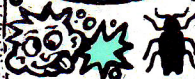


A Zine For Scoffers, Screamers, Slackers & Blasphemers!

**BAD**



ADULTS ONLY

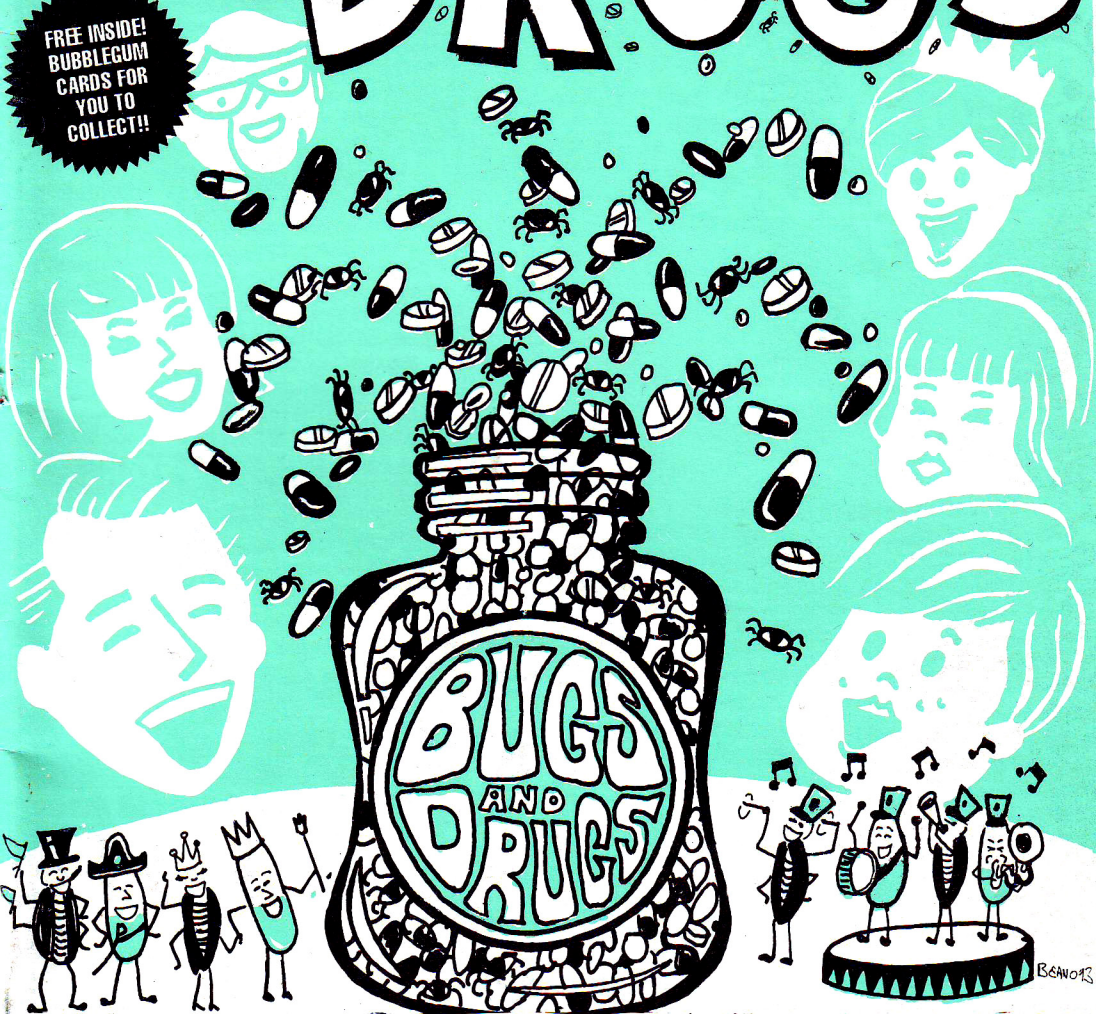
ISSUE

2

50P

FREE INSIDE!  
BUBBLEGUM  
CARDS FOR  
YOU TO  
COLLECT!!

# BUGS AND DRUGS



**INTENSE PLUSHNESS!!**

**BOOZE! BEATNIKS! BURLESQUE!**

ATTRACTION PRAISED BY 40,000,000 PEOPLE

I DON'T  
GET  
IT!!

**Bitten** BY

I'M AS SERIOUS AS CANCER  
WHEN I SAY THERES A  
REINDEER CALLED PRANCER!

**FLOG BUGS & DRUGS!**



Yes **BROTHERS & SISTERS!!** Sell this zine, influence & abuse people whilst making some easy money. **IT'S SIMPLE!** Write to us saying how many you want (10, 30, 100 whatever), we send them to you **postpaid**, you flog 'em at gigs, social gatherings and to sailors..... You keep up to **20p** a copy and then send the rest back to us when they're all sold.... Then you go buy clockwork mice!

**LAWN LOVER**

**RETAIL OUTLET ALERT!**

You too can sell at least **50** copies of "B&D" in your shop/stall no problem, a piece of **PISS!** Write to us now for generously plush wholesale rates.

**COMPIERS & DeFILERS ARE...**

Bear Hackenbush... Beano Brazdov...  
Jac Shit... Curt Complain... Sid  
Delicious... Justin "Angel Hair"  
Quinnell... Jo Go 'n' Blow... Slim  
Jim McLean... Toft Patches... Adam and  
Yan (Go Fry zine)... Randy and Steph  
(Chaos Comix)... The Church of the  
Sub Genius... Although he don't know  
it, Pete Bagge... Bouncer Trelawn...  
and of course Tabitha the hideous old  
green haired witch.

**ADVERTISE IN THIS HERE ZINE!**

Get your ad in for issue three and get associated with Britain's spermier zine! Everyone has their price and ours is **PATHETICALLY CHEAP!**  
**QUARTER PAGE - £12.00, HALF PAGE - £22.00,**  
**FULL PAGE - £47.00**

**STARS IN  
ANIMAL PASSION**

Deadline is **June 10th 1993**. Print ready artwork is cool, but we'll fiddle it around to the right side if need be. Artists are waiting to design your ad for a small pittance. State where you'd like it stuck in the zine (i.e. next to a certain column or feature). Cheques & enquiries to **C. Weston** at the usual address.

**DEMOLISH  
SERIOUS  
CULTURE**

ONE PEARL NECK  
LACE AND A POUND  
OF DATES! BEEN  
RELIEVING GOATS  
BEHIND FIVE BAR  
GATES!

**SUBSCRIPTIONS & OVERSEAS RATES**

**UK:** For £3.00 you'll get the next four issues (A year's worth) plonked on your "Care Bears" door mat and a rude note from ourselves hassling you to buy our t-shirts.  
**EUROPE:** One copy £1.00/4 IRCs/\$2.00, a four issue subscription £4.50/12 IRCs/\$9.00  
**USA & CANADA:** One copy \$3.00 (US or Can) A four issue thing \$12.00

AIRMAIL WHERE NEEDED..CHEQUES TO "CWESTON"

**KA-  
BLOOY!**

**The BUG!**

Sexy but hygienic

**LATE! LATE! AND FULL OF INTERDIMENSIONAL HATE!** That's what we is! Vast apologizin' (in an insincere voice) to all you pungent people who have been waiting on this here **UTERUS DIVIDING** ISSUE but we missed the bus and the cat **PISSED** on our homework **SEE!** Still, here it be and hope

The Lord spake unto the fish:

it grapples your senses better than a **MOUTHFULL** of boot polish on a Saturday night.... And a big French kiss of a **WELCOME** to first time buyers! Your coinage is well spent on the zine that makes "Viz" look like the 1974 Jackie annual. Yes "Bugs & Drugs", market leader in the world of tatty little pamphlets, also wants **YOUR** outpourings of filth and stuff you

have thought up on your way to the **SOUP KITCHEN**. Cartoons that can leap a tall building in one! Articles to make a grown man weep! Letters from go-getters and ideas from too many beers! Send 'em in, we'll steal 'em.... and send you the bill! Enough pork-speak for the while, time to get to the guts & gravy! May you enjoy it more than a naked piggy-back wrestle with the son of Godzilla....

Yrs with the dancing teeth and cheap porn books

**THE BUGGERS AND DRUGGERS**

**BE BRAVE  
LITTLE  
NODDY!**

STICK  
YOUR  
FINGER  
UP MY  
BOTTOM  
PLEASE!

chocolate  
breasts.

**OUR ADDRESS! B&D, P.O. BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU**

# DECIETFUL SNORTING

May The Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose

## MOUTH «ON» A «STICK!»



T'LL HAVE A WANK PLEAS BOB!



WRAAGHH!! I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG FOR THE EASTER BUNNY!!

WITH SGT. THROAT CANCER

BOOM! BOOM! AK47 is a TOOL!! Piss your PANTS! Climb inside PHIL COOL!! I'm back, in full attack! Never give in until they EAT CRACK! I return in split-crutch stormtrooper PYJAMAS to right WRONGS, stroke MONGS and take out your LIVER with HERPES GIVING TONGS!! Yes, Sgt Throat Cancer, master of all things VERY HARD is spitting up 100w light bulbs in WRATH and FURY over this

hoodwinking, dunkin-doughnuts-in-a-vat-of-moo-cow-piss 1970's revival retread kinda blurk! I mean, serve me up on a gilted plate to the BUBBLE MEN of Alpha Centuri but have you people got less BRAINEAGE than a man drunk on Burger King dill pickle?!! Read my monkey gland injected lips! It's all a CON-SPI-RA-CY!! Evil men with SIDEBURNS and

ANYONE FOR A GOBBLE BEHIND THE BIKE SHED?

THE WEED WITH ROOTS IN HELL! AMERICA'S GREATEST MORAL PROBLEM!

ill-fitting cardigans have vast warehouses full of TARTAN FLARES, space hoppers and CHARLIES ANGELS WIGS just waiting for some spotty grubs with a Gary Glitter fixation to take all their vicious 70's tat off their hands! Suede are in the pay of the Bay City Rollers! The Led Zeppelin back catalogue is owned by MICHAEL ASPEL!! May all you Boney M

SPANKER! loving TRAMPS have your FINGERS crushed between many BREEZE BLOCKS!! May Abba and Slade come round your house and trample GOAT SHIT all over your duvet and cover you in crimplene!!!

I mean, WHAT THE FUCK!!! Some fat, bearded SLAPPER writes in a Teen Beat splatter-me-with-Kurt-from-Nirvana's-trouser-cream Musical Fashion Mag-o-zine that it's a darn HOOT to wear blue EYELINER and ride the 70's rockin' rollercoaster of CHEESE and the adolescent hordes go and DO IT quicker than a FAT MAN would eat a deep fried RAT!

### HOOTING SUIT



DRUNK WITH POWER DRUNK WITH POWER SOLD MY SOUL FOR GOLDEN SHOWER!

SEXUAL DEVIANT

I AM A MASTURBATOR



IT'S LOADED WITH BELLY LAUGHS AND NATURAL BARE HUMOR



PEICES OF SEVEN! AND PEICES OF EIGHT! SOLD ACID TO GRANNIES AT MY SCHOOL FETE!!



WHO AM I? WHO AM I? WHO AM I?

Pepsi& Shirley in ra-ra skirts are the new fuhrers of pop! Men shall once more wear make-up and jeans with PIPING down the side! Girls shall once more cream over Boy George dresses and Spandau Ballet will be a boot endlessly stamping on the face of taste!! JEEZ, sounds better than a life subscription to "Robots, Guns and Naked Grunge Girls do it in the Mud Weekly" any hog-pickling day.

IN BED WITH MADDONNA, A KETTLE LEAD + TOMO CONNER!

Talking of BLOW JOBS (which I were not, but who gives a crack snortin' gerbil with a shaved fanny obsession anyway!) I get to thinking maybe I've hit on a spit gobbling good solution to aid our down n' out, fugitive breast' miners

street sleepin', blanket wearin BRETHEREN! Seeing how there's so many blubbery old businessmen out there cruising the streets of shame, gagging their sock suspenders off for a bit of MALE BASED hand/oral relief, why don't some enterprising Homeless n' Hungry sign wearers get in on the ACT, so to say?! Sheesh, four or five tricks should pull in enough cash for a new blanket, four cans of rocket fuel and a down payment on a new Pot Noodle packing case!!! MMMM... A thought worth dressing up in a bra/pantie set and parading round the kitchen for, is it not yes?

ENOUGH! ENOUGH! Now me go out, kick cat around like soccer ball! Hey Toyota car gottin' down street, me go out and BOMB! OH NO Toyota, you run over cat! NOW WE HAVE NO BALL! Weep, snuffle, go now while I take off CLOTHES and run around on all fours like Champion the Wonder Horse!! Until pope turds are found in the woods Yrs, the square root of cool

SGT THROAT CANCER

A CRETINS GUIDE TO SUSPICIOUS

DO-IT-YOURSELF LOBOTOMY KIT

# NARCOTICS

HEE!HEE!COME KID!  
HAVE JUST ONE MORE  
SNORT OF E-S-D!

SUBSTANCES THAT YOU CAN'T BUY

IN TESCO'S!!

BROKEN GLASS EVERYWHERE!  
PEOPLE DISCUSSING THE  
WORKS OF ERIC CLAPTON ON  
THE STAIRS, YOU KNOW THEY  
DON'T CARE!!

levels. Picking your nose will take on new and exciting meanings and the instant you try to get outta your armchair the devil will place an 8 ton ball of iron onto your lap. Besides, the humour to be found in sweet wrappers is a tad limited.

GLUE

SLAP UP  
WOBBLE  
BOTTOM!

**ADVANTAGES:** Plenty chest loads of this household carpet adhesive and suddenly you'll be flying on the back of a magic eagle, trees will turn into laughing green giants and the grass will sing to you like that bloody candle stick in "Beauty and the Beast"

MARY HAD A LITTLE  
LAMB, THAT ALWAYS  
FRISKED + FROLLOCKED!  
SHE TIED IT TO A  
FIVE BAR GATE  
+ KICKED IT IN  
THE BOLLOCKS!!

FLY  
ON A SPOON  
IT'S A SCREAM!

**DISADVANTAGES:** Just try telling that to the judge when the coppers catch you crawling on all fours, trousers round your ankles, Sainsbury's carrier bag stuck to your mouth, telling a small shrub you love it with all your heart.

ACID

(London Symphonia Orchestra, Tricks,  
Noddy Shit)

**ADVANTAGES:** This innocent piece of cardboard, once swallowed, will have you away with the fairies and no mistake. Whatever your lewd imagination can come up with will happen except it will all be in silly colours. Solving life's mysteries will be a peice of piss but recalling your name will be harder than

climbing a mountain covered in greased accountants... which no doubt you'll get up to as well.

**DISADVANTAGES:** In the words of that long-haired git and the specky, slack jawed twat "See that T.V. short circuiting, that's your brain that is" Yes it's no

wonder habitual acid users end up tattooing third eyes on their foreheads, reading "The Hobbit" twice a week and keep finding conspiracy theories on the back of cornflake packets.

## ViC Says

VERY  
POOR!

HOMELESS  
HUNGRY

# U-LIKE!

How to be a Grade-A Cad

So, ha, ha, by jove sex face indeed! We're all **PROPER** grown ups and out of school shorts n' bibs pray yes! So we can talk **CALMLY**, whilst stroking our feathery beards, about **NARCOTICS** and the use of such in this hurly burly, earrings and shock

absorbers?! **LIKE A DONKEY WITH A PIERCED DICK WE CAN!!** Instead from the people who brought you "Use pointless physical violence for fun and profit" comes the definitive, **NO BALONEY**, shooting straight from the plastic-hip replacement guide to drug **ABUSING!!** So all you potential **DROPPERS, POPPERS** and wearers of **DEE-LEE BOPPERS**, read with the utmost care, digest the info and then discard as this page has been impregnated with cooking sherry.....

CANNABIS

(Wacky Baccy, Bob Hope, Drawing Room)

**ADVANTAGES:** A few smokes of one of these "long cigarettes" and you'll be feeling mellowier than a pensioner watching 'Inspector Morse'. L.P.'s by Genesis will take on new and exciting meanings and you'll be giggling uncontrollably at sweet wrappers

TOOTHPASTE! WHISKEY!  
LIQUIDIZED GOD!  
I BEAT UP PUNKS  
'COS I'M A MOD!!

that resemble Sonic the Hedgehog with a mindwarpingly large erection. smitten by the grape

**DISADVANTAGES:** Three whole "long cigarettes" in and you'll be ready to eat a bison sprinkled with sherbert as your appetite hits carpet chewing hunger

"B&D" T-SHIRTS ARE NOW GO!

INSIDE BACK COVER DOOM BRAIN

THE SHAME  
AND DESPAIR  
OF SHAVED  
PUBIC HAIR!!

BLOW ME!  
QUIM WARRIORS  
AT NINE O'CLOCK!

WHEN THE MARINES CEASED FIRE, THE JAP VOYLES ALSO DIED AWAY TO SILENCE. THEN THE AMERICANS BEGAN WHISTLING TAUNTS AT THE INVISIBLE ENEMY. A COCONUT SAILED THROUGH THE AIR...

I'M LOST IN MUSIC! CAUGHT IN A VENUS FLYTRAP!!

# GILT PLATED BUBBLE MEN

## AMPHETAMINES

(Speedy, Billy Graham, Instant Whip)

**ADVANTAGES:** Somewhat like drinking 50 cups of cheap Espresso coffee in one go. Once it takes effect, you'll be legging it round like a furiously overwound clockwork rabbit, telling anyone who'll listen about the time you fell off a wheelbarrow as a child and generally feeling a trace intense and earnest. **young, hard and full of meat.**

**DISADVANTAGES:** Having to watch "Job Club" and "The Big Breakfast" whilst pulling your hairs out one by one through inability to sleep is one thing, but that's a pleasure compared to the comedown. A bit like the stomach bit in "Aliens" combined with electric shock therapy..... And can you be sure your flatmate isn't a demonic imposter sent by the dark one to rip your spinal column out? Paranoia can be a smidgeon of a problem.

## COKE

(Columbian Washing Powder, Pig In a Poke Shit)

**ADVANTAGES:** Not to be confused with a well known fizzy drink, which when stuffed up the hooter,



they've spent all their money on a mixture of baking soda and crystallized Peruvian peasant's sweat.

## CRACK

As above but you also turn into a rhinoceros.

## ECSTASY

**ADVANTAGES:** Developed by Swiss scientists in the late 1950's as "the answer" to the tartness of artificial sweeteners, this so called designer drug came to the forefront in 1980's notorious "summer of love" where young people came together to "rave" in warehouses all night, have their coats stolen and smile too much... Inducing feelings of well being and love towards people who's trousers cost more than £50.00, 'E' can also drive you to dance to joyous rhythmic beats and then buy bottles of tap water for £1.75.

## FRIED PECKING BREASTS

**DISADVANTAGES:** Not such a euphoric experience when the party is over and you're stuck there, on the point of collapse from nervous exhaustion, because you can't stop dancing to the 'infectious' beat of the extractor fan and you've just remembered spending

## GERBIL SNORTING



**ROLF HARRIS**  
LET HIM SAVE YOU

### Gerbil-lovers

Say Goodbye to Boring Gerbil  
Misery with New

## GERBO~ SMACK

NO more hours of boredom watching your dull lifeless Gerbil just sitting there!

Simply add one drop of this new wonder formula to Gerbil's feed and just watch him GO!

Completely Safe.  
Approved by Vets.  
£799.99 (p+p)



## Issue 3 ERNIE



40p UK \$2 USA  
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com, cd, at, etc, reviews etc.  
issue 2 still available 40p

REALITY IS A LACK OF ALCOHOL

## SELL BUGS & DRUGS

**AN AIRTIGHT ALBI!**  
Here's something you can really use. Nobody's times has it come up that you need one of these? Well, here it is at 180c, a real, usable alibi. And it's a real one too! Get one now! Hell, get two!  
£37042 Airtight Alibi: \$2.95

**NEUTRON BOMB**  
So small it will fit inside of a suitcase. So nobody knows it's there. Until... Blown! Eyes melt, skin explodes, everybody dead!  
£6065 Neutron Bomb: \$59.95

**A FOOLPROOF PLAN**  
Here it is at last, just when you really need it. Next time someone asks you "Well, what's the Plan?" you'll know just what to tell them. And it's foolproof. Laboratory tested with certified fools. It works.  
£506427 Foolproof Plan: \$1.95

**A PIECE OF THE ACTION**  
And it's about time too! You know your detective, and you're always wanted in, you just didn't know it. So go to it. Well, here you go.  
£275643 Piece of the Action: \$4.95

can be far from pleasant. A nights worth of the drug of the rich and stupid wont give you enough change out of £40 to buy a packet of Jaffa Cakes, so the trick here is to make sure everybody knows that you're having a REALLY GOOD TIME. Best to swan around the place, making over-flamboyant gestures,

dropping less-than-subtle-hints as you visit the toilet every five minutes. Feelings of invincibility are commonplace.

ERECT UN PROUD IN THE TURIN SHROUD!

**DISADVANTAGES:** Trouble is you're not so invincible when someone headbutts you for being such a bloody clever dick, who's always skint cos



PLEASE HAVE A PIZZA, ITS FROM NANTUCKET! MADE WITH LOVE BY A TOAD IN A BUCKET!

the last two hours fiddling with the willy of the bloke who sells mineral water, as you were "awash" with free love. Plus, of course, you'll wake up the next day to find one of your kidneys has been removed by an international organ-peddler who are ALWAYS lurking about at that sort of party.

Well that just about wraps it up in a bag lady's skirt for this issue! We hope you have gleaned some knowledge of things that make you go "ARGHH - there's-a-giant-Womble-devouring-my-wedding-tackle!" in the night... For a full fact sheet on this and other topics covered simply cut off your own ear and send it back to yourself.

YOU WILL SELL THIS ZINE!

SEE INSIDE FRONT COVER FOR INFO

# PUKE INDUCING TEEN DRAMA

YOUNG WILF M'BEAM HAD JUST RETURNED FROM BEING A SAILOR AND WAS READY FOR CHIPS, BEANS + A LARGE HELPIN' OF GIRLIE LOVE!

HIMMUM YOU SAD OLD TROUT! I'M BACK FROM THE SALTY SEAS AND I'M DYING FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A BLOODY GOOD SHAG! SO GET THE FLIPPING KETTLE ON AND THAT!

LESS OF YOUR LIP MY BE-QUIFFED SON! I MAY LOOK LIKE DIERDRE BARLOW, BUT I CAN STILL PUT YOU IN NAPPIES AND MAKE YOU RUN AROUND ON ALL FOURS!!

SIGH! IT'S ACE TO BE HOME, EVEN IF IT DOES SMELL OF STALE URINE! PRAY TELL MUMSIE WHERE DO THE GIRLS WHO WEAR NO KNICKERS + DRINK CIDER, HANG OUT THESE DAYS?

HA! YOU GOT NO CHANCE SPUDFACE! ALL THE GIRLS ROUND THESE PARTS PREFER FELLA'S WHO USE "WASH AND GO". TAKE A LOOK OUT THE BLOODY WINDOW AND SEE!

YOUR HAIR LOOKS BLOODY MARVELOUS!

I KNOW!

GASP! WHAT A GORGEOUS TART! BUT HER FELLA OBVIOUSLY USES A BLOODY COMBINED SHAMPOO + CONDITIONER! WHATS A GREASY OLD SLAPPER LIKE ME SUPPOSED TO DO TO KEEP UP WITH SUCH SPLENDID HAIR CARE?

PERHAPS THIS TRAFFIC WARDENS HAT I BOUGHT OFF A MAGIC BEGGAR IN BAGDAD WILL HELP! IT'S SAID TO CURE SPLIT ENDS AND PUBIC INFESTATIONS!

I LOVES YOU! I SHAGS YOU! I BUYS YOU CHIPS!

YES DEAR.

TWO NICE FAT PASTIES PLEASE!

GRR! THAT HAT WAS CRAP + FALSE! I AIN'T HAD ONE OFFER OF A GOBBLE ALL DAY! I'M GOING HOME TO HOSE DOWN THE CEILING WITH PIPING HOT MENS CREAM!!

BUT WHEN WILF GOT HOME, SOMETHING STRANGE HAD HAPPENED!

LOOK! THAT ONES GOT A COCK ON HIM LIKE A FLIPPIN DONKEY!

TEE! HEE!

WHAT THE BLOODY FUCK! THAT SEXY STRUMPET I SAW EARLIER IS LOOKIN AT MY MUMS PORNO BOOKS IN OUR HOUSE! WHATS GOING ON? IS THIS A DREAM?!!!

YOUNG WILF THOUGHT HE WAS SPIRALING INTO UNTOLD MADNESS UNTILL THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENED AND...

HI THERE YOUNG WILF, YOU MUST BE QUITE CONFUSED, HA! HA! YOU SEE I'VE JUST MARRIED YOUR MUM AND ME AN MY DAUGHTER HERE NOW! LIVE HERE!

YOUR A SEXY TYPE OF BLOKE, WILF, AND NO MISTAKE! AND BEING AS I'M NOT YOUR REAL SISTER, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A BIT OF SHAGGING

HURRAH! LETS GET UP THEM BLOODY STAIRS AND THE LAST ONE TO CUM HAS TO LIE IN THE WET PATCH!!

The End

COMPLETE PHOTO LOVE

HELLO! YOU'RE AWESOME!

FUCK OFF.

HELLO BOYFRIEND!

I AM NASTY I AM TWO TIMING YOU. GOODBYE

BOO HOO!

SIGH! SHY BOY WAS NICE. I LIKE HIM NOW.

I STILL LIKE YOU. GO OUT WITH ME THEN. ACE!

THE END

Fresh from the hate filled hearts of the nation

# THE KIDS



# HATE YOU

It's just crazy! Look out!

- **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER:** Because his arms look like sausages and he's not really a robot.
- **THE FAT GIT** who sits on that fucking sofa off that Midland Bank advert, who says "I just wanna rave all night!"

## I WEAR FALSE BRAIN

- **YOUNG HOLLYWOOD** actors who grow goatee beards, dress up all scruffy and pretend to dig 'Pearl Jam' and should be slapped across the face with a sloppy condom.
- **THE ORB:** Shown-up hippies who encourage sales of fucking 'Pink Floyd' albums.
- **DAVID BOWIE:** Isn't it about time he died?
- **ANYONE** who wants to have sex with the spotty one with the knockers off 'Home & Away' who was pregnant.

- **BUS CONDUCTORS** who catch you secretly masturbating on the back seat of a double decker
- **PEOPLE** who wear "Viz" t-shirts and are overweight.

ANUSES DRILLED FOR A THUDDIN' REACTION!

PEANUTS

Whenever I drink at parties I get this overwhelming desire to itch my vaginal and rectal areas. Mrs W.H. Islington

SCRAG END OF PORK!

NUDE SQUAD ARE GO DUDE!

- **YOUNG GIRLIES** in 'Nirvana' t-shirts who constantly flick their hair back, smoke Silk Cut and kiss each other on the bloody cheek while squealing.... and are called 'Emma'

- **PEOPLE** who think that circus clowns are actually amusing.

- **STUDENT SHOPPERS** in supermarkets who run around wittering 'Hey look Nigel! I'm going to buy around wittering 'Hey look Nigel! I'm going to buy toads eyelids in barbecue sauce, Haw! Haw! and fill up their trollies with Pop Tarts, Tortella Chips and 'Paul Newman's Spaghetti Sauce' and think that they're just like the people on 'Get Stuffed'

- **ALL** those snivelling tossers who appear on "Get Stuffed" and their fucking baked bean risotto's.....

## Mr Slightly Annoyed

- **SOUNDGARDEN:** For becoming famous for being a godawful Black Sabbath substitute. Only slower and more depressing.
- **ANYONE** you meet in the bar on a cross channel ferry.
- **CARTER** the quite stoppable with the aid of some lead piping and a dark alley... Smug gits.

- **PEOPLE** who use the phrases 'wash and brush-up' or 'fry-up'.

- **THE SORT** of person who brings their own snooker cue to the pub, wears a stupid bloody trilby hat, stays on the pool table all night and think that it's pretty damn clever. Which it's not. It's the behaviour of a cunt.

## One for each of the Deadly Sins.

- **THE SENSELESS THINGS:** Cos their singer has a girls face, is only 4' 10" and tries to sing in a crap gravelly voice like Nirvana.

Like to see someone put up against a wall and casually shot? Mouth foaming with irrational hatred or just think a certain person is a bit of a giddy goat? Then send your vote into the chart that counts! "The Kids Hate You" top twenty, compiled in association with Krustie the Clown and a little pixie we keep in a jam jar on the kitchen shelf. The editors final decision is his final decision.

by Schulz

WELL SECRET UNDERCOVER OCTAGONAL AGENT BROTHER WILSON WEARING YOUR COG DISGUISE WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE BETRAYED THE SACRED TRUST PLACED IN YOU WHEN YOU JOINED THE YELLOW PAGES UP YOUR ARSE CLUB. HOW DO YOU PLEAD? GUILTY OR VERY GUILTY?



SILENCE WILL NOT SAVE YOU, PERHAPS 25000 VOLTS PASSING THROUGH YOUR INTIMATE REGIONS WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE! AND DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T GOT THE PHONE NUMBER OF A RELIABLE TORTURER JUST COS THE YELLOW PAGES ARE ALL UP OUR BEHINDS.




I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF COPYING DOWN USEFUL TELEPHONE NOS BEFORE THE GRAND SNOONMASTER DID HIS DUTY. THIS IS ALL VERY INTERESTING. I WILL ESCAPE AND THEN TELL MY TRUE MASTERS - THE EVIL LOCAL DIALING CODE BOOK UP YOUR ARSE CLUB ALL I HAVE LEARNED!



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5913

"I'll get somebody else in to do the washing-up and I'm not saying I won't come in her mouth"



# THRASH TO DEATH!

WITH SID DELICIOUS



**MODS**

BUT THE IMPASSIONED MAN WILL NOT LISTEN...

LIAR

THE UNEARTHLY TERNITE NAIL SPRINGS FROM HIS HOLE TITTERING AND DANCING CRAZILY...

SUEDE? NAH! MATE, BUNCH OF NANCYS!

Man, I'd rather wake up in bed with the Golden Girls. Oh yeah, the triple box set is released soon. Wooh, wee!

Thrash metal hunks of love adopted by a commune of lesbian mothers.

Plan to release a new LP this year featuring the singer's unborn son's heart beat. I kid you not. Just wait and see. Actually it's inspired me to form a band and have my pet cat's heart beat on our first demo. Should be a thrill eh?

TV IN XXX TOY PROBE

## A STROLL THRU THE LUSH MEADOWS OF HARDCORE

Expose yourself in any one of Glasgow's 91 public parks

Hi, how are all you sperm gobbling pieces of shit!? It's a New Year. Oh, what joy! Another year of bullshit to wade through! Oh why can't a fuckin' nuclear bomb go off, this planet needs cleansing. Oh well, I'm getting side tracked. You wanna hear about music right. Well

### TEENAGE moisture

I rub my balls and see a bright future for a band called THE GITS. I've just acquired the LP called "Frenching the Bully". It's great female vocalized and Descendents sounding. I think it's great full stop. So you can all



WELL BLESS MY SOUL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME! I SHAKIN LIKE A MAN ON THE OLD SCRUMPY!

TRANSPIRE BY THE BUTTON EYES OF HUMPHREY GUSHION!

WELL BLESS MY SOUL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME! I SHAKIN LIKE A MAN ON THE OLD SCRUMPY!

PUNKY SOCKS £1.75 WITH INC. P+P

WITH STRAPS & D-RINGS

NEW

PLEASE STATE SIZE

MAD'S PANTY RIF

### Now my life is smooth sailing.

blow me on a Sunday! I just got some great news. The singer of MUDHONEY has been caught flashing at five year old kids. He is rumoured to have eaten more meat than Rock Hudson too... Well my last prediction THE NYMPHS have fallen by the wayside. To hell with them anyway. Fuck the SHAMEN too. I'm sick of seeing those motherfuckers on the Chart Show every fucking week. HENRY ROLLINS still persists in spoken word tours

SMOKERS

Revolutionary breakthrough in Tobaccology!

Introducing

### AQUA-FAGS

NO, WAIT, LET'S TRY OUT THE TICKLER RAY!

KNICKERS OFF READY WHEN I COME HOME!

Hot on the heels of Soundgarden come GRANT TRUCK who feature Tommy ex-ACCUSED. They have two LPs out. The last one's quite good. I've not heard the first one. So whisper "cunt" in your Dad's ear. Hopefully, this year someone will kill DEICIDE I hope they bend the singer over and make him choke on an elephant's Rock Hard Candy Cock. Anyway, Fuck Death

POKE IN YOUR PINKY

Metal and Make Way for grey Sabbath Doom Metal, with the likes of CATHEDRAL SAINT VITUS, THE OBSESSED and more. I gotta be honest. This shit bores the hell outta me except when I'm on drugs or playing "Twister" naked.... Hip

The Portridge Family

Let's have some fun. I just created a PCP cocktail. Curt wants Bobby taken out tonight.

HEY, HOW ABOUT

### BODY ODOR!

Hop Stars HOUSE OF PAIN are collaborating with New York hardcore heroes SICK OF IT ALL for a 12". Oh, it makes me feel so chirpy!...Right on bastards CONSOLIDATED ARE ALSO TEAMING UP with metal/hardcore heroes COC to sample "Voting with a bullet" and also teaming up with the vile YEASTIE GIRLS. The thought of this "friendship" makes me

## ALLSORTS by JOE ADDAMS and A. PERRO



WHAT THE @#\$% ARE YOU ON ABOUT YOU CAARH THAT WAS IN MECHATEV'S 'REVOLUTIONARY CATEGUISH'!! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!

WHAT UTER BALDERDASH IT WAS KROPOTKIN!

JUST BECAUSE I WAS RIGHT ABOUT MAXIST INFLUENCE ON THE PRUSSIAN PEE-WAR ECON' ONLY YOU'RE ON A HIGH HORSE

I KNOW HOW TO SETTLE THIS. WE'LL PHONE DIAL AN EG HEAD

LUCKY WE WROTE DOWN THE NUMBER BEFORE JOINING THE YELLOW PAGES UP YOUR ARSE CLUB - OH NO IT'S BEEN DISCOVERED OUT!

DIAL AN EG HEAD

# BERT AND ERNIE

WITH GUEST STAR  
**SUICIDE**  
**ALI!**

BY RANDY  
FROM  
"CHAOS COMIX"  
3E



Drinking fresh **MENS** milk was never so fun!

wanna say Shammbaa! Whatever happened to hate? Look no further as best LP of the year so far. Hot on the heels of Subpop comes the label SYMPATHY FOR THE MUSIC INDUSTRY.

Here's just some of the bands they've put out **HEADCOOTEES** (a great all girl 60s garage band), **ANTISEEN**, **HOLE** and honestly tons more. It's quite an unknown label over here, but I reckon it deserves a mention as a lot of the stuff they put out is good (I said a lot, the fools put a fucking Pooh Sticks 7" out).

Keep an eye out though... As I mentioned, the Headcoatees are worth checking out if you're into 60s garage music. I know they've got two LPs out and a couple of 7"s. Speaking of 7"s, the Seven Year Bitch LP is out and it's great. OK, here's some bands to



watch out for, **BIKINI KILL**, **DUH** (great LP called "Blowhard"). Here's a few things that I could do without: the four-eyed cunt and bag of spanners

**Everyone else I know is pathetic**

who introduces Raw, The Pooh Sticks, Shamen, Nirvana, the "Get Stuffed" TV show (someone please shoot those fucking rich boy students), the "Where's my jumper song", (I hate all you mother fuckers who dance to this, I hope you all catch fucking leprosy). I'm stopping here. The list is too long. Oh yeah, fuck "Wayne's World" quirky, American cunts that they are. Anyway, always remember "Candy is dandy but pussy don't rot your teeth"

**HERE WE GO**

**HERE WE GO**

**GOD-DAMNED PUSSY-WHIPPED ALTAR BOY!**

"I won't come in the washin' up"

"A deformed Victorian circus entertainer"

# Fucking Amazing!

Yo  
Gee!

DERBY England

a confounding cornucopia of fantastic facts,  
tirelessly researched by those loveable twats  
Adam and Yan.

FAGGY  
DOODLE  
DOO!



Vintage car enthusiasts are often rendered sterile  
by their persistance on wearing long, flowing kilts.

The world's hottest, most spicy dish is the 'Shepherd's pie'.

Bob A  
Job?  
KNACKERS  
and KNOB!

The highest recorded multiple-birth is attributed to Maria  
De Salvo of Chile, who in september 1961 gave birth to an  
unbelievable 59 healthy babies in the space of a mere 11  
minutes. Ironically they all grew up to be successful  
professional musicians.

FUCK  
this  
shit!

LEOTARDS  
quickly

The world's largest insect is the Shetland Pony.

The heaviest fruit ever recorded was a 29 inch banana...  
...fashioned from lead.

LAMBERT & BUTLER

Popular television celebrity John Leslie was born in a suit,  
he's so square.

pig tit  
hat  
KILLED

Fancy a dose of | the gulpin' guff

The world's most grotesque, inhumane torture was performed  
on the hapless Ned Simpkins of Aylesbury in 1742 for stealing  
a thin pig. He was put in the stocks and pelted with hot  
shepherd's pie.

court proceedings are considered to be appropriate

The world's most amazing feat of strength was performed by  
the french gang leader Didier Simpkins, who threw a banana  
skin 7 miles to impress a rival gang of spanish musicians...  
...but they kicked his head in to impress a gang of burnt puppets.

Beaten  
to the  
floor by  
invisible  
forces...

Next week:  
TARTAN-  
the truth  
behind the  
legend.

The Great Wall of China was originally built out of dog shit.

Bollocks, mate, they're the business!

Jimmy, Jimmy  
COLOUR PICS  
OF...  
ROBO-FANNY!

During the mid 70's a gentleman by the name of Dermot Piper  
was credited with the discovery of 15 fossilized eggs in and  
around the village of Shibden Head, Yorkshire. After being  
x-rayed by the British Museum, to the astonishment of the  
museum experts and indeed Mr. Piper himself, 14 of the ancient  
eggs were found to contain rare recordings by pop outfit  
'Manhattan Transfer' with lyric sheets and a limited selection  
of fine toffees. Several leading world scientists have  
confirmed the fossils authenticity, dating them as  
approximatly late neanderthal era, probably belonging to a  
breed of giant, ginger-haired limpet. The 15th egg was  
found to contain two whiskey based cocktails and a written  
statement from the aforementioned limpets addressed to  
Mr. Piper concerning his whereabouts on the 15th June 1971.  
Mr. Piper refused to comment but was later seen at a popular  
east-coast resort smashing limpets whilst drunk on whiskey.

Ghosts  
of Yetis  
in  
flying  
saucers

It's hard, you know

I THINK I HAVE SOWN MY DADS PEAS

# My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink And ..ITS HELLS OWN COMP!

MAN KILLED BY FALLIN' TREE: MAN KILLED BY FUN BOY THREE!!

# DRINKING CLOWN FILTH



So like a fuel injected ten ton truck carrying piglets to market we race on to this issues brain twister....  
And more simpler than sticking a hose pipe up a big dog it could not be!! All we ask is a speech

## COMP PIC!



## BIG PRIZES! NO TAT!

## GOOSE LOATHING

Freakin' sensory overload **Batman!** Baton down the 'welcome' mat here comes the postman with yet another skip-load of competition results!! Well.... it weren't quite that a blinding send in rate to our last issue's quiz (name a celeb's fantasy), but we did get about FIFTY... most of which got converted into smashing Napoleon hats, but the following gems get the prizes... Blanch now with moral disgust!



## Fool-o-Sack

bubble or two for the picture above. Piece of piss, c'est? Any damn thing you like! Witty, gross, dumb or just plain vastly intelligent. The

## B&D

choice, like the foot odour, is yours! No need to clip out the picture or do the bubble itself, just jot your lines down on an old sanitary towel and send it (by June 15th 1993) to **B&D, P.O. Box 960, BRISTOL BS99**



**1ST PRIZE** "Seeing how many vegetables I can stuff into an elephant's intestine which results in an undercurrent of bad feeling, that swells into a lake full of satan worshipping, acid smoking sea horses" The Fat One out of Wilson Phillips (Anon of Somewhere)



## MARIHUANA

Write in now doombrain and claim your indestructable prizes! rampant buggers

**2ND PRIZE** "Shouting 'Parabolic dish faced cunt' really loud in Judith Chalmers' ear"

The entire cast of Grange Hill  
**Mike Green of Manchester**  
T-Shirt & subscription winner

**3RD PRIZE** "Wanking in the potato salad at the deli counter of Tesco's"

Jim Bowen Matty Eccles of London T-Shirt winner

Other assorted poop-a-scoop type entries were....  
"To smear lard across next doors car wind-screen" (Ken Sutherland of London).... "Being at one with Mystic Meg from the Sunday Mirror in a vat of warm liver" (Liz Acton of Edinburgh).... And "Understanding what the fuck your zine is on about half the time" (Mike Brammer of the USA).... Smart we like, bloody smart alects we don't, OK?



## TERMINAL SPANKER



**1st Prize!** Your speech bubble will be run up as curtains in the penthouse of your choice.... **Only kidding Missus!!** Your lines of wit in issue three, a posh T-Shirt and a six issue subscription. **2nd Prize!** A six issue subscription and any other "B&D" goodies we can't offload at the time. **3rd Prize!** Shame! Misery! Despair! And a smashing pair of "Birds of a Feather" oven gloves!

All entrants must abide by the rules (as laid down in E.E.C. resolution 272761)... Use blunt instruments only to cosh the answers out of young people.... The panel's decision is a mockery of justice.... Enter before **May 12th** and get your own weight in horse droppings absolutely free!

**Tits AND Dicks?**  
On the same Pee Dog?  
Yep!  
See why thousands aren't groping to anything else  
We're America's only corporation dedicated to jerking off over two-dimensional, black & white, line drawings of mutant dogs possessed of multitudinous dicks, cunts, tits and bleeding, dripping, coagulating stumps.  
Each one over 300 pages of fun.  
Kids! Kids! Kids!  
Offer ends!

**THEY'RE OUT TO GET YOU!**  
Your abnormality is the key to a brighter future of sex, slack, bucks and "Bob".  
Get the edge on the Conspiracy.  
Details \$1.  
The Church of the SubGenius  
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Dallas, TX 75214

# WE ARE NOT TO BLAME Let's FUCK DAVE LEE TRAVIS

# WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME- CREAM

Raspberry-scented French Faggot-snatcher

## LETTERS FROM kUNTS!

Dear Whoever

Please send me a "Bugs & Drugs"

Thanks

Beccy Tamsan

Meadstoke, Lincs.

Dear Beccy: We don't have all the answers either. Recently some of us have gone through a very introspective period in our lives where we have been forced to contemplate many of the metaphysical concepts you've brought out. The best advice we can give you would be in the form of these words from Casey Kasem - "Keep

your feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars. This has been the American Top Forty". Thanks for your interest and support.

The B&D Team.

CAN MOSQUITOES GIVE COLONIC IRRIGATION

Greetings to the Buggers & Druggers!

Finally got a copy of "B&D" through the post this morning and what can I say? It made my eyes water, my teeth itch and my appendix stage

dive! Best zine I've read in bloody ages - not for you the painfully "politically correct" posing of certain rags, no sir! I was particularly glad to see crusties (or 'stenchies' as we call them) coming in for the slagging they so richly deserve. I look forward to the next "B&D" with bated breath and remember- "Jesus loves you - everyone else thinks you're an asshole"

Best regards,

Alison Drury,

Notts.

EVER NOTICE HOW THE BEST HAIRCUTS ARE ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST HAIRCUTS?

P.S. I am proud to say that I am NOT Kurt from Nirvana; Courtney Love's 24 hour presence is about as welcome as a dose from both Proclaimers.

B&D say: As we thought, another victim of Bungle Bear's abnormally large penis. Not to mention the grinning and swearing but you probably think it's funny. Close but no dead-mouse-trapped-in-a-milk-bottle winner we're afraid.

Gold Label and Scrumpy Pussy

Dear Guys

Any chance I could get a copy of your zine? I saw your review in the M.E. I enclose 50p and a SAE.

Thanks!

Dan Mercer

Sutton, Essex

ROW, ROW, ROW THE BOAT GENTLY DOWN THE CREEK!! SHIRTS OFF, TROUSERS DOWN! THROUGH THE TOWN WE'LL STREAK!

Dear Dan: NO! - there is no fucking chance, not even the minutest inkling of a fucking chance, no FUCKING CHANCE WHATSOEVER that we would send you a copy. Go away, you suck, we hate, beat it... suck our nuts

Dear Bugs & Drugs Editor

When disciplining a child is it best to use a brick or an iron girder?

Concerned mother

Edinburgh

Sexy but hygienic.

SO MUST DIE ALL PARASITES, CHILDREN, REMEMBER THAT... HE WAS NO MORE THAN VERMIN!

DIRTY OLD MAN JOKE

DARLING, YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO UNDERSTANDS WHO I REALLY AM, AND WHAT I WANT OUT OF LIFE.

SURE! YOU'RE A DIRTY OLD MAN THAT WANTS A BLOWJOB!

BIG EARS 'SHAVE MY PUBIC HAIR

Dear concerned: This sort of thorny problem is best left to the "man" of the household - preferably when he's wearing a Mike Smith mask, screaming obscenities at the top of his voice and sniffing Butane gas from a crisp bag... This issues' winner of a quarter-of-a-pound-of-crispy-horse-flaps we reckon!

SEXY LINGERIE/FUNWEAR KYLIE MING GOE

Hello

Ten reasons for my overwhelming desire to run into a "McDonalds" on a Saturday afternoon and go like fuck with a fucking good gun.

1. Fucking you
2. Fat Roger Cooke
3. Carlisle Utd are shit
4. G.W.A.R.
5. Whiskey & "our" cat's piss
6. All them cunts
7. "Our" cats arse
8. Piss, shit, arse
9. Living in an asylum
10. I'd be famous

I'll be writing again soon O.H.P.

Easton, Bristol

His favourite part of you is

- a ☐ Every little bit of you.
- b ☐ Breasts, buttocks.
- c ☐ Your funny little nose.
- d ☐ Cunt.

BOTHERED BY BALLOONING

Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

# SELLING SAND TO ARABS? PIECE OF PISS IN B&D!

TESCO CHAIN STORE!

**B&D say:** Really!... How "interesting"... Perhaps a lie down with a hot milky drink and a couple of aspirin might help? We are forwarding this letter to someone who cannot climb stairs.

I'VE GOT 5,4,3,2,1!  
I'VE GOT A PAIR  
OF RED HIGH HEELS  
ON!

OH, GOODY!  
ME AM BEING  
DESTROYED!  
HOW VERY  
NICE!



**Dear Buggers**  
And henceforth I sold my skateboard for six pints of Thatchers Cider and a packet of crisps... Ah those sweet memories and now three years later we have Bugs & Drugs, The Naked Lunch springs to mind by that drug crazed loon William Burroughs. Anyway, you have an

absfuckinglutely brilliant mag here but I do have a couple of questions like. Are you going to do any reports on your trips to places in Europe or live gigs like you did in SM5D? And why are Death Metal fan flatmates such tossers?

You're right! I mean, do they all want it up the bum or what? Just about sums it up. Until Inger Lorre rises from Mick Hucknall's burning ashes Cheers for a great zine

**Obi No Brains**  
Plymouth  
CAN YOU HEAR THE  
SOUND OF THE  
ENORMOUS  
RUSTY LAWNMOWER  
SQUEAKING IN THE  
DEPTHS OF HELL!!

**B&D**

**DUVET RAT** (TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF!)

**B&D say:** Gee, there ain't nothing like some hard biting criticism and referring to our last zine "Skate Muties" will get you nothing but a night with the male prostitute of your choice.

On travel logs and such foolish shit, see the next issue for a Euro guide to touring with a clapped out punk band... Live reviews? Perhaps if someone sends us some chocolate buttons and the severed head of Jesus Jones' singer.... Nice letter but winner of bleedin' sod all.

**EXCLUSIVE T-SHIRT OFFER!** (Send for details)

**SUGARY TEA + A DANGER OF THE BRAIN! CAUGHT LIGHTER FUEL ABUSING BY MICHAEL CAINE!!**

May I interject here and offer this prole the "Joey Deacon Shield" for the most atrociously written and badly punctuated letter of the issue? Tired and emotional typesetter.

Send in your letters, however piss stained they may be to:  
B&D. P.O. Box 460, Bristol BS99 5QU  
Each letter printed will be printed in this zine

The mighty, blood-spattered Vikings roared their approval and punched each other

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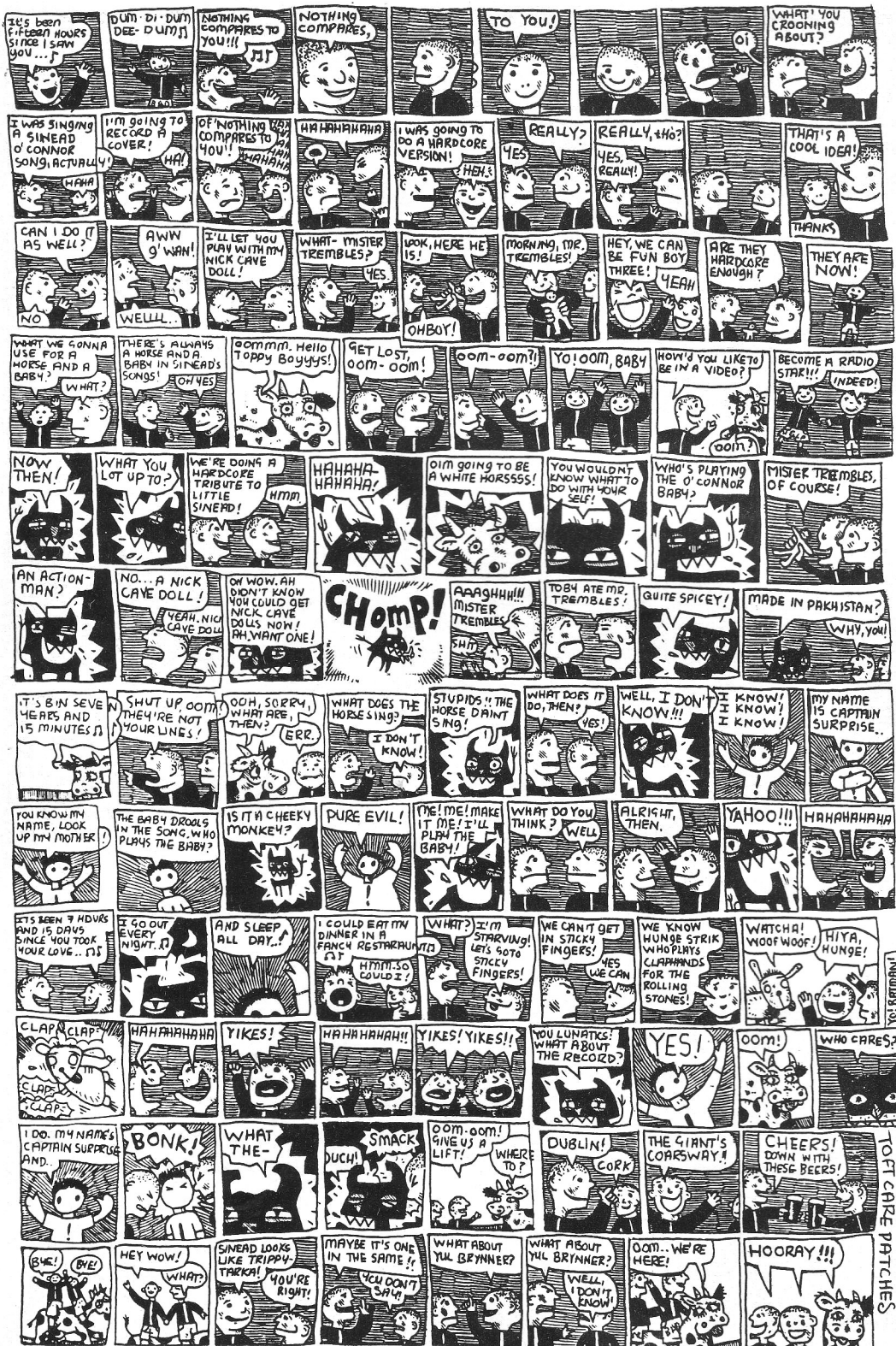
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sitting in the snug of the Mysterious Duck and Rambo brasserie enjoying a plate of bent haddock



TOOTSIE

TOOTSIE PATCHES

# FOR INSTANT HARD-ON RELIEF



## Collectors CORNER!

**No2 SANITARY TOWEL DISPOSAL BAG**

I am a \* man/woman/a bit of both/neither. \* Delete.

Yes, this is the man who appeared on Jonathon Ross' show with his airline Sick Bag collection - B&D

Sickbags huh? Naah, done that one. One minute expanding the boundaries of contemporary British collecting, next thing you know, everyone from all facets of life are queuing up on chat shows and the like ready to boast about their vomitorial objects d'art, desperately getting into their local free papers in a vain attempt to make their mothers think they are doing something useful with their lives.

### CROCODILE THRILLS

Which brings me round to the fascinating hobby of Sanitary towel disposal bag collecting. So, why collect these fascinating, useful and potentially valuable items of memorabilia? Well, usually when people ask me this question I say "It's the big curved building at the bottom of Park Street, you can't miss it" However, being the season of good will etc.....

What better way to make new friends than hanging around ladies toilets asking for assistance with your desire? After which an invitation back to the collection over dinner is only polite.

My own collection can be split into three distinct geographical areas; English, British Commonwealth and Foreign. The English ones can be summed up as "Small and inoffensive". One firm, Southalls Hygiene of Birmingham has flooded the market with a thoroughly dull picture of an Elizabethan woman with

A horrible little Taiwanese squidgy doll with big tits and nylon hair



a hat box.... or is it a hat box? I phoned the company to find out....  
"Excuse me, could you tell me the history of your sanitary disposal bag design?"  
"I'm sorry?"

## THE Savage Seven

"The design on your sanitary disposal bags. I mean, are you planning to be more adventurous in the future? Commemorative issues showing the development of World War One biplanes perhaps? Or how about "famous blocked cisterns in history?" By which time the fear of competition had clearly got

to her and the phone was slammed down. So sod them. What about the Commonwealth? Well my favourite vestige of the Empire comes from the Ashok Hotel in India. A wonderful Hindi design surrounded by a garland of flowers. All very lovely, pity that the paper quality isn't up to much, doubtful whether it could hold a sneeze filled tissue, let alone a blood soaked lump of grunge on a string.

Finally, we have the international approach to livening up the act of towel disposal. I have one huge long bag from France large enough to save paper and cope with a whole years worth of soggy disposals. The only thing hinting at its particular use is the word 'Pain' on the side.



ZIPPY, GEORGE BUNGLER BEAR! GROUTING THE WRINKLES ON LIONEL BLAIR!



The Airports Authority of Thailand initiated the bilingual approach, handy for learning to write 'sanitary napkin disposal' in Thai (always a good space filler on the CV). This bag also has the added attraction of being able to stand up, no doubt to encourage the resurgence that long forgotten sport 'tampon netball'. And finally my fave, all the way from the Dong Fang Hotel in China, the only bag in my collection with a splash of colour (red). Not only does it have an appealing balance of text and design deserved of such an item, but it also has a capacity of almost three litres!

So what of the future of this "Hobby of Kings?" Well a few phone calls to the right people and that quaint coffee table sanitary towel disposal bag could prove to be the next penny black. Today's sanitary towel disposal bags are tomorrow's history.



THEN ONE OF THE CROWD SUGGESTED WE ALL SHOULD STRIP OFF OUR GEAR AND GET IT TOGETHER...

# Platter Party!

RELAX IN SLACKS!



1 POTATO, 2 POTATO,  
3 POTATO, 4, 5 POTATO,  
6 POTATO, 7 POTATO  
MORE... BAD SPUD!!



## MUSIC Ends feminine problems

**TOOT! PARP!** Time to clock on at the music factory as we offload that vinyl onto the conveyor belt of ill-thought out criticism and then drink meths in our t-break. Gathered are three of the "B & D" team with more opinions than sense, some strong cigars and a stack of stinking hot sounds.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,

**GLUE "Gravel" (Feeble LP)**

**CURT COMPLAIN** : Where are this lot from abouts then?

**BEAR HACKENBUSH** : The unkempt wilds of Glasgow.

**CC** : Well it looks like the Leatherface sound machine has reached up there then... grand theft, inform the authorities.

**JAC SHIT** : Sorta like No Means No being taken roughly from behind by Victims Family... plenty stop, start technique here.

**BH** : Could be from any period in the last ten years, mind you do get a smashing free poster with satanist lyrics all over it.

**CC** : A band rated by John Peel, but he'd rate a small grub twanging on an elastic band if he thought it was breaking down the conventions of music.

## HOW TO WOW A WOMAN!

**PHOBIA "Touch the Ground" (Flip 12")**

**BH** : Great balls of sacrilege!

There's a picture of the leader of the Holy Catholic Church on the cover.

**CC** : Terrible voice - sounds like they've listening to Ned's Atomic Dustbin bootlegs and have then got it all hideously wrong... and they probably got worse haircuts than the Neds.

**"I am jealous of her because she has started her periods and I haven't"**

BUT I WAS A MOD THERE, AND THAT'S SUMMER UNIT!!

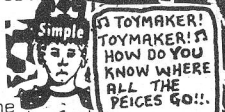
## QUANROPHE



AAAAAAGH! NO-I'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN!



Look At Me, I'm Lovely!



Simple TOYMAKER! TOYMAKER! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE ALL THE PEICES GO!!

"Surely, Officer, this doesn't have to be reported. Let me give you this bright shiny new 50-pence piece"

BONER JOVI!

**JC** : God can't help them neither, cos they took the piss outta the Pope.

**BH** : It's all a bit cack rally. Obviously self financed as I can't see anyone else releasing it.

**CC** : They should have their bottoms spanked for wasting their pocket money.

**MULL "I'm Hell" (1/2"Stick 7")**

**BH** : Best song title for 6 months (starts shouting "I'm hell" until he notices he's on his own).

**CC** : (Looking at cover) The singer is a Rollins clone and the bass player is Nigel Planer, look! (It isn't - B & D Ed)

TV MIND AT GAY PARTY

**THE URGE OVERKILL "Stull" (Roughneck EP)**

**BH** : The label suggests it's some kinda rave monstrosity (cheesy kind of 60s Gene Pitney music wafts from speakers)

**BH** : Someone's taking the piss, I do declare.

**JS** : Bloody John Wayne on a horse, looking bytch, kind of music.

## Swaggarty Bastard

**CC** : This must be their comedy track! or maybe it's just their Comedy EP. Who knows? not even their mother's I expect.

## abduction by clown

**JS** : Hang on, here comes a crashing thrashing song rather than that baroom blues bollocks.

**BH** : Sounds like a hoary old 70s punk cover version, but I think they're pretending they wrote it...

**CC** : And all the original songs are nothingness-rock-u-don't-like, Led Zep cast offs and punch drunk they sure is.

## Reviews CONTINUE NEAR BACK!

### WHAT'S FOOL

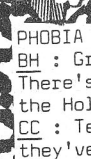
- \* C-D AND 'DAT'
- \* GOING TO PARTIES
- \* SEATTLE
- \* MOLE
- \* DANCING QUEEN
- \* GRUNGE
- \* GRANGE HILL
- \* DICK
- \* CRACK COCAINE
- \* SHAVED SIDES PONY TAILS
- \* BUNGIE JUMPING OFF BRIDGES
- \* CARRY ON FILMS
- \* BACK TO THE PLANET
- \* ZINES

### WHAT'S COOL

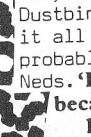
- \* MAILORDER HI-FI'S
- \* SEARCHING THRU SKIPS
- \* PORTLAND OREGAN
- \* THE GITS
- \* HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
- \* MOD
- \* BIKER GROVE
- \* CLIT
- \* AMIL NITRATE
- \* POWDERED WIG
- \* HAIRCUTS
- \* RUNNING ACROSS MOTORWAYS DRUNK
- \* PLANET OF THE APES
- \* BACK TO THE FUTURE
- \* SEED CATOULGS



GRRAA... I FEEL IRAC RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS!



IN A TOILET I SMOKE!



NO FUDGE PAKER LAQUER!

Say goodbye to LEGAL & ILLEGAL Unwanted Hair

If a soldier makes you curry his pork one kilometre, offer to take it two  
 PICK ANY AND AS MANY OF THESE NOVELTY ITEMS AS YOU WANT!

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 available cake (excl Lardie & Angel). Hours of  
 harmless fun! Send £1.99 for your trial packet  
 today (cake not included). Box "S.N.A.C.K.Y."

PORK!  
 LIVER!  
 ONIONS!

**BEEF CURTAINS.** Excellent value. Come in  
 either a squid or mackerel veneer. Call 0927310  
 for a written quotation.

**WICKED WANDA** wants to give you a pot  
 noodle enema! 0898 721111

WHAT IS THIS BREAST

TALK TO ME, I WILL MAKE YOU HARD!

**ANTIQUE PRICE LINE.** Are you sitting on a  
 small ££FORTUNE££? Kit-Kat wrappers £10-  
 £12... Empty Bic lighters £20 (pre 1989)...  
 Old Christmas cards - £25 upwards... Plain  
 Truth magazine with Ronald Reagan on the  
 cover - £60-£65... Little plastic "Trolls" with  
 pink hair - £15... Nescafe coffee mugs - £30  
 upwards. Look out for them at car boot sales  
 and make a fortune tomorrow!! For further  
 evaluations call 0898 771666. Our operators are  
 standing by to tickle your balls.

**WARNING**



GENUINE PIG  
 TROTTERS!  
 NO TAT, GUY!

**SKIN PEELED** hanging in strips. Free  
 estimates. 6220114.

**ABSOLUTELY FREE!** Small peices of paper  
 with 'spunky kitten' written on them in green  
 crayon. Genuine offer. Box X.T.T.

**SINFUL SANDRA** wants to play speed chess  
 with you! 0898 888889

C'MON BABY, DO IT  
 NOW LIKE A RUSSIAN  
 COW!!

**GIRLS!** Say "G'bye Mate" to unpleasant nether  
 region smells with the Kylie Minogue vaginal  
 deodorant! Freshen up the Australian way.  
 Available in Lavender, Pine or Dog Biscuit.  
 £3.00 for a 20 pack. Box "S.N.A.T.C.H."  
**HOOPS!** £6.00 o.n.o. Fur optional.

**FRUITY FUN!** Yes the penis jelly mould is  
 now back in stock. Breaks the ice at parties.  
 Comes in 'Tadger', 'Bronco' or 'Buffalo' sizes.  
 Write now for a free sample. Box I.C.I.

**ALCOHOLISM IN JUST 15 EASY STEPS!**

Wave bye-bye to those Monday morning blues.  
 Diagrams and surgical spirit provided. Box  
 'S.O.A.K.' **HAVE I GOT ABNORMAL? heroin**

**HANGING HARRIET** will stick a biro up  
 your behind. 0898 0012.

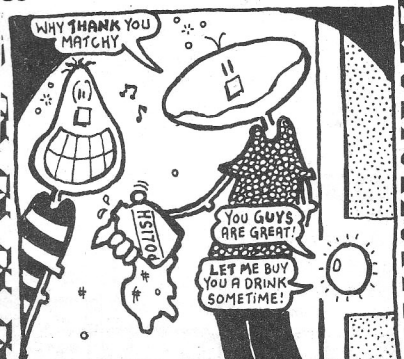
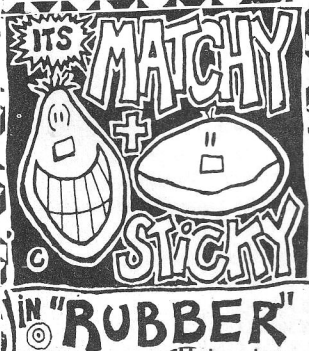
**NEW! JUST IN!** The pop-up book of the  
 Tiannamen Square massacre! Relive this tragic  
 struggle for freedom in gripping 3D cardboard  
 form. £27.99 for de-luxe hardback edition  
 (includes free sachet of sweet & sour blood style  
 "effect"). Full refund if not completely  
 unsatisfied. Box 'Yang'.

**DRUNKEN DOREEN** will fall asleep halfway  
 through especially for you. 0898 etc etc.

EYLADES! WHERE'S  
 HIS HIGH CHAIR...  
 EYLADES!!

**Does the  
 man in  
 your life  
 look like  
 this?**

UTERUS true to us/glutinous/bus



Ugly slugs cut ugly lumps from ugly punks leaving ugly wounds

# THE COLUMN THAT'S A LOUD CIDERY BURP

GENERIC NOVELTIES

## WHAT'LL IT BE!



With **DR SWIFT HALF**

Drink up your BEER and collect your FAGS! We're gonna do a ram raid on the OFF LICENCE down the bleedin' road! All for ONE and TEN crates of Holsten Pils for ME! Hello their. OPEN! And a drunken-arm-wrestle-over-a-pint-glass of a welcome to the column that positively encourages sustained and irresponsible drinking! Yes toxicafixation fans, it's me Dr Swift Half, guru of the drinking classes bringing you another lethal cocktail of frothy facts n' fun all covered in a delicious coat of homebrew sediment! So gather up your skirts, drain that flagon and the last one to finish gets the beer can with a dog end in it!

**YO DOC** Being someone who enjoys going out to nightclubs and drinking heavily into the night on a regular basis, I've come up against a real thorny problem. As is well known, all nightspots water their beer and spirits thus disabling me from becoming... ahem... disabled.

**PISS POT IS MINE NOW, BY LAW!**

No matter how I knock back I spend most of the time in the "porcelain palace" and little or no time lying on the floor in a crumpled, comatosed heap. I have tried smuggling in high strength lager but am always physically ejected from the premises. I wonder if you can offer me any relief from my half-cut hell? Yrs in hope

**THE DOC SAYS** Jesus and Tequila shots!! Wake up and smell the urine sample! Forget those badly concealed beer can blues. Solve those smuggling conundrums at a stroke and get yourself a Dr Swift Half's patent 'SQUISHO GUT!' You too can walk tall in a discotheque and get filthy drunk for mere

**DENT-A-MATIC**



1 Store Bought Teeth

LATIN! MATHS AND ENGLISH LIT! GOTTA TATTOO OF "BROS" ON MY LEFT TIT!

TOUCH SCREAM CRAWLS THE WALL



SIR SHAG A LOT!

### Drink-Drivers

Say Farewell to drink/drive misery!

with a packet of **LOW ALCOHOL BEER STICKERS**

Are you someone who likes a strong beer or two before driving home? And do law-abiding friends inhibit your nights out? Well, here's news for you! Simply stick authentic-looking "Low Alcohol Beer" sticker around your can or bottle and get plastered in peace!

Packet of 300 ..... 25p

(Self-adhesive. Easy to use even when legless)



PERMISSION TO WIGGLE SIR!

BAD, BAD GIRL, GET DRUNK BY SIX! PUNCHING OUT GIBBONS TO GET MY KICKS!!

pennies with this, ermm... empty wine sack. Yes, simply fill up one of them there silver sacks (as you find inside a wine-in-a-box thing, doombrain) with the tippie of your choice (Cider & Vodka? Sherry & Lucozade?), tape it around your belly and walk on through that nightspot door! Any queries from door baboons on your bulky appearance can be explained

CLIP ON BEEFEVEMENT IS NOW GO!!

away with tales of horrendous lentil curries and cheap wine. Just see 'em wave you on through! When inside, use the wine bag tap to pour out your liquid cosh. And LADS! Be the envy of other fellas when you offer a girl a mouthful from your tap. Looks just like a gum gobble from a distance! Guaranteed to fool everyone!.... Good luck and may you get drunker than a little beetle.

### THINGS NOT TO THINK ABOUT ON A BAD HANGOVER

- ★ Jerking oneself off while watching a video of yourself jerking off.
- ★ Greasy fried eggs with fag butts stubbed out in them
- ★ The amount of people who die of massive heart failure under thirty
- ★ Being Alan Titmarsh's sex slave.... forever.
- ★ Sanding down your own head flat.
- ★ Sticking a red hot pin through the black bit of your eyeball.
- ★ Drinking warm, flat Special Brew out of a hollowed out sheep.

### FREE DRINKS DEPT

Up to a full pint for you and your chums for fuck all! Go up to the bar and order a pint and a pickled egg. Scoff the egg with vigour and gulp down at least half your beverage in one. Whilst the landlord is off rearranging his salt nuts or whatever, throw a hideous burp into your glass and cover with hand. Then announce at the bar, in a loud clear voice: "THIS BEER IS OFF LANDLORD!" Take your hand off just as they approach and encourage them to sniff. One lungfull of the foul beer-eggbreath-stench combination should have the man gagging back his lunch and secure you at least a new drink! Repeat as necessary until barred.

### SEVEN DEADLY INCHES TOP TIPSY TIP!

Stuck with an open bottle of cheapo tastes-like-a-badgers-anal-column wine? Problem solved! Just pop the vino in the fridge freezer compartment for an hour or so and hey presto! All the alcohol has floated to the top and the yukky stuff like flavourings and shit has frozen dog's boner solid! Drink the floating bit immediately and fight your mum.

DOOR OPENS. GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS FAST

# IN THE FACE OF SENSIBLE DRINKING



## IT'S A FACT

- ★ The last half inch of beer left in a can is almost 50% spittle.
- ★ Lisa Stansfield always downs a full bottle of "Merrydown" cider just before going onstage.
- ★ Gin is in fact, methylated spirits with some vanilla flavouring added to it.
- ★ The Levellers once turned down a sponsorship deal with HSL lager.
- ★ In a survey, 93% of people who take blackcurrant in their lager or cider said they were in the pay of Satan and all his little helpers.

## PHOTO FOOLS ALERT!

Yes pubsters we want your drunken photographs! The dumber the better! Mooners! Beerguts from hell! Friends making complete tit wanks outta themselves or just lying there, binned out of their

**BAMBI'S MUM: A RABBIT CALLED "THUMPER" MAKE HEAP BIG MESS ON MY FRONT BUMPER!**

heads, with stomach bile dribbling down their chins! Send us in those snaps, any size or quality, and we'll print 'em. Plus we'll be giving away some liquid lovelies for the saddest cases! B/W or colour it don't matter, all shots will be returned (enclose a S.A.E. for a really swift reply). Your chance to show up your buddies in front of thousands and get pissed right up out of it an' all! Closing deadline is June 20th. Friends and family of Ned's Atomic Dustbin need not apply.



**ZUBB! BLOOP! HUBBLE!**

**Ever Been Here? (SEE Photo FOOLS)**

**DEATH CORSET!**

**...AND GET INTO FIGHTS!**

**GO BACK HOME...**

**...AND PUT ON SOME TIGHTS!**



another helping of pork and sago vicar

**THE SYPHON TUBE:** A hearty pre pub warm-up to get you in the mood for chronic liver damage. Simply find a 3 foot length of plastic tubing and insert one end into your chosen poison. Put the other end in your gob and raise the bottle, or whatever, above head height, whilst sucking like a big baby on a tit. So supplying a constant stream of happy fluid to your gullet. Glug like a trooper until you can swallow no more, lower the bottle thus cutting off the flow, and pass onwards. Longest "go" wins a moustache and a false tattoo, shortest time should be made to wear a dress and do a "I'm a little teapot" dance.

**THE FUNNEL:** For the more advanced drinker.

1. Lie on your back
2. Place funnel in mouth
3. Slowly pour the booze into funnel
4. Drink until you start choking
5. First one to cry out for a stomach pump has his trousers set on fire.

Well it's "TIME PLEASE" for this issue, keep sending in your letters (especially ones concerning drink-related sexual problems) and don't forget those drunk-o-graphs. In the next "WHAT'LL IT BE", we'll be telling you how to get from dead sober to paryletic in a friendly pub atmosphere in less than 45 minutes! Without the aid of spirits!... Our panel of shabbily dressed men who hang around bus stations will be trying out some of the new 8.5% beers on the market and we'll also be giving you a few hints on how to write your name in piss on the wall round the back of the alehouse after closing time! Until then, drinkers of the world unite! We have nothing to lose but our minds and livers!

Pip Pip Dr Swift Half



YOUTH CULTURE! IT'S FINISHED KIDS

Inspired Madman or Complete Jackass??

FEAR, LOATHING AND  
DRIP DRY CLOTHING IN

SPANK ME RIGID

SEATTLE

Get  
fresh  
get  
bottle

THE  
BABBLE OF  
DEVILS-LIES  
OF DEMONS.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
U.S OF A

"That's A for authority," snaps Mr Border Guard as he applies rubber gloves, bends me over, looks up old brown eye an wiggles me plums. I fear a cup of bum tea is about to be brewed. I suppress the inevitable by mentally picturing Mr Customs Officer in full glansman kit (fascist) **nuttin' muscling breasts.**

He finishes his perverted pleasure of a job, stamps me passport and remarks "Have a nice Day!" After having the fist of Giant Haystack up me ass, S'pose.... I get back on the bus, named after a dog ( not a pit bull). Maybe it was a mistake wearing that new Bugs and Drugs sweatshirt (Ads at the back - Ed). The bus shoots along at a fair old pace. I'm happy to be on the move again, away from the Fist. Then suddenly we stop. I look

**B** out of the window to see what looks like a spotty, crap, teenage raver in like a cowboy hat giving the driver a speeding ticket. The driver gets back on the bus commenting on the cop's

preferred sexual practices. On we proceed, although a bit slower. Bloody filth. I finally arrive in the city of Grunge - or is that Punge (Punk Grunge crossover). Downtown has big skyscrapers, big hair, and a big number of armed gangs lurking after dark. My new found friends meet me from the bus and we head off into the

U-District for some slap up dinner. We arrive at a dilapidated old church. I wonder if my new friends are religious types. Maybe ex-junkies. Born againers.

BLESS THE SKY...  
BY JOVE, INDEED.  
HA-HA SEXFACE.

AIRFIX SCREWS YOU UP

The types that stop you in the street tell you they can relate and how they found god in a syringe. Fuckin' zoomers. The place is called "Team Feed". Better name than "Sally Army".

Inside there's a queue of punks, grungers, whatever in time for free pizza. They include several members of Green River, Feltchtones, Seven Year Bitch, Zip Gun, Alcohol Funny Car and other something for nothings. I bolt back me slice, get some party numbers and head off to the "pub" for liquid desert. **BE A MONSTER!**

DOWN THE PUB  
The Comet Bar - Alternative grunge punk dry heave bar in the U-District. The buildings are covered in graffiti art, by local undiscovered artists (s'pose they are). I get my ID and checked on the way in. Yes folks,

you gotta be 21 to drink. They'd check you if you were 50 with a walking frame. Inside the bar there's more graffiti and goaties (bring your own marker pens). I'm not pulling your plonker! I get to the bar, buy a pitcher jug (beer

to you) and a small glass, then another pitcher, then another, then.... All of a sudden I'm at a party. I wander around. There's a group of people watching fuck films in one room. I enter, but don't stay long. Pigs in leather knickers ain't my scene. The rest of the place is too busy discussing how they discovered Nirvana (really...) I wander outside for yet another piss. Christ maybe 24 cans of lager for 3 quid was a bad

**WEIRD ORGIE  
WILD PARTIES**

investment. It's time to hit the gin and tonics. The rest of the pub arrives. The musics cranked. The toilet's flooded. I witness a tea bagging session. A most unhygienic practice. This is when the passed out drunk geezer gets the usual treatment from his mates, ie marmite on his lips, make up by Felt du Tip and fag motif drawn on forehead. As if that's not enough, his mates drop their trousers and dunk their scrotum sacks

**..AND STRANGER STILL A FIST  
APPEARS OUT OF THE SKY!!**  
in his mouth. I've heard of dunking donuts. Like a bag of PG or Happy Shopper. Lovely. I proceed to pass out. When I come to there's a fierce fire of a feeling invading my gin soddened head. One fuck of a hangover

RUM-  
MAGE IN  
YOUR  
SLACK  
SIR?

BRISKET OF  
BEEF SIR?

A HUGE,  
FESTERING  
SORE ON MY  
ABDOMEN!  
AIN'T IT A  
SCREAM?

BUG  
HUNT

# BADGES, POSTERS, FOOLISH SHIT!

is imminent. Where the fuck am I? I ponder on this as I stagger from the beer stained sofa or is that piss stained, I've been so fortunate to spend the night on. My squinting red, used as ashtrays eyes, gradually

## "B&D"PRODUCTS ON THE INSIDE BACK PAGE

focus on the room. It could have been a beer can recycling debot. Strange, very strange. Crashed out amongst the cans, I spy more bodies. Victims of the night before. Clomp, clomp, clomp... The door opens. A chorus of "Beer!". I'm confronted by goatied faces. Is this the Ant Hill Mob. No - I'm in Seattle and it's breakfast "beer time". The day begins

1 INTEND TO PLAY THIS MUDHONEY TAPE NON-STOP FOR THE NEXT THREE WEEKS...

AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN SUCK MY DICK!!!

Distance! agricultural buggers

THORA-ZINE  
UNDERGROUND MEDIA MONITOR

WHEN THE BELL RINGS... DON'T ANSWER!

IT COULD BE THE DOOR TO THE MANIAC!

A WOMAN WITH A GOOD CAR HAS TO WORRY 'BOUT NUTHIN YOU GOT THAT?

KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL  
P.O. Box 571562, Houston, Texas 77257  
\$3 USA - \$5 World. Submissions Accepted.

# WORLD OF

"WHY DO MEN LIKE THESE MAGAZINES?"

PUKERS MONTHLY

## BUM JOKE

LET'S GET THIS BUM ON FIRE!

YEAH, LET'S!

## NO! PLEASE DON'T!

## BURN ME INSTEAD!

I REMEMBER YOU WANTING TO POKE ME IN THE TIT WITH A FORK, BUT I SAID NEVER ON A FIRST DATE!

BUT ON OUR SECOND DATE WE 'FORKED' LIKE CRAZY! HA-HA!

Glamour

NYLON Quilted Anorak

Welcome to the land of zerox nasties, multi-coloured funnies and interviews-u-hate from small press bores. It's all here and most of it's queer. Do remember if you send off for one of these here pamphlets UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES enclose a stamped addressed envelope! It makes farzine writers VERY angry as they enjoy spending their money on pretty stamps.

## GUBBA GRUB #2

Carter? Isle of Wright Donkey Sanctuary? Aldershot F.C? Is this some kind of joke?... Well no it's not, but if you mucho dig debunked football teams, interviews with South London clowns and a spicy bit of political intrigue, then here's your baby. Nasty pink cover gets a three on the Richter scale of puke-ability. (30p - 4 Shortheath Road, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 8SR)

TOOT!  
TOOT!  
TOOT!

WHY SHIVER? LEARN

MEAT CUTTING

## ABLAZE! #9

It's big! It's colour! It's got three Nirvana interviews and it's pretty damned old... Well #10 should be pretty bloody like now, but the editors are probably working for NME by now (only

## HATE #11

Not a comic. THE only fucking comic worth coughing up your shekels for. Get yee behind us blokes in tights and 10 pence mutants with grenade launchers up their backsides, "HATE" is the sickening true tales of slacker life in Beantown USA. Scary, pointless and split your liver funny, the art looks Disney's Goofy did it on steroids.

and the story lines are so damn real you feel you wanna jump inside he pages and get involved! Bella! Bella! Three encores and a roll of barbed wit (£1.25 from the proper comic store places)

## HAPPENING LEATHER CONDOMS

## POON ZOMBE #3

Man who write this have Debbie Harry on brain! Him like her more than fish and chips! Him no taste! Apart from the endless Blondie singer photos, it's a pert pair of breasts kind of

zine. Layout wize it's much the same age as THIS zine, but who's splitting crocodile pubes, huh? Lots of lively shit on all things. Ipswich, crap jokes, cut out tomfoolery and all round 3 hoots on the horn of wize investments, yes sir! (50p - 295 Cauldwell Hall Road, Ipswich, IP4 5AJ)

EERIE TERROR LURKS AT EVERY TURN

# THE HOTTEST THING SINCE KAJAGOOGOO

joking missus!)... Readable interviews by the hatfull (MBV, Leatherface, Pavement), graphically snazzy with underground info galore. All together a right posh, read without being pompous. Even a toad's toenail, you get a free fixxi; of the Weedy Present! But don't touch it cos you might catch ironic, Northerners Disease. (£1.90 - 17, Wetherby Grove, Leeds, LS4 2JH)

## YOU'RE SO HIDEOUS #2

We stumbled across Mr Ben-o-miser, (the creator of this vicious little rag) at a sad old punk gig recently and he were that drunk he gave us a free copy and then puked on our thighs. But then space aliens stole it, so there you go... Still we do recall it contains Euro squat news, freaky letters, poor quality humour and enough bile to float the moon. This man should seek medical help. (25p - Box Zero, 121 Railton Road, London, SE 24)

## DREGS #6

Hot, sticky and another zine with punk groups gabbing on about things that fury them. What is it with these zine writers types? Lighten up for

Christ's sake ya boobies.... Still this is Britain's SECOND best zine with Big Band head to heads (Rollins, L7, heartrending and mischievous shit besides. Send him a pound and he'll spend it on male porn books. (£1.00 - Duncan, PO Box 110, Liverpool, L69 8DP)

## UK RESIST #6

Lengthy letters from fools, lonely punks columns! Yes, it's the glossy face of UK pun-krock thing with all kinds of shady stuff on most of your favourite HC acts in a varied and somewhat lavish lay out style. Pity it smells of cabbage.. (50p - PO Box 244a, Surbiton, Surrey, KT5 9LU)

## HEY DADDIO I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN TO THE BASEMENT!

## HARLEQUIN

The everyday tales of strange brained North London folk in a comic strip formation. A touch like "Love and Rockets" but with less tacos and more homebrew plus the odd sicko collage thrown in for weird beard appeal... Fine enough for us to steal from in fact. and we don't give a truck load of monkeys knuckles if anyone knows it. (£1.00 - Box 4, 136 Kingsland High St, Hackney, London, E8)

YES! AND NOW WE CAN SKIP ALL THE LITERATURE BULLSHIT AND GET RIGHT TO THE SEX!

AM I NOT BEAUTIFUL? DO YOU NOT DESIRE ME?

LAUGH AT MY FRENCH FACE!

SHAME HORROR DESPAIR

REALLY? HOW VERY INTERESTING!

ALL THE RAGE #1 "From the hard north" boasts the front cover of this zine, that also comes from the same Geordie slapper who does "Have a Good Laugh". Plenty of good old-fash. punk rock hate against fashion, ginger hair and the usual political subjects. Chucked in for good measure is a bit of thrash music and a rather fetching dinosaur on the cover. Worth the price of a good cup of tea at least. (25p - 57 Briardene, Burnofield, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE16 6LJ)

## FEAR AND LOATHING #15

...Of drip dry clothing? If only... Ten times ace zine with a scrumptuous cherry on the top. This particular issue, subtitled "Gripe" is dedicated to airing Thrash & Bash music players' moanings about late buses, bad people and bees that get in their bonnet. And that's it. No crap interviews, no anarcho s moaning about the evils of kebabs, just pure unadulterated hate-on-a-lollipop-stick. Buy and find out why the bassist of Wat Tyler dislikes very much UB40. (50p - six of one, CT4 7AH)

A STORY ABOUT A GUY WHO IS UNPOPULAR AND DOESN'T KNOW WHY

WILL YOU BE MY STEADY GIRL? NO NEVER.

WILL YOU BE MY STEADY GIRL? NO NEVER.

COOL CLUB NO!

BECAUSE YOU ARE LIKE A DEAD LIVED? DRUNK LIVING IN A PILE OF RANCID LUNCHMATTER?

NOW HE KNOWS, BUT IT'S TOO LATE! LET US ALL LAUGH AT HIS MISFORTUNE!

## HOAX! "I won't come in your mouth"

The zine that tells you how to create merry McFucking Hell with companies, institutions, etc... that piss you right off. Super glueing, phone abusing, computer tampering and tips-a-plenty for the merry prankster. Also you get stuff on urban legends and a long-as-a-conga-eel list of zines. No price so just send a tin of kidney beans or summin (Aux, 64 Beechgrove Brecn, Powys, Wales, LD3 9ET).

## BEAVER shiva/leave her/meat cleaver/heavy

That's all the fannying about on fanzines for this time round. Keep sending them in but we'll be reviewing seed catalogues next issue, so there's not a lot of point really....

NICE UNT SLEAZY?

Boyishly I lopped off the end of his knob and trod on it

# TALES FROM THE Hovel

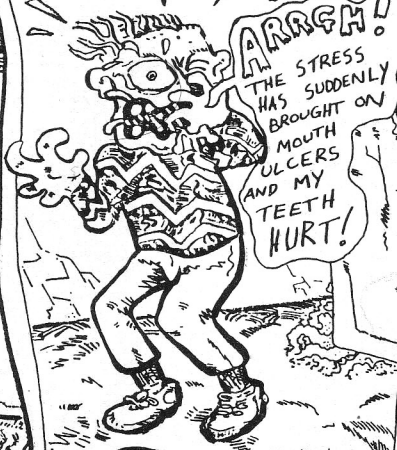
(My TEETH HURT REAL BAD.)

by Rich Holder

-5-



It's the end of the week and I'm broke again. OH GOD, not another night of shivering next to the horrid bog snells.



ANYTHING TO GET RID OF THE PAIN!



Mrs. Snet brought me a tonic, consisting mostly of neat whiskey.



It's been so long since I could afford alcohol that it hit me like a sledgehammer!



We danced passionately ♡ ♡ ♡ long into the night

REVIEWS CONT.

**NAKED TRUTH** "Read This" (Sony 10")  
**CC**: Bugging heck! Another rambling vocal start. What is it with Americans? The Kids want rock from word go.  
**BH**: Heavy handed rock fund, if you put it on an identity parade with Faith No More you'd never pick it out.

**BH**: Looks like Sony want their own FMN and by the anal beard of Homer Simpson I think they've got it.

## Pilchard-face CLITORIS

**JS**: Shit! It works on both 45 and 33. Novelty double speed record. Slow and rhythmic or fast and Doobie Ducks Disco.

**CC**: Slick arsed funk metal for MTV types who eat too many Chicken McNuggets.

**'TSUNAMI** "Load Hog" (SMH 7")  
**BH**: Cool record title and a nice fold out sleeve for a toddler to have an eye out on. (Music begins....)  
**CC**: Awww! What a fuckin' let down! This should be on "Sarah" records.  
**BH**: An old pork chop of a song. The "Sundays" to a quite considerable degree, oh yes.

**JS**: Obviously they bought a load of jangly indie records on a trip to England and thought they were right smart.... but it's not and they're shown up!  
**BH**: And it's their 7th single. Nos 1-6 are no doubt piled up in one of their dad's garage.

## ARE MY NIPPLES Bing Crosby

**DIDJITS** "Little Miss Carriage" (Touch & Go 12")

**CC**: They do say the singer is a midget. Midget Didjit!

**BH**: Flip wiggling snarly cover of "Rock the Nation" on this. Feisty turbulent rockin' hot pie of a sound... The voice is a bit crap, sounds like Jello "Cleft" Biafro.

**CC**: Proper punking for those who look back at the early eighties with misty eyes and hard genitals.

**BH**: Circus clown punk a la Dickies without the crud and heroin... Riff-a-rama utilising crunching guitar and pastry cake drums. Music for elephants to perform tricks to.

**JAW BOX** "Dis 7?" (Dischord 7")

**CC**: Hampered they can only be by their Fugazi connection as Ian

"fishnets and a PVC skirt" McKaye is twiddling the knobs on this... Sounds like he bloody recorded his own voice on this, after the band went home.

**JS**: Upon the beat thrash pop - like Fugazi after a hard drinking session.

**BH**: Juicy'n'moody. I like it more than fried rice. **FOOL YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.**

SOMETIMES PEOPLE ASK ME IF I EVER WISH I HAD A WIFE AND I SAY "YEAH, WHEN MY BACK ITCHES!"

See a terrified woman flee the chaos of an erupting volcano. See enraged dinosaurs in a sensational battle. See cavemen nearly sacrificed in this high-powered drama.

WE "THE TEST TUBE FULL OF PISS CLUB" WELCOME YOU TO OUR THROG!!

## DEATH WISH

I wish I was dead.

THE NAMES BOND... ONI BOND

PORK LIVER

YER A BUNCH A' FREAKIN' FREAKS, MAAAAN...

BUGS AND DRUGS

YEAH! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID THE SAID WATCHING TOO MUCH TV. TURNED ME INTO A BRAT!!

I FOUND COTTON POLO NECKS MY BROTHER'S BEDROOM

**BH**: Ear blistering, blow-your-stubble-back-in thrash with a Hammerite coating... The Canadian Ramones or what? (session ends at this point when the beer runs dry and there's a mad dash down to the offy to exchange the review; LPs for alcohol and flapjacks.

Heroic battle anthems for brave Rock warriors :- Mull, Technogod, DOA, Swiss cheese running away music for pacifists :- Phobia, The Urge, Overkill, Tsunami.

I checked the mechanism on the stove in my hands and tore into the fire room. A mohican copped it first. The sh... blasted him clear across the room.

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**MORE TAPES COMING SOON.**  
**SNAAFF \*13 IS NOW OUT**  
**FEATURES BAMBIX, SMH, ERASE TODAY, FILTHY CHARITY, UNCLE Q, USEFUL IDIOT, AND ARTICLES, REVIEWS AND OTHER SHIT.**  
**STILL 10p + s&c**  
**ALL OTHER PRICES POST PAID. FROM: RODDY + TISH/27 BRINDLY CLOSE/ TRAFFORD ROAD/ECCLES/ MANCHESTER/M30 0HZ.**

**D.O.A** "13 flavours of doom" (Alt.Tent LP)  
**BH**: Good name for Ice Cubes DJ - "MC 13 flavours of Doom at the controls boyeee!"

**HAS FRENCH KISSING GIVEN ME CANCER?**

**CC**: It's bloody DOA and no mistake! They're back with their best punk-whirl-avalanche trousers on. Beer drinking, hockey watching and getting fa...  
**JS**: Yeah, no more trying to be a sad awful metal band on some nipple licking major label. It's swearing and Union strikes time.

SCARED OF PORK? FEAR OF LIVER!

BEFORE AFTER

RIO! GIRL NACE NACE

# THEY CANNIBAL ON CHERRY HEROIN



**JC** : Sleazing rocker with a coating of axle grease... They're a three piece from motor city... Detroit that is, Doom brains...  
**BH** : Heavy as a lead-encased office block with a vocalist who no doubt got a cheese grater rammed down his throat. **alien-under-Belly** ● Removing the pins in  
**CC** : Ah! There's also a Bee Gees your nose cover on the flip side... sounds like the "Cult" on a harsh methadone program trying to remember how to play "Wild Thing"... Good laugh though

WHO OF THOUGHT IT, ME, D.J. BARRY BETHNALL A FLABBY OLD SPUNKY!

of an album for fans though.  
**CC** : It's a load of pants, full stop.  
**BH** : Thank you for that constructive comment Curt.

**JESUS LIZARD** "Liar" (Touch & Go LP)  
**JS** : Good sicko Beatrix Potter on drugs drawing kinda LP sleeve.  
**BH** : Cranked up industrial battalions marching on fields on disused generators. This year's Ministry? Big Black? Far, too harsh and suffocating for that.

**CC** : Music that conjures up visions of severed dogs heads covered in fleas.  
**JS** : The megaphone, police cone vocals sound a bit dated mind.  
**BH** : Will grow on you like a smashing handle bar moustache or I'll eat my fuck.  
 take propoganda on their lyric sheet.  
**JS** : Breezy accoustic hardcore with a thin veneer of menace and some dumb ass sayings in the lyrics, bit

CAN YOU HEAR SOUND OF THE ENORMOUS KEBAB ROTATING IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

TECHNO GOD "Hemo Glowball" (Contempo 12")

**JC** : This lot supported those right on slapheads "Consolidated" on their recent tour.  
**BH** : Sure as a diddy-buttsteak don't sound like the same band I seen. This lot must be body invaders from the Planet Mellow.  
**CC** : Similar to a Marvel team up between "Cameo" and "Simple Minds", very 80s.

**I AM NOT AN AIDS VICTIM!**

**BH** : Says here: "Not homo, hetro or human but Hemo-sexual-global in all its complexity"  
**CC** : How about crappo-sexual? Poor pop with Hemo-megazero appeal to the Kids.  
**JS** : A whole shit load better if it was 3,000 times louder and there's a lot of spanners and welding noises thrown in there to boot.  
**BH** : See live, forget this jive.

**YOU'RE THE AIDS VICTIM!**

**NATION OF ULYSSES** "Plays Pretty" (Dischord LP)  
**BH** : Gee wilkers, they're all dressed up like the "Reservoir Dogs", makes

**CRIMPLINE Spacecraft** ● makes a change as most Yank bands look like they've been fixing an old car for a month.

**CC** : A very Nick Cavey intro, sounds like some kind of live LP?  
**BH** : Not too keen on their thrash-a-thon sound, but I sure as a melted woodpecker like all the weirdo piss-

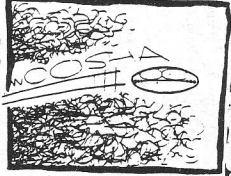
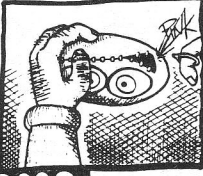
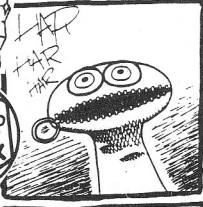
See, your penis LAUGH



## MARIHUANA

WEED with ROOTS in HELL

BONDAGE STRAPS ● ONLY £1.00 PER PAIR



**THE FAMILY CAT** "Steamroller" (Dedicated 12")  
**CC** : Tragic start, like the Inspiral Carpets singing about rancid vocal pus in a tuneless voice... la, la, la, liver cancer, la, la!  
**BH** : Total indie club music, the sort of that gets the punters galloping

towards the dance floor... I'm-so-happy -hair-swishing stuff.

**JS** : About as grunge as Felicity Kendal.  
**CC** : Something to buy a soppy student girlfriend... And as you should do with a family cat it's time to throw it out for the night and hope it don't come back in the morning.



IS THERE A PILL TO STOP HAVING SEX WITH MY DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

SHAM

# CONSUMER DURABLES FOR YOUNG BASTARDS!

5 CUBIC YARDS OF PURE HORSE SHIT

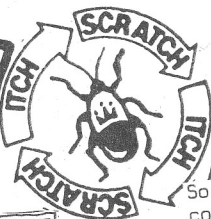
The Choice Is Yours.

**BEST  
BUY**

DUH! CAN I  
HAVE A FREE  
ONE IF I TELL  
YOU WHERE THE  
TOOTH FAIRY  
LIVES?



FRONT



BACK

MMM...WOULD YOU  
HAPPEN TO HAVE  
ANY T-SHIRTS  
THAT HAVE BEEN  
WORN BY YOUNG  
INDIE GALS?



## Back issues!

So you missed the first issue!? So we come round your house with girls frocks for you to wear!! The smashingly top hole\*1 is up for grabs at just 50p a copy and available for you to enjoy the delights of the cut out crustie and

BATHROOM NOVELTY

THE CREATORS OF SKATE MURDER BRING YOU

**BUGS  
AND  
DRUGS**



A VICIOUS PACK OF...FACTS!!

★ KIDS WILL LOVE IT!

## New T-ShirT!

Be a flash McFuck in this top line shirt designed by drunk clowns. (As pictured above Flea Head!) It's a FOUR colour print on a Petrol Blue/Grey "Bruce Elliot" shirt and people will internally combust with envy when they find it only cost you £9.00!! (X £ XL)

**BUY A Bib**



I KNOW  
SEX  
WORDS!

ERR...RICK,  
ABOUT  
YOUR NEW  
STAGE  
COSTUME.

# SUNTRIBE

## GUTS LIKE BRIAR



12" EP  
OUT NOW  
5 TRACKS  
FOR £1.99  
+ 50P P&P

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"A GUITAR INFERNO THAT SLAPS YOUR PUFFING FACE"

"A RAW. PUNCHY. 3 GUITAR WHIRLPOOL OF MELODIC NOISE"

"WILL MAKE SUEDE LOOK LIKE THE NAMBY SLACKERS THEY MOST PROBABLY ARE"

**SUPER BARGAIN!**

**FOR THE BROAD  
MINDED ADULT  
ONLY**

WHERE'S ME  
BUM CLOTH?

THE ZINE  
IS WACK.  
THE ZINE  
IS DEF!  
BUY ONE  
NOW OR  
SMELL MY  
BREATH!!

SM52

THE SKAT-STACK IN THE PADDLING-BOWL OF LIME-WALLA

SKATE MUTES

THE 5 DIMENSION

OPEN 10:00

SKATE SCHOOL

SKATE SHOP

SHATE BRATS MUST DIE!!!

HUMPF!  
AINT'CHA  
GOT NONE  
WITH  
SWEARIN  
ON?

**I LIKE  
BUGS  
AND  
DRUGS  
MAGAZINE**

**B**  **D**

**FRONT**

# T»Shirts!

Looks just like the real thing!

**BACK**

BEHIND HIM COMES A  
CACKLING LITTLE LAUGH.

SOME LIKE IT HOT!  
SOME LIKE IT COLD!  
SOME LIKE TO  
SMOKE POT, THEN  
SHAVE A WOMBLE  
BOLD!!

our foolish shit, try out our last effort  
"SKATE MUTIES FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION"  
the zine that's a legend in its own  
piss-stained underwear. Again, just  
50p a copy. Comes with free envelope  
and used stamp.

NOW ROLL HIM  
OVER SO I  
CAN TICKLE  
HIS TUMMY!

# JUVENILE DELINQUENT

# BadGes!

**I LIKE  
BUGS  
AND  
DRUGS  
MAGAZINE**

Generously priced at just **£9.25** (L & XL).

③ a-fee-the-luxury-missus purple  
"Bruce Elliot" t-shirt with black and  
yellow print both front and back. Yours  
for a nimbler £8.25 (L & XL)... all shirts  
have been blessed by the Tooth Fairy.

KEPT IN LINE WITH  
TRUNCHEONS,  
RIFLE BUTTS +  
ROLLED UP COPIES  
OF "PENTHOUSE"

**1001 WAYS TO SAY 'FUCK YOU!'**


Very useful. A cheap little pamphlet that will tell you all kinds of ways to say 'Fuck You' to anybody you meet, any person, any place. Offend your friends, incense your enemies. A laugh riot.

£6.99/986 Fuck You

Stop snipers piercing your chest with dum-dum bullets when you wear one of these tasty badges. Weighing in at just 30p a throw the "I like..." button badge is yer black and white and "Bugs"

Filthy. Informative. Glossy. Expensive. Worth it.

"Band Drugs" is a lovely jaundice yellow set off with cancerous black. Yes, just 30p each and guaranteed harmful to small rodents and people who wear football tops to the pub.



WOULD YOU BE MY  
UNDERPANTS  
FOR A MILLION  
POUNDS?

## PaYmenT'N'PostaGE!

- SHIRTS - 50p post 'unt' packin'
- FANZINES - A largish S.A.E will do.
- BADGES - A stamped addressed envelope

Zines and badges go free if you order a shirt! All cheques and postal orders made out to "C.Weston" and not to "Bugs & Drugs"... Notes and coins are

OK as long as they're taped down,  
secured and well concealed... Orders  
are chucked in the post usually within  
10 days, but send us an angry letter  
if you're waiting longer than 22 days.  
Any longer and we've moved to Thailand  
and become rock smokers.

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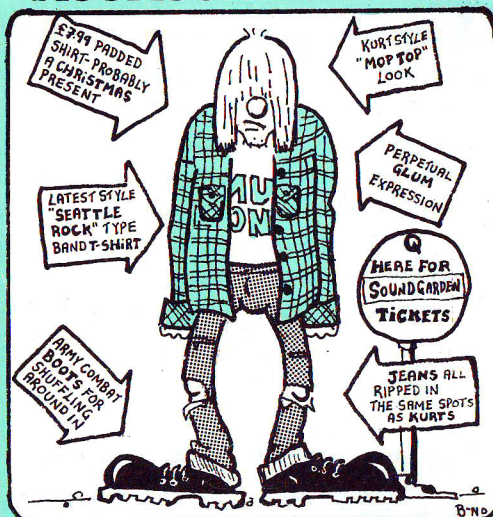
OH CHRIST!: I'VE HAD ENOUGH

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**

**HEY KIDS!**

**LOOKING FOR SOME  
STEREOTYPICAL LAFFS?  
THEN CHECK OUT THESE  
SPECIAL BUBBLEGUM  
CARDS, YOURS FREE IN  
EVERY ISSUE OF BUGS &  
DRUGS MAGAZINE!!**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**



**GRUNGER**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**



**INDIE KIDS**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**



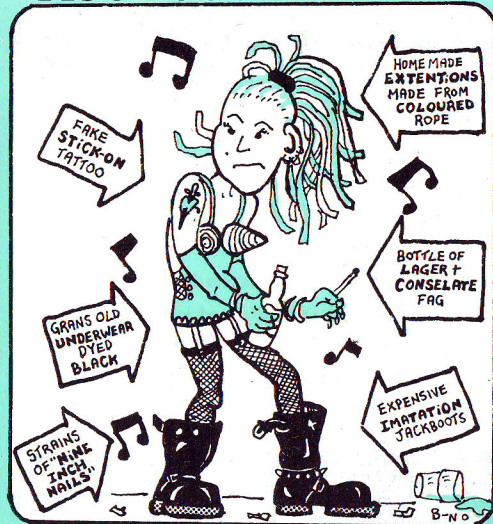
**STUDENT ARSE**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**



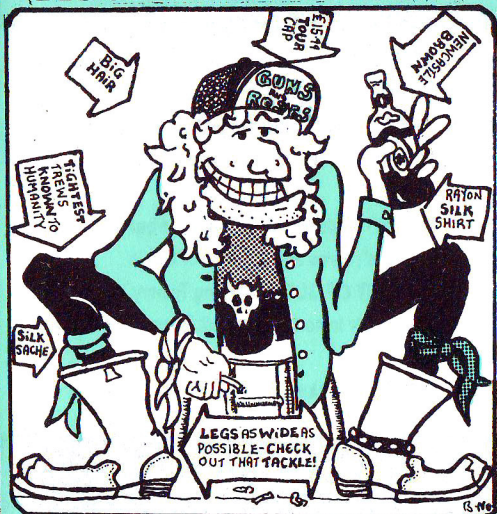
**RAVER TYPE**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
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ASSASSINATIONS**



**NEO GOTH GIRLIE**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**



**ROCK GUY**

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS  
**CHARACTER  
ASSASSINATIONS**



**SEVENTIES CLONE**

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## NEO GOTH GIRLIE

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Sweaty, matt-black painted clubs, five feet square and a bar full of ageing, leery dropouts.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Bottles of warm, expensive lager, pierced nipples, Portobello Road, PVC clothes and hassling D.J.'s for 'Nine Inch Nails'.
- ◆ **HATES** - Any other girl on the dance floor.
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "God, look at the state of her...."
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Rock Guy (for liking the same music)

ONE OF A SET OF 40.  
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## RAVER TYPE

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Windswept home-counties fields, ultra-fashionable clothes shops (Saturdays only) and cool clubs at around 1.30am, "Just to show their face".
- ◆ **LIKES** - Motorway services food, cheap n' not so cheerful ecstasy and affecting loud and coarse Cockney accents in said motorway services.
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "Techno, techno, techno, techno etc etc"
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Death metallers, young farmers.
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - M.C. No Limit

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## 70s CLONE

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Miss Selfridge, British Home Stores cafe and Cancer Research charity shops.
- ◆ **LIKES** - "Hendrix, Doors and anything '70's", not looking like anyone else at college and the drummer in the Lenny Kravitz video.
- ◆ **HATES** - 'Chart music' and 'Man's inhumanity to man'... plus people who still wear straight trousers.
- ◆ **FAVOURITE FOOD** - Burger King spicy bean burger with fries and "a good gossip".....
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Raver type (because the 'scene' is so 'insensitive' and the music is so 'eighties')

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## ROCK GUY

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Standing in narrow corridors near girl's toilets in crowded pubs.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Tying fake silk sashes around each and every limb. Reciting large sections of "Spinal Tap" at closing time.
- ◆ **HATES** - "Girls who don't make the best of themselves", flares and the price of C.D.'s.
- ◆ **MOMENT OF GLORY** - Hitting Tommy Vance with an empty lemonade bottle at "Monsters of Rock" in 1988.
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - Dave or Andy.

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## GRUNGER

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Sixth Form common rooms or in record shops buying tickets for grunger band gigs.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Groups from Nebraska USA that no one except him and his two mates have ever heard of.
- ◆ **HATES** - His little sister who's a rabid Michael Jackson fan and "Just doesn't understand....."
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - Never speaks.
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Pub locals
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - Some kind of strange nickname like "Drizzle" or "Kak".

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- |                |                  |                    |
|----------------|------------------|--------------------|
| 1 GLAM HEAD    | 15 INDIE KIDS"   | 28 GRUNGER GAL     |
| 2 "TRAVELLER"  | 16 JOURNO        | 29 ROCK CHICK      |
| 3 PUB LOCAL    | 17 GOTH GUY      | 30 ROCK GUY        |
| 4 "70'S CLONE" | 18 GRUNGER       | 31 RIOT GIRL       |
| 5 ROADIE TYPE  | 19 NEO FASCIST   | 32 LEATHERY-       |
| 6 CRAPPO BIKER | 20 HIPPIY CHICK  | KRAUTS             |
| 7 MUSO         | 21 PSYCHOBILLY   | 33 GATECRASHER     |
| 8 ARTY STUDENT | 22 SOCIALIST-    | 34 RAVER TYPE      |
| 9 JUNKIE       | WORKER           | 35 CRUSTIE         |
| 10 MOD TYPE    | 23 INDUSTRIAL    | 36 OLDEST SWINGER  |
| 11 FRENCH-     | DUDE             | 37 NEO GOTH GIRLIE |
| EXCHANGER      | 24 STUDENT ARSE  | 38 DEATH METALLER  |
| 12 HIP-HOPPER  | 25 BORN TO LOSER | 39 TOTAL JITTER    |
| 13 SKIN        | 26 AGEING PUNKER | 40 SAD FANZINE     |
| 14 TOWNER      | 27 SUEDE TYPE    | WRITER             |

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## STUDENT ARSE

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Never seen outside Student Union Bar, unless at invite **only** parties.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Shopping at Italian 'deli's' until their grants run out, sad drinking games that involve 'raucous behaviour' and going to see the 'Blues Brothers' dressed in sunglasses and a crap suit.
- ◆ **HATES** - Paying more than £1.02 a pint & girls.
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Gatecrashers.
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - D'Arcy.
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "Now look! You're not invited and you didn't even bring a bottle".

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## INDIE KIDS

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Outside 'Ride' gigs at 3.30pm in the afternoon or drinking cheap cider in a shady alley round the corner from the village hall 'alternative' disco.
- ◆ **LIKES** - At a gig, sitting in a large group, preferably blocking a stairway exit until the band come on when they stand like statues at the back smoking roll-ups.
- ◆ **HATES** - The Wonderstuff for wearing suits and the Mega City Four 'cos they've gone all crusty.
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "Tut... how could they put blah, blah, blah on the cover of Melody Maker.
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - Matt and Emma.

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