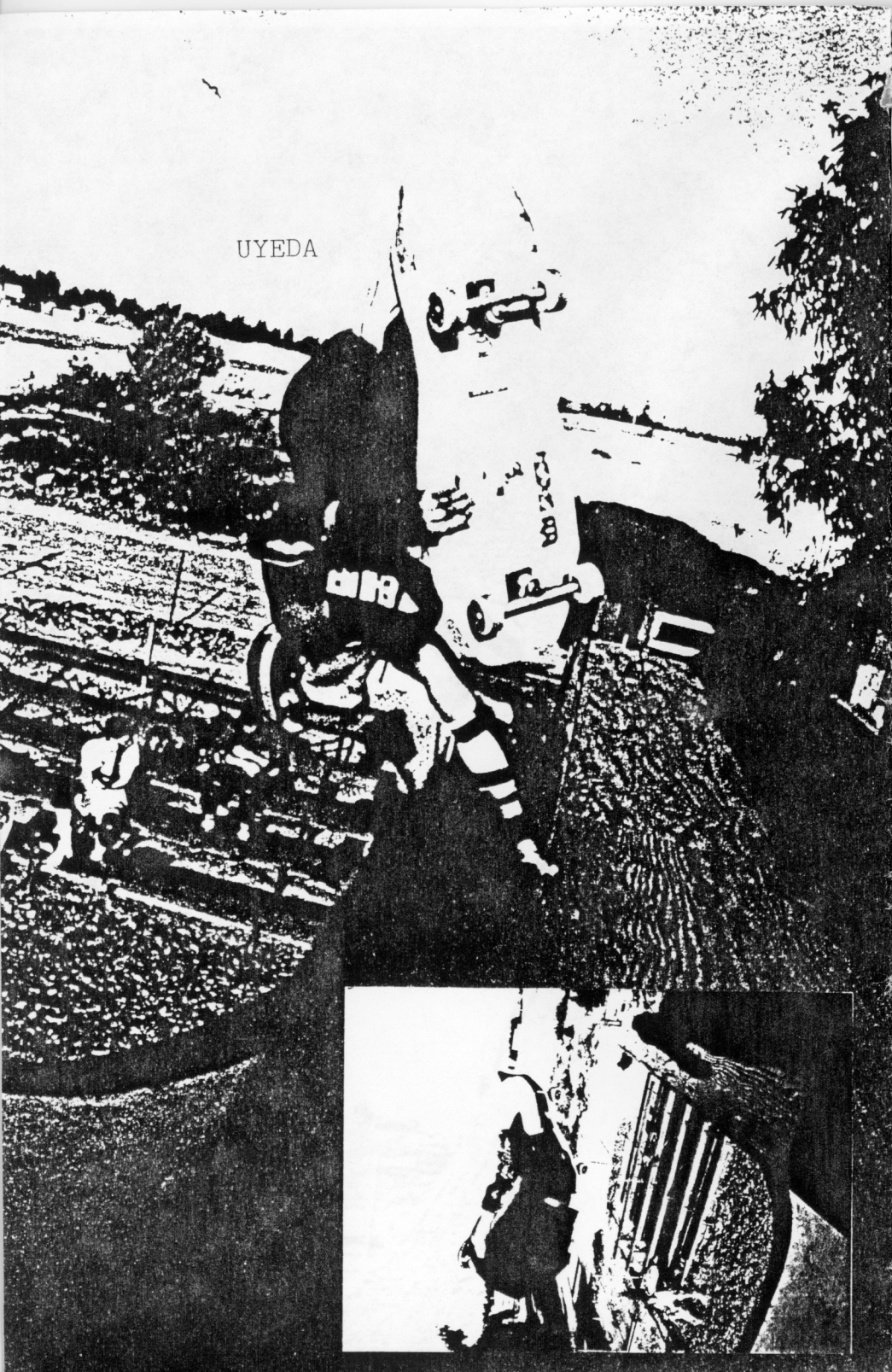


drivel  
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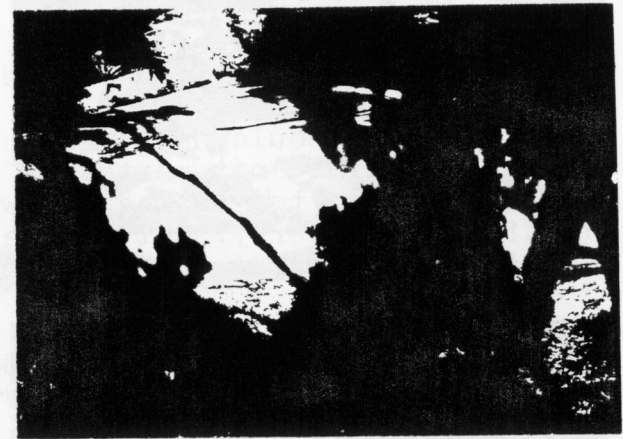
UYEDA



MUZIKANT







if this place was in foster city, it'd be zoood - Scott.

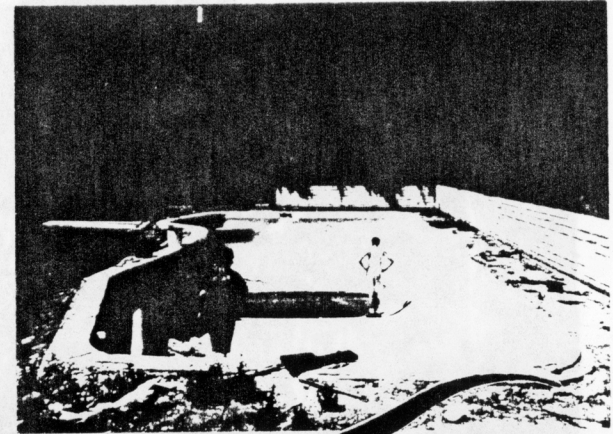
that ramp sucks that's why i like  
it this all feels too forced  
rape help words are stolen from  
the cerebrum merely for the  
pleasure of another now i am  
empty

sometimes it gets out of control  
 where do we draw the line?  
 i don't even know what this is  
 yes hands feet wood asphalt  
 all just carbon  
 thumbs paper eyes  
 just carbon  
 or is it?  
 soap dish cloro-fluoro-carbon  
 these words an individual found worthy of placing  
 on a gift  
 something one could not create for oneself  
 sheng proclaims "not worth the drive"  
 cement carbon too? perhaps two gifts  
 reminiscent of derby not the hat the park  
 is three too many?  
 i think not  
 cement worthy of eurethane  
 home no longer to graceless human beings  
 mother earth all powerfull eviction at her  
 will  
 her comand obeyed the former residents gone  
 others today are trapped wrigling hot angry  
 a prehistoric struggle organic material in  
 dihydrogen oxide it prevents the bark of trucks  
 upon it's removal, it regenerates it grows  
 a gift rescinded  
 carbon too?

frontside rock'n'rolls goofy or regular now on aisle 3. 2 for just 99¢.



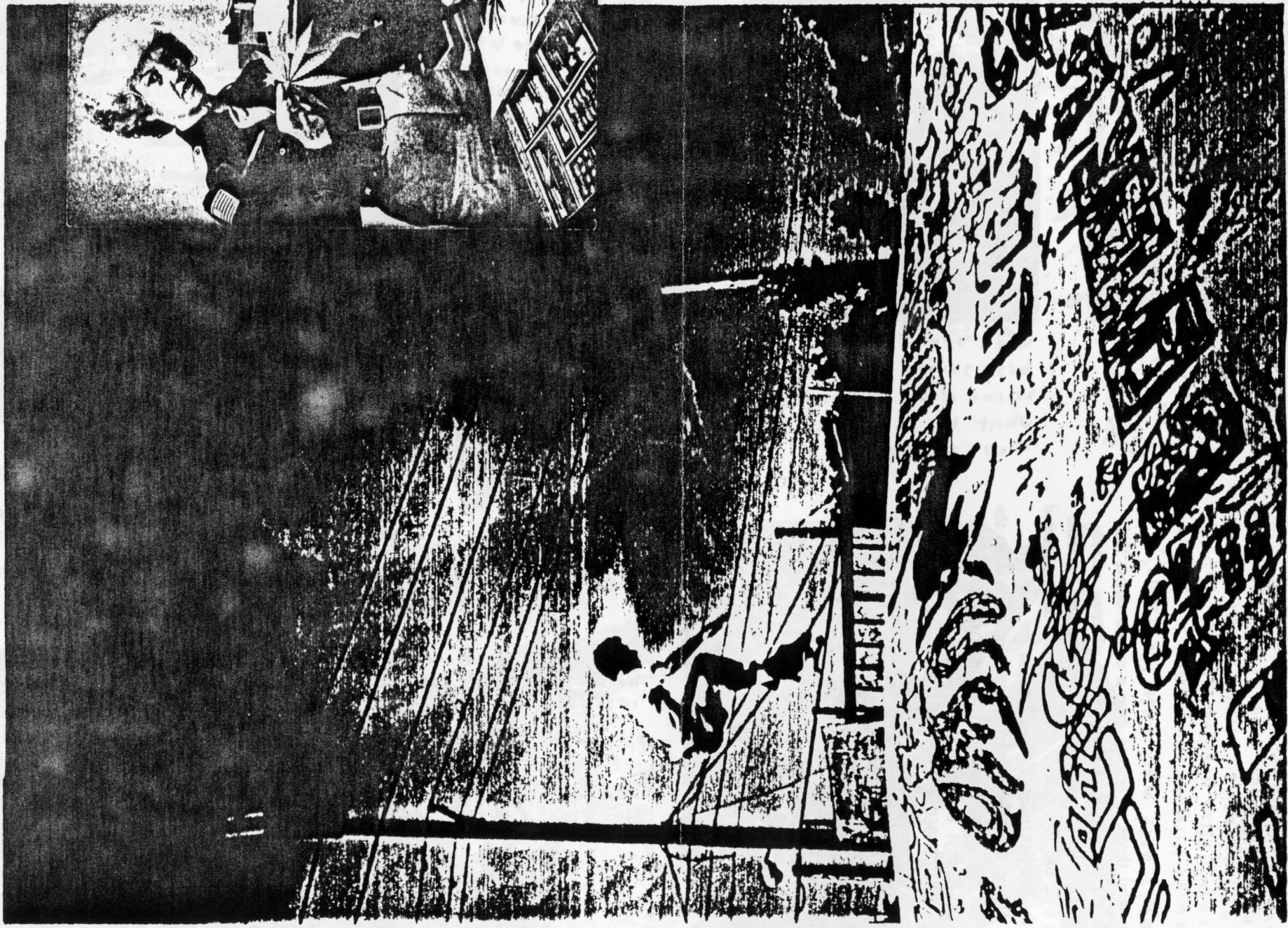
gift three before  
 bucketing next  
 are alligator lizards  
 i rescued even though  
 they tried to bite me.  
 note open mouth  
 near hand. oh, and  
 they were twice as  
 big as the one on  
 this page.



scott's friend seconds  
 before he met mr.  
 cesspool





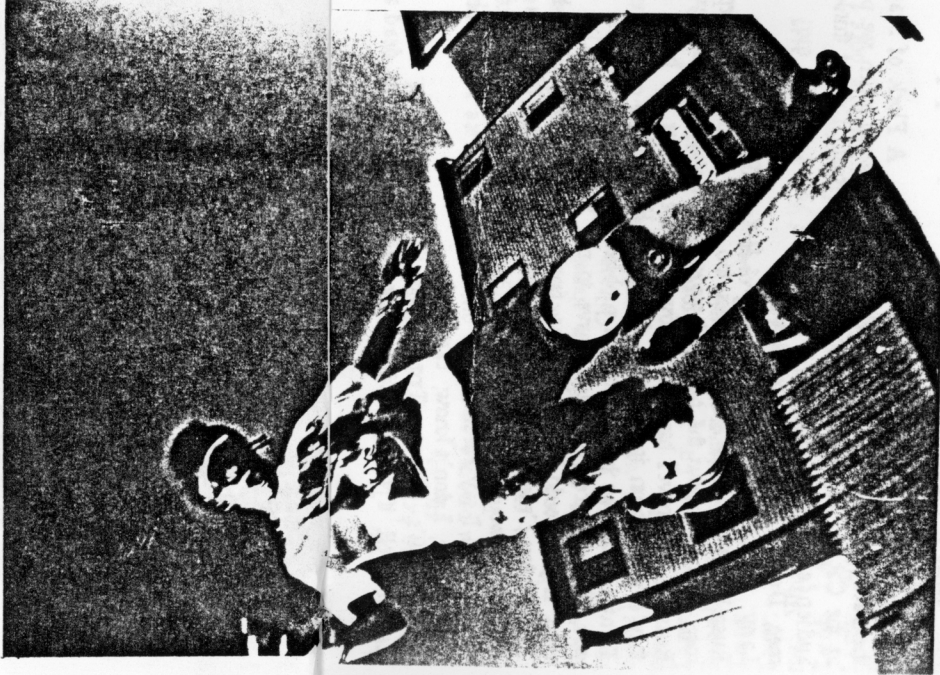


nothing. circa 77



once there were things called skateparks cement they were  
an old man in tijuana told me some kid died here in the 70's.  
that was the end

A powerful thrust to engage over a certain object that lies in the beholds of thee skater (or whatever society calls you) was intercepted by a curb in which I wanted to go over but, was unable to do so. My chin connected with the sharpest point of the curb and the skin that once was on my chin lie next to my hand. Blood on the sidewalk, dirt in my mouth. Humiliation was the final outcome. -Darryl Reome. Undisputed. 46 Arlington St., Bristol CT 06010.



"I don't need a pro model (freestyle), I can do without the extra six dollars a month" Steve Harris TW's 88' Not the guy vpt here because i forgot his name but i think left from ark sent me this picture among many. route 1 box 92 hackett, AR 72937

Steve Douglas said the secret was to keep your front leg straight.

When Ron Regan is not busy saving up for a house, he can often be found skating what he calls the door stop banks

finally my chance to bubble i've been working so long on this but it neverends i'm not even sure i like it i just got back from Arizona more in next issue i'm living in sandiego, 400 miles south of here so sorry if i lag on what i respond to every last piece i don't know if this is said anymore but, can't think of a better name Darryl won last issue's prize any ideas for a new name? cover is Andrew at the school rumps. the other guy inside is riding on his knees. END -Bruce  
1832 Mayall Ct San Jose CA 95132





me. Tell the drummer to wear his hat.  
Russell: Fuck you and the horse you rode in on! I'm too cool for that shit. The other guys have to wear them 'cuz they're too ugly.  
me: What do you guys do when you're not being the Mummies, or is it a full time job?

Lazy: Job?! Somebody say job? Hey nobody said this crap was gonna be a job... I'm outta here.

Trent: Hey Laz, cool it man. No one said this was a job.

Lazy: Alright... 'cuz you know I REFUSE to work.

Trent: Yeah. Yeah.

me: Have you guys ever met any female mummies?

Lazy: I thought all mummies were females... that's a stupid question.

Russell: Speak for yourself faggot

me: After you guys got into Marsurgis with your equipment, how many people fit inside?

Trent: Nobody goes to Marsurgis... not when A Flock of Seagulls is playing down the street at the Carus. Shit I don't even show up when we play at Marsurgis. I'm at the Carus. Besides, with that fat ass doorman, I don't think there's room for the audience

me: Do you guys have any tattoos?

Lazy: Yeah, I got a tattoo of Trent's face on my ass.

Russell: It's a really good likeness too, right down to the peeping eye

me: Tell me about the best and worst shows you guys have ever done

Russell: We never have bad shows because we are the best. Now, other bands, they'd rather burn in hell than follow us. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Trent: Yeah, we have technical problems, but we like to pass the problems on to you, the audience. We don't have to pay to get in. Actually, it's pretty funny

me: If you could kill any person from the 70's who would it be? 80's?

Trent: Aw c'mon. Who wouldn't you kill from the 70's?

Russell: I would like to kill Tim Conway?

Lazy: Can I say Fwano?

Trent: Gee, I don't know, can you?

Russell: 80's. I guess Tim Conway again.

Lazy: Well if you killed him in the 70's, then he'd be dead already in the 80's.

Russell: OK. Then I guess... any bald headed mutha.

Trent: Then there's a tape, you better go hang yourself.

Russell: Ha. Ha. Ha

me: Do you practice or just go out on stage and see what happens?

Trent: Well, Tuesdays we get together for an hour of light impact aerobics,

Thursdays we carry our equipment and jog around the block, and Fridays we go to Lazy's house and beat the shit out of each other. As far as the music goes, I think our last practice was the German show.

me: How would you rate your Gillman show?

Russell: Oh shit we kicked ass... what the fuck kind of question is that?

me: Groupie?

Lazy: Yeah, but I'm taking his medication to get rid of them.

Russell: A form of venereal disease.

Trent: Oh, is that what you had all over your cunt?

Lazy: Mazy bit bitches they are.

me: What is the funnest thing that any of you guys ever did?

Trent: I think Russell once shot a man just for smoking.

Lazy: We ain over some stoners in the Mummyreble once.

Russell: Oh yeah! Ha. Ha.

Trent: I HATE stoners.

me: What do you think of disco?

Lazy: Disco used to be my life.

Trent: I thought it still was... look at those shoes.

me: I would say slam dancing and stage diving is getting pretty old. What do you think should replace them?

Everyone: The Kick.

Trent: Detailed instructions on our next?"

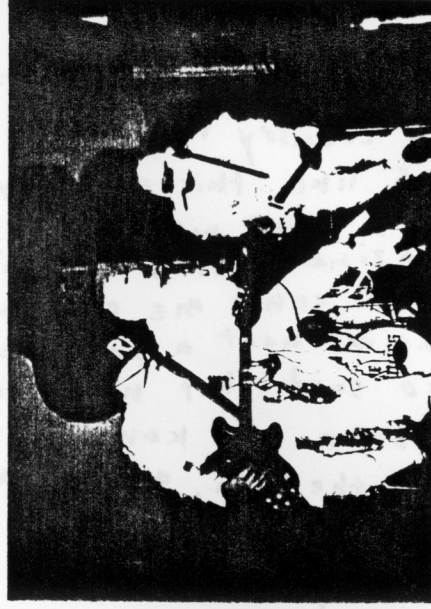
Lazy: The name of the game is pain. Just make sure somebody else, somebody you care about is experiencing it.

me: That's it for me. Do what you want from here or just say the end.

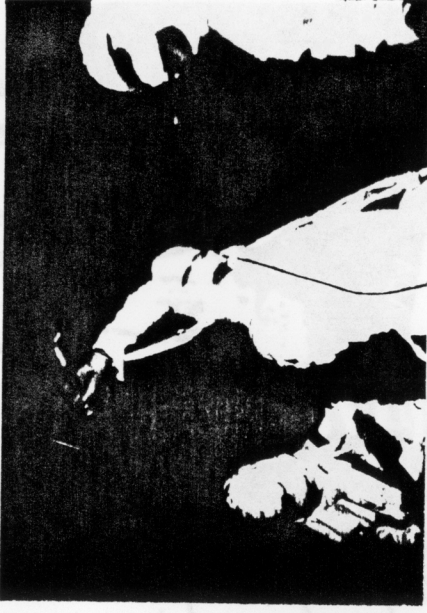
Trent: Buy our records you piteheads. We still haven't raised enough money to send Lazy off to guitar school. We've got four more coming out before Christmas. Send one to your grandma. Just don't come up and bug us about the first one, we're sold out of that you losers.



Wilson tree you figure it out



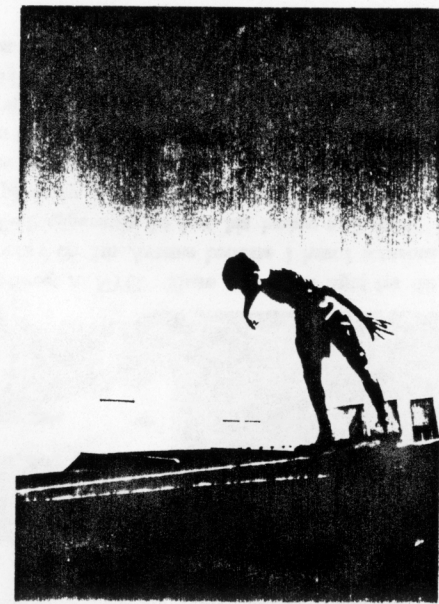
the Mummies... interview to the left.



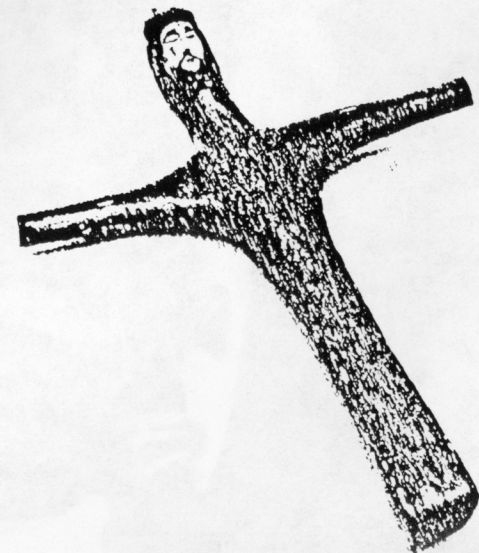


i don't know how you can  
take a country that has  
stamps like this seriously  
this guy Kari who makes  
a magazine called Obsessive  
Devotion sent me one and  
it came without a post mark  
He also said that he had

multiple sclerosis The cover said kari's last  
days write him and find out the truth 885 E 14th St  
N Vancouver, British Columbia V7L2P5, CANADA  
maybe you'll get a cool stamp too



Christ figure  
on corral  
slapple





I was standing on the corner of 5th Avenue and 37th Street in NYC. There was a red light for the cars on 5th and people were crossing the street. I looked up 5th Avenue because I heard someone screaming and saw one of those bike messengers. Well, apparently he lost his brakes and went through the crowd of people crossing the street. Surprisingly, he didn't hit anyone when all of a sudden a cab came screaming across the street. The messenger T-boned the cab. He went flying over the roof of the cab, did a flip and landed flat on his back. Everyone in the immediate area just kinda looked at him. All of a sudden he jumped up and yelled, "Alright!" and ran to his bike. I couldn't believe it. I ran out to shake his hand. I said to him, "Man, you're King." He looked at me and said, "Well, somebody has to be." He jumped on his bike and rode off. -Sean Rage Zine 34  
Fibert, Hamden, CT 06517

