

30 Days Genitour

TRAVELING WITH THE MOST PERVERTED BAND IN AMERICA

Road Journal by Giddle Partridge

Photography by Matti Klatt



HUSTLER correspondent Giddle Partridge toured with the Genitourers from October 12, 1996, to November 11, 1996, and lived to tell about it. This is her story.

I first learned of the Genitourers when a friend lent me a copy of their 1993 album, *120 Days of Genitorture*. On the cover, the band's lead singer, Gen, a buff, blond vixen with one arm nearly covered in long, ribbonlike tattoos, was shown piercing her tongue with a long needle. The actual album featured intense heavy-metal music with Gen proclaiming, "I put the needle in you/I want you on your back." To me, she seemed larger than life and terrifying.

Not long after, by sheer coincidence, I was go-go dancing for a band that opened for the Genitourers on a two-week mini-tour. At these shows, I witnessed young men being pissed on and having their scrotums tacked to plywood, and young women receiving onstage douches and enemas. During the song "Liar's Lair," Gen—inspired by the ultraviolence in *Clockwork Orange*—strapped a long rubber Pinocchio nose to her face, sang, "I smell the liar," and plunged her phallic mask into the pussy of an eager audience member.

On the final night of the tour, I joined the band onstage for the encore and happily urinated on the face of a young, male pee enthusiast.

A few weeks later, Gen called me and asked if I wanted to join her band and its S&M entourage for an upcoming tour. My duties would include selling band merchandise, such as *PUSSY WORSHIP NOW* T-shirts, and assisting Gen with the theatrical aspects of the shows. How could I resist?

October 12: I fly to Tampa, Florida, home of Gen and her bassist/husband, Evil D (formerly the frontman of death-metal pioneers Morbid Angel). I'm immediately put to work, hemming costumes and creating props as the band rehearses.

The following morning, in front of Gen's house, the tour bus is packed and everyone is ready to go. In total, there are 12 people along for the ride: four band members, two resident slaves, the tour manager, the driver, a lighting guy, a guitar tech, a drum tech and me.

Gen goes to kiss her dog good-bye and notices he has caught and nearly killed a baby squirrel. As it turns out, Gen is an actual registered nurse. (Her day job is removing corneas from recently deceased organ donors.) Gen cleans the poor creature's wounds with saline and places it in a makeshift incubator. We pile into the bus and take turns monitoring the squirrel. When my turn comes, it dies; so we bury the animal on the side of the road at a truck stop in North Carolina. Besides allowing Gen to help small mammals, her medical skills ensure that the various surgical props used for the stage antics are completely sterile.

October 15: We arrive in Washington, D.C., for our first gig. Suzanne "My name is Luka" Vega has just played an early show at the same club. Her fans—predominantly yuppie families—are horrified when the Genitourers' audience pours in.

After setting up the merchandise booth and assembling the props and costumes backstage, it's my job to seek locals to serve as slaves for the night's performance. For many fans, being tortured in front of their hometown audience is a dream come true. I screen them to see what they are willing to do. "Are you into scrotal tacking?" I ask one gentleman. "Sure," he replies, obviously unaware that he is agreeing to have his nut sac nailed to a wooden board. I also find a volunteer for the spinning rack and a guy willing to let Gen brand the band's logo on his ass.

During the show, one of our willing victims, a Marilyn Manson clone, is freaking out with joy, screaming, "This is the best experience of my life!" Dressed in a red-and-white vinyl nurse costume, I shave a huge, plastic toy thermometer up his ass.

The band also has a couple of masochists who perform at every show: Kristen, a/k/a Little Miss Naughty, who dresses as a pervy schoolgirl, and Greg, who resembles a demented version of Jesus Christ. On stage, I beat Greg's ass to a bloody pulp, using an extremely sharp-spiked paddle. A couple of songs later, I'm wearing a red hooded cloak and lead Greg to a wooden cross by lashing his back with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Gen awaits us, kneeling before the gigantic crucifix in a black rubber corset. With sadistic penis envy, Gen straps on an enormous black dildo, spits into her vinyl-covered paw and strokes her rubber cock.

Gen then shoves a needle through the web of Greg's hand and into the cross. I take a hammer and pound the needle, securing the crucifixion. Next, Gen sews Greg's mouth shut with fishing wire and piercing needles. His blood drips down his neck and onto his chest. The

S O F ring

strangest thing to me is watching Greg and Kristen fight every night over whose mouth Gen is going to stitch shut onstage. "You did it last night," Kristen argues, as if being sutured is akin to getting to hold the remote control.

October 19: In Albany, New York, Gen and I go to my grandmother's house to use her shower. We tell her that we can't stay for dinner because we're performing that evening. She looks at us understandingly and asks if we need to put on our gowns for the show. I decline to inform her that our stage dress consists of corsets and strap-ons.

Each show is different, depending on the size of the venue and whether the shows are all-ages or 21-and-over. The club in Albany is so small, it's like playing in a bathroom. We try to cram all of the props onstage anyway, and Gen gets smacked in the face with the spinning rack.

November 2: The band's drummer, H. D. Hamms (he has since left the band), is beyond obsessed with the artist formerly, and now once again, known as Prince. He spends his time in the back of the bus, watching Prince videos and *Purple Rain* over and over. The day finally comes; we arrive in Minneapolis to perform at First Avenue, the actual club where Prince filmed *Purple Rain*. At one point in the movie, Prince runs down the back staircase into the alley, as he twirls his coat. I witness H. D. dramatically reenact this scene five times.

November 3: Before a show, Gen hands me and Kristen a shopping list; we need to stock up on enemas, douches and absurd amounts of K-Y Jelly. I don't even like buying tampons, much less these items, but it's hilarious watching the face of the Walgreens cashier as two girls, hungover with make-up smeared on their faces, walk through the check-out line holding numerous boxes of Massengill douches and Fleet enemas.

During each show, Kristen wears a micro-mini-version of a schoolgirl uniform, and Gen lures her onto the stage with a lollipop. Kristen rips off her pleated skirt to reveal a G-string, which Gen pulls aside so she can insert a lollipop into her pussy. Gen pulls out the treat, smells it and tosses it into the hungry crowd. Gen and I then attach clothespins to Kristen's nipples and labia. Gen douches the naughty schoolgirl and lets her holy pussy water drip into a chalice, with which Gen baptizes the audience.

I extinguish candles on Kristen's tits and stomach, slamming them down hard into her flesh. Unfortunately, the candles leave grotesque welts on her alabaster skin. Even so, Kristen becomes totally aroused from all the abuse she receives. "Did you come onstage?" Gen asks Kristen after one show, wondering if she needs assistance getting off. Kristen tells Gen that she's okay, because she already climaxed onstage.

I look over and notice our toothless hillbilly bus driver eavesdropping on our conversation. Since he drives us all night long, he sleeps during our concerts and has no idea what the performances are like.

November 7: During one show in Texas, Gen notices two cops standing at the side of the stage. She motions for us to put our street clothes on and get the hell out of there. I drag Greg off the stage; he's in a rubber G-string and has needles pierced through his chest. Kristen is wearing nothing but pigtails in her hair and clothespins clamped to her nipples. We run out the back, jump on the bus, change clothes and go back to find Gen chatting and laughing with the cops.

November 8: Before our sound check in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I catch Gen and Evil D fucking in the back of the tour bus with the curtains open. A few fans are already there, hoping to meet the band; so they receive a special treat watching Gen getting fucked for



a change.

Code: These are merely a few of the highlights of my adventures with the Genitorturers. I'm no longer with the band, but they're still playing all of the time with new performers. Go check them out, and if anyone asks you if you're into scrotal tacking, don't be a wimp. Say, "Hell, yeah!"

Giddle Partridge is a writer and photographer who has contributed to HUSTLER, TABOO, Seconds magazine, VH1, and the book Bubblegum Music is the Naked Truth, and has appeared on MTV's True Life, TBN's In the Name of Satan and the BBC's Hollywood Religions.