

# No Outlet

*A Goddamn Personal Line*



*Issue one*  
*One dollar or a trade*



*There is  
No  
Outlet  
from  
here  
on in.*

I didn't always like personal zines. An entire zine devoted to your life and what you do. I found them sad, cliché, and at times, egotistical. Since starting up my zine distro, I received some personal zines. Not all of them were sappy and dramatic. Many of the made sense. Sometimes, you can connect with the writer. Maybe hearing about someone else's misfortune can make you feel a little better about yourself. Since I have no other outlets (i.e. close friends, a journal, a therapist), I made this zine.

Sometimes I wonder if I am doing this zine for the wrong reasons. I see people who do personal zines to join the band wagon or to make friends with certain popular zinesters. I wonder if my zine will just sound like countless other personal zines. Sometimes I wonder if I'm doing this all for myself. I also wonder if it's too whiny, sappy or dramatic.

This zine has been about a year in the making. I have written, rewritten, edited and erased more than I have ever before with a zine. (And even though it's taken me this long, it is still rushed and not edited very well.) This is much more than a zine to me. It's my thoughts on paper for anyone to read. I hope some good comes out of this. My biggest fear is being confronted by the people I wrote about or being laughed at for things I think about. The best thing that can happen is that I meet some really cool people who have had some of the same experiences or thoughts that I can talk to. I would love to know what you think about this zine, so please mail or email me about anything and I promise to respond.

You will notice that there are some writings that look like diary entries. Well that's what they are. Kind of. I have this zine diary just to write about things that have happened that day or week. I did not take them out of my actual journal and they are not my secrets, so don't get all giddy. I have only selected a few entries to put in here. I update my diary all the time on my website, so if you go there, you can read all sorts of boring things that I didn't put in here.

You might notice that there are some holes in some places. I kind of like it like that. I think it might keep you reading the following issues. Like a soap opera.

I hope you enjoy this and get something out of it. Please pass it on, share it with someone or throw it out.

*-Cheung*





## All About Me

(in less than 200 words)

My name is Chewy. No Chewbacca jokes, please. No, it's not my birth name. My birthday is November 5, 1980. I go to school at Fordham U., which is in Manhattan. My favorite shows are *The Simpsons*, *Oz*, *The Critic*, *Futurama*, *TGIF* and *Undressed*. I like the color green most of all. I do not have a job. I collect kewpie dolls. Stephen King, Ira Levin, Hunter S. Thompson, Tom Wolfe, Spalding Gray, Joyce Carol Oates and Jean Shepherd are all good. My dog is named Pokey. My boyfriend is named Mike. I used to play guitar. I hate Jennifer Love Hewitt, Carson Daly, George Clooney, Cher and Carrot Top. I think it's ironic that Jesse Camp won the MTV VJ contest, but the guy who came in second still has a job. I wonder where Pauly Shore is. My favorite movies are "My Neighbor Totoro" and "A Christmas Story". I wear glasses and I'm half Vietnamese. I am often lonely and frustrated. I like to take photographs so I can remember things. I am not a popular zinester. I am just little Chewy, looking for something creative to use my energy on. I hope you enjoy my writings.

7/26/99

One thing I don't understand is why really sweet people go out with stupid people. I read about and see it all the time. You have this guy or girl who one of the nicest people in the world who goes after an Asshole. They sit by the phone and hang on Asshole's every word. The Sweets should form a club and date within themselves. Maybe then The Assholes wouldn't have anyone to shove around and then they might become a little nicer or they might end up extinct.

8/22/99

Only someone like me would have the flu in the middle of August. I feel gross and I can't sleep well because of chronic coughing. I go back to class in about a week. I am not looking forward to seeing people. About giving people hugs and listening to their stories about what they did over the summer while I just stand there and nod my head and say, "Nice to see you again".



9/1/99

Mike left for NYU a few days ago. I was real upset. No more watching television on the couch with him and Pokey. I am all alone now. Sure, he's just a train ride away, but it's not the same. Most of you have probably never experienced loneliness like I have. It's not like I push people away, either. Maybe it's because I hate small talk. I think it's a waste of time. Or maybe because I don't like most people. They are on a completely different emotional wavelength. I close myself up and I'm too shy. I wish I had someone to talk to besides Mike or Pokey or this zine. No outlets. No outlets. No outlets. (Printer, please continue to fill the whole page).

My brother Rob came home to visit with his girlfriend. He just turned 24 and she's 19. She's my age. Margaux (I am pretty sure that's how she spells it) looks like she's ten years older than she is and she makes me feel so immature. I guess that's what money does to you, makes you classier and better than everyone else.



CRYING, CONFUSED  
WRITABLE

9/1/99

This entire summer has been filled with me being scared of my own shadow. Golnar, too. I spent most nights sleeping in front of the television. We are such pansies.

Sam took us to Heather Lane (actually named Sheeps Lane). Back in the 1970's (doesn't everything bad happen in the seventies, fuck the seventies! they were evil! Just look at Carrie!) this high school senior who was somewhat of a loser was obsessed with the most popular girl in school, Heather. Blond hair, blue eyes, cheerleader, manicured, big jahoobies, the works. He had asked her out a lot of times and every time she had declined. He was determined to go out with her before high school was over. So he asked her to the prom and she said yes. The night of the prom he got dressed to the nines and went to her house to pick her up. Just as he got there, he saw her getting into a limo with the school jock and the rest of the popular kids. He was heart broken. He spray painted the words "I love you Heather" on her white picket fence and hung himself in her yard.

So us bored kids drove into Heather Lane (which is scary enough without the story). And we saw "I love you Heather" in big black letters on that white picket fence. Then on the way back out, because of the way the headlights hit the fence, it read "I loved you Heather".





9/12/99

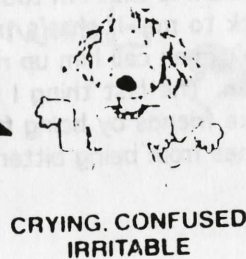
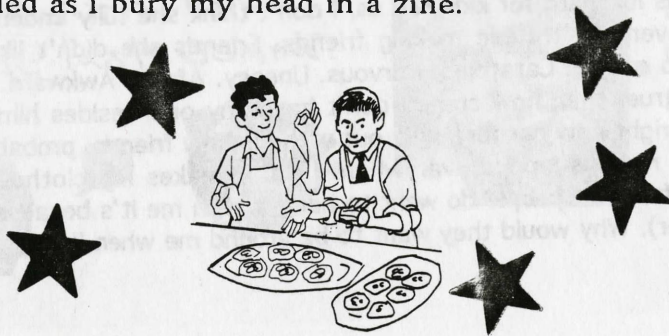
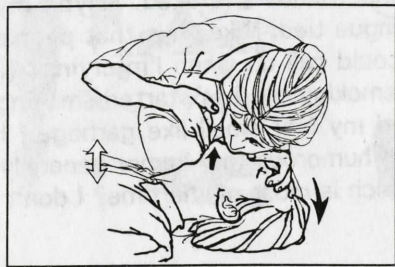
Two weeks into school. I am often lonely and bored. The first day of Anthropology, I sat all the way in the back (because I don't like people staring at the back of my head). Dana comes in and I ask her if she wants me to sit with her and she says, "Yeah I'm lonely." So we go over the usual bullshit like what we've done over the summer and how Mike is good and how she broke up with her boyfriend.

I met Dana online over a year ago. We were going to get an apartment together, but then she got housing at the last minute. I really liked her at first, but throughout our Freshman year, she kept doing things that she was unaware of that really made me feel like shit. I never wanted to bring it up to her because I didn't want to sound like a pussy and I figured that's just the way she is. People are a lot different in college. You get people from all over the country and a lot of them are less open than New Yorkers.

We notice this crusty little emo boy sitting in front of us. So after class, she goes to talk to him and leaves with him without saying bye to me. The next Anthro class, the kid is saving a seat for her.

Dana says, "Chewy, you should come sit with us. Oh, there's no room."

"That's alright," I mumbled as I bury my head in a zine.



9/30/99

Many things have happened since my last entry. First off, I received housing. What a hectic weekend that was. I found out in the middle of a shower. Mammy's pretty lonely since I left. She's mad at her boyfriend, Bill. That's justified cause he's a crotchety old fart.

My roommate Marivi smokes and smokes pot all the time. She always introducing me to new people. When you do drugs, you make all sorts of friends. (More on her in the next issue)

I thought things would be easier for me if I lived on campus. And in many aspects, that's true. But I have been become lazier. I didn't think that was possible, but it is. The only productive thing I do is read (I don't think that even counts). Also, I do my zine business, which has been on hiatus because of the move and getting a new computer. I'd write more about kids in my school, but it's hard to tell whose hands this zine may fall into. In college, you never know who someone is friends with. Anyway, I still feel lonely a lot of the time. When I was living at home, I was lonely because there was no one around me. Now I'm lonely because there are so many people around me but it seems like only a couple want to hang out with me. Sporadically that is. A catch 22. I lose no matter where I live.

I don't see Punk Rock Jen as often as I'd like to. Her constant happiness tends to rub off on me. I wish I was like her. She always makes friends where ever she goes.

I stayed over Golnar's place a couple of weeks ago (she's at Barnard now). We talked outside on cement steps in front of her dorm for over an hour. We talked about being depressed and how hard it is to make friends. Even though she knows it's hard for kids like us, I don't think she fully understands (especially like what it is for me). To me, she's never had trouble making friends. Friends she didn't like and friends she liked. Maybe my problem is that I'm too scared. Catatonic. Nervous. Uneasy. Afraid. Awkward. Tongue tied. Mike says that people flock to me. If that's true, then how come I don't have any one besides him I could call up when I'm crying? (I can't even call him up right now because he's out with his new friends, probably smoking. He has started smoking again. The last thing I need is smoke everywhere I go. It makes my clothes and my hair smell like garbage.) I make friends by being funny. If people do want to hang it with me it's because I'm humorous (my humor generally comes from being bitter). Why would they want to be around me when I'm sad, which is most of the time? I don't



think anyone wants to deal with anyone else's problem. It's difficult because I'm a girl. Guys always get along with other guys. No matter what music they listen to or how they dress. Girls are always cautious of other girls and they are often catty. Girls prefer to hang out with boys, in my opinion. (See 9/21/99 entry)

So anyway, as I expected, Mike has changed since becoming College Mike. I asked him the other night why he never wants to do anything when we hang out. (Generally, we watch television.) He said that's because he never has any money. But he has money to go drinking with his friends. He tells me all these stories about going out with his friends and how fun it is and the crazy things that happen. And that makes me feel like a loser, lonely and left out. I get so down and I don't want to let him know it because then I feel like I'm being a whiny little burden. Even if I do tell him he apologizes, but he doesn't do anything different. There's another one that says it's so hard to make friends, but he really doesn't know. And I'm figuring that most of you don't know either, but I'm sure a lot of you know what it's like to be lonely. People tell me I'm so cute, like a little teddy bear. So how come I constantly feel so ugly?

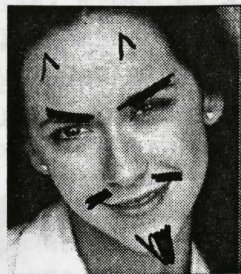
Sometimes I'll read a personal zine and the writer always talks about all their different friends. And they talk about how lonely they are because they don't have anyone. Anyone as in a boyfriend or a girlfriend. I do have a boyfriend but I don't have a lot of friends (I can count them on one hand and still have vacant spaces. Five to be exact.) So which situation would you choose?



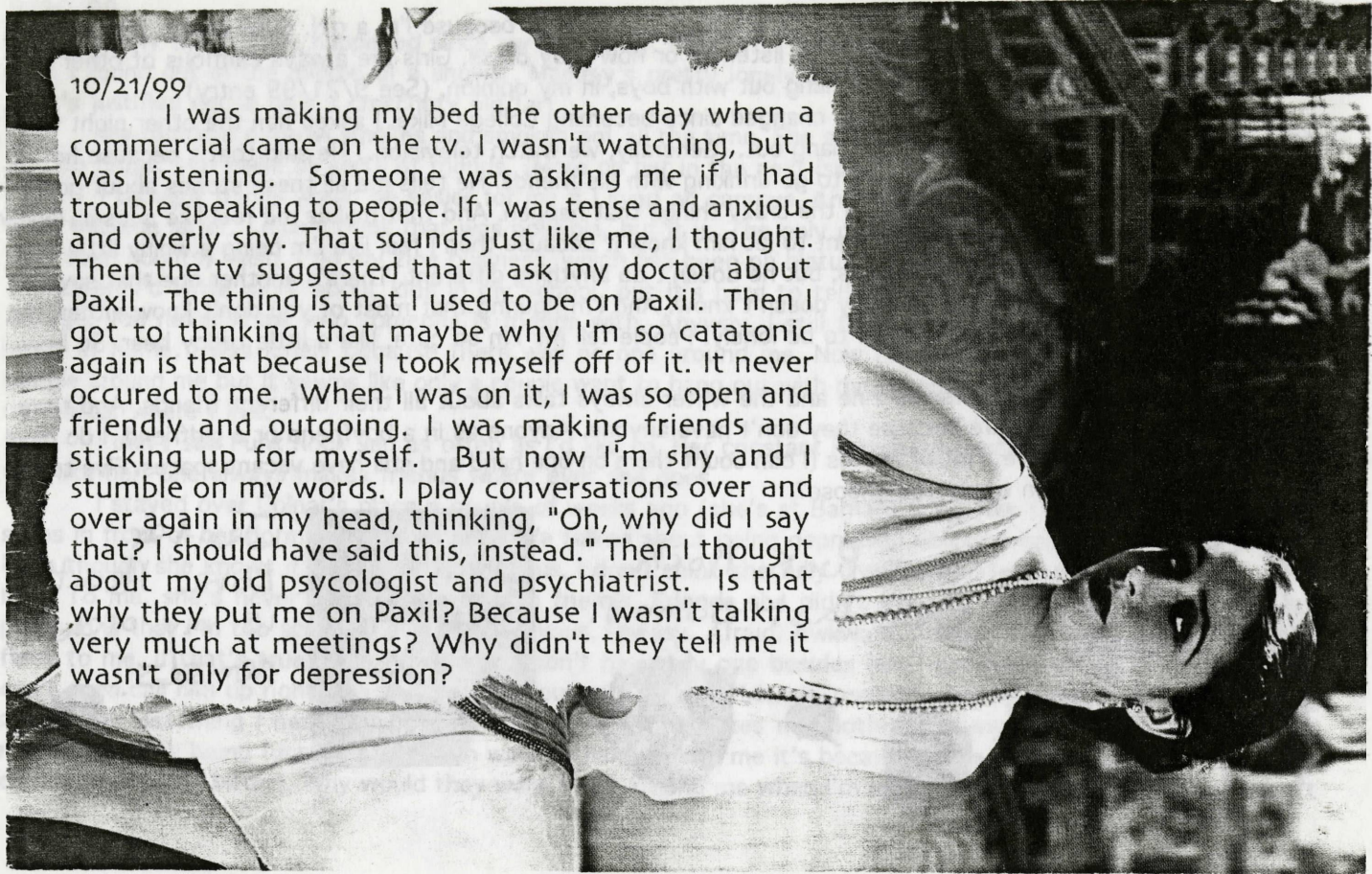
Jen

Me, blond.

Me + Punk Rock  
Jen last summer.



Jenifer  
Love Hewitt  
is my arch  
nemesis.



10/21/99

I was making my bed the other day when a commercial came on the tv. I wasn't watching, but I was listening. Someone was asking me if I had trouble speaking to people. If I was tense and anxious and overly shy. That sounds just like me, I thought. Then the tv suggested that I ask my doctor about Paxil. The thing is that I used to be on Paxil. Then I got to thinking that maybe why I'm so catatonic again is that because I took myself off of it. It never occurred to me. When I was on it, I was so open and friendly and outgoing. I was making friends and sticking up for myself. But now I'm shy and I stumble on my words. I play conversations over and over again in my head, thinking, "Oh, why did I say that? I should have said this, instead." Then I thought about my old psychologist and psychiatrist. Is that why they put me on Paxil? Because I wasn't talking very much at meetings? Why didn't they tell me it wasn't only for depression?



## +Zines+

Girl in a Box \$1 or trade  
Amanda Hartrey  
280 Glen Ave.  
Port Chester, NY 10573  
girlinabx@aol.com

Selective Living \$1 or trade  
Jill Stall  
P.O. Box 1533  
Ventura, CA 93002  
jillstall@aol.com

Drop Kick Kitten #1 or trade  
Nicole  
555 Peter Road  
Southbury, CT 06488

Replica \$1 or trade  
Kimberley  
33365 Boulder  
N. Ridgeville, OH 44039-2613

## +Books+

Joyce Carol Oates: Foxfire & Heat and Other Stories... Ken Kesey: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest... Franz Kafka: The Trial... John Updike: Trust Me and Other Stories... Neil Gaiman: The Dream Hunters... Garry Winogrand: The Man in the Crowd... Jerzi Kosinski: The Painted Bird... Stephen King: The Regulators... Hannibal: Thomas Harris

## +Music+

Beth Orton: Central Reservation... Jimmy Eat World: Clarity... Belly: King... The Amps: Pacer... Cake Like: Bruiser Queen... Atom & His Package... Ben Folds Five: The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner & Whatever and Ever Amen... Emm Gryner: Public... Guided by Voices: Do The Collapse... Errortype 11: The Crank ep... Weezer... Rainer Maria: Look Now Look Again & Atlantic... Blur: 13... Foo Fighters: Nothing Left to Lose & The Colour and The Shape... The Movieline: It's Go Time

10/24/99

I have had more fun this weekend then I have had in over a year. I am actually proud of myself because I wasn't the usual recluse I am. Thursday, Mike and I went to see American Beauty with his friends. Friday I worked on my zine junk and hung out with (Hardcore) Joe. Saturday afternoon Mike and our friend Sam from Glen Cove came over and we had lunch. Then we went to Golnar's to take some ecstasy. I have never done it before and latley I have become somewhat anti-drugs. But I did it because Mike said I would like it and that it originally was used for an anti-depressent. I wasn't expecting much to happen to me. Slowly, I got to feel like I do when I'm tired, except I wasn't tired. I was extremely happy. And talkive. Which is very un-like me. I felt like I had no troubles. That all the friends I had were with me and they were the best friends that I ever had. I talked about everything. I talked about stuff that normally would make me cry. I didn't have trouble expressing myself in the correct words. We sat outside a coffee shop and talked in pairs, switching off every now and then.

I talked to random people that walked by and played with dogs. This black guy came up to Sam and me and told us he had just been jumped and he needed money for the subway. I was about to give him money when I relized that I have seen this man before. Last time I was at Golnar's, he came up to us and told us the same story. And we talked to him for about ten minutes and he seemed genuinely sincere.

We talked and talked about everything and nothing, with Mike analyzing (we came to the conclusion that he should be a psychiatrist instead of a medical doctor). I told Mike, Golnar and Sam basically everything that I have written in this zine: mostly about how I wish I had more friends here. About Dana and how she barely even says hi to me anymore. I figured that she found me as too much of a threat, since noticing that the people she hangs out with are pretty plain. About how I wish I James and Joe liked me better. Mike says that they do like them, but they are nervous because I'm, "a pretty girl". I don't think that's the reason. I just wish that people would call me up to hangout, instead of me calling them up and feeling like an annoying pest.





Golnar and I talked about how we wished we were better friends and how much we liked each other. We agreed that would we set aside one day each week to have lunch together. I hope that we actually do that, but I have come to realize not to take Golnar's word as gospel. We talked about Emily Howard, a wacked-out friend we both had during some of high school (I originally had an article in here about her) and I told her, even though it was pathetic, that I was jealous of Emily because she was best friends with Golnar and I wanted that.

This morning, Golnar was not being very socialable towards us. I was feeling cranky. I think Sam was feeling bad because Golnar was basically ignoring her. This girl brought us donuts, but I felt like smaking this girl. She had an annoying raspy voice and she would not shut up. I tried talking to Golnar's college friends, but most of the time they would brush me off. I envy Golnar. She is friends with all the girls on her floor and everyone loves her and they have so much fun all the time. I guess most if it is what Mike calls "empty relationships". He says that we need them. I just can't deal with being fake like that. God, I hate the people here.

### Keeping up Apperances

*I think about you all the time, Brown. So many emotions come out when I think of you. Happiness, sadness, depression, loneliness, jealousy, love, anger. Shame on you, what you do to people. You and I are dolphins in an ocean of fish and sharks.*

*Sometimes I wonder about you, Little Dolphin. I see you with swimming with fish and I wonder. You know you are a dolphin, by birth. You do not want to be a fish, you say. But I know you want to be both. I shall stop with all this ocean analogy.*

*What a character you are, Brown! You do not understand me, but you try. Or you try to try. But things come up. I see you looking at my scars on my legs, but you never ask. You never ask do you? You don't even think about asking. Do you think about asking anything? You get your news from other people, but that is just fine with me. All your sorrow is now behind you, Little Brown. You do not need to look back. How I envy that. You worry over nothing. I have to listen about your worries. And when it comes to my time to speak about me... I have nothing to say. (How I've played those scenarios over and over in my head. What I would say about me. How I would yell at you for not being... well... being... what? I'm not sure of what, to tell you the truth.) What would I say? How I cry myself to bed everynight? No, no. People aren't supposed to say such things outloud.*



# Sometimes I Feel Like a Nut.

## Sometimes I Don't. (part one)

The thought hit me like a bolt of lightening. Of course, how come I've never thought of it before?! I've been experiencing dorm life for about five months and I never realized that this was not my first time away from home. The first time was when I was in the mental hospital. I am figuring you, faithful reader, must be getting very interested at this point. You see, four years ago, during my sophomore year in high school, I had a nervous breakdown and landed myself in Holliswood Hospital (Yeah, in Queens, like that RUN DMC songs says). Why, you ask? Well I will fill you in...

The beginning of Sophomore year, I had started skipping school. My mom would drive me to school and I'd walk back home after two classes. Sometimes one. Sometimes I'd just wait and watch her car until it was a safe distance away and then walk home. Stopping at the supermarket for a can of Spaghetti O's and a bottle of Nestea. Then I'd go home, and go online or watch trash tv or go back to sleep. Before this, I had never cut class. I was an A student who everyone thought was so innocent and shy. In eighth grade, all the other kids made a stink about the fact that once I had tried smoking. That was the kind of kid I was.

Of course my mom was of no help. We would always fight and I'd yell out anything that would hurt her, like that she only married my dad for money and that she didn't love him and how I wished he was still alive. During my freshman year of high school, I tried to commit suicide a few times. One time I stayed home from school and took fourty Advils and a cup of beer and laid down in my room to die. Then the phone rang so I felt obligated to answer it and I was stumbling around, everything getting tossed around like I was on boat. And when I answered the phone, it was a few of my friends from school. It was tradition that you call your friends when don't show up for school. I was getting awfully tired and impatient. Why wasn't I in school? Didn't feel good. Am I coming back tomorrow? Probably not. Am I going to commit suicide? Yeah. (They actually asked this!). I got tired of them giggling and screaming so I hung up the phone, wanting them to call back, but they didn't so I swaggered back into my room and fell asleep on

the floor.

So I was a manic depressive for a year before my mom actually sent me to a shrink. And the only reason she did that was because she caught me making out with a boy. This uptight shrink didn't help. Most of the time we'd sit in silence. She was a child psychologist and had all these toys in her office and a couple of times I played with them cause I got bored.

So this shrink tells me she wants to put me on medication and send me to another shrink because he has to prescribe it. I will never forget Dr. Moses, because he was such a cool guy. He got me started on reading Stephen King and I actually talked to him. Even when I would clam up, he'd talk anyway, not like that spinster of a doctor. I couldn't see him regularly because he was expensive.

I will skip ahead some. One time I had a meeting with my shrink and my mom was there too. And we talked about my behavior at home and my suicide attempts. I started bawling and threatened to kill myself right there because my mom was being such a cunt. And my mom said, "Go ahead. I don't care." And this made me cry even more. And my shrink asked me if I wanted to go to the emergency room and I said no, because I was scared but deep down inside I did want to go. So my shrink said ok and sent me home with my mom.

A few weeks later, I finally got sent to the emergency room of the local hospital. I waited for hours in this little lounge the size of a bathroom and no one told me anything. A doctor came in to take a blood sample and botched it, so there was blood gushing out of my arms, going everywhere. She asked me a few questions and said she'd come back but she never did. And I was upset and lonely and scared and bored and hungry. I tried to use the phone in this little lounge, but some nurses saw me and said, "Is she supposed to be using the phone?" like I was some little criminal who was making drug connections or getting my gang to come bust me out. So they put a guard right outside the door so I couldn't do anything. I felt like a dog in an animal shelter, waiting for someone to come rescue me. They told me I wasn't going anywhere at that night because it was snowing so bad. I didn't get much sleep and the next morning they took me to Holliswood.

When I was "checking in", I asked the lady how long I would be there and she said, "Oh, about a day or two." They fucking lied to me, I was there for ten days. I think that was the minimum amount of time they could hold someone.

I got sent to the juvenile ward. It was a lot nicer than I thought it would be. I was scared it was going to be like



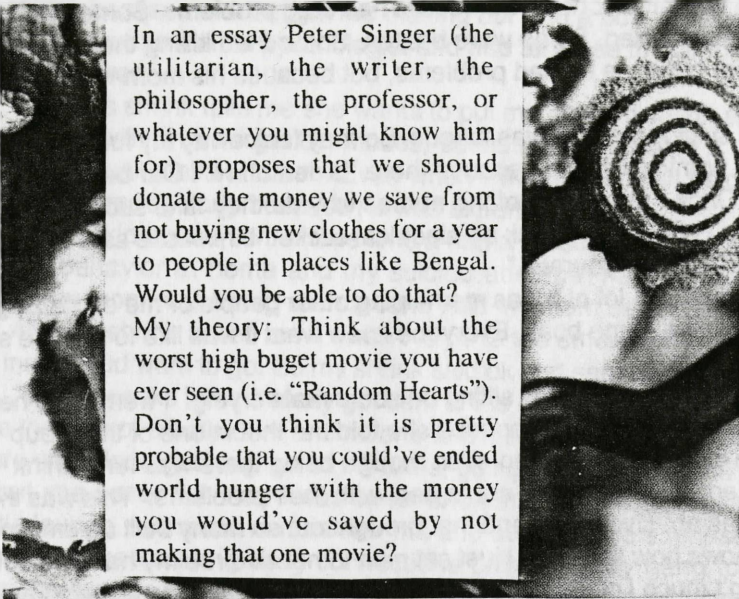
those state run mental institutions you saw in the movies. It was nothing like those. We got to wear our own clothes, shared rooms with only one other person, had personal bathrooms, had carpet. The kids there had lots of problems. There was this one kid who was about thirteen and was an alcoholic. Some kids had drug problems. Some had anorexia or bulimia. Some were raped. Some were molested. Some were beaten. Some tried killing themselves. But everyone was depressed. One kid was there not because he had problems, but because his mom went crazy and he had nowhere to go.

I was not suicidal at the time but I was put on suicide watch. I was furious. So they took away my fucking shoelaces. They wouldn't let me take my Sandman comics with me because there "is death in it". Our bathtubs had no plugs in them so we wouldn't drown ourselves. Once I asked one of the nurses why do they take such precautions against having us injure ourselves when I could just go lick an electrical socket. I think she said something along the lines of, "Well, you have to take care of yourself."

Most of my time at the hospital was not therapudic. A lot of it was me helping other people or me socializing with other kids. It was great because everyone was in the same boat. Everyone knew what it was like to feel like shit and there was always someone there to talk to.

One time we were in the gym and my punk rock friend Lisa was sitting on some mats crying. I went up to her and asked her what was wrong. She was hysterical and inbetween her sobs she told me that in one of the group activities everyone had to write a letter to someone close to them. And even though being there was fun, I think everyone was using that to escape what brought them there and tried not to deal with their problems. This was the case with Lisa. She wrote a letter to her dad who was abusive to her and that brought out so many built up emotions all she could do was just sit there and cry for god knows how long. So I just sat next to her and rub my hand up down the back of her fuzzy purple sweater and there wasn't much I could say to her. But I think that was the closest I ever came to having a real (female) best friend.

I am going to stop here. I know it's a tease, but I can not fit everything I want to say about Holliswood in here. I left a lot out. The building up and catalyst for my breakdown. My friends, my family and my boyfriend at the time. Some things are just too personal, you know? A lot of things I forgot, like people's names and sometime their faces are a little fuzzy, but writing this has jogged my memory a great deal and things I haven't thought about in years came back. You are going to have to get the next issue to find out more. Sorry, kids.



In an essay Peter Singer (the utilitarian, the writer, the philosopher, the professor, or whatever you might know him for) proposes that we should donate the money we save from not buying new clothes for a year to people in places like Bengal. Would you be able to do that?

My theory: Think about the worst high budget movie you have ever seen (i.e. "Random Hearts"). Don't you think it is pretty probable that you could've ended world hunger with the money you would've saved by not making that one movie?

Fact: There are no skunks on Long Island.

I am leaving biology around 8:30 pm. I get off the elevator and zip up my maroon jacket lined with fake grey fur. A plain blond girl is sitting on a bench and looks at me. She lets out a little laugh that she tries to cover up. I get on the down escalator and look back at her. Her and two of her friends are looking at me and she is saying something. I felt like going back there and and slapping her in the face and saying, "Cunt! Don't you have anything better to do, loser? Want me to get Columbine on your ass?" The little things in life are what make you feel ugly and worthless sometimes.

The overhead lights that come with our rooms are often referred to as "Cancer Lights". I was making food in the kitchen and turned on the light in the living room. And my roommate hates the overhead lights for some reason. I am a firm believer that light is light. So the other day she comes out of our room, notices the light is on and turns it off then leaves the apartment. What the fuck is that about?



12/1/99

It is the first of December. Depressing. One more month til the new year. I turned 19 on Novemeber 5th. Depressing, again. I feel old.

Mike is having issues with NYU. I feel bad for him. He deserves better than to feel stressed out all the time.

My suitemate Tilke never does her fucking dishes.

My other suitemate, Maya, took away her microwave, because (supposedly) no one was cleaing it. I've never seen a spot on that thing.

I feel like I'm losing touch with everyone I know a little a time.

I am getting paranoid.

I've tried talking to Dana with no avail. To hell with her.

I suspect that Golnar only hangs out with me when no one else is there to hang out with. She has my Guided By Voices CD. So I see her online this evening. I didn't respond to her first three im's and then she says, "Why is everyone mad at me lately?" So I feel bad and im-ed her back. I'm a fucking pussy. Never can stay silent at someone. Not even that mofo Dana. (Have you ever had to sit behind someone with a very very irriating habit, such as hair touching, foot shaking or pen tapping? Well Dana does all three!)

A couple of days ago I was getting out of philosophy class when this girl starts walking towards me. "That girl looks like Leigh," I thinks to myself. Then the girl waves to me. I didn't think she was waving at me. "Remember me? Your classmate?," she says. "Uhhhh...", says me, even though I already know who she is. There was a moment of unsurity because she looked like a lot of other girls. Anyway, we can skip the small talk. Apparently she goes to school here now. She hates it. She has a nose ring. A diamond stud. No, not punk rock... fashionable. I saw her again later in the day in the elevator. I told her Dr. Swinburn is in the hospital. Of course, she had no clue what I was talking about.

I hate running into people from my past. It's so awkward. When I talk to her, I feel like I'm eight years old again. I am paranoid of what she thinks about me. Does she still see me as that little mousy girl?

This is one  
the photos  
I took of  
punk rock  
kids at the  
World Bank  
protest in  
D.C.





## POETRY IS NOT FOR ME.

### Chewy #1

I'm such a pussy  
I need a goddamn  
Backbone

### Delirious

Why are all poems  
So sad?

### Love

Some girls may like  
Trent Lane, but  
When I grow up  
I want to marry  
Ralph Wiggum

### Lazy

My mom needs  
To learn how  
To be a mom again

### Uncomfort

I don't like  
To be stared at

### Appreciation

Sometimes  
If you stop  
And look around  
Someone will push  
You down

### Chewy #2

I think that  
Hugs are better  
Than kisses

### Pokey

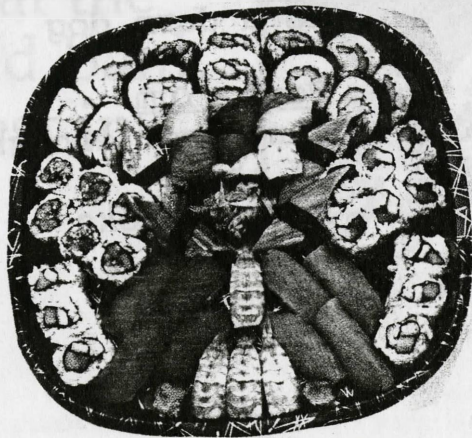
My best friend  
Is a damn dog

### Food, Yum

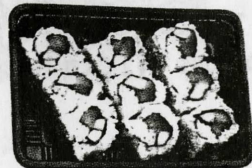
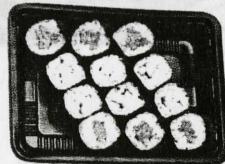
Can't get enough  
Of these  
Handi-Snacks

12/7/99

The Rainer Maria show on the fifth was awesome. Except that most of the people in front of me were fat twenty something males. And guess who I ran into there? (Besides some girl from Glen Cove who claimed that she "sees me everywhere!"... and besides Drew, the asshole from Glen Head) Why, the little emo boy Dana ditched me for three months ago! We talked for a bit. And like everyone emo kid I know, he talked a lot. And so, in anthropology today, Dana talked to me for the first time in I don't know how long. She said, "So, Chewy. I heard you ran into Andy at the Rainer Maria show. How was it?" Then Andy came in a little while later and, of course, neither of them said anything to me.



I like  
Sushi.





## *It seems like every personal zinester has to talk about their sexuality, doesn't it?*

The summer after eighth grade, I began to question my sexuality. I was in the midst of puberty and my friends and I used to talk about all kind of crazy crap. I remember one time me and my best friend at the time, Kathy, were talking over the phone about being gay and what would it be like to have sex with a lesbian. Kathy said it was nasty and so did I. I didn't like the thought of having my tongue in some girl's hairy snatch. Then I worried what if I turned out to be a lesbian. What would I do? My mom would never understand. She's one of those people who believe that something causes you turn gay (i.e. a middle aged guy decides to be gay after his wife leaves him) and no one is born like that. Then I thought about kids making fun of me. Picking on me because of it. Everytime I thought of being gay I'd tell myself to stop it. I knew I liked boys, I had crushes ranging from the boy who sits next to me in history to Doogie Howser, M.D.

Then a few years ago, it seems like being a bisexual female was becoming a fad. You'd hear gaggles of teenage girls say they are bi. Actually, they'd exclaim it, like they just won the lottery. And when I asked a few of them if they ever kissed a girl, they'd blushed and said no. I don't like it when girls say they are lesbians or bisexual when they've never had a sexual encounter, that is unless they are absolutely certain they are 100% gay or have had fantasies about being with another woman. I think that a lot of girls are mistaken. They see a cute girl and can appreciate their looks, but it doesn't mean that they are gay.

I think it's a shame that being a gay female is considered cool because guys get all hot over it. Plus the fact that being a gay male is much more taboo. Being a gay guy out of the closet during the high school years must be one of the hardest things to go through.

I've been with Mike for 2 1/2 years now and I don't think about liking girls. I have no need to think about anyone that way because I have Mike and he's enough. Yes, that sounded very cheesey, but it's the truth. It would be wrong for me to explore that question and I don't feel like I need to cause I found that one special person that makes everything else seem insignificant.

In conclusion, I am not a dyke. I bet you didn't expect that one coming!

1/14/99

I think Golnar's in serious trouble with her parents. She was caught in a few lies by Pete and Courtney. Pete screamed at her and her parents heard what it was about (nothing to put in here, sorry). Any time any of us call her house and ask for her, there is a big silence before one of her parents says something like, "No. She's in the shower." or "No. She's sleeping." They are claiming she has the flu. I'm really worried about her. Everyone is pissed at her because she lied about a bunch of stuff and did some bad things, but none of it was pertaining to me. I hope her parents don't pull her out of school.

She emailed me today saying "I'll put your Guided By Voices ticket in my mailbox and you can pick it up after two or something". And that was basically all she said.

1/25/00

I am taking a Buddhist Texts class. It's very interesting, especially my professor, who is a gay Mr. Feeni from Boy Meets World. He likes to name drop all the Buddhist celebrities he's met. People keep telling me that Courtney Love is Buddhist, but I can't see how that is true. She's always full of anger or sarcasim or vengence and violence. The Buddhist are such peaceful people. It takes a lot of dedication and will to do what they do and to believe in what they believe. How many people do you think would leave all their personal belongings and family and friends in pursuit for knowledge?

I have all this pent up anger in me. I have a short temper. God, I wish I could help it, but I can't. I take out all my frustration on Mike and I hate myself for it. Sometimes I feel like I can't do anything right. Sometimes I feel like I'm not worth anything.



# Kidnapped

## A Short Story

"Car crash... Ending your day... At the side of the road... Are you trembling... They'll wake up today... To the papers that say... 'Oh well' it was too hard to tell... He was swerving... They were swerving... Much too late"

- "Car Crash", Rain Maida

It was another lonely Friday night for Maggie. She didn't want to stay home because she had an awful fight with her dad. They were fighting about something pointless and she stormed out saying that he had killed her mother. It was almost nine o'clock and she was driving her Jimmy down Fulton Street. Nowhere to go party and no friends to watch movies with. She had already checked Starbucks, the high school, various parking lots and even Taco Bell, in hopes of finding someone to hang out with.

"It's like they already ditched me in advanced...", she thought to herself, thinking of an episode of *The Simpsons*. Maggie was heading for the beach, the hot spot of cool kids that want to see cool kids or cool kids that have nowhere to go drink and smoke various herbs. She was mindful of the lurking police waiting on the edges of their seats just to bust some punk teenagers that are driving around with forty ounces, a dimebag of weed and a bowl to smoke it in. She reached the end of Fulton and turned right onto Lawndale Road.

She was cruising a steady 35 mph before deciding to make a left into Franklin Park. She rounded the parking lot, seeing a few kids she knew, but didn't know that well. Maggie left and went back down Lawndale Road and made a left down Beach Drive. She headed down slowly, thinking of Tom Bower, who drove down this bumpy road in his

mother's jeep and flipped it over. Only one car passed her. They slowed down to try to see who she was and she was doing the same. She drove into the parking lot and saw only two cars, which seemed to be empty. She drove into the back parking lot and didn't see any cars. She pulled into a space and turned off the car. She got her cigarettes from the dashboard and locked the car. She walked over to the rail and leaned against it. Putting her keys in the pocket of skirt , Maggie took out a book of Honey Flower matches. She pulled out a Camel from the pack and lit it, using her hand to shield away the wind. Then she took a pull and looked out toward the ocean. Past the ocean, to the blinking lights which were Connecticut. Maggie heard a car pull up next to hers and turned to look who it was. It was an old black Mercedes. A middle aged man came out and walked towards her. She saw that he was staring at her. Feeling her heart skip and thump, Maggie turned and rushed to her car. She got to the door and fumbled with the keys in her pocket. She got them out and her heart was doing double time in her ears and that's all she could hear. Maggie's head was feeling hot and she was trying to find the right key when a shoulder hit her right side, knocking her down on her back.

Maggie didn't see anything and she couldn't recall how she got on the ground. Her head was pounding and rock was poking her from under her head. She could feel hot pain in her left hand and raised it to her face and saw blood pouring out, down her arm, dripping off her elbow. All of a sudden Maggie felt drowsy and looked up to see the man standing over her with a piece of orange-red cloth. Then she went to sleep.

\* \* \*

Maggie woke up to the smell of gasoline and the cold air. She tried to open her eyes and saw nothing but black. *Oh my God*, she thought, *I'm blind*. She tried blinking her eyes and she heard her eyelashes brush against cloth. A *blindfold*? She felt something itchy underneath her and wondered where exactly she was. Maggie tried to move her hands up to her face, but they were tied to each other behind her back. *My arm, it*



stings. It's so cold. She tried to talk, but her throat was scratchy. She kicked her feet, which were now bare. Maggie rolled over and landed on the ground, crushing her good arm. The air left her and she gasped. There was a crunch of leaves and she smelled the moist ground. *I'm in a forest*, she thought. The gasoline smelled stronger. Then she remembered falling on the ground and busting her arm. *I wonder if it's still night time... I wonder if I'm still in town. I've got to get out of here... that man...* She turn over on her shoulder and lifted herself up. The ropes on her wrist started to scraper her skin. Maggie felt alone, lost and especially frightened. *I've got to run. I've go to get away.* She didn't know which way to go or if she'd ever find anyone. She had no clue what was out there or what time it was, let alone what day it was. So Maggie walked ahead, slowly, careful not to run into a tree. It was hard not to run because her feet were freezing and with every step, they seemed to get colder. After a few minutes, Maggie hit a patch of stones. They cut her heel and she fell. She started to cry in desperation. *I'm gonna die here*, she thought, *I'm gonna starve and no one would find my body. All the kids at school would care about me for once.*

A few minutes of self pity and Maggie realized that that man might be coming after her. *What does he want with me?* She shivered in wonder, thinking he might be watching her and he would do to her. Rape? Torture? Murder? Shaking off the thoughts of what if's, Maggie knew her dad would find out who this guy was. He was a police officer and he'd see to it that this guy would fry. That made Maggie feel better and she got herself up again and proceeded to walk. The skin on her feet felt like their were going to crack and bleed.

Maggie fell again, this time down a hill. She tried to stop herself, but she was going to fast. She landed in water and was completely submerged. *Oh God, please help me. Don't let me drown. Anything but that.* Maggie panicked and inhaled some water. What was only a few seconds seemed like an hour. Maggie got her head out of the water

and gasped and coughed. She climbed out of the small river and shivered. *Can this get any worse?*

After what seemed like an hour of walking through damp leaves, Maggie's forehead met with a tree. She stumbled back a few steps and tried to lift her hand to her head, forgetting they were tied up. She let out a sigh and rolled her head around to get the kinks out. *Maybe I should just try to get this damn blindfold off of me,* Maggie asserted. She took baby steps till she felt the tree she just hit. Placing her cheek against the tree, she pulled her head down slowly. Maggie cringed at the bark pricking into her skin. A piece of bark caught the blindfold and pulled it up before breaking away from the tree. Maggie could see a crack of light and she started to laugh in joy. She proceeded to rub against the tree, irritating the skin on her cheek, until the blindfold was above her eyebrows.

It was a miserable grey day. No sign on the sun. Maggie guesses it was probably between one and four o'clock. "I still have time before it gets dark," she said outloud. Maggie looked all around, in every direction to see if anyone heard her. But there was nothing there except the trees. She started to walk on. After only a handful of steps, there was a noise. An incredible Earth shaking noise. Maggie screamed it in surprise. *A gun! Hunters! They might think I'm a deer!* What sounded like a gunshot to Maggie was actually an explosion.

Maggie panicked and broke out into a cold sweat. She ran fast with tear dripping down her face and snot dribbling into her mouth. *I have to make it. I can't give up. I can't die like this.* She ran for twenty minutes before she stopped. There was sound. Maggie waited until she stopped crying and her breath caught up with her. Her hands had gone completely numb a long time ago. She heard running water. *No, not water. Cars!* Maggie ran toward the sound. Sure enough, there was a a road. A road, but no cars. Maggie looked both ways. *Where am I?*, she thought. Just then a blue car came around the bend. Overjoyed and exhausted, Maggie stumbled into the street. The



car came to a short stopped a few feet in front of her. It blasted its horn and drove around her. "Nooooooooooooooooooooo!" Maggie screamed at the car. "Help me," she said after the car had gone out of her sight.

She continued to walk along the street, seeing no cars for ten minutes. A white pick-up truck drove past her slowly. "Pick me up, truck." Maggie said. It stopped twenty feet away from her and backed up. The man inside looked like a sex offender. He smiled at Maggie and stared at her still wet body. Maggie looked back at him with blank eyes and continued walking. Another car was right behind. Another blue car.

Maggie started crying again. The car screeched to a halt. A middle aged woman got out and ran to Maggie.

"Oh you poor girl. Are you alright?," she asked.

The woman smelled of makeup and apples. Maggie looked at her with tears in her eyes.

"Please. Please help me."

The woman got the ropes off her wrists, helped Maggie into the car and gave her a blanket. It felt so good to rest. Maggie started to laugh as she drifted off into dreamless sleep.

\*\*\*

Maggie woke up at home in her own bed. It was barely light out. She immediately knew that her experience was not a dream. She was still dirty and a bit damp. She got up and saw herself in the mirror. Her hair in tangles, her skin smudged brown. She had aged ten years. She laughed at the sight she saw.

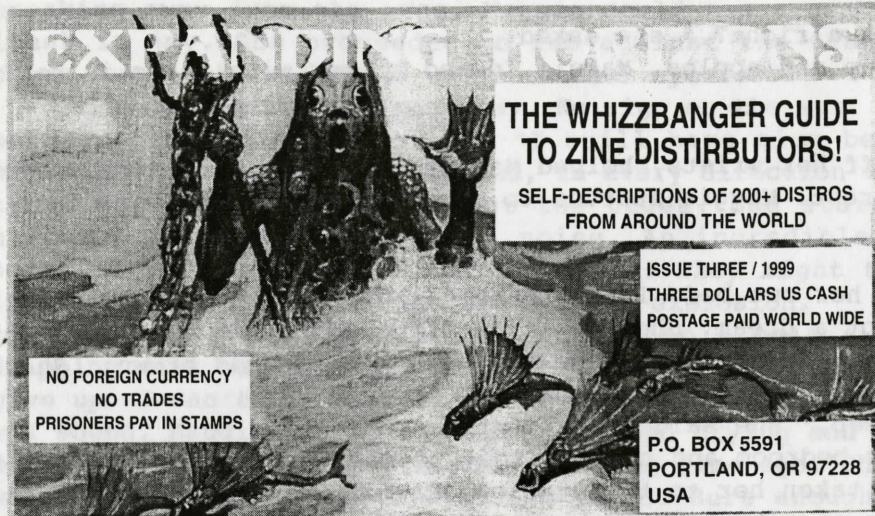
"I look like a chimney sweep," she said to her reflection.

Maggie went into her dad's bedroom and noticed that he wasn't home. She wondered where he was and why he hadn't taken her to the station. Maggie went outside to get the paper. She went back inside to make herself breakfast. She turned on the

television and sat down with her cereal and paper. She opened up the paper and saw a black car on the front page. Maggie's heart started to beat loudly and she forgot to breath. All the memories came rushing back. The heading read: Two Local Policemen Die in Car Crash.

\*\*\*

(I wrote this about two years ago, that's why it's so damn cheesy. That, plus too much Stephen King will do it to you. Do you think if Rod Sterling was alive, he'd buy the rights? I didn't think so. It's the only complete short story I have on my computer so I stuck it in. Don't laugh at me.)



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## "I WILL STAY TRUE TO MYSELF." -THE MOVIELIFE

3/6/00

I've been busy since the semester started. I only spend four days a week here and the three on Long Island. I've been doing everything half-assed: school work, reading, zine-ing, distro-ing, photographing, and being there for people. So on with the new business:

I wrote to Golnar saying everything I felt about her. I felt bad only because it was after Pete, and later Mike, confronted her about everything that has been building up over the last year or so. I don't want anyone thinking I wrote to her just because everyone else was doing it. It's not like that at all. I'm the last person in the world to gang up on someone because I know what it's like. My senior year of high school, the same thing happened to me and it's the worst feeling in the world, to be ostracized by everyone at once for stupid shit. I like to think that I am an individual, not because of how I dress or what color my hair is. Those things don't make you an individual and they don't make you different. All that it is is style. What makes someone an individual is their ability to have ideals and values and to hold on to them and never sacrifice them or sell them out and to stand by them and maybe even be willing to die for them. And me being an individual was the reason everyone ganged up on me. I believe now that I was stronger then they were. I did not cave in and apologize for something I did not do. I did not apologize to an asshole that everyone called an asshole but never stood up to him. But everyone was too quick to go along with everyone else. Everyone ignored me because a two or three people decided to. People who had no reason to stop being friends with me exaggerated things or made up things just to hold against me. To say, "Here. This is why I'm not talking to you. This is why I am talking behind your back. This is why after years of



friendship, I walk by you in the hall and choose not to even look at you. Not because other people in our group are mad at you. Oh no, that has nothing to do with this."

That was a digression if I ever saw one. Anyway, since you are all looking for something juicy, I will share with you the letter I wrote to Golnar.

\* \* \*

To: yukandme

From: chewypfaff

Subject: I guess it's my turn...

i've had a very emotional day. i walked around jaded to everything. to people inviting me to have lunch, to people offering help with my photographs, to random strangers talking to me in supermarkets, to flowers in a store window, to the stupid emo music i listen to when i'm sad (though sunny day just doesn't cut it anymore and i lost my rainer maria tape and my ida cd).

a couple of weeks ago, this girl dana here whom i used to be friends with confronted me about the things i had written about her on my No Outlet website. all this time i thought she had been flaky and unfriendly towards me and it turns out that she felt the same about me. i guess that's how people see me, even though i try my god damn hardest to be overly polite and nice and let people step all over me. like my stupid roommate (but that's a whole other topic).

anyway, the reason i had an emotional day was because of No Outlet and the stuff i have been writing lately. Half of it isn't even on the website and even less of it is in the paper zine. God Golnar, do you know how many times i have cried because of you? i know it's very unfair for me to confront you like this (after pete and mike did), but i can't even talk to Mike about you cause he gets so emotional and just says, "i can't talk about her." and that's the end of that. i read what you wrote to mike and i know you always say that you are selfish, but i don't think you really know that you are. it's not even that you are selfish, is that you don't care about the people who love you (only when it's convenient for you).

i cannot write so eloquently as you or pete, so i will try to say everything as real and as best as i am able to. The things you do upset me so much. Or should i say the lack of things you do? i think about all the shit that has happened over the past few months (the good and the bad) and unfourtantley the only things that stick out in my mind are the bad things. The only good memory i have of you of the night we did e and how you said you wished that we could be closer and that made me



so happy and then you said that we should have dinner together every week, and that made me happy, even though i knew that you would never keep that promise because that's the person you always were to me: unable to keep plans with me. And I told you that I always had a crush on you, but that was wrong. I can't remember what i exactly felt about you in high school (sometimes it was jealousy and sometimes it was anger and sometimes it was love), but when i said that i was thinking of emily howard. how i always wanted emily to my best friend for some fucked up reason. even though she talked way too much about herself (how her and punk rock jen are alike in that way!), and when i stopped talking to her (i don't even remember why) and was even so cruel to her our senior year (the details you probably don't even know about). But for the last two years I think about her often, a few times a week. maybe less or maybe more. i try to track her down online to see what she's up to. to know that inspite of everything said and done that she's alright. maybe to even apologize to her even though I know that i'm not worth it.

So the only time you talk to me is online and tell me that you tried to call me even though I know that wasn't true and you ask me to call you but I do not understand why you can't just call me? (when is the last time you actually saw me in person? was it new years?) and we were supposed to go the guided by voices show together and you didn't tell any of us (not even sarah, i don't think) why you were always sleeping or in the shower and why your father once told me that he would not tell you that i had called. or you left the phone of the hook. and oh god, i was so worried about you and i cried for you because i thought that they wouldn't let you go back to school and they wouldn't let you see courtney again. and then there was that time when i was mad at you and you knew it but you'd call me up like nothing happened and you wouldn't even confront the situation. why is it so hard for you?

Do you know how jealous I am of you, how you have so many friends at school (even though some or most of them might be on the fake side, but everyone needs fake friends. or so mike says). you've always had a lot of friends, but always denied it like it was something to be ashamed of. Do you even know what it's like to lie in bed and cry for hours just because you want one real friend? maybe you do know what it's like, but it's been like that for me since I was twelve. and if i had that one friend, i'd hold her and kiss her and never let her go and tell her all my deep dark secrets that i don't even want to tell myself sometimes. and that's all i wanted out of life. that one friend. and as i grow older, i realize more and more that i am not going to find her, no matter how hard i have tried. and the only thing i can share my thoughts with are a pen and a piece of paper or my computer. and the only book that gives me solice is my garry winogrand photo book. sometimes life is more tangible if you shut the fuck up and look around through somebody else's eyes. or that's the way i feel.

in photography class the other week i had put up pictures and some people i knew had been in them and joe (not hardcore joe, my professor joe) asked me if i liked taking photos of my friends and i just looked at him and wanted to say, "yeah, if i only had any." but i did not say that. nope. never let them see how upset i am inside. never let them see how weak i am.

and i know that you are probably going to write me back some apology or some other sort of letter like you wrote mike, but you didn't really try to pursue that friendship. (i do not want you to write me back. i want you for once to call me. or to show up on my doorstep.) maybe it's because of courtney that you feel like you don't need anyone else, that you don't need to go to one of us to talk about what's going on. but when you told us you were in love with her, mike was so fucking happy for you (he kept saying it over and over). and i noticed that the next morning after we did e you were only talking to courtney and how sam felt left out and then that stupid bitch came in with dunkin donuts and could not shut her fucking pie hole up and if i hadn't been so tired i would have smacked that fucking cunt, i swear to god i was on the edge.

maybe you don't want to be friends with any of us anymore. thinking that you need to move on. i don't know what goes on in your head... i don't think that anyone does. i wish that people would not put up pretenses and false airs. i wish that everyone told the truth and shared their feelings (not meaning that you'd have to reveal everything you have thought about), that would make this world so wonderful and maybe then i'd wake up in the morning and want to get out of bed and be an active member of society. but i don't think that's going to happen.

and it's been hard for mike and me these past few weeks. he has realized that he too has no real friends. he has simon, but he is to mike to what punk rock jen is to me. and all that we have is each other and pokey. and if everyone else on earth died this very second, did you know that our (mike and mine's) lives would not change one bit? i don't know if that is poetic or sad. same difference i guess.

i could go on for hours and hours writing to you, golnar. but i shall stop here since i have stoped crying and since my heart has gone cold for the time being. i did not want to hurt you with this letter, don't think that. i wanted to show you how i feel and for some strange reason an email is the easiest way to do it.

\*\*\*

Golnar never wrote me back. She never called me up. She never came to talk to me. Not that I was actually expecting her to, I know her too well to believe she'd actually go out of her way to make amends. I don't see the end of our friendship as a bad thing. Sure I miss her. I confronted her with my feelings and she chose not to pursue our friendship. I think she thinks Mike and I dumped her, but I believe it's the other way around...

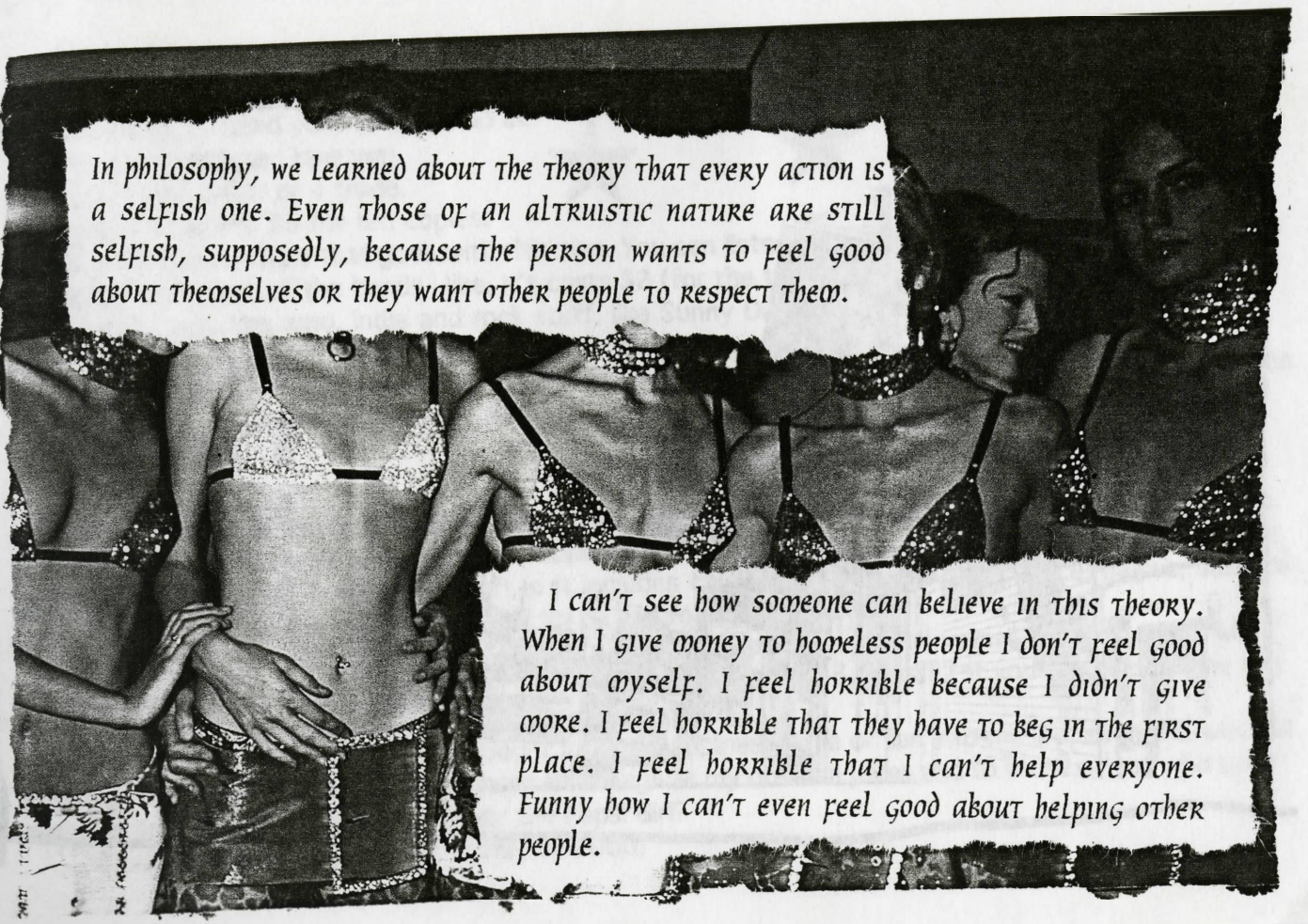
4/6/00

I was on the subway on the way to Penn Station late Thursday night. I was reading Sean Lander' column in the latest Spin. A woman near me was talking to herself. She was whispering in an indepth conversation with someone. Every few minutes she'd start laughing hysterically. I finally looked over at her. She was wearing a fleece blanket and a tight knit hat. She had a slong sleeved knit shirt with the collar ripped off. She was a young black women who didn't look homeless. She wasn't dirty. Maybe she was high. She kept scratching her arms and rubbing her neck and chest. She had a notebook hear her and the scribbled at the top of a page was

Breast Surge

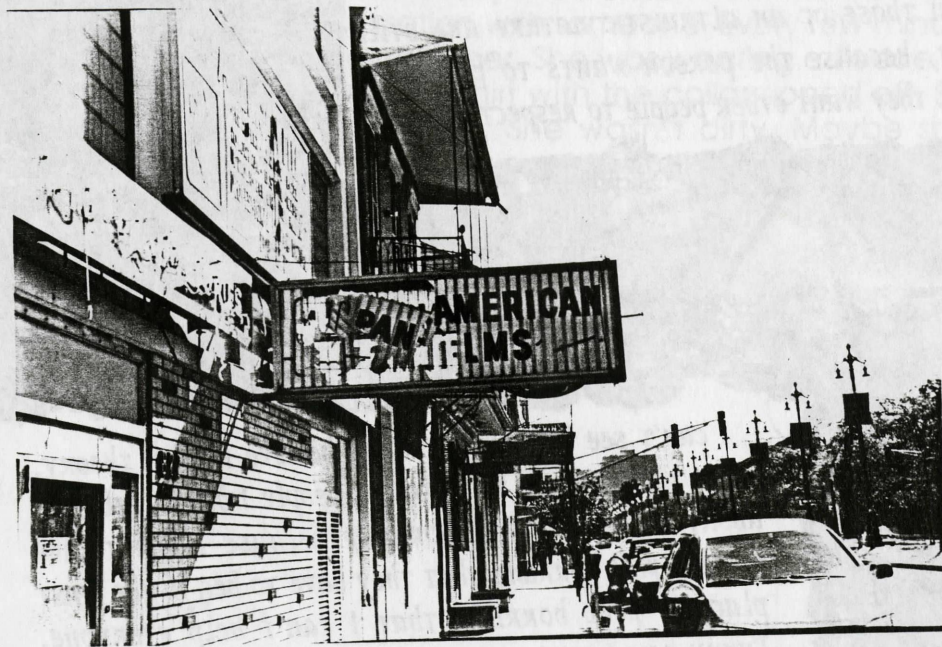






In philosophy, we learned about the theory that every action is a selfish one. Even those of an altruistic nature are still selfish, supposedly, because the person wants to feel good about themselves or they want other people to respect them.

I can't see how someone can believe in this theory. When I give money to homeless people I don't feel good about myself. I feel horrible because I didn't give more. I feel horrible that they have to beg in the first place. I feel horrible that I can't help everyone. Funny how I can't even feel good about helping other people.



**Photo  
I took  
in New  
Orleans.**



### Some More Things...

-I love trading, so send your zine and ad in.

-Ads are free because I love you.

-Issues are one dollar or a trade.

-Wholesale rates are \$5 for ten copies.

-I have a companion tape that goes with this zine. You can listen to it while reading my sob stories. They are songs from some of the bands I like. It's costs \$2 (for the tape and shipping) and it's a 60 to 90 minute tape. Includes emo, indie and rock stuff, like Sunny Day, Pulp, Beth Orton, Blur, Cakelike and more. Or you can send me a blank tape and \$1 or a mix tape.

-If you like getting fun stuff in the mail, try the No Outlet Package. It's a copy of the zine, the companion tape, a postcard with the cover of NO #1 on it, my distro's catalog, some stickers and surprises for \$3.

### Bye!

That was all I could fit into one issue. Hopefully there will be another issue of this zine sometime in the near future. It won't be as personal, hopefully it'll be more fun and put out more often. I also do a humor zine, Sushi Yes. The typical stuff in it includes celebrity bashing, poop, comics, haikus, satirical essays, embarrassing stories and more. It can be had for \$1 or a trade.

I also run a zine distro. Send a stamp for a catalog of zines or you can email me for a list or visit the website at [www.angelfire.com/zine/distro/index.html](http://www.angelfire.com/zine/distro/index.html). Send \$5 (plus \$2 if you are outside the US) for a grab bag of at least seven zines, stickers and fun crud.

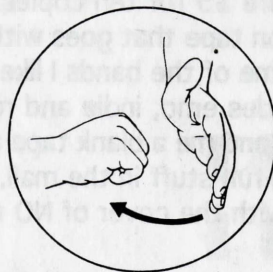
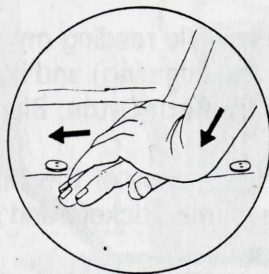
Thanks to all those that have brought a bit of happiness, love or fun into my life, even if it was out of pity or politeness and thanks to all those that laugh at my obscure jokes and to those of you who took the time to read this. Anyone else hate the Pepsi Girl?

Cover photo, by me. Printed in May of 2000.



*"It's time I got back and I don't even know how I got off the track."*

*-Weezer*



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**Mixing Bowl Press**