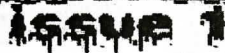




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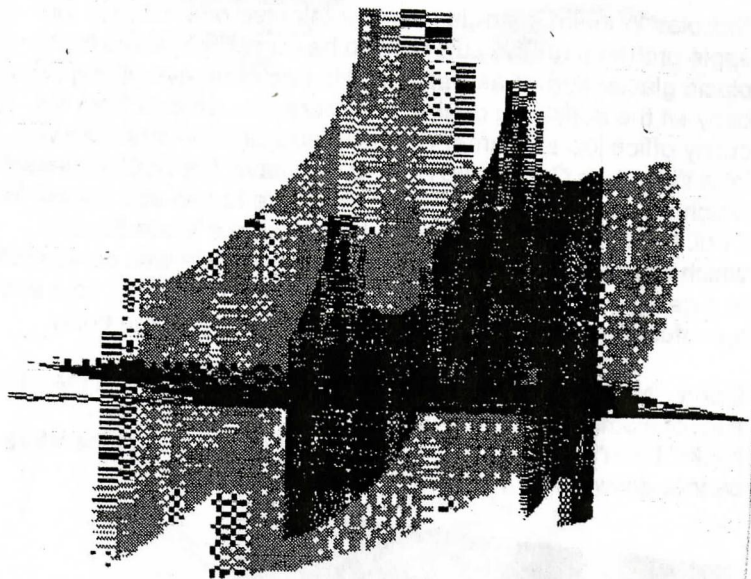


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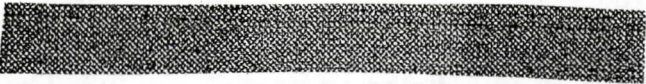


ISSUE

Could you ever imagine a record better than your favorite? Well if you can I dont see why you're sitting here reading this. Get on it. If you cant, this zine was written for you. Your next favorite album is gonna rule and I'm super jazzed for you. If you havent head Government Warning's *No Moderation* or Killer Dreamer's new twelvebo of inchage, I suggest it. Other than that I hope you have stupid fun reading these coupla pages. Cause sometimes you hurt your back doin something stupid and you just gotta sit around all day listening to records and sittin in a chair.




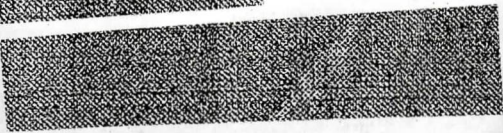
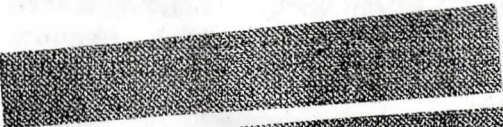
Towers, by Wax Hatman

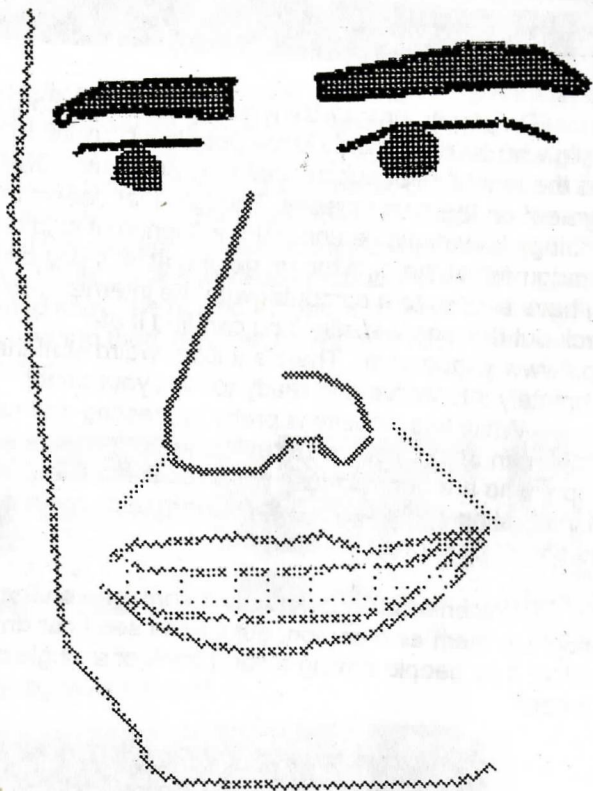



Nicholas Wilhelm Zigler is quite the talented one. Born in the apple orchards of San Luis Obispo he currently resides in the placid glacier known as Valencia. He has done everything from baby sit the autistic to deal with corporate musicians from his cushy office job at Warner Brother Records. One time he even let a Willie Lee Gussin (661-877-8154) have Tre Cool's number, which he had stolen from his job, for Willie to use and harass Mr. Cool. Nick currently plays in the band Harvest Moon Society which creates many a good song. This interview was conducted in a garage while he held a placard with the numeral 4 on it and a confused yet disgusted look on his face. I hope you enjoy.

Daryl: "Nick Zigler, what are your thoughts on being a man that a lot of women would like to fuck?"

Nick: "I don't accept the premise of that question and therefore cannot answer it."



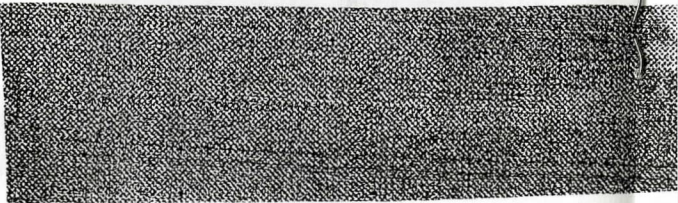




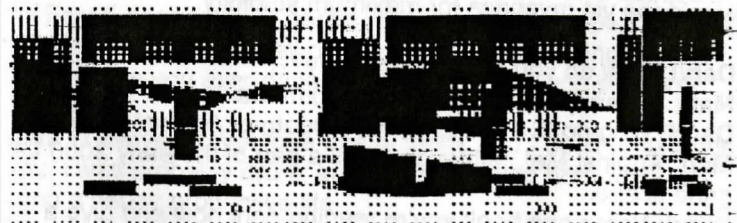
Do you do drugs? It's a reasonable question. I know people who do drugs and I know people who dont. In no way does the fact of what substances they consume effect my judgment on them as persons. Though, that doesnt mean that the things they do while under the influence of said drugs effects my judgment of them. What Im getting at is, if you do drugs and you have access to a computer with the internet, you should check out this one website. You can find it at- <http://www.yugop.com/>. There's a lot of weird stuff there thats completely interactive and ready to fuck your mind!

While this website is pretty interesting and can totally absorb minutes of your life it really makes me wonder about the people who are behind these websites that we look at everyday. An interesting observation was brought up to me a couple of years ago. Said observer stated:

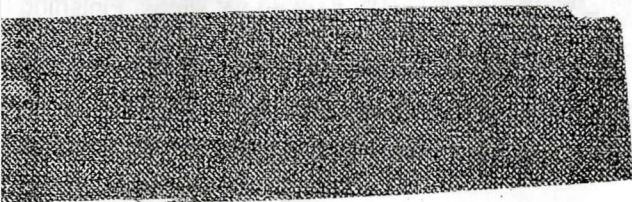
"When Im driving and I see someone on the street I recognize them as a person, but when I see I car driving I never think of it as people driving a car, I think of a single object being the car."



Really makes you wonder, you know? It's not just a website- it's a vessel for actual people's thoughts and feelings. And while Yugop allows you to control what is happening in the website, you're not controlling the website. But who is out there making this website? And why do I think of Yugop as an entity and not just the creation of various minds with the urge to make something. While the answers are probably out there, I probably don't want to know them. And therefore, will not seek them out nor even listen to them if someone were to seek them out and say them to me.



Dormitory, by Wax Hatman



Matt Hatthew may want you to think he's talking about the pros of the vinyl format or international uprising but what he's tapping into is something that transcends opinions and beliefs. Have you ever felt like a lonely monster walking in the moonlight? Who hasn't. Every one of us has been dealt a specific hand in life and it's up to us how we avoid the clichés and other pit falls that surround us. Matt Hart is an individual, and while individuality

won't pay the bills it will certainly get you hella scene and style points. But score boards aside, when was the last time you nestled up against a pair of fiery red chops. Matt is currently writing monster-movie-influenced love songs under the moniker- Mincing Pixie. His songs can also be found under the names- Prosperity Red, Shit Pit & the Pig, and the Beard. This interview was done via mspace for maximum stupidity.

Daryl: Why do you dress so formally?

Matt: To make people like you uncomfortable.

Daryl: Who do like more, Napalm Death or Against Me!?

Matt: Against Me!...although I was a part of the early 2000 LA grind scene.

Daryl: Name one book you're reading right now and give a strong reason as to why you will finish it.

Matt: I am currently reading *Clandestines*, the pirate-journals of an Irish exile by Ramor Ryan, put out by AK Press. Finishing is my objective because it is a fucking awesome first person account of punks, squatters, autonomes, and anarchists in a myriad of revolutionary contexts.

Daryl: If you were to open a mystery bag what would you hope to be in it? (The answer has to be a combination of something edible and a historical artifact.)

Matt: Well I would hope there would be- 1. beer 2. beans 3. brotein, and as far as a historical artifact...I'm thinking a typewriter once owned by Jack Kerouac or Greg Ginn's guitar...maybe Jesus's testicals.

Daryl: Where are you right now?

Matt: I am in my living room in beautiful Oakland, California drinking a Mickeys grenade watching *the Decline of Western Civilization*. Reclining in a lazy boy with my Mickeys nestled in my Fest 5 beer cozy...a gentle yet ice cold wind blowing through the window and the smell of illegal drugs permeating the air.

Daryl: Have you ever done one of those Myspace surveys? Why?

Matt: I believe I have done one of them, and I don't remember why, I was probably drunk and avoiding doing homework or living a happy productive life.

Daryl: How did you get your hands on one of those razr phones?

Matt: My wonderful mother signed up for a family plan which includes free phones. I chose pink. The guy at the cell phone store called me a faggot. I agreed with him.

Daryl: What's your favorite thing about socialism? What's your least favorite thing?

Matt: Well obviously the symbolism is totally righteous but the whole market socialism period was rather ugly.

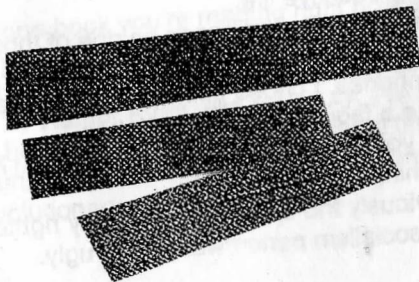
Daryl: When you were a kid did you ever think about becoming a Chatsworth peckerwood?

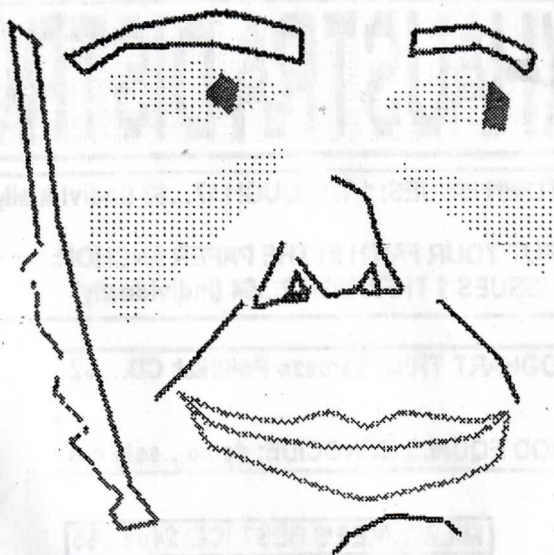
Matt: No, and I am annoyed you asked. Fuck you. [Chuckles lightly under breath]

Daryl: Las Vegas, 4 AM and drunk with all your stupid friends, or Paris 4 AM and drunk by yourself writing poetry by the moonlight in a foggy park, or under a foggy bridge?

Matt: Hmm, Paris is tempting because of my love of solitude and poetry...and fog....and bridges. But I would much rather be heckling some bar band at dawn with my friends ordering rum

shots and demanding to see the manager over the terrible lightening that his business offers my comrades. Fucktastic jackassery will always outweigh my desire for expression and creepy monster loving fog. [Extreme amounts of giggles]





**"Fucktastic jackassery
will always outweigh my
desire for expression..."**

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