

ROCKIT!

issue #1

My

Introduction...

Cold weather sucks, especially when it's the time of the year when it's supposed to be warm outside. That time called spring, with April showers and whatever. The problem is that it's not warm, and the showers are not nice little rain showers, but snow showers. For a couple of weeks it

was nice out, we got a little taste of spring, we porched it and had bbq's, rode bikes, sat by rivers and lakes, and ate ice cream at the Dairy Queen on the strip. Then I woke up one day and it was snowing, again, so I skipped class and went back to bed.

I've been so bored lately that I've been going to bed way too early, sleeping too long, and in return having really fucked up dreams about giant lobsters killing everyone and taking over the world. Some people have dreams that are like movies, mine just make me wake up and wonder why my mind is so fucked up and make me wish my dreams were like movies too.

This zine is me keeping myself busy, doing something I love while I'm cooped up in this apartment. I usually sit in front of my computer staring at the screen, my mind completely blank. Sometimes I

look through all my old journals and know that most of it was written while drunk with about 5 million emotions going through my mind at once, stuff I really don't want people to know about me. I think about all the great memories I have, a bunch of stories that should be told. I pay attention to the moments that will one day be great memories, scribbling down

funny remarks people make in my little notebook with the elephant on the front. I try to make mental notes but they suddenly don't come to me the way they did when I sit down to try to write about them, that's because I don't know how to write.

I will never be the writer I would love to be,

I will never be an

Aaron Cometbus.

[REDACTED]

Reading and making zines always reminds me of my old friend Josh. He played in a band called Shortbus. They were from Indiana, but played in Carbondale a lot. He wore an MTX "Songs About Girls" shirt all the time. I think I was probably about 16 the first time they played at Lost Cross. It was snowing and shitty outside, a lot like it is now. We started talking after he told me he liked

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

my Screeching Weasel button, I told him I liked his band. He wrote for a local newspaper in Indiana and when I told him I wanted to study journalism when I graduated from high school he asked for my address.

[REDACTED]

He became my first and only pen pal, he sent me packages once a

week packed with zines, the newspaper he worked for, and a letter. He sent me my first copy of Cometbus because he said he knew I would love it. It's the same one I still carry around with me most everywhere I go, beat up as hell and falling apart. Our weekly letters lasted for a long time, he planned to move to Carbondale but got married instead. He told some of the best stories.

Here are a few stories I think should be told, most of which have the running theme of my own self-inflicted destruction and Carbondale, IL.

i love getting mail,
it's one of the main
reasons i wanted to
make this zine, so...

write me
letters!

Rock it!

504 S. Poplar

Carbondale, IL 62901

- i'll even give you this
♥ emily



THINGS YOU COULD NEVER KNOW.

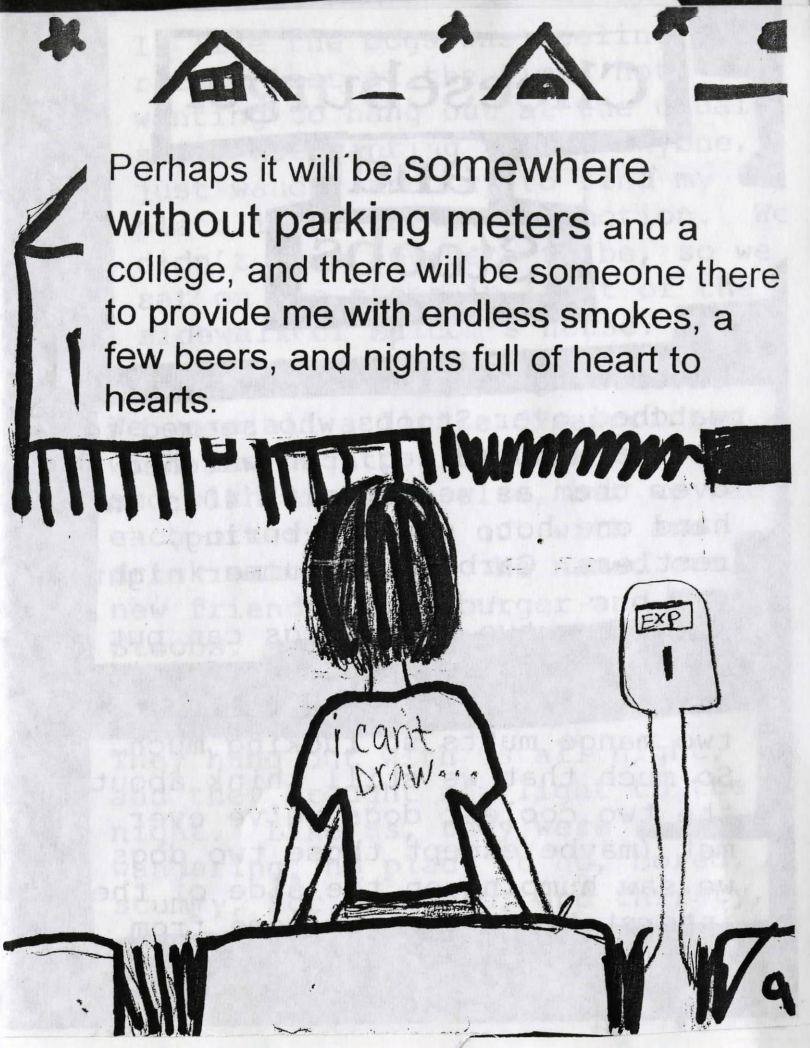
These cigarettes seem to last for way too long. Damn me for buying those long ones that were a millimeter longer and a little less expensive. At the time longer cigarette seemed better, now I'm sick of smoking.

There's nothing wrong with getting high and smoking in your room, except for

the fact that in the morning you'll wake up to smoky pillowcases and smelly hair, there will be dark rings around all the posters and the record will have stopped but is still moving, I'll flip it and listen to it for the millionth time.

I'll wake up with a sore throat and walk around feeling more and less important. I'll wonder if I see eye to eye with anyone, it's hard when you stand short a couple of inches. Maybe I'll move to a town that has all the same things I love about this one, dollar nights, porches, basement shows, good pizza, and people who get turned on by all those things and more. They will be driven by something more than cars.

Q.



Perhaps it will be somewhere
without parking meters and a
college, and there will be someone there
to provide me with endless smokes, a
few beers, and nights full of heart to
hearts.

i cant
DRAW

EXP

Cheeseburger and Stoobs

Cheeseburger was the leader, he watched over Stoobs who seemed to have a wounded leg. We watched over them as we sat with 40's in hand one hot, sweaty, boring, restless, Carbondale summer night.

Funny how two stray dogs can put so much into perspective, funnier that a few girls could relate to two mange mutts so fucking much. So much that we still think about the two coolest dogs we've ever met (maybe except those two dogs we saw humping on the side of the interstate on the way home from Florida...)

I, like the dogs was feeling rather lost at the time, not wanting to hang out at the usual spot, not wanting to see anyone, just wander and try to find my place in all of the commotion. We didn't have anywhere to be, so we sat on the steps in front of the sidewalk of Malcom's house.

We were all a little disappointed with the night, with Carbondale, and with everyone else, but we had each other to hang out with and drink malt liquor. We named our new friends Cheeseburger and Stoobs.

They hung out with us all night, and they brought new light to the night. Like us, they were wandering, no place to go, bored, scummy, hot, wounded, and thirsty,

but they stuck together in fear of being just plain lonely. I wish I would've given them some of my beer...

Those two dogs displayed a kind of loyalty we all hoped we would find one day, knowing that we were just as capable of giving and receiving that kind of loyalty, if only someone would give us a chance. I often want to punch myself for not taking them and making them my pets, maybe now I would have a better understanding of why things happen the way they do, and I would know that I could always count on them.





Punk rock romance!

I think punk rock is the most romantic thing in the whole world. Singing The Ramones "Rocket to Russia" in its entirety, thinking there might be one more person in the world who loves the Ramones just as much as I do and actually knowing what my tattoo is when he sees it.

Making lists of our top 5 love songs after having a zine trading party, not letting the other person peek and see what's on the others list, finding out later Crimpshrine, "Summertime" is on both of our lists.

14.



Receiving a flower in a cemetery
that is the breeding ground for a
certain kind of tick.

Two kids from Southern Illinois
lost in Chicago, running around in
the rain, stealing kisses under
overpasses.

Making out in piles of snow trying
to keep warm.



Hearing "She" by Greenday and
remembering him telling me the
song reminded him of me.

Him thinking that me pulling out a Ramones album and a beat up copy of Cometbus from my bag made me a rad girl.

Stoned bike rides listening to the Go Go's on his boom box.

Having a dead rabbit thrown at my head and ending up making out a couple of blocks up under a pine

tree, my friends lied to me and told me I didn't smell like rotting rabbit flesh and then sprayed me with perfume.

Seeing your favorite band together
for the first time, singing along,
or having a song written about
you.

Stumbling home drunk from the
bars, falling down and making out
in the middle of the road, coming
back to my place, laying on my
bedroom floor and listening to
records. Him looking at me in my
bed and asking if

we'd still be friends

if

we fucked

I said no as I turned over and
went to sleep.

That's punk rock romance.

RACHEL.

for once i finally feel inspired. Here i sit, 1:37 AM on my 22nd birthday.

A few of my best friends came over, Olivia & i shared some vodka before shotgunning a couple of beers on the new front porch. Right before midnight we were getting ready to shotgun beers, waiting for midnight to strike & my real b'day to officially start. i was

already drunk, tripped in
a hole & hit my face on
a wooden pole sticking out
of the ground. Then i sat
there, face scratched up,
& fuckin' shotgunned my
birthday beer. i don't know
why i thought i had to
get as drunk as possible
while still 21. i walked to
Hunger w/ Becky after Olivia
fixed my face, not knowing
why except that i wanted
my free b'day shot. it
was a grape soda shot.

My face hurt & i didn't
want to be around the peop
i normally do, i wanted to
be with my friends again
i felt bad leaving the rear
front porch for a shitty shot
i left the bar w/ Becky & Rod
her bice in a skirt, probabi
exposing too much. We got
home & sat outside; everyone
was gone, including Rachel,
& it was just me, Becky, &
Olivia in her underwear.

Somewhere between beer,
vodka, champagne, & whatever
was in that shot i started

to think about how it didn't
seem that long ago that Rachel
bought me a shot of Tequila
on my 21st b'day that led to
me throwing up on my ex-
boyfriend. it was then i saw
her zine in my coffee table
she had left ^{it} for me. i read it
& cried, knowing my own
misconceptions about her were
false, i sat there ^{w/} drunk body,
& scratched face & knowing i was
letting one of the best girls
i know fall through my drunk
hands. all the inspiration i needed
was a few blocks away, sitting v
Peanut & making zines.
★ Rachel makes Berserk! ★

I fell for you.

The first time I ever really noticed him was when I saw him sitting across the bar. I wouldn't have noticed him if I hadn't seen him looking at me.

I wasn't sure if he was really looking at me so I asked Olivia and she confirmed. It wasn't the first time I had ever seen him, I had seen him around town with his girlfriend, but wasn't even sure what his name was. After that night I started seeing him around more often out at bars or walking around campus and started to get curious and wanted to know more about him. His band started to

play out more often, so I found myself going to their shows more often and asking my friends about him. One night we were both at the bar, and I spotted him standing next to the bathroom smoking a cigarette, alone.

I went up to him and asked for a light, and that's how we started talking, and eventually I found out some of the things I wanted to know. He had noticed I chewed gum and smiled a lot, and wanted to know more as well.

The next couple of weeks were spent leaving notes and bubblegum on each others doorsteps, always seeming to just miss the others random visits. We ran into each other on campus one day and walked around smoking cigarettes and

making plans to meet on purpose. He asked for my phone number and went to class. I spent a lot of time waiting for him to call and he never did, but one day he

showed up at my door. A few weeks were spent drunk and making out and the one day it just kind of stopped. I found out later he was seeing another girl after I saw them together at one of his shows.

I wasn't heartbroken, I didn't even really care that much. It was probably better off that way. I still get the occasional phone call from him but hardly ever pick it up, I still see him around but the conversations are quick and just as random as the time we spent.

It was a beautiful day, so I decided to take a walk. I walked around until my beat up, smelly shoes gave my feet blisters. My bike was in severe need of a tune-up so I rode it up to the strip to have it checked out. I dropped my bike off and continued to walk. I

went to the liquor store to buy some green tea and cigarettes before walking back home. When I walked out the door I spotted him across the street, not wanting to make eye contact with him I put my sunglasses and headphones on and started to walk. I wanted him to

see me but didn't want to have the conversation again, I was feeling

pretty cool and started to strut on past him, wanting to catch his eye. I have never been full of grace, and some would call me clumsy. My luck could also be a little better. I was the girl in school who would take a no dress in P.E. to take a stroll around

the field as everyone else played kickball, and then get hit in the head by the only ball that actually made it over the fence. Or the girl who falls down the stairs at school and drops their

whole lunch tray on the boy she liked. I'm not smooth, and I'm definitely not graceful, but I really wanted him to see me. It was during me trying to look cool that I tripped over my own feet and fell flat on my face, right across the street from him. I

laid there for a minute, looked over to see if he had noticed, but he was talking to another girl, once again, and had never even seen me. I got up, brushed myself off, and laughed out loud. The rest of the walk home was with the Mr. T Experience in my headphones. It seemed so appropriate to be

Listening to songs
about being a

DORK

Falling for People.

Punks and high school dropouts.

Singing along to Jawbreaker as loud as I possibly can has taken up a huge chunk of my summer. We usually sing along in the car, or in the parking lot dancing around and denting the hood of my car, we drive away in my car to get away from it for a while, Jawbreaker blasting from the speakers. It's our summertime anthem. "Fireman" is usually our song of choice, but we end up listening to the whole damn thing. On the 4th of July we used Jawbreaker lyrics to cheer up a friend who's going through a breakup. She cries, and we've all been there too, so we sing to her and soon enough, she starts to sing along.



and then you realize that other people have gone through the same thing and all the time you've spent moping in your own self pity was a waste of time. It can't be that bad if someone can write a kick ass song about it. There's hope that you will make it out alive, and maybe, if you're lucky, you'll be semi-normal again. It takes a great fucking album to make someone think that much. This is Carbondale, IL. A college town in Southern Illinois once known as one of the top party schools in the country. Since then the city has closed off the Strip on Halloween due to the countless riots that occurred there some years back. The college raised its tuition so students became more serious about their education. Cops started busting house parties left and right and arresting people for

Baldwin
Swanwick (177)

walking down the street wasted. Crazy people live here and have obsessions like whiskey, beer, cigarettes, weed, homemade tattoos, porches, and hanging out. The liquor stores are close enough to walk to when you're too drunk to drive there, there's that bar that feels like home and always opens its doors for you when you have to run in and pee real quick. There's that fucking awesome alley behind the taxi place where we drink and hang out with the roaches. All my friends are within walking distance, and they are the best people in the whole world. Bands come through here and marvel about our little town and the big scene we have here. We're a bunch of kids who like to dance around and drink until the sun comes up, all the while talking about cool shit like the Ramones or something.

In the summer Carbondale is really hot, in the winter it's really cold. Everyone gets burned out with the town they live in and suddenly the town can turn into one big train wreck. Shows are harder to book, everyone starts to look the other way. We say it will get better the next season, and it usually does.

Jawbreaker and Carbondale remind
me of each other.



It's like

something that starts off perfectly and then turns into something you don't expect, but you cant help but fall completely in love with them both.

dear Carbondale,

today someone said something about you that made me fire up in a
defensive rage. they were way too cool for you, to them you were
boring, and nothing but a bunch of cornfields. no good bands, so
boring the thought of ever wanting to come to here is a like their
worst nightmare. i admit i have put you down on many occasions,
but i still think you're pretty cool. it's like how it's okay to talk
about your friends when you're annoyed, but you love them so
much you have the right to, but if someone else talks shit they dont
have the right to and you get mad and defensive again. it's the
same thing with this town.

I remember a few things clearly.

unity