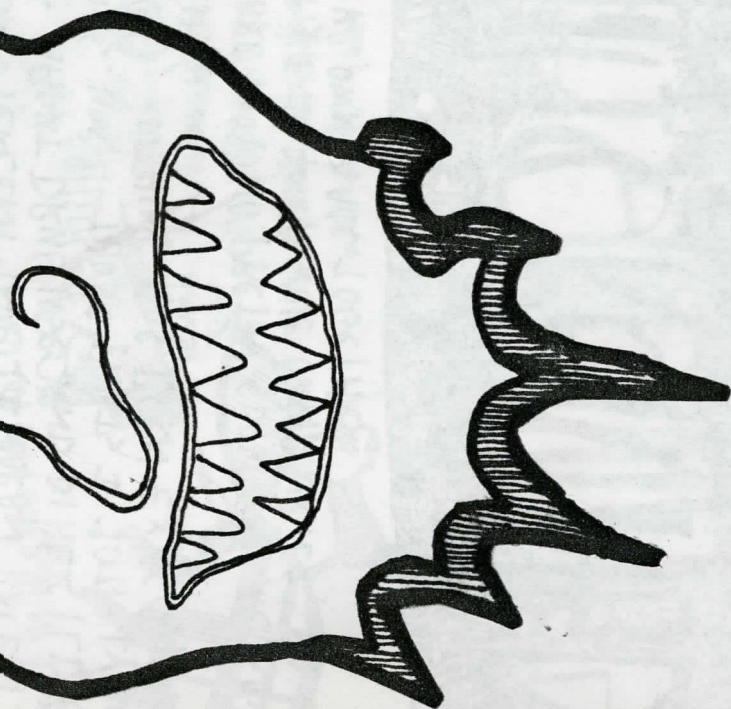
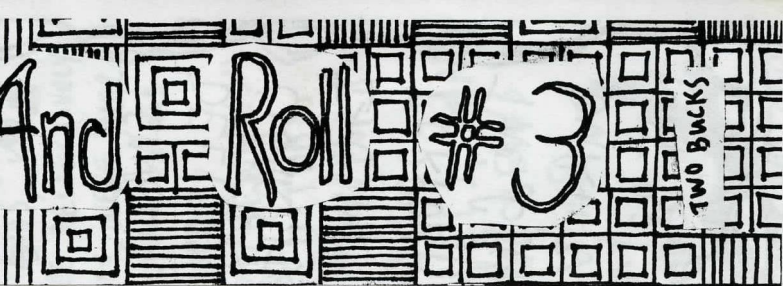


Chickenhed Zine





HIYA!!! WELCOME TO THE THIRD ISSUE OF CZAR!! THIS IS THE FIRST EVER "ALL HANDWRITTEN ISSUE." LET ME JUST SAY, AS MUCH OF A PAIN IN THE ASS AS THIS ONE WAS TO CRANK OUT, I REALLY HAD A LOT OF FUN MAKING IT, AND I HOPE YOU HAVE JUST AS MUCH FUN READING IT. ← YES, I REALLY DID JUST WRITE THAT CHEEZY ASS SHIT.

YEAH... SO, HERE'S THE PART WHERE I BEG YOU TO SEND ME SHIT: PLEASE SEND ME SHIT!! AS ALWAYS, ADS ARE FREE FOR A COPY OF WHAT YOU'RE ADVERTISING. IF YOU DO A ZINE, LET'S TRADE AD SPACE!! ALSO, WRITE SOMETHING AND SEND IT TO ME- I MIGHT PRINT THAT SHIT! ZINES- LET'S TRADE COPIES!! DISTROS- LET'S TRADE BIG STACKS OF COPIES!! EVERYONE- LET'S TRADE, TRADE, TRADE!!!
ALRIGHT!

SOME OF YOU MAY FIND IT INTERESTING TO KNOW THAT ALL OF THE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE ARE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT TRUE (I MEAN, EXCEPT FOR THE PARTS ABOUT DRUG USE, AND OTHER ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES. UM.... THOSE PARTS I TOTALLY MADE UP. AHEM!!), NOTHING HAS BEEN EXAGGERATED OR ANYTHING.

THINGS ARE MOVING PRETTY SLOW FOR ME RIGHT NOW. TERI & I SLOWLY SAVE OUR PENNIES, SO WE CAN GET OUR OWN PLACE TOGETHER.



→ LISTEN: I STILL DON'T HAVE TOO MANY FRIENDS HERE IN RICHMOND. SO, IF ANYONE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS WITH TERI AND ME, BY ALL MEANS, GET IN TOUCH.

I ORIGINALLY LOOKED FORWARD TO LIVING IN RICHMOND BECAUSE THERE IS SUCH A BIG SCENE HERE, AND A LOT OF PUNKS. NOW I REALIZE THAT SORT OF MAKES THINGS HARDER. IT USED TO BE THAT A COUPLE OF PUNKS COULD MAKE FRIENDS WITH EACH OTHER ON THE BASIS OF JUST BEING "PUNKS." NOW, EVERYONE JUST GIVES EACH OTHER THE EVIL EYE @ SHOWS, OR TALKS THROUGH THE BANDS, TRYING TO GET IN EACH OTHER'S PANTS.

IN ALL FAIRNESS, NOT EVERYONE IS AN ASSHOLE; IT'S JUST THAT WITH SO MANY PUNKS AROUND, IT'S HARD TO BE THE NEW FOLKS, TRYING TO "BREAK INTO" THE SCENE. IT'S TOUGH, WHEN YOU JUST AREN'T ANYBODY.

SO FRIENDS, I HOPE YOU ARE ALL WELL. IF I HAVEN'T MET YOU YET, PLEASE DROP ME A LINE. IF WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A WHILE NOW, THANKS FOR KEEPING IN TOUCH.

KEEP BEING BAD AND ROLL,



the JOSHIE™

NOW ADDRESS!
I'VE MOVED!

PO BOX 330
RICHMOND VA 23218

EMAIL: thejoshietm@hotmail.com

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED
TO RICKY LAWSON (1980-2001).

WE MISS YOU.



Chickenhed

Zine

And

Roll

#3

TWO BACKS

I QUIT SMOKING CIGARETTES A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. I WAS THINKING ABOUT MY CONVICTIONS, AND HOW I CONSIDER MYSELF AN ANARCHIST, WHO HATES CORPORATE AMERIKKA, AND THE VARIOUS WAYS THAT THEY TRY TO MANIPULATE AND DESTROY US. A LINE FROM A SCREECHING WEASEL SONG POPPED INTO MY HEAD:

♪ YOU SAY THAT YOU HATE CAPITALISM, AND YOU WON'T COMPROMISE
♪ BUT WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF CIGARETTES, THE FUNNY THING IS
♪ YOUR BUTT'S FULL OF JIZZ!
♪

LEAVE IT TO MR BEN WEASEL TO PUT A SENTIMENT DELICATELY. IT'S TRUE: AS LONG AS I SMOKE CIGARETTES, I WILL BE A BIG FAT HYPOCRITE. I COULD TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH I HATE CORPORATE GREED, AND HOW I REFUSE TO PLAY THE GAME; BUT, IF I HAVE TO TAKE SMOKE BREAKS DURING SUCH A CONVERSATION, THEN I WILL NOT BE SERIOUS. I WOULD NOT BE AN ANARCHIST.
PLEASE, READ ON!

I WILL NOT GO BACK

TO SMOKING AGAIN, EITHER. YES, A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY THAT AS SOON AS THEY QUIT, BUT FOR ME IT'S NOT LIKE THAT. I MADE THE CHOICE FOR TOTALLY DIFFERENT REASONS. IN ADDITION TO MY QUITTING AS A CONSUMER DECISION, I AM ALSO QUITTING BECAUSE LAST WEEK I FOUND THAT I HAVE ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS.

HAVING NEVER BEEN PREVIOUSLY DIAGNOSED ASTHMATIC, I ALWAYS ASSUMED THAT IT WAS MY ALLERGIES THAT CAUSED ME TO WAKE UP LATE AT NIGHT, SHORT OF BREATH AND PRAYING THAT GOD WOULD KILL ME. BUT NOT EVEN THE MERCIFUL GOD OF ISRAEL WOULD BRING ME RELIEF FROM MY RESPIRATORY AILMENTS, THROUGH DEATH OR ANY OTHER MEANS.

SO I TOOK ALLERGY MEDICATIONS AND MINITHINS AND BOUGHT AN "AIR PURIFIER" AND MADE SURE TO BLEACH EVERY SQUARE INCH OF OUR HOUSE IN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY ANY & ALL POTENTIAL ALLERGENS. NONE OF THIS WORKED, OF COURSE, AND MY LATE NIGHT WAKE-UPS GOT MORE FREQUENT AND SEVERE.

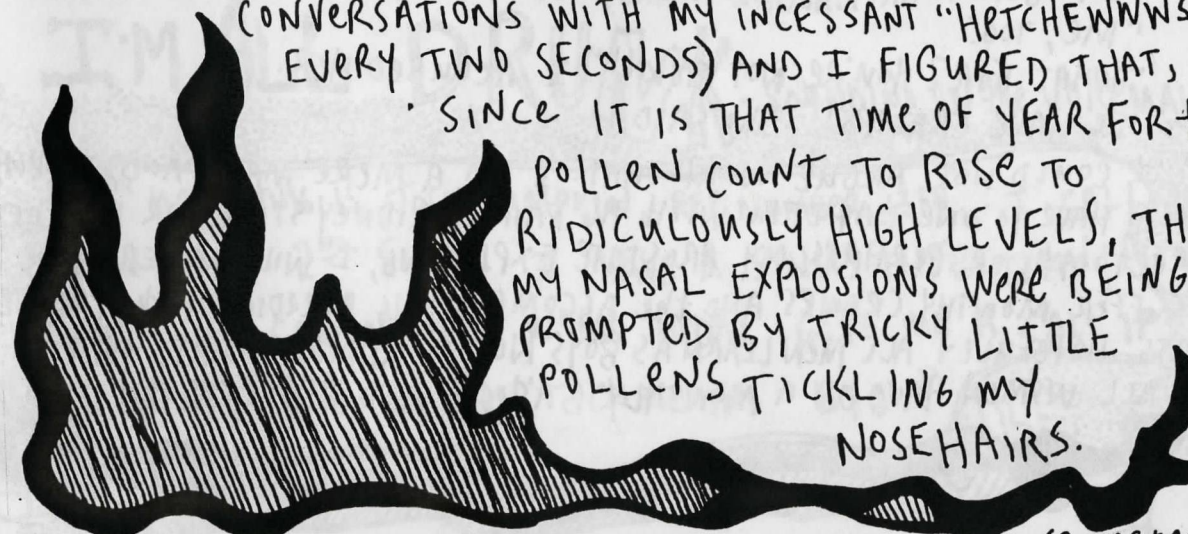
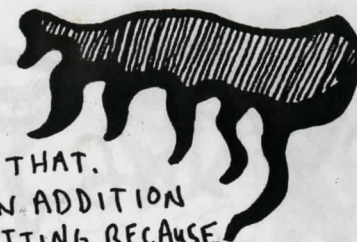
ANYWAYS,

ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO, SOME FRIENDS, KELLY AND ANDY (FROM MADISON & MILWAUKEE, RESPECTIVELY) CAME ON DOWN TO VIRGINIA FOR A VISIT. THE FIRST DAY THEY WERE HERE, I BEGAN SNEEZING WITH ALARMING FREQUENCY. I EXPERIENCED NO DISCOMFORT (OTHER THAN THE EMBARRASSMENT OF INTERRUPTING

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY INCESSANT "HETCHENWS" EVERY TWO SECONDS) AND I FIGURED THAT,

SINCE IT IS THAT TIME OF YEAR FOR THE POLLEN COUNT TO RISE TO RIDICULOUSLY HIGH LEVELS, THAT MY NASAL EXPLOSIONS WERE BEING PROMPTED BY TRICKY LITTLE POLLENS TICKLING MY NOSEHAIRS.

THOSE BASTARDS!



TWO DAYS LATER, JULY FOURTHTH

WAS OUR GOOD FRIEND EMMY LOU HARRIS' TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY EXTRAVAGANZA BASH-PARTY!! I WAS UP TO MY EARBALLS IN EXCITEMENT/ANTICIPATION FOR THE PARTY, AND HAD BEEN FOR SOME TIME. SLACKJAW, FROM PORTLAND, WERE GOING TO BE PLAYING, AS WERE MY FRIENDS SAL & CARRIE'S BAND (LET THE DAY ARRIVE QUICKLY), AND ALL MY FRIENDS WERE GONNA BE THERE, AND PYROTECHNICS BY RICKY!! IT WAS TO BE A BLAST!

AND IT WAS; THOUGH RICKY, GREG & I DIDN'T GET TO PLAY OUR SILLY CYNDI LAUPER SONG ("WHEN YOU WERE MINE" COMPLETE WITH DRUM MACHINE!). SLACKJAW PLAYED WELL, AND WERE REALLY NICE (ALTHOUGH THE BASSIST KEPT HITTING ON TERI :)). ALL IN ALL, THE PARTY WAS A SMASH! I GOT REALLY SMASHED, TOO.

ON THE RIDE HOME, I REALIZED THAT MY THROAT WAS HURTING REALLY BAD. IT WAS MY ANNUAL SINUS INFECTION, NO DOUBT. AT LEAST THIS WAS MY OFFICIAL DIAGNOSIS. I ANNOUNCED IT TO TERI ON THE RIDE HOME.

"I THINK I HAVE A SINUS INFECTION!" I TOLD HER DRUNKENLY.

"THAT SUCKS." SHE RESPONDED.

"I'M GONNA HAVE TO GO AHEAD AND CALL IN SICK TOMORROW," I SAID.

"ME, TOO!"

"WHAT FOR? YOU'RE NOT SICK!!" I ACCUSED HER.

"I HAVE CRAMPS!!" SHE SAID.

I COULD NOT ARGUE WITH THAT. I AM A MERE MALE, AND, THOUGH I MAY HAVE TO ONE DAY DEAL WITH THE PAIN OF KIDNEY STONES OR A VESECTOMY, OR PERHAPS MY PROSTATE EXPLODING, I WILL NEVER HAVE TO SUFFER MONTHLY CRAMPS AND THE ACCOMPANYING BLEEDING OF THE PRIVATE PARTS. HOPEFULLY ALL MEN LEARN AS BOYS NOT TO UNDERESTIMATE THE PAIN THAT ALL WOMEN HAVE ON A MONTHLY BASIS - AND RESPECT IT!!

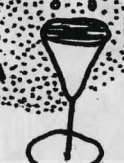


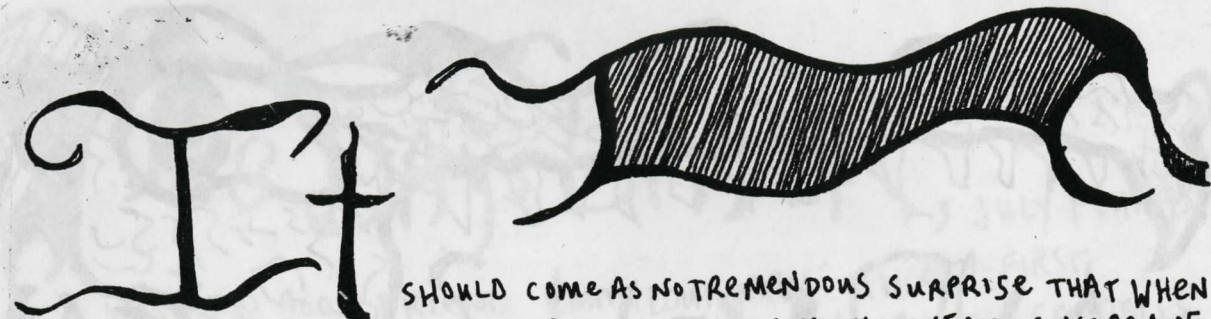
WHEN WE GOT HOME FROM THE PAR-TAY (!) WE BOTH CALLED IN SICK TO WORK. SINCE IT WAS ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK A.M., THERE WAS, OF COURSE, NOBODY AROUND TO ANSWER THE PHONE, SO WE LEFT SEPERATE MESSAGES ON THE VOICEMAIL, INFORMING OUR EMPLOYER OF OUR ABSENCES. WE'VE DONE THIS A LOT OF TIMES AND IT'S USUAL NO BIG DEAL. ALTHOUGH OUR JOB SUCKS (TELEMARKETING) WE ARE ALLOWED TWO FREE SICK DAYS EVERY MONTH, SO THEY CAN'T SAY SHIT.

I'M ALL DRUNK

-SOUNDING ON THE VOICEMAIL:

"UM... THIS IS JOSH LUMPKIN, REP NUMBER 1338... I CALL ON SAAB 2ND SHIFT. I HAVE A SINUS INFECTION; WON'T BE COMIN' INTO WORK TODAY. GIVE ME A CALL IF YA WANT, BUT I CAN'T COME IN. BYE." Hic!





It SHOULD COME AS NO TREMENDOUS SURPRISE THAT WHEN TERI AND I WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING, THE INFAMOUS KAREN OF FOX STAFFING RESOURCES® HAD LEFT HER OWN LITTLE MESSAGE ON OUR VOICEMAIL. IT SAID SOMETHING LIKE:

"THIS MESSAGE IS FOR JOSH AND TERI... I'M GOING TO NEED DOCTORS NOTES FROM BOTH OF YOU. PLEASE CALL ME RIGHT AWAY."

TERI CALLED IMMEDIATELY. SHE TALKED TO CAMILLE, KAREN'S NEW LACKY, WHO INFORMED TERI THAT SINCE THE PREVIOUS DAY HAD BEEN A HOLIDAY (JULY FOURTH, THE DAY WHEN WE CELEBRATE THE GOVERNMENT'S FREEDOM TO CONTROL US...), A BUNCH OF PEOPLE HAD CALLED IN SICK. SINCE THERE WAS NO WAY TO KNOW WHICH EMPLOYEES WERE FAKING, SHE WAS REQUIRING ALL ABSENTEES TO BRING IN A NOTE FROM A DOCTOR PROVING ILLNESS. TERI TOLD CAMILLE THAT SINCE FOX STAFFING RESOURCES® IS TOO NEGLIGENT AN EMPLOYER TO PROVIDE US WITH SUFFICIENT HEALTH CARE, THERE WAS NO WAY FOR US TO SEE A DOCTOR, EXCEPT FOR THE FREE CLINIC, WHICH MAKES ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS ON MONDAYS (IT WAS THURSDAY).

"WELL, IF YOU WANT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER A LITTLE BIT, AND COME IN TO WORK, YOU WON'T HAVE TO GET A NOTE!!" SHE SAID. BRILLIANT.

WE DID NOT GO TO WORK.

I STILL WASN'T FEELING ALL THAT BAD YET, SO THE NEXT DAY (FRIDAY) I WENT TO WORK. IT WAS A SHITTY STUPID DAY, BUT I WENT ANYHOW.

WORK! WORK! WORK! WORK! WORK! WORK! WORK! WORK!

WHEN I GOT HOME, IT WAS TIME TO GET MY DRINK ON. I KNOW; DRINKING ALCOHOL WHILE SICK IS STUPID; BUT LIKE I SAID, I GET A BAD SINUS INFECTION EVERY FUCKIN' YEAR AND THERE'S NO WAY AROUND IT. THERE'S NO WAY TO GET RID OF IT (BESIDES GOING TO THE DOCTOR, WHICH WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION), SO I USUALLY JUST LET IT RUN ITS COURSE. I DRANK DRANK DRANK AND SMOKED A TON OF CIGARETTES.

SATURDAY, TERI & I SLEPT THROUGH WORK. WHEN WE GOT UP, WE WENT OVER TO EMILY, MISTY, AND SHANNON'S HOUSE TO PICK UP ANYONE WHO WANTED TO DO SOME SHOPLIFTING.

LATER ON, BACK AT EMILY, MISTY, & SHANNON'S HOUSE, I GOT ALL DRUNK AGAIN! OH, WHAT RECKLESS BEHAVIOR!!!

THAT NIGHT

"COUGH!!!"

UPON RETURNING HOME, I REALIZED THAT I FELT LIKE TOTAL SHIT, RATHER THAN JUST MOSTLY LIKE SHIT, AS I HAD BEFORE. EVEN BEER BROUGHT NO RELIEF FROM MY CLOGGIFIED SINUSES AND MY STINGING THROAT. I MADE A CUP OF GREEN TEA, AND SAT DOWN WITH A ZINE (OJ KILLED ELVIS #4). THE ZINE WAS FUNNY AND THOUGH I WAS ABLE TO "LOSE MYSELF" IN IT TO SOME EXTENT, I WAS FEELING MORE AND MORE LIKE A FUCKING GARBAGE WITH EACH PAGE I TURNED. NOW, I HAD A NEW SYMPTOM: I COULD NOT, FUCKIN' BREATHE ANYBODY WITH ASTHMA WILL AGREE WITH ME → BEING "BREATHLESS" (AND I MEAN IN THE LITERAL SENSE, NOT SOME WACKY SILLY EMO KIND OF "BREATHLESS") IS ONE OF THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE PERIODS OF breathless SENSATIONS I CAN THINK OF. DURING THESE PERIODS OF breathlessness, IT IS A REDICULOUS DISPLAY OF FUTILITY FOR ONE TRY SLEEPING, SO I DECIDED TO SPARE MYSELF THE INSOMNIA-INDUCED FRUSTRATION OF SUCH ENDEAVORS, AND STARTED READING OJ KILLED ELVIS #5 (THE PORTLAND ISSUE).

★ THE ZINE WAS ★ fuckin' ★ AWESOME!!! ★

I STAYED AWAKE FOREVER READING IT. IT WAS TEN-THIRTY IN THE MORNING BY THE TIME I HAD FINISHED IT.

EXHAUSTED, SICK AS FUCK, AND STILL HALF WASTED, I CRAWLED INTO BED. THE LAST THING I SAID TO TERI BEFORE FALLING INTO A TOSSINGLY - TURNINGLY RESTLESS SLEEP WAS THIS:

"I BET I HAVE FUCKING PNEUMONIA!"



AH CHew!

When I AWoke

ON SUNDAY, IT WAS THREE-THIRTY IN THE AFTERNOON. I STILL COULDN'T BREATHE AND I WAS PRETTY SURE I HAD PNEUMONIA. I WAS TALKING TO MY MOM ON THE TELEPHONE.

"YOU SHOULD JUST GO TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM, SON!" SHE WAS TELLING ME. "THERE'S OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU!! YOU NEED SOME MEDICINE!"

I ENDED THE CONVERSATION BY PROMISING MY MOM THAT I WOULD MAKE AN APPOINTMENT AT THE FREE CLINIC THE NEXT DAY, SINCE IT WOULD BE MONDAY. IF THEY COULDN'T GET ME IN RIGHT AWAY AT THE FREE CLINIC, I WOULD GO TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM.

I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY BEING A MISERABLE BUM. TERI WAS REALLY SWEET TO ME, AND EVEN MADE ME MINESTRONE!! HOORAY!

IT'S A PHONE, DUMMY!

THE NEXT DAY I WOKE UP REALLY EARLY, COUGHING. DETERMINED TO GET AN APPOINTMENT THAT DAY, I STARTED CALLING THE FREE CLINIC HOURS BEFORE THEY OPENED. I KEPT GETTING THE ANSWERING MACHINE, ALONG WITH AN OCCASIONAL BUSY SIGNAL. WHEN I FINALLY DID GET A HOLD OF SOMEBODY AT THE CLINIC, THEY WERE BOOKED 'TIL WEDNESDAY.

FUCK!

TO THE E.R. I WENT...

I'M SITTING

IN A CHAIR IN THAT OFFICE IN THE E.R. WHERE THEY TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE AND STUFF. THE NURSE STRAPS A BLOOD PRESSURE CHECKING MACHINE TO MY UPPER ARM. A FEW PUMPS OF THE BALLOON THINBER, AND... "181 OVER 71!! WHY'S IT SO HIGH, I WONDER..." THE NURSE SAYS TO HERSELF. THE THERMOMETER BEEPS, AND SHE REMOVES IT FROM MY MOUTH. "100.7!" I HAD A FEVER.

IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO INTO TREATMENT. A DIFFERENT NURSE WALKS ME ACROSS THE E.R., AND SITS ME DOWN IN A DIFFERENT CHAIR. SHE USES HER STETHOSCOPE TO CHECK OUT THE GOINGS-ON OF MY LUNGS. "YOU SURE ARE WHEEZING AN AWFUL LOT," SHE SAYS, LIKE I DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW THAT I WAS WHEEZY JEFFERSON. SHE GOES TO GET A DOCTOR.

The DOCTOR WILL SEE ME NOW!

DOCTOR DILLON LOOKS BRITISH, BUT I GUESS HE IS AMERICAN 'CAZ HE AIN'T GOT AN ACCENT. HE IS WEARING A FUCKING NECKBRACE! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO TRUST A DOCTOR WITH A NECKBRACE?! I PRETEND I DON'T NOTICE.

"HI," HE SAYS. "DON'T MIND THE NECKBRACE."

"WHAT NECKBRACE?" I ASK.

HE LISTENS TO MY LUNGS, AND ASKS IF I'VE EVER BEEN DIAGNOSED WITH ASTHMA.

"NOPE," I SAY

"HMMM..." HIS FACE SQUISHES UP, ATOP HIS NECKBRACE. "DO YOU SMOKE OR DRINK?" HE ASKES.

"YEP."

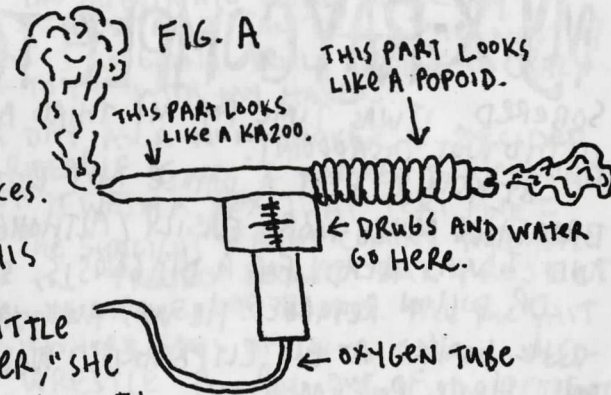
"HMMM..." A REALLY SOUR LOOK CROSSES HIS FACE, AND AWAY HE WALKS.

A THIRD NURSE SOON ARRIVES. SHE HAS A LITTLE CUP FULL OF PILLS. "THESE ARE FOR YOUR FEVER," SHE SAYS, HANDING ME THE CUP. I EMPTY IT INTO MY MOUTH AND TAKE A SWALLOW OF WATER.

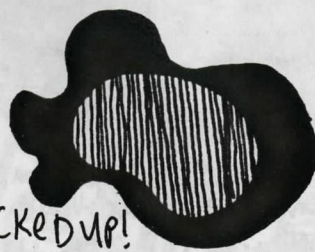
THE NURSE IS ASSEMBLING SOME SORT OF MEDICAL APPARATUS. "THIS IS A NEBULIZER," SHE SAYS WHEN SHE IS FINISHED. SHE PUTS A FEW DROPS OF LUNG DRUGS IN IT, AND THEN ABOUT 2 TABLESPOONS OF WATER. (SEE FIG. A FOR A PICTURE)

SHE TURNS ON THE OXYGEN, AND THE THING STARTS SPURTING OUT A YUMMY, LUNG-HEALING VAPOR.

"THIS IS GONNA MAKE YOU A LITTLE LIGHT-HEADED," SHE SAYS. THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! SHE HANDS ME THE NEBULIZER; "NOW, SMOKE IT!" SO I DO...



HOLY LIVING SHIT!



PUFFING ON THE LUNG HEALING MACHINE GOT ME FUCKED UP! IT WAS LIKE THE FEELING OF ABOUT FIVE MINITHINS AT FIRST, BUT AFTER ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES OF HITTING THAT FUCKER, I WAS WASTED; SPEEDING HARD AS SHIT. SO IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I FINISHED IT AND THE NURSE RETURNED, SAYING, "ALL DONE? READY FOR ANOTHER?" OH FUCK. THIS ONE TOOK ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES TO FINISH, AND WHEN IT WAS DONE I WAS ZONING OUT LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER. I WAS AFRAID THE NURSE WOULD COME BACK & MAKE ME SMOKE A THIRD, WHICH I SIMPLY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANDLE AT THIS POINT. MY HEART WAS BEATING REALLY FAST AND I COULDN'T KEEP MY THOUGHTS SEPERATED.

LUCKILY, I DIDN'T HAVE TO SMOKE ANOTHER SPEED BONGER JUST YET; INSTEAD IT WAS TIME FOR MY CHEST X-RAY, TO SEE IF I REALLY HAD PNEUMONIA.

I STOOD IN FRONT OF THE WIERD WHITE SCREEN, MY ARMS RAISED HIGH ABOVE MY HEAD. I COULD SMELL MY OWN BODY ODOR. "UH, HOW MUCH LONGER?"

MY X-RAY COMPLETE,

AND MY SPEEDING STATE SUBSTANTIALLY SOBERED, IT WAS TIME FOR MY THIRD AND FINAL SESSION WITH THE SPEED BONG. IT DID NOT DISAPPOINT.

BY NOW I FELT A WHOLE LOT BETTER. MY FEVER HAD DROPPED, I WAS BREATHING MUCH MORE EASILY (ALTHOUGH THE NURSE INSISTED I WAS STILL WHEEZING), AND I WAS READY FOR A DIAGNOSIS, SO I COULD GO THE FUCK HOME.

DR DILLON RETURNED. HE WAS AWKWARD AS EVER, IN HIS GOOFY BLUE NECKBRACE. HE LOOKED AT HIS CLIPBOARD. "WELL MR LUMPKIN... THE GOOD NEWS IS YOU DON'T HAVE PNEUMONIA."

"COOL" I SAY, HITTING MY PIPE OF SPEED.

"BUT, YOU DO HAVE PERMANENT LUNG DISEASE. IT'S A CONDITION KNOWN AS ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS, AND IT NEVER GOES AWAY. HOWEVER, YOU CAN LEARN TO CONTROL IT." HE HANDED ME A COUPLE LITTLE PIECES OF PAPER. "HERE IS A PRESCRIPTION FOR AN INHALER AND SOME STEROIDS. I'D ADVISE YOU TO QUIT SMOKING." AND HE LEFT AGAIN.

SO I WENT THE FUCKING HELL HOME.

← FUCK, I'M A VULGAR BASTARD!!

I WON'T WRITE ABOUT THE MEANS I USED TO OBTAIN THE MONEY FOR MY MEDICINE. I'LL JUST SAY THAT I FELT LIKE A SICK ORPHAN, BEGGING FOR VITAMIN CASH.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER TAKING MY PRESCRIPTIONS I FELT WAY BETTER. EVEN I WAS AMAZED. BUT NOW I HAD TO QUIT SMOKING. MY NEWLY DIAGNOSED CONDITION WOULD PROVIDE ME WITH THE PERFECT MOTIVATION.

I SPENT THE REST OF MY WEEK CUTTING MY SMOKING DOWN. I ALSO PRACTICED RESTRAINT BY DRINKING WITHOUT SMOKING. IT WAS PRETTY HARD, BUT NOT AS BAD AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

ON FRIDAY, I APPLIED MY FIRST NICOTINE PATCH RIGHT BEFORE BED. ASIDE FROM THE STRANGE DREAMS I HAD, NOT MUCH WAS DIFFERENT THAT FIRST NIGHT. THE NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, I FELT LIKE A WHOLE NEW DUDE...

IT WAS CRAZY...

I SWEAR TO GOD, I WOKE UP JITTERY.

SHAKING MY LEG LIKE A SWEATY-TOOTHED

MADMAN, A HUGE SMILE ENCOMPASSED MY FACE; MY FIRST GESTURE OF THE DAY.

I JUMPED OUT OF BED.

NEVER HAD I EVER FELT SO FULL OF ENERGY. "ENERGY" IS PROBABLY NOT THE APPROPRIATE WORD, SINCE MY HYPERACTIVITY IS, AS BEST AS I CAN TELL, DUE MOSTLY TO THE FACT THAT I'M GOING TRULY INSANE-O CRAZY WITHOUT SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY HANDS!!

SO, ON MY FIRST DAY AS A NON-SMOKER I DECIDED TO GET MY BIKE RIDEABLE. SINCE I MOVED TO RICHMOND IN OCTOBER, MOST OF IT WAS IN A BOX THAT TERI AND I WERE USING TO BLOCK THE SUNLIGHT FROM COMING THROUGH ONE OF THE WINDOWS IN THE "PROJECT ROOM". OUR PROJECT ROOM IS BASICALLY THE "JUNK DRAWER" OF ROOMS. ALL THE SHIT THAT TERI & I CAN'T FIT ELSEWHERE ENDS UP IN THIS ROOM. NEED-LESS TO SAY, IT WAS TONGH TO WRESTLE THE BOX OUT OF THE PROJECT ROOM.

BUT, DUE TO MY SUPER HUMAN "NON-SMOKER"

STRENGTH POWER, I GOT THE BIKE OUT... IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE. NEXT, I HAD TO GET A MUCH SMALLER BOX CONTAINING THE REST OF MY BIKE (THE FRONT WHEEL) OFF OF THE TOP SHELF OF THE PROJECT ROOM CLOSET. THIS SOUNDS EASY, I'M SURE, BUT IT WAS REALLY FUCKING TRICKY!



NEVERTHELESS,

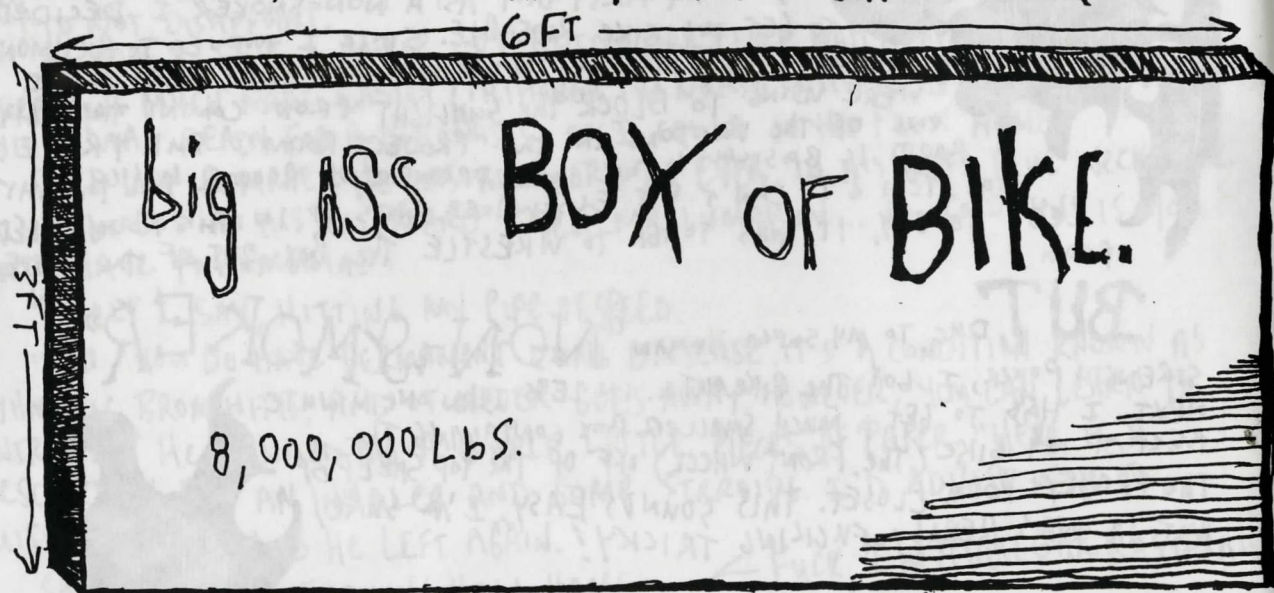
I WAS SOMEHOW ABLE TO GET THAT FUCKER DOWN, MANIPULATING IT OUT FROM BEHIND THE STACK OF BOARD GAMES, THE PILE OF OLD PLAYBOY MAGAZINES, AND TERI'S HATBOX. NOW IT WAS TIME TO OPEN THE BOXES! RICKY AND I DANCED AROUND THE BIG BOX. I STABBED ITS EDGE WITH MY WEAPON (ORANGE HANDLED SCISSORS), AND WITH ONE FATAL SWEEP OF MY ARM, TOOK OUT THE ENTIRE STRIP OF TAPE THAT HELD THE BOX TOGETHER. RICKY TORE OPEN THE SMALLER BOX, AND IN SECONDS HAD THE BACK WHEEL FREE.

THE NEXT FEW MINUTES HAD ME BUZZING AROUND MY BIKE AT QUITE A FEROCIOUS VELOCITY. WITH THE HELP OF RICKY'S SEARS & ROBO GRIP PLIERS (I KNOW, THEY SOUND CHEEZY AND THEY'RE ENDORSED BY THAT SHADY, BEARDED FUCK, BOB VILA, BUT THEY WORK REALLY WELL!) I PUT THE FRONT WHEEL BACK ON. I THEN MADE VARIOUS ADJUSTMENTS. TWISTING THIS BOLT, TIGHTENING THIS SCREW, YOU KNOW, BASICALLY PRETENDING TO HAVE SOME SENSE OF TECHNICAL PROFICIENCY.

MY VERY IMPORTANT MOCK ADJUSTMENTS COMPLETE, I STEPPED BACK TO TAKE A LOOK AT MY BIKE. IT WAS FUCKIN COOL, NO DOUBT, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY ALL THE DUMB STICKERS LOOKED ON IT. HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO BE A RADICAL, CAPITALIST-SMASHING ANARCHO BIKE TERRORIST WHEN EVERY CENTIMETER OF MY CHARIOT'S METAL FRAME WAS PLASTERED WITH DECALS ADVERTISING THE COMPANY THAT MANUFACTURED IT!!! PLUS, THE OTHER STICKERS (THE ONES SHOUTING OUT VARIOUS FEATURES OF MY BIKE [EIS SPEED DUAL PEDAL ACTION! AND SHIT LIKE THAT]) TO ANYONE I SHOULD HAPPEN TO SPEED PAST) WERE JUST PLAIN SILLY! SO I PEELED OFF EVERY LAST DECAL.

AGAIN, I STEPPED BACK TO TAKE A LOOK AT MY BIKE. IT LOOKED MUCH COOLER WITHOUT ALL THE CRAPPY DECALS, BUT NOW I HAD A NEW GRIPE. ALL OF THE TWENTY-SEVEN DIFFERENT REFLECTORS WOULD SERIOUSLY INHIBIT MY ABILITY TO ESCAPE CRIME SCENES UNDETECTED. AS LONG AS I HAD THOSE REFLECTORS ON, ANY ASSHOLE COP COULD TRACK MY GETAWAY WITH A SIMPLE TURNING-ON OF THE HEADLIGHTS. THE REFLECTORS HAD TO GO.

I TOOK A THIRD LOOK AT MY BIKE. NOW, THE LACK OF STICKERS AND REFLECTORS MADE IT LOOK PRETTY NAKED. SURE, IT WASN'T AS OBNOXIOUS NOW, BUT IT DIDN'T REALLY "MAKE A STATEMENT" EITHER. IN FACT, WITHOUT THE STICKERS TO DISTRACT ONE'S EYE FROM THE WAY THAT THE FRAME'S MAGENTA-ISH COLOR FADED TO BLACK, IT NOW LOOKED LIKE A **FUCKING GIRL'S BIKE!!!**



SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

ABOUT MY GENDER DEFIYING BICYCLE. I WAS STILL IN SUPER HYPER MODE FROM NOT SMOKING SO I WHEELED MY BIKE OUTSIDE, BRINGING ALONG A CAN OF BLACK SPRAYPAINT. I DECIDED TO PAINT THE ENTIRE THING BLACK. SPOKES, SPROCKETS, EVERYTHING. WHEN I WAS DONE, I HAD MYSELF A REAL STEALTH MODE MOTHERFUCKING MISCHIEF MAKING GETAWAY MACHINE!! AND GODDAMN, DID IT LOOK BADASS!

THIS TIME WHEN I STEPPED BACK TO CHECK OUT MY BIKE FROM AFAR, IT REALLY LOOKED RAD. I WAS COMPLETELY SATISFIED WITH IT. IT WAS SUPER COOL!

HMMMMMM... WHAT TO DO NOW?

I THOUGHT. I SCRATCHED MY HEAD, WEIGHING MY OPTIONS. AS I SCRATCHED MY HEAD, I REALIZED THAT THE SHAVED SIDES OF MY HAIR HAD GROWN CONSIDERABLY LONGER THAN I PREFER. INSIDE I WENT. TERI AND RICKY SAT ON THE COUCH, NO DOUBT WORN THE FUCK OUT FROM MY SMOKE-FREE ANTICS. "TERI, WILL YOU SHAVE THE SIDES OF MY HEAD FOR ME?" I ASKED MY BEAUTIFUL GIRLFRIEND.

"SURE, IN A SECOND," SHE RESPONDED.

"I'LL GET 'EM STARTED FOR YOU." I SAID, AND WENT INTO THE BATHROOM.

I LOOKED AT MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A YEAR AND A HALF THAT I SPENT AS A BOTH LONGHAIR, I HAD HAD THE SAME CHEEZY HAIRCUT SINCE I WAS TWELVE. SURE, IT WAS KIND OF A "PUNK" HAIR STYLE, ONE WHICH I REFERRED TO AS A **MOHAWK** (EVEN THOUGH IT REALLY WASN'T. I MEAN, I ONLY TOOK THE TIME TO PUT IT UP ONCE IN THE LAST YEAR AND A HALF), BUT IT DIDN'T SUIT ME ANYMORE.

AND I'VE BEEN A PUNK ROCKER FOR A

PRETTY LONG TIME NOW. SURE, MANY HAVE BEEN PUNKER LONGER, BUT (AGAIN, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MY YEAR AND A HALF LONG "DARK PERIOD") I'VE BEEN "PUNK" FOR LIKE NINE YEARS. I'VE WATCHED MANY OF THE PEOPLE WHO INTRODUCED ME TO THE PUNK COMMUNITY FALL OUT, OPTING INSTEAD FOR SUCH UNPUNK ACTIVITIES AS COLLEGE, COCAINE, OR SPOUSE WORSHIP.

FURTHER, THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS MAINTAINED A "PUNK LOOKING" EXTERIOR, I'VE ALWAYS LONGED FOR THAT ELUSIVE STATEMENT THAT ONE MAKES WITH A REAL MOHAWK. OF COURSE I KNOW THAT YOUR HAIRSTYLE DOES NOT MAKE YOU A PUNK—SUCH IDEOLOGIES ARE RETARDED; BUT STILL, I'VE NEVER SUBSCRIBED TO THE POPULAR POINT OF VIEW WITHIN THE PUNK COMMUNITY THAT DOING SOMETHING CONSIDERED "TYPICAL PUNK ROCK BEHAVIOR" MAKES YOU A TRENDY POSER, WHO MERELY HOPS UPON THE HIPSTER FASHION TRAIN, THAT TOO MANY CALL "**PUNK ROCK.**"

AS I RE-SHAVED THE SIDES OF MY HEAD, I PONDERED THESE PONDERABLES. I THOUGHT ABOUT HOW PROUD I AM TO BE A PUNK, AND REALIZED THAT I NO LONGER GAVE A SHIT TO PRETEND NOT TO BE. IT WAS TIME TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT WITH MY PLAYED OUT 'DOO. IT WAS TIME TO PROCLAIM TO THE WORLD, IN A WAY THAT CAN'T BE WASHED OFF (LIKE EYELINER), OR COVERED WITH A SLEEVE (LIKE MY TATTOOS), OR TAKEN OFF (LIKE EARRINGS OR CHAINS), THAT FIRST AND FOREMOST I AM AN ANARCHIST PUNK ROCKER. THIS IS MY FIRST PRIORITY. NOT MY BORING JOB; AND BETTER, NOT THE COMFORT THAT THEY FIND IN MY LOOKING LIKE "**A NORMAL PERSON.**"

"BUZZ, BUZZ," said the RAZOR

AS THE PILE OF HAIR ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR GOT BIGGER & BIGGER. BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM I WENT, TO RETRIEVE THE ORANGE-HANDLED WEAPON I HAD EARLIER BRANDISHED. I HELD UP THE REMAINING HAIR ON MY HEAD, AND WITH THE DULL SCISSORS, SOMEHOW MANAGED TO "CRUNCH, CRUNCH" ABOUT THREE INCHES OFF THE TOP OF IT.

ENTER: MY LOVE, THERESA.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"I'M CUTTING MY HAIR."

"LET ME HELP YOU..."

AND THAT'S THE STORY OF MY NEW 'HAWK.

THAT NIGHT

I WENT TO MY FIRST PARTY AS A NON-SMOKER. I THINK THAT SINCE I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY HANDS I WAS DRINKING LIKE TWICE AS FAST AS USUAL, SO DETAILS OF THIS PARTY ARE A BIT VAGUE IN MY MEMORY. I DO KNOW I WAS HAVING PEOPLE PUNCH ME IN THE ARM EVERY TIME I HAD A HANKERIN' FOR A CIGARETTE. STILL FUCKING SPAZZO AS HELL, I WAS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE, HAVING PEOPLE PUNCH ME. I RAN UP TO A MAJOR WHITE TRASH REDNECK.

"PUNCH ME!" I DEMANDED.

"HUH?" HE ASKED, DUMBFOUNDED. HIS VOICE HEAVY WITH STUPIDITY AND THICK WITH SOUTHERN ACCENT, HE INQUIRED, "WHAT THE HELL FOR?"

"HIT ME!" I AGAIN BEGGED.

"I CAN'T JUST HIT 'CHA! I GOTTA HAVE A REASON!"

"MY DAD IS BISEXUAL... AND I'M COOL WITH THAT!"

"OH, NOW I GOT A REASON!" HE SAID, BUT I GUESS HE WAS JOKING, CUZ HE DIDN'T HIT ME YET.

"C'MON! DO IT! WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF FAGGOT?" I INSTIGATED.

"I CAN'T JUST HIT 'CHA, YOU GOTTA HIT ME FIRST OR SOMETHIN'!" SO I WOUND MY ARM UP AND NAILED HIM RIGHT IN THE ARM.

"NOW, PUNCH ME!"

"ALRIGHT, YOU ASKED FOR IT," HE SAID, AND GAVE ME A SOCK ON THE RICEP

IT WAS QUITE A PASSIFIED SLUG, HOWEVER, AND I WAS THEREFORE FORCED TO UNSATISFIEDLY (IS THAT A WORD?) TELL HIM TO:

"PUNCH ME AGAIN!"

"NO!"

"HARDER!"

"NO!"

"C'MON!" I PLEADED, BUT HE WOULDN'T DO IT AGAIN.

WHAT A "FAG"!!! HAR HAR HAR

SO

IT'S NOW BEEN 3 MONTHS SINCE I QUIT SMOKING. I AM VERY SURPRISED AT HOW EASY IT WAS. IF YOU ARE A SMOKER, I SERIOUSLY ADVISE YOU TO QUIT - IT'S REALLY NOT THAT HARD.

LEMMIE SAY, THOUGH... APON RE-READING THIS, I FEEL THE NEED TO EXPLAIN A COUPLE OF QUICK THINGS: ① MY 'HAWK WAS MEANT TO MAKE A STATEMENT TO NON-PUNKS. IT'S SORTA FUNNY, THE DIFFERENT RESPONSES I GOT FROM FOLKS. MANY "NORMAL"-TYPE PEOPLE LOVED IT, WHILE MOST "PUNKS" & HC KIDS THOUGHT IT WAS STUPID. THE POINT OF MY 'HAWK WAS TO SHOW PEOPLE THAT I AM PROUD OF MY PUNKNESS; NOT PUNK POINTS OR ANYSHIT. THE WHOLE POINT IS THAT I DON'T CARE IF YOU LIKE IT. PERSONALLY AS FAR AS HAIRSTYLES GO, IT TAKES WAY TOO MUCH PREPARATION, SO I MIGHT BE DOING AWAY WITH IT SOON... A LOT OF TIMES I JUST EN UP PUTTING ON A HAT ANYWAYS... I GUESS WE'LL SEE. ② I HOPE MY TALK OF "FUCKING GIRLS BIKES" DIDN'T OFFEND ANYBODY; OR MY PASSING MENTION OF "FAGS". I HAVEN A HATEFUL BONE IN MY BODY. THE MAGENTA COLOR OF MY BIKE WAS A COLOR THAT, IN OUR SOCIETY WHICH LOVES TO PIN ROLES ON EVERYONE, IS CONSIDERED A "GIRLIE" BUT ANY GIRL (OR BOY) I KNOW WOULD REALLY JUST THINK IT UGLY. MYSELF INCLUDED.

THE WORD "FAG" IS SICKENING, I CAN BARELY STAND TO HEAR IT. I GUESS I USE IT AS AN IRONIC REVERSAL OF ROLES, SINCE MOST OF HIS CRONIES WOULD PROBABLY USE IT TO DESCRIBE ME.

③ WORKING ON ZINES IS A GREAT THING TO DO WITH YR HANDS WHEN YOU QUIT SMOKING. THEREFORE YOU SHOULD...

QUIT SMOKING
AND MAKE ZINES!!



IT WAS WEIRD; SITTING THERE AT THE BAR WITH MY DAD ON MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY. HICKS AND EX-JOCKS STARING AT US LIKE THEY DID IN HIGH SCHOOL.

MY DAD WAS TIPSY. "SON, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS, OR IF YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW THIS, BUT I'M BISEXUAL."

"WHOA." I TOOK A DEEP DRINK FROM MY GUINNESS, AND WAITED FOR WHATEVER CAME NEXT.

"THIS IS WHY YOUR MOTHER LEFT ME," HE SAID BITTERLY. "IT'S ALSO WHY THERESA [MY EX-STEPMOM] LEFT."

IT REMINDED ME OF ALL THE TIMES I'VE BEEN BETRAYED... YOU KNOW, YOU MEET SOMEONE, AND IT TAKES A LONG, LONG TIME TO TRUST THEM; SOMETIMES YEARS. EVENTUALLY YOU FEEL LIKE YOU CAN DISCLOSE EVERY BIT OF PERSONAL INFORMATION INTO THEM. THEY ENCOURAGE YOU TO DO SO, TELLING YOU THAT THEY LOVE YOU UNCONDITIONALLY, AND THAT YOU CAN TELL THEM ANYTHING; THEIR FEELINGS WON'T CHANGE. THEN YOU TELL YOUR "BIG SECRET" AND THEY'RE LIKE, "WELL, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS GOING TO BE THAT BAD!" THEN THEY LEAVE; OR WORSE, THEY STAY AND RUN THEIR MOUTH TO EVERY-ONE.

I TOOK ANOTHER DRINK OF GUINNESS

SOMEHOW, I AM FOURTEEN YEARS OLD AGAIN. I'M SITTING IN MY BEDROOM IN WAUKESHA WISCONSIN, PLAYING GUITAR AFTER SCHOOL. AS I LAZILY STRUM, MY MOM COMES INTO MY ROOM.

"HEY, HONEY," SHE SAID, USING HER "NICE" VOICE. "WHY DON'T YOU COME IN THE LIVING ROOM AND HAVE A BOWL OF ICE CREAM WITH ME?"

AT FOURTEEN, I AM, OF COURSE, NOT TOO MUCH INTO ICE CREAM OR MOM. NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME IN MY LIFE, I HAD A REALLY CRAPPY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY MOM, SO IT WAS RATHER SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR FOR HER TO WANT TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH ME. BUT..... FOR SOME REASON, I AGREED, AND OFF WE WENT INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

OPRAH IS ON T.V. IT IS AN EPISODE ABOUT WOMEN THAT BUSTED THEIR HUSBANDS WITH OTHER MEN. MY MOM LOOKS ALL SAD. I AM PERPLEXED.

"I HAVE TO TELL YOU A STORY," SHE SAYS.

"A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN YOU WERE ABOUT SIX YEARS OLD, YOUR DAD AND I WERE IN BED WHEN HE ASKED ME A SCARY QUESTION."

"HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING YOU REALLY, REALLY REGRET?"

"AND I SAID, 'WELL, I'M NOT SAYING I'M PERFECT OR ANYTHING, BUT I'D LIKE TO THINK I'VE LEARNED FROM MY MISTAKES. I DON'T THINK I'VE DONE ANYTHING REALLY TERRIBLE.'"



A LUMP IN MY MOM'S THROAT WEIGHS HER VOICE DOWN, AS SHE FIGHTS BACK TEARS.

"AND YOUR DAD SAID, 'I HAVE.'"

MY MOM THEN TELLS ME THIS LONG, DRAWN OUT STORY SPILLING MY DAD'S BUSINESS ABOUT A HOMOSEXUAL RELATIONSHIP THAT HE HAD WITH SOME GUY FROM HIS CHURCH WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER.

"AFTER HE TOLD ME THAT, I NEVER FELT THE SAME ABOUT YOUR FATHER," MY MOM TELLS ME.

FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THIS, I CAN THINK ABOUT NOTHING ELSE. I THINK ABOUT IT A LOT, AND I COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT MY MOM REALLY FUCKED MY DAD OVER.

ALMOST SEVEN YEARS LATER, MY DAD IS COMFORTABLE ENOUGH AROUND ME TO TELL ME HIS STORY HIMSELF. AND I FELT THE SAME WAY AS I DID THAT DAY WHEN MY MOTHER TOLD ME: HEAVIED BY THOUGHTS ABOUT THE SITUATION, AND THEN RELIEVED BY THE REALIZATION THAT MY MOM IS A COMMON BIGOT: JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER CHRISTIAN.

DON'T GET ME WRONG - I REALLY LOVE MY MOM A LOT. SHE'S BEEN GREAT, BUT I REALLY DESPISE HER DUMBASS BELIEFS. ← "HATE THE SIN, LOVE THE SINNER"

BY THE END OF THE NIGHT, MY DAD & I WERE JOKING ABOUT HIS SEXUALITY.

"YOU'VE GOT TO STAY AWAY FROM THOSE CONSERVATIVE GIRLS!" I TOLD HIM.

"YOU'RE TELLING ME!" HE REPLIED.

MY FATHER HAS COME TO TERMS WITH HIMSELF NOW. HE HAS NO REGRETS REGARDING HIS PREFERENCE AND HE REALLY SEEMS COMFORTABLE NOW. I KNOW IT WAS PROBABLY REALLY HARD FOR HIM TO CONFIDE IN ME, BUT I'M GLAD HE DID.

EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING
AND FUCKIN ROLL...
and here's the proof!!

the end.



Teri and I saw this

GUY TODAY, WHILE WE WERE STOPPED AT A STOPLIGHT. ACTUALLY, TERI SAW HIM FIRST, AND DIRECTED MY ATTENTION TO HIM, SAYING "I BET THAT GUY HATES HIS LIFE." I LOOKED OVER JUST IN TIME TO CATCH HIM SCOPING US OUT, A CURIOUS BUT DISGUSTED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN PRETTY IN PINK? DO YOU REMEMBER THE PART WHEN MOLLY RINGWALD AND BLAINE WENT TO THAT PARTY AT BLAINE'S FRIEND'S HOUSE? AND BLAINE'S FRIENDS, WHO IS TOTAL YUPPIE-LARVA, IS RUDE TO MOLLY RINGWALD? WELL, THIS GUY REMINDED ME OF WHAT BLAINE'S FRIEND WOULD LOOK LIKE NOW, SOME 16 YEARS LATER; ALL MARRIED AND FIRMLY YUPPIIFIED; STILL CHEEZY AS FUCK. THE LIGHT TURNED GREEN, AND OF COURSE HE SPED THE FUCK OUT OF THERE. I WONDERED IF HIS HASTE WAS INSPIRED BY HIS REVULSION OF US, AND HIS NEED TO GET AWAY, OR IF IT WAS CUZ HE WANTED TO "SHOW US UP" AND LEAVE US IN HIS DUST. WHEN I SAW HIS RADIO ANTENNA, WITH IT'S SILLY LITTLE MICKEY MOUSE ORNAMENT ON TOP, I HAD SIMULTANEOUS FEELINGS OF NAUSEA AND AMUSEMENT AT HOW TYPICAL IT WAS. AND STUPID.

LISTEN UP!

I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHAT RELIGION YOU CLAIM YOU ARE, MEAN-LOOKING MAN!

CHRISTIAN? JEWISH? NO! YOU ARE A CAPITALIST!

YOUR CHURCH IS THE MALL! (OR MAYBE WAL-MART®)

DISNEY ENTHUSIAST? T.V. BUFF? PRO GOLF FAN? BULLSHIT! YOUR TRUE LOVE IS STUFF, AND YOUR HOBBY IS WORK!

THERE IS NO CULTURE IN THIS COUNTRY; ONLY GREED AND REPRESSION. EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS... I'M JUST SO SICK OF HAVING THIS BULLSHIT, FAKE ASS "CULTURE" SHOVED DOWN MY THROAT EVERY SECOND. EVERYTHING I SEE IS A FUCKING COMMERCIAL; EVERYONE I TALK TO IS TRYING TO SELL ME ON SOMETHING OR ANOTHER. HALF THE CARS I SEE HAVE JESUS FISH OR AMERICAN FLAGS ON THEM AND IT'S LIKE THE DRIVERS ARE RUBBING IT IN MY FACE.

MY ONLY CONSOLATION

IS THAT THERE EXISTS A FEW FOLKS OUT THERE THAT I SO HONESTLY LOVE. THAT THERE IS A TRUE CULTURE THAT CARES ABOUT THE IMPORTANT THINGS: MAKING THE EARTH BETTER, SPENDING TIME OUTSIDE, EATING GOOD [VEGETARIAN] FOOD, MAKING LOVE... THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE INTERESTING AND WORTH LIVING (DID I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT?).

DON'T LOSE TOUCH OF THAT AND YOU WILL STAY YOUNG FOREVER!

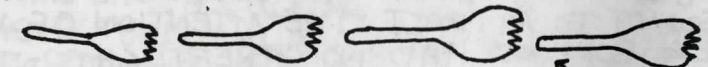


BOREDOM.

by: Teri Bull

A NEAR-IMPOSSIBLE THING TO CURE WHEN YOU ARE POOR AND LIVING IN A SMALL TOWN IN THE MIDWEST. SUCH WAS THE CASE WITH ME + SOME FRIENDS LAST SUMMER. E. + I WERE IN THIS DILEMMA, AGAIN. AND, AS PER USUAL, OUR SOLUTION WAS GOING TO DENNY'S FOR COFFEE. "...it's sorta' social. Demented and sad, but social."

WELL, IT WAS THE ONLY THING WE COULD DO FOR LESS THAN \$2 THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE US TO HANG OUT IN OUR PARENT-INFESTED HOUSES. BESIDES, A FRIEND OF OURS WORKED AS A WAITRESS THERE, SO THERE WAS A GOOD CHANCE THAT WE COULD GET OUR COFFEE + MAYBE SOME GRUB FREE OF CHARGE.!! THIS SPECULATION PROVED TO BE A PROSPEROUS ONE. SO WE SAT + CHIT-CHATTED WITH EACH OTHER, AND WITH RIVIAHNA* [OUR WAITRESS-FRIEND] WHENEVER SHE GOT A SMOKE-BREAK. E. WAS NOT IN THE GREATEST OF MOODS - HER FATHER HAD PISSSED HER OFF SOMETHIN' FIERCE. SOMETHING TO THE EFFECT OF: HER DAD, HIS WIFE + THEIR 2 KIDS MOVED INTO A BRAND NEW, BIG HUGE HOUSE ACROSS TOWN + DIDN'T BOTHER TO TELL E. THAT THEY WERE MOVING - UNTIL AFTER THE FACT, AND THEN HE HAD THE NERVE TO SAY HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO HELP HER PAY FOR HER COLLEGE TUITION (WHICH IS A LOAD OF CRAP - IT WAS ONLY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HELL, I COULD AFFORD IT!) FOR THE RECORD, E.'S PARENTS ARE DIVORCED, AND SHE LIVED WITH HER MOM + STEP-DAD. (AND - HER DAD IS A FUCKING COP, SO YA KNOW HE SUCKS.) SO... WE SAT, DRANK COFFEE, TALKED, DRANK COFFEE, ATE SOME FRIES, DRANK COFFEE, SMOKED CIGARETTES, DRANK COFFEE... YOU GET THE DRIFT.

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINES OF OUR INCREASINGLY CAFFEINATED CONVERSATION, WE BEGAN THINKING UP WAYS TO GET REVENGE. NOT ANYTHING DRASTIC, LIKE HIRING A SNIPER OR ANYTHING (REMEMBER, I SAID WE WERE PRETTY BROKE), BUT JUST HARMLESS PRANK TYPE STUFF. WE TOLD RIVIAHNA OF OUR MALICIOUS PLANS, AND AGREED TO WAIT UNTIL SHE GOT OFF HER SHIFT AT 10:30. SINCE WE HAD ABOUT AN HOUR OR 2 TO KILL, E. + I WENT SHOPPING FOR PROVISIONS. AT THE LOCAL K-MART, WE PROCURED A LARGE ROLL OF CLEAR PACKING TAPE, 2 BOTTLES OF BLEACH, ABOUT 5 PACKAGES OF PIXIE STIX, 2 BIG SLAM MT. DEWS, 2 PACKAGES OF SPORKS, A PACK OF SNAK-PAK PUDDING, AND 2 PAIRS OF THE HUGEST WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR I HAVE EVER SEEN! [SERIOUSLY - WE COULD BOTH FIT IN THEM AT THE SAME TIME - WITH ROOM TO SPARE!] 

* NAMES HAVE BEEN ALTERED TO PROTECT THE GUILTY.

(SPORKS)

SATISFIED WITH OUR CASHE', WE HEADED BACK TO DENNY'S TO WAIT FOR RIVIANA TO FINISH HER SIDE-WORK, AND DRINK MORE FREE COFFEE. AT ABOUT 11:00PM, WE ALL HEADED TO RIVIANA'S HOUSE SO SHE COULD CHANGE OUT OF HER DENNY'S UNIFORM AND INTO SOME MISCHIEF-MAKIN' DIGS. THERE WAS A SHIT-LOAD OF ROAD CONSTRUCTION UNDERWAY IN HER NEIGHBORHOOD, SO WHILE WE WAITED, E + I RAN DOWN THE STREET TO LOOK FOR COOL STUFF. THERE WERE A TON OF THOSE BARRICADES WITH THE BLINKING LIGHTS ON TOP, AND A BUNCH OF STRATEGICALLY PLACED 6-8 FT. HIGH PILES OF GRAVEL. WE RAN ACROSS THE GRAVEL HILLS AND SLID DOWN THEM, MAKING A TERRIFIC MESS IN THE STREET. I DECIDED I WANTED A Blinky-LIGHT, SO I BEGAN INSPECTING ONE OF THE BARRICADES TO SEE HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO REMOVE THE LIGHT. PREEETTY IMPOSSIBLE. I CHECKED A BUNCH OF BARRICADES UNTIL I FOUND A LOOSE LIGHT, THINKING I COULD PRY IT OFF. BUT **NOPE!** THEN E. SAID LET HER TRY. SHE JUST KICKED OVER THE BARRICADE AND STOMPED ON IT, THEN PICKED IT UP AND PULLED ON THE LIGHT WHILE I HELD ONTO THE OTHER END OF THE BARRICADE. THE LIGHT FINALLY POPPED OFF AND FLEW ABOUT 10 FEET AWAY, LEAVING E. WITH MINOR FINGER INJURIES. I RAN TO RETRIEVE OUR HARD-EARNED PRIZE, AND THE DAMN THING DIDN'T BLINK! I GUESS DURING THE STRUGGLE WE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED IT. OOPS. I PUT IT IN MY BACKPACK ANYWAY. WE

WALKED BACK TOWARD RIVIANA'S HOUSE, THROUGH AREAS MARKED OFF WITH YELLOW CAUTION TAPE [WHICH WE TOOK]. E. DECIDED: FUCK A Blinky LIGHT. SHE WANTED THE WHOLE DAMN BARRICADE! SHE PICKED ONE UP + BEGAN DRAGGING IT TOWARD HER CAR, BUT THE DRAGGING MADE SUCH A LOUD NOISE THAT I CONVINCED HER TO LEAVE IT AND GET ONE LATER, LEST WE WAKE SOME NEIGHBORHOOD RESIDENT + GET THE PIGS CALLED ON US BEFORE WE EVEN DO ANYTHING FUN.

3 OF US PILED INTO E.'S "HOOPTIE-MOBILE" [I CALLED IT THAT DUE TO ITS SIZE-IT WAS AN OLDER MODEL BONNEVILLE OR MONTE CARLO OR SOMETHING. IT WAS HUGE AND IT HAD ZEBRA-PRINT INTERIOR PANNELLING]. WE CRUISED DOWN THE STREET PAST THE GRAVEL PILES WITH OUR BUTT-PRINTS STILL IN THEM, AND TURNED THE CORNER. E. STILL WANTED A BARRICADE, SO WE DEVISED A PLAN. FIRST WE'D CRUISE DOWN THE STREET IN STEALTH-MODE (NO HEADLIGHTS) SO AS NOT TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF WAKEFUL RESIDENTS. RIVIANA'S NEIGHBORHOOD HAD NO STREETLIGHTS-THE ONLY LIGHT CAME FROM THE OCCASIONAL PORCHLIGHT AND THE EERILY WAVING SEA OF Blinky LIGHTS

E. WOULD STAY IN THE "GET-AWAY" CAR. RIVIANA AND I WOULD JUMP OUT, GRAB A BARRICADE, THROW IT IN THE TRUNK AND JUMP BACK IN THE CAR. E. WOULD TAKE OFF, AND THE WHOLE OPERATION SHOULD TAKE LESS THAN 30 SECONDS.



hooptie in stealth-mode

WE TOOK THE NEXT RIGHT + E. KILLED THE HEADLIGHTS. WE ROLLED UP TO THE LAST BLINKING LIGHT BEFORE THE NEXT CORNER AND RIVIANA + I JUMPED OUT. E. POPPED THE TRUNK AND IN THE NEAR-PITCH DARKNESS, WE WERE IMMEDIATELY BLINDED BY THE TRUNK LIGHT. **Shit!** WE GRABBED THE BARRICADE AND TRIED STUFFING IT INTO THE TRUNK, BUT IT WOULDN'T FIT! DUE TO THE Blinky-LIGHT, IT WAS TOO LONG. WE ALREADY HAD THE LEGS IN WHEN WE REALIZED IT WOULDN'T FIT. WE WERE ABOUT TO TAKE IT OUT AND SAY FUCK IT, WHEN E. JUMPED OUT OF THE CAR TO SEE WHAT WAS TAKING SO LONG. WE TOLD HER THE DEAL, BUT SHE WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE IT. SHE STARTED PUSHING DOWN ON IT, TRYING TO WEDGE IT IN- AND WEDGE IT SHE DID! WE TRIED TO TELL HER TO FORGET IT AND JUST LEAVE, WHEN SUDDENLY WE WERE HIT FROM BEHIND BY THE BRIGHTEST HEADLIGHTS I'D EVER SEEN- THEY WERE COMING RIGHT AT US! WE PROBABLY HAD 15 SECONDS TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF THERE BEFORE THE INTRUDERS REACHED US. WE GRABBED THE BARRICADE AND WRENCHED IT FREE AS I YELLED AT E. TO GET BACK IN THE CAR. WE DROPPED THE BARRICADE WHERE WE STOOD AND SLAMMED THE TRUNK JUST AS THE OTHER CAR REACHED US. IT WASN'T A COP CAR, BUT IMMEDIATELY AFTER IT PASSED US, IT DID A U-TURN AND CAME BACK TOWARD US! "GO! GO!" RIVIANA + I WERE SHOUTING FRANTICALLY AS WE JUMPED BACK IN THE CAR. E. STOMPED ON THE GAS BEFORE WE EVEN HAD THE DOORS CLOSED, AND THE HOOPTIE-MOBILE BARELY SQUEEZED PAST THE OTHER CAR ON THE NARROW ROAD. IN HER HIGH-SPEED ATTEMPT TO AVOID A COLLISION, E. ALMOST DROVE INTO A DITCH! SHE MANAGED TO STAY ON THE ROAD, SO I LOOKED BACK AT THE OTHER CAR, AND I WAS SUDDENLY THROWN INTO THE CAR DOOR AS E. BUSTED A LOWIE AT FULL SPEED, WITH NO TURN SIGNAL OR HEADLIGHTS, AND TOTAL DISREGARD FOR THE STOP SIGN. IT WAS LIKE A FUCKING HIGH-SPEED CHASE IN A MOVIE, EXCEPT NO ONE WAS ACTUALLY CHASING US. E. PUT THE HEADLIGHTS ON AS WE APPROACHED THE MAIN ROAD, AND EXITED THE SUBDIVISION.

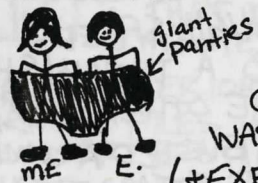
abandoned barricade

hooptie in high-speed

AFTER OUR NEAR-BUSTED EXPERIENCE, WE DROVE AROUND TOWN BLASTING SOME POPPY PUNK ROCK AND ENHANCING OUR ADRENALINE-INDUCED STATE OF SPAZ-DOM WITH MORE CAFFEINE + SUGAR. WE DECIDED TO WAIT AWILE BEFORE PUTTING "OPERATION: PIG FUCKER" INTO EFFECT, TO BE SURE EVERYONE WOULD BE ASLEEP. [I MEAN, IT SUCKS TO GET BUSTED BY YOUR PARENTS, AND IT SUCKS TO GET BUSTED BY THE COPS, BUT TO GET BUSTED BY BOTH AT THE SAME TIME? DAMN. THAT'D SUCK + BLOW SIMULTANEOUSLY - ASSUMING THAT'S PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE.] SO... WE DROVE OUT TO THE BOONIES + TRIED TO DEVISE A PLAN. AS WE DROVE, RIVIAHNA FILLED US IN ON A FAMILY DILEMMA SHE WAS HAVING. HER BROTHER WAS DATING THIS TOTAL SKANKY BITCH THAT WAS AS CONNVING AS HE WAS NAÏVE, AND SHE WAS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIM. RIVIAHNA, BEING THE PROTECTIVE, LOVING OLDER SISTER, REALLY WANTED TO KICK THIS GIRL'S ASS, ESPECIALLY SINCE SHE HAD TURNED RIVIAHNA'S BROTHER AGAINST HER. HMM... WHATEVER COULD WE DO ABOUT IT? WELL, WE'D FIGURE THAT OUT LATER. IT WAS TIME FOR

Operation: PIG FUCKER

WE CRUISED ON OVER TO THE RITZY-ASS NEIGHBORHOOD E'S DAD NOW RESIDED IN AND DROVE SLOWLY UP THE STREET. ALL THE HOUSES WERE A GOOD DISTANCE FROM THE ROAD - WHICH WOULD MAKE RUNNING BACK TO THE CAR A LITTLE RISKY - BUT THEY WERE FAR ENOUGH AWAY THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET A LICENSE PLATE # WITHOUT BINOCULARS. SOME OF THE NEIGHBORING HOUSES HAD PORCH LIGHTS ON, WHICH MADE US WONDER IF THEY WERE AWAKE - BUT ALL SEEMED PRETTY QUIET. THERE WERE NO SIDEWALKS OR STREETLIGHTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD EITHER, SO AFTER "SCOPING THE SCENE" WE PULLED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD JUST IN FRONT OF THE PIG'S MAILBOX. WE HAD DEVISED A PLAN [PERSON WOULD STAY IN THE CAR AS A LOOKOUT + 2 WOULD GO TO THE HOUSE. E. DIDN'T WANT TO BE LOOKOUT - THIS WAS HER **PERSONAL MISSION**. I UNDERSTOOD. I AGREED TO STAY AT THE CAR, SO THE 2 OF THEM LOADED THEIR ARMS WITH BLEACH, PANTIES, SPORKS + SNAK-PAKS, AND HEADED TOWARD THE HOUSE, MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE - STYLE.



THE GIANT PANTIES WENT FIRST, ONTO THE DRIVEWAY SO IT LOOKED LIKE THEY HAD FALLEN OUT OF THE PIG'S CAR [HOPEFULLY TO BE FOUND BY PIGGER'S WIFE!]. BLEACH WAS DUMPED OVER ALL THE BEAUTIFULLY LANDSCAPED (+EXPENSIVE-LOOKING) FLOWER BEDS, AND THE SPORKS WERE STUCK IN THE GROUND ALL AROUND THE FRONT WALK.

SOME SPORKS WERE ALSO SCATTERED ACROSS THE LAWN AS WELL, BUT NOT STUCK IN THE GROUND, SO THAT THEY MAY BE OVERLOOKED UNTIL THEY WERE RUN OVER BY THE LAWNMOWER. THEN THEY BROKE OUT THE SNAK-PAKS, AND SMEARED 'EM ALL ^{SPORKS} OVER THE FRONT WINDOWS, FLINGING IT UP HIGH + WATCHING DOWN. THAT SHIT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO CLEAN OFF, ESPECIALLY AFTER GETTING BAKED ON BY THE MORNING SUN. WHILE THEY WERE DOING THAT, I KEPT WATCH FOR OTHER CARS - WHICH WAS NOT DIFFICULT DUE TO THE EXTREME DARKNESS OF THE SUBDIVISION. SO, BEING TALENTED ENOUGH TO DO 2 THINGS AT ONCE, I TOOK THE BIG ROLL OF PACKING TAPE AND "BBURRRCHT!" (YA KNOW - THAT NOISE PACKING TAPE MAKES WHEN YOU PULL IT OFF THE ROLL.) I FROZE AT THE SOUND, AND I SAW E. + RIVIAHNA LOOK OVER, STARTLED. IT WAS UNUSUALLY LOUD DUE TO THE SILENCE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AS WELL AS THE ECHO OFF THE HOUSES. BUT NO ONE STIRRED. SO I PROCEEDED TO TAPE THE MAILBOX SHUT. I WRAPPED A LONG PIECE OF PACKING TAPE AROUND THE MAILBOX SEVERAL TIMES - THAT FUCKER WAS NOT GETTIN' OPEN ANY TIME SOON, THAT'S FOR SURE.



I WAS SATISFIED: I GOT TO (SORT OF) SCREW WITH 2 BRANCHES OF GOVERNMENT WORKERS [WHO WERE IN MANY WAYS THE 2 BRANCHES THAT SCREWED WITH ME THE MOST] AT THE SAME TIME! PLUS, SINCE THE TAPE WAS CLEAR, IT WOULD NOT BE NOTICED WHILE DRIVING OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY - THEY WOULDN'T SEE IT UNTIL THEY WENT OUT TO RETRIEVE THEIR MAIL. JUST AS I WAS FINISHING UP AND I STOOD BACK TO ADMIRE MY WORK, I SAW THE 2 BRIGHT EYES OF AN ONCOMING VEHICLE LOOKING RIGHT AT ME! IN THE LOWEST SCREAMY-WHISPER I COULD MUSTER, I HISSED, "GUYS! CAR!" THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO HEAR ME, SO I STARTED TO RUN TOWARDS THEM + REPEAT THE WARNING BUT THEY TURNED + CAME RUNNING TOWARDS THE CAR. I TOSSED MY TAPE ROLL THROUGH THE OPEN PASSENGER WINDOW AND QUICKLY JUMPED IN THE CAR. I REACHED OVER AND STARTED THE IGNITION JUST AS RIVIAHNA + E. JUMPED IN. THE ONCOMING CAR ROLLED PAST US AS OUR DOORS WERE SLAMMING, BUT IT DID NOT STOP. E. THREW THE CAR INTO DRIVE AND PULLED THE SHARPEST U-TURN A GHETTO CRUISER HAS EVER DONE, + SPED OFF. RIVIAHNA'S + MY LEGS + ARMS WERE ALL IN DISARRAY, PLASTERED UP AGAINST THE PASSENGER SIDE OF THE CAR DUE TO THE CENTRIFUGAL AFFECT OF THE U-TURN. THE CAR THAT PASSED NEVER STOPPED OR TURNED AROUND TO PERSUE US, BUT WE SPED OFF LIKE BANDITS IN OUR GETAWAY CAR, LAUGHING + SCREAMING LIKE A BUNCH OF CRACKET OUT BANSHEES. WE FELT **CRAZY**, OUR ADRENALINE PUMPING, IT WAS COMPLETELY EXHILERATING. And we wanted

mischief... mayhem... girls? hell yeah!

Stay tuned for more wacky

adventures! coming soon in CZAR # 4!

More...




I ON ANOTHER NOTE AM Zine Obsessed

AND I ALWAYS HAVE BEEN ZINE OBSESSED. BUT LATELY IT'S BEEN REDICULOUS. I SPEND EVERY SECOND I AM AWAKE READING ZINES, OR MAKING ZINES, OR THINKING ABOUT ZINES. WHEN I AM ASLEEP, I DREAM OF ZINES. I HAVE DREAMT OF MY ZINE MAKING THE MRR "ZINE TOP TEN LIST." YES, IT IS A DUMB FUCKING DREAM. I DREAMT OF GOING TO A PARTY AT CHRIS BOARTS (SLUG & LETTUCE) HOUSE AND BEING THE LAST GUEST TO LEAVE. I SNEAK ZINES INTO WORK, AND SECRETLY READ THEM WHILE ON THE CLOCK; QUICKLY SLIDING THEM UNDER MY KEYBOARD WHEN MY SUPERVISOR WALKS BY. THE ONLY REASON I GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING IS SO I CAN CHECK THE MAIL FOR ZINES, AND HALF THE TIME I DON'T GET ANYTHING AT ALL.

SO SEND ME YOUR ZINE.

I HAVE BEEN KNOWN

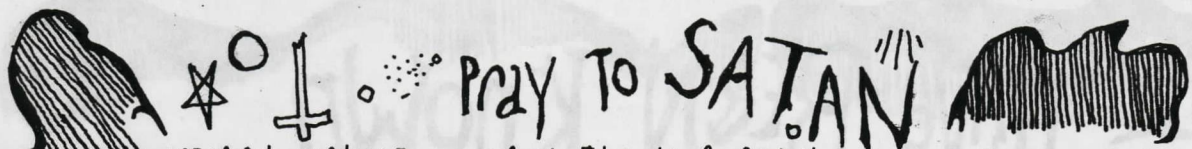
TO STAY AWAKE FOR DAYS AT A TIME, FRANTICALLY WRITING LETTERS AND ADDRESSING ENVELOPES, SENDING OUT WHAT SEEMS LIKE MILLIONS OF COPIES OF CZAR FOR TRADE WITH OTHER ZINESTERS. IN MY SLEEPY (AND USUALLY STONED) STATE, I OFTEN SEND OUT THE SAME ZINES TO THE SAME PEOPLE MORE THAN ONCE. THIS PROMPTS NASTY E-MAILS.

SPEAKING OF E-MAIL, I DO ACKNOWLEDGE THE FACT THAT COMPUTERS ARE USEFUL, HANDY TOOLS (FOR THOSE WHO HAVE THEM, ANYWAY) BUT IT REALLY BLOWS THAT THEY HAVE PRACTICALLY KILLED THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD THAT WAS THE PUNK ROCK MAIL COMMUNITY! OH... HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE I LAST RECEIVED A PUNK ROCK CHAIN LETTER? FIVE YEARS? PROBABLY LONGER. REMEMBER ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN THE MRR CLASSIFIED ADS TOTALED OVER 10 PAGES!?! NOW THERE USUALLY ONE PAGE (IF EVEN THAT MUCH!) AND PRACTICALLY THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO ADVERTISE ARE PRISONERS AND AGING SELLOUTS, ANXIOUS TO MAKE A BUCK OFF OF THEIR OLD RECORD COLLECTIONS! FUCK THAT! READERS OF THIS HUMBLE ZINE, UNITE!!! I BEG YOU, PUT PEN PAL ADS IN THE CLASSIFIEDS OF EVERY PUNK/ANARCHIST ZINE OR NEWSPAPER YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON! LET'S BRING IT BACK! 

ACTUALLY, I GUESS I CAN'T REALLY TALK - I'VE NEVER PUT AN AD IN THE MRR CLASSIFIEDS, THOUGH I DID PUT ONE IN THE CLASSIFIEDS OF SLUG AND LETTUCE WHEN I WAS A WEE LAD OF FOURTEEN. I WAS MOVING TO WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN WITH MY MOM & STEPDAD, AND I WANTED PUNK FRIENDS IN THE AREA. I MADE A REALLY GOOD FRIEND THROUGH THAT AD - HER NAME WAS MICHELLE.

MICHELLE LIVED IN BROOKFIELD (A SLIGHTLY RITZIER SUBURB OF MILWAUKEE ABOUT A MILE OR TWO EAST OF WAUKESHA), AND WE WOULD TALK ON THE TELEPHONE TIL THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNIN' ABOUT BOOKS, MOVIES, BANDS, AND ZINES. THE FIRST TIME WE HUNG OUT TOGETHER WAS HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY. I THINK WE WENT TO FUEL CAFE AND THEN ATOMIC RECORDS IN MILWAUKEE. SHE HAD PURPLE HAIR AND I HAD THE BIGGEST CRUSH ON HER.

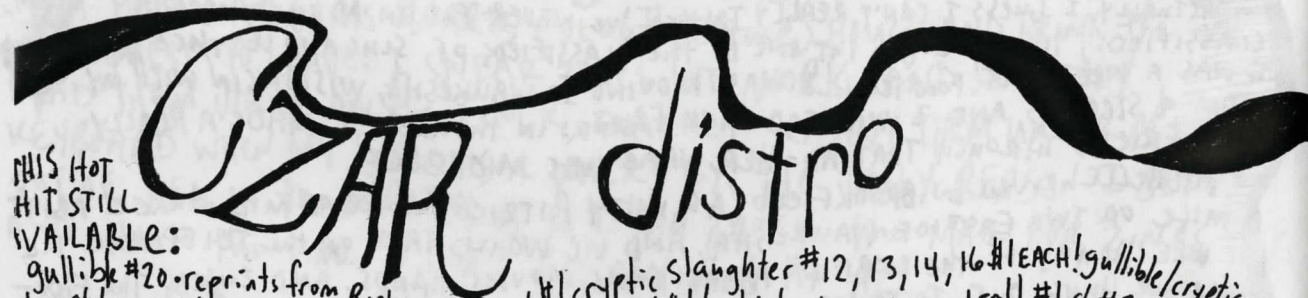
ZINES ARE EVERYTHING IS EVERY * * * * *



LATER ON MICHELLE WENT GOTH. THIS IS PROBABLY WHAT CAUSED MY BRIEF GOTH PERIOD. SHE MADE IT LOOK SO COOL. AFTER MOVING BACK TO WAUKESHA FROM RICHMOND WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN, SHE DEVELOPED A CRUSH ON ME. NOTHING EVER CAME OF IT THOUGH, AS SHE HAD AN "ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN" RELATIONSHIP WITH THE DJ AT SOME HOTSHOT GOTH NIGHTCLUB.

PLUS, NOW I WAS PUNK AGAIN

AND HAD NO DESIRE TO SIT AROUND CRYING, OR DANCING RETARDEDLY TO BORING MUSIC (NOT THAT ALL GOTH MUSIC IS BORING. THAT'S NOT TRUE. SISTERS OF MERCY, ROSETTA STONE, LOVE SPIRALS DOWNWARD, CHRISTIAN DEATH, AND LOTS OF OTHER GOTH BANDS KICK OUT SOME PRETTY FUCKIN' GROOVIN' [AND PUNK-INFLUENCED] JAMS! BUT, FOR EVERY ARSE KICKIN', POINTY SHOE SHARPENIN' HAIR TEASER, THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN FUCKIN' BORING ASS, MOPEY, BAT CAUGHT IN YR HAIR SONGS THAT JUST MAKE ME WANT TO KILL MYSELF.....AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY, EITHER!). SO, WE NATURALLY GREW APART. I WISH I KNEW HOW TO SPEAK SPANISH.



THIS HOT
HIT STILL
AVAILABLE:

gullible #20 reprints from Richmond zines! #1 cryptic slaughter #12, 13, 14, 16 #1 each! gullible/cryptic slaughter split zine my two favorite zines together! #1! chickenhead zine and roll #1 & #2 #1 each! (i feel) sick #1.75 &! DIY "How To" Guide by crimethink #1 (or stamps)! forstellaford "vs archer" #3 the INSIGHTS "girls hate me" #1. I PLAY BASS ON IT! #3! HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS CD #6! insidious "noon in june" CD #6! AKARSO/FARAQUET SPLIT CD #6! V/A "A FOURWAY STOP" CD #6! V/A "got a minute?" CD #7!

FOR A MORE CURRENT LIST, PLEASE SEND A STAMP OR NICE LETTER. LOTS OF FREE SHIT WITH EVERY ORDER! FOR JUST FREE SHIT, SEND A BUCK OR TWO OR SOME STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE AND I WILL SEND YOU AS MUCH FREE SHIT AS YOUR POSTAGE ALLOWS. NICE PEOPLE WILL SEND A COUPLE EXTRA BUCKS WITH THEIR ORDER FOR POSTAGE. IF NOT, I WILL LET IT WEIGH ON YOUR CONSCIENCE. HEY, SEND SAMPLES OF WHATEVER YOU GOT, ALONG WITH YOUR TERMS FOR DISTRO CONSIDERATION.

CZAR DISTRO / PO BOX 330 / RICHMOND VA 23218

SOME of the ZINES I've been OBSESSED With Lately: ★ CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #16:

OH, I LOVE THIS ZINE!! IT'S SO GOOD, AND SO FUNNY, AND SO MEAN. THIS ISSUE INCLUDES AN AWESOME STORY ABOUT GIOVANNI AND ONE OF HIS FIRST FRIENDS THAT HE WENT TO SHOWS WITH AS A TEENAGER. THE STORY STARTS WITH HIS FRIEND BUYING A DEMO TAPE AT A SHOW & AT THE END, GIOVANNI TRIUMPHANTLY STEALS THE TAPE (AMONG OTHERS) FROM A THRIFT STORE. ALSO INCLUDED IS A LIST OF 10 BANDS THAT EVERYBODY EXCEPT FOR GIOVANNI WAS TOTALLY STOKED ON IN 1994. SOME OF THE BANDS GIOVANNI HAS CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT (LIKE FUGAZI... YUCK!) AND SOME HE REALLY SHOULD CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT (SORRY, BRO, AVAILABLE KICKARSE!) BUT DESPITE A FEW CRAPPY OPINIONS, THE ARTICLE IS REALLY FUCKIN' FUNNY. OF COURSE, THE REVIEWS ARE GREAT AS HELL ALSO (AS ALWAYS), AND THIS ISSUE HAS A HYSTERICAL REVIEW OF A SCANDINAVIAN METAL 7". GIOVANNI RIPS ON THE LYRICS, PACKAGING, AND MUSIC OF THE HORRENDONS RELEASE AND THEN THROWS THE RECORD (ONE TIME, BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE APARTMENT OF EVERYTHING, I TOTALLY FRIBBLED A REALLY BAD "POP WILL EAT ITSELF" PROMO 12" OFF OF OUR THIRD STORY BALCONY, AND THAT FUCKER FLEW WAY ACROSS THE PARKING LOT. IT WAS GREAT [A COUPLE WEEKS AGO, ME & MY ROOMMATE RICKY BLEW UP A CRAPPY CD THAT HE HAD, WITH BLACK CATS AND M-80S. THAT, TOO, WAS A BLAST!]). OH, THIS ZINE IS SO GOOD! #1 TO: GIOVANNI / 4145 11th AVE NE APT #9 /

★ :: ♪ :: ∞ :: ☠ :: SEATTLE, WA 98105 :: ★ ::

OT KILLED ELVIS #5

THIS ZINE IS ALSO FANTASTIC! I CAN'T BELIEVE I NEVER READ IT BEFORE THIS! JOE BIEL ACTUALLY SUGGESTED THAT I CHECK OUT OTKILLED ELVIS BECAUSE HE SAID MY ZINE REMINDED HIM OF IT. SO I GUESS IF YOU LIKE CZAR, YOU'LL LIKE OT KILLED ELVIS. THIS ISSUE IS "THE PORTLAND ISSUE" AND IT'S THE STORY OF MIKE MOVING UP TO CLON BUESSED IT!) PORTLAND & CHILLIN THERE FOR A MONTH, ONLY TO DECIDE TO PACK UP AND MOVE BACK. THIS ZINE HAS A LOT OF THINGS I LIKE TO SEE IN A ZINE: PLENTY OF DRUG & ALCOHOL ABUSE, SHOPLIFTING, FEELING LONELY, AND ROMANTICIZING THE GREYHOUND. I LIKED IT! YOU WILL TOO! #1 to: MIKE CROFT / 252 GRAND AVE JOHNSON CITY, NY 13790

THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT

I REALLY LIKED THIS ONE AS WELL. NAMED AFTER A SMITHS SONG, "THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT" STARTS OFF WITH THE EDITOR GETTING DUMPED BY HIS GIRLFRIEND OF FOUR YEARS. THE NAMELESS EDITOR THEN GOES ON A ROADTRIP UP TO ILLINOIS WHERE HE STAYS AT A FRAT HOUSE WITH SOME CHILDHOOD FRIEND. HE WHINES FOR A LITTLE BIT ABOUT THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE WALKING OUT ON HIM, THEN HE TRIES TO WIN HER BACK BY SENDING HER SOME DEPRESSING E-MAILS, THEN HE SQUATS IN THE BROOMCLOSET OF A LIBRARY. HE HITCHHIKES, HE DUMPSTER DIVES, AND EVENTUALLY GOES BACK HOME. I DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THIS ZINE IS ALL WHINEY; IT'S NOT. YOU CAN TELL THAT THE EDITOR IS REALLY DEPRESSED, BUT WITHOUT BEING CHEEZY OR EMO. THE THING THAT I REALLY LIKED ABOUT THIS ZINE IS IN BETWEEN THE STORIES OF HEARTBREAK AND DISAPPOINTMENT, THE EDITOR HAS SOME FUCKIN COOL WRITINGS ON DIFFERENT SCAMS HE HAS PULLED. FOR INSTANCE, THERE IS A "SHORT GUIDE TO SHOPLIFTING AT WAL-MART" (THE EDITOR ONCE WORKED AT A WAL-MART), FOLLOWED BY A STORY OF HITCHING HOME WITH A WAL-MART TRUCK DRIVER. THIS WAS GREAT, YOU SHOULD GET IT! NO ADDRESS OR PRICE - ONLY E-MAIL: SONIC-ASSAULT@HOTMAIL.COM

STAY GOLD, JESSE, STAY GOLD #5

THIS WAS A GREAT LITTLE PERSONAL/POLITICAL 1/4 SIZE ZINE FROM LAWRENCE, KANSAS. NOT SO MUCH BIG ON THE POLITICS AS THE ACTUAL ACTION. JESSE IS A REALLY GOOD WRITER AND I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT ELSE TO SAY ABOUT THIS ZINE, EXCEPT THAT IT MADE ME FEEL REALLY HAPPY.

Nose Dive #10

PO BOX 45613
KANSAS CITY, MO
64177

THIS IS A PRETTY IMPRESSIVE PIECE OF WORK. A NICELY DRAWN COVER ON RED CARDSTOCK... COOL, WELL WRITTEN PIECES ABOUT COOL SHIT LIKE HOW TO BUILD A BIKE CART, AN INTERVIEW WITH NEW ORLEANS-AREA WHEATPASTERS "ANARCHIST ART ATTACK", A STORY ABOUT CREATING AND LIVING IN A PUNKHOUSE, A WRITING ABOUT THE WRITERS OF "TALES OF A PUNK ROCK NOTHING" GETTING INTERVIEWED FOR NPR, AND LOTS MORE. THIS IS THE KIND OF ZINE THAT YOU JUST FLIP THROUGH ONCE TO KNOW THAT IT'S GREAT. OF COURSE, I SUGGEST YOU ACTUALLY READ IT, HOWEVER, RATHER THAN JUST FLIP THROUGH IT, SO YOU DON'T GET PAPER CUTS (PLUS, THE WRITING RULES!) PO BOX 72581 NEW ORLEANS LA 70172

FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS ISSUE, SEND ME YOUR ZINE!!!

IF I LIKE IT A LOT, NOT ONLY WILL I MENTION IT IN MY ZINE, BUT I WILL MOST LIKELY ASK YOU IF I CAN DISTRIBUTE IT. WE CAN TRADE, WE CAN BECOME GREAT PENPALS, THESE THINGS ARE THE LIFE BLOOD OF THE PUNK ROCK SCENE! ALSO, I WILL NEVER WRITE BAD THINGS ABOUT YOUR ZINE OR RECORD (OR WHATEVER YOUR PROJECT...) SO YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE! IF I DON'T LIKE YOUR SHIT, I WILL SIMPLY NOT WRITE ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



Meis, the Crackhead

YOU MAY RECALL IN THE LAST ISSUE OF C.Z.A.R. I WROTE ABOUT MY UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR (IN MILWAUKEE) AND HIS WIERDO PET MAD DOG. WELL, COMPASSIONATE AS MEIS WAS FOR HIS FUCKING SEA FREAK, HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T GIVE MUCH OF A SHIT ABOUT HIS FELLOW MAN....

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

THERE WAS AN URGENT RAPPING ON MY BASEMENT DOOR. I HAD BEEN SITTING ALONE IN THE DARK LIVING ROOM, WATCHING THE SIMPSONS. THE ENTIRE APARTMENT WAS DARK, OTHER THAN THE COLORFUL LIGHT COMING FROM THE TELEVISION. CONTENT IN MY SOLITUDE, I CONSIDERED NOT ANSWERING THE DOOR; TO SAY, "FUCK IT," AND CONTINUE HANGING WITH HOMER. BUT I KNEW THAT FUCKIN KNOCK, AND THE CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO IGNORE. IF I DIDN'T OPEN IT, HE WOULD.

I OPENED THE DOOR.
MEIS PUSHED PAST ME, HEADING FOR THE LIVING ROOM. I FOLLOWED, AND SAT DOWN ON THE COUCH.
"WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?" MEIS DEMANDED, THROWING A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER AT MY FACE.

I UNCRUMPLED THE PAPER. IT WAS THE SIGN THAT MY HALF-WIT, GUN-TOTING ROOMMATE JOHN (SEE CZAR #1) HAD POSTED ON OUR BASEMENT DOOR. THOUGH ALL MEMORIES FROM THIS PERIOD OF MY LIFE ARE PRETTY FOGGY, I THINK THE SIGN SAID SOMETHING LIKE, "ALL CRAZY CRACKHEAD MOTHERFUCKERS SHOULD GO THE FUCK AWAY!" OR SOME DUMB SHIT.

DISSATISFIED WITH THE CRACKHEAD-REPELLING QUALITIES OF THE SIGN, AND VERY, VERY SCARED, I STARTED RAMBLING SOME REALLY DUMB NONSENSE IN DEFENSE OF JOHN'S SIGN, AND GORKY'S EQUIPMENT.

MEIS TOOK FROM HIS FANNY-PACK A LIGHTER, A FOLDED PIECE OF ALUMINUM FOIL, AND A CRACKPIPE.

"YOU'RE NOT GONNA SMOKE THAT IN HERE! TAKE IT IN THE BASEMENT, MAN!" I BEGGED. I WAS SERIOUSLY ALARMED BY THE SIGHT OF HIS CRACK SUPPLIES.

"I'M SMOKING IT IN HERE... AND YOU ARE, TOO. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU SEE THAT THIS STUFF IS NOT ALL THAT BAD," MEIS SAID AS HE UNFOLDED THE FOIL.

YIKES!!

I SHOULD BACKTRACK...

THE FIRST FEW MONTHS OF MEIS' RESIDENCY IN THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS FROM OURS WERE A BLAST. MEIS & JOHN GURNEY & TREVOR NEVER & GORKY & I WOULD HANG OUT AND SMOKE JOINTS AND DRINK MADDOG 20/20. THOUGH I NEVER REALLY TRUSTED MEIS, HE WAS A VALUED FRIEND WHO SEEMED TO THINK OF US IN HIGH REGARD, AND HE DID US A LOT OF FAVORS.

ALMOST OVERNIGHT HE CHANGED. IT WAS REALLY WIERD. MEIS STOPPED HANGING OUT WITH US, OPTING INSTEAD TO SPEND HIS NIGHTS WITH THIS TOTALLY SHADY Fucker NAMED TACO. THE ONLY TIME HE WOULD COME DOWN TO OUR APARTMENT WAS TO USE OUR TELEPHONE. I OVERHEARD HIM QUITE A FEW TIMES TALKING TO TACO ON OUR PHONE, SPEAKING OF "TENS" & "TWENTIES" - ROCKS, NO DOUBT.

ONE NIGHT, I CAME HOME FROM MY FRIEND MELISSA'S HOUSE, ONLY TO FIND THAT OUR DOOR HAD BEEN KICKED IN. WITH GREAT FEAR, I SLOWLY ENTERED THE HOUSE. I CREEPT INTO THE KITCHEN SLOWLY, LISTENING FOR INTRUDERS. AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF SILENCE, I WAS SATISFIED THAT I WAS ALONE, AND BEGAN LOOKING AROUND OUR SHITTY LITTLE APARTMENT TO SEE WHAT HAD BEEN STOLEN.

ODDLY ENOUGH, HOWEVER, NOTHING WAS MISSING! IN THE BASEMENT, ALL OF THE GUITARS & AMPS & DRUMS WERE UNTOUCHED. OUR T.V. AND STEREO WERE COMPLETELY INTACT. ALL OF OUR VIDEOS, CDS, AND RECORDS WERE STILL THERE. I WAS BAFFLED! WHY ON EARTH WOULD SOMEONE BREAK INTO A HOUSE AND NOT STEAL ANYTHING? THEN IT OCCURED TO ME - BECAUSE IT WAS A PHONELESS CRACK-ADDICTED MOTHERFUCKER, HUNGRY FOR A HIT, WITH NO CHANGE FOR A PAY PHONE. MEIS HAD KICKED THE DOOR IN TO USE THE FUCKING PHONE.

AND TO FURTHER COMPLICATE THINGS,

NOT ONLY WAS OUR DEADBOLT RENDERED USELESS BY MEIS' WITHDRAWL-FUELED SUPER-HUMAN KICKING POWER, BUT HE BROKE THE DOOR IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO REPAIR, SO WE WOULD HAVE TO BUY A WHOLE NEW ONE. OF COURSE, WE WERE JOBLESS PUNKS, WHO HADN'T PAID OUR RENT IN TWO MONTHS OR EATEN IN THREE DAYS AND COULD NOT AFFORD A NEW DOOR. SO, I TOOK OUR EXTRA COUCH THAT HAD BEEN USELESSLY SITTING IN THE KITCHEN, FLIPPED IT UP ON ITS SIDE, AND WEDGED IT BETWEEN THE DOOR AND THE WALL. NO CRACKHEADS WOULD BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH THAT! UNFORTUNATELY, NO PUNK ROCKERS WOULD BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH IT, EITHER. WE WOULD HAVE TO USE THE BASEMENT DOOR FROM NOW ON. THIS WAS ALSO A PROBLEM BECAUSE, THOUGH WE COULD LOCK THE DOOR, THAT WENT FROM THE BASEMENT TO THE HOUSE, OUR LANDLORD HAD NEVER GIVEN US A KEY TO THE ACTUAL DOOR INTO THE BASEMENT (FROM OUTSIDE). IN OTHER WORDS, OUR HOUSE WAS SECURE, BUT OUR BASEMENT (AND ALL THE MUSIC SHIT IN IT) WAS OPEN FOR ANY CRACKHEAD TO USE.

SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED

WITHOUT INCIDENT.

ONE NIGHT, I WAS OVER AT MELISSA'S APARTMENT, SMOKING BONG LOADS OF SOME PRIMO KIND BUDS. I HADN'T SEEN MEIS OR TACO IN A WHILE, WHICH WAS COOL BY ME.

THE DOORBELL RANG; IT WAS JOHN GURNY. HE HAD A STRESSED OUT LOOK ON HIS FACE. HIS SPEECH SATURATED WITH THE EBONICS OF A TYPICAL INNER-CITY TWENTY-SOMETHING, HE BEGAN TO SPEAK.

"MAN, HOW MANY 'DEM AMPS YOU S'POSED TO GOTTS?" THIS WAS A PROBLEM.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" I ASKED

"I WAS IN DA BASEMENT, AND I THINK SOME SHIT GOT STOLED!"
AND WITH THAT, WE MADE HASTE TO DA CRIB.

SURE ENOUGH, SOME SHIT HAD BEEN STOLEN. GORKY'S GUITAR AMP, AS WELL AS THE P.A. SYSTEM (WHICH WAS ALSO GORKY'S) WERE GONE. I FELT TOTALLY RAPED. BY THIS POINT, OUR PHONE HAD BEEN DISCONNECTED, SO GURNY & I WENT DOWN TO THE GAS STATION TO USE A PAYPHONE TO CALL THE FUCKIN' PIGS, AND REPORT THE SHIT STOLEN.

THE TWO DETECTIVES

LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE STRAIGHT OUT OF "DETECTIVE SCHOOL". BOTH OF THEM WERE BIG TIME FUCKING ASSHOLES, WHO ACTED LIKE IT WAS A BIG FUCKING CHORE TO HELP US OUT. UNFORTUNATELY, GORKY WAS IN CHICAGO VISITING HIS MOM, AND OF COURSE THE TWO DICKS HAD TO IMPLY THAT GURNY & I USED HIS ABSENCE TO OUR ADVANTAGE, SO WE COULD "HELP OURSELVES" TO HIS EQUIPMENT. GOD, I HATE COPS. I GAVE THEM GORKY'S MOM'S PHONE NUMBER, ALONG WITH SOME PICTURES OF THE AMP, AND THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY.

FRUSTRATED AS HELL, JOHN & I SAT AND SMOKED A JOINT. WE CURSED THAT FUCKING CRACKHEAD MEIS FOR TAKING THE SHIT THAT WE USED, AND TRIED TO CONVINCE OURSELVES THAT WE WOULD GET IT BACK SOMEHOW.

LATER THAT WEEK, WHILE I WAS OUT, GURNY SAT ALONE IN OUR APARTMENT, WAITING TO SEE IF THE INTRUDERS RETURNED. MEIS' FAMILIAR KNOCK EMBRACED THE BASEMENT DOOR. GURNY WAITED. AGAIN HE KNOCKED, ONLY LOUDER THIS TIME, AND ACCOMPANIED HIS KNOCK WITH A YELL. "JOSHER!? JOHN!? GORKY!? ANYBODY HOME!?" GURNY CONTINUED TO WAIT. THE KNOCKING STOPPED.

MEIS WENT AROUND TO OUR USELESS FRONT DOOR (THE ONE RESTRAINED BY THE COUCH) AND BANGED ON IT, STILL YELLING. GURNY JUST SAT THERE HIDING, WAITING TO SEE WHAT MEIS WAS GOING TO PULL.

THE KNOCKING STOPPED, BUT GURNY KNEW THAT WASN'T REALLY AN INDICATION THAT MEIS WAS GONE, SO HE CONTINUED TO HIDE & WAIT. THIS TURNED OUT TO BE A GOOD MOVE, BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR STOPPED, IT STARTED AGAIN AT THE BASEMENT DOOR.

FINALLY, MEIS WAS SATISFIED THAT THERE WAS NOBODY HOME, AND SET TO WORK ON TAKING THE DOOR OFF THE HINGES. GURNY STOOD RIGHT INSIDE THE DOORWAY, WAITING TO CATCH MEIS' DUMB ASS RED HANDED. WHEN MEIS FINALLY GOT THE DOOR OFF, IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE AT SEEING JOHN GURNY'S GOOFY WHITE ASS, GUN IN HAND, GRINNING AT HIM.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?" GURNY ASKED HIM LIKE A MADMAN.

"I... UH... I WANTED TO SEE IF MY DUFFLE BAG WAS HERE!" WAS MEIS' BULLSHIT ANSWER.

"PUT DAT FUCKIN' DOOR BACK!"

MEIS OBEDIANTLY PUT THE DOOR BACK ON THE HINGES, UNDER CAREFUL SURVEILLANCE BY GURNY AND HIS PIECE.

OF COURSE, MEIS WAS TOTALLY FULL OF SHIT. HE KNEW THERE WAS NO FUCKING DUFFLE BAG IN OUR APARTMENT. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FUCK HE WOULD'VE STOLEN, HAD GURNY NOT BEEN AROUND.

SO, I'M SITTING ON THE COUCH WATCHING MEIS FILL HIS PIPE UP WITH CRACK. "MAN, YOU SHOULDN'T OF GOTTEN THE COPS INVOLVED IN ALL OF THIS," HE SAYS. "IF I WAS GOING TO TAKE YOUR SHIT, I'D HAVE COME IN HERE AND PUT A GUN IN YOUR FACE AND JUST TAKEN IT. I'D HAVE TIED YOUR ASS UP AND TAKEN YOUR SHIT, RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU." I DON'T BELIEVE THIS NONSENSE, OF COURSE.

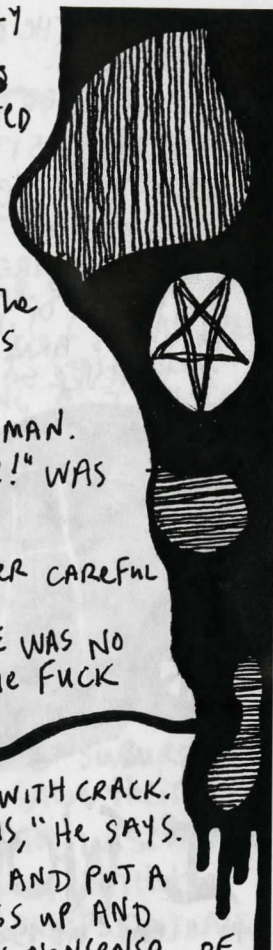
THEN MEIS STARTS CONTRADICTING HIMSELF. "I SMOKED SO MUCH WEED WITH YOU - FOR FREE!" LIKE THIS JUSTIFIED HIS THEFT, "AND WHAT DID YOU EVER DO FOR ME? NOTHING!" HE HOLDS THE PIPE UP TO HIS MOUTH.

"C'MON MEIS! DON'T SMOKE THAT SHIT IN HERE!"

AT JUST THAT MOMENT, THERE IS A SOFT, GIRLIE KNOCK AT THE BASEMENT DOOR. I KNOW THIS KNOCK VERY WELL. IT IS NOT THE KNOCK OF A CRACK ADDICT, A THEIF, A WEED-HEAD, OR EVEN A DRUNK. IT WAS THE KNOCK OF THE LATEST REDHEAD EVER, MY GIRLFRIEND TERI.

ACTUALLY, TO SAY THAT SHE IS MY GIRLFRIEND WOULD NOT BE TRUE. AT THIS POINT (FEBRUARY, 2000), TERI AND I ARE BROKEN UP. SHE HAS COME OVER (AS A FRIEND) SO WE COULD DYE EACH OTHER'S HAIR.

REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT TERI & MY INTENTIONS WERE ROMANTIC OR PLUTONIC FOR THAT EVENING, ONE THING I KNOW FOR SURE: MEIS WOULD



NOT HAVE THE NERVE TO TORQUE UP SOME CRACK IN FRONT OF SUCH A YOUNG, SWEET GIRL.

HE PACKED UP HIS CRACK SUPPLIES.

TERI & I SIT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, WAITING FOR MEIS TO LEAVE. BEFORE LEAVING, HE COMES UP TO ME WITH A STACK OF ABOUT THREE VIDEOS.

"I'M GOING TO BORROW THESE," HE DECLARES, AND SETS THE TAPES ON THE TABLE. "AND REMEMBER," HE SAYS, "IF I WAS GONNA STEAL FROM YOU, I'D DO IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE!" AND WITH THAT, HE VIOLENTLY SWEEPS THE VIDEOS INTO HIS ARM AND STORMS OUT OF THE HOUSE.

I NEVER SAW MEIS, OR THOSE VIDEOTAPES, EVER AGAIN.



I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE

THIS TIME TO CLEAR UP SOME CONFUSION REGARDING THE NAME OF THIS ZINE. IT IS PROBABLY MY FAULT, SINCE I CHOSE SUCH A BIZARRE TITLE FOR IT, WITH AN INTENTIONAL, "NÜ SHOOZ"-LIKE MISSPELLING FURTHER ADDING TO IT'S FUCKEDUPNESS, BUT PEOPLE (AND REVIEWERS) OFTEN MISTAKENLY CALL MY ZINE CHICKENHEAD ZINE AND ROLL. THE WORD "CHICKENHEAD" IN THE TITLE OF THIS ZINE IS SUPPOSED TO BE SPelled "CHICKENHED". ALSO, THE WORDS "ZINE AND ROLL" ARE NOT OPTIONAL!! THE NAME OF MY ZINE IS NOT "CHICKENHEAD" OR EVEN "CHICKENHED", IT IS "CHICKENHED ZINE AND ROLL". SORRY IF I SOUND LIKE AN ASSHOLE, BUT THIS IS MY ARTISTIC VISION. IF YOU ARE STILL CONFUSED ABOUT THE TITLE AFTER READING THIS (... THEN YOU MUST BE BRAINDEAD. OR AN EMO PERSON), THEN YOU MAY REFER TO THE ZINE AS C.Z.A.R. (← IT'S AN ACRONYM!!!) THANKS FOR UNDERSTANDING.

★ THE ACCIDENT ★

IT WAS FALL. THE MOUNTAINS OF SNOW THAT COVER WISCONSIN FOR SIX MONTHS OUT OF EVERY YEAR HAD YET TO INCONVINCE US, BUT IT WAS STILL COLD AS HELL COLD ENOUGH THAT MY LEATHER JACKET, ALONG WITH THE SWEATER I STOLE FROM GORKY'S BROTHER, WERE NOT ENOUGH TO KEEP ME FROM SHIVERING AS I CHOKED DOWN A CIGARETTE IN FRONT OF SUNSET BOWL.

IT IS SAD THAT SUNSET BOWL WAS PRETTY MUCH THE BIGGEST HOTSPOT IN THE SHITHOLE THAT IS WAUKESHA. "SUNSET," AS THE LOCALS REFERRED TO IT, WAS THE HOME OF THE FIRST EVER CHEAP TRICK SHOW; OR SO I HEAR, BUT WHO KNOWS.

THOUGH IT WOULD BE RAD TO SEE CHEAP TRICK PLAY A SHOW AT SUNSET, I AM NOT THERE TO SEE THEM. INSTEAD, I AM THERE FOR A TEN BAND, GENRE-SHATTERING MEGA-SHOW.

"WHERE THE FUCK ARE SKAGINA?" GORKY ASKED RHETORICALLY.

SKAGINA WERE GORKY'S OLD MIDDLE SCHOOL PALS FROM THE SUBURBS JUST SOUTH OF CHICAGO. THEY WERE SCHEDULED TO PLAY THE SHOW, THEIR FIRST EVER IN THE BUSTLING MEGATROPOLIS THAT IS WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN. OUR PLANS FOR AFTER THE SHOW WERE TO GET A HOTEL ROOM WITH THE BAND, AND GET TOTALLY FUCKEDUPIFIED. IN THE TRUNK OF GORKY'S CUTLASS WERE THE FOLLOWING ITEMS (THIS IS NOT AN EXAGGERATION): TWO CASES OF BLATZ IN BOTTLES, A BOTTLE OF VODKA, A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH, A BOTTLE OF GOLDSCLAGER, AND A CASE OF MGD IN BOTTLES.

IT WAS THEN THAT GORKY MADE A REALIZATION THAT WOULD MAKE OUR DAY ONE OF THE MOST FUCKEDUP DAYS I'VE EVER HAD.

"DUDE, I THINK I FORGOT THE AXIDENT TAPES AT HOME!" HE REALIZED.

AXIDENT TAPES ARE NOT CLEAR STRIPS FOR ONE TO APPLY TO ONE'S TEETH IN ORDER TO REMOVE COFFEE AND CIGARETTE STAINS, AS YOU MAY BE THINKING. RATHER, THEY ARE THE CASSETTE DEMOS OF A NOW DEFUNCT DRUM AND BASS DUO (I DO NOT MEAN "DRUM N' BASS" AS IN CRAPPY TECHNO GARBAGE. I MEAN "DRUM AND BASS" IN THE PUREST SENSE OF THE TERM - A PUNK ROCK GUY PLAYING DRUMS, AND A KIND OF "POST PUNK", FLANNEL SHIRT-CLAD GENTLEMAN BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF A BASS GUITAR) KNOWN AS AXIDENT. THIS BAND WAS

FUCKING GREAT; EXTREMELY UNIQUE AND TALENTED. THEY PLAYED KIND OF MATHY, AGGRESSIVE POWER PUNK A LA NO MEANS NO. UNFORTUNATELY, THE DEMO TAPE'S RECORDING QUALITY WAS SO LOW THAT ONE CAN HARDLY DISTINGUISH ONE NOTE FROM THE OTHER, BUT THIS WAS NOT GOING TO STOP GORKY AND ERIC MAAS (AXTIDENT'S MEMBERS) FROM GETTING THEM OUT TO THEIR MANY FANS. AND THEY DID HAVE MANY FANS.

IT WAS OUR DUTY TO THE KIDS TO GO BACK TO GORKY'S HOUSE TO GET THE AXTIDENT TAPES.

WE WERE IN A

SO MUCH SO, IN FACT, THAT ONE MAY SAY THAT GORKY AND I WERE IN A "HUGE" HURRY, OR PERHAPS EVEN A "FRENZIED RUSH". HOW EVER YOU SAY IT, WE WERE. TO ILLUSTRATE THIS RUSHEDOSITY, HERE IS A THING THAT GORKY DID: WHEN WE GOT TO HIS HOUSE, RATHER THAN PARKING THE CAR ON ONE SIDE OF THE GARAGE, HE PARKED THAT FUCKER RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE. ← THIS MAY SEEM LIKE AN INSIGNIFICANT DETAIL, BUT I ASSURE YOU, IT COMES INTO PLAY LATER. (ACTUALLY, IN ALL FAIRNESS, IT WAS MY BRILLIANT IDEA TO PARK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARAGE. MY SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD LOGIC WAS THIS: WE WERE ONLY GOING TO SPEND MERE SECONDS INSIDE OF THE HOUSE. GORKY WAS ABOUT TO SPEND EXTRA TIME PARKING THE CAR TO ONE SIDE OF THE GARAGE, AND TO ME IT WAS WASTEFUL. SO I ENCOURAGE HIM TO SAY, "FUCK IT" AND PARK ANY WHICH WAY, WHICH IN THIS PARTICULAR INSTANCE TURNED OUT TO BE IN THE PRECISE CENTER OF THE GARAGE.)

... INTO THE HOUSE WE WENT: TO RETREIVE THE TAPES!!

"I GOTZ THE TAPES!!" GORKY PROUDLY PROCLAIMED, "LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHOW!"
"ALRIGHT!" I CHEERED CHEEZILY.

HALF WAY TO THE DOOR, GORKY STOPPED IN MID-STEP. "WAIT!!! MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL THE HOTEL WHILE WE'RE HERE, TO RESERVE A ROOM."

"GOOD IDEA," I AGREED, "AFTER ALL, IT IS SATURDAY."

WE WERE YOUNGER THEN; NOT QUITE AS CULTURED AS WE BOTH ARE TODAY, AND NEITHER OF US HAD EVER RESERVED A HOTEL ROOM BEFORE THIS, SO WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU USUALLY NEED A CREDIT CARD TO MAKE A RESERVATION. NEITHER OF US HAD CREDIT CARDS THEN (AND NEITHER OF US DO NOW, EITHER), HOWEVER, THIS WAS DURING THE BRIEF PERIOD OF TIME THAT GORKY HAD A CHECK CARD FOR HIS BANK ACCOUNT WITH

VISA LOGO ON IT. ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS FIND IT.

WE SPENT THE NEXT HALF HOUR TEARING GORKY'S ROOM APART LOOKING FOR HIS CHECK CARD. EVENTUALLY WE JUST DECIDED TO SCREW THE RESERVATION BECAUSE WE COULDN'T FIND THE CARD, PLUS MY PARENTS WERE OUT OF TOWN ANYWAYS, SO WE COULD JUST HANG WITH SKAGINA THERE. ← I DON'T KNOW WHY WE DIDN'T JUST DECIDE TO GO THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. I MEAN, WHY SPEND THE MONEY IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO?

BY NOW, GORKY (WHO HAS AN ANNOYINGLY SHORT TEMPER [OR USED TO, ANYWAY. THINGS MAY HAVE MELLOWED OUT THESE DAYS]) WAS PRETTY PISSY. SO IMAGINE THE TANTRUM THAT WAS THROWN WHEN HE TRIED TO START UP THE CUTLASS, ONLY TO FIND THE BATTERY DECEASED.

PISSED AS HELL, GORKY YANKED THE DOOR HANDLE, TRYING TO OPEN THE DOOR, WHEN A TYPICAL "WORLD TAKING A SHIT ON YOUR FACE, AND PISSING UP YOUR NOSE" MANNER THE FUCKING HANDLE COMES RIGHT THE FUCK OFF!! HE SAT THERE FOR A SECOND, JUST LOOKING AT THE SEVERED HANDLE, AND THEN HE FUCKING EXPLODES.

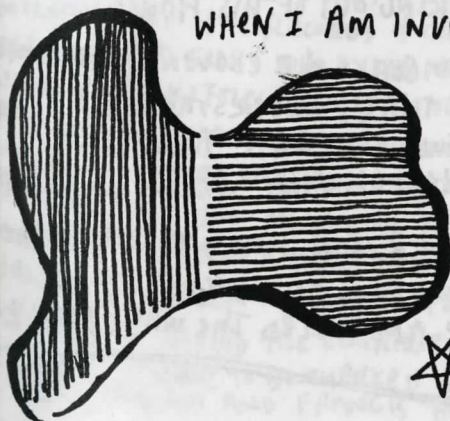
"FUCK FUCK FUCK!! FUCKING SHIT FUCK!!" HE YELLED. GORKY WAS LITERALLY BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF THE DASHBOARD, STEERING WHEEL, AND EVEN THE WINDSHIELD OF HIS CAR, USING THE DOOR HANDLE AS HIS WEAPON OF CHOICE, IN A MOMENT OF TORTURED IRONY. I JUST SAT THERE, ALLOWING GORKY TO BLOW OFF STEAM.

WE WERE GOING TO SOMEHOW

HAVE TO JUMP THE CAR.

LUCKILY, GORKY'S DAD'S CAR WAS THERE, PARKED OUT ON THE STREET. ALL WE WOULD HAVE TO DO WAS PUT GORKY'S CAR IN NEUTRAL, AND ROLL IT DOWN TO ONE SIDE OF THE DRIVEWAY. SINCE GORKY'S POP'S RIDE WAS A MANUAL TRANSMISSION (WHICH GORKY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE, AND WHICH I BARELY KNEW HOW TO), I WOULD PULL HIS CAR UP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DRIVEWAY, WHILE GORKY NAVIGATED HIS POWERLESS AUTOMOBILE RIGHT NEXT TO IT. THIS WAS THE PLAN.

OF COURSE, AS YOU KNOW, SHIT RARELY GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN; PARTICULARLY WHEN I AM INVOLVED. THIS TIME WOULD BE NO EXCEPTION.



FORESHADOWING

☆ OH SHIT!! ☆

I WAS SITTING IN GORKY'S

DAD'S CAR, WHICH WAS NOW STALLED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, DUE TO MY INEPTNESS WITH REGARD TO OPERATING A CLUTCH. I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE IF GORKY WAS MAKING ANY MORE PROGRESS THAN I. HE WASN'T.

SINCE GORKY COULD NO LONGER OPEN THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR, HE HAD TO PUT HIS CAR IN NEUTRAL GEAR, TURN HIS STEERING WHEEL TO THE RIGHT AND GET OUT THROUGH THE PASSENGER-SIDE. THEN, HE WENT TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR AND GAVE IT A SHOVE. AT FIRST, HE WAS ABLE TO CONTROL THE CAR, BUT HIS CUTLESS WAS BIG & HEAVY, AND HIS DRIVEWAY WAS STEEP, SO WHEN I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW, I SAW HIM WRESTLING HIS CAR, IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO KEEP IT FROM ROLLING. IT WAS NOW IN THE STREET. GORKY IS A PRETTY SMALL DUDE, AND IT LOOKED LIKE THE CAR WAS GOING TO ROLL BACKWARDS RIGHT OVER TOP OF HIM. WITH HIS SAFETY IN MIND, I ABANDONED HIS DAD'S CAR (WHICH WAS STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET) AND RAN OVER TO TRY TO STOP THE OUT-OF-CONTROL CUTLASS.

IT WAS NO USE. THE CAR HAD GAINED TOO MUCH MOMENTUM FROM ROLLING DOWN THE DRIVEWAY. BY THE TIME I GOT TO IT, THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO BUT WATCH IT ROLL AWAY...

IT ROLLED ACROSS THE STREET, AND OVER THE CURB. IT THEN PERFORMED AN AMAZING FEAT AFTER IT ROLLED OVER THE SIDEWALK, THE CAR MIRACULOUSLY PASSED BETWEEN A TREE AND A STREETLIGHT THAT HAD NO MORE THAN FIVE FEET OF SPACE BETWEEN THEM. THERE WERE ONLY A FEW INCHES BETWEEN THE SIDES OF THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE TWO RESPECTIVE OBSTACLES.

AFTER THAT BIT OF MAGIC, THE CAR ROLLED DOWN THE HUGE HILL THAT WAS GORKY'S NEIGHBOR'S YARD, GAINING SHITLOADS OF SPEED, AND THEN CRASHED TRUNK-SIDE-FIRST INTO THEIR HOUSE.

"OH GOD OH GOD OH FUCKIN JESUS!" GORKY BLASPHEMED.

WE WALKED TO THE HOUSE. THE SHIRTLESS PLUMBER WHO LIVED THERE CAME OUT AND STOOD ON THE PORCH, GAWKING AT THE CAR THAT WAS STICKING OUT OF HIS HOUSE.

"SHIT," HE SAID.

THEN HIS WIFE CAME OUT. SHE WAS FRANTIC; SHE CALLED GORKY & I "CLOWNS", SHE SWORE AND CURSED; SHE REALLY FREAKED OUT BADLY. I GUESS THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE.

SO THE COPS CAME, AND THEY WERE DUMB AND UNHELPFUL AS ALWAYS. THANKFULLY, THE PLUMBER REMAINED CALM, AND DIDN'T PRESS ANY CHARGES. HOMEOWNER'S INSURANCE WOULD PAY FOR THE REPAIRS.

THE PIGGERS RADIOED FOR A TOW TRUCK. AS THE TOW TRUCK MAN HOOKED THE CAR TO THE TOW TRUCK, A GRIM OBSERVATION WAS MADE: "YOU CAME ABOUT TWO INCHES FROM HITTING THE GAS LINE!!" WE ALMOST BLEW UP THE HOUSE AND KILLED THE WHOLE FAMILY.

GORKY AND MY MAIN FEAR WAS THAT WHEN THE BACK OF THE CAR WAS PULLED OUT OF THE HOUSE, THE TRUNK WOULD POP OPEN, REVEALING THE STASH OF BOOZE HIDDEN AWAY THEREIN. OR, WORSE, THE TRUNK WOULD NOT POP OPEN; INSTEAD, UPON BEING PULLED OUT OF THE HOUSE, A TELLTALE FLOOD OF ALCOHOL WOULD LEAK FROM THE TRUNK. EITHER WAY, OUR UNDERAGED ASSES WOULD BE FUCKED.

BUT

None of that shit happened. In fact, not only was every single glass bottle intact, but Gorky's car was without a single scratch. The Cutlass still wouldn't start, though, so we had to get a ride to the show from his dad. Axtident played greatly, their music fueled by frustration. SKAGINA DIDN'T STAY AT MY CRIB, THOUGH, (WHICH MADE ME HAPPY THAT WE HADN'T FOUND GORKY'S PLASTIC, AND BEEN STUCK WITH A ROOM WE WOULDN'T HAVE NEEDED.) BUT THEY PLAYED WELL, TOO. IT WAS AN AWESOME SHOW, EVEN THOUGH WE MISSED MOST OF IT DUE TO SOME FUCKED UP SHIT. OH YEAH, AXIDENT SOLD A SHITLOAD OF TAPES THAT NIGHT.

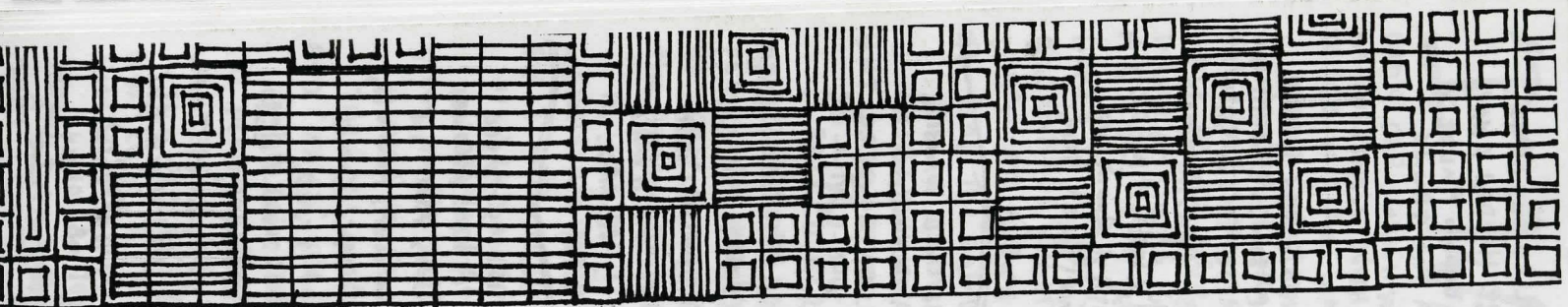
The C.Z.A.R. #3 PLAYLIST

(OR "SHIT I LISTENED TO WHILE MAKING THIS, AND YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO SO YOU CAN BE MORE LIKE ME AND THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER.")

- ① YESTERDAY'S KIDS - TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE CD
- ② PUBLIC ENEMY - THERE'S A POISON GOING ON
- ③ THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC - 7"
- ④ PROPAGANDHI - TODAY'S EMPIRES, TOMORROW'S ASHES
- ⑤ PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS - FUCK WITH FIRE CD
- ⑥ BUSTA RHYMES - EXTINCTION LEVEL EVENT
- ⑦ CRIMPSHIRE - DUCT TAPE SOUP
- ⑧ RESIST AND EXIST - KWANJUM LP
- ⑨ NEURISIS - TIMES OF GRACE
- ⑩ ABOUT A ZILLION PEOPLE YELLING AT ME FOR CALLING THEM AND TRYING TO PERSUADE THEM TO TEST DRIVE A SAAB. ← THIS MEANS I WAS MAKING THIS AT WORK.

THANKS TO:

TERI, GREGG, ANYA, MOMMY (FOR SENDING US TICKETS TO SEE PLANET OF THE APES!), JASON & LOCUST TREE DISTRO, JOE & MICROCOSM PUBLISHING, NATHAN AND THE RAINBOW CO-OP IN MADISON, KELLY IN MADISON, ANDY IN MILWAUKEE, 404 RECORDS & CHRIS, THE PUNK MAHAL IN MKE, THE PRC IN RVA, KEVIN W, ALL THE KIND FOLKS WHO ALLOW ME TO DISTRO THEIR SHIT, RICKY, EMILY & FRIENDS, SOME NICE STRAY KITTIES, MAY, TANG, CATIA, KILLER, MIMI, TWO KIND UNNAMED KITTIES, RUSH-MOR RECORDS IN MILWAUKEE, ANY REVIEWER WHO HAS THE COURTESY TO ACTUALLY READ MY ZINE BEFORE TRASHING IT'S CONTENTS, HOMER S, TRIBAL WAR & THEIR INFO SHOP, PLAN IT X, ALL THE MEGA COOL MOFACKS AROUND THE WORLD THAT I WRITE TO, JOHNNY T MC SKITTLES HAVE A THREE MUSKATEERS AND EVERYTHING ROLL (WHOM I HATE VERY MUCH, BUT HELPED ME TO LEARN A MOTHER FUCKLOAD ABOUT MYSELF AND THIS SHITTY, SELFISH WORLD), MY DAD FOR HAVING THE COURAGE TO TELL ME HIS STORY, ANYONE I FORGOT OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE THANKED, OTHERWISE, WHY WOULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR ASS? ← A PRICK ALSO, MARIAM AND FRANCIS 'HOPEWELL



←HEY, THANKS TO MARIAM CABAL FOR DRAWING THIS! SHE DID IT THE PROUT, TOO! SHE'S AN AMAZING ARTIST!

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ALSO, THERE HAVE BEEN SOME ADDITIONS TO C.Z.A.R. DISTRO. G. BOTTOM SMOOTH IS A RAD TOWN HOPPING ZINE #1 FOR POSTAGE OR STAMPS. ANARCHISTS ARE COMING TO EAT YOUR CHILDREN! DISCUS WITH US ABOUT ANARCHISM #1 OR STAMPS. HOWEVER WE HAVE POLITICAL ANTS STUFF ON JAZZ AND NATIVE AMERICAN BURNING MOUNTAINS! GONNE SANE? IS ABOUT FAIRY Gnomes. #1 Plus, more free shit than you can shake a stick at! Get in good!

THIS JUST IN! KISS OFF #6! GOOD SHIT!

AND FUKING ROLL

