



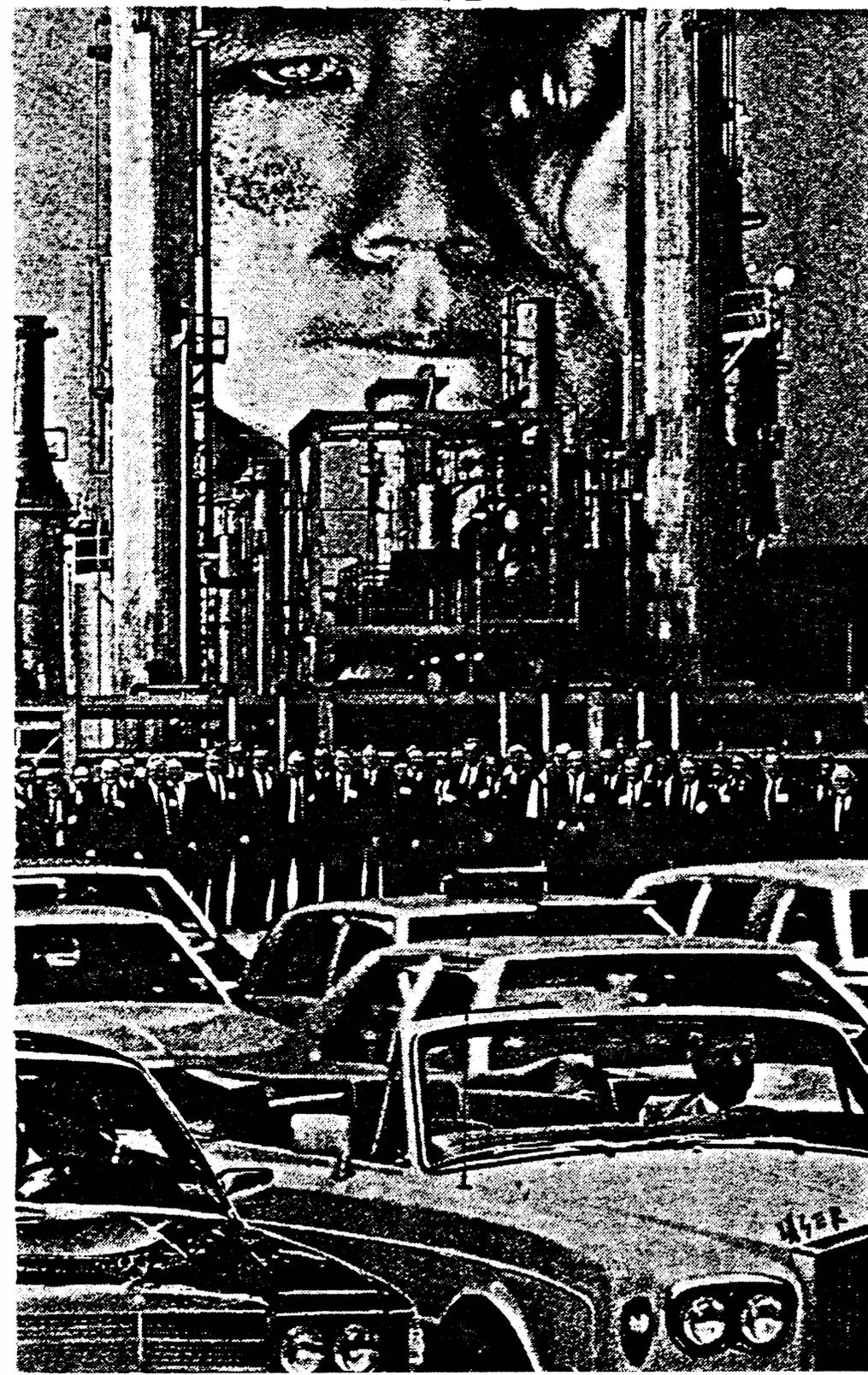
TALES FROM THE RAT HOUSE

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY ZINE #1

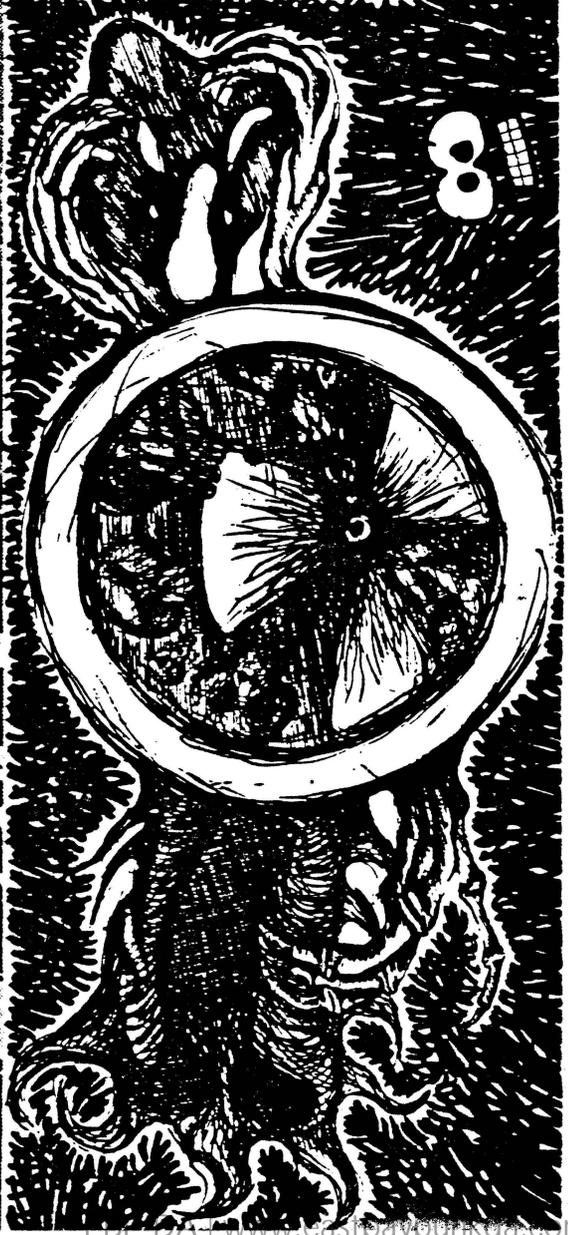


suitable for rats.

FREE!!



The message of this little book is that when you take it and eat it up, you will know the fundamental laws governing your fiery destiny in this life. And if you diligently apply them, you will fulfill that destiny and your reason for being—and no man shall take thy crown. For the LORD Thy God has decreed it.



INHABITANTS OF THE RATHOUSE ARE:



DAVID ("MOE") HAYES



JOE ("CURLY") BRITZ



LAWRENCE ("LARRY") LIVERMORE

AND:

DAVE ("PORCUPINE") MDC, WALLY THE RAT, PLUS A CAST OF THOUSANDS OF COCKROACHES + MICE. SPECIAL THANKS FOR RANDOM RAT DROPPINGS TO: ANN ("REMINDE ME TO DECIMATE YOU LATER") LIQUORI [KENMOORTH CARTOON, TYPING, COPIES, ETC...]; JOHNNI ("CEMENT HEAD"); KRYS ("EMPTY SKULL"); LYNETTE ("MASTERMIND") H. [RAT DRAWING ON COVER]; + JESSICA ("KNUCKLEHEAD") SAPPINGTON.

REACH ANY OF US AT P.O. BOX 14292 S.F. CA. 94114

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME IF + WHEN WE GET OUR SHIT TOGETHER FOR THE NEXT ISSUE.....

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SNIP 'N' SAVE RECIPE OF THE DAY

Steamed Rat a la Chinoise

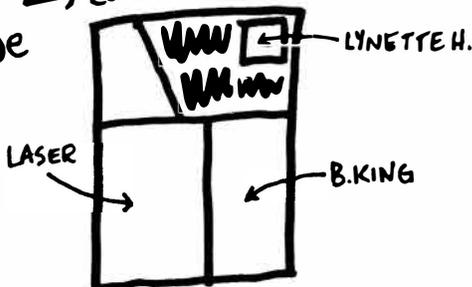
From the Chinese Central Patriotic Public Health Campaign Committee to the citizens of China, this culinary advice: Eat Rats. Every rat eaten, the argument goes, means one less on the loose to eat grain, kill chickens and engage in various forms of rat mischief, and means one more meal on the table.



A traditional Guangzi recipe:
 Steam the rat, soak it in brine, ginger and pepper for a few hours. Then press it into the form of a steak.
 Leave out to air for a day, then cook it on top of a mixture of rice, bran and sesame oil.
 You'll know your rat is ready to eat when "the aroma of the meat permeates the whole kitchen."



Designed by Moe → COVER CREDITS



For the Kid in All of Us

You may want to carefully pull out each sheet and pass it around as you play



"THE CRAZIER YOU ARE NOW, THE HARDER YOU'LL LAUGH IN TEN YEARS" by Kryz

I arrived in San Francisco 6 weeks ago. So far I haven't found a place to live, not that I've been looking. Haven't had the money to look. Don't want to commit myself to a long term place. "I want to travel" is my excuse. I figure if I bee-bop from place to place I'll get out of the country quicker.

Been staying at friends. Have you ever stayed at a place where you would meet some chick with too much make-up, tight pants, blowing smoke in your face & telling you how big David Lee Roth's dick is through a wad of blue smelly gum in her mouth? In ten years she'll be reaching across tables to clean up crumbs that miss plates, bitching about cigarette smoke that stains her lamp shades & laughing about the rock star that popped her cherry.

Then there's the guy at the bar you thought was cute enough to wave over & chat with. He likes to drink until saliva drips down his chin & onto the floor, still convinced he's in control. The next morning this cutie wakes up feeling sick & he's 120 dollars poorer. He might laugh in ten years. If karma exists, I won't.

These people aren't my friends. I thought I'd mention them because they were funny.

When you stay with friends you learn little things about them that seem out of the ordinary. Weird fixations for spotless kitchen floors while not a care in the world for the overflowing cat box in the bathroom.

How much time is spent on one's hair? And how much hairspray does one need?

Do you know anyone who wakes up in the middle of the night to brush their teeth? I do. Yet in ten years, when my teeth are holding on by sure will alone & I'm brushing & flossing twelve times daily, will I be laughing? Or even smiling?

I haven't found a job yet. Not that I've been seriously looking... Actually... I haven't looked at all. I applied for unemployment by request of the General Assistance (GA) requirements. I was denied. Yet this, what was supposed to happen. Now I'm eligible for GA.

Another requirement of GA is to complete a "job search" form, which means to look for a job (or at least show up at an interview). This defeats my whole purpose for applying for GA. I don't want to work.

Twenty-one years around; eleven in a worthless school; six working, paying state & wage taxes, FICA, SS, etc, etc... I want to be unemployed for awhile & I want the government to pay for it.

Social Services is a new toy for me. I've learned it's degrading as hell. You're treated like a second-class citizen. Two days a week cleaning the streets & you still have to look for a job. I'm crying now. I'll be laughing in ten years when I'm sitting on billions of dollars & GA is billing me for reimbursement for their support.

I can remember (although I certainly don't want to be held accountable for) things I've said & done two, three years ago & laugh now. Shaving my head & pointing a finger at authority, screaming: "You're corrupt". Boy, I showed them (who is "them" anyway?)

And a couple of years earlier dreaming of Leaf Garret (or whatever his name is) & thinking how "cool" The Fonz was... & crying when his girlfriend died.

I lit a firecracker on top of a fire alarm. I was suspended for the rest of the school year jeopardizing my "local school application". I was bussed the next year into a school that supported drug high students. An experimental program at the time shipping these "problem children" out of their environment.

I ended up in Colorado, the best thing that could have happened to me.

Never regret what you thought was a good idea at the time.

An omen now. A blessing later.

 MURDER CAN BE FUN
no records
no bands
a different fanzine
(2 stamps)
J. Marr/ Box 640111/SF, CA
94109



REVIEWS (BY JOE)

① FORETHOUGHT - CASSETTE (\$1 P.P. to 71 BEMIS, S.F., CA. 94131)

MY DUTY AS A REVIEWER REQUIRES ME TO PIGEONHOLE EVERYTHING, BUT THIS EXCELLENT TAPE DOESN'T FALL INTO ANY SPECIFIC CATEGORIES. I'LL JUST SAY (OR WRITE, ACTUALLY) THAT THE DIVERSE MUSIC COMBINES WITH PERSONAL LYRICS TO GIVE EACH SONG AN ENERGETIC, POSITIVE FEELING. ("I LOVE LIFE" - "I LOVE LIFE + WHAT IT COULD GIVE, I LOVE LIFE THE HARDER IT GETS")

② CRASS - "BEST BEFORE" DOUBLE L.P.

A COMPILATION OF THE SINGLES PLUS 3 UNRELEASED SONGS, 2 DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF "DO THEY OWE US A LIVING?", INTERVIEWS, A LYRIC BOOKLET, A BAND HISTORY AND A SURPRISE OR TWO. A GREAT PACKAGE WITH BRILLIANT ARTWORK TO MATCH. IT'S MISSING THE "WHO DUNNIT?" SINGLE, FOR SOME REASON. ("BIG A LITTLE A" - "IF YOU DONT LIKE THE LIFE YOU LIVE, CHANGE IT NOW IT'S YOURS, NOTHING HAS EFFECT IF YOU DONT RECOGNIZE THE CAUSE")

③ THE VELVET UNDERGROUND - "ANOTHER VIEW" L.P.

NOT NEARLY AS GOOD AS THE LAST "COLLECTION OF PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED RECORDINGS" BUT IT'S BETTER THAN MOST OF THE SHIT OUT THERE. I COULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT THE IDENTICAL LINER NOTES (SEE "V.U." LP) AND IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE COME OFF BETTER AS AN E.P. STILL, IT'S WORTH HAVING IF YOU'RE A VELVETS FAN. ("ROCK AND ROLL" - "2 T.V. SETS + 2 CADILLAC CARS, WELL YOU KNOW BABY IT'S NOT GONNA HELP US AT ALL")

④ SEVEN SECONDS - "NEW WIND" L.P.

WHAT A MESS! TAKE AWAY THE 4 SONGS PRODUCED BY IAN MACKAYE AND WHAT REMAINS IS A 'LEAD SINGER' DOING HIS BEST FRANK SINATRA CROON WITH THE HELP OF A LOCAL WIMPY BAR BAND. INCREDIBLY BAD! THE LABEL SAYS "TURN IT UP" BUT I SAY RIP THE NEEDLE OFF + PUT ON "THE CREW". ("GROWN APART" - "DO WE STILL HAVE THOSE HOPES + DREAMS?")

⑤ THE SCRAPS - "APARTHEID" 7" E.P. (\$4 P.P. to 43 RUE DE TURENNE LILLE, 59000, FRANCE)
(MONEY ORDER MADE OUT TO: CORNILLEAU)

PRETTY GOOD THRASH SONG IN A ROUGH FRENCH VOCAL. ANGRY LYRICS TOUCH ON NOISE, NAZIS + NUKES. ("THEIR GOD MUST DIE" - "IN THE NAME OF GOD + MOTHER COUNTRY, ALL THE ATROCITIES WILL BE CONSECRATED")

BAYMUD
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STIKKY LOOKOUTS
SHORT DOGS GROW LEGION OF DOOM
RHYTHM PIGS KWIKWAY
RABID LASSIE KOEL FAMILY
NEUROSIS ITALIAN WHORENURS
CRASH-N-BURN INFERNAL FORCES

COMPLETE DISORDER
ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT
CLOWN ALLEY HALF BLIND
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"Bizarre Muzycatic thrash...Bob Dylan meets MDC." Dan Riffe, Third Rail

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REALISTIC: TODAY I WILL TRY TO GET OUT OF BED. AMRE

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TAILS FROM THE RATHOUSE

LOW SOCIETY

by Lawrence Livermore

So the sun finally came out today, not that it makes that much difference to me; I just keep the shades pulled down tight (and taped to the wall so no crack of uninvited light intrudes) and my room stays perfectly dark and gloomy all year round, the way nature intended. After all, where did the first people live? In caves, right? Not on the beach or on some tennis court. People with suntans always look like they're on the verge of shrivelling up, anyway.

So, as you'd expect, I have mixed feelings about one of punk rock's semi-new trends, the daytime show. Some of the best gigs this summer have taken place, or at least gotten started, in broad daylight. It used to be when you saw punks wandering around in mid-afternoon it usually meant that they hadn't yet found their way home from the previous night's festivities.

The first daytime punk show I ever went to was the Eastern Front back in 1982, I think it was, maybe 1981. I barely recognized most of the people there, even though they were the same faces that I'd been seeing at shows for months, but under more natural circumstances, namely darkness. The acres of black leather set against the drug-induced pallor of people's skin looked positively eerie under the blazing summer sun. From the pit rose an enormous cloud of dust, as if a herd of buffalo were stampeding in a circle (actually, maybe my memory is playing tricks on me; it seems like back then, people were still allowed to thrash in whatever direction they wanted. And that recalls another crucial question, first posed by David Hayes, but now burning away in many a scenester's mind: does the pit revolve in the opposite direction in the southern hemisphere? Anyone with firsthand information, please contact the RATHOUSE). Many of the thrashers had fixed bandandas across their faces, outlaw/rioter style, so they could continue breathing. Areas of exposed skin were caked with sweaty mud.

But things are different today, since the advent of straight edge, when the

typical punk rocker starts the day with a glass of organic carrot juice before setting out to save the world. Also, the line between punks and hippies seems to be getting more and more blurred, with long hair and guitar solos becoming more the norm than the exception. This was really obvious at the MDC-BGK-CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS show at the Farm August 17. There was only one truly obnoxious drunk in evidence (a certain East Bay lead singer who single-handedly managed to clear out about half the pit), and everywhere there was much peace, love, mellowness, and constructive engagement (naw, it wasn't really that boring).

Though everyone knows there's no such thing as a punk elite, it was out in force for this show. Nearly all the MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL crew was there, except, of course, Steve Spinalli, who hasn't been seen at a live gig since some time in early 1980 (NEWS FLASH! STOP THE PRESSES! Mr. Spinalli himself, or an awfully good impersonation thereof, actually turned out for the Aug. 30 show at the VIS featuring CORRUPTED MORALS, NEUROSIS, NO ALLEGIANCE, CAPITOL PUNISHMENT, and MDC. Unfortunately, almost no one else did, par for the course at the VIS) and Jumpin' Jeff Bale, who's busily engaged in writing his Ph.D. thesis on the evolution of the fuzztone guitar. Jello Biafra looked suitably dyspeptic in the wake of his porn-pushing indictment by the L.A. brain police and the DEAD KENNEDYS breakup ("The thing that's really driving Biafra nuts," artist Winston Smith was saying, "is having to talk to all these straight people.") Dave of REAGAN YOUTH spent most of the show leaning against a wall in the lobby and went largely unrecognized.

Oh yes, I think some bands played, too, though musical entertainment seems to be becoming secondary to the social interaction among scenesters and scenemakers ("networking", I believe the yuppies call it. Hmmm, would punk yuppies be called puppies?).

Anyway, the show was being videotaped, possibly for release as a major motion picture and only one person took me aside to demand that I denounce the whole spectacle as a co-option of punk rock ("How can this go on?" he demanded, as the \$7.50 a head frolickers milled around us).

Well, it does go on, and so do I; anyway, \$7.50 isn't that bad (unless you don't have it) for six bands, when you consider that practically every night of the week Bill Graham rakes in two or three times as much for some warmed-over schlock artist like Elvis Costello (\$18.50 (plus a "service charge") to hear that perennial neurotic whine about his no doubt deservedly miserable life!). You know, upstairs from the Rathouse there's a tribe of yuppies, and downstairs an extended family of Mexicans, and it got me to wondering why you never see any Mexican yuppies.

Oh, anyway, another thing I wanted to talk about was this so-called "openness" which seems to be spreading like a cancer through the local scene. What it's producing is a whole generation of people who refuse to make judgments or have opinions about anything for fear of appearing narrow-minded. This seems to be an evolution or permutation of the old hippie riff, "We're all one, so nothing matters!". The willful abandonment of critical thought extends into all areas of the culture, but it annoys me most when applied to politics ("Well, yes, I guess those Nazis do want to exterminate every one of us, but after all, they're people, too, and they're entitled to their own opinion") and music ("Yes, it's true that listening to that metal-art noise-industrial-thud rock record for more than the briefest of intervals can trigger epileptic seizures in white rats and narcoleptic catatonia in humans, but who am I to judge? I mean, isn't it great that musicians/artists are trying to do something different?").

Well, maybe conventional tones and rhythms became conventional because they're the ones that sound right together, and maybe God or the earth spirit or the blind forces of

random chaos gave you a brain and an individual ego because you're supposed to use it. The whole ethos of punk grew up around people who didn't hesitate to say "Fuck off" to the shit being offered them by the dominant corporate culture. But if the shit is being offered by people with the "right" hair style and color, and with suitably alternative sounding names for their corporations, then you risk being called a fascist these days for rejecting it.

One place there was no shortage of opinions recently was on the September 2 MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL radio

show, when Dave and Franco of MDC went head to head with Jeff and Tim over the question of whether MDC has compromised its original values by its current business practices. Fingers were wagging and blood veins were popping, and the rhetoric flew fast and heavy around the studio. Nothing was decided, but it made for good show biz. Not to make light of the whole thing; the questions raised were valid and important, the kind of questions I wish more people would ask before they decide to buy a record/ attend a concert/play a certain venue, etc., etc. But it was ironic to see four of the

people who've arguably done more than almost anyone to create the whole punk/alternative scene tearing each other apart. Tim afterward referred to it as a "bloodletting", which in the old days was considered a useful medical practice; at least most of the patients it was practiced on weren't around later on to sue for malpractice. But hopefully this particular episode will serve more to make people think about things they may have started taking for granted. Anyway, that's it for now from this particular hole of the Rathouse. Happy cheese-hunting, and hope the cats don't bite!

REPUBLICAN PARTY PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

...do we have a second?



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO PAT ROBERTSON



OOPS!

Crew tells of day they accidentally dropped H-bomb

← Spelling courtesy of S.F. Examiner

HARDCORE, PUNK GROUPS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
 RAW POWER on Radio Campus is waiting for your records at Jérôme Cornilleau
 43 rue de Turenne LILLE 59000 FRANCE .Radio Campus is an independent
 free radio without advertising which covers 9 cities in the north of France.
 Only their members pay to build the radio. Raw Power for 3 years has given
 airplay to the alternative, punk and hardcore music.

THE STORY OF LITTLE BEEP by Ann

Little Beep was a microchip who lived with a whole bunch of other microchips in a colony called 'The Board'. The Board was part of a microcomputer.

It was the job of all the microchips on the Board to pass along information. This they did routinely, day after day. Till one day. One day, as usual, the first microchip turned to the second microchip and said: "Zero!"

The second microchip heard the first microchip and turned to the third microchip and repeated: "Zero!"

The third microchip said to the fourth: "Zero!", and the fourth to the fifth, on and on, down the line and finally, the 51st microchip turned to Little Beep and sang out: "Zero!". Well, Little Beep turned to his neighbor and opened his micro mouth, and --forgot! He forgot what he was supposed to say!

So a very bad thing happened --the system went down. The important zero vanished and became nothing. The man who owned the microcomputer called a technician to find out what was wrong. The technician sent electronic impulses through all the parts in the computer and measured them as they went through to find the sick part. And sure enough, when he got to The Board and sent the wave through, all the microchips lit up and hummed --all except Little Beep. Little Beep forgot to hum --so the wave didn't come out right.

"Aha!" said the technician. And he pulled The Board right out of the computer --clean out of the computer, and he threw it in a bag. Everyone on the Board got mad. At Little Beep.

"Way to go, Beep," said his neighbor. "Now what's gonna happen to us? And it's all your fault... how come you're so wired?"

Little Beep hung his little head, he was so ashamed. He didn't know what to say. And he was afraid, too --he'd heard stories, horrible stories, about what happened to boards that didn't conduct themselves properly.

Now it so happened that the technician's next stop was at a missile silo. The problem was that one of the missiles wouldn't explode, and all it needed was a new board. The technician reached into his bag and pulled out Beep's board by mistake. He snapped it in place and sent a wave through to test it. Sure enough, Beep came through this time, with a hum and a flash, and so the Board got to stay in the missile.

Meanwhile, in the land of make-believe (the politicians' world) things were getting very bad between the two superpowers, The leader of the country where the Board lived woke up in a bad mood one morning, and decided to nuke the other side. He gave the command, and as luck would have it, the missile that was fired was the one with Beep's board in it.

On their way to the other side, all the microchips were very proud to think of their important assignment --all except Beep. It made Little Beep sad to think of never having anything to do anymore. When the moment came, the moment to trigger the firing mechanism, the first microchip got the signal. He turned to the second microchip and said, "One!"

The second microchip turned to the third microchip and said, "One!". The third turned to the fourth and repeated: "One!" and on and on, down the line, till the 51st microchip turned to Little Beep and sang out: "One!".

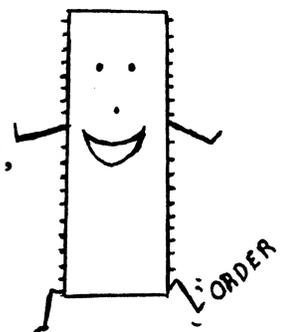
Little Beep could have forgotten what to say. But this time, he didn't. The "one" was right there in his memory. He knew exactly what he was supposed to say this time --but instead of turning to the next microchip and saying "One!", Little Beep turned back to the 51st microchip, opened his micro mouth, and sang out:

"FUCK YOU!"

All the microchips were astounded. Too surprised to even hiss. And the missile didn't hurt a thing. It crashed in an open field.

By the time it did, the citizens back home had discovered what their leader had done. They were so angry that they pulled him and his queen out of their palace and cooked them for dinner. When the citizens in the target country heard the story, they did the same thing to their king.

And they all lived happily ever after, thanks to Little Beep!



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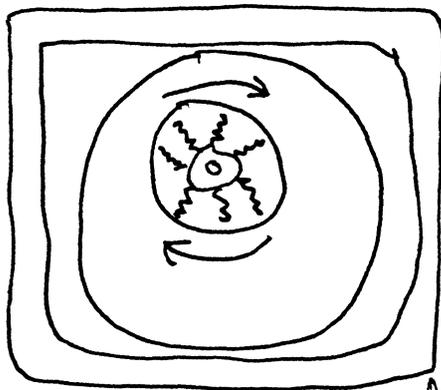
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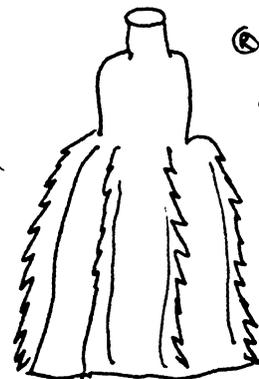
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BEFORE - White T-shirt with tough, greasy zirtz stain.



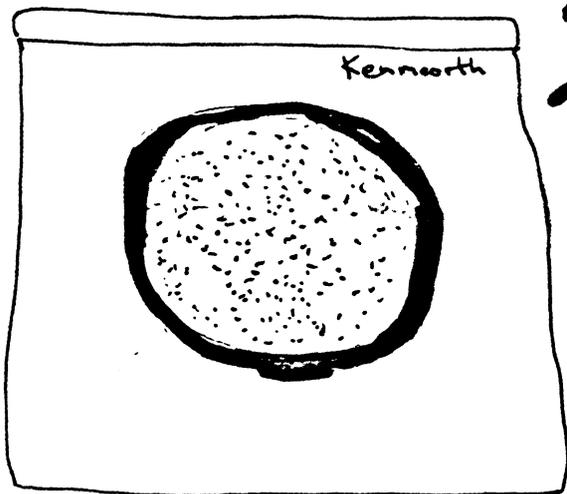
AFTER - No more stain! (AND... no more shirt!)



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"RINSE!!!"



Volume control extra.

"GREETINGS FROM PATHETICA" by Johnni

What's the purpose of a "dance club"? I've been trying to figure that one out for a long time now. Believe me, I've put a lot of thought into it, & all I can come up with is that they're the equivalent of a singles bar for the under 21 crowd.

I can't think of anything socially redeeming about them. All the club owner has to do is buy some records (usually by British clotheshorses with delusions of godhood), maybe install a video screen or two, then wait for the kiddies to finish fixing their hair. That, of course, is the hard part.

In the suburban high school scene, I know quite a few people who live to go to dance clubs. The idea seems to be: get "dressed up" (wear black head to toe), keep "Dippity Do" in business, & meet members of the opposite sex (& not give a damn if they respect you in the morning or not).

The disgusting part in all this is that I know several otherwise intelligent & caring people who frequent (& enjoy) places like these. Now I know some people were meant for dance clubs, but when it happens to people you know & respect... well, let's just say it doesn't reaffirm my faith in mankind.

Other than losing respect for my friends, I suppose the worst thing about the dance clubs is that they give a feeling of going out & supporting the bands they like when it does nothing of the sort. And with a couple of dollars more (or sometimes less) one could see real LIVE bands & have an active part in the music. (Yes, the audience. What would a show be without an audience?) Don't worry about the employees of the dance clubs— there will always be enough dips to keep them in business.

BOOKS- "Galápagos" by Kurt Vonnegut

With the exception of "Cat's Cradle" this is Kurt's most cynical story to date. It's written from the perspective of a character who died in the year 1986 but lived on as a ghost for an additional million years. During that period he observes the evolution of the human species from thinking, opinionated, "big-brained" masses into uncaring, "small-brained", fish-like survivors. The development seems ideal to the ghost because now (a million years into the future) there are no such things as money, deceit, hatred, war or power. Though "Galápagos" is almost completely despairing, I wholeheartedly recommend it because of the Vonnegut-esque insights, compassion, irony & most of all, humor. IE (on the subject of present day human brains): "What could most of that blah-blah-blahing have been, both night & day, but the spilling of useless, uncalled-for signals from our preposterously huge & active brains? There was no shutting them down! Whether we had anything for them to do or not, they ran all the time! And were they ever loud!"

(By the way, I didn't give away the ending to the book. Most of the plot is revealed near the beginning of the novel.) by Joe

"WHERE TO GO FOR FREE COMESTIBLES"

① Belcher St: This is my favorite place. Free distribution of veggies, fruits & bread, so make yer own meals. Made possible by friendly people that care (Hi Hilary!), 11AM to 1PM every Thurs. (Get there early!)

② TREES: Best meals. Great variety, vegan menu. 23 & Shotwell Sat night 6:30

③ Haight-Ashbury Food Program: Good variety, decent food. Vegetarian. 1525 Waller St (near Belvedere) Tues-Fri 12-1PM

④ One Mind Temple: An appropriate title. No variety whatsoever. The food's decent, though. 351 Divisadero (near Oak) M,W,TH 2:30-3:30; Sun 3:30-4:30 Vegetarian

⑤ Glide Church: Decent but not much for vegetarians. 330 Ellis M-F 4-5:30

⑥ Martin De Porres: Only for the desperate! Not worth the price of admission! 225 Potrero (near 16th) Tues-Sat 12-3PM; M-f 6-7:30

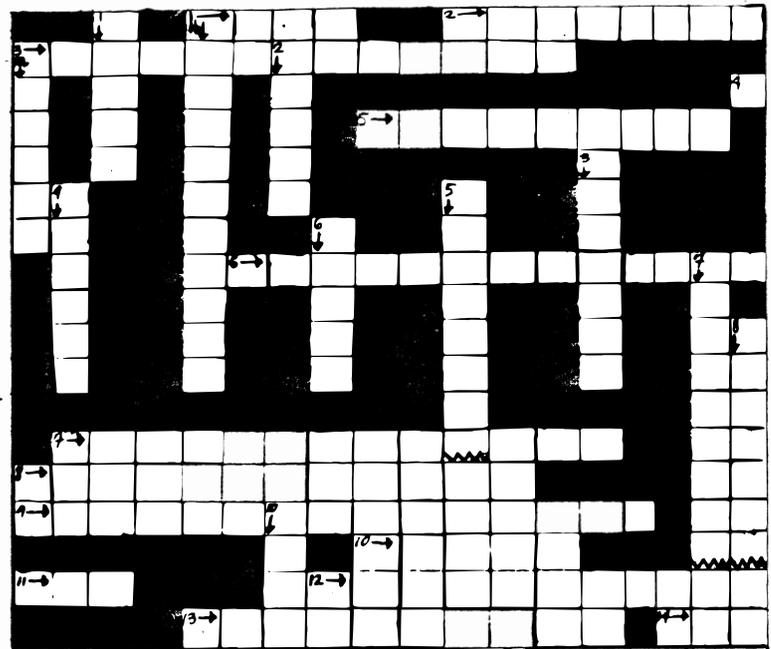
These are the only ones I've been to. For further listings check Bound Together Books on Haight St (near Masonic) or write to us. by Joe

By Brickman

The Small Society



NO HINTS..... PLEASE!



ACROSS

- 1) Who's the singer of #8 across?
- 2) I just saw a 'Strange Movie' and I 'Can't Cry'. what band is this
- 3) I'm a 'Couch Slouch' this song is on what album by D.R.I.?
- 4) This band is 'Breathless' when it comes to making sound tracks.
- 5) This band does a great cover of Rick James 'SuperFreak' who's it
- 6) D.K.'s latest album achievement.
- 7) 'I love him, I love him, I love him and where he goes I'll swallow, I'll swallow, I'll swallow..' what song is this?
- 8) If I can't see, I read this way and there's always a party.
- 9) I'm 'Moving to Florida'
- 10) Where are the Hickoids from?
- 11) 'Jesus loves you' ya know
- 12) '...but I want to be classified, I want to be stereotyped..' what band is this?
- 13) what is the name of the band #10 down?

- 14) There's a ch2 and CH4 and a CH5 what channel do you really want to watch?

DOWN

- 1) Beef----- **14) 'OUT OF STEP'**
- 2) Do I wanta 'Plug in Jesus'? Dr. please tell me.
- 3) What was the name of drummer when the Misfits had 'Walk Among Us' released?
- 4) who's the bassist for the Nihilistics?
- 5) It's the 'Killing of Reality'
- 6) Somewhere deep down there's the 'Amerikan in Me'.
- 7) I'm a Black Market Baby and its a 'total -----'.
- 8) The 'Evolution' is here, 3 yrs. now, where did it come from?
- 9) The 'Incredible Shrinking -----'
- 10) 'Blasts from the -----'.
- 11) 'No ---- lost'.

by; Jessica Sappington
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