

ANTI-SLIT

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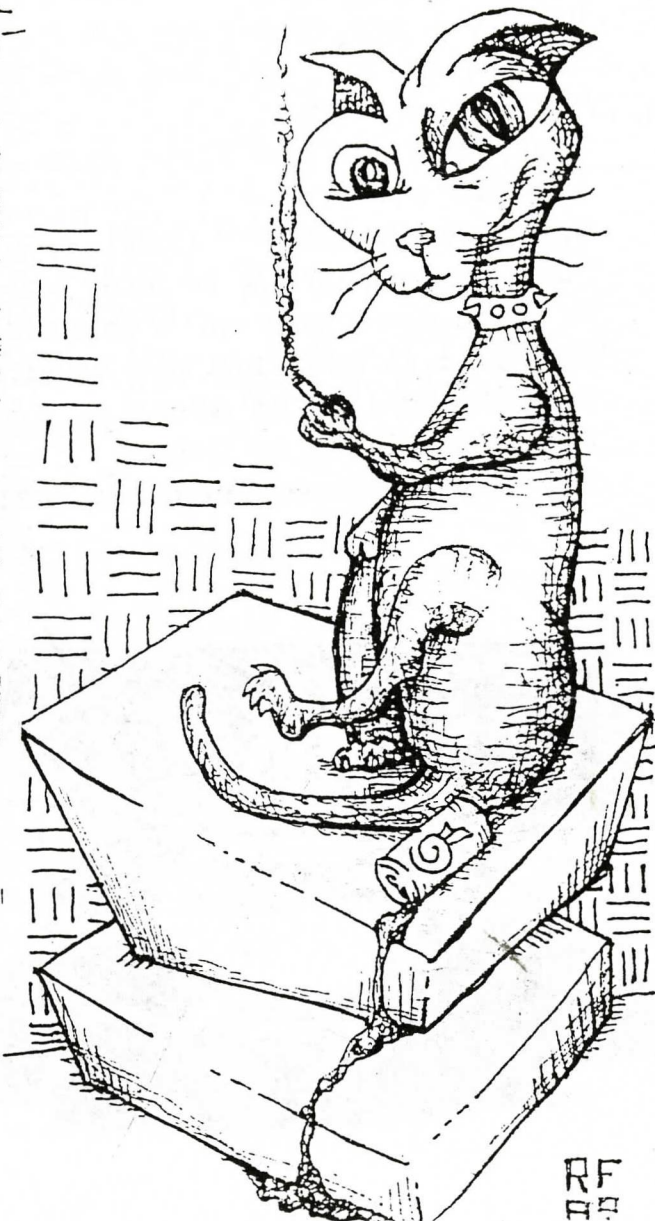
issue four

UPC PURCHASE SEAL



PRICE 4.99

Included: Whips, chains,
proper tea, sleaze, wishful
thinking, self-loathing,
liberal animation,
libel and babble

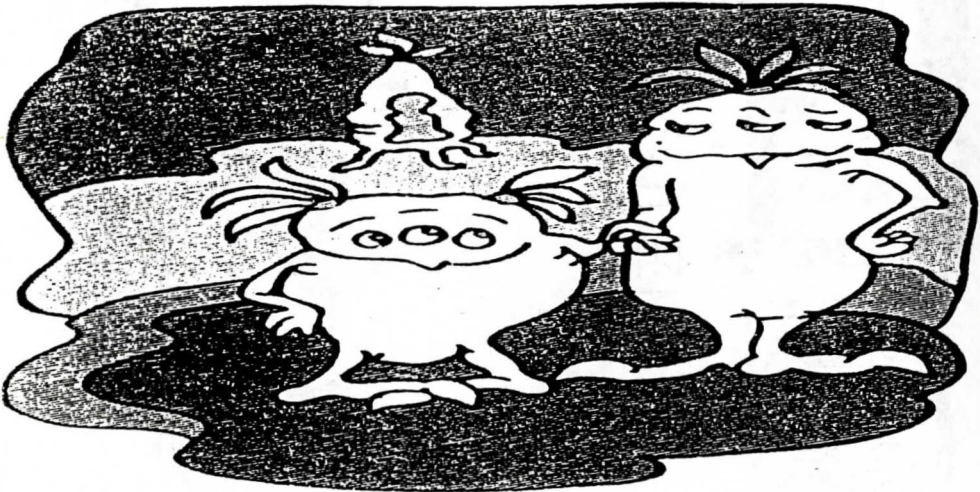


RF
RF

Cards Hallmark forgot:

What should I do?
Everything is against my best interest
Should I persist?
Or just give in?
Easy from the inside out
More complicated
Without a doubt
When you are at a loss
Stick your neck out and show some face
Sit back and pray...
That what you are doing will not be
Another disgrace
Best intentions end there
Soon as they are acknowledged, beware
No good deed ever goes unpunished
Mom said it best and she should know it
How old am I? I am so sorry
Damn mom, I was so wrong
But you will never hear me apologize

JD



Spew!

Circa @ month ago

It's a really good thing no one actually reads this shite. It has been 2 months since issue #3 and we are still at war. Quite sad, yet expected, war is profitable and we are a capitalist society.

All apologies for the self-absorption contained within. But it really is nothing new. Enjoy or wipe your ass with it... whatever you do, have fun!

Register any complaints at (website, yeah, ye

ethicslur@hotmail.com

SHORT BUS THANKS TO: RAF, ADRIANNE, MARK
— DARK AND REGULAR —, MRS. CHRIST. J. CARL,
SUSANNE, AMY + ANDIE, POOR HOUSE, TWO-STREET
COFFEE GARAGE, ALL BOOKS AND RECORDS, UNCLE
SAM'S, BRUCE BART'S TAT'S, BEER, WEED, PUNK, RAWK.

WORLD'S ON HEROIN by ALL

The world's on heroin. I'm on strike against all this laziness. I try to go for all despite all the underachievers. From the government to the drive-thru guy, delayed results with no reasons why. My only guess, they must be high! I want to put an end to all of them but I don't know where to begin cause I'm pretty sure the world's on heroin. The world's on heroin. Everybody is standing in my way. I try to use my brain but stupidity is thrown in my face. I'm a coffee guy in a stoner place and the world keeps turning at a turtle's pace, get over it and check into N.A. I want to put an end to all of them but I don't know where to begin cause I'm pretty sure the world's on heroin. If I had my way I'd prefer if everyone were on speed. I'm so sick of the no can do and the failures you concede. At any rate from the looks of things everyone's nodding out but me! The world's on heroin, too many lazy morons in my face. The world's on heroin everybody acts like a zombie. I'm not saying that I'm better than them I don't have the kind of time to spend with slacker types trying to be my friend. I want to put an end to all of them but I don't know where to begin cause I'm pretty sure the world's on heroin. Yeah! I'm pretty sure the world's on heroin, heroin!





Due to limited monetary resources and lack of interesting shows, this review will be limited to the charity benefit at the Tavern 213 Sunday, January 20th.

Gilded Lily opened the show shortly after five. The crowd was sparse but effective. Taking the stage around six-thirty was the Ratmen. It was early and I sadly had duties to attend to next door. Regretting every second of their set I was MIA, I gained solace in the knowledge that not all of today's youth are ravers and gangsters but are in fact extremely creative and talented individuals.

Next up were the godfathers of the local punk scene, and Tavern and Culture Room favorites, the Mary Tyler Whores. Had no idea these guys were able to function at such an early hour. Cheers! Um, Westberry Rose was slated to be next. Either I was oblivious or busy. So no comment. The predominantly Gainesville originated Shenanigans started their set around nine-thirty. Boasting two minute songs and a new bass player, they perpetuated that late 80's Lookout! records vibe. Wandered off to return just in time to catch the traditional reggae stylings of Revelation Sound. They were a refreshing change in pace. Peace and love were to be short-lived as the notoriously punk-rotten Bad Habits took the reigns. This is near the time the shots and six pack took control. Dancing foolishness followed by a band compared to Dave Matthews, Shell Shock from the data gathered. All in all quite an enjoyable show. Ultra Krash finished out the night? Will have to catch them next time. Punk shows every Sunday night @ Tavern 213 call 463-6213 for info.

patsy cri

Check out: Revelation Sound

February 10th @ Tavern 213

w/ special guest

(every thurs. nite @ Treasure Trove)



Hi everyone, fat mike here. We've been getting a few emails asking us to remove our "not my president" shirts from the fat catalog. Some think the shirts may be in bad taste due to the current situation. Well, I must say, "Oh! Contraire mon frere." We're not selling anti-American shirts. We sell anti-Bush shirts. Yeah terrorism sucks, but Bush is still a fuckin' idiot, and he didn't get elected by the vote of the American people. He's the stupidest president of all time, and while I generally support the US government, democracy, and fellow caring citizens in this country, I will not ever support that asshole. Please excuse my French and sorry if those shirts offend, but I'm not about to change my political views because some maniacal religious freaks attacked the US.

fat mike

courtesy of the fatwreckchords.com newsletter

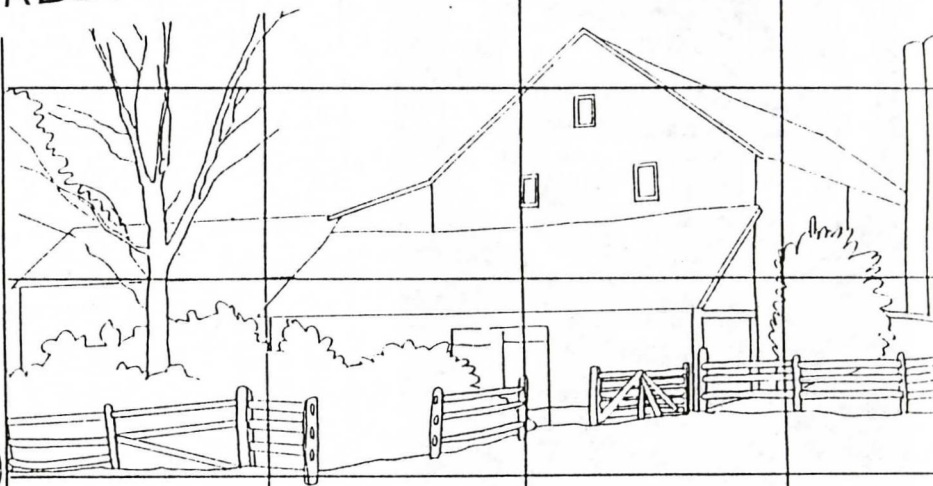
I'm so mean and I don't care
What you think I'm not aware
No need to bother with all details
Cause I'm not listening anyhow
May seem harsh and that could be so
I offer no apologies turn up my nose
Not that I feel I've something you've not
It's all relative to what I want
Admit that I'm not quite sure
Just what it is that I'm searching for
When I think it's all figured out
Seems so redundant I turn around
And grasp on a moment to something new
Until that grows weary then I talk to you
Seems I have found an impartial place
Where I can accept a familiar face
At least that's the way it appears so far
Not that means it going to be for long

Q

BOY VS CAR

MADE BY
NATHAN LEVINE

THE SUBURBS ARE A WONDERFUL PLACE...



TO DO NOTHING!

What I Wanna Be When I Grow-up

Three face-lifts and a few vacuums later, we find ourselves in 2025. The world is a very different place now. The rate of progress has been gaining momentum for the last century and shows no sign of slowing down. The changes are extremely noticeable and many. See for yourself:

World War III turned out to be the best thing that has ever happened to the United States. The chemical warfare waged worked against the terrorists by making Americans actually smart and able to shoot lasers out of their eyes, burning anything in their sight. No longer

focusing all of their negative aggression on their fellow citizens, they focus their rage overseas cleansing the world of all evil. Now, America is a peaceful place to live and everyone tips fifty-percent.

Evil Muslim editors run all of the newspapers and we are all out of ideas on how to praise Allah. People are killing each other for their angles. The coffee room has become a blood bath. I am considering going back to waiting tables.

Fat Mike and the NOFX brigade call a halt to all the injustice in 2015 and claim the world in the name of "Punk Rawk." Tattered plaid skirts and wife-beaters are now the uniform for women, although the color may vary. Shoes are left to the discretion of the chic; of course black is strongly encouraged.

Continue---

Men are required to wear Dickies, again choice of color, and combat boots. Shirts are required for boys under 150 lbs. Barry Manilow equals death. It's not pretty but it is cool.

Hollywood has taken over. No one has a "life" anymore. We are all just episodes. The royalties are nice but I do miss my privacy. My life has become rather dull as I refuse to let out anything that may be used against me. Paranoia is the order of the day. No one is real anymore, if they ever were. It's all about the ratings. Mine are at an all time low. I just cannot justify selling out my most personal moments for financial gain.

Aliens have just recently let us acknowledge their existence. Some have even decided it would be fun to live on earth for a while, mostly just vacation homes. They do have a tendency to be

condescending but all in all a partying bunch. They love Elmer's glue (possible cow abduction explanation? no one is talking) and Turkish vodka. Who knew the Turks were down with the potato? It has been an odd adjustment; we are all just trying to get along.

Possibly I have actually grown up, gotten married, bought a house, had a kid, acquired a Valium addiction, and a job writing for the local paper. My life is all cookie-cutter, complete with the cul-de-sac home and debt collectors. Wonder if I will still be riding a mountain bike?

--patsy crime

LIES

ANDALOUS
DRIES AND
DOCKING
OTOS
TURING

NANCY
ROACH
E

IZKIT
NA
PELIN

RIX
D'S



Top Ten Rock Stars of All Time:

- 1) David Lee Roth-undeniable king of sleaze
- 2) Ozzy Osborne-over fifty and how!
- 3) Wendy O. Williams-what a bad ass bitch!
- 4) Gene Simmons-all about the tongue and threads
- 5) Jimi Hendrix-a true original
- 6) Jello Biafra-would have been further up there but lost points for paranoia
- 7) Steven Tyler-lastest much longer than the original lizard king
- 8) Elvis-and the dogs playing poker rock!
- 9) Fat Mike-the quintessential new schooler
- 10) T.B.A.-it's not over yet!

Blah!

What is it now? What have I done? I'm always in trouble, even when I'm not wrong. How I manage to get stuck in the mix? Maybe I'm a drama queen and I need my fix? An innocent bystander with really bad luck and a heart that's too big, I actually give a fuck. Can't blame the world for being so cold. I understand the frustration of day-to-day life. It's monotonous and rude, filled with too much strife. Hurts me sometimes to leave the house and face the world. Too many people do not think; just do as they are told. All of the ignorance can drive you quite mad. Big Brother is moving in with a fist iron clad. He will take no prisoners or offered apology. He will cover his ass and take what he wants. Leaving you standing there wondering how it all went so wrong. All that time taken off work to go to the polls, been told far too long that you actually have a voice. Lies and propaganda from the political front, smile and shake your hand, then take away basic rights. America was founded as a land of opportunity. Now we are the land of captives. Held hostage by television and the media, over worked so we have no energy left for our own thoughts. Eat what we are fed, drink whatever is poured and marry out of convenience or fear. Too many toys to occupy your mind and money. Think you have a full life? Sometimes you really can be quite funny. patsy crime



Subject: You Walk By and I Fall to Pieces.
From: Lisa Pea lisaarea@din.com
Date: 1998/03/10
Message-ID: (35089823.47D8@din.com)
Newsgroups: alt.religion.kibology

hello! hello!

(This message is not for you.)

Hello! I am here!

I am tiny and dull! My edges are smooth and blunt. I am made of some stuff! I made these stumps for you! I cauterized these stumps so as not to muss you!

Please pay attention to my remaining appendages. They are articulated! My head bobs mechanically for you! I am a fragile and angry imitation of joy!

I have injected the juice from my tiny brain into these mechanical insects who crawl under your fingernails.

I can see your soul from here. It is tiny and meticulous. It is complex and pointless. It is pointlessly complex. It is oddly compelling and it is Bad. It is full of bees.

I am alert, care of myself every hour every minute.
You can too if you will. CLOWNS NEVER LIE.

--Jefferson McKissack, The Orange Show

"If I were a gerbil I would have had a crack-head for lunch."

It has been said that we are all creatures of our own wills is shortsighted at best. We are both controllers and victims of our environments simultaneously. You have choices but those decisions directly affect everyone in your circle. But the path you choose also dictates your future. So what or is there a right? Opinions are as generic as UPC symbols.

Are your friends really your friends or just merely waiting you out? Is this all paranoia? Survival of the fittest has stood the test of time, except in regards to humanity, where we allow our weak to not only live but also reproduce. Human life is as disposable (environmentally speaking) as the trees we use to wipe our arses.

Mother Nature is the ruler of this planet, not humans and it is about time we all wake up. She is pissed and is taking no prisoners. Those who throw themselves on the sword are doing so by their own accord. Too many people equal turbulence. This has been proven throughout history, the greater the population, the more war.

I am not suggesting annihilation of any particular race, religion or sexual orientation. Just a cleansing of the human waste that seems to pollute our resources. Economically and psychologically /emotionally, this is a dog eat dog world and that is undeniable. It is about time, that "we" as the most "advanced" species on the planet utilize this method of preserving our resources for our future.

PARENTHESE



One more **gulp** before the burping contest.

INFAMOUS QUOTES:

"It is impossible to be an atheist and a capitalist." "Put 'em up! Put 'em up! (use Top Cat voice)" "You got all of that out of her in one afternoon?" "What else is there?" "Only an animal would react like that." "It is the end of a selfish and cynical age." "People are strange." "What do you expect from a dollar-fifty box of food?" "Vacation! All I ever wanted! Vacation! Have to get away!" "I would hate to see your liver." "I'd lie in bed at night and wonder how the pumpkin is doing." "Anyone going to Orlando on March 6th?" "How bout using the old bloody thumb?" "Sexual side-effects?!" "Keep at it long enough and you can force-feed America anything ...just look at Carrot Top." "When did my life become community property?" "You have the right to remain silent." "Rest assured I am never at ease or asleep." "Subliminal pizza ads and annoying AT&T commercials are enough to drive anyone postal." "Pseudo-psycho babble..." "If you are so good at being a lesbian then why are you turning me on?" "Nobody's hero, nobody's fool and I ain't going anywhere." "Kissing you is like kissing my grandpa." "It's becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish the old men from the ravers and punks." "What is it that drives the hamster that taunts the monster?" "I want my hat back!" "Just another example of bad parenting." "It coulda been something from my deepest darkest past. I am feeling so much shame I hope it will not last." "Why are you so difficult?" "I woke up this morning with a really bad hang-over and my penis was missing." "I swear I'm gonna quit tomorrow." "If the Ground Hog sees his shadow, aw fuck it!"



ENTERTAINMENT

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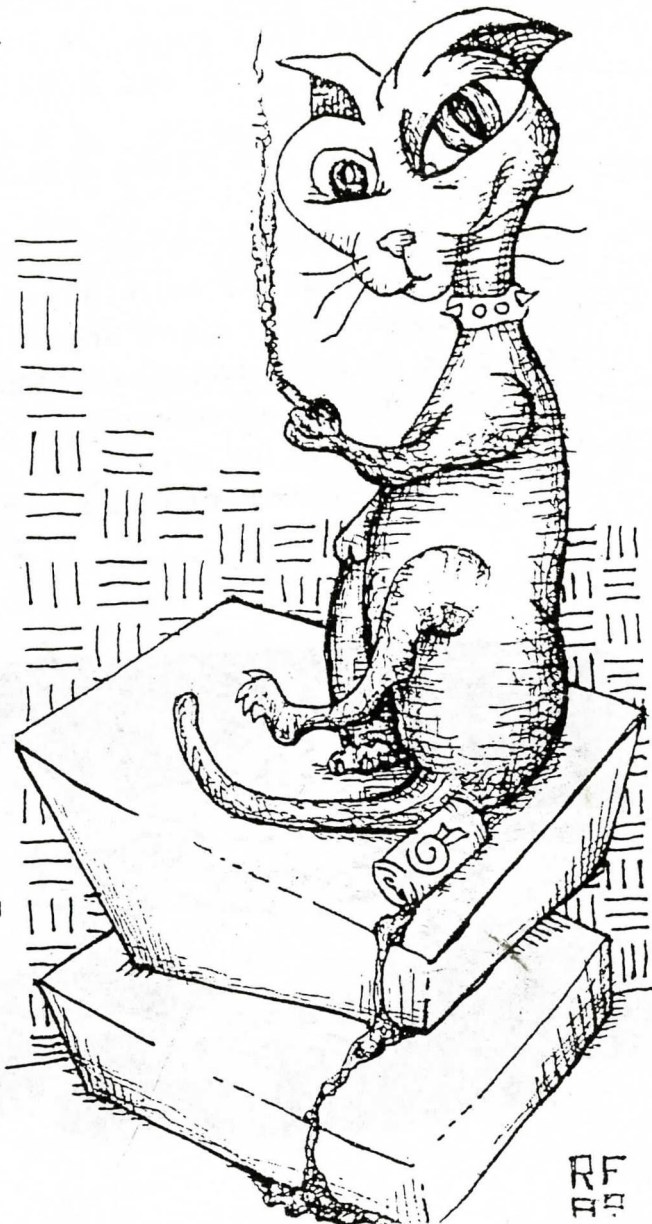
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PRICE-A-PONT 14

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RF
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