

PUBERTY STRIKE PRESENTS

PSYCHO

\$2.00
¢HEAP!

#1 FAN!!!

GARY COLEMAN!



THE 5 TRASHIEST GIRLS!
LISA CARVER! ANITA! JANELLE!
GOING HOMO! SCANDAL!
MARMALA DE JACKSON! FAME!
THE BOBBY TEENS!
HOW 'BOUT THE BOYS?

Gary Coleman moved to Tucson, AZ just when I did- to DJ on a radio station for a year. Upon hearing this exciting news, I knew I finally had someone *good* to obsess over (AZ is a state filled with boring shithheads- except for Rob Halford!) I told my mom about me and Gary's plans (i.e. stalking and desperation).

She said **"WHEN ARE YOU FINALLY GOING TO GIVE THIS STUFF UP?!!!"**

For the next week, Gary Coleman haunted me everywhere I went. First it was the offending Simpsons episode, then his name was mentioned on a T.V. game show in a donut shop in Atlanta, Georgia. Finally they talked about him on the radio and the news. 4 months later he was fired for being a fierce midget with a BADD Attitude (I'm sure.) And stupid Gary Coleman-lovin' me didn't get an interview or even a photo!! WHAT'S MY PROBLEM?!

EXPLOITING...

GARY COLEMAN!

↓ LETTER FROM A FAN!



KILLER FASHION!

Dear Mr. Coleman,

Half-empty bottles of Southern Comfort scattered throughout a sparsely furnished suburban living room. The smell of week-old vomit lingers in the stale air. A woman, passed out in her own filth, is sprawled in the middle of the room, erupting into violent convulsions at an hourly rate. Her shaking hand reaches to turn on the television, and a handsome young black boy appears on the screen. Her life is forever changed.

That passed-out woman was me, 14 years ago. My life had fallen apart. All I had was alcohol and head lice. It was that day, that day I first laid eyes on your pudgy, boyish face, that I decided to get myself back on track. I owe it all to you. Yes, things were difficult, but I knew that you'd be there for me, every Saturday at 8 PM. You got me through it all. I owe my life to you, Mr. Coleman.

When Diff'rent Strokes went off the air, I was devastated. By then I had conquered my addiction to alcohol and had moved to a penthouse in New York City and adopted two scampish boys from the ghetto. But life was not the same without you. The only thing that kept me going was the hope that you would have a new show, a show to bring laughter into the hearts of millions and inspire other alcoholic crackwhores like me to go straight. Alas, there was no show. And, until the highly disappointing SFW in 1995, there were no new movies either. You've abandoned me, Gary. Why?

The loss of Diff'rent Strokes left a hole in my heart that will never be repaired. I tried, oh god, I tried. I've watched every one of Todd Bridges' talk show appearances, I've rented every one of Dana Plato's porno movies, and while the porno movies are enjoyable, they don't compare to you, Todd, and Dana working together, on Diff'rent Strokes. I yearn to see your sweet face again, to hear your joyful laugh just once more. Every night, I cry myself to sleep while thinking about you.

You've done so much good, just by coming into our living rooms every week and sharing your life with us. America needs and loves you. I don't wonder why America is going to hell in a handbasket. I know why. It's because there's a hole in America's collective heart. In the hole's place used to be a little boy named Gary. We admired him for overcoming kidney disease and we cherished the happiness he brought us through his television show and numerous made-for-tv movies. But he is gone now. Where is he? I do not know.

I implore you, on behalf of the United States of America and God, to return to television. With your help, the world can be a place of peace and harmony once again. We love you.

Sincerely,
The Future Mrs. Gary Coleman



PSYCHO NO.1 FAN!

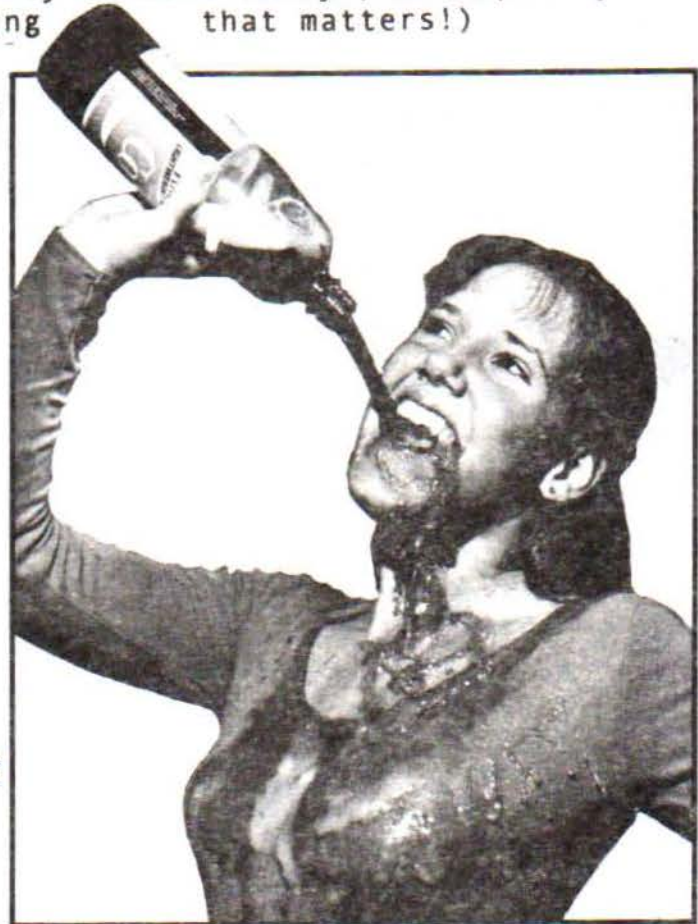
Welcome to PSYCHO #1 FAN- a magazine about obsession! You might remember Puberty Strike?! I don't know! This magazine takes off where that left off. I always thought that when I turned 20 I would be mature, have a nice job, own nice things and be doing something... serious. I was wrong! I still do everything I *shouldn't* be doing (it's more fun that way!) Laugh at all the wrong jokes (cuz they're more funny!) Attempt any desperate act (having fun is the only thing that matters!)

In high school the punks wanted to beat me up, the jocks called me "fag", the fags called me but when I told 'em "NO!" they talked trash! Life outside of high school is so refreshing! I think maybe I'll go to college in 18 years (that's how long I was in school before!)

'Till then, there's a big, exciting world out there! And lots of things to be obsessed with!

Oh, P.S. here's a SPANISH LESSON:
Es canoso(s)- He's grey haired (and probably sexy!) or Tienes canas- He has a lot of grey hairs.

LOVE,
Your Fanboy, **SETH BOGART!**



TIPS on BECOMING A FAN!

Don't Wait!
Send for it Today!!

1. Get Dressed Up To Get Messed Up!
2. Enter The Mind of a Desperate American
3. Say "I Hope All Kids Aren't Like This Nowadays"
4. GET OBSESSED!
BARF on YOURSELF!





I always catch myself hanging out with mean, tough and hilarious **BAD GIRLS** who don't care if they fall in the mud... and in fact, they probably do fall in the mud **QUITE A LOT!!**

These 5 girls probably aren't the **trashiest** in the whole U.S.A. but I'm not about ready to survey trailer parks or even Beverly Hills mansions! (You never know - they're everywhere!) **BESIDES**, I'm **NOT** talking about **WHITE TRASH!** I'm just talking **PURE TRASH!**

These are ladies that have somehow come into my world and turned it upside down! And I **COULDN'T GET ENOUGH!**

Of course they all deserve and don't mind being the 5 Trashiest Girls in the U.S.A. and not only that- they probably all want to be **THE trashiest!!** FIND OUT WHY.....

THE 5 TRASHIEST G/RLS IN THE USA!



1. **JANELLE** Drummer in the **PANTY RAID!** Cartoonist! Wrote **TALES OF...BLARG** (now **DESPERATE TIMES**), the amazing vocalist in **BABY JAIL** + has the best comebacks- EVER!

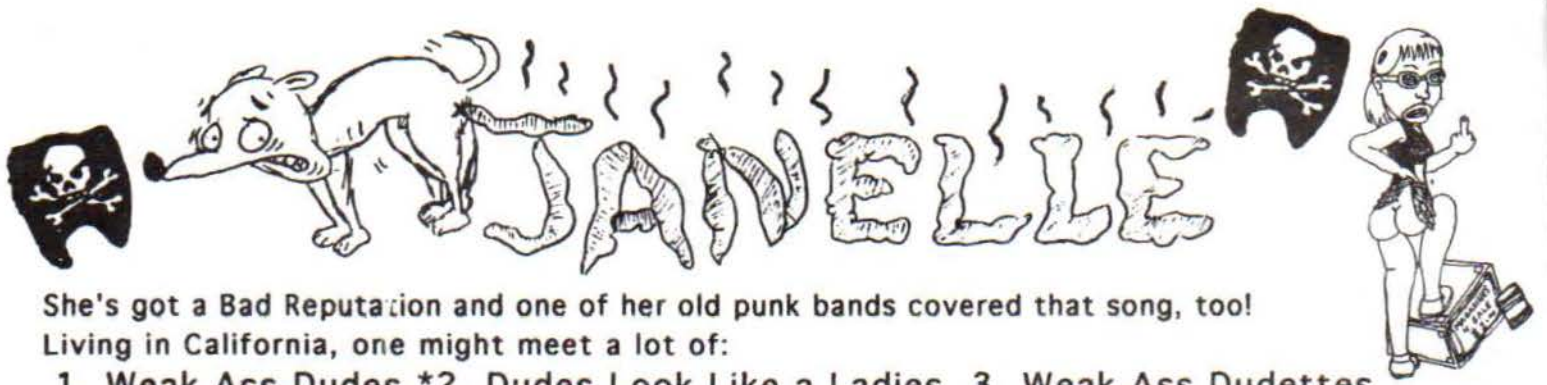
2. **SPICY TINA** Sings in the **BOBBYTEENS** + the AC/DC cover band **AC/DSHE**, runs **LIPSTICK RECORDS** and is a hair stylist!

3. **MARMALADE J.** Leader of the ex-teenage rollerskating street gang **THE SCORPIANS**-cum 21 year old **GENIUS** in hiding! Fame Whore!

4. **LISA** wrote **ROLLERDERBY** book & magazine, has an online sex diary at **nerve.com**, wrote **Dancing Queen** book & is the only **MOM** in this contest!

5. **ANITA** Resident of New Mexico! Eats dirt! Spits luigis! Talks a lot!



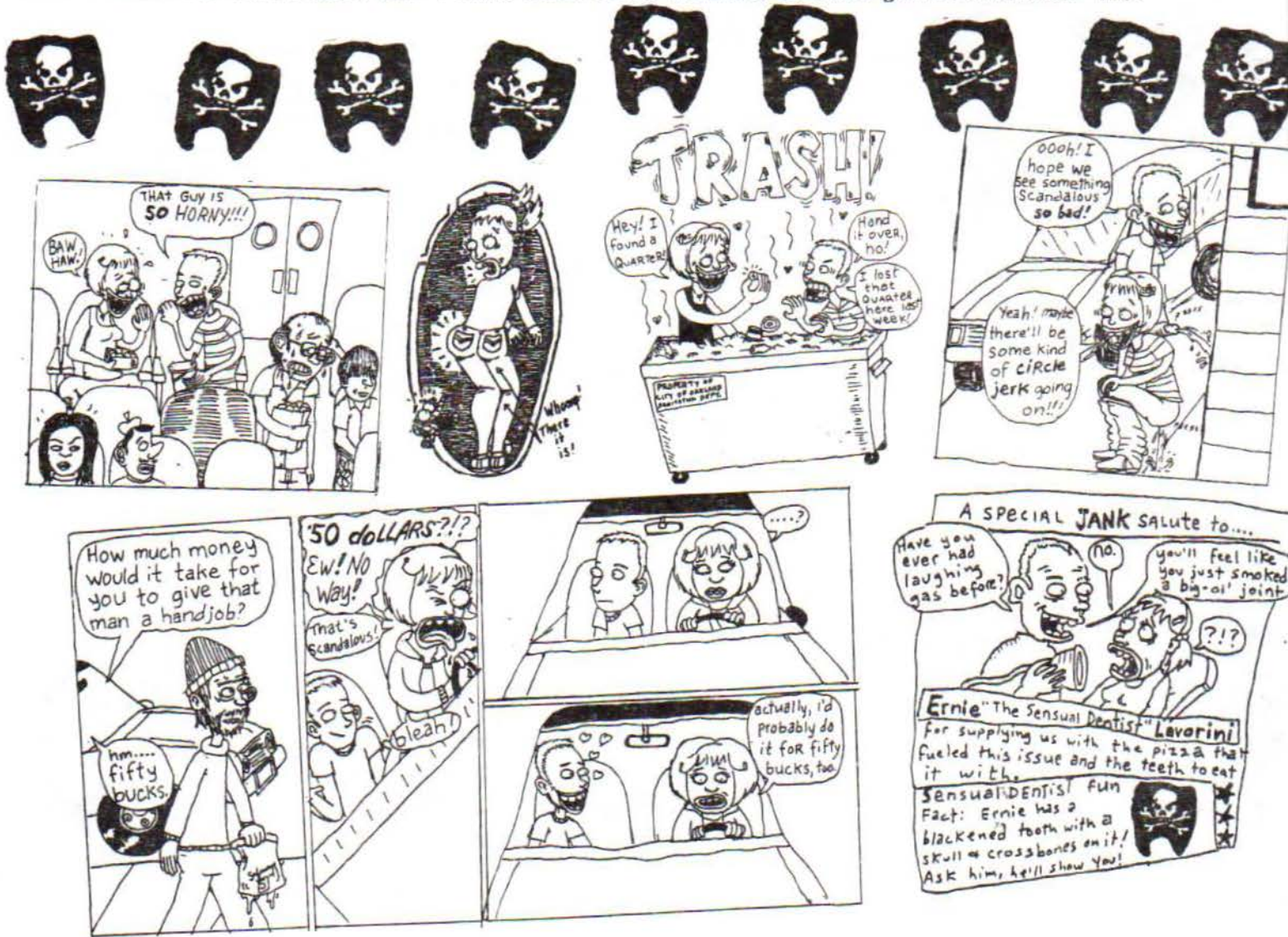


1. Weak Ass Dudes *2. Dudes Look Like a Ladies 3. Weak Ass Dudettes

Janelle IS NOT ONE OF THEM. For months and months I tried to think of a catch phrase to describe her and it was gonna be "Janelle IS where the FUN IS!" but now I don't really know how to do her justice. She wrote the best fanzine ever- "Tales of... Blarg!" She would be a CULT ICON by now if she'd stop hanging out. But OH WELL-it will happen sooner or later! Everything she says makes sense. And if it doesn't make sense, 2 months later I'll be like "Duh! I shoulda listened to Janelle"

She's like that Stevie Wonder album that you wanna hear again and again. And like a great '80s Comedy forever lost in the Erotic Drama section of your local video store that no one can track down. Walking down the street in North Carolina, 2 cars (in one block) yelled at us "HOW MUCH?!" She just yelled "EAT SHIT!" and then told me to take off my giant white fluffy hat that wasn't making us look any tougher! Bright Pink Hair + Fur Coat + Sexy Grandma shirt = FASHION ADVICE: Get Some!

*I was in elementary school when the word "dude" HIT THE STREETS! Some of us dumb ones thought the word was spelled "DOOD" while other smart ones informed us "A Dude is a hair on an elephant's BUTT!" I can't remember which one I was- I think both! Dumb'n'Smart! Like the genius invention- T.V.



...THE INTERVIEW!

1. WHY ARE YOU THE TRASHIEST GIRL IN THE U.S.A?
WHAT IS THE TRASHIEST THING YOU EVER DID?

Now that I live in the South, I don't know if I can claim the title of "Trashiest Girl" in good conscience. One of the hookers that hangs out next to the Texaco station by my house would probably stab me in the eye with a Press-On nail and snatch that tiara and sash from my undeserving hands. Now those are some ladies that don't give a fuck! Hairbrush? Forget about it! They just wear whatever is on sale at the Family Dollar- lavender sweatpants, white canvas shoes, puffy t-shirts- it doesn't matter 'cuz they still get picked-up in 10 seconds flat in this horny town! Trashy things I have done include using up an entire tube of Wet'n'Wild lipstick in one day, giving a boy a handjob so I could borrow his giant bunny costume (my idea, of course), eating 24 devilled egg halves, peeing in the back of a random pick up truck in the AC/DC parking lot, convincing a boy to pay for a taxi to take me through the Taco Bell drive-thru, smoking crack out of a dented Pabst can, shotgunning beers on the fire escape while spying on people in the bathroom, stealing a Camaro & an American flag bikini in Miami, pouring Kool Aid in my 40oz, pouring Wild Irish Rose in my Slurpee, etc, etc, etc. It's only getting worse as I get older...

2. WHAT ARE YOUR TOP FIVE TURN-ONS & TURN-OFFS?

① John Cusack in a sleeveless shirt
(see "Better off Dead" for reference)

② jacked-up teeth - not mossy, but crooked, fanged, or gapped.

③ It's said that Marlon Brando couldn't get an acting job before his nose got broke because his face was too boring. Faces must have some character. Pretty boys can eat shit.

④ the werewolf, Frankenstein, or the mummy (Dracula's too fainty)

⑤ smart boys, mad scientists, the obsessed

① dreadlocks, more creepy when they touch you than spiders!

② Bruce Willis

③ bad facial hair - beards, pointy sideburns, most mustaches.

④ bad fashion. (Boob curtains, baggy pants, "sensible" indy rock clothes, ponytails!!!)

⑤ jocks (but not The Jocks)

3. ONCE SOME ASSHOLE TOLD ME "Janelle is ruthless about getting the boys!" WHAT ARE YOUR TACTICS?!

Who the hell said that? Maybe you should stop listening to those internet hen parties and come to the source! I usually don't care enough about boys to be ruthless. If somebody doesn't want to kiss me, they are probably lame anyway. BUT, as far as tactics go, last week at a drag party, I pulled a boy into the bathroom & tried to get him to take a bath with me. "Don't worry," I assured him, "It'll be okay 'cuz we'll have our clothes on!"

"DIRTY TIGER!"
TOP ½ by JANELLE
BOTTOM ½ by ME!



TURN THE PAGE TO READ
ALL THE SCANDAL & MORE!

4. WHAT HAS MAKING OUT WITH 100 BOYS TAUGHT YOU ABOUT BOYS?!

I've learned that most boys (and other people) only get away with what you let them get away with. Also, that good kissers should not be taken for granted. There are many bad kissers out there, with lips that swallow your entire head and you can still feel their spit drying on your face hours later. Boys who work their tongues like a thirsty hamster lapping water from its bottle. Or boys who just sit there with tight lips. If you come across a bad kisser, it's your responsibility to yourself and to future girls, to find a polite way of instruction in proper kissing technique. If his pride can't handle it, maybe he won't be handling you!

5. WHAT IS THE BEST RUMOR YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT YOURSELF?

You know how the old 80's song goes: "How do rumors get started?/They get started by the jealous people..." Unfortunately, all the rumors about me got started by the BORING people. I thought it was kinda funny when people said I was perking Lawrence Livermore- a 52 year old gay man- but most of the rumors are fairly tame and unimaginative. If you're going to make shit up- why not go hog wild? Say you walked in on me receiving oral favors from one of the Donnas or something! Good quotes that have been said to or about me include when my mom called me a "junior streetwalker". Another one was when my friend walked into a hotel room I was supposed to be staying in and was flabberghasted: "There's Janelle's dress..."

... WHERE'S JANELLE?!? "

6. YOU & JonBenet RAMSEY ARE DEPORTED TO THE ISLAND of HOT MENS. What 10 NECESSITIES DO YOU BRING?! & How DO YOU & JonBenet get along?

The first necessity I would bring along is my (1.) Beating Stick to keep Jon Benet in line when she tries to pull some princess attitude with me. This would ensure that me and JonBenet get along fine. Also, I would bring a (2.) nail file so I could file JB's teeth into sharp, little fangs. Then, if any of the hot mens got sassy with me, I'd just say: "JonBenet! What do you think of being 2nd runner up? Sic 'em!" and she'd throw off her tiara and go for the throat! I'd bring a (3.) solar-powered Fischer Price turntable and a copy of Prince's 45 "I Could Never Take The Place Of Your Man" (4.)- and the hot mens would dance and frolic in the ocean for me whenever I got to feeling sad. I'd bring duct tape (5.), because you should always bring duct tape. I'd bring along a pair of scissors (6.) to cut the mens hair because I do NOT want to be the special lady trapped on an island with a herd of Fabios. Oh, and plenty of Mach 3 razors (7.). Just because we're on a deserted island, doesn't mean the hot mens have to be unkempt. JonBenet has delicate sensibilities, after all. I'd have to bring a sewing kit (8.) so that we could make glamorous gowns for all the men and have mock beauty pagents to keep JonBenet's spirits up. In our Island pagents, JonBenet always wins- even after we've been on the island for 65 years and JB is looking like a ravaged Phyllis Diller on crank. We'll be a happy family, me, JonBenet, and all them hot mens.. I'd bring a pen (9.) and lots of paper (10.) so that I could send a letter to Penthouse Forum every week via carrier pigeon about all of my island adventures.

JOIN HANDS WITH US AS WE ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE GHOST OF
EDITH MASSEY!!!

PLEASE!

order Janelle's brilliant mag
"DESPERATE TIMES"! Send
\$ (more than \$1) to:
P.O. BOX 4047
BERKELEY, CA 94704



THE BOBBY TEENS

I love the BOBBYTEENS! They are trashy and catchy. I read an interview with lead singer Spicy Tina where she declared her band as Fashion #1, Music #2. The Fashion: they look better than Riff Randle in Rock'n'Roll High School! The music: hard rockin bubblegum. I was going to interview Tina but the phone recorder device was \$19.99! Plus- I think her lyrics are a good enough TRASHY-O-METER. They have a song called "You're Too Young For Me" which has racy lyrics like:



← SPICY TiNA!

HEY BABY YEAH I WANNA BE YOUR GIRL
BUT I'M 30 YEARS OLD
YEAH I WANNA BE YOUR GIRL
OH BABY YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR ME
YOU'RE JUST 17
and YOU'RE JUST TOO YOUNG FOR ME

HEY BABY TOO BAD YOU'RE UNDERAGE
I WANNA SIT ON YOUR FACE
YEAH TOO BAD YOU'RE UNDERAGE
I WANNA SIT ON YOUR FACE
HEY BABY YEAH IT'S JUST TOO BAD
I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH YOUR DAD!

BOBBYTEENS:

Q: Will their record ever come out?

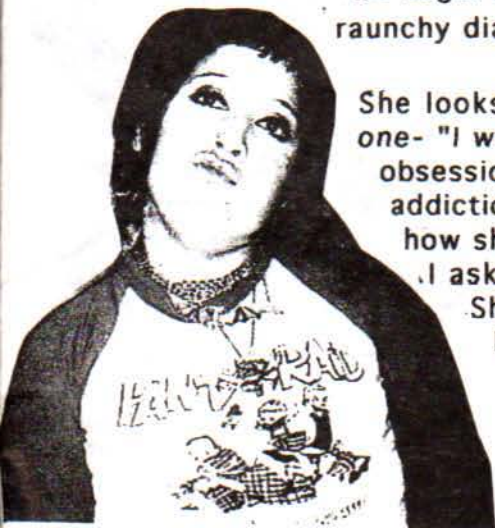
A: Unfortunately, yes.



What band lately has anthems that speak to dirty kids about stupid Rock'n'Roll dreams? None! Except the Bobbyteens. I hug Tina cause I want to hug a celebrity. She wears intense perfume. 3 days after hugging her, I still think of her! Not only 'cause she's awesome, but because I can't stop smelling the perfume! Once, while playing spin the bottle, the lame preppy girl had to kiss the cool ugly boy. After the kiss, he said "I'M NEVER GONNA WASH MY LIPS AGAIN!" And I felt like that when I decided to never wash my BOBBYTEENS shirt! EVER! Oh, TINA!!!

ANITA!!!

Anita Morris lives in New Mexico. I met her on tour-she walks up, all 4 foot 9 inches(?) of her, wearing a 45 GRAVE tank top with Heavy Metal tattoos. Her eyes bugged out! She started spitting huge luigis and picked up this rotten debris off the ground that looked like a raunchy diaper. Then she threw it at a hippy! I knew she was SOOOO FRESH at that very second!



She looks exactly like Little Chrissy from John Water's PECKER (you know the one- "I want candy! I said I WANT CANNNDY!!!") She told me all about her obsession with eating dirt balls and the steps to make them and the addiction that ensued. She told me about doing cocaine in Phoenix, AZ and how she shit 100 times in an hour and got a 'roid she named "Uncle Jessie" .I asked "UNCLE JESSIE FROM FULL HOUSE?!"

She snapped "Your generation would think so!

My generation would think DUKES OF HAZZARD!"

Sadly, when I finally called to interview her, she had moved.
ANITA: if you're reading this, CALL ME! I MISS YOU!

LISA CARVER!

I love Lisa Carver's writing- she'll say A-N-Y-T-H-I-N-G!
Her topics include: herself, her cats, her girlfriends
and their sex lives, Fabio, herself, sex, death, & HERSELF!
I think people who are obsessed with themselves are gross
ONLY if they are lame! And Lisa is SO NOT LAME!
I asked her questions by mail.

LISA ON COCAINE →



1. What were the best insults called out at you throughout your life?

"Queerbait." "You're ugly." "N-I-C-E backpack."
(They did not mean it was nice.)

2. I've never read anything in your books or magazines about MICHAEL JACKSON! What is your excuse?
You haven't been reading hard enough.

3. Have you seen "LISA", the movie about a girl stalker gone psycho? How do you deal with your real life stalkers? Are you flattered or depressed?

I am very fond of my real life stalkers, especially the schizophrenics. I feel they're misunderstood. They're very poetic, and I rip them off.

4. What is the trashiest thing you've EVER done? Remember you are competing for the TRASHIEST GIRL IN THE U.S.A. title!

There are things I'm actually ashamed to say. Things that I'M ashamed to say. Trust me, I win.

5. How do you get the boys you want? How do you show 'em who's boss?!

I get them by telling them they're gonna be mine. If they put up resistance, I wear them down. This method has only failed like twice out of a hundred times.

6. Have you seen that sex-obsessed, hyper, almost-midgit cheerleader on Saturday Night Live? My friend thinks you look like her!!

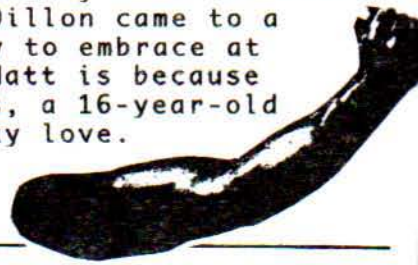
Is this maybe one of my best insults?

7. If you were 16 and virgin- would you rather lose your virginity to Matt Dillon or Fabio?! Explain!

Matt Dillon. I have actually had my face up against the sweaty chest of both Matt Dillon and Fabio in real life. Honest to god. Matt Dillon came to a Suckdog show and I assaulted him. Fabio I paid good money to embrace at Macy's for his cologne promotion. The reason I'd prefer Matt is because Fabio is gay and while that's fun for a woman of my years, a 16-year-old virgin Lisa would have been traumatized by the waggish gay love.

ROLLERDERBY

Fabio's arm



WORLD'S HOTTEST GOSSIP

Why I'm Not Impressed by Rockers

They are so proud of their decadence, but what they do on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, my two little cats do seven days a week: stay up all night, break things, howl (or yowl), and rub their genitals against objects.

Why I Like Fags

They are glamorous, sensational and--most of all--FUNNY. At least the ones in California are. They are the *only* people I know of who are glamorous, sensational and FUNNY.

THE TRASHIEST ARTICLE EVER?!



What is a fame fanzine without an article on substance abuse? Not much, I tell you... By studying the habits of various celebrities, you might get the impression that the only cool drugs are smack and nose candy. This is not true. Those drugs fuck you up in a really predictable way most of the time. It's better to take acid, so you get those neat flashbacks when you're driving. Cheeba is alright, but you sort of have to watch it with those weird hippie drugs because we all know that hippies and fame don't mix well. Think about some famous hippies for a moment: Abbie Hoffman, Simon, Garfunkel, Jerry Garcia, Ben, Jerry. Are they really cool? The correct answer is NO.

So, which substances will lead you up that torrid path to riches, fame, and parties that the staff at People magazine are creaming over? What substances will help you in your quest for books by ghost writers with your shining face on the jacket and t.v. movies with old soap stars playing glorious you?

Alcohol is versatile... If you're looking to be the next Tai Babalonia (old figure skater cum alcoholic abc movie of the week), that's easy. If you want to be seen with fancy cocktails so you can be a goody-goody, you can do that... but if you picked that one, you can eat shit. I hate you. The best thing about alcohol is that it makes you act belligerent and psychotic (i.e. Shannen Doherty). We like this.

Be cautious about public vomiting... The tabloids eat this shit up, but you want it to look good - memorable is the key. Once I barfed eggs up when I was stoned and drunk and I'm sure it looked REALLY depraved. Don't let yourself be caught puking up salad and water. That won't ever make even the back of The Star.

Here are some of my experiences whilst on various drugs. Use it as a guide to help you in picking your own addiction so you can shmooze with all those other celebs at the Betty Ford clinic!

REEFER - When I smoke the ganja, I suddenly have the ability to appreciate those stupid Ed Wood movies that dumb people think are "so bad that they're good" I don't think so, motherfuckers. Ed Wood sucks. Unless you're high. Then, he's funny. I also recommend "Up in Smoke" and extra cheers for "Friday" for special effects that I call "cheebamatic".

ALCOHOL - Once I was really trashed on whiskey with two friends. This was at a very elite press party. I was so drunk that I took off all my clothes and had a threesome with an A & R guy from Mercury Records and the in-between boy from Hanson. It was really hot, and I loved it when Taylor thrust his hard dick into my wet pussy. Then, I gave my two friends - Tiny and Susannah, if you must know - oral sex. They both came about 18 times. Another time when I was drunk, I barfed scrambled eggs and they came out my nose. Is alcohol good or bad? Tough call.

ACID - My Boredoms poster looked like claymation and my "Pink Flamingos" poster looked like it was made of neon and fire. Pretty neat! I kept having flashbacks for months afterwards. Neat again! Acid makes you laugh like crazy and walk for 100 blocks and drink whole jugs of V8. NEAT!!!

BELLADONNA - Once I was driving on this drug and this dumbass in the backseat told me to drive on the wrong side of the road and it really seemed like a good idea. I forgot how to boil water. The whole thing lasted three days. I also ordered lemon pie and threw it all over the table.

GAS AT THE DENTIST - Not exactly a fame drug, but it makes you have nice dreams about cartoons. Keep this in mind. Maybe even stop brushing your teeth so you'll have an excuse to get some of this.

NOSE CANDY - This drug made me really horny. I did it when I met Fabio and in a few minutes, I was all over him. He sucked on my tits. Then, he flipped me on my stomach and fucked me hard for at least 45 minutes. I had all these bruises on the insides of my thighs and my pussy was sore for a week after he sucked on my clit and made me cum over and over. He is a really hot lay, even though he looks like a lion.

by MARMALADE JACKSON; FAME WHORE!

YOU CALL THE SHOTS...

Who is the trashiest girl in the U.S.A?! It is so hard to decide and that is why I want you, the reader, to call the shots! So please cast your votes, NOW!

Send an email to sodapopseth@hotmail.com with your vote in the message box, or send a postcard to PSYCHO #1 FAN, P.O. Box 143, TUCSON, AZ 85702, U.S.A. by September 2000.

UNDERWEAR!

It all started when I silkscreened Puberty Strike promotional tighty whiteys as a cheap joke. I had random pairs of tighty whiteys around the house and the rumor turned into a phenomenon (well, O.K., for me anyways.) I threw all of my boxer shorts away and waited for the day my peers would do the same. I live in a world filled with sexy underwear ads and rock bands playing shows only in their skivvies. A world where the underwear you wear is the only real reflection of your inner self.

FAWN'S GIRLY LINE

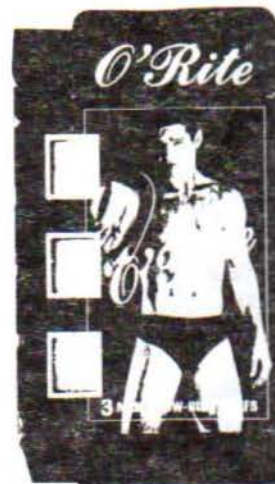
HOT!

This is a line of girls night time slumber party outfits so you can show your friends "Well, I am the wildest one pass me that bottle!" They were made by Cosmix, where Fawn used to work. When I saw them I knew I could pull off wearing 'em so she snagged me some. I figure if I can have paintings by Fawn on my walls then why not on my butt?! And Tori Spelling feels the same way and proved it on April 14, 1999 when she wore this same design (panties + shirt!) on 90210. I give them a 6 because they are saggy but for looks, I give them a 10.

THE HUNTER & O' RITE

When I lived in Oakland, I bought all my underwear exclusively at the Flea Market. For \$4 you can get a 3 pack of seXXXy "Men's low-rise briefs."

Alright!! The Hunter cover model is staring at his hand, like, OOH BABY I'm hot! O Rite's cover model is a buff Cowboy telling me it's O' Rite to think he's damn seXXXy. I felt very seXXXy for wearing 100% cotton- these are truly Fashion Underwear. I give them a 9 for the comfort and seXXXiness. And a 5 for looks.



GO-BOT TIGHTY WHITEYS

These things caused trouble cuz all you wanted to do in 'em was take off your pants. My friend Ian was wearing only Go-Bot Tighty Whiteys while playing at Gilman St. and he got so wound up, he fell off the stage! And there was blood on the Go-Bot. They're kind of slippery when wet and very, very H-O-T. I give 'em 8 cuz they're sneaky. But a 10 for looks, dy-no-mite!!



→ HOW 'BOUT THE BOYS?!

They are pop! They are superstars! They all have funny haircuts! They are the boys! This is the REAL information that you won't read in BOPI, TIGER BEAT, or TEEN. Who says girls get to have all the fun?! Presenting..... the BOYS!

Tony De Franco!



WHAT?! THAT IS RACY!
TONY IS ONLY 13!



Tony SINGS:
on "Come A Little Closer"
When I'm alone at night
I go get your picture
& Turn off the light
Well I got you where you should be

on "GORILLA" ★ ★ ★
Gorilla is what I want you to call me
I'm so big you got to love all me

HE'S THIS TALL!

HOW DOES IT SOUND?!

THE VOICE: Melts my ears! It's so full of soul with his siblings doing the background choruses in-YES-it's true- FALSETTO! There are even little ape-calls and whistles- I SWEAR!! You know he's magic when his voice sounds so seductive even BEFORE hitting puberty.

THE MUSIC: Is really sweet, at times really rockin', at times bubblegum and, yes, even PSYCH-O-DELIC!! The drum beats are Pre-Disco and TUFF!

THE LYRICS: Filled with teenage dilemma-Parents Don't Understand-anthems. "Grown ups don't know!!"

THE VERDICT: If you find a "Heartbeat, It's A Lovebeat" LP- do yourself a favor- BUY IT!!!! The whole album only contains 3 bumner tracks- pretty untouchable compared to his contemporaries- Michael Jackson even!

Send your name, address plus \$2.00 to:
DeFranco Family Fan Club,
Drawer L
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

(add 25¢ for postage and handling. Outside U.S.A. send \$3.00 in international money order)

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Hollywood, Calif. 90028

(add 25¢ for postage and handling. Outside U.S.A. send \$3.00 in international money order)

TONY -O- METER!

- *NO RELIGIOUS LYRICS = +5 points
- *MONKEY MENTIONS = +10 points
- *CANDY MENTIONS = +5 points
- *IS ITALIAN = +5points
- *BASEBALL MENTIONS = -10 points
- TOTAL= 15 POINTS!

Send your name, address plus \$2.00 to:
DeFranco Family Fan Club,
Drawer L
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

(add 25¢ for postage and handling. Outside U.S.A. send \$3.00 in international money order)

Send your name, address plus \$2.00 to:
DeFranco Family Fan Club,
Drawer L
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

(add 25¢ for postage and handling. Outside U.S.A. send \$3.00 in international money order)

PSYCHO FAMILII!

WIN. UP



"SWEET DREAMS" PILLOW CASE



"SWEET DREAMS" PILLOW CASE



GET IN THE SWIM
WITH A
DONNY
TANK TOP



"SWEET DREAMS" PILLOW CASE



"SWEET DREAMS" PILLOW CASE





IT'S DONNY!

OSMOND CHARM

OSMOND SWEAT



\$5.00

"SWEET DREAMS" PILLOWCASE



"SWEET DREAMS" PILLOWCASE



Something You Don't have to share
with anyone. Your very own "Sweet
Dreams" pillowcase ^{100% cotton}
from Donny Osmond. **\$225**

!!! THE OSMONDS IN CONCERT !!! DONNY-O!!!

Donny OSMOND!

Somehow in 1999 I became obsessed with that little Salt Lake City, mormon shithead, DONNY OSMOND! NO ONE understood why- not even a mormon girl from Salt Lake City herself even! I'm not talking "Donny & Marie" here- or any kind of Donny after 1973, I'm talking **YOUNG DONNY ON FIRE!!!**

Everyone who found my Donny obsession weak learned their lesson for doubting me as soon as they heard his most rockin' number- "Sweet & Innocent". Everyone quickly shut up and some even put the song on their damn answering machines!!

HOW DOES IT SOUND?!

THE VOICE: Ready to rumble, yet held back by singing weak ass songs like "I'm Your Puppet" Donny is secretly a little tiger- REORRRW!!! LET HIM OUT OF HIS CAGE!

THE MUSIC: Doo-doo-doo-bam-bam-bam-huh-huh-huh! The band must've been on steroids during "Sweet and Innocent" cuz all the other songs are slow. Give them some uppers, not downers!

THE LYRICS: (I'm talking Osmond lyrics-not covers) Sound exciting like "LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS" and "DO YOU WANT ME" but are really nothing more than square-honky-tonk downers.

THE VERDICT: Go to a thrift store and get a 25 cent "DONNY OSMOND SUPERSTAR" double LP (comes with a poster!) Rock out all day and all night to "Sweet & Innocent" and worship him for this song. Forget about all his other asshole moves and GET OBSESSED!!!

Dear Donny,

Do you ever regret, even for one single moment, that you're as famous as you are?

Dianne Janes

Dear Donny,

I'm confused! Both 16 and SPEC say you've never been on a date, but I read in some other magazine that you have dated and that at one time you even had a steady girl. I must know the truth!

Maura Bleach

DONNY-O-METER!

- *GOOD HAIR = +5 Points
 - *Is MORMON = -10 Points
 - *Is VIRGIN = 0 Points
 - *Is UNDERATED = +5 Points
 - *GLITTER'n'SEQUINS = +5 Points
- TOTAL = 5 POINTS!**



DONNY

NEW EDITION!

Their hyperactive and super-dancable song "Candy Girl" was playing during a strip scene in a horrible, horrible movie. I thought it was an undiscovered Jackson 5 song. After looking on the back of every J5 album in sight, someone told me it was NEW EDITION! I remembered their unimpressive slow number "Mr. Telephone Man".

HOW DOES IT SOUND?!

THE VOICE: Doesn't do it for me unless the crazy 7-year-old-on-a-sugar-overdose singer is on the mic! Then we're talking! THRILL! To songs like "POPCORN LOVE" and "COOL IT NOW".

THE MUSIC: Bop around hyperactive 1980s Jackson 5 with synthesizers and mechanical handclaps. SO GOOD!

THE LYRICS: Are all about innocence and young love.

THE LEGACY: Singing about all this innocence got to their heads. After they split up they all started their own HORNY projects. Ricky Bell, Michael Bivins and Ronnie De Voe became BELL BIV DEVOE and had a giant hit with "DO ME!" While BOBBY BROWN wasn't recording songs for "Ghostbusters" movies he had a few big hits like "HUMPING AROUND". FREAKY!

NEW(sex)ED -O-METER!

NEW EDITION!

- *CANDY MENTIONS = +5 points
 - *BOBBY + BBD = +5 points
 - *4 "Love" SONGS = -5 points
 - *"BOYS TO MEN" = 0 points
- TOTAL = 5 POINTS!**

COOMERS!

COOMERS!

Teenage cutie with a big mouth and a taste for danger. Will accomplish any desperate act when necessary. Is often told he is a genius, yet has a problem where he's addicted to T.V. so he mostly sits on his ass! What other Teen Idol do you have to turn to in this modern day? He has his own band called (what else?) **COOMERS EXPLOSION!** The hottest act to hit the teen circuits in years!

HOW DOES IT SOUND?!

THE VOICE: Michael Jackson on steroids! Darby Crash throwing a temper tantrum! As one of his fans simply describes it- "Sexy!" What else would you expect from a boy who was born with the name "Rose Coomer"?! I don't know!

THE MUSIC: Retarded punk and retarded pop but NOT pop-punk!

THE LYRICS: are about zombies, bunnies, flirting with drugs, newscaster ladies, and even a tribute to gay pride- "Hey Sailor!" Which makes no sense whatsoever because Coomers isn't even homo!!

THE VERDICT: Attend any COOMERS EXPLOSION show that you can!! Buy any COOMERS EXPLOSION merchandise you can get your hands on! And if you get the chance- give him some A-C-T-I-O-N! That's Party Action, good lookin'!

COOMERS!

TOO HOT
TO
HANDLE!

COOMERS!



Le COOMs-O-METER!

*Is JAILBAIT = +5 points

*Is VIRGIN?! = I don't know!

*MAKES ME MAD = -5 points

*Owns "DIRTY DANCING" tee = +5 points

*DOWN w/ THE KIDS = +5 points

TOTAL = 10 POINTS!

art fag: An artist. Not necessarily a gay one, just an artist (mid- to late-80s).

OOOPS! NOW HIS
BAND is Called TEEN SUICIDE!



Michael Jackson!



There's something about Michael Jackson that totally kills me. Maybe it's his voice. Maybe it's his look. Maybe even it's his undeniable moves. I've seen many drunk party people doing very HORNY dances to M.J. It is so hard to NOT dance to Michael Jackson. I'll dance to M.J. alone, and in fact, that's when I like him best. I put on my "THRILLER" album and make sure to skip "The Girl is Mine" and almost pass out from dancing all night.

HOW DOES IT SOUND?!

THE VOICE: Quivers. Makes me quiver! Fierce! Flair! He's so tough and nobody even knows it. He's always hee-hee-ing and OWling and just getting down. UH!

THE MUSIC: Disco to New Wave to Rock 'n' Roll to R&B. Sounds SO GOOD!

THE LYRICS: You wanna be startin' something? Monster movie late nite scares! I would FLIP OUT when the laugh came on in "Thriller" and my dad would torture me with it. He needs luv'in'.

THE VERDICT: Duh, the king of pop. People say "Off the Wall" is his best work but I'm ready to take them all to court where the judge would decide that "Thriller" is his best, for sure.





Michael Jackson! WAS MY LOVER!

...is definitely a HOT read if you can get your hands on it. OUCH! It is the "Secret Diary of Jordy Chandler", a young boy wou sued M.J. for getting freaky with him. A friend o' mine in L.A. got me a copy in 1995 (?) Although now it is in horrible shape, it has survived 2 American tours in which EVERYONE can't stop reading it. I remember Janelle would read it at the gas stations where there was light. I hated it when she was reading it- I was like "Pay attention to me!" Nothing could stop her. Chapters include "Jackson's Use of Enemas and Tampons", "Jackson Doesn't Like Blacks" and "Macaulay Culkin."

AN EXERPT: "I was talking with Michael about something not so important," remembers Adrian, "when he told me he had to go to the bathroom. He didn't take two steps when he defecated right there in front of me. It was a diarrhea that ran down to his shoes. It was a shame. The guards that saw it went to another room to have a laugh. Michael slowly hobbled to the bathroom, dirtying the floor along the way. He later brought me his clothes to clean. It made me sick. The other employees were teasing me, laughing and yelling 'how does it feel to be Michael Jackson's personal assitant?' It was very distressing."

REPEAT SIX WISHES
3 TIMES A DAY SO THAT
THEY WILL COME TRUE →
(FROM THE BOOK)

JACK -O- METER!

Michael Jackson

1. No wenches, bitches, heifers or hoes.
2. Never give up your "bliss" (sex acts).
3. Live with me in Neverland forever.
4. No conditioning.
5. Never grow up.
6. Be better than best friends forever (lovers).



*INTERNATIONAL "SCANDAL" = 10 points
*AFRO = 5 points

*BLEACHED HIS FACE = 10 points
*MARRIAGE TO LIŞA MARIE = -5 points
TOTAL = 20 POINTS!

EXCERPT FROM MY DIARY 12/19/99:

Tonight Andy and I came up with the best idea! A Michael Jackson-only covers band called "DANGEROUS." We only knew how to play "THRILLER" and "BEAT IT" but that didn't stop us from taking our act to the Albertsons (grocery store) parking lot! It was 11pm and the parking lot guard made us stop halfway through "Thriller!" The best part is I had the lyric sheet in my hand cuz I can't remember all the words. Andy plugged the tiniest guitar amp into the soda machine and I stomped the ground for drums!



LAST MINUTE ADDITION!

LITTLE JIMMY OSMOND!



This magazine was finished with 1 page left for the Janelle interview which turned out to be more than 1 page. There was no way I could edit it- it's too genius. Somehow, when Janelle sent her interview, she also sent a record by Little (!) Jimmy (!) Osmond (!) I shit my pants! No, really! I didn't even KNOW about a Little Jimmy Osmond, nor did I dream his amazing album would ever be in my own hands!!!

I wonder what the older Osmond Brothers were thinking when recording back-up vocals for Lil' Jimmy Osmond's album.

Were they thinking → "I'm SO proud! He's the next Donny!"

OR

Were they thinking → "I hate that little hillbilly baby. I'm going to put ex lax in his Hershey Bar and poop in his sweater hoodie and squash it all over his ugly little head!"

OH MY! I'm such a jerk! None of 'em probably thought any of that! They were probably just consumed with their own problems and terrible rage regarding their Mormon virginites and how they can't lose 'em!

While listening to Little Jimmy Osmond for the 1st time, my roommate made us smoke the reefers and he was totally consumed by Lil' Jimmy's HOTT sounds. Then, there was my boyfriend who was asleep on the couch and woke up gigglin' cause he was secretly awake (!), faking sleeping (!) & was risin from the Dead to hear Lil' Jimmy more officially (i.e. Awake!) Then he told me "I wanna get a whole bucket of KFC Fried CHICKEN!" Even though he's nursing a Budweiser+Coke hangover! He even had the nerve to say "Yeah it makes you shit!" (The K.F.C!) He knows that earlier that day I had a diarrhea hurricane explosion at the coffee store. But that's how good Lil' Jimmy is- he makes you wanna eat fried chicken!

Finally, there's my last roommate who was totally passed out on the couch downstairs, totally unaware he could be spiritually lifted by Lil' Jimmy.

I might say "Little Jimmy-0 is so good he can awake the asleep even when the stereo is only turned up to level 2!" BUT my roommate is a hard-workin' dude (got to pay them bills somehow) who just happens to be quite fond of the cheeba so no matter how great a child rock star may be, he wouldn't be woken up from a cheeba dream. Sorry, Little Jimmy.



HOW DOES IT SOUND?!

THE VOICE: Someone said is "SO BAD!" and I said "NO, IT'S NOT!" And they said "But it's amazing!" Just as if they said "It's so bad it's good" but that really ruffles my feathers 'cause Little Jimmy is SO GOOD It's GREAT! KEEP ON! He's ferocious! He has this country bumpkin quality which makes him FAR SUPERIOR to Donny, and, um, let's see here, THE REST OF THE WORLD! I love it! LOVE IT!

THE MUSIC: BOP! bop! BOP! I dig them cowbells. Can you?! It makes me wanna huff lysol in the desert. I know! But I just can't help it!

THE LYRICS: He has a song called "Little Girls Are Fun" only 1+1/4 minutes long (what a punk rocker!) My roommate (again!) thought Jimmy sang "Little Girls Are Fun/I Don't Understand 'em/But I Wanna Fuck 'em!" RACY! He sings "Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear" and "Killer Joe". A+! However, he sings "If My Dad Were President" and "Mother of Mine" Uh, I wonder whose idea it was for Jimmy to sing those songs? BARF! But, hey, I'm sure it wasn't his fault! The BEST part is during "Tweedle Dee" when Jimmy shouts out "HONKY! HONKY!" He's so cool.

THE VERDICT: Or is it THE MYSTERY? Where is he now? Quick, someone do a special! He must be 50! A coke head? A Mormon Priest? A Jehovah's Witness like La Toya + the Jackson 5 Family?! I don't know but if I saw him I'd spank his ass, tell him I am his #1 Fan, then faint on the dirty Salt Lake City sidewalk.

NEW
FROM
DONNY!

FUCK THAT! JIMMY
IS WHERE
IT'S AT!!

LITTLE JIMMY -0- METER!

*Is MORMON= still -5 POINTS

*"Little Girls R Fun"=+10 POINTS

*UNDISCOVERED GENIUS=+15 POINTS

*COUNTRY BUMPKIN= +5 POINTS

TOTAL=25 POINTS! HE WINS!!!

DEAR READERS:

Apologies (x100!) if you hated this magazine 'cuz there was not 1, not 2, not even 3, but 3+1/2 pages entirely devoted to two lovable lil' Osmond Brothers named you-know-what. GET OVER IT! & come cause trouble with me. I'm fun to obsess with (I swear!) and what a big, amazing world there is to be a Psycho #1 Fan. My advice to you is- GET OBSESSED! I don't care what you're fond of- buy every single Dolly Parton item you can find- if that's your thing. Or stalk your favorite (ew!) baseball star (hopefully the tight-end! HA HA! Wait, oops- isn't that football?!). All you gotta do is FIND IT and the rest will be a high school history book chapter much, much later. Thank You.

OSMONDS
GIANT
POSTER





DAVE K! TEENAGE!

TRULY PSYCHO LETTERS!

I'm too skinny. It'd be nice to have a fat ass so it would be more comfortable to sit anywhere! ...And to boot people out of the way on the subway! I'm always getting booted over by Sir Mix a Lot butts. Once I was in a wave pool and this fat lady landed on top of me. I lost my head in her rear and nearly drowned. I pounded on her with my little fists until I got free. I swallowed so much water and I felt so sick that I wanted to puke on her. Very scary

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FLING, BEING AN ACTOR IS AN IDEAL JOB."

DONKEY!

You screwball what's your problem...writing me at 2:30 in the morning? You are psychol Who the hell are you? Why don't you just watch Family Feud or something. Nevermind...I'm just as crazy. Whenever I'm on the computer at night it means I'm at my dad's house---there's nothing to do here(whatever)My ex-girlfriend went to Boston to see Morrissey and I'm so jealous because she's probably flirting and dancing with cute boys (have I said this already?). I want some ACTION! Last night I had a dream that I went to a Jack in the Box and got a rat burger. The strange part was, it actually tasted good.

ps...my dad once bought a baseball cap that had the word NOT in big letters on it. If that isn't retarded, I don't know what is.



BABY GENIUS!

WRITE!

DaveKTeenage
AT aol.com
139 Terrace Lane
Woodbury, NY 11797
SEND \$\$ 4 COMIX

Once I smoked pot with one of my dirtbag friends in High School. It took me forever to get high (it took him like two seconds). We were on top of this shed and then his parents came and I freaked out and fell off. His fat mama caught us and he blamed it on me...like I was this bad influence. His Mom totally bought it. He was like the biggest stoner and I was the nerdiest (never had a drink in my life) kid. He had an argument with his parents and then locked me in his room with some horrid Pink Floyd album blasting. It totally freaked me out. It was like a scary psych-out movie. NEVER AGAIN! Later he drove me home, still stoned. I also used to know this burnt out acid kid who took a wild ride on his skateboard while tripping and ended up in the hospital with two broken legs. He moved years ago but I still see his tag everywhere. We used to make x-rated flip books during math class!

Went to the beach today and climbed the giant rocks all the way out into the water and then climbed the tower at the end--NICE!
Who is from Long Island?

Joan Jett
Public Enemy
Ralph Macchio
Natalie Portman

I took some NASTY photographs and then took them to the lab to get developed. The entire roll came out blank. I never loaded the film correctly! Now must relive my memories of soda fountains and faded blue jeans. I am the worst at playing board games...I get all impatient and smash the board and throw the pieces. MONOPOLY is the worst...it takes like eight hours to finish. When I meet people I tell them straight off that I'll knock over their dominoes. This is why I have so many friends.

WISHING I WAS FAMOUS



L A C E S!



I am a happy person. I love the taste of a big glass of grapefruit juice in the morning after I brush my teeth. All this well being is due to my job. Some people despise work and do what they do just for money. I am different. Each and every afternoon when I'm changing into my costume, I feel like I'm being born again (hatched out of an egg). When I hear the kids on the rink chanting, "Chick-en, Chick-en, Chick-en" I know it is I that they want to see. As I make my entrance on my roller skates, I can hear the muffled chicken music being played, the line of kids waiting for me (through my peepholes). It is there, within those few minutes, that I have all the importance of a God as I do my chicken dance and they mimic me. Sure, it is hot in the chicken suit, but I don't mind. I'm a skilled "Chicken-man" and have never slipped on my skates,----not even once.



GOING HOMO

BAD ASS HOMOS

Kevin Spacey
Joan Jett
Leonard (Dickies)
Gary Glitter
John Waters
Sara Gilbert of
"Roseanne"
Ricky Martin
Gina Shock (go-gos)

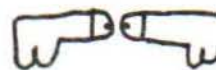


GAY HOMOS

Tom Cruise
Nicole Kidman
Leo
Elton John
Greg Araki
Rosie
Quentin Tarantino



THE TIMELINE OF HOMOTRASH!



1ST GRADE HOMO:

Caught naked by dad with neighbor, in the backyard, on top of each other.

2ND GRADE HOMO:

Watching REVENGE OF THE NERDS, I suddenly became hot 'n' bothered. It was the carnival scene. I pretended I was the cheerleader in the air castle waiting for the jock to come and man handle me!!

4TH GRADE HOMO:

My friend Tony Jackson would always make us play "Boyfriend and Girlfriend." Late at night after listening to his California Raisins album, he'd take me into his closet. GUESS WHAT?! He got to be Boyfriend and I was always Girlfriend! He liked to do this as much as he liked to "pick on the girls." But I never really saw him much after his mom caught us.

5TH GRADE HOMO:

Michael and I practiced our M.C. Hammer moves all night and slept on the top bunk of his bunk bed. He made me save him like we were on a cruise and he was falling off the side. Then I had to give him a celebratory French Kiss. His mom caught us. I met him in Mexico and was thrilled when his mom told me he barfed from eating too many cookies and smoking a cigar!

6TH GRADE HOMO:

I had a friend (boy) who I'd kiss on the head (his hair smelled mossy!) I took him to the burger joint with my family, then I took him to my bedroom where I played my MC Hammer tape and we looked at each other's dongs.

9TH GRADE HOMO:

I made fanzines devoted entirely to Macaulay Culkin.

20 Year Old Homo:

Got called "QUEER!" about 20 times waiting in line for a water ride at Magic Mountain. I think they figured I was homo because of the giant, glorious Michael Jackson pin on my backpack!!

Eurofag: Anglophiliac, usually American boys who mimicked their favorite, usually British singers of the early 80s. They were prissy but not necessarily gay, just like Duran Duran.

THE NEW UNIVERSAL
SIGN FOR HOT BOY
ON BOY ACTION!



THE
OFFENDING
PIN!



WHAT KIND OF FAN ARE YOU?

1. You find out your ALL TIME FAVORITE director John Waters is going to show his movies and make an apperance in your OWN town, you:

- A. Oh, can't go because it's \$20 which you'd rather spend on cigarettes and alcohol.
- B. Say, what the fuck and shell out the \$20 even though you're poor.
- C. Camp out for 3 days in front of the movie theatre like Riff Randle in Rock 'n' Roll High School.

2. You really love Ricky Martin and find out Dirty Dancing 2 is going to be filmed in your very own town, on the beach! You:

- A. Think it's pretty interesting and think about going down to the beach to get an autograph.
- B. Hang out at the beach almost all summer.
- C. Rent an apartment right ON the beach so you won't miss a single moment!

3. You are in L.A. and decide to go on PRICE IS RIGHT for the very first time, you:

- A. OOPS! miss the whole event because you don't wanna wake up at 6 A.M.
- B. You go wearing your most amazing outfit.
- C. You and all your friends design matching "BOB BARKER FAN FOR LIFE" and "BOB BARKER IS A FOX!" iron-on tee shirts and are the rowdiest bunch in the crowd.

4. Fabio is going to be signing autographs at the mall, you:

- A. Don't go because you're a poseur.
- B. Show up on time and almost pee your pants.
- C. Show up early, are first in line, try to pick up Fabio and afterwards you sneak backstage and steal the fruits off the celebrity table and keep them in your room in a zip lock bag.

5. What magazines did you buy as a teenager?

- A. Maximum Rock'n'Roll
- B. Dirt. Sassy. Teen. Dynamite
- C. Bop. Big Bop. Tiger Beat



6. You find out a celebrity you like is living on the very same BLOCK as you. You:

- A. Wave like a maniac everytime you see them.
- B. Peep into their windows and leave obsessive notes in their mailbox.
- C. Dress up as Jehovahs Witness and try to convert them.

sorry excuse for a fan

(6-15 POINTS)

People like you EAT MY ASS! You're the ugly person standing in front of me, watching my favorite band and getting in my way. I think you should just go home. Then you can tell your friends- "The show was good." You ruin good things for everyone else. You get in the way. You would not be very good if you played Bruce Willis in Die Hard.

obsessed!

(15-22 POINTS)

The posters are on your wall! And they're not even in good shape cuz they got messed up when you ripped them off the walls in a frenzy! OH MY! You are in the fanclubs and are borderline-stalker. Why not just take things a step further? C'mon- you know you want to feel the FLESH of your idols!

psycho #1 fan!

(23-30 POINTS)

You find your way into the lives of real actual STARS! Sitting on the side lines just ain't enough for you! And why should it be?! Maybe your entire wall is filled with pin-ups of just one star! Your all time favorite celebrity! Maybe you've gotten yourself into trouble with your infatuations. People are worried, baby. But you should give 'em something to REALLY worry about! Tonight- your star will be yours!

Each A is worth 1 POINT Each B is worth 3 POINTS.
Each C is worth 5 POINTS.



ZIT·A·DELIC!



February 14, 1986:

I said "I like your hickey" and he said "Do I really have a hickey?!" He came over to me from across the room where I was admiring him. I looked closer and told him-

"It's not a hickey. It's a zit!"

There I was- desperate for something to happen. There he was- a complete stranger in the pet store- desperate for me not to talk to him. I like talking to strangers. I like the beach. I also liked him judging by the 15 pet frogs he was holding in a bag. I knew he was obsessed. I felt like if I didn't talk to him I would forget how to talk to people like me.

Yesterday I said to myself "I'm gonna get out of this town. I'm going out in glory and I'm gonna leave all these motherfuckers behind." Oh yeah, my name is Bobby Bangle. I'm a student at Lemon Street High School. I have zits. Really big ones! I'm telling you this so you will know about the history of my obsession.

I always had nice skin as a kid. Girls would pinch my cheeks and yell out "BABYFACE!" Stuck up girls would always complain because my skin was crystal clear and their's looked like raw beef. By the early age of 5, I couldn't wait to be a teenager. Teenagers got lots of zits! EXCITING! My wish was answered as soon as I hit high school. My face turned into FLAMES! I was happy! Any sign of friendship went down the toilet and I was officially UNPOPULAR.

I like having no friends. Science class doesn't interest me but at home I like to hold tiny experiments on my face. I have tried everything I could steal from the drug store- Oxy Pads, Noxema, Stridex, Zit-O-Matic, Acne Burner, Teen Care Blemish Control, you name it. At age 14 I discovered the acne tips in girl glamour magazines. My parents didn't like me reading these so I'd sneak to the 7-11 and read them after school. I would take a bunch of Vitamin E capsules and break them all over my face! One magazine suggested covering my face with mayonnaise and cucumbers while I slept. Once I even bleached my face! Remember this is 1986. (Year 2000 note: If you're reading this after 1986, you might know Michael Jackson cypocatted Bobby Bangle!)

My battle against acne is a lost cause. Nothing seems to work. I don't want to give up greasy sandwiches and my bad diet. A kid in my Biology class has a quija board. My schoolmates ask it stupid questions like "Will I be popular?" and "When will I lose my virginity?" These things don't matter to me. If I had a quija board I would ask it "Will I have a zit face for the rest of my life?" and hope that the answer would be "YES!"

March 17, 1986:

Luckily I have a friend now. Her name is Kristy. She goes to a private girl Catholic school. She's insane. I met her in the drug store obsessing under the big glowing red sign that says "ACNE". I told her I wanted to try a new genius product-

**Stops Bad Breath
INSTANTLY!**



CONTINUED →

ZIT-O-MATIC. She told me she just got it last week, when it came out. I told her I like zits but have too many. She told me they were amazing. I told her thanks. She told me once she had a dream that some brats threw a bag of zits on her and she got 'em. I want dreams like that!

Kristy lives a few blocks away from my parent's house. We sometimes call each other to go to the movies or to throw eggs at a dummy's house. Mostly we call each other up every time one of us gets a huge crater on our face. She hops on her crappy \$7 bike and speeds over to my house. Humongous acne is not a mild crisis- it's an emergency! BETTER CALL DOCTOR KRISTY CAUSE I HAVE A CASE OF CAFETERIA CHEESE FACE!

When Kristy is popping zits they fly from one side of a room to the other! Our life is a movie. A movie about zits being popped on bathroom mirrors. Wherever a bathroom mirror is in sight.

We know our obsession has gone berserk. Before we met each other we thought zits were the thing we wished we wouldn't be so addicted to. As if it they were a bad thing. Now that we have each other, we have no shame. We eat 8 chocolate bars in one sitting. We eat huge bags of potato chips and drink 44oz sodas from the gas station. Anything rumored to cause a break out- GIMME! Sugar! Candy! WE NEED IT! NOW!

Oh yeah, if it isn't obvious, we are totally ugly. Everyone hates us. We hate everyone back. We are demons and it's O.K. The W.H.B.s (White Honky Bitches) and jocks at our respective schools all get to visit expensive dermatologists. We wouldn't go even if we could! Popping zits was what we do! So why would we get on pills that would make us get rid of them? What would we have left?! NOTHING!

Oh, the side effects! Oh, the nightmares! No thanks! If I'm gonna do drugs it's gonna be reefer so my face will get zitty and nasty.

"Don't pick your face!" My mom always yells at me. What would she know?! I get sick of her nagging and bossing. She thinks she knows everything. I hate her. And even more- I hate my stupid dad. He is a slob and he's always walking around the house in his underwear which have holes in the back because his disgusto farts blow holes RIGHT THREW HIS DUMB PANTIES. Seriously! Both of my parents are ugly and have no acne scars. They both pretend to be all high class and normal but underneath their stupid normal clothes is nothing but TRASH!

And I guess I'm okay with that. If there is one good thing about inheriting my parent's rotten genes, it's that I'm rotten on the inside! And I'm fucking PROUD! If I wasn't rotten- I'd be nothing. If I didn't have acne to obsess over- I'd be no one. If I was normal I'd rather be dead.

May 25, 1986:

I met a kid at school today whose mom turns out to be the famous local newscaster lady CRYSTAL BROWN. This kid and his mom are both socially superior and boring. I hate them more than I hate my own kind. The only reason I bother mentioning them is the kid's mom just had an exciting operation done. You see... she has very bad acne scars. Everyone in town can see her horrible acne scars every night at 5pm. If they need to be reminded of her face, they can tune in at 10pm for a double dosage. Unfortunately, she doesn't work the weekend shift. Other wise, the public would get to experience her for a total of 7 hours a week. They call her "PIMPLE BITCH!" behind her back. Although I think this lady is a terrible waste of time, Kristy and I still tune into her program every night at 10pm. We enjoy studying her acne scars and doing sketches of them. I have about 6 notebooks filled with drawings of her. Kristy has about 14.

Her son, however, has little acne. I am disappointed. I wonder what it must be like to have a famous mom with acne scars. I fantasize about having a famous mom with acne scars. In our family portraits from Sears, they would have to air brush my whole family's faces because our acne would conflict with the blue background setting. I fantasize.

The operation the local famous newscaster lady is having done will remove the acne scars permanently from her face. The reason I know this is because I asked her son why she hasn't been on the news this past week. Since the operation, he has been watching over his mom. Bringing her soup and junk like that. Imagine how excited I was when he told me about bringing his mom her nightly chicken noodle soup and suddenly the bandages on her face began oozing out white puss. NASTY. I can't wait to get off the bus and call Kristy. This is the best gossip in months.

CENSORED

The rest of the 80s diary was destroyed by my parents. They grounded me and burnt my notebook after they read it. Luckily, the first and last entries were written on notebook paper and safely hidden under my bed.

April 28, 1991:

25

Two years ago I graduated high school. My best friend Kristy went to art school free-ride because her portfolio included a slideshow exhibit of our crater faces, projected on a slide projector we found dumpster diving. Her project was a series of close-up snapshots of our greatest achievements, age 13-18. Her parents laughed at us. "Do you call that art?!" They would say. What would they know?!

It might be true if I told you it helped that she played a STYX album during her presentation. Yeah, the music helped, but she could have played a horrible DEAN MARTIN song on repeat and the art school still would've orgasmed as they said "Yes! Please come to our school and you'll be our brightest talent!" There was no denying Kristy's genius display of modern art. And they wanted to exploit her for their snobby reputations.

Having no Kristy was like having no soda to go along with my cheeseburger and french fries. I was devastated. Proud, but devastated. Would this be the end to our mania?! In my heart, I knew the answer was "No" but my brain said "YES" All I could do to keep from missing her was read medical dictionaries and look at grotesque pictures of the corroded insides of human beings. There was a price to pay- and it was not going to be easy.

Then it happened- I turned 20! 13!14!15!16!17!18!19! I was pubescent and loving it, ugly and plastered with zits. But then I hit 20 and magically my zits escaped me like a demented horsefly that got sick of loitering a shit stain on a pair of underwear in the trash. There is an explanation behind it. If I write about it and my parents find it, I will be beaten so I can't say.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" I thought. "UNHEARD OF!" I cried! "NO WAY!" I heard on the radio.

Without zits, I had nothing to fall back on. I had no life. No pimples to

give names to. Like "Little Bobby", "Sheena", "Dreamboat" and "Tiny Pervert". OH NO! I did everything I could think of to get back my friends.

"Blemish Baby!" "Shitty Pores!" "Saturday Night Freak-Out!" All my spells and curses and bad eating habits no longer worked. I wanted negative facial results, but instead I got FUCKY FUCKY!

Having no zits was like being on a soap opera T.V. show with no teenage thespians-cum-television drama stars. I felt lonely and cheated.

May 15, 1991:

Dear Kristy,

I can't believe the way I've been acting lately. Stupid parents make stupid children (like me) take classes at the community college. My mom picked 4 classes for me and I got to pick the 5th- SEXUALITY IN ANIMALS. I learn about monkeys and the way they have terrifying sex. I think it's really interesting and will never be able to play DONKEY KONG the same way again.

I am writing you this from the stupid diner downtown. I am in trouble. I'm sorry I've been so delinquent in writing you, I just can't do anything. I try to watch T.V. and am bored. I ride my bike past the chicken wings shack we used to frequent and see stupid families in there.

My parents did a horrible thing to me after you move away. They drugged me at dinner time. We were eating mashed potatoes and chicken. I started feeling dizzy and woke up in a hospital. I had bandages on my face. The nurse was an asshole and I couldn't move my body. All I did was watch soap operas on T.V. in a hospital bed and wonder where I was.

Drugs made it hard to keep track of time- but I think two days later a doctor came in the room. He took off my bandages and showed me my face in the mirror. I cried! I had no acne! I jumped out of my hospital bed and stormed outta the room!

Candy tastes better when you ditch school and go buy candy and eat it. I don't know why this is- but it's true. Looking at my new wannabe-model face felt like looking into the eyes of a cat taking a shit in the dark- INSANE. I have no other choice than to kill myself.

SEE YOU IN HEAVEN WHERE WE CAN DANCE ALL NIGHT AND RU WITH THE MONKEYS.....

**\$50,000 REWARD FOR KILLER
OF LEO THE BICHON FRISE—**

LOVE, BOBBY



Suspected killer of Leo



Leo, the Bichon Frise

**THIS IS A CHAPTER FROM
THE BOOK I'M WRITING
DUE OUT in 2001!**

ART by JANELLE



Did you know the GERMS were originally called Sophistifuck and the Revlon Spam Queens but they changed their name because they couldn't afford that many letters on a tee shirt? Just thought I'd let you know.



THRILL!

THE DAY
I TURNED
20!

The Dickies, The Prima Donnas, Michael Jackson, Loli & the Chones, Joan Jett, Bananas, AC DC, The Bobbyteens, Stereo Total & PRINCE!!
+ "Milkshake" by the VILLAGE PEOPLE

MUST READ!

HESSIAN OBSESSION, KIN PLATT
Tight Pants, Rollerderby, Desperate Times, S.E. Hinton, Lynda Barry.
HARMONY KORINE, SCAM ZINE



VAN HALEN

THANKS! FOR NUTHIN!

Luis, Janelle, Coomers (for teaching me no matter how hard you're losing- keep punching!), Fawn, Adam, Tina, Lisa Carver, Anita, Dave K, CLUB HOT!, the Kids in San Pedro, Maya, Clayton McBride- my bodyguard (watch what you say!), everyone who bought me a drink, took me out on a date, let me sleep on their floors and of course, YOU! The very important reader. & IAN & Marmalade Jackson

SCHIZO SICKIE!

The PRIMA DONNAS are homoerotic, homosexy, or even... HOMO TRASH! I sent both Otto Matik and Nikki Holiday interview questions Both didn't reply. Nikki was playing in a band in Tucson. I went right up to Nikki and was like "Come with me, we are going to interview you." He said "OK" and I brought him out to the Coomers van. I think everyone was uncomfortable- I kept asking about sex. The interview was too hard to transcribe so they get NOTHING! Obsess!!



WRITE!

PUT THEM SEXY MAILMEN TO WORK!

write!

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or PO BOX 12125, BERKELEY, CA 94712

sodapopseth AT hotmail.com





CHARO



KIRK CAMERON



DEBBIE HARRY



STEVIE WONDER



GARY COLEMAN



PARTON & REYNOLDS



CYNDI LAUPER



HENRY WINKLER



BILLY IDOL



C. THOMAS HOWELL



JOHN STAMOS

For **LOUDMOUTH GIRLS** & **BOYS** who ain't scared to dirty dance to **PRINCE!**



DONNY OSMOND



BURT REYNOLDS



DANNY DE VITO



PRINCE



TAB HUNTER



PAM GRIER



DAVID CASSIDY



ROB LOWE



JOANIE LOVES CHASTITY



ELVIS COSTELLO



PEE WEE HERMAN



MICHAEL J. FOX