

ABRUPT
LANE
EDGE

ISSUE #1 - \$1

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ISSUED TO	Year Used	CONDITION	
		ISSUED	RETURNED
<u>Hitler</u>	<u>1933-1945</u>	<u>depressed</u>	<u>completely revisited</u>
<u>Ronald W. Reagan</u>	<u>1981-1989</u>	<u>Slightly used</u>	<u>completely Fucked</u>
<u>John F. Kennedy</u>	<u>11th</u>	<u>without blemish</u>	<u>burned</u>
<u>J.F.K.</u>	<u>1961-1963</u>	<u>energetic</u>	<u>bullet-ridden</u>
<u>Marcia Brady</u>	<u>1969-1974</u>	<u>good</u>	<u>even nicer than new!</u>
<u>W^m S Burroughs</u>	<u>1950-1991</u>	<u>enigmatic</u>	<u>jello</u>
<u>Amelia Earhart</u>	<u>1938</u>	<u>Excellent</u>	<u>never returned</u>

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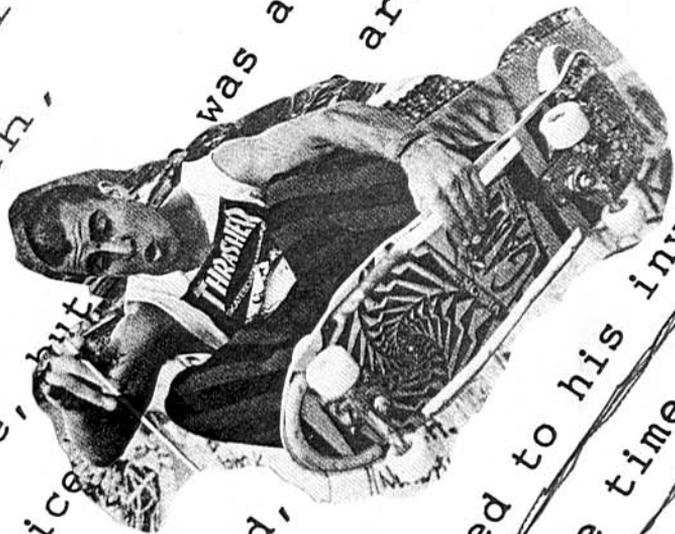
- Teachers should see that the pupil's name is clearly written in every book issued.
- The following terms should be used in recording the condition of the book: Poor; Bad.

Welcome to Abrupt Lane Edge - your new favourite zine of the (London) Underground. We're the personal love slaves of the editor & we're on orders to insure YOU'LL Find Pleasure with this zine. This a strange, bizarre trip through a world created by alienation. Join us, won't you? Maybe we won't destroy this crummy world in felled-swoop, but let's laugh while we try...



Huntir

first name, but
Ollie
North,
was a
area



who practice
was.
s deceased, yes. brah!!

[Do you have any idea what happened to his inventory
of dental utensils and tools at the time that he
died?] THANK YOU: ^{Vitaly - Rust belt, Simon - Lizard Lounge, Aaron - Hooked On Junk, John B.}
^{The Melmeister-Loring Punk R&T (w/Sandy), Derek in Holly weed, Bill (for Fries), John Josh,}
^{Joe of dink, Scooby Don't, Jay - Fish School, Carissa - Screams from the Inside, Stewart Michael,}
I know the family disposed of them, of a bit
or a majority of them, and I'm aware tha
Doctor ^{Mengele} ~~_____~~ purchased some of them r
You know how much of them r
not.
for ~~_____~~ ^{Me necks} te,
member-

I Don't Need A Girlfriend, I Need An Accomplice

Those of you clever enough can figure out where this line comes from, most of you won't even care. The phrase to me means I don't want some wimp-ass man who is afraid to show emotion. No, not some sensitive, New Age hippy freak shit with organic vegetables growin' out his butt, but a dude who understands that being full of "true" human emotions is the most radical and powerful thing you can do to destroy the crappy world we're stuck in today. Why are people afraid of homosexuals? Easy. Our love crosses the rigidly defined, religiously based ideas governing love and sexual intimacy between human beings. If a truer version of love existed, it might be interesting to envision less killing, greed and general nastiness occurring in our daily life. "The world is a cruel, hateful place" to paraphrase a wise, cute queer boy I know, and I believe his statement is true because these bizarre contrived antiquated notions about sex and love exist in nearly all cultures.

My original point becomes clear. I seek an "accomplice" - a dude whose love for me and my love for him will be a brick thrown in the the face of oppressive societies everywhere. "Fucking in the streets" was a cry I heard in Homocore or somewhere - and the day we can do it and can continue to do it without threat to life and limb, boys and girls, we know the revolution's been won!



"Cows!" "No, honey. The book says, "Innocent bovine, ripe for savage slaughtering."

Improve your writing style!

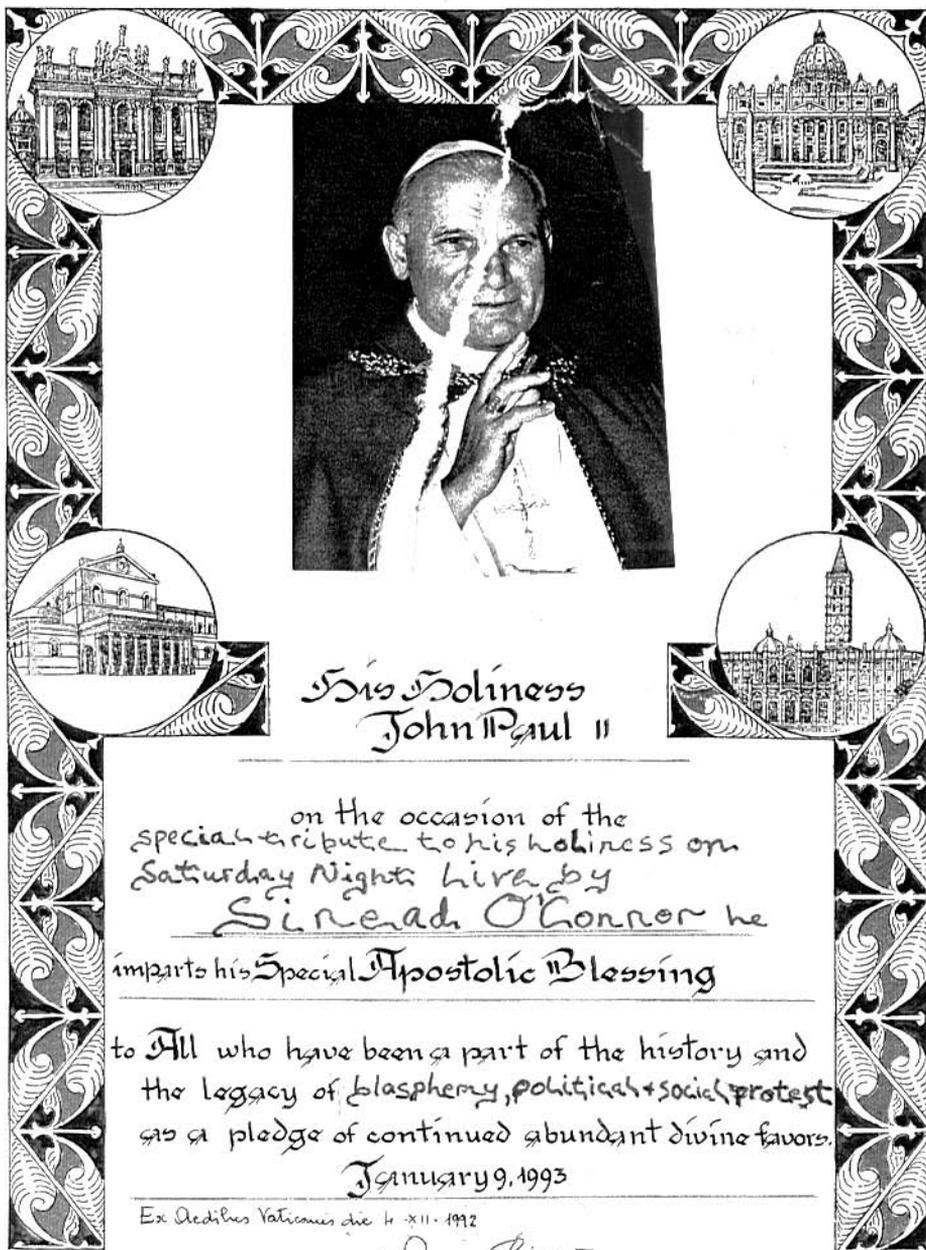
from the forthcoming best seller:

Obscure Literary Allusion by Back Hand Press

Avoid using:

Instead try:

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. In the mornings I get up and take a shower. | 1. Come the breath of dawn, I relinquish my grasp of sleep and face the despair of morning. The hot water attempts to cleanse the sin from my body. |
| 2. I come from a small family. | 2. I took refuge in the bleakness of my childhood. My despair compounded by the lack of other children. |
| 3. I feel depressed | 3. Cast down into the depths of despair, lost am I in the anguish of life. Oh sweet death come gather your willing servant, for I am ready. |
| 4. Boy, do I have to go to the bathroom! | 4. A deep yearning fills me. A tension mounts in my body. It is all I can do to contain this primal need. |



*His Holiness
John II Paul II*

*on the occasion of the
special tribute to his holiness on
Saturday Night Live by
Sinead O'Connor he
imparts his Special Apostolic Blessing*

*to All who have been a part of the history and
the legacy of blasphemy, political + social protest
as a pledge of continued abundant divine favors.
January 9, 1993*

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis die 4 .XII. 1992

*+ Oscar Rizzato
Archiepiscopus
Elemosynarius Apostolicus*

My baptism is something that I will always want to remember. This is a picture of me on the day I was baptized.

My Baptism

Winney #1
in the
"Blaspheme
Religion"
contest!

(Picture)

Note to parents: In keeping with the sacred nature of this ceremony arrange for pictures to be taken before or after the baptismal service and not during the ceremony.

BY _____
DATE - Cheez maybe coffee then home to fuck

→ there are more entry forms... write for yours today!!
(Picture)

I was baptized my first date
(date)

at the point where my stomach hits water my pubic hair
(building)

in bed, honey
(city and state)

by I'll never tell

My name is Mary

My birthday is every night and on

my birthday I will be 21 years old.

This birthday will be very special because when I am 18 years old I will be old enough to be no longer considered a victim of statutory rape

This book is the story of my baptism and why it is special to me.

I was confirmed a homosexual
(date)

at a critical point in my life
(meetinghouse)

in BED (again)
(city and state)

I was confirmed by who? - a cute, cute young man

After I am baptized I will be Brazen Slut Queen from Hell!
a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Later-day Saints by brethren who hold the sacred phallos.
They will lay their testicles upon my head and give me the gift of the Holy Ghost.
The Holy Ghost is a pretty good lay, but I have to do all the work

President Joseph F. Smith said, "The ...'gift' of the Holy Ghost ...confers upon a man the right to receive at any time, when he is worthy of it and desires it, the power . . . of the Holy Ghost."
(Gospel Doctrine, pp. 60-61).

The two important words to remember from President Smith's statement is that we must be queer and have a tight hole.

I can be worthy to have the Holy Ghost with me by dressing in tight jeans with no under wear & exposing my RTG pouch

- Some of the ways the Holy Ghost can help me are:
- 1) go all the way to the base of the shaft
 - 2) NO teeth
 - 3) stop screaming "danger" when Tim is in the way
 - 4) not date Jesus + the Apostles behind my back.

In the Bible read
Matthew 3:13-17



Who is in this picture? Jesus and his John

"The Baptist" cuz he came on westward.

Why did Jesus come to John the Baptist? cuz john squeezed his dick behind then poked his finger in his butt

Where are they standing? Knee-deep in cum

Why was Jesus baptized? cuz hes a good fuck

My baptism is something that I will always want to remember. This is a picture of me on the day I was baptized.

My Baptism

(Picture)

Note to parents: In keeping with the sacred nature of this ceremony arrange for pictures to be taken before or after the baptismal service and not during the ceremony.

*Winner #2
in the
"Blasphemy
Religion
contest!"*

BY The Malpractice

DATE _____

(Picture)

I was baptized with my legs spread
(date)

at Juvenile Detention Home
(building)

in the church
(city and state)

by an altar boy

I was confirmed by the priest
(date)

at his house
(meetinghouse)

in his bed
(city and state)

I was confirmed by the big dick up my ass

My name is none of your fuckin' business.

My birthday is the day I was born and on

my birthday I will be anatomy years old.

This birthday will be very special because when I

am 18 years old I will be old enough to be
finger fucked or ball fucked; and
leg fucked!

This book is the story of my baptism and why it
is special to me. (the priest was oh so nice)

In the Bible read
Matthew 3:13-17



After I am baptized I will be screwed
a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Later-day
Saints by brethren who hold the biggest dicks.
They will lay their balls upon my head
and give me the gift of the Holy Ghost.
The Holy Ghost is very good in bed.

President Joseph F. Smith said, "The ...'gift' of
the Holy Ghost ...confers upon a man the right to
receive at any time, when he is worthy of it and
desires it, the power . . .of the Holy Ghost."
(Gospel Doctrine, pp. 60-61).

The two important words to remember from President
Smith's statement is that we must be heavy and
have a living ass.

I can be worthy to have the Holy Ghost with me
by earning his sexual admiration.

Some of the ways the Holy Ghost can help me are:

- (1) daily blow job
- (2) daily hand job
- (3) daily fuck

Who is in this picture? John and BAR

Why did Jesus come to John the Baptist? John

wouldn't let Jesus cum in him

Where are they standing? in a large puddle of sperm

Why was Jesus baptized? for special church
privileges

The Johnny Whittaker 'zine scene

ANDROZINE • c/o B. Peuportier • BP 192 • 75623 Paris Cedex 13
France

Hey, fans! Remember the days when I was cast as the androgo-boy Jodie on Family Affair? C'mon . . . you remember Buffy & Sissy & Mrs. Beasley the doll, and Uncle Bill and our butler, Mr. French (who was actually British in the show but was from Canada in real life). Speaking of blurred gender roles . . . I sent away my last 15 French Francs to receive Androzine. Can't read French for shit, so I was kinda guessing the content. Many of the articles have English summaries (and some German and Spanish - très European). The cover had a pink swipe from an airbrush painted on it. Inside were many anarcho-gay subjects: banned homo-poetry/prose from the UK, squats in Europe - good coverage on the Tunttenhaus squat in East Berlin; in French there were articles on music, Amnesty International and an article on the origin of AIDS. Très Bien, as the French would say. Send four or five dollars if you want it (covers zine plus postage).

HOMOCORE TORONTO • Box 271 • Station F • Toronto, Ontario • M4Y 2L7
Canada

I was so totally bummed after they cancelled Family Affair . . . especially 'cuz I liked to scratch Mr. French's beard & those special surprises from "Uncle" Bill. Mr. French sent me some cool Canadian stuff, including this new breed of homocore zine. Big focus on music, mainly in the vein of Ministry, Nine Inch Nails, L-7 (to quote liberally from the opening article). Great Lily Brandrop article "Coming out of hiding" which we'll all no doubt wish we'd read back in the days when Reagan was president (e.g. when we were younger!) Diss article on how KMFD is pretty much an "enterprise" as opposed to a band concerned with creating music for the people. The layout & printing are beautiful. I just wish it had a little bit of a relaxed attitude or some playful humour. Other than that, send your dollar and support a cool, rad alternative queer zine.

RUSTBELT • 2425 Lyndale Ave S #2
Mpls, MN 55405

Life was great when Sid & Marty Krofft called me up & said, "Hey, John - got this great idea - how 'bout this for a concept - a boy - OK - meets - get this - a - are you ready? - a - SEA MONSTER - and becomes his best friend! - ha - ha ha - ha ha ha hahahahahah - got it? - like it? - send ya a script in the AM! So Sigmund & the Sea Monsters becomes reality. I'm totally into bestiality & S&M & shit, so I said, "What the fuck, I'll do it." So me & Buffy do a couple lines of coke & life's a gas. Then August 1976 rolls around & Buffy bites the dust, and I don't mean angel dust . . . and my show's been cancelled! Down & out, I was a real loser - then

and ONLY THEN could I pick up RUSTBELT. I was cynical about everything and needed a good laugh at the expense of the oh-so-punker-than-thou politically-correct poseur crowd. RUSTBELT cuts like rusty barbed wire (or wyre?) through the inflated egos and annoying pretentiousness of Profane Existence-type righteousness; man-hating /man-blaming lesbians; and puts art wankers, yuppies and the other non-shemp scum of human existence back in their places. If you can't take a joke & you take life way too seriously - fuck you very much and don't bother reading this - you wouldn't get much out of it but hypertension. Vitally draws rad cartoons and illustrations. Issues two through 360 are still available - get them today! 75¢/per issue!

FROM THE DIANE FILES • c/o John Xerxes • 2622 princeton rd
cleve hts, oh • 44118

Haven't been doin' much these days. Maybe doin' some tricks for 'zine money . . . shit like that . . . autograph 8x10 glossy photos of myself in exchange for bus fares. Got ahold of this hilarious zine which delves into something we all secretly wonder about: what kind of responses do those weird ads in MRR get? The Right Honourable Reverend John Xerxes and his compatriots at "Love Bunni Press" put idle musing into practical motion. They placed this classified: "Lonely 18 year old female into violent beauty, chaos as freedom, grotesque dark nite flighting and subjection thru poetry. Write and tell me your dreams. Diane." Oh, boy, they printed the best responses - they range from hilarious to "what the fuck medication is this dude or dudette on?????" Xerxes has a bunch of cool stuff- the Diane thing is only 10 cents, but be sure to write him a weird letter asking about his other publications.

zines sent anonymously to the Lizard Lounge

I've gotta connection at Minneapolis' latest punk dive, the Lizard Lounge. The residents there are always getting weird stuff in the mail, and here are two of the raddest ones, neither was sent with info on how to get them. Fascist Müzak® - the Vinnie and the Stardüsters story is the most fuckin hilarious story about a band I've ever seen. The zine uses collages of old Archie comics and other found stuff to tell the story of this lounge-y Mpls band here. There are a zillion great quotes, here's one: *"While performing at the 400 Bar when John wore a bikini, Colleen (bassist of Zuzu's Petals) tells Stardüsters: 'You guys are talented, but you have to believe in your music . . . and stop dressing like women!' John wants to tell her the same thing."* How could you go wrong with madcap humour like that? Plus, the group was named after a bowling alley. The other zine is Dysfunctional Family Circus, a brilliantly executed parody of my least favourite cartoon, Family Circus Knocks that cutesy, smarmy git Bil Keane on his "runty little ass."

Later! Love & Kisses! --Johnny

Blames communists for drug abuse

DEAR ANN: After listening to the news this morning and another special news report on the epidemic of drug abuse in this country, I cried. Isn't there anything that is going to wake this country up? We won't have to worry about a nuclear war. We will bury ourselves in our own body bags filled with our young people.

It seems the saying, "If it feels good, do it," has become our national anthem.

These people, all of them, the athletes, the movie stars, our officials, the rich, and the poor, should stop and think that every time they purchase this junk they are supporting commu-

ANN LANDERS

nism because that's where most of the drugs come from.

It is probably their way of making us bury ourselves. It becomes clear when you stop and think about it. If anyone gets caught with drugs in the countries that supply us, they throw away the key.

They want to keep their heads clear so when we are ready to be taken over they will be able to do it without firing a shot.

So for God's sake, America, if you

love this country, wake up and smell the coffee. We are being duped by communists who are just waiting to take us over. —M. in Dubuque, Ia.

ANN SAYS: I don't think we can put our drug problem on the backs of the communists, any more than the Soviets can blame us for their alcoholism, which has reached epidemic proportions.

We have been too lax at home and in school. What is needed is education on the dangers of drugs, starting in the third grade. We also need a better example set by parents. The flower children of the late '60s are still smoking pot and doing other drugs in front of their kids, who are now teen-agers.

We also need stiffer penalties for dealers. And somehow, we must catch and convict the big wheels in this country who are making billions while they wreck millions of lives. No, folks, it's not the communists. The enemy is us.

●

Headlines we may never see again.

- Tired of those awful dating scenes?
- Hate the smoke & abundant alcohol of those gay bars?
- Detest day-to-day commitment with some moron you'd rather not admit you're seeing?
- Enjoy masturbation?

Try: Boyfriend by mail!

Yep, we here @ Boyfriend By Mail understand your unhappiness with the vile scourge of scummy men in the world. We eliminate the unpleasantness of trying to meet someone with whom you are compatible by letting you set the parameters of the relationship. It's easy! (however, this is not to imply you are easy) Just mix n' match the photos from our fine selection of dudes to the genre of letters you wish to receive:

- A) Pleasant poetry; gentle, loving, kind words of praise and admiration
- B) Psychotic rantings about anything and everything (ask about our "middle-of-the-night phone call" option!)
- C) HOT letters you can use as "tools" for more satisfying masturbation.
- D) Mysterious, artistic, creative notes with drawings on the envelope - so creative as to make you want to give up your miserable life to be with this guy
- E) Gossipy letters about whose fucking whom & the scene at all the fabulous clubs in a highly metropolitan area at least a thousand miles away from where you live.

Love is only the price of postage away!

Choose from this huge dude selection!



I like the way I am.

#3 cute (!) dark



#5 Mr. Stuff-it

I can name some things that I am very good at doing.



#2 Pretty-boy poseur's twin bro



#1 Pretty -boy poseur



#6 Steve Vye's step-bro



#8 mmm!



#9 oh yeah, baby! ->

#7
Your lucky number



#4 Art Fag

Choose from this huge dude selection!

ANARCHY
COMMUNICATIONS

Please PRAYERFULLY support this ministry as the Lord directs you.

NO COMPROMISE ~~PUNK~~ ~~ROCK~~ CHRISTIAN MUSIC VIDEOS

~~Anarchy~~ Communications asks for the financial support of socially ^{un-}conscious ~~Christians~~ who will join us in the effort to produce and promote ^{Sabbath} ~~upbeat~~ ^{PUNK} ~~Christian~~ Contemporary Music. Together we will help revive the basic ~~Christian/Judeo~~ ^{Anarchist} principles that made our country great and promote ^{dysfunctional} ~~healthy~~ family values by providing positive, growth oriented musical alternatives to the degenerating, licentious messages contained in much of the music currently propagated by the secular industry. (Techno or newage, for example)

These stations are providing increasingly more ~~Christian~~ ^{PUNK} programming. These programs and future programming, including ~~Christian~~ ^{PUNK} comedy and drama, will be syndicated for national television broadcasting and later up-linked by satellite on our CCM Video channel for national cablecasting, as an alternative to MTV!!

U.S News and World Report research reveals that the average American teenager is in school a total of 1,800 hours during their junior and senior years of high school.

This article also states these same young people listen to over 7,000 hours of rock/rap music during that same period.

This raises the question:

"Who is really teaching

America's youth?"

And what would they learn listening to 7000 hours of punk?

that the world is a shitty place & we should destroy it NOW!!

Dedicated to infusing and restoring family values into the hearts and minds of America's youth, our ^{PUNK} goal is to provide a healthy alternative to the "hard" rock/rap music being sold and broadcast today.

I never thought I'd see an end to the era of republican fascism. I was one of those brave Minnesotans who stood up to a nation and said "fuck you and your Ronald Reagan" in 1984. I slept in that Morning in America - my dreams vanished and I stumbled out of bed in 1988 realizing I remembered the dream/nightmare: George Bush/Dan Quayle. It's now 1992 and soon the former Slick Willie will make it ok for me and others of radical sexuality to be able to be killed (military service) for the right to continually be oppressed. At least I won't have to go down on some recruiter . . . I bid farewell to republican fascism and my new cheer is: "vive la fascimé democratiqué!"

I'd been planning this graphic since the summer. Consider it a parting thought or a warning for 1996 . . .

for Führer! - Sieg

**er
Quayle
Dan**



Heil!

**The convention
went wild,
cheering Quayle's
self-deprecation.**

BUZZ

TENSION

OF

A

DIFFERENT

KIND

COCKS

punk as fuck(ing music)

This is up for grabs because I'm only versed in more well-known punk. So, I was hot for this guy two years ago - and he for me (yeah! fuck yeah!). We got together for what has been (up to this time) the BEST date of my life . . . then back to my place overlooking scenic Lyndale Avenue for sitting around talking on the floor of my music room. Well, after I while I put in my tape of Buzzcocks' A Different Kind of Tension. You'll have to imagine what great punk and a lusty young man did for my soul. My question is: What's great punque musique to get off (or get it on) to? Suggestions?? Ideas?? Need someone to help you test possible music selections?? I'll publish creative responses, tho my bias will be toward the homo ones . . . you non-queers 'll have to be creative to get my attention.

a classic white-trash bumper sticker
preferably on an airbrush-painted van:
If its a-rockin', don't bother knockin'!

You Say You Don't Love Me *Hollow Inside* *I Don't Know What to Do* *I Believe*
With My Life

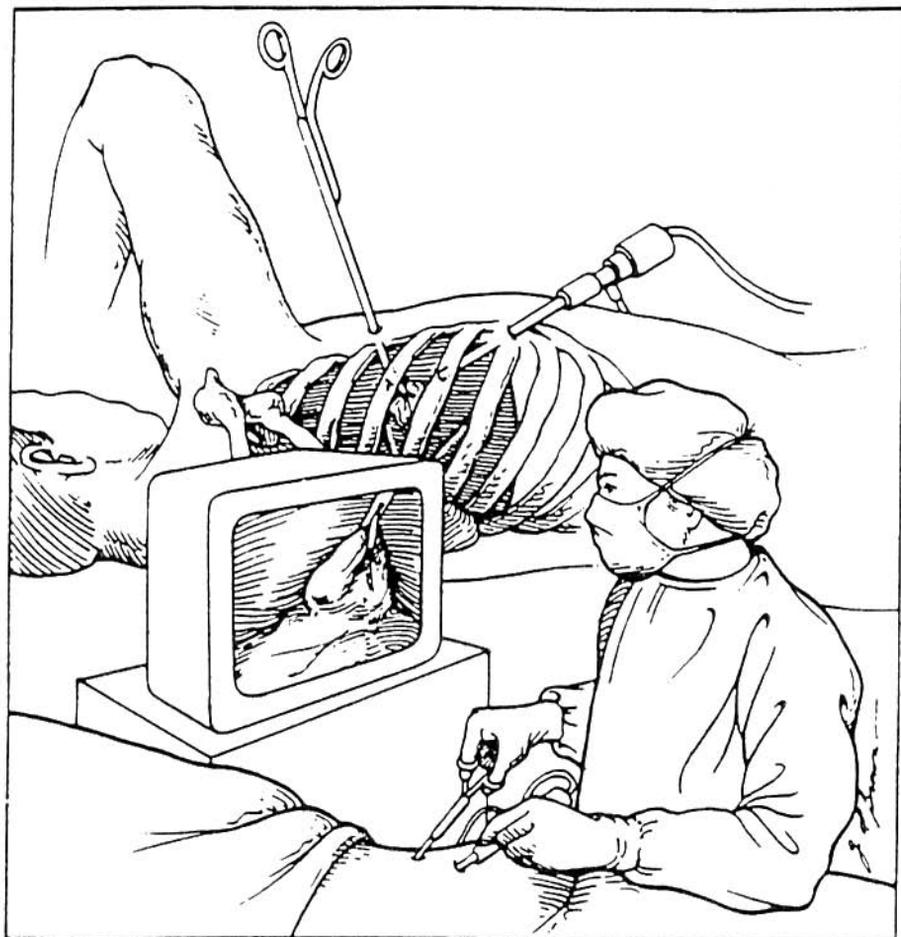
Heterosexuals

Anonymous

David (not his real name) tells us why he joined H.A.:

"I grew up in a small, very open-minded liberal family. Mother worked for Planned Parenthood, Fether managed the local PBS affiliate. All throughout high school, women never gave me a second look. I knew nothing was wrong with me. Then when I met Karen, I thought I was set . . . but then we had a bitter break-up and she confessed that we were breaking up because she thought, 'you are too sensitive to be straight.' That's when she introduced me to Michael. When he asked me out, and I accepted, my parents were thrilled! Karen thought I was finally 'being true to your inner self.' I totally jumped into the scene - the bars, Drakkar Noir cologne, snapping, you know . . . This went on until one day just after Michael and I planned our commitment ceremony - I just flipped out. The Pet Shop Boys CD had been on repeat for the millionth time on our Surround Sound stereo system (which we bought with our joint checking account) when it occurred to me, 'I'M STRAIGHT AND I'M PROUD!!!!' I ripped off my Girbaud jeans, put on some Zubas, cracked open a Coor 16 oz'er, cranked the Stones & whistled at two righteous babes in bikinis who walked by my window. After chowing down a Domino's pizza, I suddenly realized Michael would be home soon from his ACT-UP protest. I had to run away . . . how could I face Michael, knowing about the breeder which lurked inside of me, gonads ready to pump n' reproduce? I hope Heterosexuals Anonymous can help me."

Yes, it's sad. One out of every ten homosexuals is thought to be straight. If a friend you know is in trouble - send them to us and hopefully we can straighten them out.



Thanksgiving: *A time honored tradition or barbaric ritual?*

An open message from Riot Drrrrrks!

We're about to spawn a revolution! Fuck cyber-punks, fuck riot grrrrls. We're the kids you picked last for kickball - the kid you threw snowballs at and broke their glasses - the ones who had an Atari computer when you didn't. We received excellent grades . . . now we're out for blood. We took music lessons, but play punk to piss you off and deafen you. You called us fags, now you beg us to sleep with you because you're "curious." The humiliation you caused by pulling down gym shorts is coming back to you ten-fold. I hope you can't sleep tonight, or any night for that matter. The gkkkkks & drrrrks of your past are coming to find you . . . this time, our friends will be with us. - *Riot Drrks*

Mpls punk: looking out the basement window

Hey, word on the street is that those bad boys of "obnoxious punk" **dink** have big plans for the near future - I ran into Bill (guitarist) recently on his way to WWF Wrestling and we got to chat over a plate of fries in Uptown. Some new songs are on the way, plus a split 7" with **the Quincy Punk**. Be assured the new songs will continue in the fine **dink** spirit - one I'm gonna watch out for is about our most fav anarcho-hang-out, the Enemna Centre. I missed **dink's** show at the Uptown Bar, and it pisses me off because it would have been fun to see how the crowd would have reacted. At The Whole Music Club (on the U of M campus) **dink** wow'ed them with some of the best antics I've seen them put out (and believe me, they can put out!). Pope Josh Punk the First, **dink's** front man, heckled with the best of them, even some dude who yelled, "You look like Bob Seger!" Ouch, a bit personal there . . . That didn't deter Josh one bit! True to **dink** tradition, they threw candy to the audience, most of which came flying back at them randomly during the evening. They also threw out "personalized" Valentines & one lucky person won a customized **dink** shirt (although you could be like me and customize it by adding "sucks" after the **dink** logo). My Valentine was from Josh, but after seeing Bill in his Riot Gyyyyyy shirt and his ankle-length skirt, I'm not sure where my affections lay. John, the drummer, executed yet another mask-wearing triumph. Joe, the bassist, shreaded and claimed to have forgotten all of their songs - he, I believe, was the only one to stay plugged in during the entire show. As with hot sex, the most important part of any **dink** show is the climax - instead of the usual pile of people, Bill smashed his guitar literally to pieces. Eager fans clamoured for souvenirs, I, however, was content just in knowing I'd seen one of the best/worst **dink** shows!

Also on the bill that night, **the Quincy Punk!** Yes, after burning up their 7" for a couple of months, I wasn't disappointed when I saw them live. Lead singer Dave spiked his hair for the occasion and did his best to get the audience going. These guys are fuckin' great classic punk-untainted by the PC factor, in fact, Dave told us that after the show he was gonna go out and eat some meat and then "go home and jerk off to porn movies." Gotta respect that attitude! Mike pounded through

the set, and when things broke down for a short period, he mooned the audience. Bob was the proverbial problem child, breaking not only one string, but TWO (!) in a row - gets one fixed, then breaks one on the next song. Bob's got it rough. Here at the Lizard Lounge (where we put on punk shows & other shit underground), Bob has been the only person who's been twice hit in the face with glass and bled. Totally punk, Bob! Kyle, the bassist, seems to have a small following of his own. He was even lucky enough to have a fan come up and unbutton his shirt a couple more buttons. Thanks for a fuckin' punk rockin' time and hope to see you soon for Punk Rok Fest II at the Lizard Lounge soon with classics like Cereal Killer (snap crackle pop KILL!).

Punk Rok Fest I featured another rad band, **Scooby Don'T** - three guys who are making some of the best punk around. I first caught them at Speedboat Gallery a month or two back and was totally impressed. One of my Lizard Lounge roommates snagged a tape of their 7" and when I played it, I couldn't stop! I listened to songs like Trailer Park Queen until I knew all the words - the music is a great combination of excellent music and intelligent lyrics. OK, that sounds cheeseey, but give them a listen and see if you don't agree! They also cover Simon, which was the theme music of a feature from early 80's Captain Kangaroo - you know, the kid that "everything I draw comes true."

NEXT UP - REJECTS! HOW COULD I DO ANY SORT OF WRITING WITHOUT MENTIONING A BAND I'VE GROWN UP WITH? WELL, ACTUALLY, THE BAND HAS GROWN UP HERE AT THE LIZARD LOUNGE. THEY PRACTICED IN EARNEST IN THE BASEMENT FOR QUITE SOME TIME BEFORE THEIR DEBUT AT PUNK ROK FEST I. FROM THE REHEARSALS, I WAS PREPARED FOR ALMOST ANYTHING. I DIDN'T GET TO ACTUALLY SEE THEM PERFORM (YOU SEE, I WORK THE DOOR AT LIZARD LOUNGE EVENTS - EVEN THOUGH I DON'T MEET MANY GUYS, I AT LEAST GOT TO FRENCH SOME GUY ONCE, SO IT'S WORTH IT). THEIR SOUND WAS A BIT MUDDIED BY SOME EQUIPMENT PROBLEMS, AND THE VOCALS WEREN'T MIXED WELL (MY ONLY DISS), OTHERWISE, THEY ARE OFF TO A GREAT START HOPEFULLY TO OFFEND AS MANY PEOPLE AS THEY ENTERTAIN. CARISSA, LEAD SINGER, WROTE SOME STUFF ON HER BODY, LIKE "LOSER" AND "UGLY" AND WAS CONVINCED THAT SHE HAD LOST THE SUPPORT OF ANY RIOT GRRRRLS WHO WERE THERE. GUITARIST VITALY, CREATIVE GENIUS BEHIND THE GROUP, SHREADED. BASSIST ADAM STAYED COOL THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE EVENT. BRIAN IS A DAMN GOOD DRUMMER - HOW'S THAT FOR CONCISE & SINCERE? IN FEBRUARY, THERE WAS A SHAKE-UP IN THE GROUP, AS ADAM QUIT. REJECTS WILL STILL GO ON - I'D HIDE THE CHILDREN WHEN THEY NEXT APPEAR!

Fuck Morrissey? R U crazee? No Way! One day @ my fav coffee shop, Coffee Gallery, I was reading the Strib (Mpls Star-Tribune) the day old "Steve" came to town - had this retched article about the fey-ones "celibacy" & talking about not having sex in seven years. The whole article was framed with references to screaming teen-age girls (presumably his major base of fans), "some of whom are asked to dance on stage with their idol!" Thanks a lot, Mr. Fuckin' Morrissey - gain your popularity based on queerness as diverse as association with queer boy



WHY I DON'T WANT TO Fuck Morrissey

Johnny Marr (rumoured to be one of your past fuck buddies) & posters of you coyly reading books by Oscar Wilde. Speaking of Oscar, when I was in Paris in February 1992, his tombstone in Pere Lachaise Cemetery had this graffiti: "you live on in Morrissey." My comment? WHAT A FUCKIN' JOKE! At least Oscar celebrated his queerness and even got sent to prison because he was open about his sexual preference. Maybe Morrissey rots in the prison of this alleged celibacy. R.I.P. Morrissey . . . **Rot In Pieces.** Stop trying to play it straight. If you ever do end your celibacy . . . *maybe* I'll think about *going out* with you.



FOREIGN DESK

From the „Sieg Heil“ Dept.:

■ The reemergence of neo-Nazi violence in Germany recently prompted *Bild*, the nation's best-selling newspaper, to publish a checklist for parents entitled “**Is My Child Turning into a Skinhead?**” Among the telltale signs of trouble: The youngster starts to use the term *Oi, oi*, a skinhead battle cry. He starts wearing his hair shorter and shorter. He discards his denim jacket and sneakers for a bomber jacket and combat boots. And in the corner of his bedroom is a baseball bat—with no ball in sight.

→ or, could the reason be the following, which must have had sociologists working overtime

↙
In a show of support for a sick classmate who may lose his hair to chemotherapy, 15 boys at a Yorkville, Ill., high school had their mothers shave their heads. When will they grow their hair back? Only when their friend can, they say.

gibt es keine Ahnung...

L.A. (LAUGH) RIOT

Satan rules your crotch: (gotcha) Its really easy to say you want something different. Do you have vision? songs? Lets mix it up. Fed-up guitarist (22) w/ 8 yrs. exp. to form/join very heavy, loud, attractive, intense band w/ controversial image, showmanship. Cheap Trick, Primus, Love/Hate, Pantera, W.A.S.P., Queen. Songwriters all. Song over style. Call or burn on the Blvd. Leave message 818-609-8230. *huh??*

Vocalist with killer image, attitude and 5yrs steady stage exp. seeks to join/form raw HR/HM Band. Looking for young, skinny, long-hair bad-ass boys into Skid Row/Metallica/Crue/Pantera who are solid performers. Hey, I refuse to play with another show off, super-musician fuck who thinks he's the whole band - Don't use me as your excuse for not going anywhere the rest of your life! Dedicated to practice, promote, and party together. Hollywood/No. Hollywood area. Sean 818-985-0460.

Guitar player available: into link Wray, Mick Ronson and Elvis. No long hair please. Call (310) 822-5465. *fuck that*

Rebel Rebel seeks star drummer into old Kiss, old Crue, Pistols, Plasmatics, and S.S. Sputnik. Must be thin, have attitude and dedication, transportation and equipment. No Kiss-asses. Call Jet or Teddy (714) 875-9521 or 7510 Sunset Blvd. #174, Hollywood, CA 90046. *not even a tongue?*

Heavy rock band, ready to work, seeks bass player with blk. or blond. hair to finish our line-up. We have new album ready for release, good music, songs and look. Call Windsor (213) 227-6783 or Randy (818) 842-3448. *what? whose would THE y be w/o makeUp?*

Bassist wanted: 17-21 yr. old bassist wanted to form commercial HR band. Infil: Poison, Warrant, Tuff. No make-up, drugs, or attitudes. Must have image, equip., and motivation to make it. Call Chris anytime! (818) 566-7332.

Drummer seeks tight lifetime brotherhood band w/ a pro, captivating, young, gorgeous frontman w/ hair and kill vocals. I have 2 yr. touring experience, 2 CD / 1 demo experience. 21 yrs. old. Hungry, dedicated, and blonde. Ala Skids, GNR, Poison, Ozzy, and the early Crue vibes. Let's cause some damage! Call Jason (213) 882-6771.

Drummer wanted: Groovy, young, talented (17-23) to hook up for a classic rock with a street-edge thing. Into Stones, old GNR, old AC/DC, general all late 60's to mid 70's. No flakes. Set your priorities, man. Call Gus or Ricki (818) 344-1004. *hah!*

Glam Guitarist, long, strait, black hair, skinny, seeks totally image-conscious, killer band with killer groove. Infil: old Crue, Bang Tango, P.B.F. George 818-332-2182.

Ld. Guitar wanted for 4 piece RnR band. Must look like Joe Perry 1976, Keith Richards 1972, Ron Wood 1975, Andy McCoy 1984. Our influences: Stones 1969-1975, Aerosmith 1973-1979, Dogs D'Amour, Hanoi Rocks, yours should be too. You play, look, and live this or you don't. Be together and dedicated, no clueless holly-glam-rockers. Call Frank (213) 465-5259, Kirsten (310) 657-9401 or Marcel (213) 464-3263. *oh, too bad. I look like Keith looks TODAY!*

Guitarist available- Seeks pro musicians only for serious, demo-minded band. Influences: Queensryche, Megadeth, Skid Row, Leatherwolf. No freaks, phonies, or fuck-ups. Frank (818) 762-4223. *↳ up yours...*

Guitarist available - 24 years old, just moved from NYC. Into every thing from Muddy Waters to Slayer. Has gear and years of experience. Powerful, loud, aggressive - nothing technical. No hair spray, lipstick fags. 213-463-2887. *↳ SUCK me...*

Bassist/drummer trash, sleaze, gypsy, gutter, scum team from Detroit available to join/form heavy R'n'R band. Cool make-up, motorcycle, bondage, junky look. Infil: Danzig, Ramones, Seduce, Pussycat, Sabbath, old Crue, Shotgun Messiah. Pros only. (213) 851-1614. Photos required, photos available. *↳ I'm a pro @ trash, sleaze, bondage*

Motley Crue "Uncensored" - watching dreamers, go hang yourself!! We have great songs, talent, mgmt, image, ambition and conn! You need: talent, black strait-hair image, Les Paul self motivation! Only you know if you want it. Like Daddy said "You got to work for it!" No shredding diarrhea, please, no egos or lazy un-motivated, free ride-wanting liars. 818-545-1232. *↳ hmmm!*

Drummer and Bassist wanted to finish Power Pop Punk band. Influences: Ramones, Social Distortion, Goo Goo Dolls, Green Day, Nirvana. No egos or flakes needed. Call or leave message for Marty. (213) 876-1691. *↳ Oh yeah?*

Pro Bassist: 27, good image, rippin', tappin', slappin' style. Infil: Thin Lizzy, Nazareth, Chili Peppers, GNR. Seeks an established professional rock band only. No speed metal, trash, or dreamers please. 310-635-1234. *thank god!*

God, another week of lame want Ads! Dude



Drummer/bass player needed, must be drunk and dirty. If not drunk - piss off! Infil: Minor Threat, Lords of the New Church, Exploited, the Anti-nowhere League, shit like that. Call 213-962-3844. *right on, brother!*

Abrupt Lane Edge . . .

is the work of underground criminals who escaped from Soviet Gulags in the 1970's. Having been locked away as psychopaths, sociopaths, and child-molesting homosexual ministers (but in actuality are true visionaries of a better world to come), we're devoting our work to the cause of free communication everywhere and dedicated to the message "no one should feel they are alone" - we especially believe this because we're very paranoid. We encourage you to write to us - at least you should do it for the children, who are extremely disappointed when the mail box is not plum full of letters, postcards and other weird shit (no white guilt shit, PLEASE!!!). There are no rules - just chaos and darn snappy graphic design 'cuz we run a TIGHT ship . . . none of this LOOSE ship business with seamen coming out of all the portals!!! And on these ships - GUNS - ALL KINDS - ESPECIALLY AK-47'S - THE BEST DAMN ASSULT RIFLE THERE IS. In America, it's our constitutional right to arm ourselves for the coming armegeddon, even tho those pesky Republicans are gone now, they'll be back if you don't keep your eyes peeled -A.B.L.

Abrupt Lane Edge

c/o Wilde

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