

NOW I TWIST YOUR NIPPLES
WITH A PAIR OF
SPAGHETTI TONGS #3



NOT SOON, NOT LATER, BUT NOW!

The zany new game that's sweeping the land. Here's how to play...

First, you will need: a)



a pair of spaghetti tongs (you may substitute pliers, but that's not as scintillating)

and b)



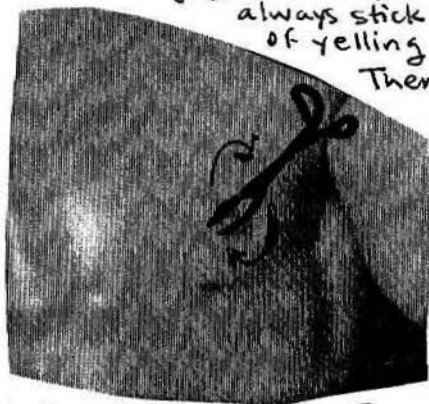
an unwitting victim

you must then chase them around like so:



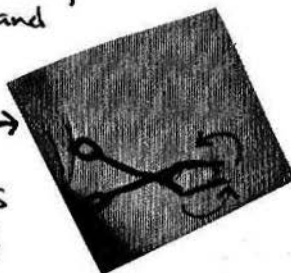
it helps to swell to a height of 15 feet when pursuing your victim. always make sure to rear up just before you pounce! your arms should always stick straight out, but a liberal amount of yelling is encouraged.

Then, clasp nipple firmly between tongs and twist



← TO and FRO →

See, that was both fun and easy!



SHIRTLESS BOYS ARE ALWAYS TARGET #1 FOR THIS GAME (THEY'RE BEGGING FOR IT). And remember, begin by saying: "I CAN SEE YOUR NEE-PLUH."

FAIR GAME OPEN SEASON



Description: This beast is found in the plain, white, male genre. Porcine, flat face, with floppy thinning top hair. Bland, vaguely unappealing physical appearance, insidious demeanor and a cacophonous verbalization.

Habitat: Mostly found in N. Oregon though there have been sightings around the nation (where ever Rush fans gather to spread their poison). Usually surrounded by ageing white fascists clad in modest middle class suits. This creature is very deliberate about its public appearances and therefore must be tracked down or flushed out with utmost patience and caution.

Calls: "NO SPECIAL RIGHTS" is a favorite of this specimen but also heard "FAMILY RIGHTS NOW! GAY RIGHTS NEVER!" To ensure verification of identity listen for this agenda between the lines "GOD LOVES ALL HIS CHILDREN; except for ~~queers~~, communists, welfare recipients, environmentalists, and people of color who live in my neighborhood."

Recommended Weaponry: Big gun. Any assuredly lethal weapon. This is one dangerous varmint.

TRY PLAYING THIS
FUN GAME WITH
LON MABON.

↑
(A FRIEND
GAVE ME
THIS FLYER)

HELLO THERE, MY FINE-FEATHERED
PALS! WELCOME TO ISSUE #3 WHERE
ONCE AGAIN I THREW OUT MELANCHOLY
INTROSPECTION IN FAVOUR OF CONFUSING
HUMOUR AND MORBID AUTOBIOGRAPHY!
HOPE YOU LIKE IT!
I ALMOST FEAR THAT
I, YOUR FAVOURITE
LITTLE SPRITE, BECAME
TOO FREAKY THIS TIME,
BUT #4 HAS A THEME, SO MAYBE IT WILL
MAKE UP FOR THIS THROUGH SHEER GENIUS.
A FEW THINGS... I'D LIKE TO SAY BYE
TO KARIN - SHE'S GOING TO RUSSIA FOR SIX
MONTHS! I'LL MISS YOUR COMPANY! ALSO,
BUY THE FAIRIES 7" FROM OUTPUNK! THERE'S
TWELVE SONGS ON IT & IT'S THREE BUCKS
PPD. PLUS, WE ♥ MATT!



←dad—
looking
swell!

WITCHCRAFT

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Olympia, WA 98501
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PAGANISM

more business hoo-ha...

WHOA, NELLY! THIS WAS A HARD LITTLE BUGGER TO FINISH! LUCKILY, HOWEVER, #4 "NOW I DON THE MASQUE OF MELANCHOLY" MAY BE ORDERED - IT HAS A GOTH THEME TO IT, QUITE GHOULISH REALLY, AND IF YOU'RE FEELING PARTICULARLY ADVENTUROUS, YOU CAN TRY TO ORDER #5, TENTATIVELY TITLED "NOW I MAN THE MIZZENMAST", ALTHOUGH THAT ONE MIGHT TAKE A WHILE TO FINISH. ZINES ARE \$1 POSTPAID. CHEEP. YOU CAN ALSO GET: "AND NOW I DEVOUR YOU (yum yum)" #1 AND "NOW I SWALLOW YOUR PANTS" #2.

ALL THAT SHIT IS AVAILABLE FROM ME BY WRITING MY EVER-CHANGING ADDRESS:

JOSHUA H. PLOEG
1115 CENTRAL ST. NE
OLYMPIA, WA 98506

YOU CAN ALSO GET ANNOYING KISS ME KILL ME TAPES FOR TWO BUCKS. AND MUKILTEO FAIRIES LYRIC BOOKLETS FOR TWO STAMPS (THIRTY SONGS THAT ARE/WILL BE ON DIFFERENT THINGS).

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HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING THAT MANY MAY
CONSIDER: A) ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF BEING
A ZINE EDITOR AND B) A GOOD REASON TO GET
A P.O. BOX. BUT I SAY, THERE'S NOTHING
MORE FUN THAN GETTING 'WEIRD' LETTERS!
AND BOY OH BOY, I GET A LOT OF THEM!
THE "UNDERWEAR LADY" SERIES IS MY
PERSONAL FAVOURITE, SO HERE IT IS:

Joshua,

He exclaimed is 12 stamps for your zine "and now... I love
you (yum yum) #1.

I read the review in MRR #119 and I was hoping to
become a regular reader and contributor to your zine!

I'm working on a survey sheet about underwear,
I love underwear and started collecting pictures from magazines,
newspapers and catalogs that show guys in their underwear.
I'm looking for video clips from movies that show scenes of
guys in their underwear as well. The survey will hopefully
help me to understand how guys use their underwear, why
they wear the brand they do, and so forth.

I've found about forty different brands of underwear
for men - and through my curiosity I'm hoping to get at least
one pair of each brand.

would you be interested in printing the survey in
a future issue of your zine? Let me know!

Later

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
NASHUA, NH ~~XXXXXX~~



SURE, I'LL PRINT THE SURVEY! IT'S PRETTY OLD BUT I'M SURE IF ANY OF YOU LOYAL READERS FILL THIS OUT + SEND IT, SHE'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY! ①

UNDERWEAR SURVEY/QUESTIONNAIRE SHEET

- 01) First Name: _____ 02) Age: _____ 03) Height: _____
 04) Weight: _____ 05) Are you circumcised: Yes _____ No _____
 06) Penis length (soft): _____ (hard) _____ 07) Penis is: Thin _____ Fat _____
- (circle the one that best fits your situation)
- 08) Type underwear: a) Briefs b) Bikini c) Boxer d) Other _____
 09) Color underwear: a) White b) Colored c) Other _____
 10) Underwear fit: a) Really tight b) Snug fit c) Just right d) Loose fit
 11) Sleeping: a) Underwear only b) Underwear w/pajamas c) Pajamas only
 d) Underwear w/nightshirt e) Nightshirt only f) nothing
 12) Buying: a) I buy my own b) Someone else buys them
 13) In the House: a) I wear only briefs when nobody else is around
 b) I wear only briefs when just family members are around
 c) I wear only briefs regardless of who is around
 d) I never let anyone see me in just my underwear
 14) When do you throw your briefs away? a) when holes/tears first appear
 b) when holes/tears become too large c) when elastic leg bands give out
 d) they lose their comfort/support e) become too small for me to wear
 f) only when I really, really have to
 15) When taking a pee I always? a) use the fly b) use the left leg opening
 c) use the right leg opening d) use one or the other leg openings
 e) pull the waist band down f) use whatever way is easiest at the time
 g) Other (specify) _____
 16) How do you prefer your penis? a) hanging to the left
 b) hanging to the right c) hanging down in the center
 d) going up towards the waist band e) It doesn't matter which way it hangs
 17) Do you wear underwear so that others can easily see them? Yes _____ No _____
 18) Do you intentionally wear your underwear inside out? Yes _____ No _____
 19) How many pairs of underwear to you own? _____
 20) How often do you buy new underwear? During sales _____ When needed _____
 21) How long will you wear the same pair of underwear? _____ day(s)
 22) Are the underwear in your drawer folded? Yes _____ No _____
 23) Are your underwear personalized in any way? Yes _____ No _____
 If yes - indicate how they are personalized _____
 If yes - indicate why they are personalized _____

Indicate the following below: "O" = own "T" = tried "S" = have seen
 Then circle the brand that you wear the most

| | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| ARROW _____ | BILL BLASS _____ | BRUT 33 _____ | BRIGADE _____ |
| RVD _____ | BOTANY 500 _____ | CARTERS _____ | COMPASS _____ |
| CARL MICHAELS _____ | CAMBRIDGE CLASSIC _____ | CALVIN KLEIN _____ | CLAYBROOKE _____ |
| CHRISTIAN DIOR _____ | CREDENTIALS _____ | DON DOUGLAS _____ | EXCHANGE _____ |
| FIRENZE _____ | FRUIT OF THE LOOM _____ | GENERATION 2 _____ | HANES _____ |
| JC PENNEY _____ | JOCKEY _____ | JOHN HENRY _____ | JOHN WEITZ _____ |
| K-MART _____ | LEE _____ | MUNSINGWEAR _____ | OSH-KOSH _____ |
| OAKTON LTD _____ | REED ST. JAMES _____ | PATH MARK _____ | SAVILLE ROW _____ |
| SEARS _____ | SLAMMER USA _____ | STEEDMAN _____ | STAFFORD _____ |
| TKO _____ | TOWNCRAFT _____ | WAFOS _____ | WENTWORTH _____ |
| 2XIST _____ | OTHERS (specify) _____ | | |

Indicate what size underwear you wear. 6-8 _____ 8-10 _____ 10-12 _____
 12-14 _____ 14-16 _____ 16-18 _____ 18-20 _____ 20-22 _____ 22-24 _____ 24-26 _____
 26-28 _____ 28-30 _____ 30-32 _____ 32-34 _____ 34-36 _____ 36-38 _____ 38-40 _____

Please add additional comments on the back side of this sheet

If you are willing to donate a pair of your underwear for my research, please send a worn, used pair along with this completed survey to the address below

Mail to: Brief Survey, 5 Silver Drive #10, Nashua, NH 03060-5661

FEEL FREE TO DONATE A FEW
EXTRA BUCKS TO ME IF YOU'D
LIKE TO HELP ME GET A NEW P.O. BOX!

Joshua Ploeg, 600 SE 13th #1, Olympia, WA 98501

4/5/93

Hey there! Thanks for sending your zine "AND NOW...I DEVOUR YOU" so quickly! I really enjoyed reading your zine, it had a nice homey appeal to it. Keep up the good work - and where did you get those pictures, and when do we get to see your picture?

Enclosed you'll find my Underwear Survey Sheet for your issue #3! I've also enclosed a copy for you to fill out and return! I hope you wear underwear and if you do, I hope you wear briefs. I'm anxious to hear what brand you wear and what size underwear you wear! What would I have to do to get a pair?

Well, I found a lot of the stories in your zine to be very interesting. The head over heels piece was something new for me, have you actually tried this method? The Top Ten Reasons Why You Must Be Spanked was very funny (even showed a glimpse of underwear - Hurray!). The story titled "HELL IS A DAIRY FARM" was educational, sick, funny and sad, I loved it. Please save me a copy of issue #2, I don't have the stamps right now, but I definitely want a copy.

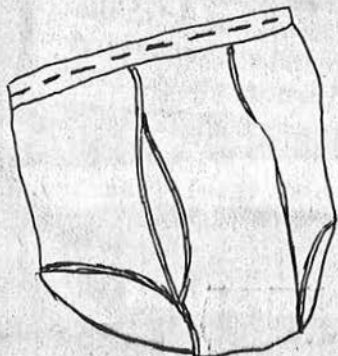
I like writing stories, especially sexual/fantasy stories, if you let me know what you kind of story will excite you, I'll do my best to write one to take you to a climax. I can even write one that involves two guys if that is what you like!

Hope to hear from you soon, I'll keep in touch if you keep touching me, deal - deal! Please, if you see any pictures, ads, or video clips that show underwear....SEND MY WAY! But please be discreet.

Later,

D.

5 Silver Drive, Apt-10
Nashua, NH 03060-5661



← fun illustration
w/ bulge, too!

This sentence
is pretty much
a classic!

I ALSO GOT ASKED TO JOIN A "MASTURBATION
SOCIETY" (!?), AND PEOPLE KEEP THREATENING
TO SEND THEIR POETRY... THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

be will
to defend
yourself...

i kill u.

be
happier!
☺

recently wendy lent me a book by
d ebbie leung, a founder of f.i.s.t.
i found it to be a great assistance
to my well being...

it helps me to be more confident in
my perceptions of threatening situations

to be less intimidated by larger attackers

to feel safer in knowing that it is worth it
to defend myself and to make me feel less
panicked at night alone

to know that i can kickpunchkneefuckinbite
any man in the groin kneethroat eye nose and
scrotum "YAAAAARRRGHHH!!!" in any combination
at the drop of a hat

i have mace and steel-toes too.

also use witchpower

i have never had this kind of comfort before

i may not be able to get ~~out~~ out of everything
but at least i can try...
being able to defend yourself is also
every sexy

some queers seem to think that being on roseanne or having our own dating game will make us feel better about ourselves...wrong! whatthen, you may ask, will give us more of a sense of belonging? well, for starters, none of this annoying copying of straight culture, pshaw that!...things that can make one feel better... putting care into mundane things, like shopping for, gathering and preparing food, chatting over tea, playing an instrument in private, finding out more about your friends by listening to them and asking questions, going for a nice walk, sitting in the sun with a nice book, working on conversational skills, testing out how good you are at detecting how people act towards you and figuring out why, enjoying a nice treat, meeting new people and having a nice perhaps nonsexual exchange with them even if you may or

may not see them again, enjoying the place you're in and if you can't, try going somewhere else... joshua does not want roseanne or dating game even straight or queer either to do these things maybe you don't either maybe your life is fulfilling and you just don't absorb it twice or care you can write me and do these things with me 'cos i think you're right and maybe we can build a fucking community...

CONCENTRATION GAME. NO EASY ANSWERS

Real community needed

Perhaps the most common theme throughout the evening discussion was that Gay men are longing for a sense of community with other Gay men, a sense of intimacy and support that does not presently exist for them.

They told stories of incidents in which they made themselves vulnerable to other Gay men only to find themselves the object of ridicule of "bitchy queens" or ignored by sex partners of the previous night. The willingness to engage in great risks to achieve physical intimacy with other Gay men is, in part, a compensation for the sense of isolation and alienation from each other that many Gay men feel.

"We're not comfortable to be together," said one speaker. "We grow up in a heterosexual world that is totally against homosexuality and tells us we are bad, disgusting, and we take that out on each other. We go through experiences that bring us to realization that we're Gay and part of the Gay community. But we don't have any binding forces. We need more intimacy and communication and friendship."

One man who recently learned he'd sero-converted set the tone of the discussion by saying he'd been very depressed and wanted to be physically intimate with another person to relieve his depression. "I needed physical contact with another person. I wanted to feel that pleasure. When you need sex bad enough, you're not going to do anything to jeopardize it, like put strictures on it. I just didn't think about it. I put it out of my mind."

Cuisine.

To assist those of you not in the know, I present: WEEDS FOR YOU...

FOR SOMEONE ON A REAL TIGHT BUDGET OR WITH THEIR EYE ON VITALITY, WEEDS ARE GOOD, FREE EATS. THE ABUNDANT AND EASILY IDENTIFIED DANDELION IS THE MOST ACCESSIBLE OF WEEDDOM.

KIND OF BITTER, SO YOU SHOULD MODERATE ON FIRST EATING. THE LEAVES MAY BE EATEN RAW, BUT BE SURE TO WASH THEM FIRST; WHEN GATHERING, DO NOT PICK THE PLANTS WHICH GROW ALONG ROADS OR WHERE PEST/HERBICIDES ARE SPRAYED. DANDELION MAY BE PICKED ANY TIME OF YEAR, BUT IS BEST IN THE SPRING. AS FAR AS

EATING GOES, IN A SCALLIONS, CHOPPED AND VINEGAR ARE ACCOMPANIMENTS.



SALAD,
SOUR
APPLE
NICE



SOMETHING SHARP OR SOUR WILL SET OFF THE BITTERNESS WELL, STEER CLEAR OF FOODS THAT ARE ALSO SOMEWHAT BITTER, OR OILS, SINCE THESE WILL GIVE YOUR DANDIES A PARTICULARLY HOSTILE BITTER QUALITY. THE ROOTS, WHEN ROASTED + BOILING WATER ADDED ARE A GOOD COFFEE SUBSTITUTE. ONE CAN ALSO MAKE BROTH FROM BOILING THE DANDIES.

PLANTAIN IS ANOTHER COMMON PLANT, GOOD TO PICK IN THE WINTER.



PICKING PLANTS IS BEST IN THE MORNING WHEN THE MOON IS WAXING, SINCE THEN THE LEAVES WILL BE A TAD JUICIER. AND IN DANDELION'S CASE, THE BIGGER THE LEAVES, THE MORE TENDER AND LESS BITTER THEY USUALLY ARE!

THE LEAVES ARE LESS BITTER THAN THE DANDELION. IF THE PLANT IS YOUNGER, THE LEAVES MAY BE TENDER ENOUGH FOR A SALAD, IF IT'S AN OLD PLANT, IT'S BETTER TO ~~WARM~~ COOK THE LITTLE BUGGERS A BIT. PLANTAIN IS GOOD IN PASTA AND ON PIZZA IF YOU'RE BEING FANCY. THERE ARE TWO VARIETIES, AND BOTH ARE EDIBLE, WITH SIMILAR TASTE QUALITIES. PHANTAIN ALSO HAS MANY MEDICINAL PROPERTIES. CHECK OUT ANY HERB BOOK AND FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT! | ALSO, SOME OF YOU MAY WANT TO OFFER THE PLANT A LITTLE THANKS/APOLOGY BEFORE AND DURING PICKING AND MAYBE LEAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING T'BOOT (A TIP!), SHOW SOME RESPECT, EH! | I HOPE SOMEBODY OUT THERE FINDS THIS A LITTLE BIT USEFUL... MORE TO COME...



Witchy Feature

This article was written
for Lamas, but fortunately
it explains the eight
Sabbats, so its relevance
is yearround!

What Is Born Dies; What Dies is Reborn:

Lamas and the Pagan Wheel of the Year

by James A. Staples

Many pagans celebrate eight Sabbats, holy days, which occur about once every six weeks. The Sabbats follow the seasons, as Earth orbits the Sun, which many Pagans identify with the God (as the Goddess is typically associated with the Moon and/or the Earth). Therefore the Sabbats are seen as following the life-cycle of the God.

He is conceived at Beltane (May-day, May 1st) by the Goddess and His Father (His own previous incarnation). He is born at Yule (Winter Solstice, Dec. 21st), the longest ^{night} and shortest ^{day} of the Year. Since the days begin to grow longer, the Sun is said to be born on this day. He grows through Imbolc (Feb. 2nd) and Eostre (Spring Equinox, March 21st, forerunner of Easter) to Beltane (May 1st), when He and the Goddess conceive the new God (to be born next Yule). Litha (June 21st, Summer Solstice) is the longest day and shortest night, so we celebrate the God shining forth at the height of His power.

As many, many kings throughout history were sacrificed when their power waned, so is the God. He offers himself up willingly to the Goddess, because he knows that as his blood flows, the Land (also associated with the Goddess) will be fertilized. So the Goddess (who is eternally Maiden, Mother, and Crone) enters her Crone-self and cuts the God down as a supreme act of love (for, by sacrificing Him, She insures his reincarnation and the future of the Land).

Most Christian holidays are derived directly from the Sabbats, and occur on nearly the same dates. Lamas is an exception. In Christian mythology, the "sacrificed Sun King motif" is expressed as the Crucifixion. The Church placed Christ's resurrection at Eostre, the Spring Equinox, since that is the Pagan celebration of re-birth and new life.

Since Christ was supposedly crucified three days before the alleged resurrection, Christians hold "their version" of Lamas right before Easter and call it Good Friday (formerly "Black Friday"). Since Christendom is fairly neurotic about Death, this holiday is over-shadowed by Easter, so Christ's birth and re-birth are observed with little reference to His intervening death, which strikes many Pagans as slightly absurd. Still, "the sacrificed Sun King" idea is still the same: after the King's power begins to decline, He sacrifices Himself so that this power can be passed on to Humankind. The Pagans link this event (very sensibly) with the first Sabbat after the Summer Solstice, Lamas (August 1st), when the hours of Sun-light begin to dwindle.

What was cut down at Lamas is harvested at Mabon (Sept. 21st, Fall Equinox), and Samhain ("SOW-uhn" or "sow-EEN", Oct. 31st) observes the God's passage through the Underworld (womb of the Goddess-as-Crone). The following Sabbat is Yule, when He is reborn as His own Son (the Sun), from the womb of the Goddess-as-Mother.

for more info, contact:

- Blessed Be

Five Corners
608 Columbia St
Olympia, WA 98501

11am - 6pm, Mon - Sat.

The Symbols of Christmas

The Christmas tree "has precious little to do with Christian celebration and a lot to do with the stubborn survival through the millennia of pagan rituals of winter light and rebirth." (*The Boston Herald*) "Trees with trinkets hanging on them were part of the pagan festivals for centuries."—*Church Christmas Tab*.

Holly was popular with the Celts "to keep the house goblins in order at winter solstice time. . . . It could deflect evil, help in the divination of dreams, defend a house from lightning."—*Beautiful British Columbia*.

Mistletoe "came from the Druids in England who used it in strange worship relating to demoniac and occult powers."—*Church Christmas Tab*.

On December 25 "the Mithraists celebrated the birth of Mithra . . . There is absolutely no biblical authority for December 25 as having been the day of the Nativity."—*Isaac Asimov*.

Gift giving was a feature of Saturnalia. "You were expected at this festival to make some present to all your friends."—*Ancient Italy and Modern Religion*.

The star "atop the tree was worshiped in the East as a symbol of purity, goodness and peace 5,000 years before the nativity of Christ."—*United Church Herald*.

The candle "does not come . . . from the Christian sanctuary. We took it from a much earlier altar, the Druid oak."—*United Church Herald*.

Santa was stolen "from ancient German mythology: Thor was an elderly man, jovial and friendly, of heavy build with a long white beard. He drove a chariot and was said to live in the Northland . . . His element was fire, his color red. The fireplace in every home was sacred to him, and he was said to come down into it through the chimney."—*United Church Herald*.

"I know that all of the holidays have bad backgrounds. Jesus wasn't born on Christmas. My family doesn't have to do anything to compensate for such holidays. My family is always there for me whenever I need them. That is worth more to me than any gift that they could ever give me."—Josh, age 15.

CHRISTIANS STOLE FROM PAGANISM. SOME OF IT IS RATHER FANCIFUL, BUT OF INTEREST, NONETHELESS. GEE, I LIKE TO BELIEVE IN THE IDEA OF TRYING TO BE IN PRACTICE WHAT YOU SAY YOU ARE IN THEORY. TO SO-CALLED MONOTHEIST WHO BORROW FROM PAGANISM

I SAY: MAKE UP YOUR FUKKIN' MIND! EITHER BECOME PAGAN OR LEAVE OUR CUSTOMS ALONE! BEING HALF-ASSESSED SEEMS TO BE IN VOGUE THESE DAYS! IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT WHAT IS CONDEMNED IN THE BIBLE, YOU MIGHT WANT TO READ IT!

"Christmas. I'm not deprived because it's not really Christian anyway. I'd rather know my parents gave me a present than some mysterious Santa figure. Easter. With Easter it's really hard because people will say it's for Jesus and the resurrection or it's just going to hunt eggs. But what do eggs have in common with Jesus anyway? Even the name Easter comes from an old goddess. Halloween. The basic idea of Halloween doesn't appeal at all to me. Ghosts and witches, YUCK!"—Katie, age 10.

(Likewise, you little creep!)

Halloween's Horrible Roots

Masks and costumes: "The Celts left out food, drink and other treats for the spirits and then tricked them into leaving by donning masks and costumes and parading to the edge of the village."

Bonfires were "literally 'bonfires'" wherein "the priests sought to appease the sun god by sacrificing animals and, often, people too." (*The Tampa Tribune*) "By observing the way the sacrifices died, the Druids looked for omens of the future."—*Beaumont Enterprise*.

Trick or treat: "The cry of the Druids was comparable to the modern day 'Trick or Treat.'"—*Central Coast Parent*.

Scary stories: "The bloody Druid rites live on in the youthful emphasis on ghosts and spirits. . . . Halloween parties and the telling of scary tales also have their origin in the Druid times when spirits were believed to be abroad in the land."—*The Tampa Tribune*.

Despite the pagan origins of these holidays, some will recoil at the thought of denying children the fun of modern celebrations. After all, what do informed children know of ancient Saturn, Astarte, and Samhain? Some know quite a bit. They also know that they want no part of them.

IT'S "SOW-EEN" OR "HIN"
NOT "SAM-HAIN"
LEAVE THAT TO FLEN DANZIG!

CHRISTMAS
WE WILL DESTROY YOU!



"Halloween. Children dressing up as devils, comic-book characters—what for? The kids roam the streets going from one house to another getting bagfuls of candy. Or throwing eggs at houses, stringing toilet paper over trees, and the worst part is most parents go along with it."—Zachary age 10.

The Rites of Spring

Easter was "originally the spring festival in honor of the Teutonic goddess of light and spring known in Anglo-Saxon as Eastre." (*The Westminster Dictionary of the Bible*) "There is no indication of the observance of the Easter festival in the New Testament."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The rabbit "was the escort of the Germanic goddess Ostara."—*Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology and Legend*.

Eggs "were said to be dyed and eaten at the spring festivals in ancient Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome."—*Celebrations*.

The Easter bonnet originally "was a wreath of lowers or leaves. The circle or crown expressed the round sun and its course in the heavens

which brought the return of spring." The new Easter outfit developed because "it was considered discourteous and therefore bad luck to greet the Scandinavian goddess of Spring, or Eastre, in anything but fresh garb, since the goddess was bestowing one on the earth."—*The Giant Book of Superstitions*.

Hot cross buns: "Like the Greeks, the Romans ate bread marked with a cross . . . at public sacrifices." They were eaten by pagan Saxons in honor of Easter.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*. Sunrise services parallel rites "performed at the vernal equinox welcoming the sun and its great power to bring new life to all growing things."—*Celebrations*.

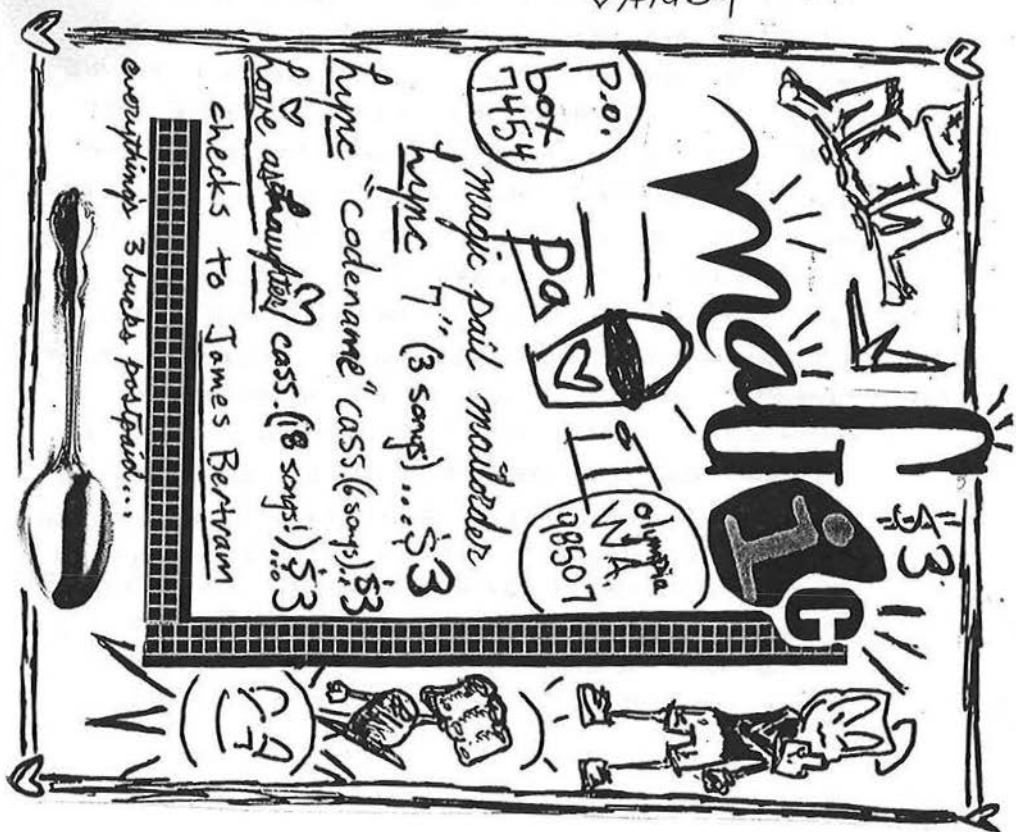
IN THE "LETTERS FROM MANY LANDS"
SERIES, WE BRING TO YOU ANDY'S
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TAIWAN...
SHE'S PLUM GONE AND MOVED THERE!

DEAR OLYMPIA:

GREETINGS FROM TAIWAN! I'VE ONLY
BEEN HERE ABOUT A WEEK BUT I LOVE IT
HERE ALREADY. I GOT A JOB TEACHING
ENGLISH TO STUDENTS IN THEIR HOMES AND
OFFICES. I FOUND THAT ENGLISH WOMEN GET
JOBS HERE MUCH QUICKER THAN GUYS DO
BECAUSE "WHITE MEN ARE BARBARIC, ROUND-
EYED DEVILS." SO ANYWAY, ABOUT TAIWAN:
THE CRIME RATE HERE IS ALMOST NIL BECAUSE
PEOPLE ~~CO~~ CAN VENT THEIR ANGER AND
FRUSTRATION WHILE DRIVING BECAUSE THERE
ARE NO TRAFFIC LAWS. I CAN GO OUT IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT BY MYSELF AND BE JUST
FINE AS LONG AS I DON'T WANT TO CROSS THE
STREET. THE BEST THING ABOUT TAIWAN: NO CUT-
OFF TIME FOR DRINKING HOURS! OUR FAVORITE
HANG-OUT IS THE "ROXY", ALL THE FOREIGNERS
GO THERE. IT'S A LOT LIKE THE COMET AND IT'S
THE ONLY PLACE TO GET GOOD IMPORTED BEER.
"TAIWAN BEER" IS MADE IN A ~~ONE-STOP~~
CHEMICAL POWER PLANT AND THEIR MOTTO IS:
"NO TWO BOTTLES TASTE THE SAME!" SOME PEOPLE
HERE DRINK IT BECAUSE THEY THINK IT WILL MAKE
THEM LIVE FOREVER AND THEY ARE PROBABLY
RIGHT. THE MOST ENTERTAINING THING ABOUT
TAIWAN: THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS! MOST
PEOPLE THAT WORK AT THE NEWSPAPER CAN'T
SPEAK OR WRITE ENGLISH VERY WELL. MY

FAVORITE MISPRINT SO FAR IS THE HEADLINE IN THE CHINA POST THAT SAID: "AMERICA'S HOTTEST BAND TODAY: BUNS N' HDSES!" ALSO THERE'S THE T-SHIRT I SAW SOMEONE WEARING THAT SAID: "FALIX THE CAT" WITH A PICTURE OF FELIX ON IT. PEOPLE WILL WEAR ANY CLOTHING WITH ENGLISH ON IT, LIKE THE 3-YEAR OLD WE SAW WEARING A SHIRT THAT SAID: "THIS BITCH IS FROM HELL." I'VE ALSO NOTICED I GET STARED AT ALOT BEING WHITE. ANYONE WHO IS NARCISSISTIC SHOULD COME HERE. SO ANYWAY, THATS ABOUT IT. THANKS TO JOSH AND HELLO TO JON AND BELCA, JOHN D. AND KARI, BRENTY AND BRANDTY AND ANNA AND JAMES AND JASON AND REBELLA AND ANYONE ELSE I FORGOT.

BYE!
♥ANDY



The Bandiest BAND



jesse . roni . cheryl

CHECK OUT THE PURTY BABES!

I CAN DANCE TO THEM
BUT THEY DO ROCK

AND THEIR SONGS STICK IN MY HEAD
IF YOU ARE LUCKY

THEY WILL PLAY NEAR YOU SOON

POLECAT

ONE OF THE
BANDS THAT
MAKES ME
GLAD TO LIVE
IN OLYMPIA IS
Polecat.

THEY MAKE ME
THINK OF GOOD
BEER AND
GOOD COMPANY.

POLECAT
Two heavy bangin', hard hittin' manas
with spewin' manbov leads. (206) 357-
7715 1916 12th Av SW, Olympia, WA
98502

take the long ride down to haystack rock...



all lyrics consist of-

TESSE PROVIDES
THE RAPTUREOUS VOCALS
AND POUNDING
GUITAR. CHERYL
REVS UP THE
DRIVING UNDULATING
BASS. RONI
KICKS ASS ON
DRUMS AND GIVES
IT ALL THAT
FINAL BLOW.



THEY ARE ALL NICE PEOPLE.
I WANT THEM TO PUT OUT RECORDS!

THEY GET BETTER EVERY TIME I SEE THEM.
IF YOU LIKE YOUR POP-PUNK A LITTLE
MORE HARD-HITTING, YOU SHOULD

WRITE: POLECAT
1916 12th Ave. SW
OLYMPIA, WA 98502

We come over there and
rock you now...

SKIMPY

THE
LATEST
CD BY
SEATTLE'S
COR WAS THAT
LYNNWOOD'S)
NEWEST
GRUNGESQUE
MASTERS!

Out now!

BONE

DIGS

Smack Hoodoo Missy

FEATURING THE HITS:
"FUNKY ASS WOLFDOGMAMA", "STARDANCER
MOONCHILE BABY" AND "CACTUS JEEPERSTER WOMAN BLUES"

SINGER PHILBY VEDDER (Eighth Cousin in Twice Removed
of P.I. frontman EDDIE VEDDER)
EXPLAINS THE BAND'S
NAME: "ME AND MY OLD HOMEX ANDY WOOD WERE
SCARFIN' DOWN THE FRIED CHICKEN AND JAMMIN' ON
SOME 'SPOONFUL' WHEN ANDY LEAN ON OVER AND
SAYS, HE SAIED: 'THAT'S SOME PRETTY SKIMPY BONE
DIGS YUH GOT THERE 'OL PHILBY!'." "QUITE
A HISTORY, AND PHILBY DISPLAYS MUCH OF
THE SAME ANGST-RIDDEN SOUL OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

**YOU'VE NEVER HEARD THEM,
AND YET THEY'RE SO
FAMILIAR!**

VOCAB - YES

"ASS-BOLT" AND ^{as is,} do you have
"COMPLETE FRETBOARD
AWARENESS?"

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

can you go:bood'ely woodely brdrneer ne er
unnhriihrbuhn huhnhd eneeredeled uhduhneer
deebodelywioioidelynirniroiner?
is your guitar not only your pen is but
your b rain as well?

can you appreciate the nuances of emersonlake
and palmer, the subtlety of satriani and the
bluesiness of s teve vai?

have you only played with paid studio musicians?
can you do paganini viol in parts on yer gitar?
are you a big asshole does everyone want to strangle you
do you have progear?

yes? well, then you have it!

a ssb olt:

a painful ammendation to the reared and
popular amongst modern primitives and
the fashion conscious, probably avail-
able at the cramp...

open ass insert bolt

no, really, squeeze your butt together
and ram the rod through and then attach
weights on the ends to keep it in and
for extra pleasure, holds yer
goddamned ass in place

ISLE OF MANN RESORT



YESSIR,
A MEN-ONLY
RESORT WHERE
YOU CAN MEET
ALL THE MANLY
MEN YOU DESIRE
AND PERFORM
MANY MANLY
DEEDS TOGETHER
AS MEN!

Reserve today!

\$399⁹⁵ each day.

Pugs are all rich so
we know you can
afford it!

GUARANTEE: YOU WON'T
SEE A SINGLE WOMAN DURING
YOUR STAY AT ISLE OF MANN,
OR YOUR MONEY
BACK!

MAN 2 MAN
DANCING

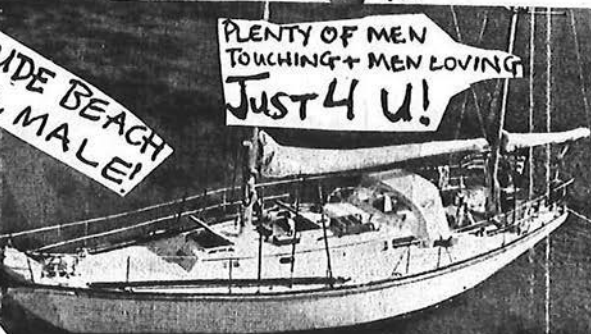
LOCKER ROOMS FOR
NO REASON BUT TO
CHECK OUT SOME ASS!

RODEO—WHERE THE STUDS
AND BULLS ARE ALL MALE!

NUDE BEACH
ALL MALE!

PLENTY OF MEN
TOUCHING + MEN LOVING
Just 4 U!

DIAL 1-MAN-MEN-MANN
and reserve today!



all i have wished for will be...

recently i've gotten over any previous qualms i may have had over bad/romantic/classic/drama rock and pop, i think it's a good thing to be cheesy. to know that you are to feel giddy and nostalgia at the same time my crush tape for you has on it only the best sincere pop and cheese it's springtime and i'm in love with you all... send me the postage and you'll get my heart's delight... songs i had to rediscover - ah Leah (BONNIE IRIS), rock (AUSTIN ROBERTS), sundown (GORDON LIGHTFOOT), hello its me (TODD RUNDGREN), wonderful tonight (CLAPTON), wear your love like heaven (DONOVAN), september gurls (BIG STAR), gypsy stramps and thieves (CHER), hold the line (TOTO), take me to heart (QUARTERFLASH), i'll be your man (SERGE GAINSBURG), cherish (THE ASSOCIATION), you are the woman (FIREFALL), all this and more, you may laugh but no haha i say these songs have more slobbering feelings than any 90's punk... a little stately dan or a little kent meelard? you decide i'll take leosayer over the mo tripe any day: dance the night away! now if only i could make it through sylvia's mother...

Another favourite thing of mine:
"new wave divas" that go "woo-ooo wi-hoo
ho-die-whoAAA!" you know what i mean,
like Toyah, Lene Lovich, et al + and that
dramatic, i'm-telling-you-something-really-
important style like The Motels and Hazel
O'Connor that sounds like they took too
many drama classes... i like that too!

.1989 AGAIN.

BEING BETRAYED BY HER WAS STILL SWEETER THAN BEING LOVED BY ANY OTHER GIRL. SHE CALLED ME THE MORNING AFTER TO WAKE ME UP SO I COULD BE MAD AT HER. I WAS STILL AWAKE.

MY LOVE, GIVEN AWAY BY ACCIDENT, GROWING WITH EACH MISUNDERSTANDING. HER LOVE, NURTURING MY DOUBTS, FEEDING MY FEARS, BRINGING OUT JEALOUSIES I NEVER THOUGHT I HAD. MAKING ME SO HAPPY THAT I COULD SEE ALL THE SADNESS IN THE WHOLE WORLD. MAKING IT HARD FOR ME TO BREATHE. MAKING ME REMEMBER HOW LONELY I WAS. MAKING ME MISS HER EVEN WHEN SHE WAS RIGHT BESIDE ME. ESPECIALLY THEN.

OUR STUPID LOVE, LIKE A DISEASE, TIRING, ALL CONSUMING. PATHETIC. A SAD SWEET SIGHT TO BEHOLD. A REAL MESS OF KISSES AND CLOSENESS AND SECRETS AND STRESS. A PATH OF EVICTION NOTICES, UNPAID PHONE BILLS, UNSENT LETTERS. HICKEYS AND SEX BRUISES STILL THERE EVEN AFTER SHE WAS LONG GONE.

HER, READING MY MEAN LETTER, THROWING IT OUT THE CAR WINDOW ONTO THE FREEWAY TO GET RUN OVER, OVER AND OVER, OR BE FOUND BY SOMEONE ELSE. HER, SMILING, LOOKING DOWN, SAYING HOW WE'LL ALWAYS BE FRIENDS. ME, HOPING SHE WAS RIGHT, GOING BACK TO SEE HER AGAIN.

This issue's centrefold ... Really Bad Religion
HERE ON THE LEFT, WE HAVE ANOTHER OF MY
PEN-PALS SUBMITTING AN ENTIRELY PROFOUND
STATEMENT ON THE BENEVOLENCE AND WORSHIPABILITY
OF SATAN...

A SUBTLE PIECE, YES?!

I'VE
GOT A
GOD DAMNED
666 ON
MY HEAD

NOW, Juxtapose
THIS PICTURE
WITH ITS
NEMESIS →
"Jesus of
the Sea",
SUBMITTED
By AN
EX-ROOMMATE.

← loving and
yet violent, yes?! Catch of
day, no?!



s Art — instead of bad poetry!

HERE, THE PROTAGONIST FINDS HIMSELF IN
THE POSITION OF BEING SHOT OR WALKING
THE PLANK INTO THE MOUTH OF THE MESSIAH.
BE SAVED OR BE KILLED, BUT TO BE
SAVED ONE MUST BE WHOLLY IMMERSSED
IN JESUS' LARGE INTESTINE... OF THE

PROFUNDITY...

AS YOU
CAN SEE,
THE SUN
FINDS THIS
ALL VERY
AMUSING.

he



Truly, these two works
titillate one's every
sense

icky letter from secret admirer...

Hey Joshua, I read your zines and now I am awake past two a little hungry and a little horny also so I figured I'd get a little thinner and energize my horny chakra (located behind my I's) and write you a lust letter. I want to spread sesame flavored margarine (soy) under your tongue with an electrum margarine knife. I want to whip tiger stripes onto your back with a stem of limp organic rhubarb dipped after each SLAP in a violet glass jar of warm fireweed honey. I want to paint leopard spots on your soft stomach and trembling chest with a carved half of a steamed red potato dipped after each pLOP in a brass bowl with a residue of crushed fresh winter basil. I stand you up and pour a manageable amount of roasted sesame tahini between your buttcheeks (oh) and smear it with my rosewatered hands up and down your inner thighs. On your genitals I blow my warm breath until they're moist enough to hold the light coating of sucanat I throw at them. From your knees to your ankles I smear you with peanut sauce imported from Bhutan. On this sauce I lay thin strips of silken tofu frozen the night before and soaked in garlic-ginger tamari this morning. Your feet, of course, stand in bowls of daintilly scooped cantaloupe. We are filled with hunger. We are filled with each other. No thoughts of

the pain of separation, of ending enters our minds since we know there will always be food. Good food. Food good enough that we can disregard the carrot and wheat grains juice enemas our gurus prescribe. Cast off the guru. Smear the guru with food and eat it. Hung - g r e e.

Food...

Food...

Food...

Food...

JUST ANOTHER CREEPY BOY...

this one was named troy, and he was a particularly creepy piece of work. story around town had it that he was weird enough but then he fell out of a cherry tree at 14 and landed on his head and became much creepier; a true account, apparently since he received an annuity for the very injury! he was in his twenties and i met him because he told me that i looked like bono, so i thought he must be alright (it was 1989!) i found out that he had been married and lived in szlt lake city, a mormon (surprise) he had ~~xxxx~~ a child but it was given up for adoption and he got all cracked up about this and it all weirded me out... but he would buy me french fries, so i continued to hang out with him. he was really scary to women he would ask them if they had ever been married, and if they were - "will you be married forever?", do you love your husband, etc. these are people he doesn't even know! my very wise mother totally hated him; he would talk about sex and how he got v.d., whenever he did this or described girls he liked he would unconsciously run his tongue along his mouth, once he was doing that and talking about a teacher "she looks very sweet i think about how i'd like to kiss her on the mouth..." i remember very distinctly the feeling i got when he was saying that i cringed and felt that he was violating this woman by being a gross slob and i wanted to punch him but i didn't. gut reaction...

he also ~~XXXX~~ tried to hang out with 15 year old girls, a little too much i guess since the high school had a restraining order against him coming there; even so he was always waiting for me in the school library!?...

| | | | | | | | | |

he was really weird about me he would always mention fags but then be come ashamed and downcast and say "men are disgusting" but he would ask me repeatedly if i liked erasure and communards, and he would take me to weird places(locker room!) to hang out. he had a notebook which i would always dread the inevitable opening of he wrote down gross poetry he wrote about fellatio and cunnilingus in it and would read ot to me while i ate my french fries, he would read the lyrics to the dr. feelgood album to me while we sat in his car..he always asked about my sister so i hid pictures of her when he came to my house . finally i told him that he had too much of a weird trip and i didn't want to deal with him anymore. last time i saw him he showed me a picture of his girlfriend that lived in rexburg and i remember thinking that she looked very sad and seemed to be on anti-depressants, i wonder if he buys her french fries.



oh
nooooo.

now instead of later...

my gothic roots

by Jane hex

A common theory, not entirely without merit, is that most punks were either heshers or new wavers in their formative years. I fall into the latter category. Unfortunately, my efforts as a teenager to fit into one social realm or another usually came up short - such as my attempt to be cool in sixth grade by wearing cowboy boots and being unable to convince my mom to get me parachute pants. Then in middle school all attempts to convince my peers that I was not a dork from space failed as I earned a reputation as a strange freak girl with funny hair and non-trendy clothes. And it wasn't that my appearance was new wave or different in that respect, it was just that I was trying too fit in, and merely failing miserably.

After exhausting all avenues and realizing that everyone in my highschool was following a pattern of lifelong conformity, I got a crush in ninth grade on the punkest boy in school, Willy. Willy had a big mohawk and a black leather jacket which I coveted. He was in my PE class and we both hated it, so we ended up being friends. That was in tenth grade, around the time that I began to reject society and start wearing black clothes and a black trenchcoat. I was still a dork of course, had few friends, and my black-lined eyes seethed with rage as I walked through the halls. It was a bitter struggle through the early part of high school.

My initiation into goth life came after I met Sydney through the Depeche Mode fan club (no kidding) and she lived in Seattle so we wrote letters anyway. Sydney was always way more goth than I, but she had lots of money, so she could afford the look of black velvet capes and pointed shoes. She wrote letters with a fountain pen by candlelight on crisp crinkly stationery. You get the picture.

Sydney took me to the Underground, a dance club in Seattle that used to be very goth, full of batcavers, but is now just alternative, I think. The first time I went, it was Winter, and everyone there was very stylishly made up and decked out in black and burgundy frocks, complete with Docs. We went inside and sat in the corner. Across from us were people who looked like junkies and two booths down some girls were drawing in a sketchpad bleak images of forlorn and despair. You could cut the pretension with a knife.

Of course I didn't even fit in with that crowd, so I stuck to being a lonely blackclad elf who never went on dates. The transition to punk went pretty smoothly from there. the end.

TABOO MAN OF THE ISSUE 07

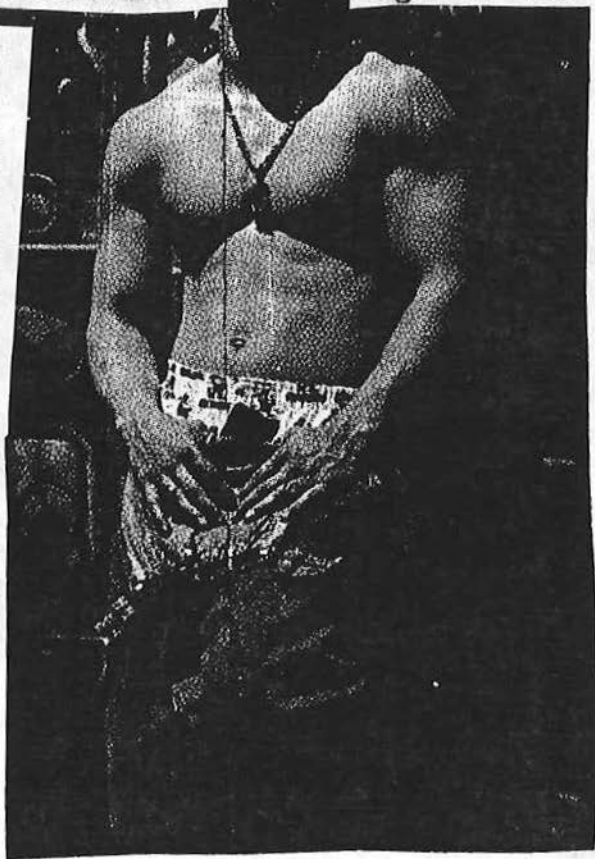
recognise this guy ?

many is the time i've looked at this feller
and thought...boy i'd sure like to fuck him.

but then i think that he calls
what if he called me that and
at queers in a very deliberate
to have fallen for it which is
he's supposed ly not even gay,
just another macho asshole with

girls bitch and
he was marketed
way and i seem
embarrassing
so that makes him
big tits...

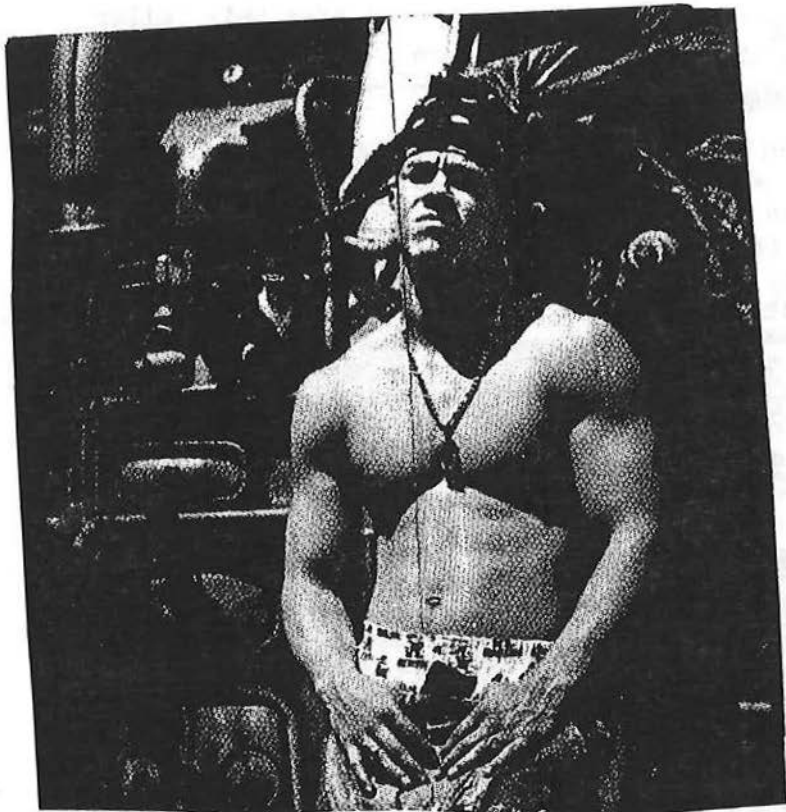
there's gotta be some faggot in him somewhere,
though so i think to myself, gee may be i can bring
that out but that may be just wishful thinking, plus
it would be like going out with a cop or the pres-
ident and all my friends would probably stop
hanging out with me, and who could blame them



if we ever did, though, wanna place a wager on who'd
be wearing the pants??

thinking about this "smoove" character helped me to
decide that i prefer nice boys over nice bodies

no cops for me ,thanks.



he's kind of got that Wham! style semi-faggy misogynist
air about him couldn't you just hear him saying...

young guns havin' some fun
crazy ladies keep 'em on the run
wise guys realise there's danger in emotional ties
s i-si-single and free
never been married neve r want to be
one two take a look at you
death by matrimony...

still even more
s.s. sexy sex...



THE POWER OF POSITIVE MASTEBRATION

USUALLY I STAND NAKED IN FRONT OF A MIRROR CARE-
SSING MYSELF AND TELLING MYSELF HOW MUCH I LOVE
MYSELF. I WATCH MY EYES ROLL AROUND IN THEIR SOCKETS
AND MY LIPS TWITCH AS I STROKE MYSELF. I RUN
MY FREE HAND ACROSS MY CHEST AND NIPPLES AND
DOWN MY THIGHS. I THINK OF MY CLOSE FRIENDS
AND THE INTENSE AMOUNT OF LOVE AND TRUST THAT WE
HAVE BETWEEN US, THE SUPPORT I FEEL FROM THEM
AND THE LOVE THEY SHARE WITH ME. IT'S REALLY
HARD TO BE CONSISTENT WITH THIS KIND OF MASTER-
BATION (OPPOSED TO OBJECTIFYING PEOPLE WHO I DON'T ACTUALLY
KNOW OR RESPECT) WHICH PERSONALLY MAKES ME FEEL
A LOT BETTER ABOUT MYSELF. I AM NOT TRYING TO IMPLY
THAT OTHER FORMS OF JACKING OFF ARE NOT POSITIVE,
IT'S JUST A PERSONALLY POSITIVE WAY FOR ME. I ALSO
FIND MYSELF MASTERBATING AT WORK (WHEN I HAVE A JOB)
A LOT WHICH KIND OF SCARES ME BECAUSE I THINK
WORK INCREASES MY SEX DRIVE. THAT'S A SCARY
CONCEPT TO ME. I EVEN FIND MYSELF IN THE
BATHROOMS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS MAKING
LOVE TO MYSELF. HAVING SEX WITH MYSELF, THAT'S
WHAT IT IS TO ~~ME~~ ME. I HAVE ALSO BEEN
DANCING A LOT LATELY WHICH IS TOTALLY EMPOWERING
AND A GOOD WAY TO UNLEARN INHIBITIONS. PLUS IT'S
NOT VERY ACCEPTABLE IN PUNK LAND SO IT'S
A GOOD WAY TO ~~BREAK~~ "PUNK" UNWRITTEN RULES
WHICH SHOULD BE DONE AT ALL TIMES. ~~SMASH~~
SMASH THE PATRIARCHY OF PUNK. DON'T DEFER
TO SCENE STAR COOL HIPSTERS. ♡ KYLE ♡ (xoxoxox)

Contest: readers poll -

DETERMINE THE COURSE OF MY LIFE

WRITE IN AND TELL ME-SHOULD I BE A SUAVE-
AN INSUFFERABLE SLACKER, AN OCCULT MEGALOMANIAC
OR A DRUNK FLOOZY...

If i were a **SUAVE-O**, i would...
have a red suede couch on which
i would recline, i would have
an endless supply of smoking
jackets and various other
suave gear in which to
loaf about, i would



smoke but never cough,
and would smoke
in my bed but never
burn it or set it
on fire. laid back

rhumba music or martin denny
would follow me where'er i go.
i would dance the samba
about the house and cut a my for

no reason, all the dudes and
chicks would dig it and my house would be the
love palace...

If i were an **INSUFFERABLE SLACKER**,
i would just sit on the couch in the
smithfield all day, and complain how
"nothing ever happens in this town" and
i wouldn't have to ask or pay for
food and coffee, 'coz people would
just give it to me and
they'd like it.



↑
pile of shit

↑
floor

↑
This is kinda me, now.



if i were an **occult**
megalomaniac, i would...

send out destructive lightning
bolts indiscriminately,
i would send demons out
to attack my enemies
whilst they sleep →



i would send the
bat out of hell for
chinese takeout, zombies and ghouls

~~and i would~~
would do my bidding and i wouldn't
take shit from
anyone...

if i were a **DRUNK FLOOZY** i would...

run around at parties falling on
or into cute boys and stay

"Whoa!", i would exclaim
"Wihoo" before and after
every sip of alcohol. I
would sit on people's laps
and tell them a bunch of
weird shit

and then
pretend that
I was telling
them "what i really think",



I would alter my stage
persona accordingly →
and get laid a lot, and everyone would
give me free beer!
THAT'S IT!
IT'S YOUR CHOICE!!



rooftopstory

Roof-top Nation... by anonymous

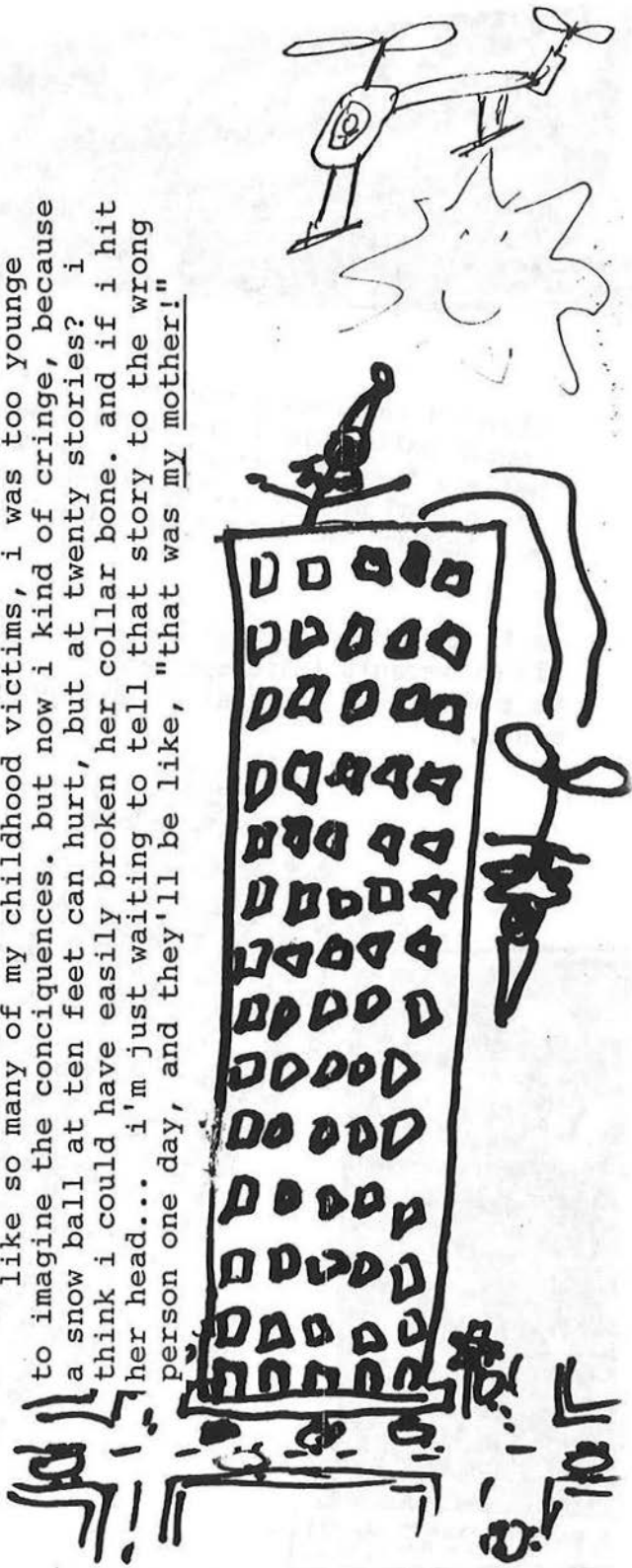
well, there was a greatest time in my life, you know? it was when i was twelve years old (everything went steadily down hill from there), and i lived in a run down shack in waikiki, one of the last remaining run down shacks (since long developed over) hidden in the shadows of the Island Colony which was the tallest building on the island, 52 stories, 54 counting the roof. anyway, getting onto roofs was just our little hobby. i lead a small gang of little delinquents at the time, we were D&D freaks, so exploring hotels was an extension of the game for us, very zen.

there were very few roofs we didn't climb there. the sheriton hotel had a great one that overlooked it's swimming pool. also room service would serve pina coladas in pinaples, very extravagant, and people would leave these outside their door. we'd throw these off any available balcony; when they hit the ground they kind of implode. also my best friend lived in the island colony, and it seemed he was always moving up to a higher story, until finally he lived at the 49th. nothing was safe then. we threw off eggs, umbrellas, plastic bags that would blow out to sea, and any fruit his mother wouldn't miss.

when my friends and i brag about the terrible things we did as a kid i always tell them this story. in one hotel in waikiki there's an ice machine in the lobby that dispenses shaved ice, like snow. perfect for rock hard snow balls. so we decided the thing to do would be to throw a few off the, say, twentieth floor. this particular hotel had a kind of pyramid roof, kind of hard to explain, but it hid you from view when you were

on top. it overlooked one of the busiest places in hawaii, the international marketplace. when people would cross the street to it, it was always a crowd of about fifty people, impossible to miss. I don't know if i did it on purpose or it just kind of happened, but the lights turned to walk at just the right time so that my snow ball landed right in the middle of the crowd. all i saw was this woman drop, like kind of bend over from the impact, and everyone stopped walking and stared at her. and then we just ran home. later my friend's mother told us about what happened (she was a few feet away), and we just pretended to be amazed.

like so many of my childhood victims, i was too young to imagine the consequences. but now i kind of cringe, because a snow ball at ten feet can hurt, but at twenty stories? i think i could have easily broken her collar bone. and if i hit her head... i'm just waiting to tell that story to the wrong person one day, and they'll be like, "that was my mother!"



WINDY CITY?

always i have heard the rumours of rob halford's homosexuality, and i have always been inclined to believe them, even though all the info has been a secon hand at best...i must admit to a bias, since mr. halford was indeed an early rocknroll crush.

as if the apparent similarity to queen on the few first albums weren't indictment enough, we shall refer to some lyrics from that flounce-ridden epic "sin after sin"...

in "starbreaker" he speaks of a rather delicious he-man set on "stealin' every heart around" (bi-sensual) "cruisin' into town; starbreaker is then urged to "take my hand "and to "understand" (yeah, we see) and if that's not enough for you, how about "rew deal", where rob enters the joint," whilst "strainin at the seams" (bulg-ar), meanwhile bodies "cruise for some action" and steam up the mirror, not only this, but the band also covers "diamonds and rust" on the album what more do you need?



A PANSY POSE, YES?!

the band's propensity for visiting the decadent
islands of ibiza only adds to the hoopla, since
the place has been known to be a hangout for
rich bisexuals and biker types...

unfortunately priest gave up the vague bisex
chatter in favour of more blatant crotchosaur fuckrock
lyrics, but too late, they fool no one!

the band's later lapse into heterobragadoccio is
a mere ruse to distract fans from the "accusation"
of gaiety, or maybe a lapse into fetiscism, good
enough whichever it may be

the ritualistic guitarneck-licking of kdowning
is pretty much self evident, and is typical of
priest's titillating homoerotic image, sending young
metal lads into a confused pubescent frenzy, and of
course he is enjoying it.

the grinder is looking for meat, yes?



GAY!

more on this
another time,

i know what you de-id!

oh shit! Its...

OLYROLLER^{again}

ZOMKS...

the ubiquitous KAX, mis taking it for the punkhouse
crashed through the central house front window
a la winterland recently...



those ve gans who previously
would have been "not down
with that" were too busy get-
ting wasted to c o m m e n t

GOVERNMENT BULLETIN.....
ALL BANDS WITH THE WORDS B ONE, BOX, HOUSE, TREE,
CHILD, AND FUNK IN THEIR NAME ARE TO CHANGE THEM
AT ONCE TO SQUIB, FLEABAG, PTERODACTYL, WANKER,
MOISTEN AND PHIL, RESPECTIVELY; AN Y OTHER WORDS
IN THE NAME SHOULD BE MADE PIE LATIN, THUS:
stone y bone child : one y stay squib moistener
hammerbox: ammerhay fleabag
firehouse: ire fay pterodactyl
tree people: wankere ople pay
spontaneous funk whorehouse:
ontaneous pay phil ore hay pterodactyl
THANK Y OU FOR Y OUR COOPERATION

FLASH FLASHFLASH

due to the recent relapse of every single previously self-righteous vegan in town, the cute vegan alert has been temporarily suspended

THE KILLROCK STARS ~~Rock~~ feud got ridiculously out of hand this week and erupted into the rather undignified scene which you see here...

apparently, certain unscrupulous underlings at JOHNSON'S had been sending their enemies faxes of CALVIN unseemly tucckus; KRS EMPLOYEES responded by unceremoniously raiding the much rumoured SCENE CONTROL ROOM plundering and taking much booty



the duel had become heated during recent weeks due to continued arguments over who gets to release that killer

MILKY WHIMPSHAKE cd5 remix...

special report:

brett frost occurred frequently

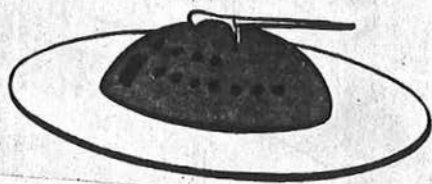
yet still more . . . →

STRANG E BUT TRUE!!

certain unnamed persons who crossed-up a certain unnamed witch have found that their heads have become lodged permanently up their asses- OH NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT OUT NOW!.

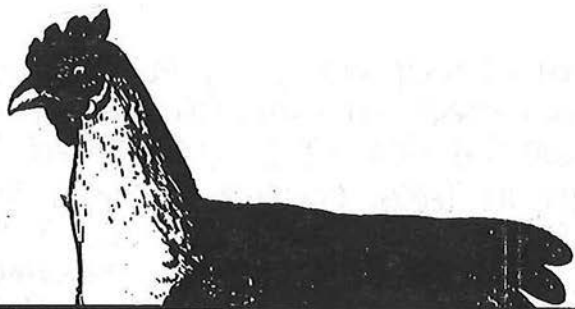
IN OTHER NEWS...

the alien secret space donut finally landed, but since noone could speak the language it had to return to the cosmos.



~~the end~~

You may have noticed Oly Roller
came maybe a little too close to reality
this time ... but if your dearies would
like to spice it up a bit, drop Oly
Roller a line either at the back
address or in person ... you know
where to find me - or maybe I know
where to find **YOU!** until next time,
you sorry peons!

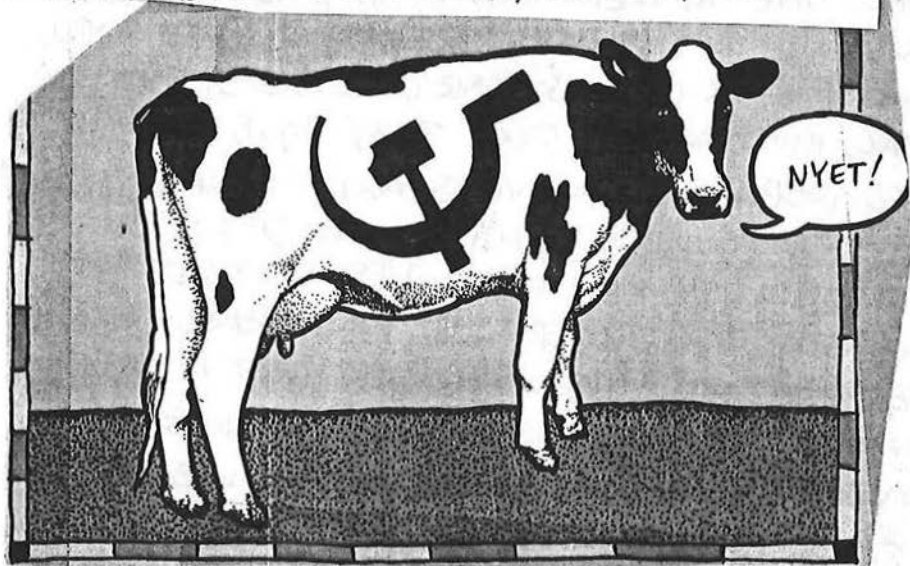


hell is a dairy farm.

VISUALIZE CHICKENS
A PRETTY SIGHT. ON
WERE MORE THAN A
RUNNING AROUND DOOSE
BECAUSE THEIR COOP
WELL, SO DURING

EVERYWHERE. NOT
OUR FARM THERE
HUNDRED CHICKENS
WHY? YOU ASK. WELL,
WAS NOT BUILT SO
A WINDSTORM ONE
SIDE OF IT CAME OPEN AND THE CHICKENS ALL
GOT OUT. VILE CREATURES. THEY CLUCK INCESSANTLY
AND SCURRY INTO YOUR PATH WHILST TRYING TO
AVOID YOU. THEY SMELL BAD, KIND OF LIKE THEIR
POOP MIXED WITH FEATHERS. OUR CHICKENS WOULD
SHIT EVERYWHERE. IN BOOTS, ON BIKES, ON YOUR
HEAD. ONE CHICKEN SHIT ON MY HEAD. IT WAS
ROOSTING IN THE RAFTERS OF OUR CALVES' SHED.
HAVING THE CHICKENS NEAR OUR CALVES PROVED
FATAL, MANY OF THE POOR BABY COWS CAUGHT
SOME WEIRD CHICKEN VIRUS AND CROAKED. CHICKENS
DIE IN DROVES. ONE RAN IN FRONT OF MY SCHOOL
BUS AND GOT RUN OVER. ITS INNARDS GOT
SPATTERED ALL OVER. IT WAS REALLY GROSS.
THERE WAS ANOTHER CHICKEN THAT LOOKED
LIKE A TURKEY 'COS IT HAD MANGE OR
SOMETHING. I WATCHED IT GET KILLED BY
A RAT ONE NIGHT, THERE WAS QUITE A COMMOTION.

AS FOOLISH AS THEY WERE, MY POOR SISTER WAS STILL AFRAID OF CHICKENS. SO IT WAS FUN TO WATCH HER FEED THEM WHEN THEY WERE STILL IN THEIR CONFINED COOP. SHE WOULD GO IN AND START TO FILL THEIR FEEDER, AND THEY WOULD ALL BEGIN TO CLUCK AND WALK AROUND. THEN SHE WOULD FREAK OUT A LITTLE AND TRY TO LEAVE QUICKLY AND THE CHICKENS WOULD GET FREAKED OUT TOO, AND START SQUAWKING AND FLAPPING AND HOPPING AROUND. MY SISTER WOULD THEN RUN OUT SCREAMING. EVENTUALLY SHE WISED UP AND STARTED THROWING THE FEED THROUGH THE CHICKEN WIRE. (NAMED FOR ITS FUNCTION, SEE). THE LITTLE MONSTERS WEREN'T TOTALLY GOOD FOR NOTHING, SOME OF OURS LAID EGGS THAT WERE PINK, ORANGE, GREEN AND BLUE, VERY NICE. EVENTUALLY, WE EITHER SOLD THE CHICKENS, OR KILLED THEM. AFTER THEIR HEADS ARE CUT OFF, THE BODY RUNS



AROUND ANYWAY. MY DAD SEEMED TO THINK THAT WAS REAL FUNNY, BUT THEN AGAIN HE SOMETIMES GOT HIS JOLLIES BY PICKING CHICKENS UP AND BOOTING THEM OVER TELEPHONE WIRES. A WAY IN WHICH CHICKENS CAN SEEM LIKE PEOPLE IS THIS (A NATURAL "PECKING ORDER" GONE HAYWIRE THROUGH DOMESTICATION): WHEN ONE CHICKEN PECKS ANOTHER, OTHERS OFTEN WILL COME OVER AND JOIN IN. IF THE PECKEE DOES NOT ESCAPE THE PECK-ERS, IT WILL MOST LIKELY BE PECKED TO DEATH. I ACTUALLY USED TO STOP THIS FROM OCCURRING. MY DAD WOULD TELL ME: "DON'T BOTHER, IT'S NATURE" AND I WOULD THINK: "WHAT'S NATURAL ABOUT DOMESTIC CHICKENS"? NOTHING!

PEOPLE MAY WONDER HOW I REMEMBER ALL THIS SHIT. IT'S WEIRD, BUT ONE WAY IN WHICH I DO THIS IS TO THINK OF BAG BALM. BAG BALM IS AN OINTMENT THAT ONE PUTS ON THE TEATS/UPPERS OF MILKING ANIMALS TO SOOTHE CHAFING. IT HAS A VERY DISTINCTIVE ODOR, OF THAT MENTHOL-EUCALYPTUS VARIETY, JUST THINKING OF THAT SCENT BRINGS BACK A TORRENT OF MEMORIES, GOOD AND BAD. BAG BALM COMES IN A PRETTY, GREEN LITTLE TIN AND I USED TO ENJOY KEEPING

THEM AND I WOULD PUT THINGS
THAT WERE IMPORTANT TO ME (CHARMS)
IN THEM. NICE.

THIS UDDERSPEAK LEADS INTO
SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO
TALK ABOUT. IT'S RATHER LIKE A
RURAL VERSION OF THE MUCH-TOUDED
"URBAN LEGEND." ON OUR FARM
WE MILKED WITH MACHINES INSTEAD
OF BY HAND. THE MACHINES THAT WERE
PLACED ON THE COWS LOOKED LIKE THIS:

VACUUM ~~WAS~~ IS A LITTLE PUMPING
CYLINDER TO CREATED IN EACH
MILK THE COW. EFFECTIVELY
 SO, IMAGINE

THIS RURAL LEGEND: SOME DUMB-ASS
FROM THE CITY COMES TO A FARM, AND
WHILE THE FARMER RUNS AN ERRAND, AFOREMENTIONED
CITY SLICKER DECIDES IT WOULD BE FUN
TO DETERMINE IF THE MILKING MACHINE CAN
BE SEXUALLY SATISFYING. HE FIGURES, Y'KNOW IT'S
CYLINDRICAL AND IT PUMPS, TOO! SO HE GOES AND
STICKS HIS PENIS IN IT AND IT GETS STUCK UNTIL
THE FARMER RETURNS TO SHUT THE MACHINE OFF!
TO LAY THIS TO REST, A COW'S TEAT IS MALLEABLE,
AND SQUISHABLE, AN ERECT PENIS IS NOT. VERY
UNLIKELY THAT THE MAN COULD HAVE FIT HIMSELF
INTO THE CYLINDER. AND IF HE COULD HAVE, WELL,
MY CONDOLENCES ... UNTIL NEXT TIME ...



FRATERNITY?



SORORITY?

DON'T THE WORDS THEMSELVES JUST
CONJURE UP IMAGES OF QUEER BONDING?
NO? WELL, WHEN I READ THIS, THEY
BEGAN TO! GREEK SYSTEM, RIGHT?!
GREECE-SPARTA; LESBOS Y'KNOW. HEY FOLKS,
REMEMBER WHAT WENT ON THERE...

SORORITY + FRATERNITY <sup>(THIS IS KONDA TONGUE-
IN-CHEEK I HOPE YOU SEE)</sup>

THIS CAME FROM A "GAY" PAPER, SO I WAS
SURPRISED TO SEE THAT THE IRONY WASN'T
NOTED AT ALL. BUT I GUESS THAT INTEGRATING INTO
PAU-SEXIST-HOMOPHOBIC-STUPID
ORGANISATIONS IS A FAVOURITE
PASTIME OF ASSIMILATIONISTS...
WHAT NEXT, QUEER MONKS
AND NUNS (like they're not
already!)

"Because the Greek system has tradi-
tionally been a heterosexist and
homophobic institution, most students
who are fraternity or sorority members
feel compelled to hide their sexual orien-
tation," Case said. "In this respect, the
Greek system is similar to the military.
There is a significant number of Gays and
Lesbians in fraternities and sororities, just
as there is a substantial Gay and Lesbian
population within the armed forces.
Although there are not any formal
policies that stipulate that homosexuality
or Bisexuality is incompatible with frater-
nity or sorority membership, that attitude
seems to be the prevailing mentality
within the Greek system. It is extremely
rare for a fraternity or sorority to give a
student an invitation to join if the group
suspects that the student is Gay or Les-
bian. If the organization discovers that a
pledge (probationary member) is homo-
sexual or Bisexual, the student will most
likely be blackballed (dismissed). ▼

WE BASE SO MUCH OF OUR
SOCIAL/SELF-ESTEEM ADVANCEMENT
ON ~~THE~~ ACCEPTANCE BY A
BUNCH OF FUCKED-UP LOSERS. FUCK 'EM.
WE PRACTICE "SORORITY" AND
"FRATERNITY" THE RIGHT
WAY, THEY SHOULD TAKE
A LESSON FROM US, THE
FUCKERS! ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



Elfishma



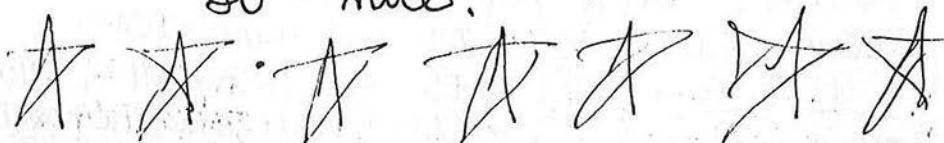
waggums hifilliefie pillyswag

hhooanni bellinellie sibbiesway

c'oc umberlay phoe-kippi esplay di-ebbledweck

once . twice . thrice .

so nice .



1. This is new.

halo CD \$12 / CS \$7

The KG bears no relation to the mass conception of 'alternative' music.

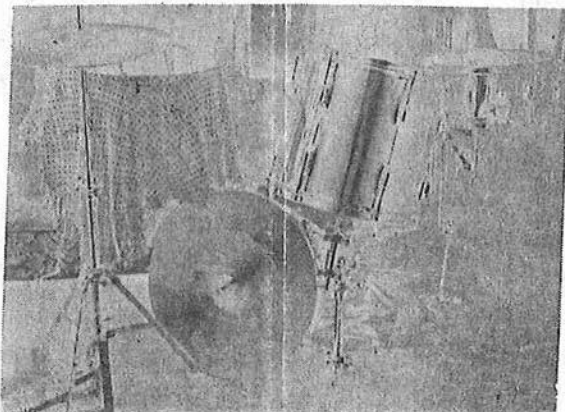
'Alternative' to what? Soul? Sex? Style? Revolt? Punk? It's all here and in *spades*, James. A sudden rush of the *kick supreme* in the key of electric guitars and teenage lies. All wrapped up in a special fortune telling device disguised as a CD packet. This one is not like the others. Amen.

22 songs. 69 min.

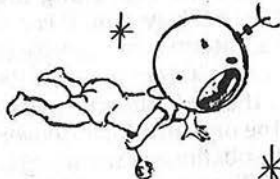
spartadisc 117 n 5th st. Brooklyn ny 11211 usa.

Kicking giant

SOUL!SEX!STYLE!PUNK!



halo



Loose Leaf P.O. box 782 Olympia WA 98507 USA.

re member itry and i try but baby, you know that i...
can only give you everything...

this ish is dedicated to
Jodi & Donna

things not by me: "1989 Again" by aaron
and stories by noted contributor s:
jane, dave, kyle, admirers, newsclippings,
anonymouslandanonymous2, & thunderhand!
thanks for important conversations:

justin, aaron, becca, allison, joshw.,
spencer, karen, andy

thanks for extra support:

parents, rebecca, jason, quitty, johnd.,
kerry, chris ty, andrea, joaquin, sam,
scott, conrad, craig, shane, michelle,
harper, punkchris, smithfield, etc.

thanks ye ziney friends:

cheryl, jesse, gwenael, sean gustilo,
vern, ten things, mrr, factsheet five,
mattoutpunk, larrybob, cheeselog, hex,
leilani, robyn, rachelfrost, paullyin-
crowd, punkrockfag, callie, wendy, tobi,
shawn, luke, jenny, sis, jerryandmelassa,
katrina ... read QUEERZINE EXPLOSION,
Nic ki, stacey, tallskinnytom, and big
'ol tom and larry and leeza and youse...
special thanx dann galucci for being great
and cute and sweet xxxooxxxooxxx oxxx ooxo

write me at:

joshua h. ploeg
1115 CENTRAL ST. NE
OLYMPIA, WA 98506

thanx

this issue's faraway greetings to margie&andy
in taiwan and to nice benjamin a. in norway

AND REMEMBER... JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A
BOURGEOIS FART, THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME ONE! NYAH! 😊



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FEEL
THE
CURSE!

