition to the automatic videomachine just across the street, and only once I was put in charge of choosing the film. What I chose traumatized me. The choice was amazing: from interracial to gangbangs, to zoophylia and, of course, our hero, Rocco Siffredi. Well I saw this title and thought it would also have a story, about vampires and Transylvania, since it was called Transinculate (meaning Transvestites Ass Fucking). I went back to my friends quite happy with my choice, put it on only to see the first scene, on which this huge guy with curly blond hair and pink panties was fucking a Brazilian chick with a huge dick. We turned it off immediately and I was the object of many homophobic jokes there after. Later someone came back to the store and got a regular hetero one. Another time, but we were older, we were faced with one called “Cave Ass” in which some fat bald guy would have women put their feet in his ass. It was disgusting but we were experienced enough at the time. Then came Internet and sexuality got so many ramifications that it became a less sensitive fact.
The passage from VHS to Internet was to abrupt to be told. Actually, it occurred when I was going through adolescence, and I was a total ass at the time, so I didn’t really appreciate it fully. But one thing I can say, besides the obvious spread of porn and how easy it got to get, is that it has become much much more specialized than I could have ever imagined at tenderer ages. I was mildly aware of the existence of so many fetishes, and only later got to know the real truth, and that has actually spoiled much fun. For hours I could discuss about the pleasures of just knowing of the existence of such incredible techniques like donkey punch, dirty sanchez (the fact that skreetch or how the fuck it spelled created it, being such a big Saved BY the Bell fan, makes even more beautiful), ass to mouth, creampie, Brazilian fart fetish,

snowball (this I learned from legendary Clerks) and roman shower, and many more, but the fact is that they become mere curiosity, and had I been younger, I could have appreciated them more maybe. Maybe I'm just too old and this is some lame rant. Anyway, I knew about sex, besides from movies, also from videogames. Duke Nukem was pretty explicit at my time, but Leisure Sweer Larry was the best, and even better was that I only had a demo version of it and didn't have a clue on how card games or poker worked. Neither do I now. Custer's Revenge was also exceptional, even though I had just read about it. The sheer idea of taking revenge through multiple rape of native American women is fantastic. At the time I started to know some hentai, but I have never actually had a chance to play any eroge, and that is something I really have to take care of in the nearest future. Again, the next big step will be Rapelay. My favourite sexual games were though those that you would find in arcades and waited until no one was around you to try. You just controlled a pair of scissors and had to complete cutting the background while getting away from some moths and other monsters. In the background, once finished, the reward were some Asian nude women, and some whorish blonds from the east of Europe. Even better was when you would liberate the picture of Robocop, Hellraiser, or Saddam Hussein, Robocop and Saddam were also featured in iron fist games, along with some muscular international types, one of which looked like Mike Tyson. That's how, together with collectible cards, the zeitgeist, games like Operation Wolf and others, Saddam got to be one of my most feared enemies. Watching the images of his decapitation was awful, and I really mean it.

(Other cool kids. The black and white combination was a must).

(Some great stuff. Notice how the enemy in Time Cop had a grunge shirt, sunglasses and skates).

(Army Ants were in Italy “Combattini”. Next is some blurry and ambiguous ad for favorite store Toys’r’Us).

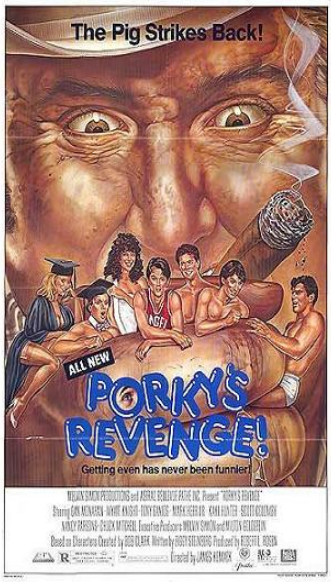
Here I therefore return to videogames. I have already talked about how I got to Playstation. That was the future for me, as CDS were in general.

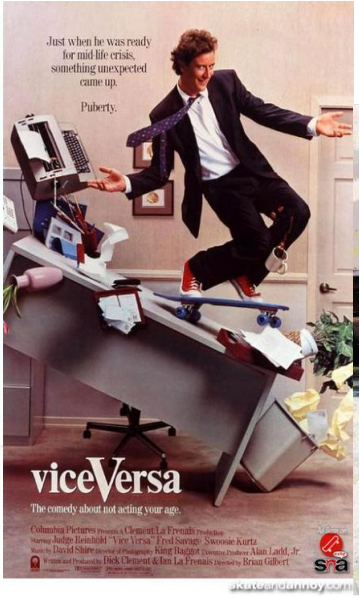
I cherished them and couldn't grasp how they could contain so much information. I still don't. I had so many games for PS, and most of them were bad as hell. That's why I became distant from Sony and got to love Sega much more and especially, desire all those failed consoles I had once read about in videogame magazines. I had seen, much before Playstation, Philips Cd-I, Atari Jaguar, Sega Cd. They were brilliant. At the time my father would bring me to Futureshow every year, a showcase of new technologies and stuff here in my city, Bologna. It was the best, especially because you could try virtual reality with visors and stuff. But later on, every year you could try the same virtual reality games and cabinets, and I got to understand how VR would never make it into the future. Of course, I still believe I'm living in a 1990ies reality, and I'm still waiting for the Back to the Future Skateboard and to talk to Max Headroom through a CD. I think that this Max character was also cast on some Pepsi commercial, and that shows you how Pepsi was the real thing at the time and featured the coolest flavors and hype. It basically disappeared from Italy, and I can't understand why. Maybe because it tastes exactly like Coke, but still, Pepsi, Mountain Dew and Doctor Pepper are the best drinks ever and I still believe they'll make it big time.
Playstation also marked my detachment from toys. I got older, but it was actually Dreamcast that made me mature. Having Dreamcast made me feel kind of an outcast, since no one had it here and games were hard to find. But anyway, I got more accustomed with CDS with PS, and it would also be the time when I developed musical tastes of my own. Before, I would listen to Carly Simon and blues and R'n'B with my mother. I have no knowledge of Italian music since my mother didn't like it and my father wouldn't bother about music at all. He liked some classical and especially the chants of the Russian Red Army, which I also liked for their magnitude. I loved all black music, and also the Rolling Stones, which were far blacker than the Beatles. My mother has hated The Beatles ever since someone said that if you listened to them backwards you could hear Satan. She is also scared of Charles Manson, whom I find interesting though. Videogames were much more hard rock type of thing though, and I also loved Waynes World, where Alice Cooper and Aerosmith were featured. In addition, MTV got here, although not regularly at my house. At first you could only see it at certain times of the day on Telepiù, the first Italian payperview channel, which I didn't have but that sometimes was watchable freely, and at those times you could see MTV, in English. Through that I got to know rock, especially through Beavis and Butthead and their videos. I loved Nirvana, Bad Religion, Skinny Puppy, Nine Inch Nails, Beastie Boys, and all the others as soon as I listened to and watched them. TV too had some strange cartoons like Aeon Flux and Brainhead that enchanted me. Metallica were also cool, especially because they played trash metal that contained the word trash, something that I could relate too.

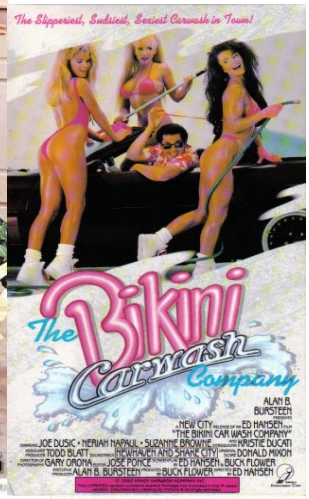
(Some hot dance music to dance to. I liked Napoleon Dynamite for bringing these musical lessons back to my mind).

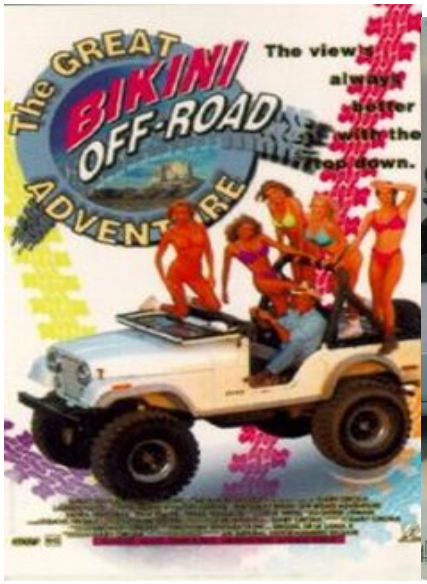
In Italy we also had some musical channel though, before MTV. I don't remember what it was called now, maybe Videomusic, but sometimes it featured this guy called Red Ronny who comes from Bologna too, and he would host live bands too. He had the worst bands ever, and I once went to see the show live with my school class. I hadn't known though that once Hijokaidan and CCCC (now Astro and many more projects) came to the show. Had I seen them, I would have loved noise much before and respected old Red. Anyway, I remember watching one Add'n'+X or something video called Metal Fingers in My Body which had a robot nanny like the one from the cartoon Jeffersons masturbating her female human owner. It was cool. One preference went to hard rock, or better, grunge, but the other went to hip hop. I was confronted with this hard choice, but RunDmc's songs with Aerosmith seemed a reasonable truce. Of course, I was later to discover crossover, with KOrn and Limp Bizkit, but at the time there wasn't much choice. I loved hip hop, the old school one because it was catchy and came from black people. I bought myself the Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince CD, and loved their style and colorful pants. I also liked MC Hammer, but it was Public Enemy which changed everything, followed by the discovery of NWA and Tupac and Notorious BIG. They were hardcore, had samples of gunshots and screams, and I would learn their lyrics by heart. Also, something that played a big part in my love for hiphop was the soundtrack to Space Jam. You have to know that I was a huge Chicago Bulls fan, together with my cousin, and we worshiped Rodman, Pippen, Longley, and of course, Jordan. My cousin was something of a basketball sensation at the time, but he later got hurt and quit. Anyway I even went to Jordan's restaurant in Chicago, collected cards, watched games and played NBA Jam all the time. I loved every single film that starred basketball champions, even the 2 films with Shaq (and even Shaq Fu game) and of course Double Team with Van Damme and Dennis. Only later I recognized Mickey Rourke and knew it was directed by Tsui Hark. Also, it took place in Italy, where another all time favorite was set: Hudson Hawk with Bruce Willis. Anyway, I begged my parents for a pair of Jordans: they were fantastic, white leather, black sole with

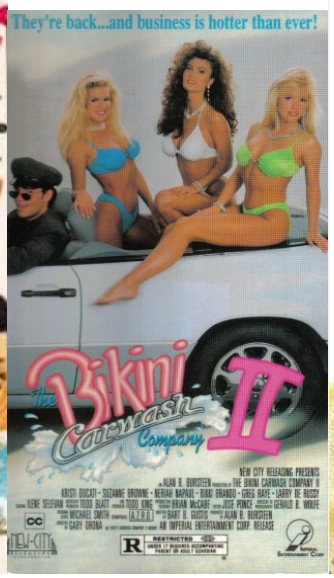
the MJ symbol, and were just huge. Everyone envied me and I'm sorry they're so hip now. Anyway, Space Jam came and also had Bill Murray in it and the fat guy from Jurassic Park. The soundtrack was cool, with Busta Rymes and all, and even Seal and the other guy who later took a piss on a minor. It was that all star style that I liked, the one with many voices from different mcs, just as NWA were. My favorite was Ice Cube and I thank him for being in Ghosts from Mars, one of the coolest films by John Carpenter. Recently I got myself the 50cent game for Xbox, a wonderful game, and Def Jam Icon which is shitty though. I even had the Wu Tang Clan one for PS1 and that was based in Thrill Kill which was censored. I know many things in general.
I was later to forget hiphop in favor of Rage Against the Machine and stuff, and I sold all my albums for nothing, but have always kept the best ones, like NWA.

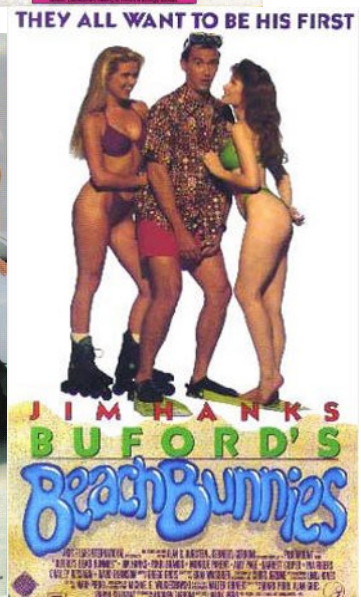


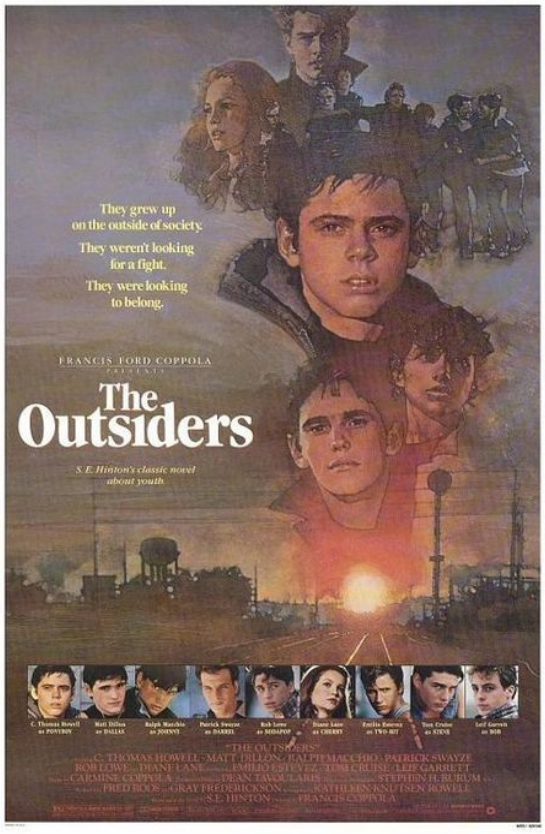


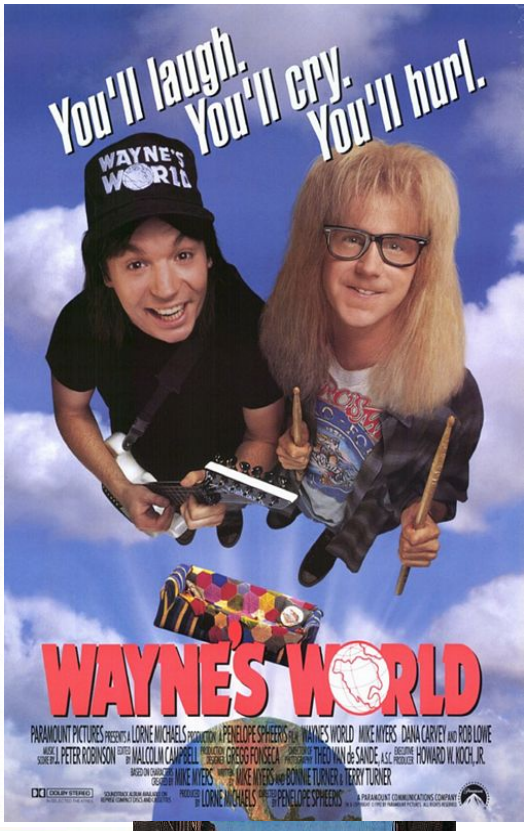


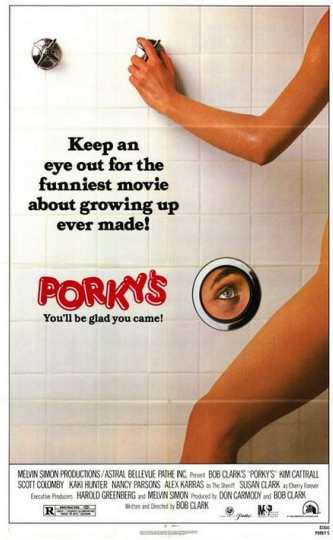


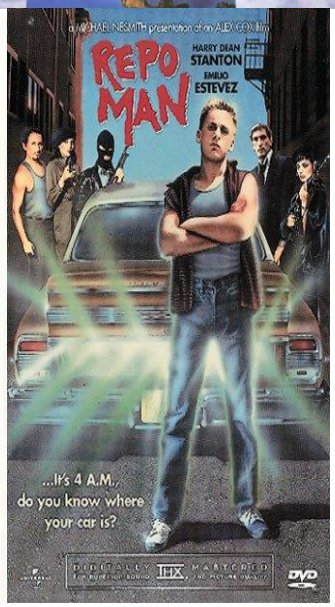






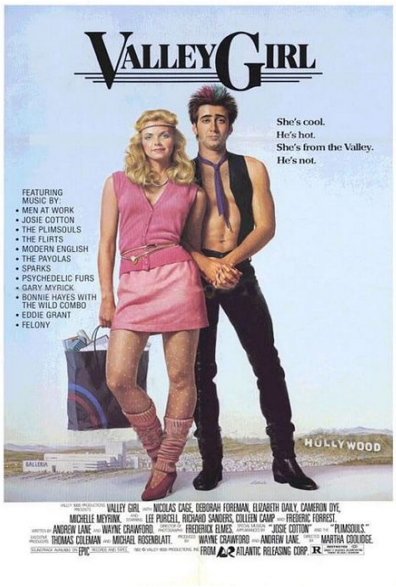


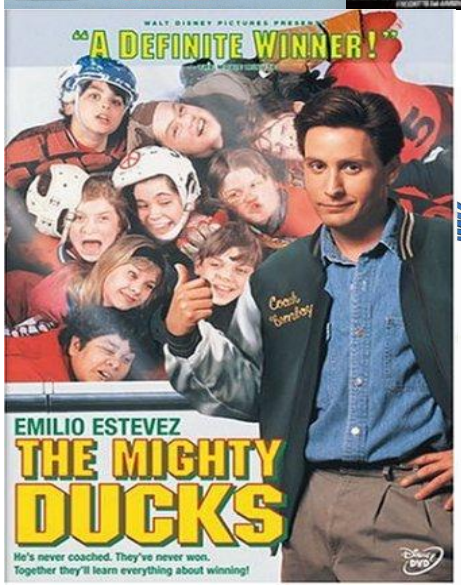


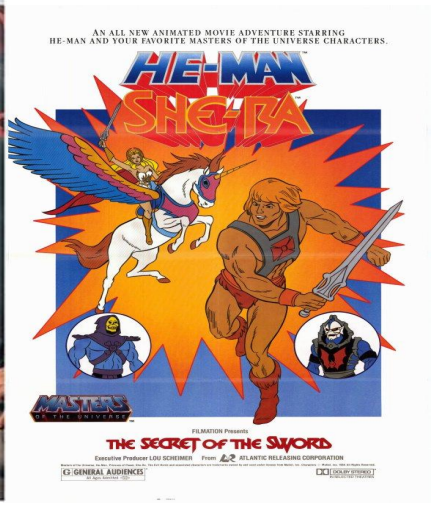


(I'm sorry to say, and I know I'll be starting a huge discussion after this, but I hate the common use of the word Nerd. Nerds nowadays get pussy, get laid, are often bisexuals so get double laid, play in faggish indie bands, wear thick glasses because it gets them even more pussy, go to clubs and write reviews and organize festivals where they get even more pussy. They order customized t-shirt on the net, and can go from fashion shops to squat houses with the same shameful smile on their faces. Back then the situation was quite different: no pussy, glasses were for your eyesight, no clubs because you would be afraid to get the shit out of you beaten by Tommy and Vinnie from the football high school team. Besides, you wouldn't even play indie crap, because you would be angry for some mysterious reason and you would like heavy metal. You would also like GG Allin, but would be

too afraid to go to his shows because he would smack you on your face and shit all over you, and not suck your cock to get a positive review on Pitchfork.)



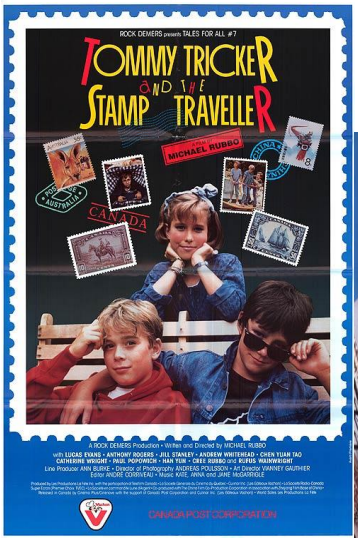


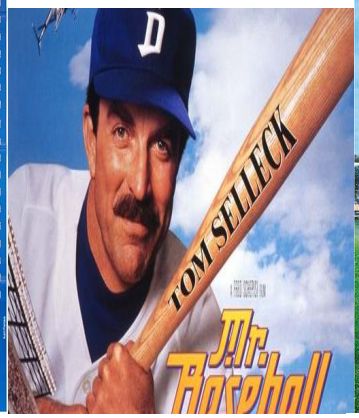


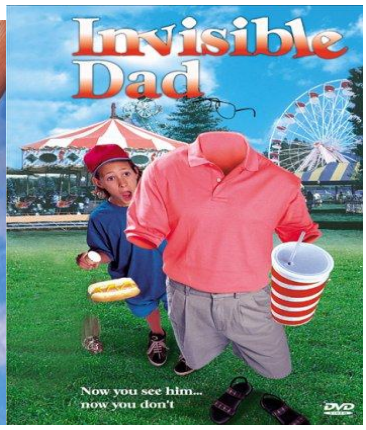
POLICE ACADEMY
MISSION TO MOSCOW
6
DVD

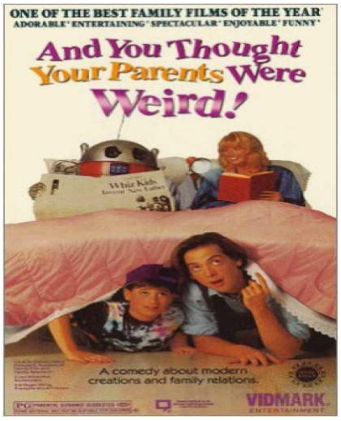
PEE WEE HERMAN IN
Pee-wee's
BIG ADVENTURE
DVD

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S
VACATION

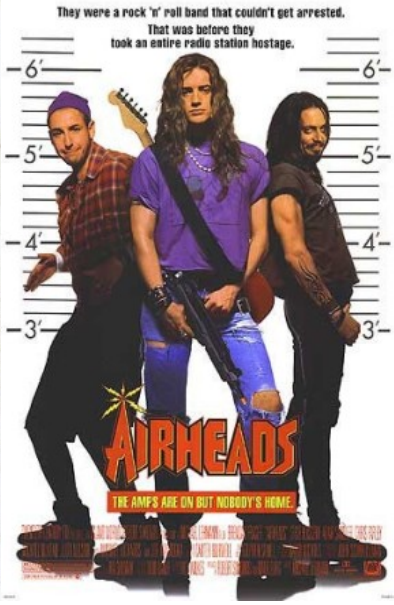

ROCK DEMERS presents TALES FOR ALL #7
TOMMY TRICKER AND THE STAMP TRAVELLER
MICHAEL RUBBO
CANADA
A ROCK DEMERS Production • Written and Directed by MICHAEL RUBBO
CANADA POST CORPORATION

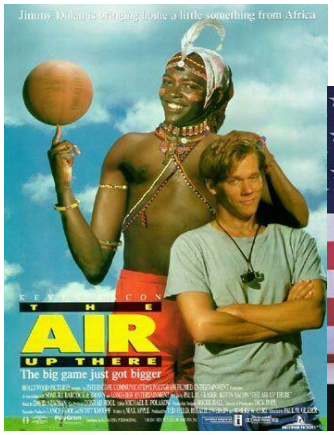

TOM SELLECK
Mr. Baseball

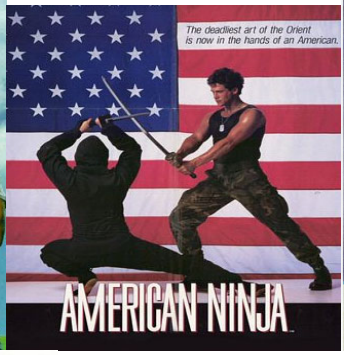

Invisible Dad
Now you see him...
now you don't
DVD

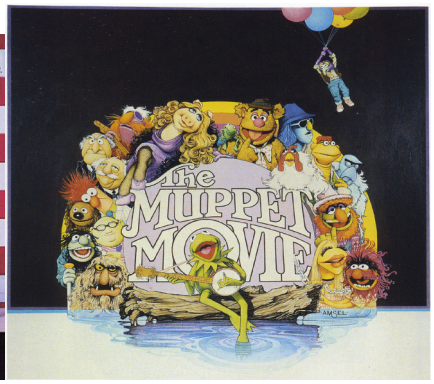

ONE OF THE BEST FAMILY FILMS OF THE YEAR
ADORABLE · ENTERTAINING · SPECTACULAR · ENJOYABLE · FUNNY
And You Thought Your Parents Were Weird!
A comedy about modern creations and family relations.
VIDMARK

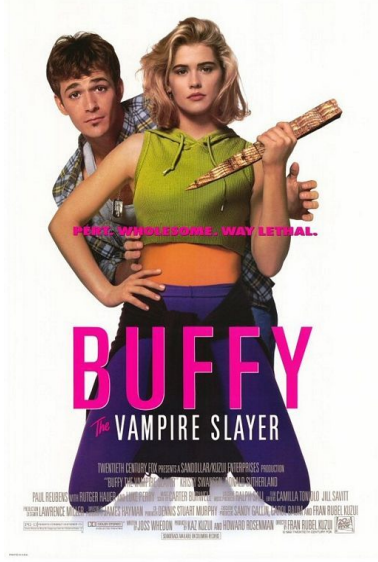
YABBA-DABBA-DOO!
THE FLINTSTONES
JOHN GOODMAN · RICK MORANIS
ELIZABETH PERKINS · ROSIE O'DONNELL


They were a rock 'n' roll band that couldn't get arrested.
That was before they took an entire radio station hostage.
6'
5'
4'
3'
AIRHEADS
THE AM'S ARE ON BUT NOBODY'S HOME.

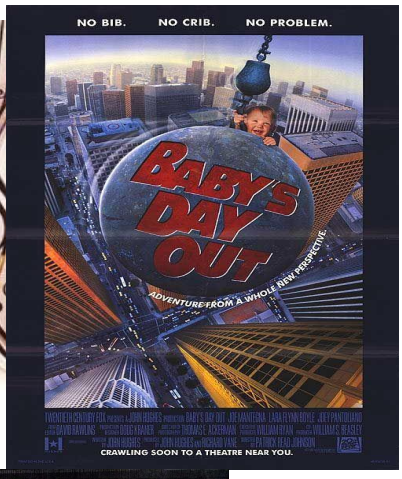

Jimmy Dolan is bringing home a little something from Africa
THE
AIR
UP THERE
The big game just got bigger


The deadliest art of the Orient
is now in the hands of an American.
AMERICAN NINJA


The MUPPET MOVIE

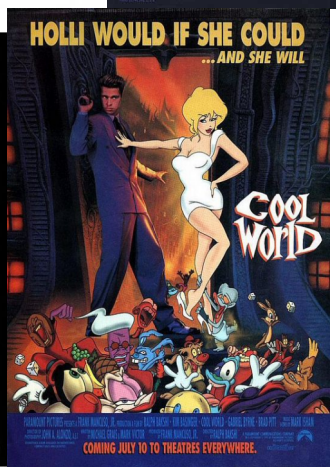

PHAT. WHOLESOME. WAY LETHAL.
BUFFY
The VAMPIRE SLAYER

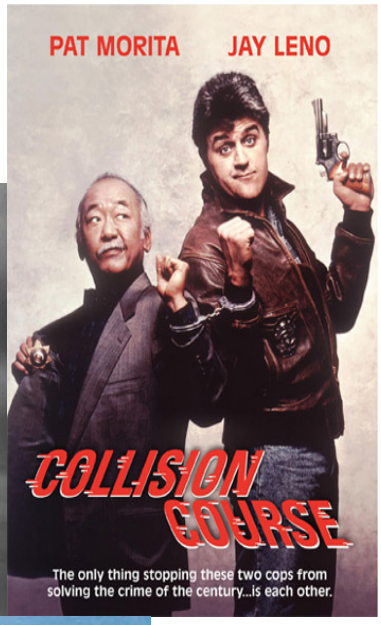
Sex, Clothes, Popularity,
Is There A Problem
Here?
Clueless


NO BIB. NO CRIB. NO PROBLEM.
BABY'S DAY OUT
ADVENTURE FROM A WHOLE NEW PERSPECTIVE.
CRAWLING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

BEVERLY
90210
HILLS
THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

BIG TROUBLE
IN
LITTLE
CHINA

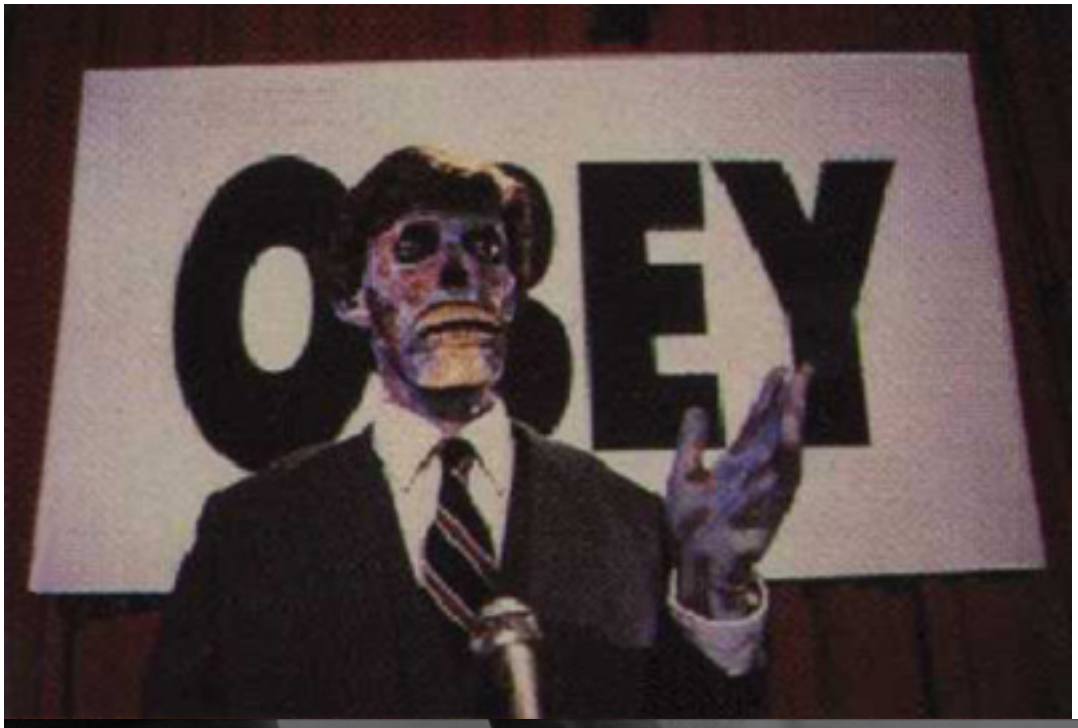

HOLLI WOULD IF SHE COULD
...AND SHE WILL
COOL WORLD
COMING JULY 10 TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE.

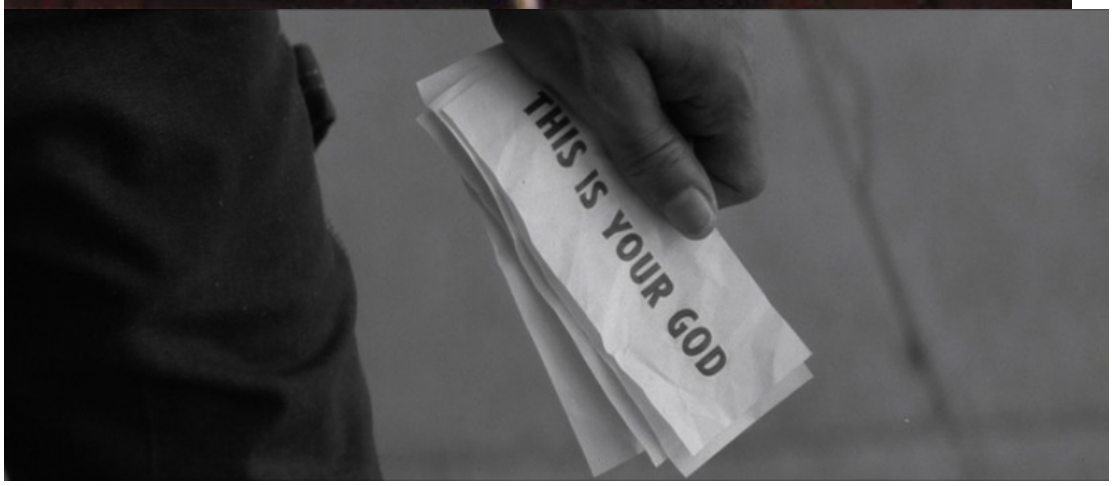


(These are just some examples of the movies which some mornings I stayed home from school to watch).

Anyway, speaking of music, my tastes came together with the films I saw, the books I read, and all the rest. Computer games were the first sountracks which went beyond 8 bytes, and I rememeber Quake osta s one of the best, which you could also listen to on your cd player!
It was natural, given my upbringing, to prefer all the toughest music avaiable, music that could well be in a Van Damme film, or just like the music of John Carpenter's films, which he composes himself. It was through cyberpunk films that I got to know electronic music better. JOhnny Mnemonic, Matrix (much

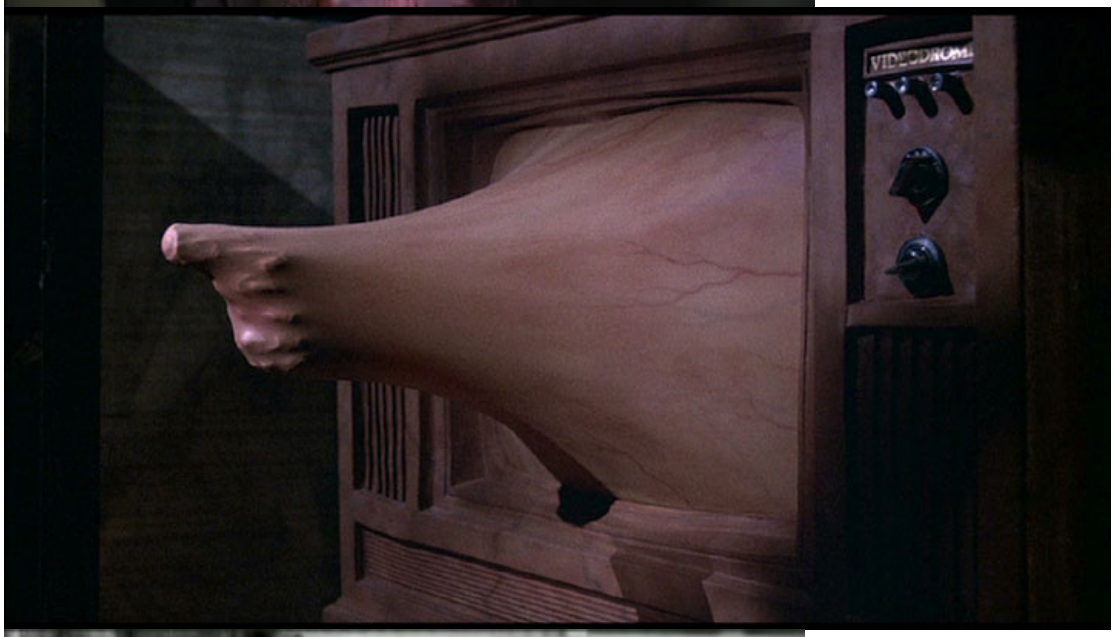
later though), LAst Days, Hardware and the rest, all had at least one scene which took place in a futuristic disco club, where heroin and futuristic drugs were smuggled. Women would dance in cages hanging from the ceiling, men would boast armors and virtual reality visors, and everyone had dreadlocks. Like in BladeRunner, the world was filled with ethnicities from all over, and Asians would control huge multinational companies and feature the bitchiest and most beautiful women. Punks would also be all over the place, both with the enemy's army and inside the underground resistance. John Connor and his father, and of course Mad Max would be prototypes for this futuristic fashion. It is clear how Terminator would be something coming from another world, another vision of the truth and another time: he was dressed like a biker, and was in fact a conservative thug type, first sent to destroy the vanguards, then to preserve the resistance in the future. A world to end, as in the second chapter, where a much more ambiguous terminator (T1000) would come, dressed as an everyday preserver of the social status, a policeman, a menace coming from withinsoc iety, and not from some biker outcast. Terminator's death symbolizes the end of an era, the end of a Reaganian world, but also the beginning of a much more brutal reality: that of capitalism, where evil lies within us, and the enemy is no longer recognizable by its looks, but represents the dark side (this I of course took from Star Wars) in all of us.
The film that has plasmated my social consciuousness the most though, is JOhn Carpenter's masterpiece They Live, and also The Society from Brian Yuzna. These are true examples of resistance art, and from this political and ideological magma my grip on reality was very much influenced. They were also ahead of many conspirancy theories, like the Illuminati and Reptilian ones, in which I of course strongly believe in since I'm an internet user, but the truth is that these are anticapitalism films that very few have understood.





(From They Live, a world that not even Guy Debord could have represented better. And below is the Society, what I think of people in general actually, and also Videodrome, and Testuo The Iron Man, other visions of reality I share).

LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH
VIDEODROME


VIDEODROM

I'm not going to go into politics, Mister Drey has already taken care of that enough, although our political upbringings are completely different. This difference is one of the main reasons this album, "From Pix To G" is such an idealogical mess. But I believe that it's also its best part, the total confusion flowing through it, and I believe it will be the perfect soundtrack for the upcoming "Virtual VCR".
For the ones of you that might be interested, a lot of samples, besides the videogame ones, are taken from Claudio Fragasso's film "Teste Rasate". Fra grasso is also responsible for that masterpiece of ugliness that's Troll 2, which has recently been recovered from the garbage and has spurred some hype thanks to a documentary made by the former cast members, something like 20 years later.
People say that films like Napoleon Dynamite or Scott Pilgrim vs The World are manifestos of a generation of 30 year olds. These two films are pretty good, I actually loved them, but I don't feel any need for a manifesto, and would actually prefer being represented by Clerks, although of a generation behind mine. Everyone has had his own experiences, and how could something talk to an entire generation and succeed? And anyway, why would it need a manifesto, can't you talk with your own voices? When I was 15 I was obsessed by Rage Against The Machine and thought that La Roche was my voice, and that it would have carried me directly into stopping the G8 summit. Back then I was also a stupid insolent adolescent, and tried my best to become another person, leaving all my youth behind, and creating a new me that would suit the times better. Of course I wasn't aware of this intention, but I went through it anyway and the results were a disaster, and I am still ashamed of what I was back then. I was bitchy, pretentious, arrogant and I thought I knew better then anyone, to put it in simpler words. What an idiot I was, and I later got to understand that I couldn't just put everything behind, but that I was the result of my past

experiences. What a good moral, isn't it? This is how kiddie adventure films were supposed to end, with everyone understanding something better about themselves and growing up to be men.
Another thing is that this constant returning to the past, a past envisioned with figurines, shows, cartoons and games, really is something like a return to the womb as many would put it, and in fact it is a constant desire of mine, to go back to times and situations which were simple, easy to understand, where I actually wasn't so aware of myself either, and the games I played could easily structure my entire universe and relieve me from the outside. Here I could quote Bill Hicks, but I won't because I would sound too dramatic. Anyway, I would rather drown in my own recollections than embrace some idiotic nice, social group or shared moral. Anyway, the album has a big Parental Advisory logo on it, so please refrain from getting offended and complaining about it.
Anyway, I was talking about Rage Against The Machine, which sucked after Zack left. The band was against everything that my youth had represented: consumerism, brand-America, obesity, Mickey D, plastic GiJoes made in China, and so on. I was suddenly aware that every single choice I would make would affect the world outside me. I was to become responsible for every action and choice of mine. I was ready to go to Chiapas, fight with Subcommander Marcos, pretend to care about the legalization of ganja, and hate myself for what I was before. I even stopped playing videogames, and turned off my Dreamcast (which you couldn't find any more games for anyway), and missed everything that came after it, and before Wii. I hated America and everything it represented, and I would even refuse to go there. Of course, I had to love the beat generation, but actually the only "beat" writer I like, and still do because he was nothing of a beat at all, was William S. Burroughs. That at least brought me back to my sci-fi and cyberpunk age. It was still a time where we didn't have to relate to any kind of "hipster", because hipsters where the ones in the books, not indie assholes who get pussy.
Anyway, at a certain point I was so sure of myself that I kinda exploded and got confused. Past and present were not so separable anymore, and I finally disengaged from that asshole attitude that I enacted during most of my teenager life. Boundaries got blurred, walls collapsed, the manichean binary melted, and I basically disintegrated into an awful chaos that I don't really have any reason to get out from. I would also reconsider my past and grow an obsession about it, as said before, and got to realize that everything that's considered fiction and unreal is much more interesting than reality itself, because it's created by individuals like myself, and not by masses I don't give a shit about.
Of course I am aware that even my tastes are standardized commodities of a market, but at least I don't have to wear a t-shirt with a Muppet to say that I was born in the eighties. Also, as I get older, I understand that character and personality is not a unique feature of the self, since I have got to know people that seem to be produced in stocks exactly like me. People that like bad music,

listen to noise, like Houellebeq, like GiJoes and hate Patch Adams. Well, too bad, but there's too much diversity to take care of them too, and I would rather get to know a Nascar Racing fan and understand what Nascar means to him, or a Chinese porn addict, a North Korean totalitarian that cries in front of Kim Jong Il and starves to death, an antisemitic Communist from Ukraine, a 55 year old rock'a'billy addict dancing in Yoyogi, every weekend or a delinquent kid from Soweto, than look at myself in the mirror of someone else's face and masturbate in my own excrements.

Anyway, to get offensive, I want to recall one time that made be vomit. Every year we have this "Day Of Memory", in which we remember the victims of the holocaust, and all schools watch videos and go to conferences and read Primo Levi and other stuff. My school was sent to this conference, held by my old religion teacher, a half nun or something. There was also one of the last living victims of the holocaust, talking about her own experience. Someone said something funny, not really actually, but it was some famous gag from a show which I don't remember. The kids, about a 1000 I guess, all laughed, and this religion teacher looked at us as fascists and reprimanded all the crowd with a wrath that only some old catholic bitch that has forgotten how shitty the Roman church's treatment of Jews was, could have. It was the severity of those whose soul is clean, who don't even need their asses to be wiped, when they take a crap, those whose shit doesn't stink, because holders of a greater moral, the moral of the greats, of those who never smiled at some racist joke not even when they were 12. Those who complain about a game like Night Trap, which featured a woman in her panties, that think that kids would be so stupid to kill each other while playing Ninja Turtles, those that send their kids to singing TV shows in order to have pedophiles of the world unite and masturbate in front of the TV, those that go to India to discover spiritual peace and think that people are happy to die of famine diseases and collect shit with their own hands, those who think that the handicapped and retards are a blessing from God and that decide what I should feel sorry about and repent. This is also an angry album, so I believe I should close with an angry rant, like those you can find under YouTube videos, which are comments. You can learn a lot from those, and actually I would like to talk about YouTube much more because there are so many fringes, which I had no idea existed, that collide there.

I could spend hours on those comments, and not even watch the video itself, only secondary to the actual information that people are giving you. As Carl from Aqua Teen says : "that's information you get". God, I would love to start a big debate over this album and read people calling me fag and Christians reprimanding, disappointed punks, casual listeners, gabbers who like the beat, Muslims with broken English, Japanese that say hello, and intellectuals quoting Weber to tell me what an asshole I am. Too bad YouTube works on videos, and we don't have one.

1) Achivements
3)Brutal Pixel
4) DUBAI
7) KIDS SHUOLD BE DELINQUENTS
8) Honor to the dead comrades
6) Lardass
10) JUNKIE STREET FIGHTER
11) Tennis Camp
12) G.I. Joe
13) Outrun
The Unreal Guy
16) EDEN
17) MUJAHEDDIN BIKERS
18) STATO ASSASINO
19) Footing Age
22) Nazi Killer
20) Me, Mike and Adolf Hitler
23) Sfida Di Coltello
24) Patch Adams
26) VIRTUAL VCR
27) Sono un ariano
28) Antisemitic Communist
29) Brand New Nazi
30) Futuristic Front
31) Electric Bosozoku 9000000000 W
32) Slam Jam
SPETTRO
REALITY SUCKS
TRASH
BADLANDS
BINGO
HYPNOTISME
SUGGESTION
THE VIDEO GAME ADDICT
Before
After
virtualVCR
by Digital Pictures
BIOGLUMIN
PAPA'S PALACE OF PAIN
THEM
neo
EDC
SEGA
CANNON FODDER
MARKY MARK
MASTERS
DOLPH LUNDGREN
FRANK LANGELLA
BENEATH A STEEL SKY
COMBAT
ACTIONWARE
DARTH VADER
Winner BEST ADVENTURE GAME Macworld Hall of Fame
SCOOPER DOOPER
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