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PUDDLEZINE*

AND COMPILATION TAPE 4

INSIDE

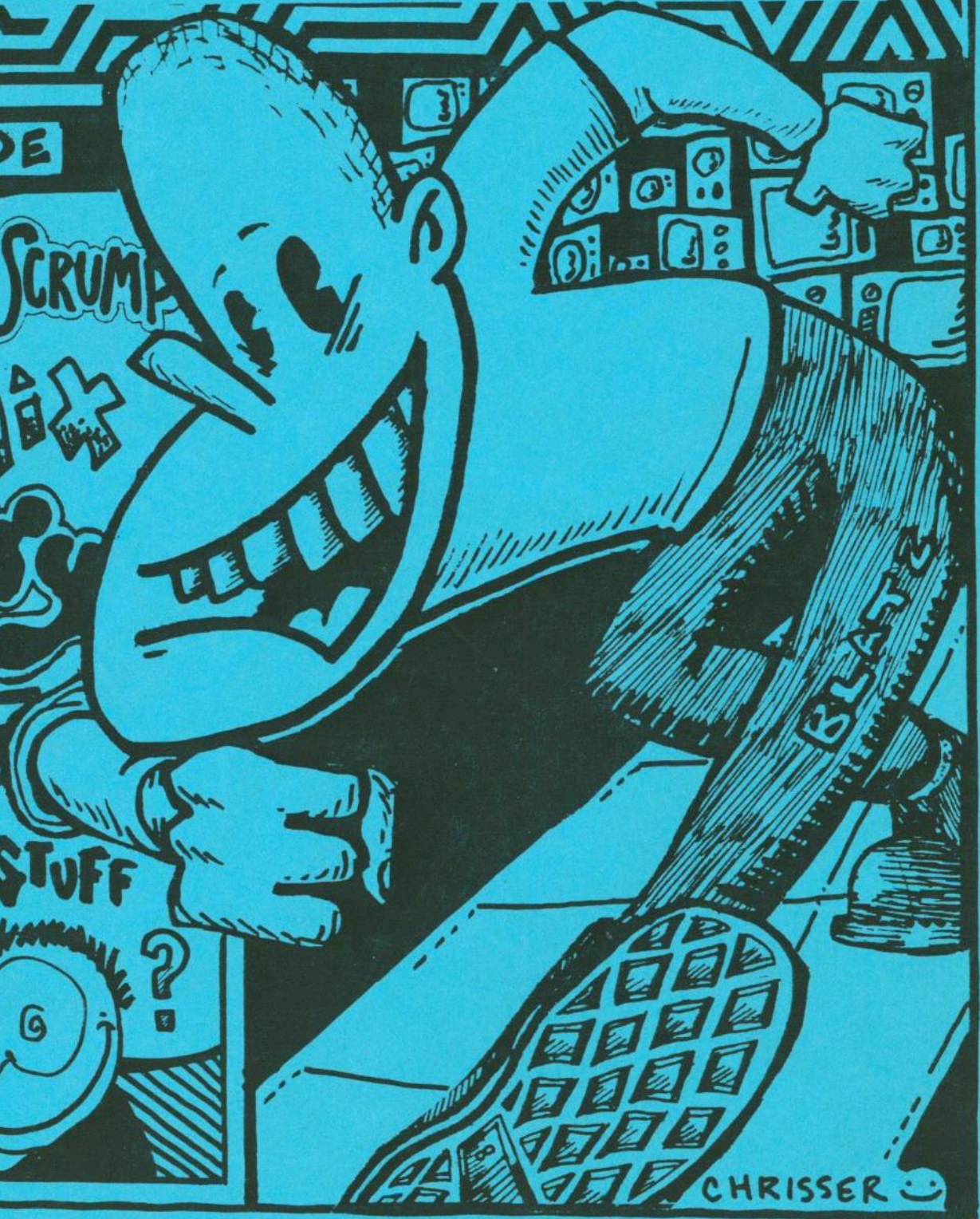
BUMBLE SCRUM

COMIX

CLASSIC

REVIEWS

STUPIDSTUFF



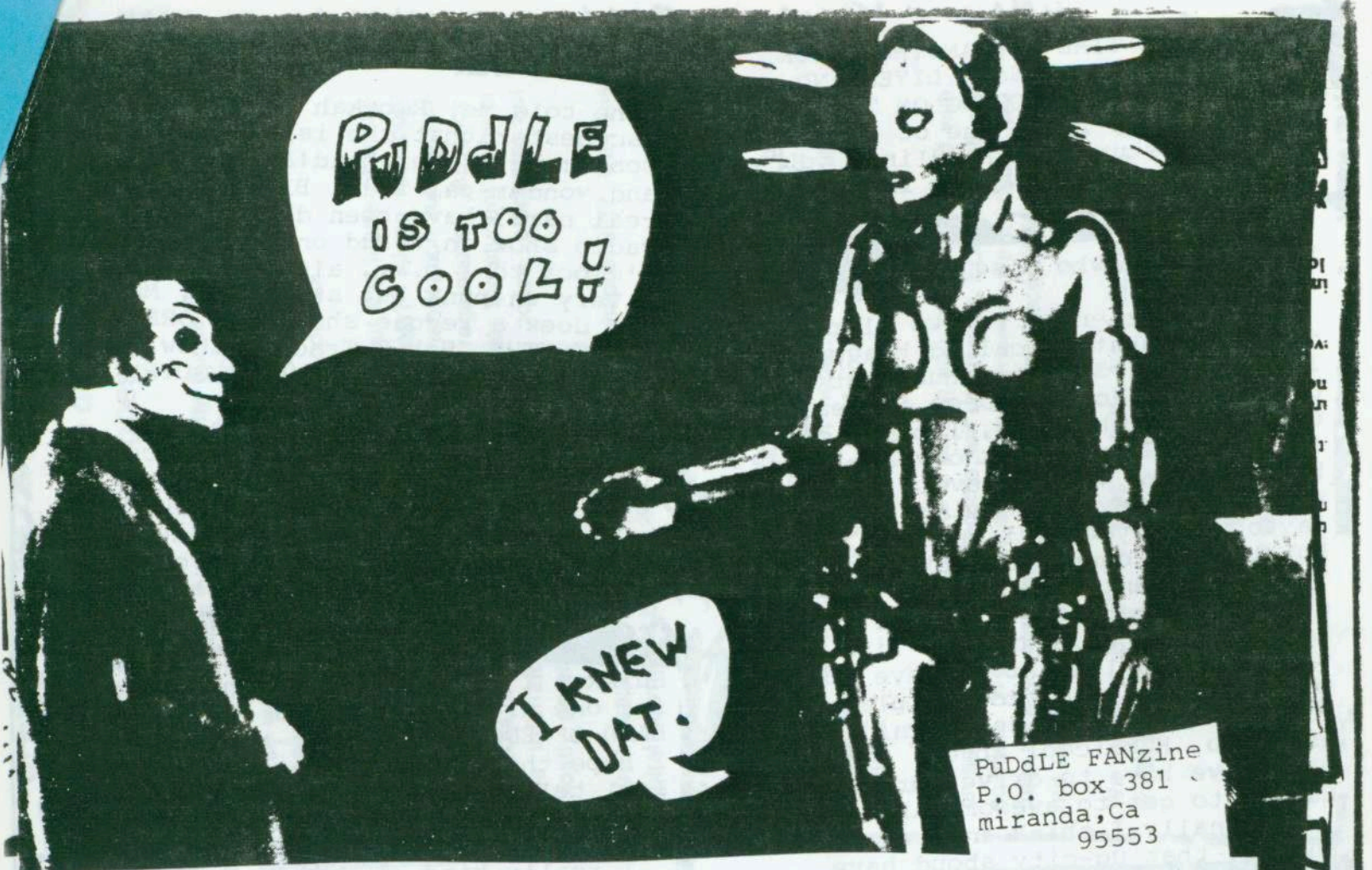
CHRISSEY ☺



GREEN DAY

ISOCRACY

Get Cab



This is or was Puddle #4. I got a type-writer and it was a lot easier to use than these cheezy attempts at writing neatly. About the comp tape, if you got it: the band info is in the zine so take a look and contact the bands or me for any more info you might want. Last issue went over pretty well, I even got letters about my content! Like people read it or something!

Enough sarcasm. It was cool, and you'll see what I got and my responses next issue (I'm looking ahead). Yes, a Puddle-

letter section. More news. There is the possibility of a Puddle-off shoot in the near future. Some pals of mine have decided to call themselves "the Puddle skatedudes" and if they get some skate-plcs and other skate-related stuff, we might put out a Puddle" skate zine, in 1/2 page format called "Dig it". ONLY tentative ds of yet. Also, possible:

Puddle T-shirts and (oooh) Hooded sweat-shirts. If I get it together. - Chrissier (2)

DUDE, IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT WHERE THE CHRISSEY LIVES AND WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON THERE! (and if that is'nt one of the longest, stupidest headlines you've heard, I don't know what is)

by chrissey (who else?)

Okay my friends, let us slip down into that so-called heaven I reside in: Southern Humboldt County, California. Does it really exist, you ask? Heck, I'm not sure but I hope so, knowwhattimean? Located, are we, in lovely northern Cali, above Mendocino (and Laytonville you L. Livermore fans) but below Oregon and yuck, Eureka. The above mentioned city I like to consider a man-made disaster. I feel sorry for my friends that live there but at least they have buses to travel to other cooler places like...Arcata (love dat town!). For us in So. Hum. (cool abrev. for our place) we have to drive through Eureka to get to awesome Arcata.

Personally, I think instead of Eureka, that ug-city should have been called "Bummer". Like in, "Bummer! We're in Eureka!!"

As to happenings in Puddle-Town, we've been keeping ourselves busy. The Mateel in Redway, last night hosted Pato Banton, an English reggae-ska-rap legend. He appeared at the totally famous REGGAE ON THE RIVER last summer (also a Mateel event). And being in the right place at the right time, not usual for me, I got to meet him at our local radio station KMUD in Garberville. I had been excited about him being at REGGAE because I remember his collaborations with the indisputably awesome English Beat back in the early eighties, when I was a kid. But after his riveting(?) show at the reggaefest, everyone loved him. And He was a pretty nice fella-dude, too, at least he seemed so when I spoke to him (yes, I'm bragging.)

Punk Stuff? Um...Here's a few things that have happened: Abe, former ly of Bumblecrump, is now singing for a metal band with no name. That's what

he told me. Rebekah Katz, super scenester that she is, has shaved some more of her head! Also, Reb and wonder-pal Traci Bland (her real name) have been doing a cool radio show on K-Mud on Sundays, 11 o'clock to 1 p.m., alternating with a very un-punk but still rad, Mava, who does a reggae show, "The DREADFUL TRUTH". Reb & Traci's show is called "The NONCONFORMIST YOUTH". Dude, check 'em out.

As for shows, I haven't seen a punk show worth mentioning since Mr T Experience rocked the Vet's Hall in G-ville, before the summer! Yow, too long. I could lose my edge if I don't find one soon. I've heard rumors of a 7Seconds show in

Eureka. I'll try to bear that town for one night I guess. As for that BAND OF EDGERS (straight-that is), I hope they're good 'cause next ish I'll tell you if they sucked or not. I better not hear any lame shit offa their last album-YUCK!

I really kind of wish I knew more about the scene here but I spend all my time dealing with the zine, I never have any time to hang out! Maybe in a future world, robots will automatically write zines & mini-publishers like me can just sleep all the time...Too perfect to be real, right? Guess I better find some contributors who still do things.

Actually, the only reason, I haven't seen a punk show is because there hasn't been any around here lately. And that is some show-promoter's fault, not mine. They make the scene, don't you know (ha-ha)?

That's all I'm gonna write now. It's way late and I gotta get up and flail in school tomorrow. Oh yeah, I turned in Puddle #3 for my quarter project in English Honors and got an A+!! Oh yeah!! Love it.

-chrissey

SELF-EXPRESSION-HARDCORE

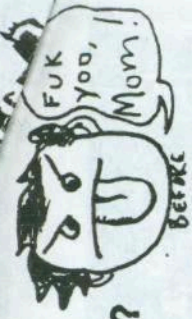
CHRISSEY



Don't do dat, dude. I'll get mi brother to step on you, right?



RIDDLE SSS: What do you do when a good kid goes bad?



A teenager with a high IQ defiantly flunks simple subjects in school...Another flaunts drugs in the home...A girl who always was so well behaved becomes outrageously promiscuous...A boy who always had nice friends suddenly joins "the wrong crowd"... A good athlete quits the team saying "it's not cool".

What can parents realistically expect about the future of a student who fails in public or private schools? Along with poor grades, low achievement and negligible motivation runs a persistent refusal to conform to rules and regulations. An encyclopedia of disciplinary charges accompanies the student as he or she infuriates teachers, administrators, police, students; but mostly parents.

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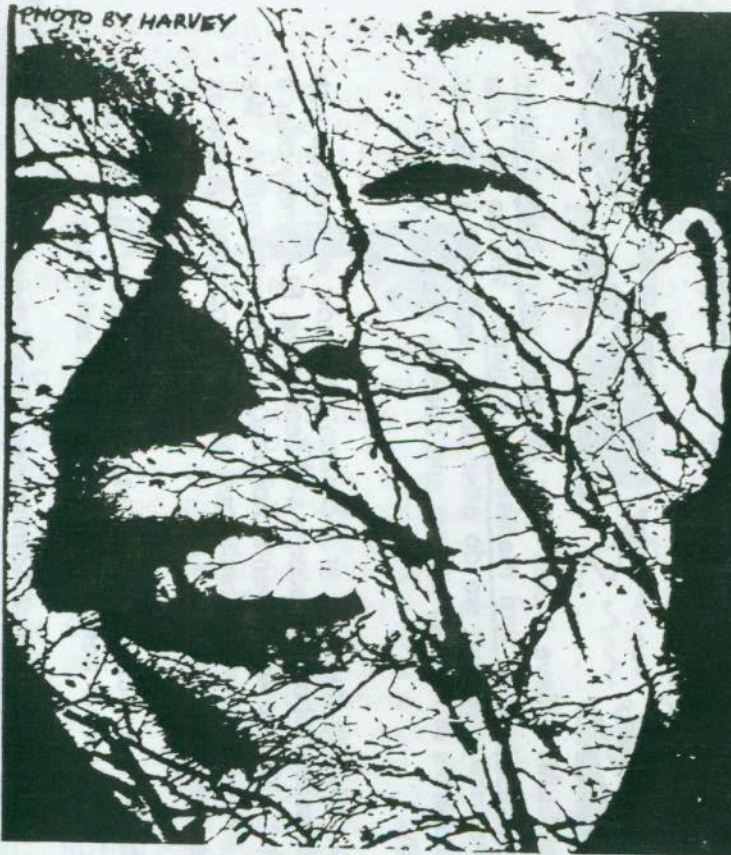
We have a brochure that details how ELAN works and we'll be glad to send it to you. Just write to:

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BAND INTERVIEW

PHOTO BY HARVEY



SANDBLASTER

ANDY - DRUMS - VOCALS
 STEVE - GUITAR - VOCALS
 WILLIAM - BASS
 JAMES - GUITAR

ENCLOSE
 I RC FOR
 SPEEDY
 ZEDDY
 SLIZZ

CONTACT - 73 COLLEGE ROAD
 DEAL
 KENT
 CT14 6BT
 U.K.

OR... 88 BLENHEIM ROAD
 DEAL
 KENT
 CT14 7HA
 U.K.

ALL SONGS @SANDBLASTER89

Puddle: How long have you dudes been around?

Sandblaster: Been going for about seven months.

Puddle: How old are you?

Sandblaster: Average age seventeen. We're all students.

Puddle: What are some of yer influences?

Sandblaster: James likes the Cure and Dogs D'amour.

Steve is into (old) Black Sabbath & Aerosmith.

William likes the Ramones and the Stupids.

Andy goes for Bitch Magnet and Faith No More. (ed. Note: ENM's singer is also with Super-group MR. Bungle From Arcata!)



Puddle: What stuff ticks you off?

Sandblaster: We hate goths and indie rockers.

Puddle: What the heck are you guys attempting to do with your music?

Sandblaster: We try to combine British Hard core with American, adding many ideas of our own.

Puddle: How are yer shows?

Sandblaster: Last gig went down well, but a few goths bottled us.

Puddle: Describe yourselves.

Sandblaster: Lazy Bastards!

Puddle: What about me?

Sandblaster: WE THINK Puddle IS GREAT and the editor is a FUCKIN' COOL GUY!!

(another ed. note: I love dese gize)
Puddle: Any Final words?

Sandblaster: We love letters from America!

THANX - chrisser ☺



PORCELAIN BOYS
Fetish for Females
1 Eldorado Dr.
Delwood, Mn 55110
(612)426-5097

This is my pick of this ish's batch of tapes. It hasn't been out of my tape-player since it was sent to me by a friend in Corpus Christi who couldn't review it himself. Anyway, it totally shreds it up, reminding me of a mixture between old Husker Du and Sweet Baby, but closer to Sweet Baby. As for the lyrics they deal with girls, relationships, and anything else that surrounds those topics. The music is grungy and beautiful. Get it. -chrissier

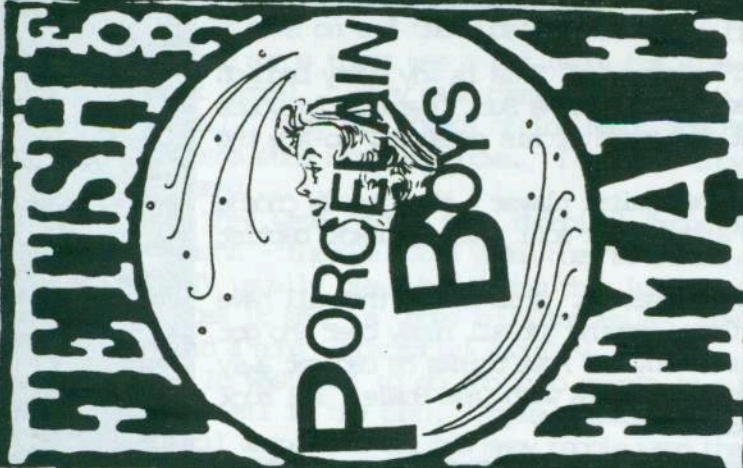
DEMO TAPE REVIEWS

NAPKINHEADS

Our Cars, Our Guitars
P.O Box 313
Ada, Ok 74820

(Look for their cut on de comp)
This tape is another pleasant shock. Not that I didn't think it would be good, but it was so good. The music is catchy and simple, sort of in a Ramones vein yet it doesn't compramise on originality. Songs dealing with Suburban subjects like T.V. and Dick Van Dyke, plus the cover has a picture of Godzilla on it. What could be better??

-chrissier



PORCELAIN BOYS FETISH FOR FEMALE

SASQUATCH

The Demo
Raadinkatu 1B 45
20750 Turku
FINLAND

Aug! This is a hard one to review because I like the feeling of this tape more than the music. I don't want to alienate the stuff here just because I don't enjoy metallic punk stuff. The lyrics are good and although some deal with stale topics they are dealt with in a creative and original manner. If metal was to be more like this instead of sexist/lamo/macho junk I might be able to handle more of it.

If you're into this heavy hard-edged guitar thrash, look into this one.

-chrissier

SKIN FLUTES

Chewbacca
4491 Shellflower Ct.
Concord, Ca. 94518

Dude! This band was first introduced to me on the FLOYD comp. from Lookout Rec.'s. Since then I have been very interested in them. And then I got the tape. To describe this music-hm...well it can't be called any one type of music, really. There's a few heavy punk rippers, a OP.IV joke take-off, some funny tunes and all around coolness here. One to check out. -chrissier

DEATH YOUTH FOUNDATION

No Control
9215 Ahmann Ave.
Whittier Ca. 90603
mess. (213)944-4589

This is helluv' punk stuff, here. It never quite caught my attention as being suprisingly original. The lyrics are not unusual but show a concern for our world, which is is a cool thing. My favorite is the "Potatoe chip song". Maybe if more of the songs didn't take such a hard-core stance and were more like this one it would be a better tape.

-chrissier

SHIT FROM THAT GUY IN OREGON

Shit ever seen Days Of Our Lives? You know, it's that gripping mid-day drama about the construction business and fucking. Anyway don't go thinking it's all evil and bar codes - they use condoms ya know.

How about that cool Freedent commercial - how does it go? "Hey are you chewing Freedent? Wanna fuck?" I love television.

Oh yeah - the cheesiest of them all: MIV

Ever hear of John Bon Jovi? No shit you have - and he knows it! This is why every band on the top 40 should have to do a cover of the swell song "Kill Us, We Suck" (written by yours truly) (Stupid fucking cliches). John knows you all are aware of his presence, so are the Milli fuckin Vanilla boyz, Janet Jackson, Roxette

(Oh - next time you're bein a goon pay attention to her guitar player - he plays 2½ chords thru the **WHOLE** song but he's wiggling out like he's got more soul than a black baptist preacher)

- anyway, all the MTV cult heros **KNOW** America fuckin loves em. This is why they all have such **BIG FUCKIN EGOS**. This is why Motley Crue and Ozzy Osbourne got all fussy over who got to headline when they went to the Soviet Union. This is why Axl Rose thinks he can get away with singing about "niggers" and "faggots" and can picking fights with Dave Bowie. All rock stars have ego trips bigger than the Tipper Gore blacklist.

Speaking of Tipper - if Gore wants to calm all these boys down why not force em to fuckin deflate. This is exactly what **MY** plan will do. (Not that I agree with the neurotic paranoid twit.)

This is where my neat fuckin song comes in:

Kill us, We suck
We don't deserve yer money
Nor groupies to fuck

Shoot us dead, Sodmize each bloated body
Drag us through the street
Decayed and rotted

Kill us, we're lame
We don't need yer love
Just gas and an open flare

(Cool guitar solo)

Jon the patriot

Ya know, I think it'll work

At the end of the song - only for a couple seconds - the bands will be allowed to try and save face by inventing some personallized lyrics about how cool they are, how rich, and why they deserve to be President.

**THIS BUD'S
FOR YOU!**

TV

1/1

MORE SHIT

And I saw RED DAWN today. Holy shit! Patrick Swazeeeee, Sharlie Cheen, and lots-o-other little white kids. It starts out with the commies invading so the boiz all run up to the hills. "Now ya'll can go back down and die or stay here with me and learn to dirty dance." Toilet paper, wheaties, and a football. The good guys win.

Whana hear how people talk in Ashland? They talk like this: "Hey (poetry), lets go down town (art)(culture). We can get some java at the beanery and (Literature)(art) read Renewal." Renewal-itsa New age bullshit mag. But then I come in and say "FUCK SHIT UP YOU RASTIFARIAN KRISHNA POT HEADS!!!! KILL ME, I SUCK!!!! FUCK ART LETS KILL!!!! WANNA MOSH?????" And then I flip em off and hit em. Fucken dorkz!!! i an NEET no shit.

DEAD RIVER IN CONCERT, Ashland, Nov. 17

DR came on and the dude's hand was on fire. Nice trick. They played a while and on the fast songs there was a pit (with the size of the audience the pit took up most of the crowd at times). They call themselves Pop-Punk but my term Alternative Rock seemed to fit just as well. They did covers of Lou Reed, The Beatles, and The Rolling Stones. I think this town needs more hardcore shows. I mean if they can slam to Sympathy For The Devil they must be bored....

They were having some technical probs so they stopped and showed their video. Thata's right - they've got a video they're sendin off to the big boiz. It wasn't as high quality as MTV usually plays but I wish them luck. Lead singer dude (who goes to school here) says "So, does it make ya wanna buy Clearasil?" Oddly, later on he said "who here hates TV?" and then did a song (apparently) about TV.

It was good to go run into people in a pretty mellow environment (people helped you up if ya fell in the pit). Anyway, specially good fer a town this size. Hey, whatever, dude. I stil wanna find out how many people were there. Couple hundred?

Anyway not much else seems to be going on here, not that I would know - shit I'm just some college dork. There is a pirate station here somewhere. They only broadcast about once a week so I haven't been able to here what they do yet. KCUF. Hopefully it'll be cool. Also a guy named Todd is gonna be putting out a zine by the name of Naked Cow with fiction, politics, poetry, and what-not. That could prove cool.

"You fuckers left out part of the fuckin song! I knew the song was longer than that! You guys suck balls!"

reepartin from Oregon: Jerr secretspy

No fucking P.S. bullshit heer!!! Thisa word fucking processor!!!

Experts attack spousal violence

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT would happen if I realized something scary, something bigger than I could handle. I found out in

a more terrible manner than I could imagine. Walking close to the edge of the factories I saw it. They had been hiding it for so long...

OBEIDENCE RELAXATION SEDATION



REPROGRAM



Woke up in a cell with lights on me. I felt cold. I didn't know where I was. My leg ached. I couldn't move it. They questioned me



the problem was they saw me too. I ran, but it was no use. Cops came from nowhere and surrounded me. A shot rang out and I, I.... -



About what I had They said I be with them a long time

seen out there would for

And they put this on me too. Try to convert me to some idiot. I try not to listen but... Here I am. funny thing is I

can't even remember what it was I saw...



ELAXATION SEDA LAXATION

SEDATION ORTHODOXY OBEIDENCE

STALE SPROUTS

Cheezy ramblings
of a really
stupid-head
by Chrissier Appelgren



Since my last column (a mind-blower in it self!), I've been thinking about my topic: whether it is right to have a purpose, a point, an idea just what the heck we're doing, and contrary to my previous thoughts, I've decided I do think purposes are

all right. I mean, how else would you be reading this?

If I was against having a point, I'd never get around to doing anything, especially a zine.

"If it's not required by my teacher - forget it!" So I accept "purposes" as sometimes necessary to get things done.

But, at other times, having a direction is not needed and at

that time we'll just dork around and burp or read or sompthin'...

So, now we're free to find a new topic. There's another thing that's been on my mind lately; I don't know whether you'd care to hear about it or not, but I'll try:

Um, what is the role of LOGIC in reality? Oh gosh, now I'm embarrassed, do I sound like a wanna-be intellectual?

But really, I have been considering it. There are many things in the world that don't fit into the logical scheme of things. We can't deny that. Where do these wiggo-occurances fit

into life? Can we completely discount these unusual things? Like lights in the skies, or why some elected officials act the way they do; how about the environmental destruction of the earth? Some people really cannot see that cutting down hell of trees hurts our planet. I lie not.

It's like logic doesn't fit in our world and all the stuff that's here is way illogical. I say give it up and live. More

next
issue.
I promise



LARRY

I STAND ALONE.



CHRISSERO

THE WORLD AS I KNOW IT LIES SLEEPING,



SO, REALLY, ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT. NO MUSIC ON THE RADIO. ALL MY PALS, ASLEEP. MASS HIBERNATION....



TO SEE THE TIDES COME IN... HEY, THATS COOL IN A SAD WAY. WOW!



WHAT A BUMMER



IT COULD BE A SYMBOL OF SOME SORT, Y'KNOW. ME, THE ONLY ONE TO BE AWAKE; TO WATCH THE EARTH SPIN...

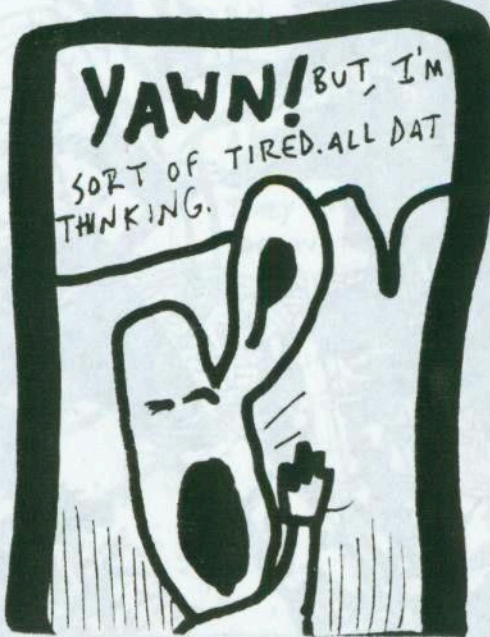


LARRY, GUARDIAN OF THE GLOBE, WATCHER OF THE WORLD.



YEAH!

YAWN! BUT, I'M SORT OF TIRED. ALL DAT THINKING.



MAYBE I'LL TAKE A NAP. JUST A SHORT ONE. I'VE GOT TO BE THE SOLE WATCHER...ZZZ...THE GUARDIAN OF...ZZZ...SO POETIC...ZZZZZZ



END NOW

ZSA ZSA



FUCKIN PIGS MAN. I SHOULDA SHOT THAT FUCKER..
HES MORE TROUBLE THAN HES WORTH. I ONLY DID IT
BECAUSE HE SAID I WAS A POSE AND THAT I WAS A SNOBBY
BITCH. YEAH, RIGHT. ANYONE OF MY FRIENDS CAN TELL YA
THAT IM NOT A RICHSNOTWHORE.. IM NOT.

FUCK THAT ACCENT BULLSHIT. I ONLY DO THAT FOR SHOW.
WHEN I TALK TO YOUR SHITTY PUNK ASS I CAN BE MYSELF
CUZ THATS WHAT PUNKS ALL ABOUT ISNT IT? RIGHT?

I KILLED A PIG ONCE. I WAS FOURTEEN. MOTHER FUCKER
CAUGHT ME OUT PAST CURFEW, ASKED ME WHAT I WAS
DOIN OUT SO LATE, AND I BLEW HIS HOGASS BRAINS OUT
FUCK IT MAN YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE RIGHT. FUCK, IM SOOO
PUNK, YOU GUYS ARE FUCKIN POSERS MAN, YOU WOULDNT HAVE
SHOT THAT FUCKIN HAMHOCKS BRAINS OUT WOULD YOU?
YOURE NO ANARCHIST. YOUR A FUCKIN PUSSY DOOD (PUNK
SPELLING OF DUDE). SHIT IM SOOO PUNK DOODS. FUCKIN A
IM PUNK MAN. YOU BETCHER MAXIMUM ROCKINROLL ASS I AM.
FUCK MAN, YOU AINT PUNK, YOURE A POSE DOOD.

I EVEN SPELL MY NAME PUNK DOOD. ZSA ZSA IM SOOO
PUNK MY FUCKIN NAME DONT EVEN MAKE SENSE.. ANARCHY DOOOD!

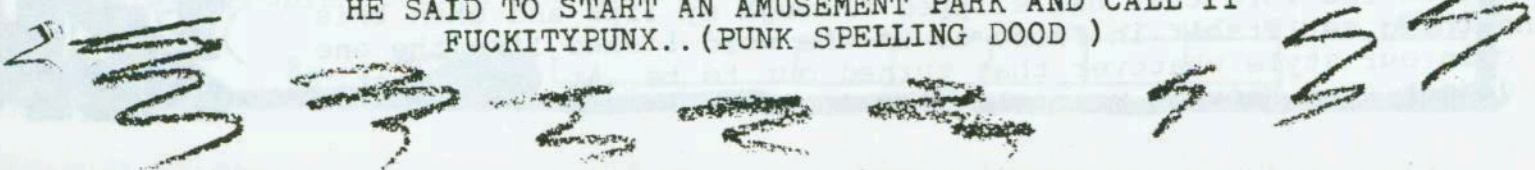
FUCKIN AY IM PUNK. I SHOOT AND SLAP PIGS. WHAT DO
YOU DO? YOU AINT PUNK DOOD. YOU ARE A POOSY MAN. FUCKIN
AY, YOU SUCK SHIT MAN. IM SOOO PUNK. I DONT HAFTA
EVEN LIKE OPIV OR IAN MACKAYE CUZ IM SO PUNK.

YOU GUYS LIKE ALL THOSE POSERS. FUCK MAN YOU
AINT PUNK. BILLY IDOLS WHERE ITS AT. HES COOL
HES MORE PUNK THAN YOU GUYS. SHIT DOOD YOU AINT PUNK
I SHOULDA SHOT THAT FUCKIN PIG BUT I DIDNT
HAVE TO CUZ IM SOO PUNK THAT I DONT HAFTA SHOOT
DONUT MUNCHERS TO SHOW IT. FUCKIN AY IM PUNK...

SHE IS PRETTY
PUNK THOUGH DOODS.
DONT YOU AGREE? NO?

BOY MY TYPINGS AS BAD AS MY POETRY.
I KNOW YOU NEVER DO THIS BUT SEND ME SOME MAIL OR PICTURES OR
DRAWINGS OR SOME OF YOUR DADS PUBES ... FUCKIN ANYTHING ...
I WRITE BACK EVEN IF YOUR A FILTHY TARD CUZ I LONE EVERYONE
AND GOD SAID IF I DONT GET 8MILLION LETTERS, HE"LL KILL ME

HE SAID TO START AN AMUSEMENT PARK AND CALL IT
FUCKITYPUNX.. (PUNK SPELLING DOOD)



BUMBLESCRUMP?? THE STORY! WHO CARES?

BU BUMBLESCRUMP! BUMBLESCRUMP! BUMBLESCRUMP! BUMBLESCRUMP! BUMBLESCRUMP! UMP?

What the heck izzat supposed to mean? I really don't know, I never did. We were a band with a stupid name and a short career, Maybe it sounds like ten hundred million other stories. I cold'nt care less about that part because every one of those tales are different and if I neglect to tell this one, you'll never hear a story like it.

Started out, I wanted to be in a band. You know, like a real band that plays and all that musical stuff. I had tried a couple of times before but the sensation had never really smacked me in the face or anything. The closest thing some of my early attempts ever got to a show was us playing while the real group took five. And we just quit after a while; stopped fooling ourselves.

All that negative stuff might have proved to some more intelligent person that a band wasn't the thing to hope for. But being as dumb as I am, I kept up my little dream, making plans with friends who were like me.

It's wierd too, because SOMEWHERE I found these two dudes and they were hip to form something along the same lines as what I had been hoping for, a good real fun band. A musical entity with it's own style and feel. These guys Scot-free and Abe got me to see it could happen. We could do it.

Scot's a tall blond dude full of brains, sarcasm, and feet. He's one of those people you always feel like you have to agree with or maybe he would walk away, leaving you alone. I don't know if you know what I mean or not, but He used to inspire insecurities in me. Sound stupid? He elected to play the old rad bass guitar.

Abe is nothing that exists in the realm that Scot rules in my mind. Abe has another place just for him. He had been playing guitar for around two years when we got it together. That made him the most experienced musician in the group, which if you knew him would make you giggle a little bit. You see, Abe is someone in the likes that I've never seen repeated: A sort of self contained contradiction: bizzare and lovable, beautiful and frighteningly poignant.

And me? Well by process of elimination you can see I took on the role of drummer. A task I had always wanted to undertake and here was a definate opportunity, right? With Scot and I having no experience on our instruments, we gathered for our first and most amazingly exciting practice- and we were a band, finally. With a borrowed bass amp and equally unowned drum set, everything came together.

(Hoho-now about a name?)

Bumblescrump? Where the ... had that name come from? In my P.E class I had a pal I used to call for some reason, bumble bee. One day We were playing tennis and this particular friend was my partner and he made a silly error. Now I don't consider myself a sports buff or anything but I got frustrated and I called over to him, "Get it straight, bumble bee!" and he began to laugh in a sly way that he does, I could'nt help but giggle too. Trying to stifle my amusement-which now seems unfounded-I called out, "Dude! Get it in the hip way, you little bumble--um, you bumblescrump!" At where it came from I guess it was simple evolution of a word or some such item. All that matters is it stuck. Both of us began cracking up at the weirdo word that had slipped through my lips and when this band-thing set itself in front of us the word looked like the one to coin our style whatever that turned out to be. At that point, we didn't even know if we could play a song.



CONTIN
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so c
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CONTINUED

We grouped up at Abe's pad with our equipment and Larry, the dude so cool he felt he should lend us the necessary stuff to get it going. Crowded into Abe's brother Dan's vacated room we became Bumblescrump. That night we wrote probably our best song ever, "Richard". It was one of those pseudo-melodic Whoa-whoa songs with lyrics I made up as we played it those first few times:

"I remember how it used to be,
it's so sad we can't go back,"

It sums up the B.s. experience for me. I didn't know that when I made them up.

Okay, there was the beginning. Next came the unexciting mid-life of our band. There was a show coming up soon and we hoped to be able to maybe play a short set or a song or something. So we practiced as much as possible. Scot lived way out in the Salmon Creek area and Abe and I couldn't drive so the rehearsal schedule was definitely iffy.

We did get to play the show though but it was probably too soon to have done so. We had more ego than skill and when we tried to bring the music together we lost even the small amount of confidence we had collected. In simple terms we sucked; people went outside until we were done.

Back to the practices then but without the earlier enthusiasm, although, what did remain was a firm desire-need to prove Bumblescrump to be more than some kids and musical instruments.

Things cooled down until the summer when all the members of B.s. were accepted into a cool program, Upward Bound. The three of us would be living at the local university H.S.U. That's where the band really got it going and it's also where Bumblescrump got its singer.

At U.B., as we alumni call it, we all lived on one floor of the H.S.U. dorms. We played every spare minute. Part of the program was to take classes, and we even practiced in between them. I'm sure we sounded absolutely horrible. This time around we had another goal to work for, at the end of the summer session was a talent show. And we knew that we would prove ourselves to be real, once and for all.

And Jamie turned up too,

She was another U.B. student that we all got to know. One day we were hanging on the lawn below the dorms and we were telling some dude about B.s. and Jamie blurted out, "I'm in the band too." Abe, Scot and I saw the connection right off; we could use a singer and maybe she would actually want to do it! Besides I totally was in love with her. I said "Really?"-she nodded, "Yeah, I sing."-and that was that.

Then more practice. And I got to hang out with Jamie more too. She turned out to be a good singer when she would get into it and she knew people that believed us when we said we were a band. It was probably her that did it but I started to believe it myself, we all did.

And even more practice. The DAY of the show closed in as we polished up our songs and did our thing.

When the day finally pulled up at our station I thought we were as ready as we'd ever be. Jamie was nervous. So was I but I tried to hide it. And we were all hoping Abe would remember the songs and not to turn his distortion up too loud.

The lights grew dark in the crowded lunch-room and I sat with my stomach dying as the other acts went through their stuff. Was I a drummer or just kidding myself? And we were up. "Next is Bumblescrump?"

Oh my gosh. We all took our places, the boys turned on amps, I gripped my sticks, Jamie held the mike close to her chest. This was it.

We started in with "Richard". All of our songs had names instead of titles. People clapped and cheered when we wrapped that one up. It

COPY

Continued

It felt so good. I guess the cheering could have been because they were glad it was over but we played three more songs and they clapped after every song! We did it. They could't deny that our group was a real thing. Those four songs proved it. That was enough.

As for Bumblecrump beyond that awesome ten minute period, it was all downhill. There wasn't as much of a reason to practice anymore. U.B. was almost over and Scot was going to college and Jamie didn't live very close. I kind of realized it that night we played. We all just pretended towards the end, making imaginary plans and not fooling any one.

At least I can sit here writing this and feel satisfied with what we accomplished. I don't know how Scot's head works, so he might think differently. Maybe Jamie thinks it was all a cute joke now, and Abe whom I think is in a new band, could be embarassed to know he was in B.s. but I don't care. One day near the end of Upward Bound I overheard someone half singing-half-humming th words to "Richard". That's enough to be satisfied about. Somewhere we mattered.

-chrissier

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GENUINE



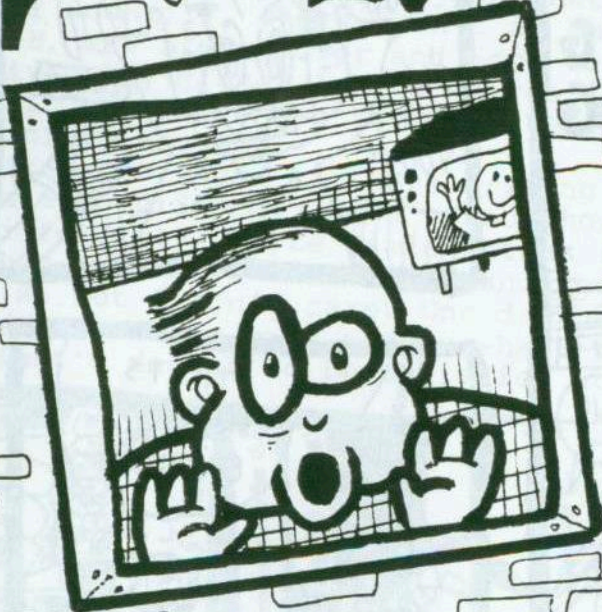
ZINE REVIEW

zine review ZINE REVIEW zine review
 BEN IS DEADfree! but send stamps
 PO BOX 3166 hollywood
 CA, 90028 ufa

Ben... is one of the best zines I've seen to come out of LA and surrounding areas, it's also one of the first I did see. That's okay though, because the coverage of the scene down there is way thorough leaving me to say, "Why should I read any other when I already have the best possible??" I don't know either so I try to stay hip to Ben is Dead and it's almost as if I live there. Not really. But the zine is good, dude. It has alot of show reviews, interviews, and great layout done by Darby(whom I had the luck to meet once at KALX radio in Berkeley. This is the part I get to bragin. And no I don't like BEN cause Darby's so nice: I like it cause it's hellow cool. But she is nice. So what!). Anyway I recommend this awesome stuff. It's almost enough to make me want to move to Holly- no it's not that good, not enough to get me to move there. Visit maybe....

Check this out. It gets 20,000 points on a scale from 1 to 10.
 -chrissier

THE LOOKOUTS



LOOKOUTS
 Lawrence livermore:guitar, vocals
 Kain Kong:bass, vocals
 Tre Cool:drums, vocals

P.O box 1000
 laytonville, CA
 95454

SONGS:
 House of the rising sun
 Why work?
 California

DONT FUCKING GIVE UP!!

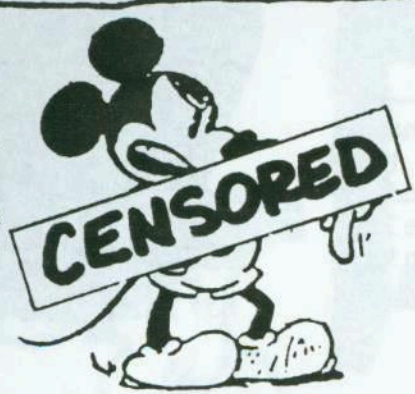
Filth

THE LIST IS THOU-
 SAND LONG. PEOPLE WHO
 DECIDED IT WASNT FOR
 THEM. DID THEY REALLY
 MAKE THAT DECISION?
 CONDITIONING RUNS DEEP
 IN THE U.S.A. TEENAGE DEB-
 BELION IS JUST FINE, AS LONG
 AS YOU STOP ONCE YOU TURN
 18. THOUSANDS OF PUNK TURN-
 ED INTO SOCIETYS TOOLS. THERE
 IS SOMETHING IN THEIR EYES.
 YOU CAN TELL THE SOLD OUT.
 REMEMBER, PUNK IS MORE
 THAN TEENAGE REBELLION, SURE
 IT STARTS THERE BUT WHY
 DOES IT END? THE LIST IS
 THOUSAND LONG. WHAT OTHER
 LIFE IS THERE BESIDES A
 LIFE OF FREEDOM? NEVER
 GIVE IN, NEVER GIVE UP WHEN
 BOREDOM SETS IN, THINK OF
 THE YOUNG KIDS WE ONCE WERE,
 THAT ENTHUSIASM IS STILL THERE,
 I LOOK AROUND, WHAT DO I SEE?
 AND TO REPLACE EVERY S THAT LEAVE,
 BUT CATTLE I SEE AN UPSURGENCY
 AND REBELLION. PERHAPS THE LIST
 IS ONLY HUNDREDS LONG.

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SEE



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Sob2WHAT HAPPENED? 90 minute compilation. With STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART, SOLUTION?, SOCIAL INSECURITY, PAINFUL X-TREMETIES, ROADKILL, DISTURBED ADOLESCENCE, EDGEWISE, UNDECIDED, SCREECHING WEASEL, CELIBATE COMMANDOS, and NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH. Also comes with a contact sheet. Good for starting fires!!

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Recorded at D&W Audio, Hobart OK
Engineered by Paul Shields & The Napkinheads
Ryan Fowler-drums
Ziggy Kennedy-guitar
Brant Sears-vocals, bass



NAPKINHEADS

NAPKINHEADS c/o
Brant Sears
Hummons House-626
1001 E. Harrison
Springfield, MO 65807-1540

Bryant Gumbel

wake up in the morning
turn on my tv set
don't want to turn on
my brain just yet
(chorus)
Bryant Gumbel, Bryant Gumbel

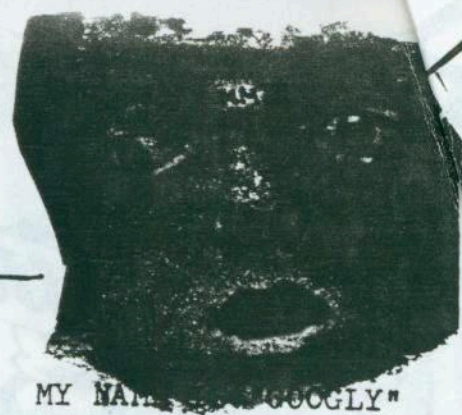
change all the channels with
my remote control
Bryant Gumbel tells me all
I need to know
(chorus)

Use my vcr to tape every show
then I watch it over & over
(chorus)

it's 12pm & my eyes are glazed
visions of Bryant Gumbel
fill my days
(chorus)

finally go to sleep
at 3am
wake up tomorrow
& start all over again

MYSTERY MEAT IS: MARK: CASIO CHORD, ANNOYANCE
 JOHN: VOCALS, BREAD
 DAVE: VOCALS, ASBESTOS SUITS
 SPECIAL GUEST IS WARREN: VOCALS ON "JACKY" GOOGLY SEZ:



being an avid music fan i can definitely say that MYSTERY MEAT has rocked my world for quite some time now. their songs have touched my heart and the band has all touched me physically. I know you will feel the same way i do after you listen to their touching ballads. IM LARRY LIVERMORES GIRLFRIEND..



OH JACKY

OH OH JACKY I WANNA TAKE YOU ON A DATE
 I WANNA TAKE YOU ON A BUS AND WATCH YOU MASTURBATE
 USE YOUR HAND IN A CIRCULAR MOTION
 C'MON BABY SQUIRT YOUR MAGIC POTION

OH OH JACKY (3X)
 I THINK I LOVE YOU

OH OH JACKY I LIKE TO SEE YOU GET YOUR KICKS
 CRUSIN DOWN THE STRIP ON BUS #6
 OH OH JACKY WITH YOUR FINGER DOWN YOUR PANTS
 JAQUELYN MEDINA DO THAT SHOULDER DANCE

CHORUS... FIRST VERSE... CHORUS
 (SHEER POETRY AIN'T IT?)

DAVE? CHRIS? WARREN? JOHN

JOHN'S LITTLE BROTHER
 HORSING AROUND WITH IAN
 AT A SHOW... AH, KIDS.



BIG THANK TO: CHRIS APPLEJUICE
 LARRY LIVER'n'ONIONS
 CHRIS (LAUGHING BOY)
 BETSIE UKLA TOO!
 JAKE
 CATHLEEN THE PIG

I COULNT FIND A PICTURE OF MARK.
MEAT

NO THANK WHATSOEVER TO "DIRTY" RIVERA, CUZ HES A FUCKIN PUTZ.

NUDE PHOTOS OF FAMILY

WRITE TO US FOR COOL LETTERS AT:
 DAVE (STUDFARM)
 1891 VALLEYVIEW RD.
 HOLLISTER (WHERE?), CA
 95023



Send a buck and a blank tape
 for tons of cool songs with lyrics and
 such.

and extra thanx to JACKY,
 THE GIRL...

BLATZ

BLATZ 1550 Mann
Pinole, CA 94564

SONGS: the hustler
Chuck
Unite & Fight



BLATZ

BLATZ

Jesse: vocals Joey: drums Marshall: bass Rob: guitar
BLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZ
BLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZBLATZ
if this looks dumb it's not BLATZ'S fault, it's mine.
they're a way cool band-so don't look- listen!
-chrissier

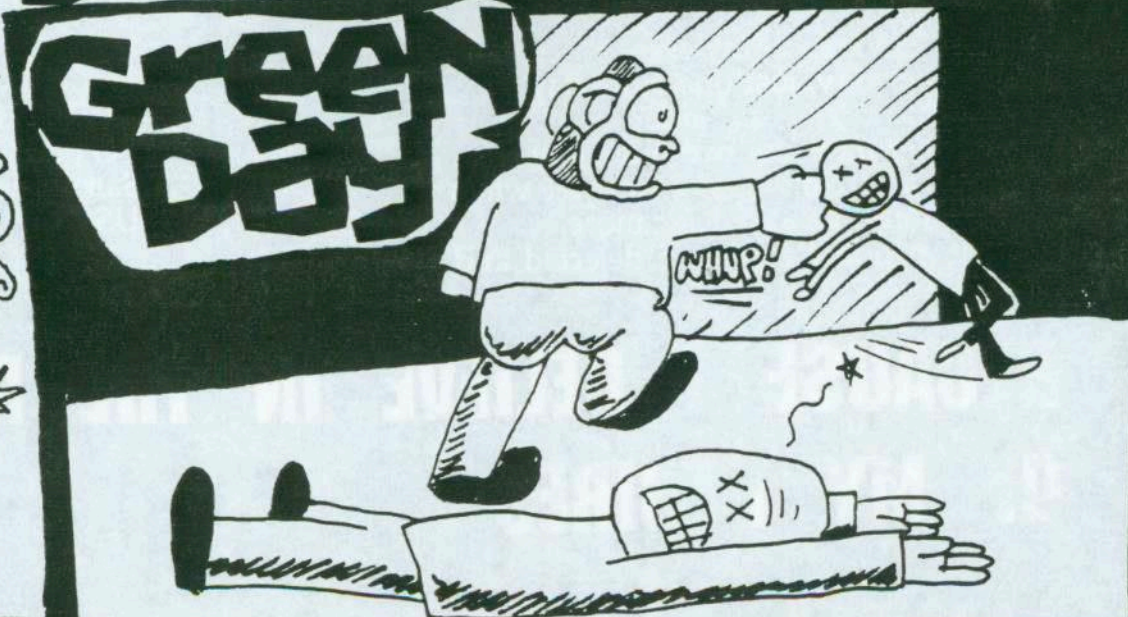
Green Day

The cut on this comp. is an Op. Ivy song done in a totally new (?) way. Besides being a kool band, Green Day really knows how to twist yer head with this cover song. I think its classic -chrissier @

John: drums
Billy: GUITAR
Mike: BASS
song:
Knowledge

GREEN DAY

Green Day
P.O Box 784
El Sobrante, CA
94803
(415) 222-5099



I TAKE MY DESIRES FOR REALITY



ANOTHER DAY

Another song going on too long.
We've heard it all before.
Ambiguity. A polemic smoke screen.
Another semantic war.
So much that I wanted to say.
To live for pleasure.
Not for pain.
But I can see the freedom down at
the core.
How can I close my eyes?
Another day, just one more day.
How can I run and hide?
Another day, just one more day.
Time and time again we quit when
we should've asked for more.
I sit at home all alone dejected and
bored.

The subjugation of a population has
a clear relation to their alienation.
But I can see the freedom down at
the core.
What about the so-called "masses"?
The lefts untapped resource.
Is it the seed of freedom?
Or at all a definable force?

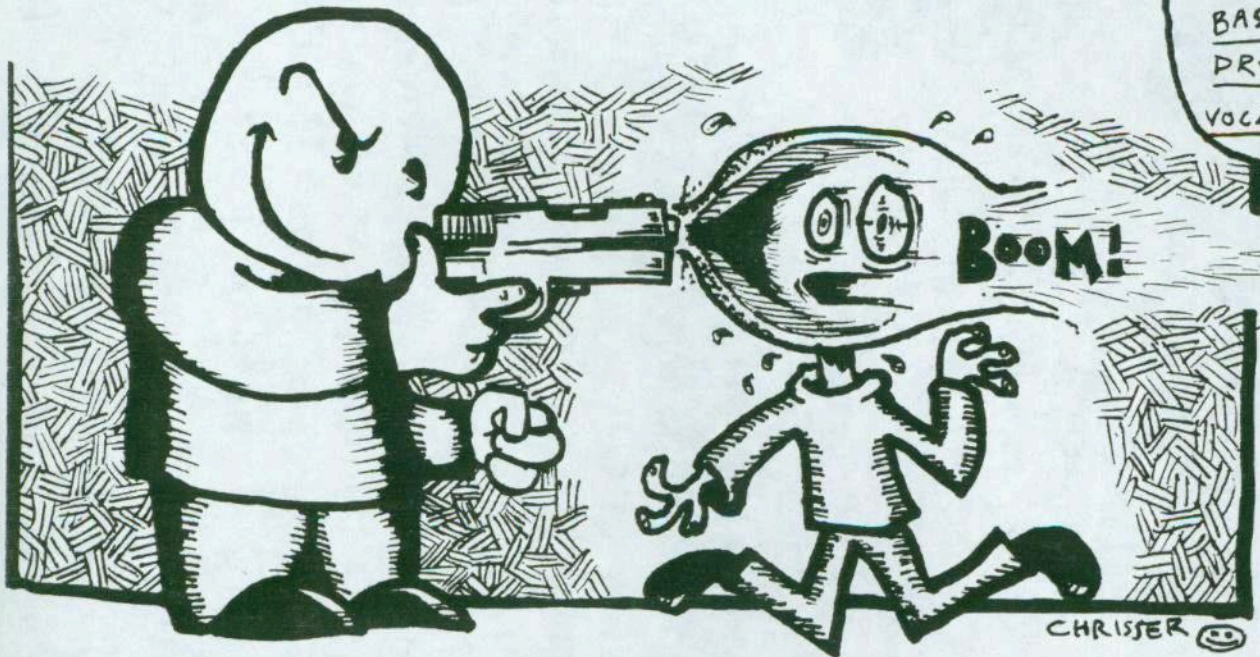
CRINGER
PO Box 460346
San Francisco, CA 94146
U\$A

**BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN THE REALITY
OF MY DESIRES**

BUMBLESCRUMP

"You gize R mie frenduz."

GUITAR - ABE
 BASS - Scot
 DRUMS - Chris
 VOCALS - JAMIE



lyric - cyrus
 music - BUMBLESCRUMP

CHRISSEY ☺



PUDDLE

HELL OF
PUNK ZINE, DUDE!

WON



CHRISSEY

WHAT THE HECK WILL "#5" BE ABOUT? I DON'T QUITE KNOW YET BUT FEAR NOT! DEPENDING ON THE SUCCESS OF THIS TAPE, I MAY

DOES NOT LOOK LIKE THIS. HONEST!

PUT OUT ANOTHER ZINE/COMP COMBO TYPE THING IN ISSUE #8! BUT BE LOOKOUT FOR PUDDLE #5. IT'LL BE AROUND BEFORE I KNOW IT AND ALL FOR YOU! SO DON'T FORGET US IN PUDDLETOWN (ME)! WE LOVE YOU, HONEST! NOT SEXUALLY THOUGH, 'MON I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU! -Chrissey

PUDDLE FANZINE #4

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95553

Send

TO:

STAMPZ!

HERE.

SKA

Chrissey sez:



CUZ THEY'RE SO COOL!

PUNK ROCK

PUDDLE



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