

Issue 1

March '07

I NEED

FREE.

A rough guide to self deprecation
through the guise
of a discerning
rock n roll 'zine

MORE!

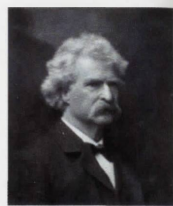
iggy &
the stooges
ZERO BOYS
THE
BRIEFS
BAD HABITS
exploding
heart



Inside:
Reviews, Lowsy Anecdotes, Rantings From A
Rubber Room, and Other Nonsensical Rubbish.



A Battle of Wits: George W. Bush Vs. Mark Twain!



"Rarely is the questioned asked:
Is our children learning?"

"They underestimated me."

"I know how hard it is for you
to put food on your family."

"Families is where our nation
finds hope, where wings take
dream."

"Our enemies are innovative
and resourceful, and so are we.
They never stop thinking about
new ways to harm our country
& our people, and neither do we."

"You know, one of the hardest
parts of my job is to connect
Iraq to the war on terror."

"You know, when I campaigned
here in 2000, I said, I want to
be a war President. No
President wants to be a war
President, but I am one."

"You never know what your
history is going to be like until
long after you're gone."

"You never know what your
history is going to be like until
long after you're gone."

"There's an old saying in
Tennessee — I know it's in
Texas, probably in Tennessee —
that says, fool me once, shame
on — shame on you. Fool me —
you can't get fooled again."

"It is better to keep your
mouth closed and let people
think you are a fool than to
open it and remove all doubt."

"The first of April is the day
we remember what we are
the other 364 days of the
year."

"It is better to deserve
honors and not have
them than to have them
and not deserve them."

"Loyalty to the country
always. Loyalty to the
government when it
deserves it."

"When in doubt tell the
truth."

"There is no distinctly
American criminal class -
except Congress."

"Apparently there is nothing
that cannot happen today."

"A person who won't read
has no advantage over one
who can't read."

"The best way to cheer
yourself up is to try to cheer
somebody else up."

"The right word may be
effective, but no word was
ever as effective as a rightly
timed pause."

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THINGS STAY MUNDANE.

BEING A SHOW PROMOTER, I COVER A LOT OF GROUND WHEN FLYERING FOR MY EVENTS. BY THE SAME TOKEN, MY SHOWS ARE GENERALLY GEARED TO A SPECIFIC AUDIENCE. HENCE, DOING MY "ROUNDS" GENERALLY CONSISTS OF HITTING A FINITE NUMBER OF PLACES, GENERALLY INDEPENDENT MUSIC, SKATE, SURF, AND TATTOO SHOPS. BUT WHEN I WAS GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO A SHOW FOR THE KING OF THE SURF GUITAR, DICK DALE, I KNEW I HAD TO STEP UP AND AMEND MY APPROACH. BEING THAT THE MAN IS A TRUE LEGEND, AND HAS BEEN INVENTING AND REVISING HIS OWN BRAND OF GUITAR PLAYING FOR OVER 5 DECADES, I COULD ONLY IMAGINE HOW VARIED HIS AUDIENCE IS. SO I DERIVED A NEW STRATEGY THAT BROUGHT ME BEYOND THE STANDARD DROP OFF POINTS.

THE IDEA WAS TO HIT JUST ABOUT ANY PLACE THAT HAS HEAVY FOOT TRAFFIC. IN GROCERY STORES I BROUGHT STACKS OF FLYERS WITH ME AND DROPPED THEM OFF ON THE SHELVES AS I WALKED AROUND. I DID THIS IN BOOK STORES AND JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE ELSE I THOUGHT SOMEONE WHO REMEMBERS DICK DALE MIGHT PICK ONE UP AND SAY, "HEY, THIS SOUNDS GREAT! I THINK I'LL GO!"

MY TRAVELS TOOK ME LONG AND FAR, AND I ENDED UP IN AREAS WHERE I GREW UP AND SPENT A GOOD CHUNK OF MY ADOLESCENCE. THOUGH THIS IS ONLY A MODERATE DRIVE FROM WHERE I CURRENTLY LIVE, I VISIT SELDOM ENOUGH THAT THE CHANGES THROUGHOUT THE CITY DO NOT SEEM GRADUAL, BUT VERY APPARENT TO THE POINT I CAN HARDLY RECOGNIZE WHERE I AM. MANY INDEPENDENT STORES HAVE LONG SINCE CLOSED AND BEEN BULLDOZED, WHILE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED, ARCHITECTURALLY EXQUISITE BUILDINGS NOW HOUSE CVS AND DUNKIN DONUTS. IT'S PITIFUL.

MOST EVERY STREET I DROVE ALONG TOOK ME BACK TO A SPECIFIC EVENT OF MY PAST. MEMORIES REIGNITED THAT TIME HAD NEARLY FORGOTTEN.

I FELT UNEASY. IT ALL HIT AT ONCE AND WAS OVERWHELMING.

EVERYTHING SEEMED COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

BUT IT'S NOT. THE

SCENERY HAS CHANGED.

BUT IT'S STILL THE
SAME AWFUL PLACE.

AND I DON'T EVER
WANT TO RETURN.



MEMORY LN



The rain relentlessly pelts against the foggy window as the morning sun beckons its way up the Eastern shore behind an obstruction of clouds. The dog is first to rise and he paces restlessly around the room awaiting his owners awakening. Soon enough the alarm goes off to the tune of Don Henley's "Boys Of Summer" and the man sits up in his bed. As his eyes adjust to the new morning, he glances around the desolate room until his eyes meet those of his pet beagle who is now sitting upright beside him. The dog tilts his head and calmly says, "You're fucked."

The man jolts from his pillows and squabbles to his feet as the sound of incessant beeping fills the room. He proceeds to trip on a pair of shoes on the messy floor and plummets to the ground as a pile of dirty clothes cushion his fall. As he shakes it off, he realizes he just had the same dream two nights in a row. Another shake follows before he staggers to his feet. As he rakes a pathway through the littered mess on the floor and works his way to the kitchen to make coffee, the beeping of the alarm slowly fades away.

The mans concentration at work is nonexistent as he plays the dream over in his head, analyzing it bit by bit. He keeps envisioning the way the dog cocked his head before speaking. "Whose dog is that?" he mumbles under his breath.

Pretty soon the man is all-consumed by the events of the dream. As he is driving home from work and trying to find meaning of it all, Don Henley comes on the radio. The mans eyes quickly shift to the digital dial on his stereo. He squints and cocks his head in bewilderment. A cold chill runs down his spine. Soon he hears a loud ringing and looks up just as he's about to drive into a construction worker who's drilling in the pavement. An image appears to him just before impact. It's the dogs face as he calmly says, "You're fucked."

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SCENE ^{AND} HEARD

The Fleeting Sounds Of A Music Scene Gone Stale.

There's no denying the fact that the South Florida live music scene has long had one foot in the grave and been steadily declining. Variables such as lack of outstanding bands, minimal amounts of proper venues, and far too many shady promoters has deteriorated what was once a haven for live music.

Just a few short years ago there were so many active bands that had a multitude of venues to play at. It all seemed so promising. And fun. It was more than just music. It was a community. It was everything.

But now all my favorite bands have broken up, moved on, or moved away. Lots of exceptional venues have shut down or eliminated punk shows altogether. Nothing excites me anymore. It is a predominant reason for my departure to Austin.

I first made it public that I was going to be leaving about six months ago. Most people didn't believe me. Still, several bands voiced their frustration that they won't have any good shows to play anymore. And now that moving day is upon us, many patrons who regularly attend my events are up in arms about "What are we going to do for entertainment when you're gone?"

Now surely the efforts of one single person couldn't have that much of an impact on such a large geographic. I mean I got into booking in the first place just to promote my own crappy bands. And as I saw the local scene taking a nose dive, I opted to start doing larger shows, bringing down the bands that I wanted to see because no one else would. It was a natural progression and done out of sheer love of music and the scene.

But as I see it, there are many promoters in this area who take advantage and exploit the bands in the local scene. And although most of the bands are very vocal about their opinions on the matter, very few do anything to actually combat the problem. They still play shows for these promoters, all the while bitching about it.

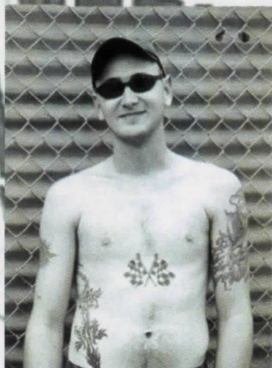
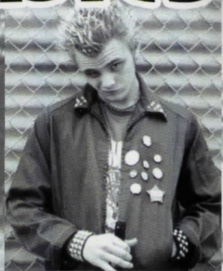
Now don't get me wrong, there are some very good promoters in South Florida. But it's a lot of burden for just a couple people to take when spanning a region a few counties long. What I'm getting at is that I am just one person who did what I loved for the time I could. There are many talented and motivated people down there. So rather than bitching about me leaving and having the nerve to ask why I'm doing it, why not step up the plate and make some change yourself?

If you want to see good shows, book them! If you want good music venues, open one! Hell, I did it (albeit blindly, which ended in a financial catastrophe)! But it is possible. There is hope. As for me, I've done my time and now I'm moving on to explore some new territory. Austin here I come!

The Bad Habits

I Hear You on the Radio, and See You in My Dreams...

By Molly Magdalene



"No pussies allowed". Appropriately this is the phrase that ultimately joined Dirty J' Armstrong, Ray Beers, and a couple bass players later Dielan Bad Habit together to form the late drunk punk rock band, The Bad Habits. Hailing from the depths of Fort Lauderdale, these boys poured a refreshing brew of classic punk rock tunes about good times, bad times, and people they've come across since 1999.

With a carefree attitude and taste for fun, the trio found their home playing regularly at Tavern 213. The shows focused on having a drink and a laugh, leaving everything else at the door. With songs like "She

Says" and "Gainesville Still Sucks" they had no fear in boldly speaking the truth--whether it offended someone or not. This band confidently played what they wanted to play to whoever wanted to listen, and no one else.



Throughout the years, The Bad Habits played alongside all the local gems, like Irish Car Bomb and Anchorman. They even shared the stage with acts such as the Dead Kennedys and Against All Authority. And although many memories and songs were written in sunny South Florida, these punks needed a breath of fresh air. By the end of 2005 they packed up and relocated to North Florida.

It was here these musicians wrote some of their best material to date. They continued to play and awe their extended audience.

Finally, geographically situated where other cities were more easily accessible, it was a dream come true. The stage was set.

The Bad Habits were ready to rock the world.



Just six months into their new life, the incredibly talented singer/songwriter/guitarist Jason Armstrong was tragically torn from us, far before his time. A speeding vehicle struck and killed the musician while he was walking to the band's practice space to play. The shock was devastating to everyone that knew him, as well as the music scene he was a part of. The talent and bond that held The Bad Habits together can never be replicated. It can never be replaced. It can only be heard and remembered.

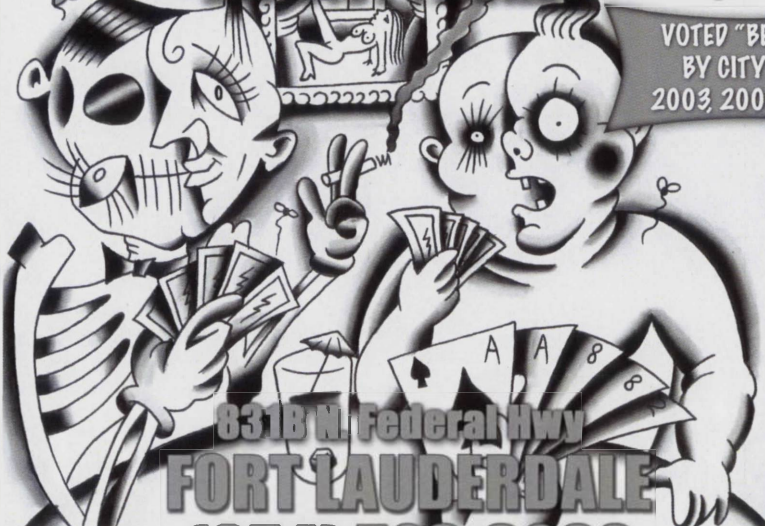


This appalling ending to something with so much potential is heartbreaking. Swallowing their dismay with their beers, the last remaining members are left behind and forced to live on without their best friend. The bassist has joined with the catchy rockabilly band from Gainesville, Empty Fifth. And the last original member is living it up like any drumming SLC punk could in Utah.

The Bad Habits were amazing collection of musicians that produced sensational songs. Dirty Jason Armstrong's immense contributions are undoubtedly recognized. The loss of this artist will not be forgotten. For more information about the band and how to get a free full compilation CD, visit <http://www.myspace.com/theofficialbadhabits>

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IGGY AND THE STOOGES

Iggy Pop was coined the Godfather of Punk based on the evident influence which spawned the punk movement of the mid to late 70's. Though the records he released with the Stooges were poorly received at the time of their releases, the impact that he and those recordings later had on music as a whole is enormously apparent.

However, it was not in the Stooges that Iggy made his musical debut; his career first began during the early 60's with the formation of a band called the Iguanas. Iggy beat the skins for the band that primarily performed early rock, garage, and surf standards, mainly at school functions. By 1965 he had signed on for a brief stint as drummer for the Prime Movers, a band who owed much of its blues influence to their frequent stops in Chicago. That stimulus helped pave the way for a sound Iggy soon created with his next band, the 'Psychedelic Stooges.'

Coming out from behind the drums, Iggy proved to be one of the most exciting frontmen in rock history with his sheer energy and mind blowing stage antics such as cutting himself with shards of glass. The band soon decided to simply call themselves 'The Stooges.'

By 1968, Danny Fields (the scout for Elektra Records that had discovered The Doors, and later The Ramones) was sent to Detroit to sign the MC5. Wayne Kramer, guitarist for the band, suggested to Fields that he check out their little brother band the Stooges as well. Sure enough, both bands were signed to the label the same day.

The Stooges self-titled debut LP was released the next year to poor reviews and stagnant record sales. Their 1970 follow-up, Fun House didn't fair much better. But it was around this time that the band gave their legendary performance at the Cincinnati Pop Fest where Iggy became an icon by stepping out into the crowd and as they hoisted him above their heads, he smeared peanut butter all over his bare chest and flung it into the enamored crowd.





Although the band added second guitarist James Williamson to the mix to fill out their sound, Elektra still decided to drop them from the label as drug use within the band escalated. It was during this time that the band went on hiatus and Iggy met David Bowie who was at the height of his Ziggy Stardust era. Bowie brought Iggy and Williamson to the UK and got the band signed to Columbia. The newly coined 'Iggy & The Stooges' released the tremendously influential Raw Power LP in '73

The band toured for a few months in support of the album, but called it quits soon after. Yet again, the album proved to be a commercial failure, but the influence it later had on the future wave of punk changed the world forever.

Iggy continued to have a fruitful solo career. Now after 4 decades of performing, the Stooges are not only planning a full US tour, but they have recorded a brand new album with Mike Watt (of Minutemen fame) on bass duties, slated for a March release. The Weirdness will consist of the best of 30 newly written Stooges songs.

Asked to describe the project's musical direction, Pop offers, "We experimented a lot. We're stubborn people. We could have just started out and in 10 minutes we would have sounded like us, but that would have been too easy. We'd have these get-togethers every two or three months for four or five days and bang out stuff. As time went on it started to sound more and more like us."

Check out the Stooges online at:
<http://www.myspace.com/iggyandthestooges>



THE BRIEFS



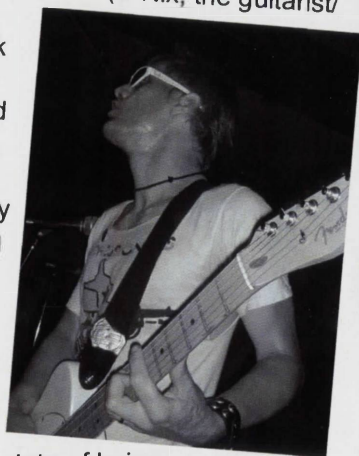
stole my
steak ver heart

By Chelsea Wine

The Briefs are the best band in Rock 'N Roll today. Mostly because their catchy power pop tunes send such a jolt down your spine that you can't help but swagger and swoon... Or it may have something to do with their witty, humorous lyrics that appear to be written by some kind of genial superhero. As I recently found out, they are not simply music gods sent from the heavens for our sheer enjoyment; they are also a hell of a nice group of guys.

After driving half way across the country to see them play in Houston, Texas back in July, I actually got to meet them at their November show in West Palm with the Casualties. In true dork fashion, I listened to their albums over and over all week long to figure out which songs I had to hear, even going so far as jotting down the titles on a scrap of paper I found in my car. When the night of the big show came I stuck the 'set-list' in my pocket just incase I had the guts to actually introduce myself and give it to them. As it turned out I didn't have to wait long before Mike introduced me to the band, and jokingly announced to them I had written their set-list. Steve (E Nix, the guitarist/lead vocalist) seemed to be shocked, flattered, and really excited, so much that he grabbed the list, took a look and asked if he could keep it. He then proceeded to show the rest of the band as I watched them talk it over and decide my fate.

When it finally came time for them to start their set I was so full of adrenaline, beer and urine I could hardly contain myself. They blasted through their set playing nearly every song I could have possibly hoped/asked for. Around half way through they even stopped to point me out as 'the girl who wrote our set list' and dedicated New Shoes (which just happened to be one of my favs) especially to me. Pure bliss is an understatement, to have died and gone to heaven



is underrated; my state of being could only be professed as somewhere between crying, puking, true love and an orgasm.

"I got a new pair of shoes and I'm better than you!"



At the end of the show, half the band (Dan & Steve) headed back to the hotel, but the other half (Chris & Kicks) plus some of the guys from the other bands were up for a party. The bar across the street had been wafting over the glorious sounds of all night karaoke, which somehow ended up being a good idea. We ordered beers, grabbed the list of songs and tried to figure out which would be the best and

simultaneously worst decision of them all. I decided on Pat Benatar, or Alanis Morissette, or some other artist that seemed like a wise choice at the time while Chris decided upon none other than Ozzy's own Crazy Train. Chris ended up being the only person able to perform before the bar essentially banned us for life, but let me just tell you Ozzy would have been proud of the way Chris sang and ran around, even jumping on top of the bar.



When it started getting late most of the crew began heading off to bed. Kicks wanted to stay out, so we assured him we would return him safely to his hotel. We then sat back at an Irish pub drinking and talking about the better things of life: tour, police stories, and even top secret information that he basically made me promise not to ever tell a soul unless I wanted the band to lose their careers and personally die a slow painful death (with that said, no I will not tell you the secret, I happen to like my life thanks!).

Driving back home at the end of the night Mike and I kept talking about what a great night it was, even though he ended up losing over \$300 as the promoter of the show, we both still managed to have a wonderful night. All in all, the moral of this story is someone needs to invent a fucking time machine so I can relive that night over and over.

THE END!

Send mix tapes to: bikinikillurself@yahoo.com



<http://www.myspace.com/dirtyboxes>

1-2-3-4 GO!

The 'New Generation' of the ZERO BOYS!



As far back as I can remember, the Zero Boys have been one of my favorite bands. Many years ago I spent a small fortune to own one of the very scarce copies of their legendary debut LP, Vicious Circle. Little did I know at the time that a couple years later Panic Button would reissue the album, re-mastered and with additional songs at an economical price. But hey, I have the original vinyl and it's still one of the most prized pieces in my collection. So when I recently discovered that the band was actually semi-active again after nearly 20 years, I didn't hesitate to put the gears in motion and get them down to South Florida to celebrate one of the most momentous occasions of the year... my Birthday!

So I organized a couple shows for them and flew the band in from Indianapolis. Now, I'm not one to get "star struck," but picking them up from the airport in Orlando was really exciting for me. I mean these guys were my heroes since I was a kid. Tufty's bass playing on that record was a direct influence on me starting my first band. And I never in a million years would have thought I'd have the opportunity to hear them live, no less hang out with them for a weekend and have them play a couple shows in my honor (Seriously, my Birthday should be a national holiday).



Anyway, it was forever my belief that the Zero Boys were a straight edge band. I guess it had something to do with lyrics such as "Stick the needle in to my brain, don't you know that I will go insane," and the time frame that this came from with bands like 7 Seconds and Minor Threat expressing their views of positive, clean living. But I was quickly made aware of their stance on the subject after picking

the band up at the airport when they asked if I had any pot. When I questioned them about this subject they informed me that all their songs that speak negatively about drug use are because so much of it was going on around them and they were just giving people warnings of the dangers involved. After all, drugs are what killed their original guitar player. So obviously my assumptions were dead wrong and I'm a complete moron. When we arrived at our "villa" we knocked back a few cold ones and got situated before heading out to the big show.

"People think they're cool,
But I think they're all fools,
Cuz they don't know the New
Generation!"

Fast forward a few hours. Wills Pub is filled with more kids than I've seen there since calling the place "home" a few years back. It was enthralling to know that so many others shared my love for this band. When they hit the stage, the place erupted into a whirlwind of mayhem. The frenzy didn't let up for a moment even after they finished their set and encore. Bodies were flying all over the place, fists were pumping in the air, blood was spewing everywhere, someone puked into a stage monitor, and my hips was a shakin' as I sang along to the entire Vicious Circle album with a perma-smile plastered on my drunken face.



Being that it was my birthday, I was double fisting the whole night long, so by the time we got back to the villa I was drunk beyond what any man should ever be. But my buddy Scotty, Mark (ZB's drummer) and myself sat outside and drank Guinness' til the sun nearly rose, sharing stories and becoming BFFs <3

The next day we had to head down south for the follow up show in Lauderdale. The poor turnout was a blatant reminder of how stagnant the scene is in my home town. Luckily the band still played an amazing set and everyone who was wise enough to show up had a great time. After the show we hung out some more and some of them wanted to go downtown and it, but others they had to be to head back we called it a hands, and said



When I woke the next morning and finally realized this was the greatest birthday ever. And I have no clue how the hell I could possibly top a fucking ZERO BOYS birthday next year.

next morning absorbed all of happened, I

WILL
LOCK HAVEN

REST IN PIECES.



Something incredible happened in 2002 that changed the world as we know it forever! No, it wasn't Spiderman becoming the first film to open \$100 million in theatres the first weekend. Nor was it K-Mart becoming the largest retailer in the world to file chapter XI. No, not even the death of Wendys founder Dave Thomas could hold a stick to the event I am about to speak of.

For the universe felt a tremor like no other with the release of the Exploding Hearts sole LP, *Guitar Romantic* in 2002. For many, it was a sign from the heavens that

we have been saved from the girl group and boy band craze that swept the nation. Supergroup N'sync broke up around the same time. Coincidence? I think not!

Guitar Romantic is one of my favorite records of all time. Catchy melodies, killer guitar licks, clever lyrics. It has the genetic make-up of an all around perfect power-pop record. It's the sort of album that leaves you wanting more each and every time you finish listening to it. Like a great drug, you crave it all the time.

But unfortunately tragedy struck the next year just as they were preparing for world domination. 3/4 of the band were killed in a van accident, leaving just a couple 7"s, a full length, and one hell of a legacy behind in their wake.

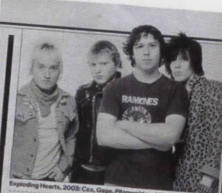
Tear-stained pictures of younger days...

But fret not my loyal companions, for a new ray of sunshine has been bestowed upon us with the release of a new Exploding Hearts CD! *Shattered* is a collection of their hard to find 7" and comp tracks, plus remixes of some of the best songs from *Guitar Romantic* and a couple bonuses. Insightful liner notes and great pics round out the package.

I advise you to stop what you are doing right now and pick it up. The new mixes are much cleaner and really worth hearing. Plus, this is an enhanced CD which contains 5 live songs that you can watch on your computer. Worth the price of admission just for that!

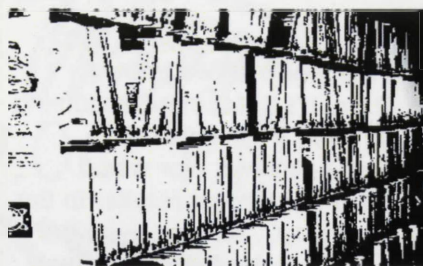
If you do not know this band,

I'm surprised you have not slit your wrists by now from living a void and dreary life. LONG LIVE THE HEARTS!



PUNK BAND LOSES THREE IN CRASH

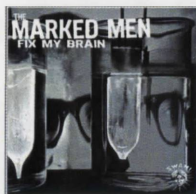
Exploding Hearts tour tragedy
Three members of the band Exploding Hearts were killed in a van crash on Tuesday night.
 The band, which had just released their debut album, was on tour. The crash occurred on a highway near Seattle. The band's manager, Dave Thomas, was also in the van. The crash was a devastating blow to the band and the music community. The band's sole LP, *Guitar Romantic*, was released in 2002. The band was preparing for world domination at the time of the crash.



R e v i e w s

This hear review section is pretty skimpy. I'd like to add reviews for books, DVD's, zines, as well as expand the musical portion. Please send me your stuff:

mike@lowfidelityevents.com for now since I don't have a mailing address.



Marked Men – Fix My Brain CD (Swami)

I'm not gonna write a long explanation of how good this album is, because the longer it takes you to read my ramblings, the more time you'll be wasting reading when you should be going out buying it, and then thoroughly enjoying it yourself. All I can say is this album further solidifies my theory that these boys can do no wrong. Get up. Right now. Buy it!

{www.swamirecords.com}



New York Dolls – One Day It Will Please Us To Remember Even This CD (Roadrunner)

Being a huge dolls fan, I was reluctant to even give a listen to a new album which lacked three key original members (all of whom are deceased). But upon hearing rave reviews of it, I figured I might as well bite the bullet and check it out. I wasn't immediately floored by the record, but it did sound somewhat promising. As it turns out, half the songs are in the style of the early '70s Dolls,

but most of the feel and energy that I loved so much about them just isn't there. I'll

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definitely give them credit for the attempt, but the disc won't get heavy rotation in my player.



Scott H Biram – Graveyard Shift CD (Bloodshot)

Listen here. You need to get hip to the gospel of Scott H. Biram. The one man act from Austin, TX serves up a heaping helping of guitar driven adrenalin on his latest release, Graveyard Shift. His mixture of country twang and roots blues, topped with heartfelt and soulful tales makes for his most compelling release to date.

This record combines all the elements of his previous releases, with the addition of new instrumentation and overall is a splendid concoction that will make your hips sway and have you throwing your hand in the air yelling Hallelujah! For fans of punk, country, blues, hillbilly, honky tonk, garage, metal, etc. He leaves no grounds untouched, and no chicken unscathed.

{www.bloodshotrecords.com}



Teenage Bottlerocket – Total CD (Red Scare)

Hands down the greatest pop-punk album of the past decade. This CD is an instant classic, reminiscent of Wiggle/My Brain Hurts-era Screeching Weasel with a hint of Danny Vapids short lived Sludgeworth. It takes me back to a time when albums like Love Songs For The Retarded were brand new and ruled my stereo and pop-punk was a term not so loosely used for any band that sings a sappy song about a girl who broke a poor boys heart.

Play this record once and you'll be hooked!

{www.redscare.net}



GÜAJIRO

MATERIAL SUBVERSIVO

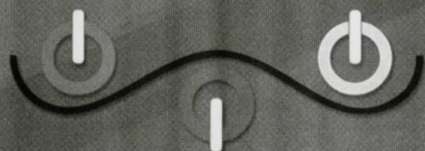


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Need Your Zine Printed?

**FLYERS
PRESS KITS
BUTTONS
STICKERS
ZINES
DESIGN
B-CARDS
TEES**

5,000 Business Cards \$ **85**
Full Color UV 2 sides
5,000 Flyers 4" x 6" \$ **160**
Full Color UV 2 sides
1000 12 page B&W Zine \$ **420**