

STUPID ETHIC

Free for now

Included: shite, rubbish,
tired remedies,
over-bred genes
and old-school disregard

issue two



Moral Opinions

Typical of my plights and me, assuming that this is all there is to whom I portray, which eventually may leave you awe struck. And that is exactly where I want you. Always open to surprises, unbeknownst to you. The surprise is that you never know what might be said or in what context. So tread carefully.

How many chances do I get to make it wrong? So many times I have tried to make it right and failed. Seems endless, the possibilities of either, neither, here, nor there. Is there a right and wrong in this world or merely opinion? Moral standards were the norm in the colonial days, but now as an advanced society are we bound by fringe groups who's only motivation is to make their opinions law? Who is to decide the fate of many?

Politicians have dropped the ball, celebrities are non-reliant, and sports figures are so wrapped up in endorsements to care about the people who have made them.

It's the American way. Give me what I want, and then get the fuck out of my face.

Humanity has been replaced by a survivalist front. Wouldn't be so bad if we were in the midst of war...or are we?

Law

Spew

Where is everyone? 400 issues of number one out and only one very kind response? (thanx S.P.)

In issue one I said I didn't have shit to say. To quote Billy Joe "I'm a walking contradiction." Hope I have kept it diverse enough for you (if anyone actually reads this trash).

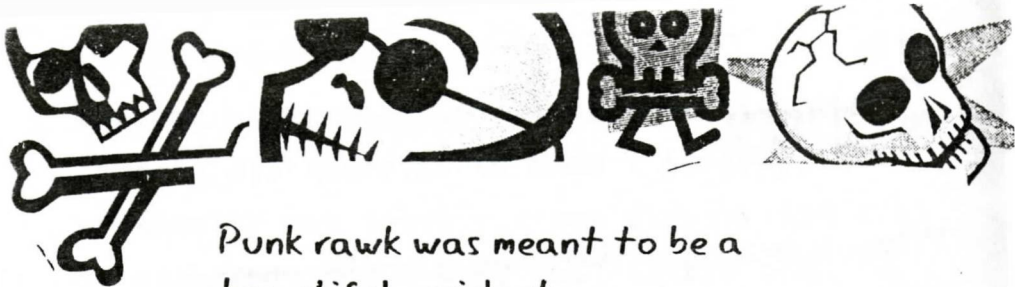
It really is a surprise that my old 'zine in Jax. received more of a response. Oh well, preserve I shall. Count down... three years to graduation and my ticket out of here, so in the meantime enjoy my ramblings.

Send any submissions, criticism, hate mail, poetry (limited to that of death and destruction), band/show reviews/info, whatever you got in email format to:

ethicslur@hotmail.com

Any local bands sincere about doing an interview, feel free contact me. Until then I will continue to rip off the internet. Website coming soon.

SHORT BUS THANKS TO: Adrienne,
Mark (dark and regular), Robin, the Poor
House, The Shenanigans, Irish Car Bomb, The
Culture Room, Bobby Load, Mrs. Christ, Ms.
Carl, Print Dynamics, beer, weed, punk rawk



Punk rawk was meant to be a
beautiful accident...



Not something planned...pre-determined
Millions of kids in the sixties

Trying to emulate

Acts like the Who or the Stones...

Fake southern accents

Make me sick

Evil and the Montell's

During '66 were the best Florida bands

No one noticed what they did



They were not British

Though they hung out with the outlaws

Not necessarily the biker gang

But they were cool. It was all the same

Live and learn, who is paying attention?

You can fart in a microphone

Still doesn't mean that you have any soul

But some times it does

Does it make me a fool? Or a strategically
placed landmine...

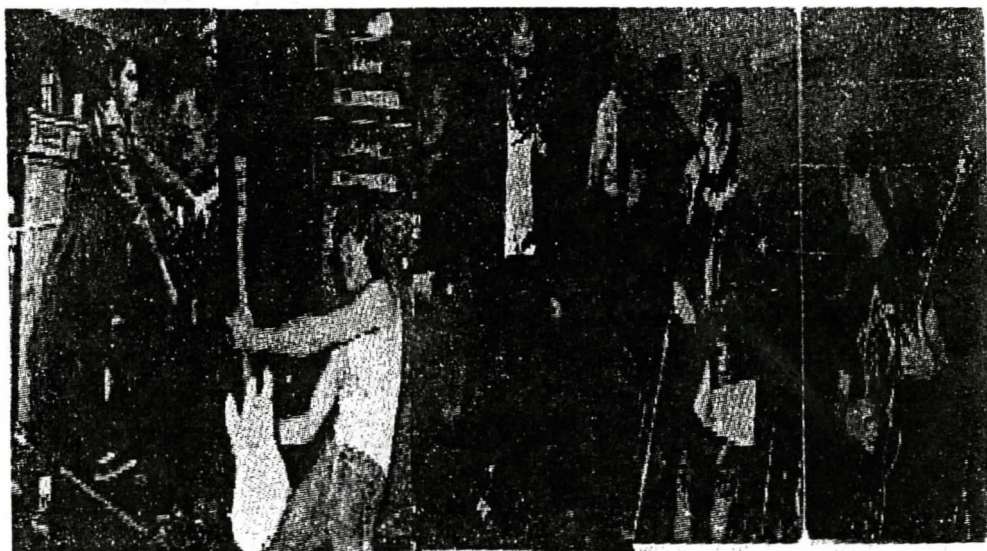


I can't claim anything, cause it's not mine.



How to write a punk song:

- #1...think about the worst thing that has ever happened and make jest of it
- #2...drink yourself into oblivion and spew something on a report card
- #3...take a trip on the nearest bus/mass transit system
- #4...living paycheck to paycheck is conductive
- #5...try to do anything that involves another person
- #6...consistent bad hair days have been known to provoke genius
- #7...did I mention drinking?
- #8...abstinence from commercial success and reveling in it...
- #9...fall in love
- #10...refuse to eat your broccoli



Public Service Announcement

When you get those pre-approved letters in the mail for everything from credit cards to 2nd mortgages and junk like that, most of them come with postage paid return envelopes, right? Well, why not get rid of some of your other junk mail and put it in those cool little envelopes!

Send an ad for your local chimney cleaner to American Express. Or a pizza coupon to Citibank. If you didn't get anything else that day, then just send them their application back! Just make sure your name isn't on anything you send them! Heck, you can send it back empty if you want to just to keep 'em guessing!

Eventually, the banks and credit card companies will begin getting all their crap back in the mail. Let's let them know what it's like to get junk mail, and best of all...

THEY'RE paying for it! Twice! Let's help keep our postal service busy since they say e-mail is cutting into their business, and that's why they need to increase postage again!

Thanks to : Ruben!mt via email



Recent Shows That Rocked:

Early-mid August Mary Tyler Whores at Culture Room

What the hell do these Monster Zero people think they are doing? OK, fine...I don't have to go. But I wanted to see the Mary Tyler Whores. Must there always be penitence? And then only three songs? I was so robbed. The 26th will be your redemption.

August 12th Ex-Cretins at Tavern 213

...did not attend this show, as the Tavern and I have something of a Hatfield and McCoy thing going on right now. I was however responsible for booking the show, so feel it is only proper to say a few nice words. I was unaware they had previously been banned (something about a music fest gone bloody), that is so punk rawk!!

August 19th Kill Allen Wrench and the Mentors at Freez

...finished flyering just in time to catch Gardy-Loo open. Have seen their name around for many years but never had the pleasure of seeing them perform. Actually the pleasure lied in the music and not in the visuals. Kill Allen Wrench was entertaining to say the least, if you are into alcoholic, wife abusers with a sense of humor. He was a very funny guy (ended up at the LaQuinta??) The Mentors were as they have always been, after all these years. Cheers brothers!

August 23rd Stuck On Evil at Metal Factory

...some band was playing when I arrived. They were "rockin," apparently not enough for me to bother to get a name. Stuck on Evil took the stage around 12:45. I asked everyone who they would compare their sound too, as I was drawing a blank. Best answer I got was Creed on Valium. Fortunately, this is America and there is a market for everyone, so good luck on your 7-week tour guys.

SALAD DAZE by the White Kaps

*I'M GONNA LIVE MY SALAD DAZE FOREVER,
I'M NOT GONNA TAKE MY LIFE SO SERIOUSLY.
I DONT WANNA BE A PART OF YOUR GROWN-UP
WORLD,
I JUST CANT HANG OUT AND DO WHAT I'M TOLD ALL
THE TIME.*

*NO WAY
NOT ME
NOPE
NO CAN DO.*

*I'M GONNA LIVE MY SALAD DAZE FOREVER,
I'M GONNA STAY YOUNG AT HEART FOR THE REST OF
MY LIFE.
I DONT WANNA BE A PART OF YOUR CORPORATE
WORLD,
LIFE FULL OF HEADACHES, PAYCHECK, DRUGSTORE.*

*NO WAY
NOT ME
NOPE
NO CAN DO.*



DECLINE OF RIGHTS:

I'm sure that I am not the only one who has been noticing the gradual decline in basic rights and freedoms. Before I continue, I would like to stress that I am not an advocate of anarchy; not enough faith in the human race. And far be it from me to attempt to educate the masses that speed by me in their over-priced automobiles as I honestly cycle to work on any given day. The need for order and an agency to follow through assuring that the laws, of what is generally referred to as the "moral majority," are upheld is undeniable. But this gradual, though noticeable, shift to a police state is beginning to overwhelm.

The days of walking into your local quik stop to buy a porno mag are numbered. Used to be no one was any the wiser. With today's increasing technology and paranoia, you may be followed and put under surveillance as a sexual deviant. First time in Hollywood? Don't ask anyone one on the street for directions. You may have your car impounded and a lot of explaining to do. Swimsuit season? Hit the mall and the changing rooms, sounds innocent enough. The following week your significant other approaches you, "What are you doing on the internet nude?" Who are you to point a finger? Pervert!

Did you know that Broward has begun a bicycle militia? Short story about a personal experience...Cycling home a little later than normal, I was "pulled over."

What suspicious activity I was so obviously engaged in was never stated. "You stopping for me?" I asked as the lights continued to whirl.
Cont. next page...

Two officers exited the cruiser in typical good cop- bad cop fashion, like a forgettable episode of Dragnet; one tall and narrow, the other short and portly.

"Where you going?"

"Home," I stated matter of factly.

"Where do you live?"

"Wilton Manors," now dumb founded.

"Is your bike registered?" as if I had blood on my hands.

"I just bought it and haven't had the time. I've heard I need to."

Mind you that when I bought it at a local bike shop, I was not informed of the legalities involved in bicycle ownership.

"You know if it isn't registered we can take it," the lankier officer friendly remarked smugly.

It was one of those white heat, flash moments. He was sincerely threatening to confiscate my shiny new bike in lieu of a three-dollar county mandated sticker? I have a receipt. His generosity really too much, he "let me off" with a verbal warning "this time."

I remember when growing up looked like such fun. The idea of making my own decisions was intriguing. Now that I have arrived, I feel myself under rising scrutiny. I see it as glass house situation and nothing I have done up to now is worthy of an old-fashioned stoning. Good lashing or two, perhaps.

I accept the ideology that government control is progressing more rapidly than anyone should deem comfortable. At the same time comprehending that there is nothing I can do to stop the monster. Realize that I can offer no solution, just doing what I can to not to become apathetic.

Patsy crime

Let's Put it to a Vote

Still as bad as it once had seemed
No one gets every one of their dreams

Lucky enough that I'm still ahead
Sometimes I have fun, but always a
pillow ~~for~~ my head

Too many are far worse than me

Is this justice or irony?

Politicians sleep fine at night

Breakfast in bed, take away another
right

His day's work is never done

Got to make a meeting and then do
lunch

Why do politicians work so much less
Than any of their constituents?

Political leaders should make the
median salary of their district

That is where the heart of the
community lies

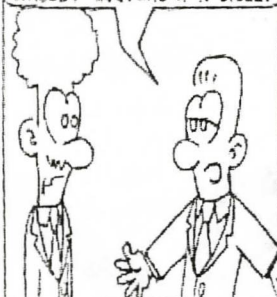
Are they afraid they could not live
on that?

What a fabulous motivational tool;
Public servants live among us not
above us.

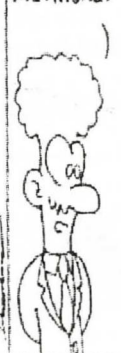
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,
MY SCHOOL BOOKS SAY
THE "WHIPS" ARE NOT
INTENDED FOR PUNISHING
UN-BRIBED CONGRESSMEN.



EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS
SYSTEM IS BASED ON BRIBERY.
IT'S BEEN THIS WAY SINCE
THE PRESIDENT BEGAN TO
SWEAR HIS OATH ON HIS
WALLET INSTEAD OF A BIBLE.



ISN'T THAT
KIND OF
UNETHICAL?



HEE HEE... HOW CUTE?
FROM THAT LOOK YOU
COULD HAVE FOOLED ME
TO THINK YOU STILL
HAD A SOUL?



TOMBOYS ARE GIRLS, TOO

What is it with men? They complain about every little thing that makes a woman a woman, but a chic is an unacceptable date. Do I need more shoes? Is my hair not complicated enough? Are my mannerisms too relaxed? Should I whine like Mariah Carey? Where are the boundaries? Pretend to want someone down to earth when all they really want are trophies and traumas. Attraction is merely delusional. No one ever really knows what they want until they find it, and even then there are lines that must be crossed. The ideal for me may be down right dirty to most. Maybe I am not high enough maintenance to keep the interest going, and maybe I am still working my angle.

Hair out of place, lipstick missing in action, comfortably dressed, and ready for anything with nowhere to go, this is the story of my life. I have no hang-ups, little baggage, and am a self-sufficient individual, too much to handle? Would you feel like you have nothing to offer? That may be true in a perfect world, but this is reality. Everyone needs companionship, not just the damsels in distress. My tits are not hiked to my chin and my shoes are sensible, this is not a signal to piss off. A little intellectual conversation can go a long way.

Unfortunately, it is not readily available, back logged really. Though it may have been said that I am a patient soul, I do have a tendency to exaggerate. Lies will get you everywhere except where you truly want to be. If only I could have learned that anyway but the hard.



Bulemics

Bulemics PO Box 49467 Austin, TX 78765

1. List your band members, their instruments, and favorite beer.

Gerry- Vocals, Bud Ice

Gabe- Lead guitar, Chimay Grande Reserve

Wes- Guitar, Lone Star

Jay- Drums, Bud in the bottle

Craig- Bass, Lone Star

2. Tell me about the first time you got drunk.

I was 14 at a Motley Crue concert. My Dad is a big writer for a local paper, so he scored me and a friend two backstage passes. Vince and Tommy got us both drunk and somehow talked two bleach-blonde metal sluts into having sex with us. Two very important firsts in one night. No shit.

3. What records do you have out?

Two singles and an LP on Junk. A 10"/CD on Man's Ruin.

Upcoming LP on Scotland's TSB. Shitloads of comp appearances and much more to cum.

4. Tell me about the drunkest you've ever been or something you did while you were drunk that you regret.

At my parents house. Me and a chick split a bottle of Everclear worth of Jello shots. Don't remember shit, but woke up with a bunch of shit broken at their house, and two weeks later I learned that I had contracted clamidia from that fateful evening. The disease is long gone, but the emotional scars will live forever.

5. What are your favorite songs about drinking?

"Drinkenstein" by Sylvester Stallone from the movie Rhinestone.

"I Never Cry" by Alice Cooper". "Sleeping in My Piss" by GG Allin. "I Wish You Were a Beer" by the Cycle Sluts from Hell.

Another Charity Case II

With my enemies close and friends at bay, I am getting used to these Fort Lauderdale ways. Learning how to hide myself, all the while showing face. When confronted with pressure, making an effort to handle it with grace. Without proof, anything could have been said. All depends on which side of the fence you land. Too many are walking the line and refuse to take a stance. I am not like you and never will be. Don't like what I say or what I do? Walk away and keep your opinions to you. Cause you can't faze someone as jaded as I have become. Never wanted to be this way, it really is quite sad. My consolation is I know my worth and will not take shit from the likes of you. Good luck and I hope someday you learn to be true. patsy crime





Rest in Peace

Angie

You are loved and missed!!

From all your friends and family downtown

**Eat at Creolina's, drink at
the Poor House, sober up
at Two Street Coffee Shop
and get your gear at Uncle
Sam's. Support the
independents!!**

ANOTHER USELESS MOVIE REVIEW

Woke up late, typical Saturday afternoon. Flicked on the tube to take in a little surfing before motivation became an issue. TNT truly does have the best Saturday afternoon mind numbing line-up. This particular one was no exception. A John Hughes/Molly Ringwald Marathon!! What luck! Motivation??

The opener was the *Breakfast Club*; a definitive 80's staple piece. Seventy percent of all Generation X-ers can quote over sixty percent of the dialogue. **BLANK SCREEN:** *Against Black*, **TITLE CARD:** "...and these children that you spit on, as they try to change their worlds are immune to your consultations; they're quite aware of what they're going through..." - David Bowie. Rock on! The medley of characters explore themselves and judgments previously passed. Along the way they find out they are not so different from one another. A better than average chronic session loosens up the group of five (the jock, princess, brain, basket case, and athlete) allowing for some of the movies more touching moments. An excellent script and flawless casting made the *Breakfast Club* a dead tie with *Valley Girl* as the most bitchin' movie of the 80's. Followed closely by *Fast Times...*

Next up was *Sixteen Candles*. Crushes, visiting relatives, and forgotten birthdays, every middle America suburban teen's nightmare exposed. Samantha's 16th birthday is forgotten by her entire family, everyone is distracted by the wedding of her older sister, Jenny. She proceeds to school where a cornucopia of fellow students provide the backdrop for the day's events. Starting with a lost slam book, proceeding to being felt up by grandma, right before being forced to take Long Duck Dong along to the extra credit dance, to finally trading her panties for some insider info on dreamy Jake, Samantha's 16th was not such a bust. Of course, it does pale in comparison to a pink corvette and black guy...err, pink guy and black corvette. Which she does eventually get. Ahh, another happy ending. Keep reading->

Cont. from previous page...

Closing the marathon was the classic Jon Cryer as Duckie, Pretty in Pink. Tale of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks mutually attracted to a "richie." Blane, at first genuinely captivated by Andie, eventually falls prey to peer pressure after asking her to go to prom. Duckie, her committed sidekick, showing up at the record shop Traxx, where she is an employee, produced one of the best entries ever recorded on film. Covering Otis Redding's "Try a Little Tenderness," Duckie steals the show, then ends up pissed that Andie would actually stoop to date a Blane (whom he likens to a kitchen appliance). After an uncomfortable party, an embarrassing "I wanna go home!" scene, and a touching goodnight kiss, anything that could go wrong does in Andie's already unstable life. She regains her composure and attends the prom, initially alone, then making up with Duckie. Blane gets the girl and Duckie gets lucky. Another trademark, happy John Hughes ending. Written like a Sweet Valley High paperback, the original book ends with Andie hooking up Duckie and Blane learning a lesson. All total cheese and perfect mindless fun.

The 80's were the "me first" decade, although surely not the last. John Hughes had his finger on the pulse of adolescent Americana, while creating characters easy to relate and generally believable (HA!). Thank you for some of our most memorable 80's moments!!





IF YOU POKED TOO FAR
AND REACH THE FRONT
OF YER BRAIN,
A FORK IN YOUR MIND
COULD DRIVE YOU
INSANE!

May 17, 1978

Dear Kevin--

It would probably be a good idea to start practicing drums again and get the simple backbeat genre down. Turner and I are very hep on the idea of a group where I could do 30% vocals if we had someone who could double on drums. We've been auditioning people for 2nd guitarist but no luck yet. Here's our current 10-song repertoire, 3 originals and 7 covers:

Too Animalistic
I'm In Love With Your Mom
Surf Commies

Fireman's Friend
Cars & Girls
California Sun
I Don't Care (Ramones)
Slip Inside This House
Under My Thumb
Wild Reg

ALSO ~~WIDE EXCHANGE~~
#200-748-444

You know three of the ~~xxx~~ covers, "Cars & Girls" in A, California Sun in E (the old Rockin' Blewz version), and "Under My Thumb" in Dbm (chords in case you're hazy: Dmb/B/A twice as verse, E/E/A/Gbm; Dmb/B/A/E as chorus) so you might want to start working on them. "Wild Reg" is this neat Generation X single with, uh, new lyrics. ("Wild Youth" the orig.). I might send a cassette of some of the unfamiliar covers in case you'd like to hear them beforehand. Vom managed to learn a 15-song set in ~~xxx~~ about six rehearsals so I don't foresee any problem once we find a good second guitarist who can sing a bit. Our intended archetype is total early ~~xxx~~ DICTATORS, although Turner and I disagree on the percentage of acceptable outright emulation; I would be happy to cover as many as a half-dozen Dictators songs.

My job is starting to look good, as we're finally getting money in, making a big profit on paper, and should be in business for a few months at least. I'm getting \$295 a week right now but will get a 90-day review coming up Aug. 1 where I should be able to wrangle at least \$1300/mo.

Will let you know of any developments before you move. I'm putting aside some money to revamp Turner's garage into a decent practice site.

Love,

Mike

Mike

P.S. BE SURE AND HOLD ON TO THE 2ND SQUARE DRUM STAND BACK HOME,
STEVE NEEDS IT FOR A TOM MOUNT.

Infamous Quotes:

"Possum is brain food." "I'm not claiming any of it." "I could murder you in your sleep...and I have quiet shoes." "I'm not afraid of anything, except spiders." "Why am I alone with no one to be found?" "Why did my car get towed?" "Talk to the clown." "I was wondering where I was in here." "I met her at the mall." "Now you know." "My cat doesn't understand English, or reverse psychology." "Little Susie shallow throat..." "Probably not the answer you were looking for." "Wouldn't have been punk rawk if you'd gotten it right the first time." "I drink too much and I swear a lot, but I don't drive and I don't give a fuck." "Call me sometime." "This looks like a kid's room." "Deny me and be doomed!" "I don't deserve this." "What's in it for me?" "I came to Vegas to drink myself to death." "Rehab is for quitters." "If you suck, we never book you again." "Was that necessary?" "I don't deal with damage well." "Did he just drink that?" "I threw one on the porch." "I don't want to be gay no more, I just want be a switchblade!" "Can I be the girl?" "I went into hiding, music broke my heart." "I've already seen that." "What kind of obsessive freak are you to call the same number 30x in under an hour? You owe me \$30! (you know who you are)" "No matter what you do you will always be a statistic." "There was once a green dragon who ate a whole train full of obnoxious people..." "Been playing for six years, huh?" "It's our wooden anniversary... think I will get him a coffin." "You're not the boss of me now..." "If you put his brain in a duck, it would fly north for the winter." "What's new?" "Just causing trouble." "That's what I hear." "At least I'm consistent." "I think it is time for some new blood." Excuse for speeding: "I had to go fast...there was a policeman chasing me."