

APRIL/MAY 1987

N.O. HARDCORE MAGAZINE

THE SCENE

PICNIC AT CITY PARK WITH

PARTY - PARTY - PARTY - PARTY - PARTY

MELISSA IS GOING AWAY AND WE'RE THROWING HER A PARTY!
(BRING YOUR MOM) ALSO!

SKINS

I LOST
MY ARMS!

AND

F.U.K.

BE THERE
OR ELSE!

PICNIC
CITY PARK
AT 1:00 PM
SUNDAY MAY 10

Interview: F.U.K.

Hardcore Couture

10 Commandments of Hardcore

Relationship Series I

Embarrassing Stories

Artsy Fartsy

Scenews + Personals

Paparazzi

Skankalendar

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Back Cover

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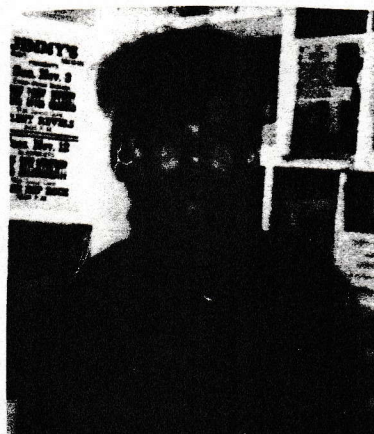
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(a.k.a. Rho)



Holli H.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Due to personal differences, we are no longer associated with X-TV, and we will therefore cease to be called the X-zine. Along with our new name, THE SCENE, comes a reshuffling of our staff, all of this in keeping with our local hardcore community.

Remember, if you have any articles or poetry which you would like to submit to us, send them in. Our address is:

THE SCENE
5124 Belle Dr.
Metairie, LA 70006

But make sure you have copies of any submitted materials, since we will not be able to return them to you.

Read and enjoy,
THE SCENE

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EDITORIALS

MARDI GRAS

The entire weekend of Mardi Gras was a traumatic experience for my friends and I. One friend made the comment, "Mardi Gras is the one time of the year when everyone who NEVER goes out goes out." The scummiest of the scum came crawling out of the woodwork this year. Tourists were drinking everything in sight, people were passed out in the streets, and the entire Quarter reeked of piss and vomit from those poor(hah!) fools who couldn't find a bathroom in time.

It's bad enough parking rates double, if not triple, but then you have to pay to go in and use the bathroom in a bar you go to every fucking weekend! And, to make matters worse, you have to fight through crowds of sweaty, smelly, slimy bodies of old men, with paint on their faces, screaming "Show Your Tits!" to some slut hanging over a balcony.

After suffering from this horrifying display of gross indulgence year after year, I have come to the conclusion that Mardi Gras is best left to the tourists and that all sane New Orleanians should go to Small Town, U.S.A., piss and vomit in the streets, and get someone to show their tits! Isn't that what fun is all about?

Lady Die
Editor-in-Chief
THE SCENE



← "Show your
← Tits!"



"We're 'posing' for you!"

THE EDITORS ARE SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY OPINIONS EXPRESSED
IN THESE EDITORIALS. COMMENTS OR REPLIES ARE WELCOME:

THE SCENE, 5124 BELLE DR., METAIRIE, LA 70006



POSERS

For as long as I can remember, there has been one group of people who have always been a part of the scene: "posers." These certain people, as their label implies, "pose" as something that they are not.

Other people who have been in- to the scene longer--myself included-- will often make fun of these so-called posers. But the time has come to speak up for them. How long does someone have to be into hardcore before he stops being a poser? After all, no one has been into it all of his life. At one point or another, you started listening to this certain type of music and developing a certain attitude towards things, especially society.

Just because one person got into hardcore three or four (and in some cases even five or six) years before another, that doesn't make him any cooler or superior.

Just remember that we're all in this together, and we have enough problems with other people trying to screw everything over to have to worry so much about putting down people within our own group.

Ramiro G.

Throw
something

IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE SHIP, BUT THE MOTION OF THE OCEAN
THAT ROCKS THE BOAT

I've always wondered why males brag about the size of their penises. I've been of the opinion that 6½ inches work every bit as well as 9 or 10 inches. Personally, anything over 8 inches would scare the hell out of me.

Let's consider the facts. The vaginal walls stretch to accomodate most penises as far as the width around is concerned. The vagina is a muscle which contracts and expands during orgasm. It leads to the cervix, a small opening set on an angle leading into the uterus. The line ends here for the penis. It can go no further, unless the man's penis is a centimeter around and is set on a 90° angle.

Most vaginas are approximately ten inches in length, so an 8 or 9 inch just makes it.

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But I can bet John Holmes has yet to find a woman who can accomodate the length of his penis. A large part of his penis is going to waste. Between him and and his partner, he always has a length of a penis separating them.

What counts as far as size is concerned is width. Men always brag about length, "Well I got 12 inches in my pants waiting for you," but rarely about width.

And in the end, size really doesn't matter for much anyway. What it boils down to is technique. Penis size is irrelevant compared to what he does in bed. So men, quit bragging about the size of your penises. If you're good, you're good whether your dick's a monster or a midget.

----- Clip out and mail -----

INTERCOURSE APPLICATION

Name _____

Age _____ Weight _____ Height _____

Sexual Preference _____ Sex _____

I engage in the following sexual practices:

(If you need additional space, you're sick.)

I can be reached at _____
phone number

*Only to be filled out by people free of disease.

Oooh!
Check
out the
size of
that ship!



I find
this all
truly
disgusting!



I
bet ↑
My ships
bigger than yours!

POLITICAL NOTES

JOIN THE PROTEST

Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega, the self-declared Marxist-Leninist president of Nicaragua, will be visiting Tulane University this summer. This man has stated that Americans are "the enemy of mankind," in fact, that is a line from the Sandinista National Anthem: "On to the vanguard, comrades/ We shall defeat the Yankee, the enemy of mankind." Ortega also argues that young people in the United States are so ignorant and apathetic because "the system keeps them that way with drugs, propaganda, and rock music."

How this asshole was granted a visa to enter the United States is beyond me. He is not only responsible for many atrocities against the people of his own country (for example, the Miskito Indians were forcefully relocated from their lands to allow for the construction of military bases, which would enable Soviet MiG's and Cuban ships to enter Nicaragua--the Indians who resisted were burned alive and their villages were set on fire), but also, he has made it clear that he hates Americans and that he will do anything possible to achieve his ultimate goal: Communist domination of the Western Hemisphere. As one of his sympathizers said: "Cocaine is our atomic bomb and we are now bombing the cities of the U.S."

Furthermore, Ortega is a strong believer in Krushchev's theory that America will fall like an overripened fruit, saying that "you won't even put up a fight."

Why should we allow this asshole to come to our own country to tell us that we suck and that he hates us? If the bureaucrats in the government were stupid enough to give him permission to come to New Orleans, we have to show him that we are not the stupid jerks he thinks we are.

When he comes to Tulane this June, I am certainly going to be there to let him know that no propaganda, no drugs, and no rock music will ever fuck me up enough to put up with his bullshit. I won't let him get the satisfaction of saying (if no one shows up to protest) that what he said about young Americans was proven to be true.

ON JUNE 16, I hope that you will all be there, on the Tulane campus, to protest against that dickhead. Write your opinions on a piece of cardboard paper, bring a loudspeaker, or use any original protest ideas you can come up with, but make sure you join the protest.

Ramiro

FUCKING
MARXIST
BASTARD!
I WISH
WE COULD



- 4 -

Nicaraguan contras control the territory along the Bocay River despite the recent announcement of a major offensive to reclaim the river by Gen. Humberto Ortega, the commander of the Sandinista army and brother of Nicaragua's president A.9

PUT UP THE TENT!

COVER STORY

This Sunday, May 10, we at THE SCENE will be sponsoring a picnic at City Park. This will be Melissa Roberts' going-away party, since the ex-SwampRat will be moving to North Carolina to go to school.

I.D.S. and F.U.K. will be performing, so come ready to skank. The picnic starts at 1:00 p.m., and we hope that everybody will come say goodbye to Melissa (we'll miss you, Melissa) . Bring her some beer!

Ramiro



Did somebody
say picnic?
Huh?

I've got
my booze.
I'm
Ready!



I know
I'm going!



Did you
hear that,
Vern? A
picnic for
Melissa
this
Sunday!

KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I'm calling all my friends to tell them.

PMS: POST-AL SYNDROME CHAOS AT VFW MUSIC FUK DEBUT

The notorious VFW Hall continued to be the site of massive chaos and rioting on the night of March 27th, when the X-Men closed for I.D.S. and Estrange.

Estrange played their best gig yet, as Roman's powerful drums, Derek & Pete's greatly coordinated chords, and Andy's fast vocals gave the packed house a hell of a skankin' session.

By the time I.D.S. came on, the stage was set for chaos, as the band performed their usual out-of-the-usual antics, reminiscent of old-time punk. The members of the band provoked, agitated, and insulted the crowd (Fester dedicated the song "Die" to the audience), and the floor became a madhouse when lead singer Al brought out a life-size cardboard picture of Elvira. The Mistress of the Dark was shredded to pieces as the anarchic skankers fought over who'd get her tits.

By the end of the set, pieces of a smashed amp were flying all over the place, and lead guitarist Siv (a.k.a. Dave) set his guitar on fire and thrashed the burning instrument with the help of the rioting audience.

Believe it or not, the excitement for the night was not yet over. After the X-Men finished playing their fast, well-polished set, a fight broke out in front of the Hall. (Some asshole got the shit knocked out of him by a biker.) Finally, the cops raided the lot and told everybody to go home.

The latest New Orleans hardcore band to join the scene is F.U.K., a group of Fucked Up Kids who made their debut playing at the Club Berlin, wednesday night April 8.

The band is made up of Bryan Civello, who does the voice, lead screaming and special sound effects, another Brian (this one's Peterson) on guitar, Adam Richard plays the bass (basically), and Skip Stire's the head banger (of the drums, that is).

When they played their title song, everybody started skankin' (yes, believe it or not, in that diminutive pit that is the Club Berlin), and their unique rendition of "The Peter Gunn Theme" (the music used in the "Spy Hunter" video game for those of you who don't know who Peter Gunn is) made the crowd demand an encore.

The audience really got into it when Bryan let loose his pet scorpion Skull on stage, and later everybody joined in to sing a cover of The Exploited's "Sex and Violence."

We look forward to seeing them play their first all ages show, when they open for Stevie Stilette, along with Muskrats, at the VFW HALL Saturday May 16th.

Isn't He Special

Who is the Church Lady?
SATAN???

the Super Bowl. Harmless recreational event or vicious Satanic death ritual? You be the judge."



DAVE SIV
IDS - 6 -



← AL
IDS

The members of
IDS - what were
they doing with a
life size picture of

PMS



Review

WTUL's ROCK-ON SURVIVAL MARATHON

WTUL, 91.5 on the FM dial, had yet another successful marathon, raising over \$ 5000 in pledges. Each year, the progressive radio station holds a fund-raiser by featuring two weeks of live concerts in local music clubs and on the Tulane campus, and by asking their listeners to call in requesting their favorite songs, pledging \$10.00 for every song or \$30.00 for an album side.

For the first time, this year, the 17th annual event was moved from its traditional spot at the Tulane quad to a different location, at the corner of Zimple and Broadway (outside of The Boot). Among the highlights of the two week-long marathon was the free show put on by the Dick Nixons right in front of The Boot. They came on stage dressed in silver, glittery cowboy outfits, holding up a framed picture of Richard "Tricky Dick" Nixon, to whom they dedicated the song "Dick Fought the Law and The Law Won." (Unlike our notorious Eddie, who can take on the law anytime.)

They were forced off stage after just a few songs because the sun was setting, and the roadies had to tear down the stage before dark, so the audience started rioting. The band threw cups full of beer at the crowd, who willingly and gladly returned the favor.

COLLEGE ALBUMS

1. **ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND THE EGYPTIANS**
Element of Light - Relativity
2. **SHRIEKBACK**
Big Night Music - Island
3. **THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS**
Happy Head - Sire
4. **GOLDEN PALOMINOS**
Blast of Silence - Celluloid
5. **BILLY BRAGG**
Talking with the Taxman About Poetry - Go! Discs/Elektra

6. **NEW ORDER**
Brotherhood - Qwest
 7. **BEASTIE BOYS**
Licensed to Ill - Def Jam
 8. **JULIAN COPE**
Julian Cope - Island
 9. **THE ROBERT CRAY BAND**
Strong Persuader - HighTone/Mercury
 10. **LOVE TRACTOR**
This Ain't No Outerspace Ship - Big Time
- Courtesy of the GAVIN REPORT
Largely based on college-radio airplay.

College radio is one of the few venues for underground music. There is an alternative to commercial radio stations.

As the roadies put up the instruments, the band sang another song (without any instruments, just with the help of the crowd). The show ended when the overweight guitarist "mooned" the crowd.

Of course, the marathon culminated the Monday night that The Ramones tore down the house at McAlister Auditorium. Joey and the boys proved that they're still among the best, even after all these years, as they rocked through their old and new hits. The audience was begging to be sedated, while Joey sang "Somebody Put Something in my Drink."

One of the most successful events of the marathon was the VFW gig with Virul Nihils, Exhorder, Suffocation By Filth, and Blatant Frustration. The hardcore scene did its part to keep 'TUL on the air and we look forward to another successful year.

Rho



-7-



Life can be strange.

MUSIC REVIEW

REVIEW

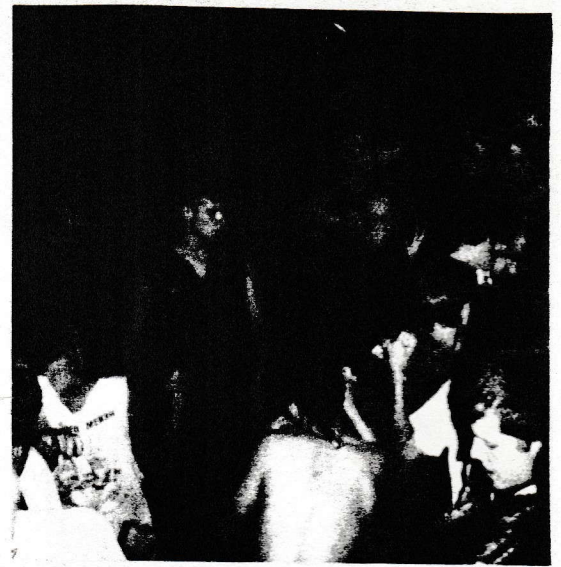
ACID BATH-"WHAT A DRAG!"

Acid Bath has just recently released their first demo entitled "What a Drag". It was recorded at Stoney's studio where most local bands do their recording. While the tape may have failed to capture the exciting and climactic experience of viewing the band live, it did have its good points. I was very pleased to find that AB stressed NO EFFECTS on their voices at the studio, A very brave move for Kevin (bass and vocals) considering he was suffering from a mild case of pneumonia at the time.

All in all for a band that has only been together for a year now "What a Drag" is a pretty impressive start. The fact that all the songs on the demo are their own and not remakes as they do at some gigs is an added bonus.

"Somebody Castrated my Dog", "Newborn Corpse", and the ever popular, "Diseased Between the Knees" are just three of the songs you can enjoy listening to if you buy the tape. Do it! Acid Bath is definatly a band that is going places.

DIANNE



COMING SOON:

June 3 - Short Dogs GROW
+ Acid Bath

June 10 - Henry Rollins
Band

June 19 - Adrenaline OD
+ FOD

June 28 - The Meatmen

Seen OR heard
something funny?
Send it in, we need
to make these
two laugh.

If you
want to
have something
published (jokes,
embarrassing
stories, etc.),
Send it
to us:

THE SCENE
5124 BELLE DR.
METAIRIE, LA. 70006



← I'D LAUGH... - 8 -

EXCEPT I DON'T HAVE A MOUTH!

MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD

"ANGEL HEART"

Starring: Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, and Lisa Bonet.
Directed by Alan Parker. Rated R.

British director Alan Parker first made a name for himself when he directed "Midnight Express" and "Fame," and later impressed critics with his masterpiece "Birdy," an intense psychological movie which you should go rent right now if you haven't seen it. His latest film "Angel Heart," which is mostly set in New Orleans, created a publicity scandal when it was given an X rating by the MPAA Board.

To get the movie down to a more commercial R rating, Parker had to cut 10 seconds from an explicit love scene where Mickey Rourke (from "9½ Weeks") fucks Lisa Bonet (who screams, oohs, and aaahs like she never has on "The Cosby Show") in a cheap motel room, both of them soaked in a dripping bloodbath, giving a new meaning to the word "hardcore."

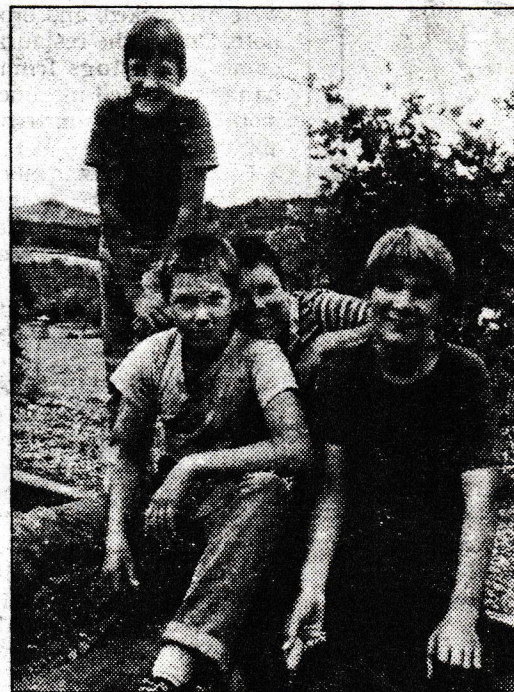
The movie starts in New York in 1955, when Rourke, who plays detective Harry Angel, is hired by a mafia-type mystery man (De Niro) to find Johnny Favorite, an ex-famous nightclub singer who disappeared in the 1940's. Following a lead that he got from a heroin-addicted doctor, Angel heads to New Orleans, where he meets a black girl named Epiphany (Lisa Bonet), whose mother used to be Johnny Favorite's lover. (Aren't these the best names since Vicious and Rotten?) Epiphany is a 17-yr-old backwoods Louisiana voodoo priestess, who proves to be the mystery of Johnny Favorite.

The film is bound to be controversial not only for its explicit blood scenes (besides the lovemaking bloodbath, there's a scene in which Bonet performs a voodoo dance rite, chops the head off a chicken and bathes her face, her tongue, and her erotic bare breasts with the chicken's blood-- I'll bet you'll need a cold shower after reading this) but also because the fuckable Miss Bonet is black and plays Bill Cosby's daughter on TV. And even though many people will be offended by the movie's gruesomeness, I know many of you radical hardcores have had fantasies bloodier than this.

However, I have to give it a negative review because in the last thirty minutes of the movie, after a series of shocking revelations, the meaning of the picture stares you dead in the face, and you're expected to believe all this supernatural crap. Nevertheless, the film still deserves some credit for the superb lead performances (the Cosby girl is hot both in and out of her clothes), as well as the supporting performances (New Orleans' own Eliot Keener plays the sheriff), and the impressive cinematography (the '50s French Quarter setting is very realistic, having an almost black and white feel to it).

I'm giving it 2 stars out of 4, but go judge for yourselves.

Ramiro



STAND BY ME

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE
ON ATLANTIC RECORDS AND CASSETTES.

© 1986 THE BODY, INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
© 1986 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

New Videocassette releases include "Stand By Me," a great, nostalgic look back at childhood friendships.

Barbie →



- 9 -

← what do you mean -
"supernatural crap?" !!

INTERVIEW

IN OUR ATTEMPTS TO KEEP YOU INFORMED ABOUT THE LATEST LOCAL DEVELOPMENTS, WE INTRODUCE THIS INTERVIEW SECTION. IN EACH ISSUE WE HOPE TO FEATURE AN UP AND COMING BAND WHICH YOU SHOULD KEEP AN EYE AND EAR ON. IN THIS ISSUE WE HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH F.U.K., WHICH WAS CONDUCTED RECENTLY AT A SUB-URBAN GARAGE BY OUR STAFF REPORTER RHO.

F.U.K. ARE: Skip Stire on drums
Adam Richard on bass
Brian Peterson on guitar
and Bryan "spelled with a Y" Civello on vocals.



F.U.K.: The Interview

Q. How many originals do you have?

Adam: Ten?

Bryan: Yeah, ten.

Q. Who writes them?

Bryan: Basically these two, Skip and Brian. I've only written one of them, to which I forget the words.

Skip: But we all arrange them together.

Q. How long have you all been together?

Adam: Ever since American Decay broke up.



"I heard 'em,
They ain't so bad."

The F.U.K. Interview(continued):

Q. And how long is that?

Adam: About two months.

Q. How did the band get started?

Adam: After American Decay broke up, I started looking around for other people that wanted to be in a band, so I called up my friend Mark and said--

Q. Speak up.

Adam(considerably raising his voice--the other three laugh): I wanted to get a band together, and he knew Skip who played the drums and also wanted to start a band, so then we found Brian, our guitarist.

Skip: And then we found this guy(pointing to Bryan) hanging around Fat City and he became our singer.

Bryan: And it's been true love ever since.

Q. I heard you're getting a new P.A.

Bryan: We're trying to. We still have to raise about \$1500 dollars.

Q. Is that going to be anytime soon?

Bryan: Yeah, within the next two years!
(They all laugh.)

Q. You think you'll be together that long?

Bryan: Hopefully. At the rate everything's going right now, we should. I don't know.
(He turns to the others, who agree:"Yeah, I think so. We will.")

Q. What influences does your sound have?

Brian: Minor Threat.

Adam : Circle Jerks.

Bryan: And Suicidal Tendencies.

Q. Let me see your playlist. I'm gonna name a few songs and you say what they're about.
"Do what You're Told."

Bryan: Yeah, it's about a demon--(laughs)

Skip: No, really it's about your dad telling you what to do, and if you don't do it, get out of the house.

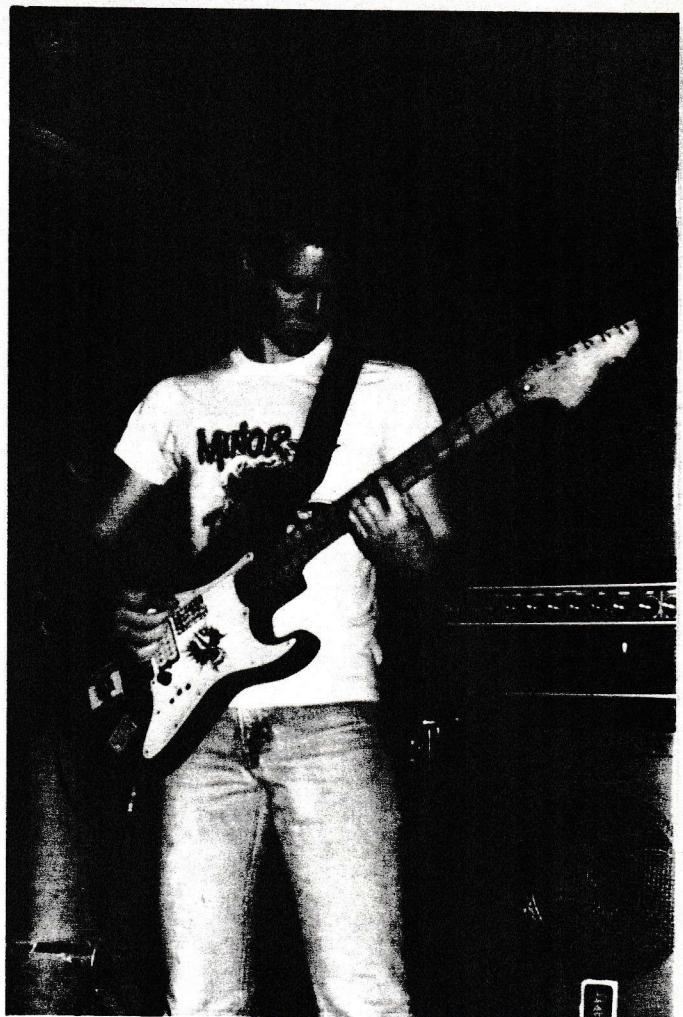
Q. "Cannibalistic Toys."

Adam: It's about barbie dolls on steroids-- just kidding.

Bryan: Actually, it's about barbie dolls and other kids basically--

Skip: Abortion.

Bryan: About kids getting pregnant and then they go and get an abortion.



Q. Do you worry about sounding too much like other bands, about having an original sound?

Bryan: Not really, 'cause we can't even get our own shit together. Our motto is "We suck and we know it."

Adam: Yeah, we're having fun, that's all that matters. We can't get too serious about it. We joke around a lot. Except when I get electrocuted playing the bass because Bryan spilled water all over the amp. That felt real nice, just ask Bryan.

Skip(looking at Bryan): He's laughing so hard he's choking.

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"I can't believe these people!"

Q. What do you think about shows at the VFW?

Bryan: I don't mind it there, it's just the crowd it's bringing in, all the long-hairs.

Q. Oh, you mean, bands like Incubus?

Adam: Somebody's gotta teach them how to slam 'cause--

Bryan: It's getting to the point where I can't even go to a show having my hair spiked up without getting fucked with. It used to be where the scene was like a small family, but now it's getting to be like a football team, you know. I hate to sound stuck up like that, but they just don't know what this shit is about.

Q. What are some of the coolest gigs you remember?

Adam: Circle Jerks at Capp's.

Bryan: Agnostic Front and GBH at Jed's.

Q. If you could play in any city, where would you most love to play?

Skip: Atlanta.

Adam: D.C.

Brian: Yeah, D.C.

Q. What about New York? I was expecting that.

Adam(feigning a hillbilly accent):
New York!

Bryan: Nebraska so we go husk some corn.

Q. Do you always practice at Skip's garage?

Adam: Well we used to practice at your house(pointing at me) until the neighbors

called the police. For a while we practiced at Brian's backyard.

Q. What do you all think of the local scene, as far as bands go?

Bryan: They've got a lot of talent.

Q. Like who?

Bryan: Virul Nihils, Acid Bath.

Adam: Virul Nihils.

Bryan: Shell Shock, Graveyard Rodeo. Most of the bands around here are pretty good.

Q. What about the Flagrantz?

Bryan: Um, I'm gonna let Skip answer that one.

Skip: They're great, but they've got a problem.

Adam: Mike. In fact, they still have the drumset I bought them.

Bryan: Yeah, they've got parts of Skip's drum set that we're still trying to get back from them to this day--HINT! HINT! HINT! You've gotta make sure you print that.

Q. What covers do you all do?

Skip: Sex and Violence.

Bryan: And Peter Gunn. With that song I was supposed to be using a harmonica, but it sounds better with me making stupid noises through my nostrils.

Adam: We used to do "When the Shit Hits the Fan" but it's too hard.

Q. Too hard?

Bryan: Well, it's just a song, but we forgot it. The fun thing about this band is, we're all sarcastic assholes.

Q. You make fun of everything.

Adam: Basically.

Skip: Especially people who go to the mall with funny jeans on.

Q. Bryan, tell us about your pet scorpion.

Bryan: Yeah, after the last concert we played, my scorpion is a little psycho.

Adam: He got a little pissed, he was going after my hand, Bryan threw him on the floor. It was all crazy!

Skip(laughing): I think he likes the bass amp!

Bryan: Yeah, I think to the next show I'm just gonna bring my little snake.

Adam: He's got a beautiful snake. I love snakes.





Bryan: I have two roommates right now and they're both animal lovers. I'm sitting there feeding 5-week old mice to my snake and they're shitting on themselves, "No!"

Adam: He's got a schizophrenic doberman, too.

Bryan: Oh yeah, we have this crazy dog. He likes to ram his head against walls and he wakes you up by licking your crotch. You think I'm kidding, you should see this.

Q. So you've got a snake, a dog--

Bryan: OK, the scorpion's name is Skull, the snake's name is Cross, and I'm getting a tarantula--it's gonna be named Bones, really classical--quote, unquote. We got Chrissy the doberman, Charlotte the ferret, and I'm trying to get a python, which I'm just gonna name The Big Fucker.

Q. Anything else you all want to say?

Bryan: We had some more songs that we used to do, but someone took 'em away from us.

Adam: I.e. Mike Bevis.

Q. How did he do that?

Bryan: Well, they're getting a band together and they're gonna use them. They weren't very good songs anyway.

Q. Are you working on any new songs?

Adam: "Max the Frog."

Skip: Yeah, we started working on that one today.

Brian: "Chaos in the Pit!"

Skip: Yeah, we have those two.

Q. What do you like best about playing live?

Bryan: Smacking myself with the mike.

Skip: It's fun.

Brian: Yeah, it's fun having everybody staring at you.

Adam: Naah!

Q. Is that what you don't like?

Skip: What I don't like is that you worry too much about screwing up. But then I don't wanna get off, (emulating somebody else's voice)

"Let's go, my fingers are bleeding."

Adam: I don't care. I've got blisters all over.

Bryan: What I hate is when you get up there, you're halfway through a song, and your mind goes completely blank.

Q. What else?

Brian: What are our future plans?

Q. Good one, what are your future plans?

Adam: We hope to tour someday.

Bryan: I hope to die at age 30, go to college sometime between now and then.

Q. You wanna die young?

Bryan: Who the fuck wants to get old--your heart stopping, your--

Q. What about your Social Security?

Bryan: I'll have a couple of illegitimate kids and they can have it.

Q. Not if they're illegitimate.

Bryan: Oh well. Too bad. Everybody's fucked.

And that, basically, is the band's attitude.
ALL FUCKED UP!



HARDCORE COUTURE

In the world of "Haute Couture" fashion trends are started by the elite fashion designers and then made popular by being worn by the "creme" de la creme" of the wealthy. In the "Hardcore Couture" scene trends are started BY the hardcores, FOR the hardcores.

This month we are going to discuss the jeans of a "fashionable" (so as not to use the word trendy) hardcore. Jeans are one of the most important pieces of clothing a hardcore, especially male hardcore, could wear. Not just any jeans mind you, but jeans that make the hardcore fashion statement.

In order for one's jeans to make the proper statement a certain degree of creativity is needed by the wearer. First of all interesting tears need to be placed in various sections of the jeans. The most common and most essential place is on one or both knees. And of course just below the ass where the pocket ends is another popular spot. Tears can be made by simply cutting a hole in the desired area and pulling any loose crosswise and lengthwise threads (this gives the holes their ragged effect).

Once the desired tears have been made artistry comes into effect. With pen in hand (preferably a permanent black marker) the time has come to create. Names of bands, anarchy signs, peace signs, and/or any political symbols are written down the legs (exact names and symbols should be at the discretion of the wearer). For those more creative and artistically talented hardcores; skulls, skeletons, and other meaningful objects can be drawn in various expressions and positions. Anything drawn or written can be of a variety of things or can revolve around the same topic. Washings should be seldom so that the worn in effect can be achieved.

Lastly but most importantly the time has come for the "designer" to actually wear his/her creation and to become a "fashionable" hardcore.



DIANNE

Flannel shirts are another essential article of hardcore couture. You can even wear them as skirts. →



Skankers in their "fashionable" jeans.



"Say cheese!"

... more about the trendy hardcore ...

After studying and interviewing countless numbers of people "in the scene," we have compiled a list of 10 COMMANDMENTS OF HARDCORE (I use the word countless because we didn't count them, although we can count).

- I. Thou shalt not wear new clothes.
- II. Thou shalt not use another word if "fuck" will suffice.
- III. Thou shalt not have normal hair.
- IV. Thou shalt avoid work or anything involving responsibility.
- V. Thou shalt not bow to commitment.
- VI. Thou shalt never (and we mean avoid this at all costs!) spend a weekend at home alone.
- VII. Thou shalt consider parents assholes.
(Talking about them behind their backs shalt be an added bonus to this Commandment.)
- VIII. Thou shalt grab one's own genitals at any possible occassion.
- IX. Thou shalt not give a fuck--there's that word again--about authority.
- X. Thou shalt be at thy loudest and most obnoxious behavior at all times, especially when grandma comes over for dinner.



Late-breaking story:
We have just learned that
← Moses (he even has long
hair, like the Moses who parted
the Red Sea) lost 5 of the
Commandments of hardcore.
Next time you see him, ask him:
"Where are the 5 Lost Commandments?"

ADMIT YOU WANT TO COMMIT

Commitment- such a simple word to have such ominous meaning. Why is everyone so afraid of it? It seems to me that more people are want to commit than are willing to admit it. When you mention commitment in a conversation it is as though an icy breeze has taken control of the room. Why must a word representing such a beautiful, sharing experience be taboo in "modern" "open" relationships?

Why? Because people have the wrong idea about commitments. For some reason, people think marriage, babies, choke holds and commitment go hand in hand. This is not the case in all commitments. Some, maybe, but not all. To say you want a commitment is merely saying you care enough about your partner/lover to not want to see anyone else. Your basic needs are satisfied with this one person. Not just sexual, but physiological, psychological, and sociological as well.

Admitting you want to form a commitment is merely saying, "You make me happy. You give me pleasure, let's just be together", the length of time is irrelevant, be it a day or a lifetime, "let's be lovers." It's as simple as that.

Dear
UNCLE SIV

Dear Uncle Siv,

I am always thinking of suicide. It is all I can ever talk about. My friends try to help me but can't. What should I do?

Suicidal

Dear Suicidal,

What a friend you are to burden your pals. You have two choices. Seek professional help or kill yourself. But do one or the other. It isn't fair to drag others down

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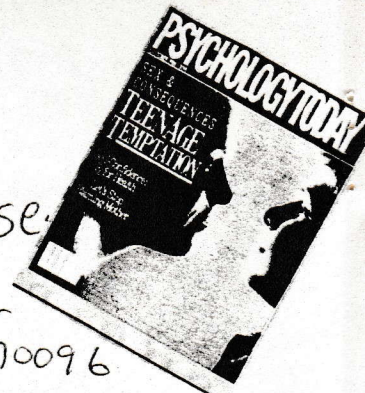
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We
invite
your

response.

"The Scene
5124 Belle Dr
metairie, LA 70096



COMES THE DAWN

After awhile you learn the
subtle difference

Between holding a hand and
chaining a soul

And you learn that love doesn't
mean security

And you begin to learn that
kisses aren't contracts

And presents aren't promises
And you begin to accept your de-
feats

With your head up and your eyes
open

With the grace of a woman, not
the grief of a child

And you learn to build all your
own roads

On today because tomorrow's ground
is too uncertain.

And futures have

A way of falling down in mid-
flight

After awhile you learn

That even sunshine burns if
You get too much.

So you plant your own garden
and decorate your own soul

instead of waiting

For someone to bring you flowers.

And you learn that you really
can endure...

That you really are strong,

And you really do have worth
And you learn and learn

With every goodbye
You learn.

eries

I

♥

↑

↳ ALSO known as Sinking Ships

Bollweevil
on
Board

Embarrassing Stories

"I used to pee in the bathtub whenever I was taking a bath, and my mom used to make get out and pee in the toilet, so I would say, 'what's the difference, they're both water anyway.' "

Barbie



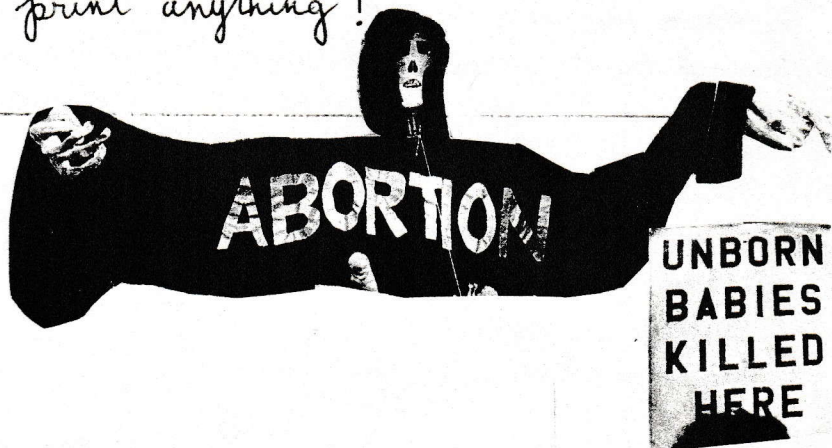
"When I was about five years old, I was at the beach on this Caribbean island, and my mom wouldn't let me go out to the deep water, but I wanted to dive. So I went on top of this rock in the shallow water and I jumped. My head got stuck in the sand, so they had to run and come pull me out."

Xiomara

Do you have any (or many) embarrassing stories to tell? Send them in; we'll print anything!



\$ War Sells... \$



Once upon a time there was peace, then war came in and bought a new lease...

War took over, and war took lives, war twisted truth and In God We Trust lied...

Peace fought back but did not reach success, in places of hell no one confessed...

War and peace were weighed upon a scale, still war made a stand making lives a living hell...

Peace does exist but it is not strong, people are so confused as to what is right, and what is wrong?

Those who earnestly believe in peace continue to fail, why is this you ask? It is because War Sells....

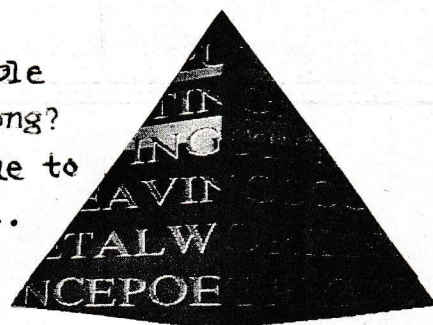
Submit your poetry or songs:

THE SCENE

5124 BELLE DR.

METairie, LA.

70006



Staci Middleton

Outside the Independence St. double
Car doors slam shut.

In the kitchen mother shouts
Her dissatisfaction.

Several days too many we have
lived discord.

How as usual the mediator
Can talk anybody calm

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
'tis to have a thankless child."

King Lear's words are hammered
Into my head as it grows sick
Of mother's repugnant whim
Of having Dynasty over for dinner.

The walls in Moses' room
Reverberate with Suicidal Tendencies
As a burned-out record screams heresies
Round and round

"... what are you trying to say, I'm crazy?
When I went to your schools,
I went to your churches,
I went to your institutional
learning facilities ..."

George breaks his interruption
And continues to devour Nietzsche
I can recognize Wagner
As the metallic sound pours out
Of his headphones.

Mother is now stretched on the sofa.
Moses didn't come out of his room
for dinner.

On ordinary Wednesday evenings
I glide into bed at midnight
And cats scream out their turf

Outside our Independence St. double. - X(x)

MORE ARTSY

"Drowning"

The water is cold
I think I will drown
Icy and deep
So far from the ground.
Lost is the shore
No one to be found
The water is cold
I think I will drown.

The water is cold, I am sinking more
I look, but still, I see no shore.
Stinging the veins, the needle is cold
The dosage can make you feel so old
While the hue of purple fills the air
Shrieking loud voices are heard everywhere.
So loud are the lights, you can hear them
scream
The intensity of the colors are not what
they seem.

- Michele Bolotte

"A Day in the Scene"

A day in the scene
is like a day in hell
But when you wake up tomorrow
You will be feeling well.

-Chris Graham

Simplicity is I do not understand
Why away from me you have ran
We were like one, I know it's true
But now you are off to someone new
Simplicity is I do not understand
How could you not face me like a true man?
You say we first have to make amends
Don't you see, we have no time to be friends
Simplicity is I do not understand
Why away from me you have ran.

-Michele Bolotte

"Screams from the Underground"

Hear the screams Hear the Screams
Screams from the underground
Fucked up schemes Shattered dreams
Dreams of a new world found

Anger and frustration Take over your soul
Cries of desperation Truth remains untold
Your trust has been betrayed
Your innocence destroyed

They make attempts in vain
To screw over your brain - Ramiro



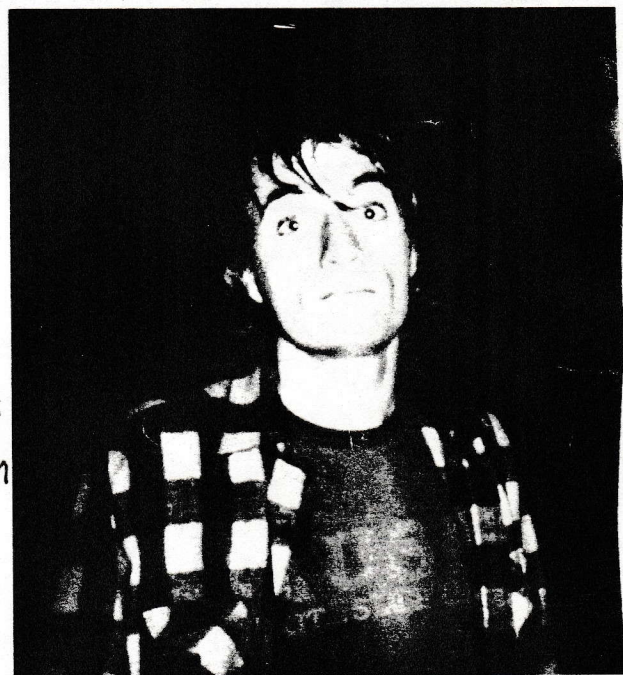
A Happy Perry -
Now That he's back
in Graveyard Rodeo.

BACK IN THE SADDLE

As I'm sure most of you out there already know, Perry is back as lead singer for Graveyard Rodeo. Postponed from an earlier date, the Reunion show is scheduled for Saturday May 30 at the VFW. Acid Bath and IxDxSx will also be playing, so don't miss it!

ZHELL ZHOCK TOUR

Shell Shock, who appear in the most recent issue of "Maximum Rock-n-Roll," will start a regional tour in mid-May in support of their latest album, "The Whites of Their Eyes." The tour kicks off in Houston and brings the band to New Orleans on Friday May 15, when they will perform at the VFW Hall, along with Incubus and the Flagrantz.



Chris Fonseca shows the whites of HIS eyes!

PERSONALS

Want to see your personal message printed? Send it in. (1 to 9 words = 50¢, 10-20 words = \$1.00)

1. Thanks to Chris for all his help and encouragement. I couldn't have done it without you.
2. It had to be Randy. Who else could have done it?
4. Julie, thanks for being such a great sport.
5. Am I glad Chris is gone. The guy had no balls
6. Bollweevils make for
- 19-

Paparazzi

Where is Julie's
chocolate éclair?

Julie screams at
the armpit

"Where's my éclair?!!!"



"Go ahead, blame
it on me. You always
do anyway. Oh, well!!"



"I ate it!"

"No! I ate it!"

"Actually, we shared it!"

"A chocolate éclair?"

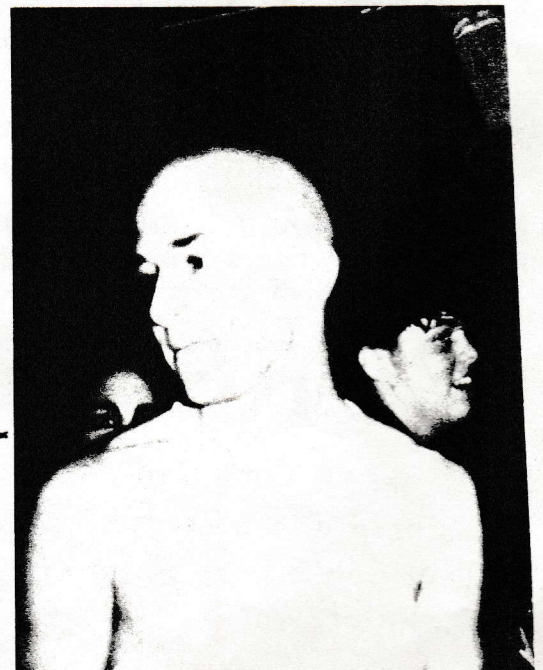
↓ Oh wow, that would
go great with
this bottle
of wine."



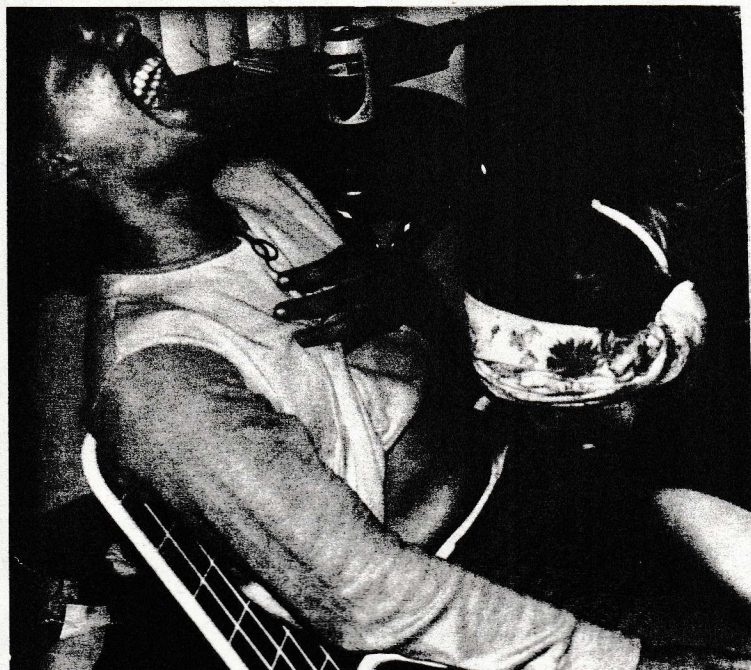
All right,
Kev - What
are you hiding
up there?
I can see it!



Let go of
my head,
I swear
it wasn't me!



Barbie, take off that blindfold! The éclair ↴ is not in Ramiro's bellybutton.



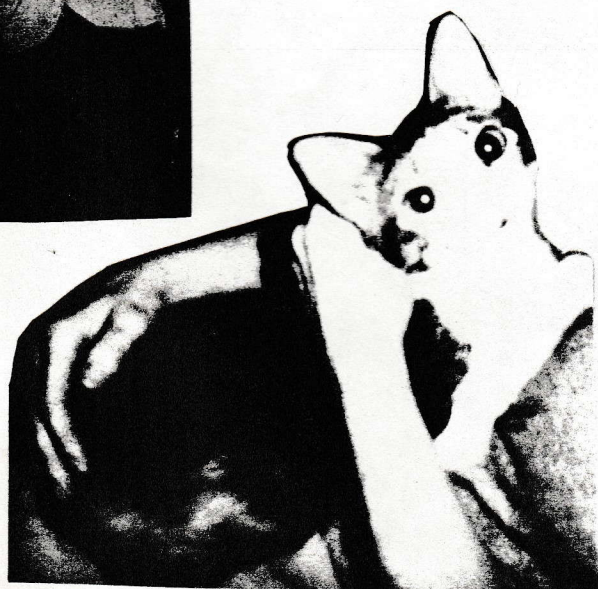
↵ You won't find it in Kevin's pants. Holli's already looked there! ↵



“Please don't let her see my face. Please!”



“Shit, I better get away fast on my skateboard before Julie catches me!”



↵ “Meow! I swear I didn't take it.”

“This IS NOT your éclair!”



SKANKCALENDAR

MAY

					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Picnic I.D.S. FUK	11	12	13	14	Shell Shock, Incubus, Flagrantz	Stevie Stilette, Muskrats + FUK
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	GYR Reunion, Acid Bath + I.D.S.

JUNE

MAY 31	1	2	3	4	5	6
		Short Dogs Grow + Acid Bath				
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
		HENRY Rollins Band	Descendents MIA Virus Nihilis of St. Lukes			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
				AOD + FOD		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	Next issue :- INTERVIEWS w/ Short Dogs Grow, Henry Rollins, AOD, FOD and The Meatmen!			
The Meatmen						

Coming in July : 7 Seconds
Frightwig, Life Sentence.

- Prissy the Wonder Puss
- The 5 Lost Commandments
- etc. etc.