

Geek Weekly

#3



AHORA CON
JUAN CARLOS,
SE SENTÍA
TRANSPORTA-
DA AL SEPTI-
MO CIELO.

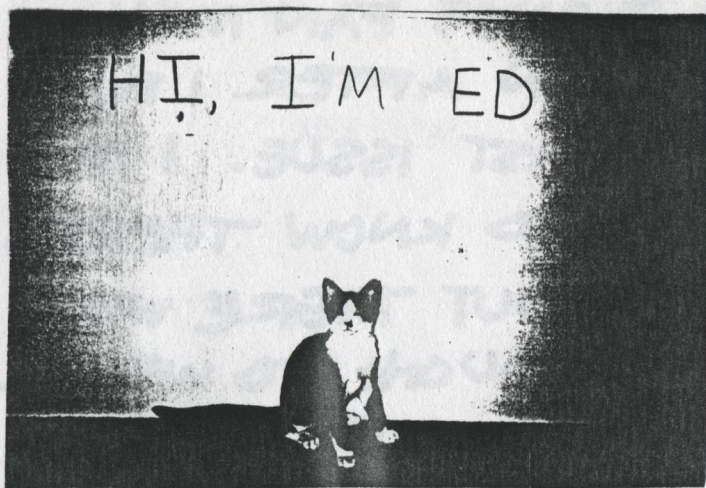
I N T R O

HELLO FREAKS!!

BEEN AWHILE, HASN'T IT? SORRY 'BOUT THAT. YOU KNOW THE POWER OF CHAOS... ANYWAY, IT'S 1995 NOW AND ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET MY SHIT TOGETHER, MAKE THIS ZINE A LITTLE MORE REGULAR (TIME-WISE AT LEAST) AND CATCH UP ON MY CORRESPONDENCE... THIS ISSUE (AND ALL THOSE TO COME, I HOPE) HAS MORE WRITING IN IT ALTHOUGH I'M A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE POWER AND ELOQUENCE OF CLIP ART. ANOTHER NEW FEATURE IS JO WALSTON'S DICTIONARY BRAINCHILD WHICH CAN BE FOUND SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE PAGES OF THIS PUBLICATION: WE WILL START WITH THE LETTER A.

WHAT WITH THE HOLIDAYS (JENWORLD TRANSLATION: LOST OF OLD FRIENDS IN TOWN) , A TWO-WEEK TRIP TO CHICAGO, AND MY AWFUL SENSE OF TIME AND IT'S PASSING, I CANNOT POSSIBLY SIT DOWN AND WRITE ABOUT ALL OF THE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED TO ME IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, SO THIS WILL BE A VERY SCATTERED, SCHIZOPHRENIC READ. LOVE IT.

ALL MY LOVE
STRAIGHT TO YOU, BABY,
JENNIFER.



THIS HERE'S THE FRONT OF A POSTCARD
I GOT THAT WAS MADE OUTTA A PHOTO.
ED THE CAT WROTE ME REQUESTING A
ZINE. (SORRY IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO **↑**
WRITE BACK, ED.) THIS IS THE 2ND
ANIMAL PICTURE I'VE GOTTEN IN THE
MAIL. HOW ODD.

I READ YOUR ZINE. IT WAS
QUITE ENTERTAINING. BUT I
MUST GET SOMETHING OFF OF
MY CHEST...

THE SATANS SUCK!!

THEY JUST DONT KNOW ROCK-N-ROLL.

TILL NEXT TIME, Flo.

THANK FER RITIN', FLO. YER SO ELLIQUINT
IT HERTS. THE SATANS FAN CLUB ADDRESS
IS IN THE REKERDS SECTION, I'M SURE **↑**
THEY'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YA. **↑**

HERE IS SOME FAN MAIL
I GOT SOON AFTER I PUT
OUT MY LAST ISSUE. I'M
SO GLAD TO KNOW THERE'S
SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO
CARES ENOUGH TO WRITE.
AND IT'S SO WITTY. WIPE
YOUR BUTT WITH THIS,
ASSHOLE. ☺



Jennifer —
(anonymous)

11/18/92

Starting off, this is definitely fucking
into mail. Your zine (week) blows so
fucking hard. ~~Yea~~ Fuck I mean, write
something that all of Austin doesn't already
know! Also, in response to the dumb cunt
that wrote the letter in #2, I would like
to say that I was aiming for her but when
I sprayed the paper made at the same time 7-year
dyke shaw. what I'm getting at is I hope you
continue to keep putting out these

-shitty zines, because the cost
of toilet paper is getting so high.

your adick



USA 19

Jennifer
2915-A Hamphill PK.
Austin TX 78705

FROM MY DEAR FRIEND,
TYPOTTEEN, IN TEMPLE
WHO I'VE NEVER MET.
HE IS COOL. A
2 REVIEW OF HIS
ZINE IS IN HERE
SOMEWHERE.

I GOT SOME NICE MAIL, TOO
BUT I DON'T WANNA SHARE IT WITH YOU FUCKERS.

I WANNA HEAR SOME TRAVEL STORIES,
DAMMIT. AND I'M OFFERIN' A REWARD:
IF YOU SEND ME A REASONABLY GOOD
STORY, I'LL SEND YOU THE NEXT TWO
ISSUES OF GEEK WEEKLY (#4 + #5) FOR
FREE! SO SEND 'EM IN FOLKS, GIMME
THE SHIT...

ANYBODY ELSE WHO WANTS TO WRITE ME
(I'LL LOVE IT + I SWEAR I'LL WRITE YOU
BACK) OR SEND ME STUFF (EVEN BETTER!)
MY ADDRESS IS:

JENNIFER / GW
2715-A HEMPHILL PK.
AUSTIN, TX 78705

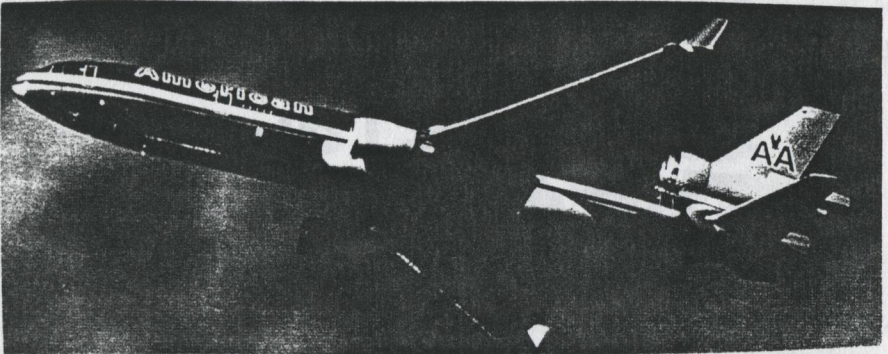
BACK ISSUES (#1 + #2) ARE \$1 EACH PPD.
AND ADDITIONAL COPIES OF THIS ISSUE
ARE 50¢ / 2 STAMPS. I LOVE TRADES.

Trip Notes

Chicago Again

So I went to Chicago for 2 weeks around Xmas. I got to hang out with my mom and go junk shoppin' with her- I accidentally got her lookin' at some 78s one afternoon and it was amazing some of the stuff she knows about some of the songs and bands. I also got to eat lots of really great food. Just about anything you want is in Chicago- consumer heaven! For example, Mom just moved out to a suburb much like Westlake Hills (so my brother could go to a good high school and not get knifed every other day), and even in this rich white suburb, there's an Ethiopian take-out place across from their apartment!

I didn't have much access to independent transportation this trip and I had to work, so I didn't get around much. Also everyone I met up there this trip was a Deadhead or something, except for my old friends and my brother's friends. Ben (my bro) brought 3 of his friends into town with us one day when we got to use Mom's car. We went to record stores and pawn shops and "alternative" shops and an army surplus store and a bad diner. It was pretty cool, I blew all my cash at Ajax (one of my favorite places in the world). Ben's friends are pretty cool for 15-yr-olds. They're really into Nirvana and Pavement and, of course, the Offspring and shit, but they're on the right track.



They have a band called Chlorine and they play in eachother's basements. I started sending zines to Ben a few months ago and I brought some up at Xmas. I'd come home and Ben and a couple of friends would be sittin around readin' U-236 or Ben Is Dead or something (they really liked Peek-A-Boo also.) Then one night they did their own zine called Is Your Dad Gay? It's got lists of what's cool and what SUCKS and reviews of Chlorine shows and reviews of records by Sonic Youth and Nirvana and the Breeders and Pavement and some philosophical runnings-on and some scanned pictures of Kurt Cobain and themselves and some Nirvana lyrics and a pretty cool board game on the back cover. Ben made me proud by successfully lobbying to get the Inhalants on their Top Ten Bands list (he's also probably the only 15-yr-old in Chicago with a Jesus Christ Superfly/Rise t-shirt.) So if you're interested in what the youngsters (heehee, Ben) are up to, write to Ben and demand a copy of:

Is Your Dad Gay?/Ben
424 S. Maple #3N
Oak Park, IL 60302

(send him a stamp or somethin'-jeez!)

On New Year's eve I went to my friend James's party. The crowd was mostly queens and people I knew from Whole Foods up there. It ended up bein' really fun and I kicked off my I'm-takin'-control-of-my-life campaign by poppin' my first champagne cork. Then I talked to a guy named Will Power. Later I thought that was a hell of an omen, but at the time I was already drunk and I guess I didn't take the cosmic hint. I drank some more champagne and passed out.

Mom and I had a great time and her man, Nat played me tapes of his old bands which were really great! Mom even got into reading Cometbus and she loved the kim chee article in Wipeout #7 since it's one of her newfound culinary favorites. She should be contributing something to GW in the near future, I'm tryin' to talk Nat into it, too. And if my lazy-punk-ass brother ever sends it to me, we should be seein' the occasional Spindly Man cartoon.

* LIVE * ACTION SHOWS ↓



The San Antonio scene is lookin' promisin'. I was last there for the Makers/Drags show at Tacoland on November. I never would have known about the show if it wasn't for a telephone tip I had passed along to me, which is something that is quite a problem: there is very little publicity for SA shows here, and vice-versa. That Texas show list that was happening for a while was great, but I haven't seen one in a while (but that may very well be my fault- that I haven't seen one, that is).

Other than that, however, there are all those great bands down there that we all know about- the Sons, Big Drag, Dropouts... But the key is that there are actually some people down there, I think. I really hope they get somethin' goin' cause pretty soon, this town's gonna fill up and we're all gonna have to go into exile, so we might as well go ahead and try to prime our closest alternative now.

Anyway, the show was fun. The Makers were kinda mediocre, but I liked them much better there than at their lame show in Austin. Great background music, but they just bore me live. The Drags are always great to see, though and friendly to boot.

During the break between the Drags' and the Makers' sets, Susan espied Heath of Satans fame meanderin' down the street next to Tacoland with a 40 or somethin'. Turns out, a group of fellow Austinites was hangin' out weighing their options (cover was kinda high), so we had a welcome break from the Tacoland crowd.

But the trip is always worth it- San Antonio is just far enough from Austin to make it feel like you've gotten away, but close enough that you know you can be in your own bed within two hours. And you just can't beat the feelin' of standin' in the street out behind the Pearl brewery and knowin' they make shitty beer, but it's cheap and you don't care.



**THE SATANS
THE MOTARDS
THE CRYING OUT
LOUDS**

**Record Release Party
at Brentwood Tavern
502 Brentwood St.**

More Parties, Less Cops...

I guess the Brentwood Tavern is cursed now. There may be room for one last backyard garage fest, but I, for one, am wary. Maybe we should just hop from one abode to the next and just keep the bands playin' with the next band always in the bullpen, warmin' up by the keg. If the cops haven't shown up yet, we'll just send the next band in and keep on until the cops do show. Then we'll have a backup locale ready and waitin' and we'll just have Port-a-Parties. It'll be all the rage this spring. *The next big thing.*

Anyway, thanks from me to everyone who keeps comin' out to these doomed gatherings. More people! More bands! More beer!

And, by the way, if anybody has access to a big piece of land within 100 miles of here, drop me a line- let's put on a show or somethin'. 'Specially if there's a fishin' pond!

Easy

Nyah, look
 what! →
 swiped from
 Emo's one
 alcoholic
 nite. The
 Satans're
 the new shit
 'round town,
 together w/
 Big Horny
 Hustler, and
 could give
 the MCS a
 run for their
 money.
 Basically,
 Kids Meal
 plus a
 singer, they
 tear up the
 stage w/
 short songs
 a la
 Teengenerat
 e but they
 don't sound
 generic after
 1/2 a set.

Uh, sorry
 Dave.

GET OFF MY BACK
 FOOT IN THE DOOR
 LOVESICK BREW
 WHAT'S THIS SHIT
 AIN'T GOTTA CHOOSE
 SNAKE EYES
 (SETTIN THE WORDS)
 Only Give You

RX
 MOTHER FXXK
 ER
 #Punk
 11-77-94



ACOLYTES



Ass, *Equus asinus*
 (Ab. 3 ft. high at the
 shoulder)



ARABESQUE

I want to preface this article with something I've been wanting to write about for a really long time: it seems I'm not much of a rock critic. You may have noticed this. Every once in a while I'll come up with some witty, descriptive little nugget that pinpoints exactly what it is about a band or a song or an album, but this is rare. Usually, for lack of any real talent, I'll resort to the "Yeah, this rocks!" school of criticism. This is why I rarely review any of my truly, deeply, intensely favorite bands. (Another reason is that I like to try to keep something personal, although I don't usually do a good job of it.) There are just a few records/shows/bands that leave me so completely at a loss that all I can do is think about them and sometimes talk about them. I particularly have a hard time with Pavement (esp. Seb), the Pixies, the Grifters, the Velvet Underground to a lesser degree, Paul's Boutique, and Flaming Lips shows oh, and the recent Thinking Fellers Local 282 show. Anyway, I'm young yet, so maybe my skills will evolve with time and maybe, oh, thirty years from now I'll be describing emo bands as "gutbucket" and writing articles about how it was to be young in the days of the first (out of several, by then) of the punk revivals for Rolling Stone.

I guess it was December 6, a Thursday, my memory isn't all that reliable. Susan and I lumped our way to Houston in my dilapidated yet faithful automobile, Ruth. The Grifters were playing at the Urban Art Bar. I don't know if you've heard, but if you're ever lookin' for Susan and you find out there's a Grifters show within a four-state radius of Texas, it's a pretty safe bet you could find her there. And I'm getting to be that way, too.



So we traveled. We hadn't done a road trip together since oh, the night before (San Antonio). But really, before that we hadn't been on the road together much at all, so we were havin' a great time. Little did we know the drive home would be hell.

The Urban Art Bar is a pretty cool club with a big, Liberty Lunch-esque space with some furniture toward the back (a sofa, a couple o' chairs and a coffee table exactly like the one at the Satans' house, minus the plaques) and great lights and good sound and a little room in the back for the bands to hang out in.

The show was incredible as always. I wish I had written about it right when I got home (I'm gonna have to start doin' that) cause I never can recall the itty-bitty details of a show, which are always what makes a show so great, unless I'm talkin' and rehashin' with someone else who was there, too. All I can remember right now was that they didn't play Soda Pop, which is probably my favorite live song, and they did play Queen of the Table Waters, which I had never heard before. I also happened to know how drunk they were and that made it all the more impressive of a show, I was amazed they could actually do it. I wish I had known I wasn't going to see them the next night.

We hung around for a while after the show, and then when we were more or less sober enough to drive, we cruised and ended up in a perilous fog for a good half of the drive back. It was awful! And we were in a bad mood. But we made it home in time for me to get about an hour and a half of sleep before I had to go to work. Yeah, yeah, I know we're rock'n'roll martyrs, we don't need yer sympathy.



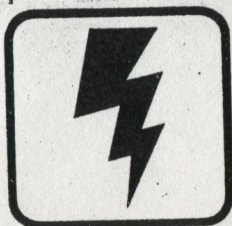
The Devil lies in wait...



Well, I'm sittin' at home at 12:30 on a Friday night brooding. I just got kicked out of Emo's (along with my friend Steve) by some bastard who was just doing his job - fucker! Yeah, I know I shouldn't have been drinking, but fuck, couldn't he have just taken my beer & made me wear a dunce cap or something? I was there to see the Grifters, my favorite band in the Universe. Couldn't this have happened some other time? FUCK. I'm so pissed. Ok, thank for listening. (Oh, and you, you COMMIE BASTARD MOTHERFUCKING ASSHOLE, if you are reading this, I want you to know I'm gonna carry this to my fucking grave and I hope you reach yours soon.)

5Ahe goes for me, but you you fucker
I sure hope, I can help you reach your
grave quicky bastard.

Steve



MAY SOMETHING
STRIKE YOU



STEVE ↑



DIEDIEDIE

Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck.

Ok, so my daddy gave me a free ticket to see the Rolling Stones in San Antonio a while back. Now, I knew they were gonna suck, but I didn't realize how sad it was gonna make me.

Two of my dearest friends went with me- the poor saps actually paid for their tickets- and when we got there (even after days of speculation and anticipation of a sick spectacle) our mouths fell open in sheer disgust. There were thousands of people there who had paid \$62 each to see this once-great band suck.

We sat with my pop and his friends, which turned out pretty well, since whoever else we would have sat next to probably would have strangled us for our lack of enthusiasm. Not that Dad was particularly pleased with our group cynicism, but I'm his kid, so he has to love me and all.

So anyway, somewhere lurking in the back of my mind was the faintest hope that the Stones would actually put on a decent show and maybe play some old shit like, say, "Stupid Girl" or something. Of course they didn't. The show sucked hard. They mostly played their new crap and some old stuff which peaked at the level of, oh, "Beast of Burden." Aack!!

The two highlights for me were when the great plumes of red flame shot from various parts of the set (instilling hope in our hearts that we might get to witness a Michael Jackson/Pepsi-type incident) and running into Bill Jeffery

Replaceable
Heads

...Ecologically Correct!



Like a hurricane

Dear PULSE,

Much of the music I hear today can do the proverbial "knock me over with a feather" thing. MTV is still doing a great bang-up job. Rock is alive and well. After all these years, themes haven't changed, although variances and talents of artists still grow and increase inwardly and outwardly. God bless all of the hard time rockers in our great amphitheater.

Gary Leonard
Uniondale, N.Y.

in the corridor when we had reached the height of boredom. It was so good to see him instead of another chick with frosted hair, stretch jeans and highheeled faux cowboy boots.

But what made me really sad was when I came home and listened to some old Stones records searching for some clue, some foreshadowing, some bit of crap that could have been the start of their road to Aerosmithdom. I couldn't find it. All I found was their lost genius. Great fucking classic songs. Great music and twists and lyrics that lead one to believe that Mick and the boys knew exactly what was up. I love that stuff! I totally respect it. Beggar's Banquet, you know? Excellent! What the fuck happened?

Do they know they suck? Do they just keep crankin' this shit out for the fuck of it? Cause they wanna see how much money people will lay down for this shit? How do they live with themselves? Or do they actually believe in what they are doing? Impossible!

The Rolling Stones have degenerated farther than any band in history. I mean, "Sympathy For The Devil," "You Can't Always Get What You Want," "Off My Back," versus "The Sparks Will Fly"? I mean, really guys! What is this shit? Pablum. I don't want any of it.

And then the topper: A glossy flyer ad for the Rolling Stones MasterCard! I kid you fucking not! Is that the most disgusting thing you have ever heard of, or what? I would hate it even more than OK Cola or XLent except that it's aimed at Baby Boomers and I think that's kinda funny (most of them probably love the idea!) Icky! Icky!!

Zine Scene

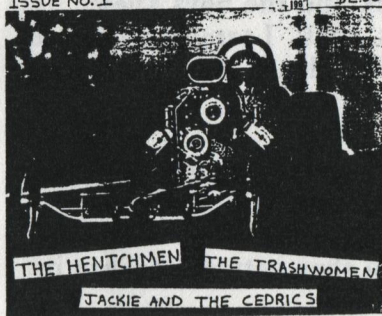
The Wedge #1 & #2

This zine is thick and meaty, entertaining and educational, smart and trashy. I love it. Includes stuff about about local bands, national bands, cars, old drag racin' records and surf records, a greaser horoscope, lots o' record reviews, a hot rod advice column, an article about Odd Rods trading cards (in #2), tons of car ads, and for good measure, some pictures of Bettie Page.

THE WEDGE

ISSUE NO. 1

\$2.00



**DETROIT'S ONLY 'ZINE
FOR THE BEST IN
SURF/Drag/TRASH PUNK**

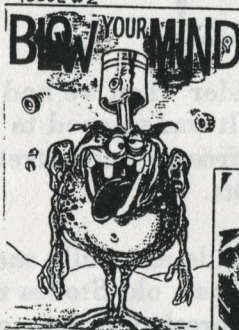
Snak Posse #1 & #2

Comics about healthy snack super heroes protecting America's PC youth from bad nutrition. Pick em up at Whole Foods N. Lamar for \$1.95 each. They're a riot!

THE WEDGE

ISSUE #2

\$2.00



MONOMEN
THE VOLCANOS
MOUSE
ODD RODS
DR. MOON DAWG
MAX WEDGE
ROCKET 455!



**ROCK AND ROLL! HOT RODS!
SURFING!
CHICKS! MONSTERS!**



Oriental Cinema

#5

A rad mag with stuff about Hong Kong gangsters, gangster flicks, profiles on Asian actors and actresses, lots of pictures of the aforementioned chicks, Korean movies, tons of movie reviews, etc... Really cool if you're into this shit although I don't agree with some of the reviewers...

COMETBUS

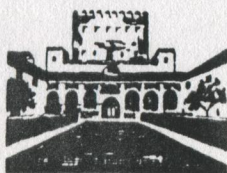


#32 · \$2



Cometbus

Another must-read! If you don't already know, Cometbus is Aaron's travel diary, more or less. It documents his trips which crisscross the country incessantly. Sometimes he blows through a town, and sometimes he stays for a while, but always he lives! I don't wanna whine about being stuck in Austin, because we all know that there are always options, but right now I'm kinda backed into a corner and I have to stay here and go to school most of the time, so Cometbus has become my favorite vehicle of literary escape. It's very well written and I really like Aaron's style. PS- Most issues are short-novel-length.



ALHAMBRA

