

#2

25¢

IT'S PAYBACK TIME, FUCKER.

IT'S PAYBACK TIME

FUCK
ME?

NO, FUCK

YOU!

EST. 1992 S.D.

IT'S PAYBACK TIME, FUCKER.

INTRODUCTIONS SUCK. Probably a lot of people will be pissed at me because this issue is not as great as I wanted it to be or promoted it as being. But, Fuck YOU! The reason why it's not as cool and big as I wanted it to be is that NOBODY FUCKING CONTRIBUTED. Well, that's not true but it seems like it. Actually a hand full of people really helped a lot. Especially in the area of encouragement. Most people that I've talked to have been pretty positive about the whole thing and that's cool. So, if you're one of the people who bought #1 and this too, thanks, it's that kind of response that keeps me interested.

A special hearty Fuck you to M.R.R. Fuck you, you're not getting your greedy, pompous fingers on this one. No offense, heh. Thanks to Justin P., Wahoo Skin, Bruce, Suzy Sunshine, The Store that Cannot Be Named, The Ché Cafe and, Karen, and Chuck. Thanks for nothin' to all the people who claimed they were going to help and didn't. So get off your ass. And a special thanks to Chris, without your help, this wouldn't even be possible.

Classifieds..... 2¢ yes, two cents for fifty words, limit one ad per person per issue
Quarter page.....trade or 2 buckeroos
Half page.....trade or 3.50
Full page.....trade or 7 bucks
Please keep in mind that I don't want to make money offa dis so, if you can, trade me space alright.



Wouldn't it save us a lot of work if they just killed each other?

I also forgot to say in the intro that you need to include a 29¢ stamp for postage if you want this through the mail. If you want it mailed in a large manila envelope so that the cover doesn't show, I'll need 2 stamps. Free issues for trade or contribution.

HELP!

I need contributors! I had a couple of people send in suggestions and stuff like that and, that's really cool but, I need art especially and, cool short stories, personal experiences, other zines, and also letter bombs, fuck just anything cool really.

I ALSO NEED HELP PRINTING THIS THING!!

I'm hoping to make this thing free next issue because, it's not worth a quarter really, it just gives me a place to vent my frustrations and, keeps me out of jail.

SOME WEAK PERSONAL NEWS....

A lot has changed for me since last issue. I've started back to school and that saps my energy, so does working a 40 a week job and, trying to help out at the Che Cafe. I'm pretty much a walking shell of a Freud. It bites pretty hard and, I hope that that explains the long wait (about 2½ months) between issues. But, really it's no excuse, I'm just lazy.

I've also had a change in apartments. The place that I'm moving to is an all vegan and, vegetarian pad. It's pretty cool and, I think I'll be a lot happier and less stifled too.

Hey, It's a

FUCK ME? NO, FUCK YOU! QUIZ

1. Based on what you've read so far about our editor, it's safe to assume that:

- (A) he apparently was not going to get married
- (B) he is probably a homosexual
- (C) his sense of self-importance interfered with his completing his work
- (D) men did not like him although women were initially very attracted to him

2. We can tell Pete Wilson is a

- (A) neurotic
- (B) narcissistic personality
- (C) achievement disorder
- (D) paranoid personality

4. A Quote from Bush after being reminded of how many people that his policies put out on the street:

- (A) It's my fault I lost my job. I'm no good at anything.
- (B) The economy is bad, the company is going under, and my job is being eliminated as a result.
- (C) Good

3. reason why cops are as big of assholes as they are:

- (A) a personality disorder
- (B) electroconvulsive shock
- (C) establish a fear hierarchy
- (D) the drugs often produce quite

serious side effects

(D) modernize American mental institutions!

5. Tipper Gore (of the P.M.R.C.)

- (A) is a transvestite
- (B) suffers from severe bouts of anxiety and depression
- (C) hallucinates frequently
- (D) continuously neglects her children so they are often not fed or adequately clothed

6. the person that you can blame for all the stupid shit in this zine:

- (A) Rogers
- (B) Kraepelin
- (C) Wundt
- (D) Freud

Anybody that answers all of these questions correctly will receive a years worth of issues! send in your answers to the address on the back of this zine.

Freud rants on ->

My nose burns and I feel like I've got some sort of a cold. Despite my desperate pleas, the weather keeps on getting worse. Aww, poor little Freud. Fuck off, OK? The reason why I bring this up is that maybe it's got something to do with a conversation I had last night tired and abused after 9 hours of driving, outside a laundrymat with a friend.

He is a good person. He does good deeds for me and many other people alike. He has always done everything within his power to help me even if it would hurt himself.

I never would have met this guy if it wasn't for my roommates. They aren't punks at all. One is an admitted metalhead/ jock and the other is just a very normal girl but I thank them for a lot even though our differences are beginning to get larger as time goes by but, I owe them a great debt for introducing me to a good person.

He's taught me some really valuable lessons, this good person. Told me a way to ease the frustration of being ordered around by fuckheads: W.E.T.S.U. We Eat This Shit Up. Not really too original but, he's right, the best way to piss off DICKtators is to show them that there's nothing they can do to fuck with you that you can't handle. He's not stupid, he does think as best as he can within the constraints he's been forced into by society.

But, he uses words that hurt, BITCH, HOAR, NIGGER, GOOK, TOWELHEADS, FUDGEPACKERS, FAGS, DYKE like Californians say helluv and rad. One of these words applies to me. It's a part of me I can not change even if I wanted to. I've asked him not to say those things around me cuz they hurt me in a way he can't understand. But, it's not enough.

I guess I've got it pretty easy cuz I look like Joe Straight, White, Male. Once again I thank this good person for showing this to me. He asked me how my weekend went, I told him about the Blatz reunion show and how Anna and Jesse were nude throughout part of the set, he asked if I grabbed a "handfull of muff". I tried to explain why I didn't but I don't think he understood. The fact is that I would have hated to be her if he was at that show. Why, why should she have to worry about that? Why should it be so easy for me to just nod my head and walk away?

Fuck that, no way, I don't give a fuck anymore. I don't feel I have the right to take it, it's too easy. He's a good guy, right? He'd do anything for me because I kind of look like him. But, no thanks. Keep your goodness for yourself, you need it more than me.

STORM

OH SHIT! IT'S

(If you think I'm sucking up to you, you're wrong. This guy has done more for me than most people who claim to be like minded to me, probably yourself included so, FUK YOU!)

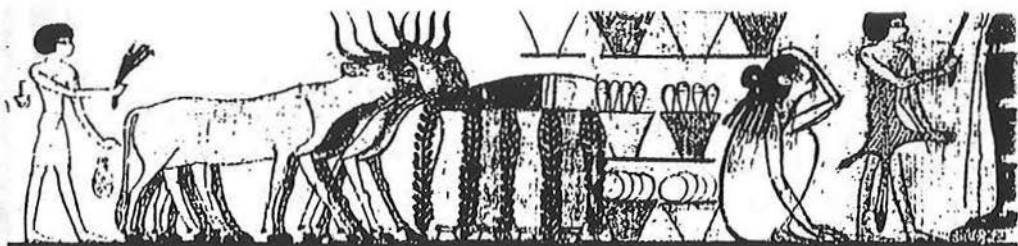
BLATZ AGAIN

I DON'T CARE



Reunion.fun.Joy





GOPHER GAS →

Wow! POISON GAS! And, you can buy it over the counter for like 4 bucks for 5 sticks! Fuck, what a deal. The best thing is that it looks a lot like dynamite. It comes in stick form and, the paper wrapper can be easily removed. Designed for killing gophers but, I'm sure we can think of much better uses: Tossing in the windows of agro, malicious jocks that shout "Hey baby" at you at stoplights, AT cops clurring riots, into churches where Klay meetings are being held, ect. So, have fun but remember, it is POISON, you could kill someone. I got mine at Savon Drugs!

STICKER TAGS →

These provide endless hours of fun. These stickers merely consist of a mailing label and marking pen. One of my favorites is the "For a good mindfuck call _____". I also enjoy creating a fake organization and tagging it's name. "San Diego Crowbar Punks" consists of me, me, and me. But, because of something like 200 tags all over town, I've actually heard people talk about them. Saps.



Alright, now I'm pissed. Let me ask you, ever been burned by a cigarette when you're dancing? Me too, it sucks. Besides, it's usually wielded by somebody who you wouldn't like in the first place so, to all of you stupid saps, this next ones for you....

Tobacco Tea →

Nicotine is a really powerfull poison. That's what gives people the rush of smok in'. Ya hoo! Drugs. Most people think that smoking kills but, trust me, nicotine tea kills quicker. Painfully too. It causes people to have really nasty heart attacks.

The easiest way to do it is to take some Bugler rolling tobacco and chop it very finely then, mix it in with coffee grounds at about a 1 to 4 ratio. That's one part Bugler. Then, in the morning, the victim comes down stairs and dilvers themself coffee with a real kick. They'll probably die. So, just expect it. Either way, not a very nice thing to do to somebody.

But, "Fuck" you say, "my intended victim dosent (sin) drink coffee!" No problem. Just soak some, (that means a couple of good pinches) of the Bugler in like 4 ounces of water for a few days. Then you've got your own portable poison. Rember to have a bit of sense in your head and, remove the tobacco before using. you'll have this nasty brown liquid left and, that's what you want. So, dump it in some Coke or Pepsi, the'll never know.

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BUMPER STICKERS!

This is an extension on the super-glue section in last issue but, even if you don't have it, basically, just glue them over Easy Does It or Clergy stickers or, the only place a woman belongs.... stickers. The list is endless. These are only two suggestions but, you can make more, please do. Photocopy these and give them to your friends. Remember too to fuck up the other sticker underneath with a good marks-a-lot or something so, even if they do get it off, the sticker underneath is still unuseable.

ESTRELLA'S PROPHECIES



YOU HAVE A DESTRUCTIVE NATURE

One of these days you'll go to a party and the course of your life will be altered. You will meet some one here who will have a great influence on your future actions. Your past life may have been very unhappy, but you are about to reach a point where this unhappiness will be a thing of the past. You have a destructive nature, quick to criticize and destroy, but you usually regret these actions. You have a restless nature, but I can foresee a trip in the future, which will make you very happy.

Drop another Coin in slot and I will tell more

Your Lucky Number—514—15, 16, 17, 18

Every time I drop a quarter in this one particular fortune machine thingy, it spews out this same fortune. I think there might be something to it.

**INCEST, THE GAME THE
WHOLE FAMILY CAN PLAY**



SODOMY



FOR JESUS



FUN WITH ETHELENE GLYCOL

Yes, boys and girls, what fun it is. I love it. Hey, what could be better, an incredibly lethal poison that tastes sweet and doesn't smell bad? Freud, this shit must be hard to get right? No, easy as a trip to your local friendly auto parts store. Yes, that's right, it's Antifreeze!

Maybe you've got some in your garage. Maybe you're poor like me and can't afford to buy it and, being punk don't have a garage. Well hey, open your next door neighbor's hood and take what you will! It's in the radiator. If you do that though, it won't be as concentrated and may not work. But, who cares, you're a rebel (yeah, right) you live on the edge (of being kicked out of your house), you can do anything and not get caught!

This shit works but, usually only in mass quantities. Like a 1 to 1 mixture. Back when I lived in the South, I heard about this woman who was living with some typical abusive hick. He had put her in the hospital several times

and was mentally cruel too. Heh, it gets better. One time (the last time) he put her in the hospital was bad. Her friends could see it, so could her family but everyone was afraid of him. Even if she got a divorce, he'd probably still harass her. So, she decided it was time for him to die. She tracked down a copy of the Poor Man's James Bond and, in it, was

the suggestion to put it in some Mountain Dew! Yes, that's it! and, she did. Ha! The Sap o' the Year died still caressing the empty 2-liter. Score one qirrrls. But, she got caught. She's now in Prison so, um... maybe you shouldn't be quite as obvious as her but um... good luck. It does look exactly like flat Mountain Dew too.

TOILET PAPER? →

Why use it? There's a much better use for your excess shit. Instead of grabbing that soft and fluffy stuff, grab some notebook paper and wipe away. Wait, don't throw it away, use it dammit! Make a "Shit list" of everybody you hate then mail 'em a peice of your mind. Show them just how you feel, why mine is far flung enough to include Jesse Helms, Phyllis Schaffley, and Tipper Gore! Get creative and for a 29¢ stamp you can make one hell of an impression.



I know that there is a certain portion of the people that read last issue that felt pretty left out by all this talk about being descriminated against and, being poor and punk. I feel bad about it, I try to please everybody (wink,wink). So, this issue has something for you, my uninvited guests. If yer a punk, just stop reading because its.....

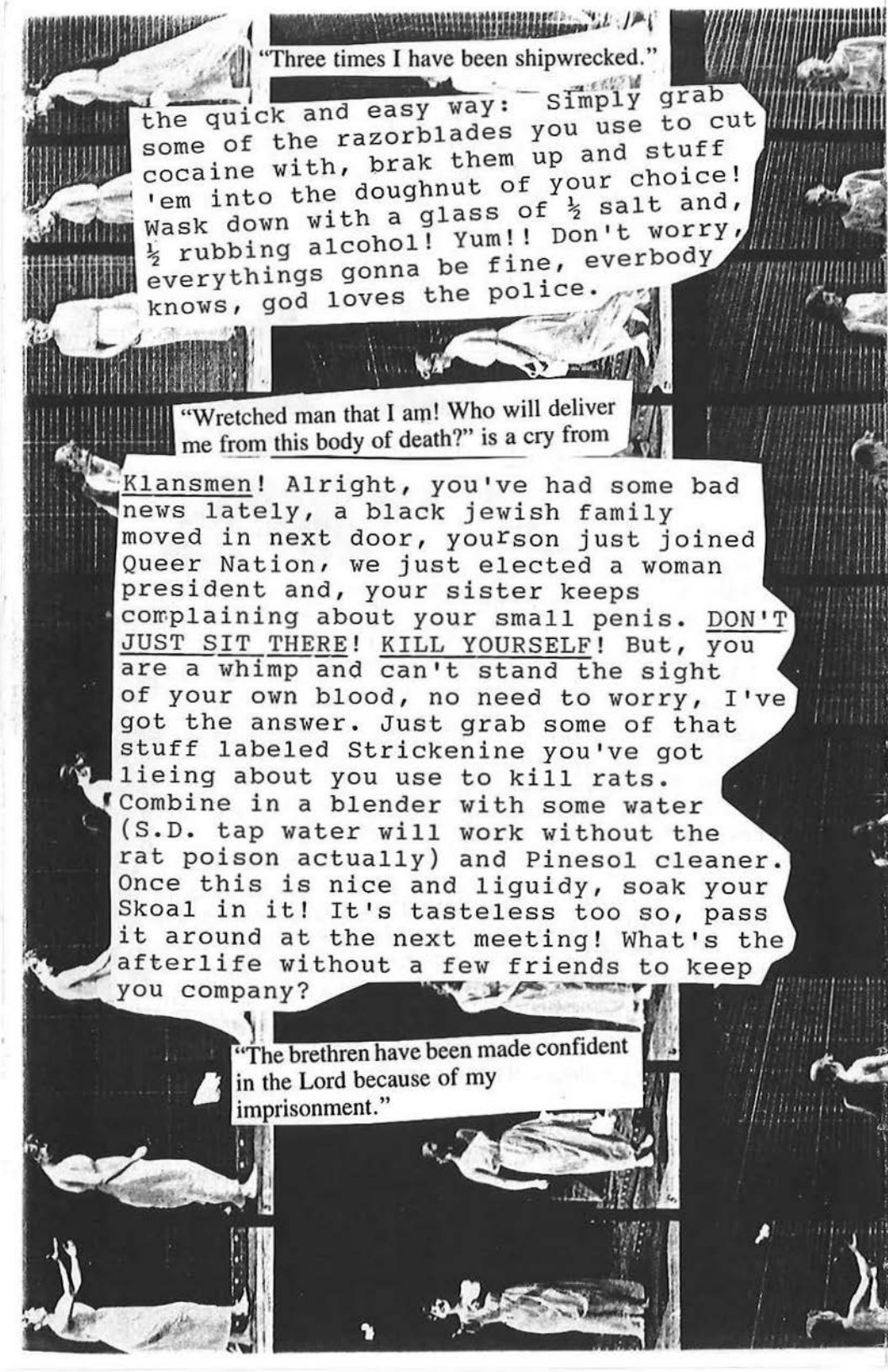
"There are varieties of gifts but the same Spirit."

SUICIDE TIPS FOR YUPPIES, COPS, AND KLANSMEN!

Yuppies! Boy, are you depressed, your stocks just plumbited 20 points, your showroom trophy spouse just threatned a messy divorce, your Bemer's got a flat and, somebodies pissed in yer Wheaties. Don't just sit there! KILL YOURSELF!! Do it the quick, easy and painless way! Here's what you do, go over to that broken down sportster of yours and pop the hood. Now, see that rectangular thing that says "battery" on it? Yes, that's it. Take it out and flip the cap off, lovely. Pour some of that funny looking liquid off and save it for later. Now, go to your fridge and grab some of that Perrier that you have lieing around. Combine in a glass and stir gingerly. Ahhh...pure refreshment!

"I through the law died to the law."

Cops! So, you're getting sued for excess brutality, your spouse can take those strange "Oink,Oink!" noises you make durring sex, there are no hookers around for you to rape and, your kid's too big for you to beat anymore. DON'T JUST SIT THERE! KILL YOURSELF! And here's how



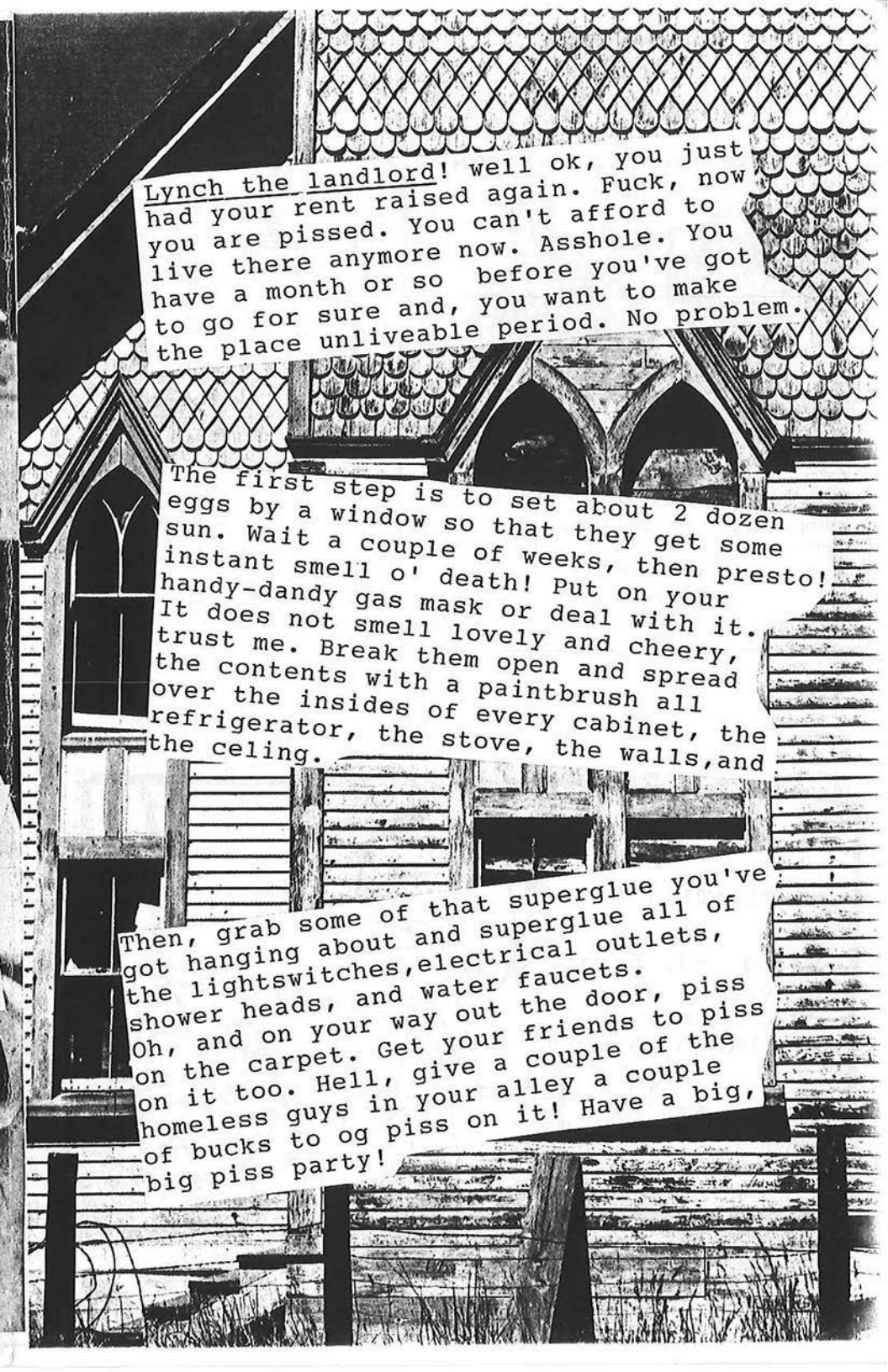
"Three times I have been shipwrecked."

the quick and easy way: Simply grab some of the razorblades you use to cut cocaine with, brak them up and stuff 'em into the doughnut of your choice! Wask down with a glass of $\frac{1}{2}$ salt and, $\frac{1}{2}$ rubbing alcohol! Yum!! Don't worry, everythings gonna be fine, everbody knows, god loves the police.

"Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?" is a cry from

Klansmen! Alright, you've had some bad news lately, a black jewish family moved in next door, yourson just joined Queer Nation, we just elected a woman president and, your sister keeps complaining about your small penis. DON'T JUST SIT THERE! KILL YOURSELF! But, you are a whim and can't stand the sight of your own blood, no need to worry, I've got the answer. Just grab some of that stuff labeled Strickenine you've got lieing about you use to kill rats. Combine in a blender with some water (S.D. tap water will work without the rat poison actually) and Pinesol cleaner. Once this is nice and liquidy, soak your Skoal in it! It's tasteless too so, pass it around at the next meeting! What's the afterlife without a few friends to keep you company?

"The brethren have been made confident in the Lord because of my imprisonment."



Lynch the landlord! well ok, you just had your rent raised again. Fuck, now you are pissed. You can't afford to live there anymore now. Asshole. You have a month or so before you've got to go for sure and, you want to make the place unliveable period. No problem.

The first step is to set about 2 dozen eggs by a window so that they get some sun. Wait a couple of weeks, then presto! instant smell o' death! Put on your handy-dandy gas mask or deal with it. It does not smell lovely and cheery, trust me. Break them open and spread the contents with a paintbrush all over the insides of every cabinet, the refrigerator, the stove, the walls, and the ceiling.

Then, grab some of that superglue you've got hanging about and superglue all of the lightswitches, electrical outlets, shower heads, and water faucets. Oh, and on your way out the door, piss on the carpet. Get your friends to piss on it too. Hell, give a couple of the homeless guys in your alley a couple of bucks to og piss on it! Have a big, big piss party!

VOTE

-REGISTER TO VOTE-

IT IS OUR ONLY LEGAL WEAPON

But we've got others too!



If you do not take the trouble to vote for the candidate you find least offensive, you run the risk of helping to elect the candidate you find most offensive. Vote for those with wisdom and foresight. We need a conversion economy for post-cold war reality. To disintegrate education is social suicide. Voting is a right, but to vote with intelligence a duty.

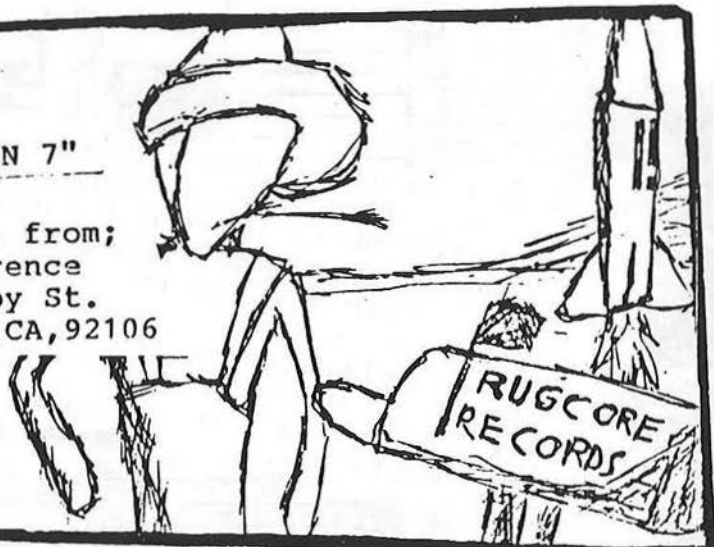
In a recent murder case, a man was found shot to death in a room under circumstances which made it appear that he was shot through an open window. The science of ballistics would be most helpful in establishing (A) the approximate time at which the shot was fired by Freud (B) whether the window had been forced open from the outside (C) psychic phenomena in the cerebral cortex (D) the caliber and special characteristics of the murder weapon

RUGCORE

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the abyss
katie
loplop



Penpals! →

As I should have expected, not many people sent these in. But, **THEY'RE FREE!** So, if you like cool shit in the mail, send one in. What have you got to loose except complacency?

Karen Scanlan
R.R. 1 Box 36
Glen arm, IL 62536-9704
I'm looking for punk's, freaks, bisexuals, ect. to write to, so if you're not completely normal, write me, I'm to:
Jean-Paul Sartre, Tom Robbins, Ramones, LT, Dead Kennedys, Pickies, Velvet Underground, bass, writing, moshing, and fucking up conformists

Soo Lee
739 Haight St., # 104
San Francisco, CA
94117

Bad Religion, Marginal Man, Snuff, 7 Seconds, Circle Jerks, All, Fuel, Newtown Neurotics, X Ray Spex, Stiff Little Fingers, Moving Targets, GBH, Holy Rollers, Operation Ivy, Youth Brigade

Yeahst poetry, skatebard (I try), reading, exercising, red stuff, blue stuff, meeting nice people, ink art, flowers, flowerstuff, Boohst Nazi skins, usual stupidity, mean people, alcohol + other shit. Open to anything and everyone. Will write back. Not looking for love just friends and pals. No stereotypes, please!

Violent reaction



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