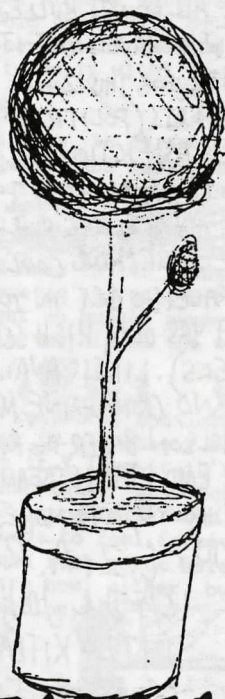


CHICKENHED ZINE #1 AND ROLL



CZAR CZAR CZAR CZAR CZAR CZAR

CZAR

Shckenhed Zine AND Roll #1

HELLO!!!

I AM THE JOSHTM, AND THIS IS CZAR#1!
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT I DID ALL THE WRITING
IN THIS ISH, AND IT SUCKED! THEREFORE, I
AM SENDING OUT AN ALL POINTS BULLETIN
TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE WHAT IT TAKES
(NOT MUCH!) TO WRITE FOR THIS ZINE. WOULD
LIKE SEVERAL COLUMNISTS (POLITICAL AND
OTHERWISE) AS WELL AS FICTION PIECES,
ETC, ETC. SO SEND IT IN, MOFOS! I'D
ALSO LIKE ADS ADS ADS!!! I WILL RUN YR AD
IF YOU ~~SEND~~ SEND ME SOMETHING COOL. I'LL
ALSO TRADE AD SPACE. SO GET IN TOUCH!

ABOUT ME: I'M 19 YRS OLD, HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUT (I'M GETTING MY G.E.D.
IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS). LIKES: AVAIL, WEASEL, THE CURE, BORN AGAINST,
NEUROSIS, NOMEANSNO, CRIMPSHINE, MTX, OLD SCHOOL RAP, VONNEGUT, HUXLEY,
CLIVE BARKER, NICHOLSON BAKER, THE ROLLING STONES, OLDIES, POLITICS. DISLIKES:
VIOLENCE, ASSHOLES, EMO, MAINSTREAM MEDIA, ADVERTISING, RACISM, ANY DRUGS
STRONGER THAN MUSHROOMS, LOTS MORE. SEND LETTERS, SUBMISSIONS, AND
NICE, FUN THINGS TO:

C.Z.A.R.
c/o The JOSHTM
14720 KITLANSELT WAY
ORLANDO FL 32828



ieZane, the High Roller.



Alright, so you know that this is CZAR, and you know that I am the JoshertTM, but that's about it, so let me fill this page with that usual first issue kind of "getting to know you" bullshit that we all know so well.

First of all, it must be made clear that this zine is in no way affiliated with the band Chickenhead. Not that I have anything against them or anything, but I'd hate for people to send for a copy in hopes that it is a Chickenhead tribute zine and then get it and be disappointed.

Second, as previously stated, I'd like some punks to write me with some great material for me to print. I am particularly interested in stuff of the political nature because I feel very strongly about many issues, but lack the resources (i.e. am too stupid) to write about them myself. I guess I could try, but I know that if I did it would be the kind of weak, uninformed drivel that we all hate. Of course, I don't only want political stuff-send anything/everything. It would be nice to have more than one voice coming out of this motherfucker. I don't really like poetry, though (with the exception of haiku), so none of that please.

As for me, I just moved to suburban Orlando from ghetto Milwaukee. The transition has been tough; I scrapped my car before I moved here (cars are bad), I'm too far to ride my bike to any of the places where I would make friends, and loneliness has reached epidemic proportions. Of course, I'm not throwing a pity party or anything-this isn't that kind of zine-but it's worth mentioning. I'm living in this big house with my Mom and Stepdad, and it's hard to go from having the freedom to do anything I want (and having people to do it with) to not being able to do anything.

This is my fourth zine. My others were, in chronological order: J's Rebellion, Meat Eaters Anonymous, and Soda Pressing. I was much younger when I did all of those, though, so this should be a vast improvement from them.

When I lived in Milwaukee I played bass in two bands, The Goners and The Insights. The Goners were an aggressive poppy type thing and The Insights were straight up bubble gummy pop punk. An Insights seven inch (Girls Hate Me) is on the way; I'll keep you posted on its progress.

Milwaukee was a lot of fun in many respects, but looking back, I am glad that I left. That is not to say that I don't miss it, or that I have anything against it-I love it-it's just that before I left I was very stagnant and lazy. It's very easy to fall into that trap if you're me, especially when certain "variables" are altered. Besides, my needs to feel involved with activism and the national/global punk rock scene were not being fulfilled. Not like they really are now, either, but this is the first step in the right direction.

Currently I am saving my pennies so that I can move back to Richmond, Virginia, the city where I was born and that I consider to be my "base of operations". It sucks because it seems like it will take me a long ass time to save up enough dollars to get there, and meanwhile time is moving very... slowly. So I spend my time reading, working, watching

TV (too much, as you will read in the pages ahead), working on this here zinery, and silk screening (send 50¢ for a CZAR patch!). So, if you would be so kind as to drop me a little line, I would be totally thrilled and would be more than happy to write you back in a timely fashion.

Alright, now I am going to shift gears here, and tell you all a little about a place I used to live called The Apartment of Everything.

The Apartment of Everything was a neat little place that me and my best friend and former bandmate Gorky Gonerecki rented in Waukesha, Wisconsin. Waukesha is a lame little town where there is never anything to do, and the weather (much like the citizens) is usually cold. However, up in the northern corner of the shitty, cruel town, there was a haven for punks and dorks alike. That was The Apartment of Everything.

When Gorky and I were making our plans to move out of our parent's houses, we were very excited. We talked about how cool it would be to have a place where we could smoke cigarettes on the couch while we watched television. And that was hardly the beginning of our freedoms! We could put up punk rock posters on the living room walls! We could have pornographic magazines

on our coffee table! We could have cases of beer in our refrigerator! We could put dildos and drug contraband all over as knic knacs! We did all these things and more that during our nine month residency, and it was some of the most fun I've ever had in my entire life.

So we moved in. We had one bedroom, with one single bed. Most of the action, however, occurred in our living room, which would be crammed every weekend, wall to wall, with intoxicated minors. I can recall nights when there would be thirty kids stuffed in that room. The body heat would be so stifling that people would be sweating, though outside it would be a mere five or six degrees and snowing.

It seems like we never cleaned. There were usually stacks of beer cans covering every square inch of every surface available-the kitchen counters, the coffee table, the dining room table, the bookshelf-everywhere. In the bedroom, there were bloody tampons and used condoms hiding in the space between the bed and the wall. Dirty clothes all over the floor. And the bathroom-well, you can only imagine.

None of these factors ever kept anyone away, though. In fact, some of the craziest and most crowded nights were also when our apartment was at its filthiest.

When we first moved in, there was a single middle-aged guy living in the apartment directly below us. He took an immediate dislike to us because of our loud, boisterous parties. He first made his disdain apparent by using the old broom-handle-on-the-ceiling trick. We would quiet down a bit right away,

but it was hard to keep the crowd (and ourselves) quiet for long. Eventually, he worked his way up to coming upstairs, banging on our door, and hauling ass back down to his apartment. That really freaked us out the first couple times that he did it, but then it got to the point where we would be so wasted

that we would run down after him and bang on his door. It was hysterical to us. He moved out soon after, into an apartment down the hall. We threw a party in his honor.

After the man who we dubbed "Crazy Downstairs Guy" moved out, things really started to get crazy. Our Apartment was on the third floor, and one day someone decided that it would be totally fucking fun to climb all the way down, from balcony to balcony, to the parking lot, and then climb back up again. I did it many times, myself, and became quite the pro. It was a trick that came in very handy when I had forgotten my key.

There had been a bucket on our balcony that someone puked in once and had never been cleaned, which eventually filled up with rain water and melted snow. Well, one time me and a couple other kids were climbing up and down the balconies when the bucket got knocked over. I remember the brown water raining down on us. It smelled very bad.

Another time, Me, Gorky, and our friends Beth, Michelle, and Jason went to a Halloween bonfire at another friends house. The firepit was about a quarter mile down a hill, behind the house. Well, come two a.m. or so, everyone had left but us, but the keg was not empty yet, so we put it in a wheelbarrow and rolled it up to Michelle's van. From there we took it to our apartment building, where it took our combined strength

to haul it up the two flights of stairs. We put it in the corner of our living room and drank out of it for the rest of the night. At about four or four-thirty, we were all hungry, so we got some take-out from Denny's. I got cheese quesadillas. When it was time to go to sleep, Michelle and I shared the bed cuz everyone else had passed out in the living room. Michelle and I talked for a long time before going to sleep; she kept calling me Wheezie Jefferson, because my allergies were acting up and I was wheezing like crazy. This made me feel all self-conscious, so I started coughing very hard, trying to get the mammoth phlegm wad unlodged from my throat. I coughed so hard that it triggered my gag reflex, and, since I was laying on my back, my quesadillas, and 15+ beers projected out of me and landed all over Michelle and I. It was disgusting. Orange barph and chunks were

everywhere. In our hair, on the sheets, bed, and pillowcases, our clothes, the floor, all over the dirty clothes that were strewn about the floor-you name it. What was worse was the smell, which stuck around for a week or so. Gorky and I found chunks in strange places for months after that, literally.

11/11/11

LIKE SEVERAL COLUMNS 15 (PULITZAR) AND

RV
VT

Somewhere along the line, infamous Insights guitarist Trevor Never brought over a blow-up doll that he snagged from the joke/costume shop where he was working at the time. We named her Sheena and drew tattoos all over her plastic appendages. She fit perfectly in Gorky's old clothes, so we dressed her up and tied her to the wall. After that, whenever anyone would catch a glimpse of her out of the corner of their eye, they would be startled and jump. This happened to me many times.

For a while we also had a rule that whenever someone spilled a beer or knocked over an ashtray they would receive lashings with my studded belt. It was funny and novel, but once we realized that it did not actually decrease the number of spills that occurred, we gave it up.

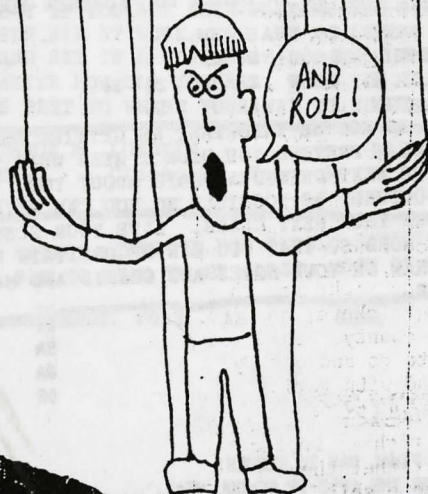
On Valentine's Day, 1999, our friend John and this chick Megan were engaging in some particularly fun horseplay (the accounts of what actually happened vary. Like it matters anyway!) and a big hole was put in one of the walls. The only reason that I mention this is because when John came over to fix the wall, we made a killer time capsule to put in the hole. Included in said capsule were a pipe, a Nintendo game, some pages out of an old porno rag, flyers from various Goners shows, and a letter explaining some of the goings-on of the apartment. I'll probably never know if anyone will ever find it, but I hope that if they do, they can't trace it back to me somehow!

Later on, Trevor Never's girlfriend's brother's fiance moved into the downstairs apartment formerly occupied by Crazy Downstairs guy. Never's girlfriend's brother did not approve of her keeping company with lowlives such as ourselves, and his fiance was too square to put up with our shananagans. She called the cops one night for the noise. Gorky and I got underage drinking tickets, and Gorky's friend from Illinois was taken to the county. That was a drag. Me and my girlfriend at the time had to go and get Tyler out of jail. After a big two-hour runaround with various dickhead cops (as if there are any other kind, right!) trying to figure out which jail he was in, it turned out that they had let him out anyway, cuz it was too crowded or some shit.

Somewhere around this time, Never's girl's bro's girl (I wish I knew her fucking name cuz it would save space) complained to the building manager that we were too loud, and this, coupled with some other complaints about us from some residents (who Gorky and I yelled at from our balcony one day while incredibly fucked up) got us a fourteen day eviction notice. To be honest, I'm very surprised that it didn't come sooner. I remember the first party we had there, I said to Gorky, "There is just no way that we are going to live here til our lease runs out," and I was almost wrong. Yeah, we had a shitload of fun in The Apartment of Everything, and it was pretty sad when we left it. It looked pretty sad, too. the carpet had been brand new when we moved in. Now it like one big stain. Not to mention the walls and the refrigerator and the oven-it was a total shithole. Hey, at least we made our mark, right?

Gorkers and I decided to go to Milwaukee, where we would be closer to the fun stuff, and further from some of the people we didn't really like. There are a lot of stories about the house that we moved into there, but those are for another day, my friends.

In conclusion, thanks for picking up this zine. By all means, write me and say hi and tell me what you think. I hope you enjoy!



Honor the dead

BEING FAITHFUL TO A TRUST
BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD.

YOU ARE CONTEMPLATIVE AND
ANALYTICAL BY NATURE.

THERE ARE LESSONS TO LEARN
BY LISTENING TO OTHERS.

EVERYTHING I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL
OR SOME OTHER SUCH GARBAGE
BY THE JOSHER™ #32719

LUMPKIN, JOSHUA M. Class 12

WEST H.S.

Student NO

32719

ID 000032719

QUARTER 2/SEMESTER 1 REPORT CARD

SCH MOST OF WHAT I REALLY NEED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW TO LIVE, AND WHAT
WES TO DO, AND HOW TO BE I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL. WISDOM WAS NOT ROLLED
UP AS A COLLEGE DEGREE, BUT INSTEAD THERE IN THE CROWDED HALLS.

TO THE PARENT/GUARDIAN OF:

INDIVIDUAL NAME

NT2 current C.P.A. 1.381

THESE ARE THE THINGS I LEARNED: PROMPTLY IGNORE ANY FEELINGS
OF INDIVIDUALITY THAT MAY SURFACE DURING THE FOUR YEARS THAT YOU
ARE TO SPEND AS THE ADMINISTRATOR'S PROPERTY. REMEMBER THAT YOU
ARE A STUDENT, A FIVE DIGIT NUMBER, NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OF THE
---- OTHER NUMBERS. DON'T TALK IN CLASS WITHOUT RAISING YOUR HAND. SUCK
Pd SUP TO WHOEVER YOU NEED TO IN ORDER TO "FURTHER YOUR EDUCATION."

01 ART HISTORY	MORAN, PAUL	C-	D	D	D+
02 ENG DEBATE	BECK, CHRIS	D-	D-	B-	D
03 GEOMETRY	CARIBALDI, B	C	F	C-	D
04 CHEM I	WRIGHT, STEV	F	F	F	F

31 36

55

LEARN THAT LEARNING IS NOT AS IMPORTANT AS GETTING AN A+. DON'T
MIX PILLS AND ALCOHOL. PRETEND YOU DIDN'T HEAR WHAT THE PREPPIE
SNOB THAT SITS IN THE NEXT DESK JUST SAID ABOUT YOU. GO OUT DURING
LUNCH AND SMOKE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE SO YOU CAN STILL HAVE FIVE
MINUTES TO EAT BEFORE YOUR NEXT CLASS. LIVE YOUR SCHOOLWORK. MEMORIZE
YOUR NOTES WORD FOR WORD SO THAT YOU CAN REGURGITATE UPON DEMAND
ONTO THE TEST AND DRAW ON YOUR NOTES AND GOSSIP AND MASTER THE HALLWAY
STRUT OF THE POPULAR.

04	23
5A	13
6A	14
08	33

Message:

FEBRUARY 1, 1998 IS THE FINAL DAY TO REQUEST
IN-DISTRICT TRANSFERS FOR THE 1998-99 SCHOOL YEAR.

SEMESTER 1 Enrolled 86.000 days Absent 19.375 days Attended 66.625 days

TAKE A NAP DURING STUDY HALL. WHEN YOU GO OUT INTO THE WORLD,
WATCH FOR AIRBORNE BEER CANS COURTESY OF THE DRUNK REDNECK IN THE
PARKING LOT WHO WANTS YOU DEAD BECAUSE HE THINKS YOU'RE GAY. BE
AWARE OF YOUR ENEMIES. REMEMBER YOURSELF AS A YOUNG CHILD,
INTIMIDATED BY HIGH SCHOOL KIDS BECAUSE THEY SEEMED TO BE SO MUCH
BIGGER THAN YOU, AND OLDER. IT IS STILL LIKE THAT. THERE WILL ALWAYS
BE PEOPLE THAT APPEAR THAT WAY. AND YOU WILL ALWAYS BE INTIMIDATED
BY THEM. WE ARE ALL LIKE THAT.

SMS

Student Schedule

Ref: SCH.581X.01

32719 JOSHUA M. LUMPKIN

MALE

Age: 17

HOUSEPLANTS AND PETS AND FRIENDS AND SIBLINGS AND EVEN PARENTS ALL DIE. SO WILL YOU. IT'S THE ONLY THING YOU CAN COUNT ON IN LIFE. AND REMEMBER THE BOOK ABOUT THE RULES OF THE SCHOOL AND THE CONSEQUENCES FOR NOT FOLLOWING THEM AND THE WORD YOU WILL HEAR FAR TOO OFTEN: OBEY. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO FUNCTION IS IN HIGH SCHOOL--BUT NOT IN THE CLASSROOM OR IN THE LIBRARY OR IN THE AUDITORIUM. NO, THE IMPORTANT THINGS AREN'T TAUGHT, THEY ARE LEARNED THROUGH TRIAL AND ERROR IN THE HALLWAYS, AND IN THE CAFETERIA, PLACES WHERE SOCIALIZING IS ALLOWED. BECAUSE THAT'S REALLY WHY WE'RE HERE-- NOT TO LEARN CHEMISTRY OR ALGEBRA, BUT INSTEAD TO LEARN HOW TO INTERACT WITH OTHER PEOPLE.

04	CHEM I	WILSON, STEVE	B105	AB	SEM1	1320	1
5A	ENG AMLIT II	FREEBURG, ANDY	F016	AB	SEM1	5038	1
5B	ENG CON LIT	STEIN, DUANE	F031	AB	SEM2	5042	3

THINK OF WHAT A BETTER WORLD IT WOULD BE IF WE ALL HAD IN-SCHOOL SUSPENSION EVERYDAY, WHERE WE CAN READ ALL DAY, AND DOODLE ON THE PAPERBOARD BACKS OF SPIRALBOUND NOTEBOOKS, AND WRITE HAIKU ABOUT THE MEANING OF LIFE. YES, FOR MOST HIGH SCHOOLERS THE MEANING OF LIFE CAN BE SUMMED UP IN SEVENTEEN SYLLABLES. OR IF WE HAD A BASIC POLICY IN OUR NATION THAT IF YOU ARE SEEN WALKING THE STREETS DURING THE TIME WHEN MOST PEOPLE ARE AT WORK, YOU ARE TO GET UP EXTRA EARLY ON A SATURDAY MORNING AND SIT IN A CLASSROOM FOR TWO HOURS. AND IT IS STILL TRUE, NO MATTER HOW OLD YOU ARE, WHEN YOU GO OUT INTO THE WORLD, IT IS ALWAYS BEST TO WHINE YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS.

Student No.: 32719 JOSHUA M. LUMPKIN

MALE

Age: 17

Dis: WAU Sch: 454 WEST H.S.

Class: 12 Year: 98

Phone:

THIS IS A GRADUATION SPEECH I WROTE FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS IN HIGH SCHOOL. IT WAS FUN TO READ TO MY CLASS, MOST OF THEM PREPPIE SNOBS!

The Revolution Rages on...

F3=Exit

F12=Cancel

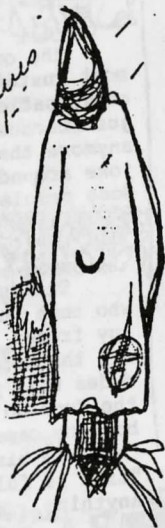
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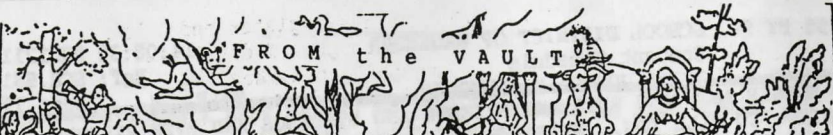
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YOUR TROUBLES WILL CEASE
AND FORTUNE SMILE UPON YOU.

II S1 S10



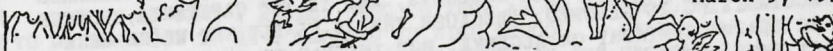


FROM the VAULT

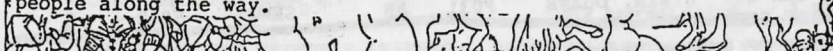
In this part of the zine, I will put some shit that I wrote a long time ago. This particular thing is from when I was seventeen and is about the grocery store where I used to work.

PICK 'N SAVE

March 9, 1998

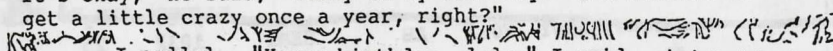


I've worked at a grocery store for the last year or so. During this time, I've dated two of my co-workers, gotten suspended once, called in sick four times, and also learned a lot about people along the way.

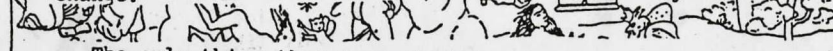


One funny experience was when I had only been working at PNS for a few weeks. It was about seven o'clock on a Saturday night. It was pretty slow and I was standing at my register waiting for a customer. A man came through my line wearing a sombrero. He looked like he was probably in his mid to late thirties. He had one solitary item, which he placed on the end of the belt. I pushed the button and the we both watched the small box go from one end of the belt to the other. This was incredibly unnecessary because there had been no one in line, and he could've just walked up and given it to me. I found the fact that the man was wearing a sombrero understandably odd. That is, until I saw what the item was: eye drops.


"Yup, the old Clear Eyes," he said. The man smelled like a burning weed field. I laughed at this and proceeded to scan the small box. I gave it to him and took his money. "Hey, it's okay," he said, "today is my birthday. I'm allowed to get a little crazy once a year, right?"




I nodded. "Happy birthday, dude," I said, giving him his change.



The only thing that I really hate about my job is that most customers flat out refuse to loosen up. I try to make conversation and joke with the people who come through my line, just because I know that they don't want to be grocery shopping anymore than I want to be grocery scanning, and maybe if we joke around a bit, it will make things a little less unbearable. Some people are really cool though, and joke back and stuff.



The funniest thing in the world, though, are the dudes who come in buying condoms. I've noticed a trend: guys usually buy frozen pizzas and flowers when they buy condoms. Also I'd say that probably something like four out of five times, the dudes will put the pizza on top of the box of condoms. Who the fuck do they think they're fooling? One time this frat boy guy came through my line buying only condoms. He paid for them and his change was 69 cents. As I gave it to him, I said, "Life is full of cheesy symbolism." He didn't laugh or anything. He must not have gotten it.



Another time, I was on the express register and I had a long ass line. This old guy came through. I don't really remember what he was buying or anything but when he paid me, he gestured for me to lean forward, like he had to tell me a secret or some shit. I did, and he said, "What's the difference between a rooster and an old maid?" he asked.

"I dunno."

"One says 'Cockadoodledoo' and the other says 'Any cock'll do!'" I laughed out of politeness and he left.

A few days later I was taking my break in the little cafe place inside Pick N Save. Gorky was there and we were just talking. The same fucked up old dude came up to us. "Is this your brother?" he asked me. Gorky and I look nothing alike. I told him no, that he was my friend, and then the old bastard told me the same fucking joke again. Since then I have seen him maybe five or six times, and every time he tells me the same stupid ass joke.

The time I got suspended was because I got busted by a "secret shopper" for selling cigarettes to a fifteen year old who also worked at PNS. Ooops.

Since I am a cashier, I work mostly with girls. If my testicles were more inflated, this would probably make me feel weird, but I like it a lot, and can't even imagine working with mostly guys. I sort of tease the girls and joke with them in a flirtatious way. Like last December, about two weeks or so before X-Mas, I was working, and when I didn't have a customer, I turned around to the girl next to me. "Did you hear that all the cashiers are chipping in to buy me a juicer for Christmas?"

"Josh!" she said.

"No, really. All you girls are going to buy me a juicer for Christmas." Of course I didn't actually expect for them to get me one, I was just being a smart ass. So until Christmas, I kept the joke going. "So, have you gotten my juicer yet?" I would ask, "You better get me a good one," shit like that. Entirely in jest. Well then, on fucking Christmas Eve, I was working and went into the room where us cashiers count all our money at the end of the night. Sitting there, on the box that we put the expired coupons in, was a large gift-wrapped box. The bag said, "To Josh, From Amber, Debbie, Missy, Melissa, Erica, Teri, Michelle, and Lillian." At first I thought that the box was empty and was just their joint response to my joke. Like they were getting the last laugh or something. Then I opened it. Sure enough, it was a juicer. I felt bad because I didn't really mean for them to get me one. But I still gladly accepted it, and I plan on having a "juice party" soon for all the girls who chipped in.

This summer I'm going to have to get a "real job" in a factory or something. I wish that I could live off of PNS wages for the rest of my life, though. The girls I work with are all so cool, and really make me feel like a real person--something that doesn't happen at school. There are definitely people who I am not going to miss, but they are vastly outnumbered by those who I will miss. Growing up shit is just too lame.

ONE DREARY, DRIZZLY DAY I LEFT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

MY FRIENDS GORKY, MUELLER, MCSKITTLES, RED, AND GURNI HELPED ME TAKE THE SIX BOXES OF SHIT TO THE AMTRAK STATION. THEY WERE HEAVY AND MASSIVE, SOME REQUIRING THE MIGHT OF THREE MOTHER-FUCKERS TO LIFT. GOODBYES WERE DEPRESSING AND AWKWARD, AS THEY ALWAYS ARE. I WAS LATE AND HAD TO GET ON THE TRAIN RIGHT AWAY, WHICH KEPT THE CEREMONY FROM BECOMING LONG-WINDED AND DRAWN OUT. MY FRIENDS AND I SHARED A FEW LAST WORDS AND I GOT ON THE TRAIN.

THE TRAIN I AM BOARDING IS GOING TO CHICAGO. THERE I WILL GET ON A TRAIN THAT WILL GO TO WASHINGTON D.C. AND THEN I WILL GET ON A TRAIN THAT WILL GO TO ORLANDO, FLORIDA.

SIX DAYS EARLIER, SUNDAY MORNING, I WAS SLEEPING IN MY BED WHEN MY LANDLORD CAME INTO MY BEDROOM AND STARTED YELLING AT ME.

"YOU GUYS ARE OUT OF HERE, MAN!" HE SAID TO ME.

"WHY?" I ASKED, INNOCENTLY. OF COARSE I KNEW THE ANSWER. I HAD NO JOB, HADN'T PAID ANY RENT IN THE LAST TWO MONTHS, AND THERE WERE HUMUNGAZOIDICAL HOLES IN THE WALL THAT WEREN'T THERE A COUPLE DAYS BEFORE.

"YOU GUYS PUT THOSE HOLES IN THE WALLS!" STEVE YELLED.

"THAT WAS YOUR BROTHERS!" I DEFENDED.

"I DON'T CARE, ALL OF YOU GUYS ARE OUT. I WANT YOU OUT BY MONDAY!" THEN HE LEFT.

I QUICKLY WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

I WOKE UP AND WAS AFRAID.

THE LAST WEEK HAD BEEN VERY EXCITING. MY FRIENDS EMMIE AND MEESHA FROM RICHMOND CAME UP FOR A VISIT AND ON FRIDAY WE HAD A KILLER SHOW IN OUR BASEMENT WITH THE GONERS, THE INSIGHTS, AND THE SHRUBBERS. IT TOTALLY FUCKING ROCKED AND ROLL. OR RATHER I SHOULD SAY IT WAS ON A ROLL AND ROLL, BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE GONERS (THE BAND THAT I WAS IN) FINISHED PLAYING MY EX-GIRLFRIEND, RED CAME UP TO ME AND DRAGGED ME AWAY FROM THE PARTY. SHE WAS EAGER TO BITCH AT ME AND MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY FOR SOME SHIT I DID THAT WAS NONE OF HER BUSINESS IN THE FIRST PLACE. THIS TOOK APPROXIMATELY ONE HOUR.

AFTER THAT NONSENSE, I HAD TO TAKE A PISS.

ONCE MY RATHER LONG PEEING SESSION HAD COMMENCED, I WENT AND GOT ANOTHER BEER. I POPPED THE TOP OFF, TOOK A BIG SWILL, AND THEN SAW SAM, THE BITCH I DID THE SHIT WITH THAT RED WANTED TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY FOR.

"I GOTTA TALK TO YOU, JOSHER," SHE SAID ACCUSINGLY.

I WAS THEN DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE PARTY FOR ANOTHER HOUR. THAT WAS NOT A PARTICULARLY PLEASANT HOUR.

I HAD CREATED THESE PROBLEMS MYSELF, OF COURSE, AND I WANTED OUT. THAT WAS WHEN I KNEW THAT I NEED JESUS IN MY LIFE. JUST KIDDING. I HATE CHRISTIANS. ANYWAY, YES, I DESERVED ALL THE SHIT I WAS GETTING FROM BOTH PARTIES, BUT IT WAS FRIDAY NIGHT, WE HAD PLAYED A KILLER SHOW, AND I WANTED TO HAVE FUN AND GET TOTALLY WASTEDIFIED.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER AFTER THAT. MY

UNFORTUNATELY, IT DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER AFTER THAT. MY ROOMMATE GURNI HAD, UNBEKNOWNST TO ME, BEEN DRINKING THROUGHOUT THE SHOW AND WAS DRUNK. GURNI DIDN'T DRINK OFTEN AND THAT WAS BECAUSE IT MADE HIM INTO A CRAZY DILLUSIONAL HOTHEAD. IT HAD ALREADY STARTED. MOST OF THE PARTY HAD ALREADY LEFT, BECAUSE OF GURNI'S SCREAMING HYSTERICS. IT WAS GOING TO BE A VERY LONG NIGHT.

SOON GURNI'S BROTHER AND HIS FRIENDS WERE AT THE PARTY. MY OTHER ROOMMATE AND FELLOW MEMBER OF THE GONERS, GORKY, WENT TO ANOTHER PARTY. I DID NOT GO TO SAID PARTY BECAUSE I KNEW THAT RED AND SAM HAD ALSO GONE, TOGETHER, IRONICALLY. SO EMMIE AND MEESHA (MY TWO FRIENDS FROM VIRGINIA) AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES THERE BESIDES GURNI, HIS BROTHER, AND ALL HIS CRAZY FRIENDS.

THEY WERE LISTENING TO SLAYER AND PANTERA AND KICKING HOLES IN THE WALLS. ALTHOUGH AFTER THAT THE NIGHT GETS VERY BLURRY, I DO REMEMBER CERTAIN BIG PARTS, LIKE GETTING ALL MAD AND COMING OUT OF MY BEDROOM YELLING. THIS DID NOTHING BUT AGGRAVATE THE SITUATION. I GOT YELLED AT IN RETURN, CALLED A SERIES OF NAMES AND HAD MY LIFE THREATENED. I RETREATED BACK TO MY ROOM, CRYING. EMMIE WAS CRYING, TOO, AND MEESHA WAS PASSED OUT. THE WALL BREAKING DID NOT STOP FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO, AND THEN GURNI'S HATE SHIFTED FROM OTHERS TO HIMSELF. WE COULD HEAR EVERYTHING FROM INSIDE MY ROOM. HE WAS TALKING ABOUT SHOOTING HIMSELF IN THE HEAD WITH HIS GUN AND ALL KINDS OF CRAZY ASS SHIT. HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM; HIS BROTHER AND FRIENDS LAUGHED ABOUT IT, EMMIE AND I WERE HUDDLED UP CRYING, AND THEN WE HEARD THE GUN GO OFF. WE BOTH JUMPED.

THAT'S THE CLIMAX.

OF COURSE GURNI HAD NOT SHOT HIMSELF. HE HAD SHOT THE DOOR OF HIS BEDROOM, WHICH COULD'VE KILLED SOMEONE, BUT DIDN'T, AND NOW HE WAS YELLING A BUNCH OF INCOHERENT BULLSHIT.

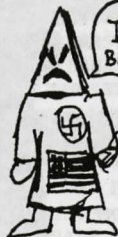
THE NEXT DAY WHEN I WOKE UP THERE WERE HUGE PIECES OF WALLS MISSING. OUR FURNACE, WHICH HAD BEEN IN A BOARDED UP CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM WAS NOW EXPOSED AND NOT WORKING. FEBRUARY IS A REALLY BAD TIME TO NOT HAVE HEAT IN WISCONSIN. IT WAS COLD. GURNI WAS BACK TO HIS REAL SELF, APOLOGETIC AND INCREDIBLY EMBARRASSED. SIX HOURS LATER I TOOK EMMIE AND MEESHA TO THE GREYHOUND STATION. THE DAY AFTER THAT I WAS EVICTED AND SIX DAYS AFTER THAT I WAS GETTING ON A TRAIN TO GO TO ORLANDO, FLORIDA, WHERE I WILL STAY WITH MY PARENTS WHILE I GET MY G.E.D. AND WORK UP ENOUGH MONEY TO MOVE TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I WAS PLANNING ON MOVING TO RICHMOND ANYWAY, AND I SEE THIS EVICTION AS SORT OF A GOOD THING BECAUSE ORLANDO IS A STRANGE TOWN IN WHICH I KNOW NO ONE, WHERE I LIVE WITH MY PARENTS. I WILL BE WITHOUT CERTAIN TEMPTATIONS THAT TEND TO BLOCK MY MOTIVATION.

TOMORROW I WILL RIDE MY BIKE TO THE DRY CLEANERS AND APPLY FOR A JOB. I WILL GET IT, AND I WILL SAVE MONEY TIL I HAVE ENOUGH TO GET TO RICHMOND. THAT'S MY PLAN, MUTHA FUCKA.

PEOPLE FROM EVERYWHERE SHOULD WRITE TO ME BECAUSE I AM BORED AS ALL HELL. PEOPLE FROM RICHMOND, ORLANDO, AND MILWAUKEE ARE ESPECIALLY ENCOURAGED BECAUSE I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH SOME PEOPLE FROM THESE SCENES. MY ADDRESS IS 14720 KITLANSELT WAY/ ORLANDO, FL 32828. THANKS. THIS IS CHICKENHED

INQUISITION-TOUCH
BE BLOWN UP.
A COMIC BY THE JOSH



I HATE
BLACK PEOPLE!



HEY JIM!

LIKE IT?



HELLO
STEVE!
LIKE MY NEW
MICKEY MOUSE
KLAN ROBE?



I
LOVE
IT!
GOTTA
HIT ME
ONE
O'DEN!



Un día, "El Magnífico" murió.

GET IN TOUCH W/ ME IF YOU CAN GET ME ANY
OF THIS SHIT:

INQUISITION-TOUCH THE SUN, ANYTHING BY CLOUD 13
ANY BOOKS BY BARRY YOURGRAU, OLD CURE VINYL
BORN AGAINST "NINE PATRIOTIC HYMNS FOR AMERICAN
CHILDREN" ON VINYL. ALSO 1ST PRESSING OF THIER S/T 7"
SCREWBALLS (FROM GREEN BAY, WI) C.D.

here is an ad:



WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME ADS. WILL PROVIDE AD
SPACE FOR THING IN AD.

C.Z.A.R.
JOSHER
14720 KITLANSELT WAY
ORLANDO FL 32828

THANKS.

LATEK...

WOW, I'M SO GLAD
WE WENT TO
KLANMART™!

ME TOO!

KLANMART IS
A DIVISION OF
U.C. PENNY.

KAT
BANG!

DESTROY
RACISM!!

(PUNK ROCK
IS COOL.)

A few years back, when my mind was at the apex of its fuckedupness, I went to see this new-agey type psychologist

Kate. At first I thought she was cool; perhaps "hip" would be a better term. I mean, she wore oval-rimmed glasses for

Christ's sake. Her office was comfortable, decorated with cool shit like crystal balls and rain sticks.

Kate was also very nice to me. It seemed like she really cared about me and stuff. She would let me borrow her books and would read the zines and stories that I would write. I brought my girlfriend there once and they got along really well, too. Of course my brain wasn't working any better though, and it wasn't long before Kate referred me to a psychiatrist.

Perhaps I should mention that this was when I was 15 and living with my Dad and stepfamily in Richmond, and we were broke as shit. After a freakout at school one day, my guidance counselor made me see a social worker who told my parents that I should "get some help." As previously stated, we were broke, so she recommended I go to the County Mental Health Center, where fees were based on a sliding scale.

So Kate referred me to Dr Prescott, who gave me lots of free "meds" (I will not go into which ones, because the list is both lengthy and irrelevant.) to fix all my chemicals. She seemed like she could use some anxiety meds herself because she was always very high strung and, well, clinical.

After a bunch of months, Kate suggested that my Dad and stepmom start coming to the therapy sessions so we could "work on my home life." That's when it all got crazy. I had been getting along with my parents fine before the therapy anyway.

Well, to keep an already too long story from getting too much longer, Kate gave up and told my Dad and stepmom to just make me leave Richmond to go live with my Mom and stepdad in Waukesha, Wisconsin. Although (by pure coincidence) this turned out to be a very good decision, my stepdad was at the root of my problems to begin with (as Kate and my family both knew very well), and I felt totally cheated and betrayed by all parties involved.

Once in Waukesha, I went to a series of shrinks also (including Marlene, the Shrinky-Dink Roller), but I will tell you about them in some other fucking issue (don't worry, it'll probably be in like #30 or something!)

Marlene, the Shrinky-Dink Roller by the Goners LYRICS BY GORKY AND the JOSHER

Marlene's not our woman but
we pay to see her every week
In fact we spill our hearts out to her
and don't even get a kiss on the cheek

But she got our names and numbers
in a big expensive notebook
in a special designated place for us

She calls us when we don't show up
and makes us feel guilty
and makes sure that she sees us both again
A.S.A.P.

Marlene's not our lady but
she sure shows us what dreams are made of
We wouldn't go for her, dude it's not like that
She's forty-five, a total generation gap

But she's been there, yeah, she still recovering from a
recent cocaine addiction and alcoholism
Used to strip at bars as a teenager
Now The Josher™ has dreams about banging her

She's not really an is roller
but she'll never be a high roller
a shrinky dinky dinky roller
a shrinky-dink dink roller

She calls us when we don't show up
and makes us feel guilty
and makes sure that she sees us both again
A.S.A.P.

A S A S A S A P

I WATCH T.V.

Lately, due in part to the fact that the only people I know are my family and co-workers, I find myself watching a disturbing amount of television. Psychologists say that the more time you spend day dreaming, the more creative energy you will have, and from personal experience, I find it to be true. Since I got the job at the dry cleaner, I been more patient for writing shit than before. This is, I guess cuz I've been watching less TV. But, at any rate, I still have been succumbing to the evils of the Cathode Ray too much, and I have been admittedly stagnant on the creative end of things. My parents have cable, which is new and appealing.

I mostly watch documentaries, horror movies, and of course The Simpsons. The Simpsons is the best show in the history of television. Homer is my favorite character, and I think Ralph Wiggum is probably my second favorite. Have you ever seen the episode that was a parody of Lord of the Flies? There's a part where Lisa and Ralph go out to look for food on the island. Upon returning, Bart asks Lisa what they found.

"All I found were these berries, but they're extremely poisonous."

"I ated the purple berries," says Ralph, his face smeared with poison berry juice. He immediately falls on the ground, holding his stomach and moaning in pain.

"How are they, Ralph?" asks Bart?

"They taste like burning!" Ralph whines in response.

That's probably my favorite Ralph scene. Another good one is: Ralph is sitting in front of a computer in the lab at school, playing a spelling game. Principal Skinner and Superintendent Chalmers.

"Hi, Principal Skinner! Hi, Super Nintendo Chalmers! I'm learning!" I don't know, it's really funny, you'd just have to see it. I guess.

I also really like VH1's Behind The Music series. Some noteworthy subjects were Dr Dre, Poison, Motley Crue, Vanilla Ice, Tina Turner, Tom Petty, Stevie Nicks, Def Leppard, and lots more. One of my favorite ones was the one about Meatloaf, oddly enough. When Meatloaf first arrived on the scene, nobody really took him seriously or anything, but then Bat Out of Hell came out and just took off. It held the number one spot for a long ass time and sold like a kerbillion copies or something. He became a drug addict, got married, went sober, and wrote songs with his guitarist, Jim Steinman. So they went into the studio to record the follow up album, and Meat found that he couldn't sing anymore. He tried all kinds of treatment: vocal trainers, hypnotherapy, psychologists, etc, but he couldn't get it back, and he eventually gave up. Jim Steinman released the album himself and it flopped. Meat was 84 million dollars in debt so he filed bankruptcy. He and his wife and two daughters were broke as fuck, yet two years earlier he was an absolute mega-star. Later he got his voice back, released

(8:30 p.m.
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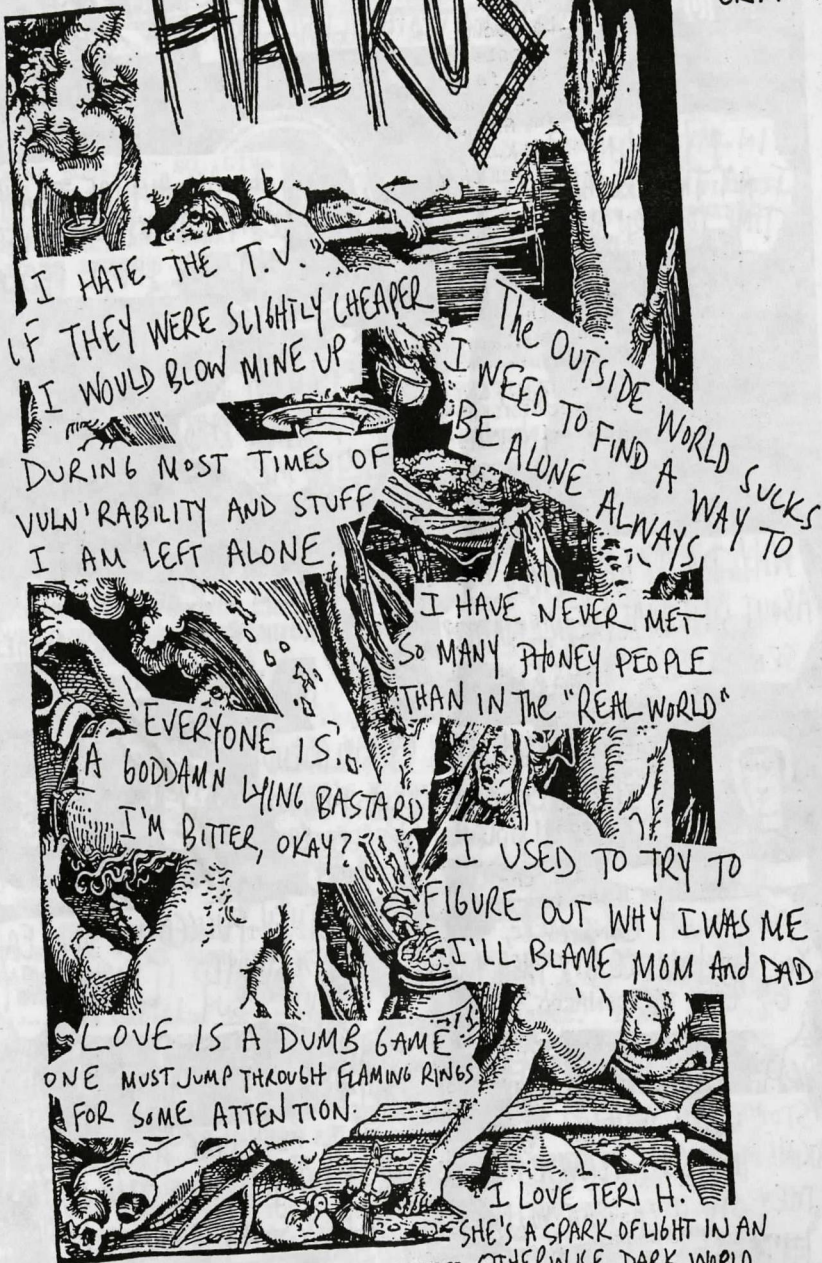
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← IMPROPER JAPANESE GRAMMER

HAIKUS



Witches concocting flying ointment before the sabbat (HANS BALDUNG GR. OTHERWISE DARK WORLD)

HAIKUS (CONT)

Wanna kill someone
all people deserve to die
for death we have brought

IN MY LIVING BOOK
I AM THE PROTAGONIST
TIME TO TURN THE PAGE

I AM OUT OF TOUCH
EVERYTHING'S SO STRANGE
NOT SURE HOW I FEEL

I THINK I'M IN LOVE
SHE'S SWEET, PRETTY AND WELL-READ
NO WAY SHE'D DIG ME

WHY DO I GET MAD
ABOUT SHIT THAT DOESN'T MATTER?
SENSITIVE, I GUESS

I'M SICK OF THIS TOWN!
DRUNK BUMS AND STUPID HIPPIES
IT'S POPULATION

MY DUMB EX-GIRLFRIEND
IS SUCH A FUCKING RETARD
GODDAMN CHEERLEADER

YOU DUMB CONSUMER,
YOU SAY YOU CARE BUT THEN YOU
GO EAT MCDONALDS™

THEY FUCKED UP OUR EARTH
DESTROYED IT FOR MONEY
WE BUY INTO IT

STOP USING WOMYN!
TAKING THEIR SEX FOR GRANTED
THEY SHOULD CASTRATE YOU!

I FEEL LIKE A FOOL,
IF ONLY I COULD SHOW YOU
HOW SORRY I AM

- by ~~the author~~

NEW ORLEANS TRIP TRAVEL LOG

3-4-99 12:00 AM: TONIGHT GORKY AND I LEAVE. I MET TERI FOR COFFEE AND GOODBYES, SHE GAVE ME HER CLASS RING FOR THE TRIP. IT WAS SWEET OF HER, THOUGH I DOUBT THAT I WILL NEED IT, I'M SURE I WON'T HAVE A PROBLEM REMEMBERING HER.

WE HOPE TO MAKE IT TO MEMPHIS TONIGHT. IT SHOULD BE ABOUT NINE HOURS OR SO, GIVE OR TAKE SHORTCUTS/GETTING LOST TIME. WE ARE BRINGING: FOOD AND SODA, A QUARTER OUNCE OF HERB X, TWO PILLOWS, TWO BLANKETS, BATHING SUITS, A FEW SHIRTS, PLenty OF MUSIC, AND GORKY'S VIDEO CAMERA [WHICH WE LATER DISCOVERED TO BE BROKEN].

6:49 AM MILE 336 EFFINGHAM, IL
TWO HAIKU:

I HATE ILLINOIS
NOTHING IN'TRISTING TO SEE
VAST, BLEAK AND BORING

FIFTY-SEVEN SOUTH
BORING SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
BETTER SMOKE A BOWL

WE STOP AND EAT AT A TRUCK STOP CALLED THE BOBBER CAFE. THE LOCALS LOOK AT US FUNNY FIRST BUT THEN CONTINUE WITH THEIR BREAKFASTS. WE JOKE THAT THESE PEOPLE WORSHIP THE BOBBER. "OH, GREAT BOBBER!" THEY CHANT, AND SING HYMNS TO A MAN-SIZED BOBBER ATOP A CHURCH CHAPEL. OUR WAITRESS FILLS OUR COFFEE CUPS AND FEEDS US BREAKFAST. GORKY TRIES APPLE BUTTER FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE LIKES IT. I KNEW HE WOULD.

OUR WAITRESS TELLS US THAT WE ARE TO PAY THE GIFT SHOP CASHIER FOR OUR FOOD. I ASK HER IF THEY SELL CIGARETTES. SHE SAYS, "YEAH," IN A SOUTHERN ACCENT, AND ADDS, "SHE MIGHT GIVE YA'LL A HARD TIME. SHE'S KINDA OLD." AFTER THE WAITRESS LEAVES, GORKY JOKES THAT SHE PROBABLY WANTS TO FUCK US BOTH BECAUSE WE ARE THE YOUNGEST PEOPLE THERE. I ADD THAT THE FACT THAT WE ARE THE ONLY ONES NOT HITTING ON HER PROBABLY ALSO ADDED TO HER ATTRACTION FOR US.

SHE COMES BACK TO FILL OUR COFFEE. "I LIKE YA'LL'S HAIR. IT ROCKS." WE SLAM OUR COFFEES AND LEAVE BEFORE SHE CAN COME BACK.

THE OLD LADY IS ACTUALLY RATHER TOLERABLE. I ASK HER FOR MY SMOKES AND SHE IMMEDIATELY RINGS THEM UP. I ASK HER IF SHE NEED TO SEE MY I.D. AND SHE SAYS NO, THAT SHE REMEMBERS ME FROM WHEN I CAME IN LAST WEEK. I TELL HER THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN TO EFFINGHAM IN MY LIFE, AND THAT SHE MUST HAVE ME MIXED UP WITH SOME OTHER PURPLE HAired FELLOW. SHE SAYS, "YA BETTUR LET ME HAVE IT THEN," I GIVE IT TO HER. SHE EXAMINES IT. WHEN SHE GIVE IT BACK SHE SAYS, "WE KEEP AN HONEST GAME AROUND HERE," TO WHICH I RESPOND, "YOU GOTTA, OTHERWISE YOU COULD GET IN A LOT OF TROUBLE." I PAY HER AND LEAVE. WE ARE NOW ABOUT 315 MILES FROM MEMPHIS. WE HAVE TRAVELED 336 MILES FROM WAUKESHA. THE ILLINOIS LANDSCAPE IS INCREDIBLY BORING. LOTS OF NOTHING.

NEUROTICIS, NORMANSON, CRIME SCENE, MIX, OLD SCHOOL RAP, VONNEGUT, HUXLEY, CLIVE BARKER, NICHOLSON, BAKER, THE ROLLING STONES, OLDIES, POLITICS, DISLIKES, VIOLENCE, ASSHOLES, EM3, MAINSTREAM MEDIA, ADVERTISING, RACISM, ANY DRUGS

I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH ILLINOIS THERE IS AFTER CHICAGO. WE HAVE BEEN KEEPING A STEADY HERB X REGIMENT TO KEEP OUR MINDS FROM DESTROYING THEMSELVES, DUE TO THAT LACK OF ANYTHING INTERESTING TO LOOK AT. I HOPE IT GETS BETTER SOON.

8:52 AM-ALMOST OUT OF ILLINOIS (FINALLY)-MILE 447: WE STOP AT A SCENIC OVERLOOK, WHICH ISN'T PARTICULARLY SCENIC. AS WE DRIVE DOWNHILL WE FINALLY SEE SOME CHANGE OF LANDSCAPE: ROCKS. HUGE WALLS OF ORANGE STONE LINE BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. THEY'RE BASICALLY HUGE STACKS OF ROCK SLABS. IN SOME PLACES A BIT OF EARTH WILL BE EXPOSED AND A SMALL TREE WILL SPROUT OUT. IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE BUT COOL LOOKING AND NOTEWORTHY NONETHELESS.

9:20 AM MILE 479: WE CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, ENTERING MISSOURI.

10:42 AM MILE 564 COOTER, MISSOURI: WE GO TO A REST STOP AND CHAT WITH SOME COLLEGE KIDS ON A MISSION TRIP TO TEXAS. THEY DON'T REALLY HAVE A WHOLE LOT TO SAY, BUT ARE VERY PLEASANT.

10:45 AM MILE 567: ENTER ARKANSAS, "HOME OF PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON," READS THE GREETING SIGN.

11:47 AM MILE 638: WE CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI A SECOND TIME, FINALLY ENTERING MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

4:40 P.M. MILE 669 (GORKY WRITING NOW.): NOT MUCH TO DO OR SEE IN MEMPHIS AFTER ALL. WENT DOWN BY THE RIVER (LITTERED WITH EMPTY 40 OUNCE BOTTLES, AND, TO OUR SURPRISE, A SHOE.), SAW A FUCKIN' 40 FOOT TALL ELVIS AND B.B. KING. WE DID FIND ONE COOL RECORD STORE "LAST CHANCE RECORDS", BOUGHT SOME SHIT. WE ALSO ACQUIRED CAMERA BATTERY, AND, MOTIVATED BY SALESMAN, WE MIGHT JUST TRY TO MAKE IT ALL THE WAY TO NEW ORLEANS TODAY..

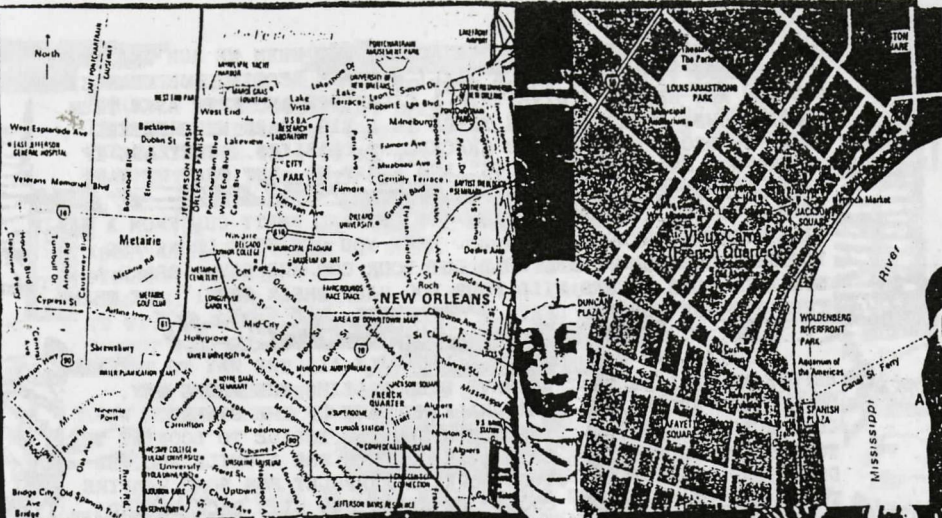
5:13 P.M. MILE 684: CROSSED STATE LINE INTO MISSISSIPPI (THE STATE, NOT THE RIVER, SILLY). THE GUY IN FRONT OF US DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE.

6:54 P.M. MILE 800 DEEP MISSISSIPPI: STOPPED TO PISS. BOWL-SMOKED.

MILE ??? 9:?? P.M. BROOKHAVEN, MS (JOSHER AGAIN): I'M VERY TIRED. I'VE BEEN AWAKE SINCE 7:30 P.M. YESTERDAY. WE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO NEW ORLEANS TONIGHT. WE DECIDED IT WOULD BE BETTER TO COME IN DURING DAYLIGHT, SO WE COULD SEE THE SIGHTS. IT TOOK FOREVER TO FIND A MOTEL THAT WAS CHEAP ENOUGH. FINALLY WE FOUND "THE SPANISH MOTEL", TOTALLY SLEAZOID. WELL NOW IT'S TIME TO INDULGE IN SOME MUCH DESERVED HERB X.

3/5/99 MILE 977 12:19 P.M: ENTER LOUISIANA. WE SEE A "DAVID DUKE FOR CONGRESS" SIGN. SCARY.

MILE 1,048 1:23 P.M: WE BEGIN CROSSING A 20 MILE LONG BRIDGE OVER LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN. IT IS WICKED. THERE IS WATER AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. ONCE WE CROSS THE BRIDGE WE WILL ENTER NEW ORLEANS.



MILE 1,076 1:58 PM: WE ENTER NEW ORLEANS, OUR DESTINATION.

3/6/99 3:?? PM: WE'VE BEEN IN NEW ORLEANS FOR A WHOLE DAY NOW, AND IT'S EVERYTHING I COULD'VE HOPED. WE DECIDED TO GO TO THE BEACH IN MISSISSIPPI, WHICH IS WHERE WE ARE NOW. IT'S A NICE CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT FROM WAUKESHA, THAT'S FOR SURE. I THINK IT MAY EVEN BE SNOWING THERE RIGHT NOW.

ONCE WE GET TO NEW ORLEANS, WE PARK THE CAR IN A LOT AND WALK DOWNTOWN. IMMEDIATELY WE ARE HIT UP FOR MONEY, SMOKES, ETC. WE COME ACROSS THIS BLACK DUDE (WE NEVER CAUGHT HIS NAME) WHO OFFERS US WEED, WE RESPECTFULLY DECLINE, BUT ASK HIM IF HE COULD GET US SOME BEER. HE TAKES US INTO A BAR AND ASKS

FOR THREE BEERS. THE BARTENDER ASKS TO SEE ALL OF OUR I.D.S, SO WE MOVE ON TO ANOTHER BAR. THIS TIME WE WAIT OUTSIDE. AS SOON AS HE GOES INSIDE THE BAR, THIS FLAMING HOMOSEXUAL PASSES US. HE LOOKS US BOTH UP AND DOWN AND SAYS "HI!" THEN HE GOES INTO THE BAR. GORKY AND I CHUCKLE. THE BEER GUY COMES BACK OUT OF THE BAR AND TELLS US HE NEEDS FOUR MORE DOLLARS. WE

ARE TOTALLY LIKE, "FUCK THAT!" BECAUSE WE'VE ALREADY GIVEN HIM FIVE. THEN THE GAY DUDE COMES BACK OUT OF THE BAR. HE COMPLIMENTS MY HAIR, FEELING FREE TO TWIST A STRAND BETWEEN HIS FINGERS. HE LEAVES ABRUPTLY, SAYING HE HAS TO RETURN A PAGE. SO WE WALK A BIT FURTHER DOWN THE STREET. WE GO INTO THIS BOMB ASS VOODOO STORE AND I BUY A CHICKEN FOOT NECKLACE FOR TERI. WE ALSO GO TO A USED RECORD STORE AND CHECK OUT SOME

KILLER (AND EXPENSIVE!) RECORDS. GORKY GETS A RECORD AND WE LEAVE. FOR A COUPLE HOURS WE JUST WALK AROUND TOWN, FAMILIARIZING OURSELVES WITH IT AND OCCASIONALLY TAKING TRIPS BACK TO THE CAR TO TORQUE MAD BOWLS. IT STARTS GETTING DARK AND WE GO INTO ANOTHER VOODOO SHOP AND I ASK THE DUDE AT THE COUNTER, A BEARDED YOUNG GUY, IF HE KNOWS OF A PUNK ROCK SHOWS. WE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT CHECKPOINT CHARLIES ON DECATOUR STREET.

SO WE'RE LOOKING FOR DECATOUR STREET WHEN WE RUN INTO THREE STREET KIDS (TWO GUYS AND A GIRL) WHO ARE BEGGING FOR CHANGE, SMOKES, AND BEER. I GIVE THEM A CIGARETTE AND ERIC ASKS THEM ABOUT SHOWS. THEY TELL US THERE IS A BIG BOARD WITH FLYERS ON IT ON DECATOUR, NEXT TO CHECKPOINT CHARLIES. THEY ASK IF WE HAD ANY CHANGE FOR "DRUGS" AND I SAY NO, BUT THAT WE WANT

BEER. ONE OF THE DUDES SAYS, "GO GET AN EMPTY CUP FROM A BAR. WALK AROUND BOURBON STREET AND WHEN YOU SEE SOME DRUNK ASS YUPPIES WITH SOME BEER, HOLD OUT YOUR CUP AND SAY, 'SPARE A SPILL?' SOME DRUNKS WILL POUR YOU HALF THEIR BEER!" WE THANK THEM FOR THE TIP AND LEAVE.

FINALLY, WE FIND DECATOUR AND WALK ALL THE WAY TO THE END BEFORE WE REALIZE THAT WE HAVE BEEN WALKING THE WRONG WAY. SO WE TURN AROUND AND START WALKING BACK UP THE STREET. WE COME ACROSS AN INFORMATION BOOTH AND GO INSIDE TO LOOK AT THE TOURISM PAMPHLETS. WE LOOK AT BROCHURES FOR A WHILE AND THE DUDE THAT WORKS THERE GIVES GORKY A PAMPHLET FOR SOME VAMPIRE TOUR. "THIS IS REALLY COOL," HE SAYS, AND SITS BACK BEHIND THE DESK. SO WE'RE ALL LOOKING AT THE BROCHURE AND SHIT AND

HE'S LIKE, "I CAN GET YOU TWO BUCKS OFF THE VAMPIRE TOUR!" AND HE TRIES TO GET US TO SIGN UP FOR IT. "NO, THAT'S OKAY," WE TELL HIM. THEN DUDE LOOKS AT GORKY AND SAYS, "ARE YOU BLAZIN' MAN?" "WHA?" GORKY WAS SHOCKED, AS WAS I. "BLAZIN', MAN. TRIPPIN'." (YOU KNOW LIKE ON ACID.) THE ONLY REASON THIS IS REALLY NOTEWORTHY IS BECAUSE THE DUDE WAS ALL FUCKING PROFESSIONAL LOOKING AND SHIT. IT CAUGHT US OFF GUARD. AND NO, GORKY WAS NOT "BLAZIN'."

SO WE HIT DECATOUR AGAIN. FINALLY WE STUMBLE ACROSS THE FLYER BOARD: NOT ONE FUCKING FLYER ON IT. THEN WE SEE CHECKPOINT CHARLIES, WHICH, TO OUR DISMAY, IS 21+. FUCK, WE THINK, AND DECIDE TO GO BACK TO BOURBON STREET TO BEG FOR BEER. ERIC GETS A CUP AND WE SIT ON THE CORNER. MANY PEOPLE PASS, THOUGH UNFORTUNATELY NONE OF THEM ARE KIND ENOUGH TO "SPARE A SPILL." ALL OF THE SUDDEN WE HEAR, "HEY!" AND TURN TO FIND THE FIRST GUY WE MET, THE BLACK DUDE, CRACKING A SAINT IDES. GORKY HOLDS OUT HIS CUP AND THE DUDE POURS HIM SOME. HE ASKS US FOR BUS FARE, WHICH WE DON'T HAVE, AND HE LEAVES, SAYING HE'S GOT TO

FIND SOME. A WHILE LATER WE STAND UP AND START WALKING. WE RUN INTO THE DUDE AGAIN AND HE GIVES ME THE REST OF THE ST IDES. THEN I GET TRICKED INTO PAYING FOR A SHOE SHINE BY A VERY TRICKY STREET GUY, BUT WE WALK ON. WE SIT DOWN ON ANOTHER CORNER NEXT TO A BAR CALLED OZ, WHICH I SOON DISCOVER TO BE A GAY BAR. WE DECIDE TO USE THIS TO OUR ADVANTAGE, MAKING EYES A GAY BOYS, HOPING THEY'LL BUY US BEERS. NOPE. BEFORE TOO LONG, A BIG GAY BOUNCER COMES OUT AND TELLS US TO STOP LOITERING AGAINST THE BUILDING.

(GORKY WRITING NOW.) SO WE CROSS THE STREET AND LOITER OVER THERE, THINKING OF A WAY TO GET BEER. THEN A VERY DRUNK BLACK DUDE CARRYING TWO VERY LARGE BEERS SITS ON A TRASH RECEPTACLE IN FRONT OF US. I ASK HIM HOW MUCH HE PAID FOR THE BREW (HE SAYS \$2) AND ASK IF HE'LL BUY ME ONE. HE GIVES ME HIS OTHER BEER INSTEAD AND I GIVE HIM THE 2 BUCKS. RIGHT THEN I TURN TO SEE THE JOSHER TALKING TO SOME CHICK. WE BASICALLY TELL HER WE'RE LOOKING FOR BEER, TO WHICH SHE REPLIES, "BEER? THEN WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING ON BOURBON STREET???" SAY I: "WE'RE FROM WISCONSIN."

(JOSHER WRITING AGAIN): SO THIS CHICK TRIES TO SELL US SOME "DRUGS." WE RESPECTFULLY DECLINE, AND SHE TELLS US THAT THERE IS A BAR ON DECATAUR STREET THAT WILL SERVE US IF SHE TELLS THE BARTENDER THAT WE'RE WITH HER. SO I LEAVE MY SEAT ON THE PAVEMENT AND WALK WITH HER TO THE BAR. ON THE WAY SHE TALKS

ABOUT LOTS OF FUCKED UP SHIT. SHE WARNS US TO BE WEARY OF PIGGERS, BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO THROW KIDS IN JAIL FOR DUMB REASONS. SOME EXAMPLES: IF YOU ARE DRUNK AND THEY CAN'T PROVE IT WITH A BREATHALIZOR, THEY WILL BUST YOU FOR "LEANING WITH INTENT TO FALL."

THE GUTTER PUNKS WHO LIVE ON "THE ROCKS" ARE OFTEN NAILED FOR "IMPERSONATION OF A HUMAN BEING."

SHE ALSO TELLS US THAT WHEN PEOPLE SEE THE "VAMPIRE ANKH" THAT SHE WEARS, THEY SCOWL AT HER AND THAT BITING IS A CRIME IN NEW ORLEANS.

"AND WHATEVER YOU DO, IF YOU WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH A GIRL," SHE SAYS, "MAKE SURE SHE WALKS ON THE INSIDE. OTHERWISE PEOPLE WILL GET THE WRONG IDEA." I ASSUME SHE MEANS PEOPLE WILL THINK WE'RE GAY, BUT I, MYSELF, HAD THE WRONG IDEA. "PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE SELLING HER." OH, THAT CLEARS UP THE CONFUSION.

ABRUPTLY SHE STOPS. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" ERIC ASKS. "IF THEY SEE ME OUT HERE AND I'M NOT TRYING TO SELL THESE DRUGS, THEY'LL BE MAD." I CAN'T HELP BUT CHUCKLE AT THE FOOLISHNESS OF THIS LAST STATEMENT.

"WE NEED BEER!"

"WELL, IF I TAKE YOU THERE WILL YOU BUY ME A DRINK?" SHE ASKS. GORKY LOOKS AT HER FUNNY. "C'MON!" SHE BEGS.

"FUCK, IF YOU GET US INTO THE BAR, I'LL BUY YOU A FUCKING DRINK!" I SAY.

WE TURN ONTO DECATAUR. THIS BITCH SEEMS TO KNOW EVERYONE. WE WALK PAST TWO OLD ASS HIPPIES IN A DOORWAY. IT SMELLS LIKE WEED. SHE SAYS, "THOSE ARE JUST A COUPLE OF OLD POTHEADS," I WAVE TO THEM AND SMILE. WE WALK ON. WE COME ACROSS TWO OTHER DUDES, BOTH JUST A BIT OLDER THAN US. WE SHAKE HANDS AND TELL THEM WE DROVE HERE FROM WISCONSIN. GORKY ASKS, "DO YOU LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS?"

THE YOUNGER OF THE TWO SAYS, "SOMETIMES." THE CRACKWHORE LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY. "WE GOTTA GET TO THE BAR," SHE SAYS.

"WELCOME TO LOUSY-ANA," SAYS THE YOUNGER DUDE, WHO IS WEARING A JIMI HENDRIX T-SHIRT.

"STAY OUTTA JAIL," SAYS HIS FRIEND.

"THANKS FOR THE TIP," I SAY.

"I'M SERIOUS, MAN. THEY'LL FUCK YA."

WILL THE JOSHER™ AND GORKY STAY OUT OF JAIL???
WHAT OTHER KINDS OF CRAZY MOTHERFUCKERS WILL THEY MEET
ON THEIR WAY BACK TO WISCONSIN??? YOU'LL HAVE TO READ CZAR

#2 IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT!!!

"Watch me do the work/I realize what I've done/Distort you/Deny you/I let you go/I let you go/I LET YOU GO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!/I LET YOU GO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" The Metroschifter.

Wow. So it's been a long time since I last wrote, and that is because I had a goal to finish this zine by May 1st, and all that was left was to lay out a couple of pages and I put it off and off and off. Now I realize that if I am going to wait to get it out, I should at least be writing more shit in the meantime, ya know?

So, some shit is different now. Since I got the job at the cleaners I have saved over a thousand bucks, and my goals have changed.

My girlfriend Teri is going to move to Orlando in a couple of months. Most of the people that I know think that this is a stupid decision, but we're in love and I NEVER hear from any of them, so who cares? I gotta do things the way that I feel comfortable, so if they don't understand, fuck it.

I have learned the lesson that no one that you call your friend will ever let something like loyalty or embarrassment override their desire to better their immediate personal condition by fucking you over. This can be demonstrated in a number of different ways. I suppose the breaking of a promise or "sacred pact" is probably the most common, but there are infinite possibilities. Anyway, I guess if none of my old friends care if they lose my friendship, I can handle that.

I hate to cut ties or burn bridges, but no one else gives a fuck anyway, so why bother? I just have to trust that somewhere there exists a circle of friends that doesn't talk shit about or otherwise fuck each other over. I know that is a stretch, but it COULD happen. If you know of a scene that doesn't have these undesirable qualities, please let me know and I'll be on the next fucking train!!!!

Don't let me sound too bitter-I'm really quite okay. I don't have to deny my feelings to anyone (esp. myself) anymore and I feel much better. There is now an end in sight, I have more money than I've ever had in my whole life--basically it's all good from here on out. As Tom Petty says, The Waiting is the Hardest Part. (Maybe you're not a Petty fan, but I sure am. The other day I was asking myself, "What happened to the good, ol' fashioned rock star?" Nowadays, it's all about either a metal or rap style. It seems the day of the rock n' roll band-the Stones, the Kinks, Fleetwood Mac, etc-had passed, and it's unfortunate. Of course I love metal and rap, and I don't mean to sound TOO old, but some variety would be nice.)

Maybe I should explain a little bit. Well, here it goes...

One November evening (it was a Saturday) Teri and I got into a whopping fight. I know you know the kind: it lasts like six hours and when it's over you feel all drained and overwhelmed. It seemed to me as though ending the relationship would be less trouble than actually solving our problems, and as the sun came up that Sunday morning and I finished my 600th beer, I decided that Teri and I should probably break up.

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In what was perhaps a last ditch effort to save our relationship, I ran away to Richmond, Virginia, thinking that some time away from the situation may make us both feel better. In actuality it really only fucked things up more.

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It had been three years since that painful day that I had to leave Richmond. I had one week's notice that I was going to be moving to Waukesha, Wisconsin to live with my mom, stepdad, and sister. At the time I had been in a relationship with a girl named Meesha, who I was very in love with. So I left. There was little (if any) closure between Meesha and I, but I was forced to get over the loss and move on with my life.

Three years later, on the Monday after the dreadful fight with Teri, Gorky and I were speeding across the country in Gorky's Lumina. The plan was to stay with my Dad in Richmond for two weeks, and then go on to Orlando for Thanksgiving with my Mom.

fff

As you can probably imagine, once in Richmond, seeing Meesha again after all those years opened the door for a whole slew of resurfaced old feelings. After all, we had really never officially "broken up" even though we had only talked maybe four times during the first month that I was gone. And with my brains in such a vulnerable state, I slipped right back into where I had left off three fucking years ago.

LA MAPA

I know you're thinking, "what an asshole! How could he do that to poor Teri--all she ever did was love him!" Yeah, I knew it was wrong and I knew I was being dumb, and even now, eight months later, I am still plagued with guilt over the whole ordeal, but the fact is that by going back to Richmond in such a state was, in essence, putting myself in a situation that I had little control over.

Johnny T. s House

Let me say that I don't regret going to Richmond in the least. I love Richmond more than anywhere else, and would jump at any opportunity to return. It's just that I shouldn't have gone feeling like I did, and I probably should've gone with Teri so that I could share the city that I love with her.

to support travel the hands

Also, though this is none of anybody's business, Meesha and I didn't sleep together or anything like that while I was there, but we did hold hands and stuff, and basically acted like we had never broken up. I also said lots of things that I'm sure I shouldn't have.

↑ SPILLIN' THE BEANS ↑

After our stay in Richmond, Gorky and I drove on down to Orlando and relaxed in my parents mansion. It really gave me a chance to turn over everything in my head, and try to decide what I should do. This is when I made the decision to break up with Teri and move on down South to Richmond Punk Nation. I told Gorky my plan and he was actually rather supportive. I even invited him to come on down with me. We could get a place, start a new band, and smear our names all over a different part of the country. He wasn't interested. I guess there must be something likable about the dreary, cold Midwest to some people. Not me.

During the ride back up North, I was psyched at my newfound "enlightenment" in regard to the situation and was confident that I was making the right decision.

It wasn't so easy, however, once I returned to Milwaukee.

I told most of my friends about my decisions and everybody was cool about it and everything, though they later fucked me over by blabbing about my escapades. The one person I didn't tell was Teri. The problem was that she and I were getting along better than we ever had before during our entire relationship. We were really enjoying each other's company and were very much in love. Inside, I was really doubting that breaking up with Teri was the right thing to do, but whenever such thoughts emerged I would push them away, telling myself that all I needed was time to get over her and that dumping her was right and we weren't meant to be, etc, etc, etc.

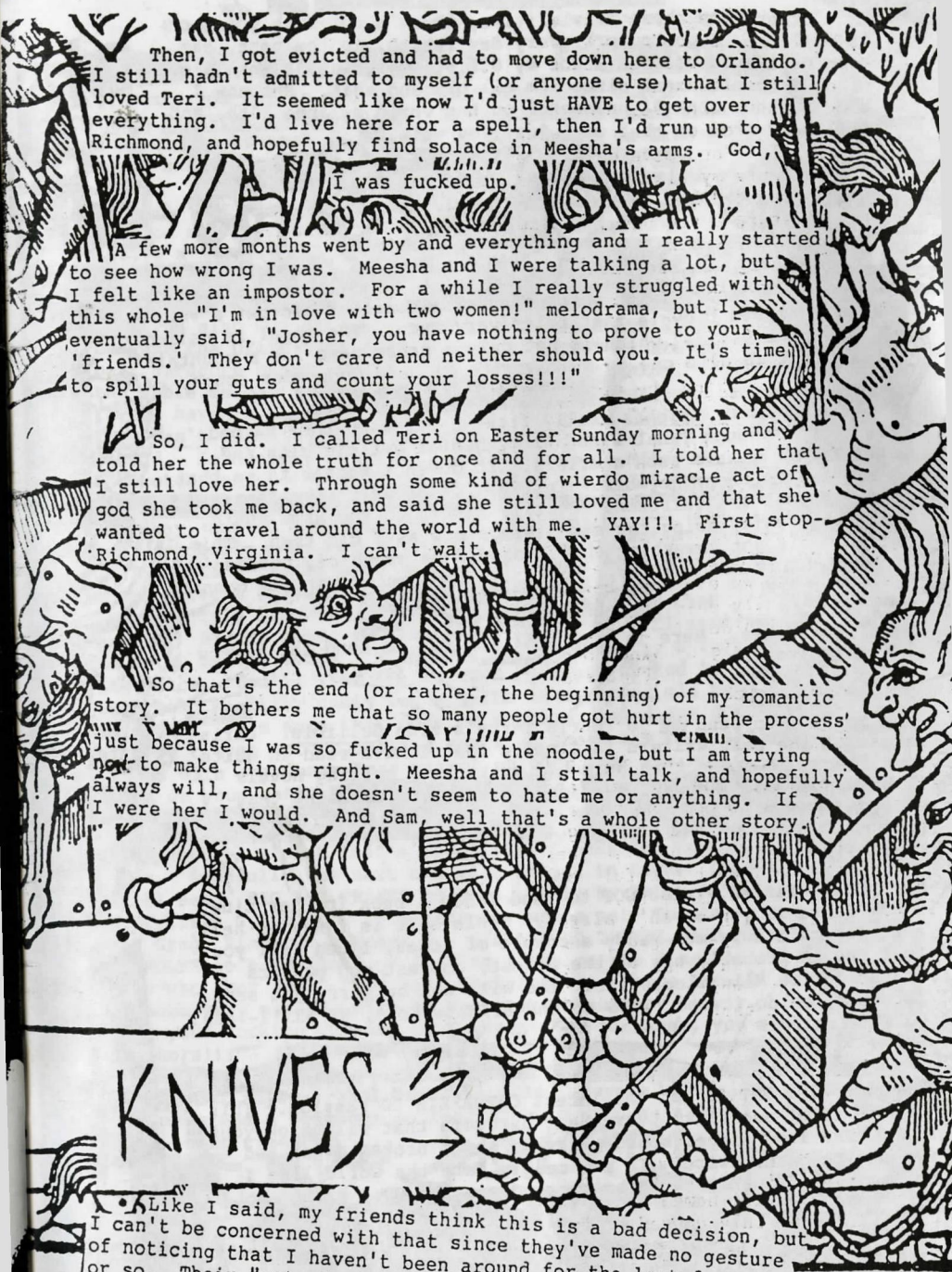
Meanwhile, I was keeping in steady contact with Meesha via the mail. She and her (and my!) friend Emily had made arrangements to come up for a visit in mid-February; now I had a time limit. I had really gotten myself into a very fucked up situation. I had woven the proverbial tangled web of deceit and, though I kept careful not to show it, it was really wearing on me. The few times that I would voice my uneasiness about breaking up with Teri to my friends, they would tell me to just do it and I'd feel better, that worrying about it was stupid, and that Teri was just an annoying bitch anyway. Finally, on January 21st, while drunk, I just did it. I think I cried more than she did that night.

The next day when I woke up, I didn't feel any better.

A couple weeks went by and I still felt the same.

In what I thought would be some consolation, I had drunken sex with a girl named Sam. This didn't make me feel any better either, and only caused confusion and frustration for the poor girl.

Meesha came and went. We had a great time during her visit, but all I could think about was how unfair it was for all parties involved, now matter how happy I seemed or how "right" it felt.



Then, I got evicted and had to move down here to Orlando. I still hadn't admitted to myself (or anyone else) that I still loved Teri. It seemed like now I'd just HAVE to get over everything. I'd live here for a spell, then I'd run up to Richmond, and hopefully find solace in Meesha's arms. God, I was fucked up.

A few more months went by and everything and I really started to see how wrong I was. Meesha and I were talking a lot, but I felt like an impostor. For a while I really struggled with this whole "I'm in love with two women!" melodrama, but I eventually said, "Josher, you have nothing to prove to your 'friends.' They don't care and neither should you. It's time to spill your guts and count your losses!!!"

So, I did. I called Teri on Easter Sunday morning and told her the whole truth for once and for all. I told her that I still love her. Through some kind of wierdo miracle act of god she took me back, and said she still loved me and that she wanted to travel around the world with me. YAY!!! First stop- Richmond, Virginia. I can't wait.

So that's the end (or rather, the beginning) of my romantic story. It bothers me that so many people got hurt in the process just because I was so fucked up in the noodle, but I am trying not to make things right. Meesha and I still talk, and hopefully always will, and she doesn't seem to hate me or anything. If I were her I would. And Sam, well that's a whole other story.

KNIVES

Like I said, my friends think this is a bad decision, but I can't be concerned with that since they've made no gesture of noticing that I haven't been around for the last four months or so. Their "out of sight, out of mind" mentality is killing me cuz I need them very badly at this point in my life, but I have no choice but to just say, "fuck it" and move on. I'll just have to make new friends.

AL PUNISHMENT FOR THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. THE ANGRY ARE DISMEMBERED ALIVE. (FROM CALENDRIER ET COMPOST DES BERGIERS, PRINTED BY NICOLAS LE ROUGE, TROYES, 1496.)

Other than these trivialities, there's not much going on in my life. I go to work every day (which, in the past, has been quit a feat!) and I got my G.E.D., which ain't really much of an accomplishment since I'm all old and shit. But now I hope to have CZAR #1 unleashed on the world my June 20th, and I'll hold true on that one, just you wait.

A couple days ago was my "special day." I turned 20. That's cool, I guess. One year closer to being able to legally buy alcohol. I know, I know, not much of a goal. I did get a very cool 15 speed bicycle that rules very much. The model is called "The Great Divide" which is not only a great name for a mountain bike, but is also one of my favorite Pinhead Gunpowder songs.

Lot's of my friends really freaked out when they turned 20. Oddly enough (what with all my mental deficiencies and all) I didn't have such a crisis. It doesn't matter to me that I'm not a teenager anymore. Inside, I feel quite the same as I did when I was thirteen. I still listen to the same music, and still enjoy doing the same things now as I did then. This is probably not something that I should be proud of, because it's probably not healthy. But..... (you know what I'm gonna say) FUCK IT!!!!

Okeee Dokee. Here is some shit you GOT to send for if you haven't already:

You GOT to send [] for Chris Terry's zine Gullible. Chris is one of the best writers in Zinedom that I have read in quite some time. It seems that he could write best selling novels if he wanted to. Anyway, he does a great personal zine that everyone should read. Send him a buck for his latest issue (you can afford it, you cheapo motherfucker): PO BOX 4909/ Richmond, VA 23220.

You definitely also GOT to send Maddy a buck for her zine, Tight Pants if you haven't already. This shit is funny as hell, and, though I only met Maddy a couple of times, I can tell you that she is probably one of the nicest, coolest pop punkers in the entire Milwaukee scene. You will not be sorry you sent for this, so do it up: 2208 N 72nd ST/Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808. DO IT!!!

You also GOT to get the latest CATHARSIS CD Passion. This is some tight ass shit! Very fast hardcore that will blow your mind. The lead singer sounds like he shits broken glass and wipes with barbed wire. If you really hate the world like I do, send WILL COLE \$10 and he'll send you the CD. Write him at: Handstand Records/PO BOX 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302. There are a number of other distros you could get this one from (or you could order it direct from CrimethINC) but Will is doing the distro thing and that is fucking cool. So send him your dough.

Next, you GOT to get the OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN double CD When Everythings Been Said. If you haven't heard them yet, you should be ashamed of yourself. They broke up last year (anyone know if they're doing anything else now?) but this 2xCD remains. It's most (not all) off their shit. 77 tight ass political (but not preachy) pop punks songs. If you like pop punk, you can get this from Will also (see above) for \$9, which is quite a steal.

You also GOT to get either of the two DEATH WISH KIDS 7"s because the DEATH WISH KIDS fucking rule. They are one of the best hardcore bands around right now in my opinion. They do the whole melodic screamy voice thing with super evil guitars. If you haven't sent for their two 7"s There's Nothing In School They Can't Teach You On the Streets and Demo yet, you really should. Send three bucks for each of them to Mikey at: Hopscotch Records/PO BOX 55783/Valencia, CA 91385

Okay, now it's my turn to push the merch. You like pop punk? Probably not, but if you do, you might want my old band THE INSIGHTS 7" Girls Hate Me. Don't really know what to compare it to, because it doesn't rip anyone else off. I guess it's kinda a little like MTX meets Crimpshine, but even that is a stretch. At any rate, send me three bucks and I'll send you one. YOU be the judge. Also send fifty cents for a very cool CZAR patch. You'll like it, I swear. If you wanted to you could send me fifty cents for a patch of my other old band, THE GONERS. I'm sure that none of you ever heard THE GONERS so I won't even bother telling you that these are cool ass patches with our Goner Bear mascot on them that you would love to put on your pants.

Well, I s'pose that's about it. Thanks for reading my zine. Hopefully the next one will be out in August some time. We'll see. BIG ASS THANKS to Teri, Kelly K, Emily F, Melissa M, Melissa C, Colin S (you actually wrote me! Thanks!), Megan N., Greg, Ricky, and Homer S. BIG ASS NO THANKS, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES to a shitload of fucking assholes who I assume all know who they are. Fuck you, assholes!!! I hope you all die of some very painful disease that takes you very slowly. I'd slit your fucking throats if I weren't so far away, you fucking traitors!!!

But anyway, this has been CZAR. Anyone who writes me is guaranteed a response so feel free to drop me a line! Til next time.....

The JOSH ERTM

A COUPLE OF THINGS I FORGOT:

DISTROS, STORES AND WHATNOT CAN ORDER BULK COPIES OF CZAR FOR FIFTY CENTS, PROVIDED THAT THEY ORDER AT LEAST TEN COPIES. ANYONE KNOW WHERE I COULD GET IN TOUCH WITH JASON SPARKS? HE USED TO DO (STILL DOES?) A TOTALLY RAD COMICS ZINE CALLED IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN AT LEAST FIVE YEARS, SO IF ANYONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT HOW I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM, LET ME KNOW.

ALSO, I WILL TRADE COPIES OF CZAR AS WELL AS INSIGHTS 7" S WITH ANYONE WHO HAS ANYTHING TO TRADE. SINGLE COPIES AS WELL AS BULK.

STILL NEED ADS, OF COURSE....
THANKS AGAIN FOR READING.....

Officer who responded to 911 charged in rape

MEDIA, Pa. — A police officer as charged Thursday with raping woman twice, then returning to her house and raping her again after she called 911 for help. Christopher Scaggs, 27, was freed on \$5,000 bail and placed on administrative leave. Scaggs responded to a call at a Glenolden, Pa., home Monday, authorities said. There, prosecutors said, Scaggs raped the woman twice and then left. The woman later called 911.

He was hung up before speaking to anyone. Dispatchers traced the call and ordered a patrol car sent. Scaggs responded and allegedly raped the woman again, prosecutors said.



...act? That would be fabulous. ...n't be ha...

IF MAY 22 IS YOUR BIRTHDAY:

You may not be much of a businessperson, but this year it will sure pay you to learn! You want to be outspoken in May and June, but you'll make a better deal if you keep important conversations confidential. Heed an older friend's confidential tip in July and save a bundle. Don't let your sweetheart or kids talk you out of your savings in October. Your relationship goes through changes in December. Back to basics is better. Keep your money safely stashed away in January so you can travel to a favorite place in February.

1-2 Citrus fruit 56 lbs