

Issues

Orb
A LITTLE ALBUM
"42 minutes of all
new mind altering
electronic substances"
specially priced
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ORBITAL UPDATE SEE BACK PAGE

HKG
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PR-GRAM V1.0

Introduction

Well, we did it! We, being Chris and myself, Kris, set ourselves on a goal to make the highest quality zine in our power. We hope you like it, if not, call the FFWD customer service hotline (hee-hee!). There are strong ideals behind the formation of this zine, which I will share with you now. First is truth. We would like to be as honest and truthfull as possible, which might contribute to graphic depiction on a subject in later issues. The second ideal is intelligence, ignorance is not bliss. It really bugs me to see our generations majority of people to be morons and would like to try to change that. The third ideal is rave, With it being summer and so many new ravers out there a new zine that inform them on what this whole insane mass of ideas, people and music is all about could never hurt. This was written for YOU so return the favor for us if you have any comments, ideas or improvements that could be made give us a ring!

Lovin' you
FFWD,

NICE IN DARIEN, SOMEONE MISSES YOU ~ KRIS



With
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With all due respect to Guenevere

A while back Guen suggested we steal a baby so we could poke it and it would make cute noises. When questioned about the parents being worried Guen said it was perfect because if the parents had an unstable marriage this crisis would bring them closer together. When the child was returned it would be loved more than it was before. We would also be saving the parents money (A baby cost alot of money!). We would just would be insuring a happier childhood. So this is a morally sound reason to babysit your neighbors kid and move to... oh say... Idaho (This reason might not stand up in court though)

Kris

Ramen Noodles

This may sound like a silly thing to be in a rave zine but I have to spread the gospel and wonders of the mighty Ramen Noodle. Put it this way the Japanese have a museum entirely dedicated to the Ramen Noodle. People wait up to two hours a day to get in. Honest! In America it serves a mighty function, cheap tasty food. It kept me alive for four months. 19 to 25 cents a package you can't go wrong. It is a square shaped block of noodles with a small pack of flavoring. There are many to choose from, such as beef, shrimp oriental, pork, chicken, mushroom, and several more. The food of the Gods, it is perfect for any occasions (well, maybe except a funeral, but then again I wouldn't mind people eating ramen noodles at my funeral) Hee HEE!

Kris

Let me tell you about a person I know, His name is Matt. Alot of you are probably assuming Matt is an adolescent, but you are wrong. in fact Matt is over 4 million years old even though he only looks like he's in his twenties. he hides it well. I think he does something important here at work, but I don't know what it is because I never see him. He's probably off hand picking fresh coffee beans on a different planet to ensure variety. Matt is my boss. I've seen him 5 or 6 times, but from what I've seen of him, he's a great guy, always with a smile on his face. Honestly, (even though I am kissing up to make up for calling him at 1:30 am with a stupid problem) he is the best boss I've ever had, perfect for any occasion, well, maybe any except a funeral, but then again I wouldn't mind Matt at my funeral. Kris

UNGG! THE
NEW SK'OL
TAGGER



OW! DOES THAT HURT?

During tornado there were moments I wanted to kill, it wasn't the gabber, or the trendies or the fashion ravers. It was the annoying freaks that came up to me and asked "Does that hurt?" I get that at least 65 times a rave. there is only one stud and that is in my lip, not like some people. I know (non-ravers) with alot more than 20.

MY friend has 20 earrings, 3 nose-rings, 1 septum, & 5 cock-rings. If you ever asked him If it hurts, he would laugh in your face or just walk away. To me, when you peirce something it should have a meaning. Not like half the RAVE POP., they do it for the trend. So I say to you trendies out there PISS OFF!!! In the next issue you will read how it is done. in the meantime 'Any pain?' NO 'Any pain?' No 'Any pain?' No... HALLELUJAH!!!!



ouch!
DOES THAT HURT?
I HAD TO BE
PAINFUL.

XOTRA XOTRA

oww!
Any pain? Nooo!



Chicago rave scene is dead.

So long, it was nice knowing you, what once was a great gathering of bright, intelligent people, full of great ideas, and an accepting enviroment has become a breeding ground for druggies and dealers alike. No-one cares about your love, just the clothes you wear. Everyone is out for your cash. The music quality makes you want to question the existance of a brain in these so called ravers, or at least any decent tastes. How many of these "ravers" are dancing to the music because of true love for digital music, or instead say they like it as a sad excuse to dance under the influence of some "wonder drug" or even worse to impress all their friends "Oh, look at me I'm onto something new! I'm "cooler" than you are." I hate raves. I haven't always, in fact I used to love them with a passion that I wonder if I will ever to feel again. Maybe. I think I'll write an article on how cool this whole "ruff jungle 'ting" is because everyone else is doing it. Whatever happened to danceable jungle and breakbeats? Y'know stuff under 300 bpm, like the Prodigy, Adamski, Altern8, etc...etc...etc. All that I've heard as of recent annoys me greatly, it's murder on my eardrums. Which brings me to the point of gabber. How many of you think this fits under the catagory of music? As D.H.S. would've said (those of you who know your roots know this is not just a three letter initial) there is a difference between noise and music. Gabber is a contributor to the death of the rave scene. It goes well with everyones need to be cool; the need to be on drugs: the need to be hard. That is not what the rave scene is, was about. I remember a time when unity meant being on the dancefloor with all your friends dancing to many sytles in one night, not unity by being one the same drug as everyone else. Unity ends when the music is divided, and that happened once you dedicate parties to one style instead of dedicating it to the ravers who are paying their hard earned cash for an overpriced night of fun. I see less and less people who really know how to dance and that is because the dancefloor is being filled with junkies trying to keep up with the beat. Extasy, oops, sorry I mean heroin, wasn't even around when I started raving. That is another reason rave died -how can any-one...cont. 3



The Chicago rave scene is dead-cont.
 be happy when spending 50-60 bucks a night on drugs and "fun"? How can anyone afford to buy candy to pass out, write a zine, such as this to speak your mind? I've witnessed a drastic change for the worse since exstasy hit the market in Chicago. If one thing were solely responsible, I'd say it was this. I'm not asking you to follow my beliefs just to listen and see if there is any sense in them for you. I used to do drugs at raves but have since wisened up that raves aren't the greatest places, instead a day in downtown chi-town, the country or even just a park suit me much better. it is much more peacefull, relaxing and pleasant. On a final note I know I am going to catch shit from this article, but 1) these are all my opinions 2) I am not going to sit and bitch without trying to change it. FFWD announces Plastic Law, an idea we here at FFWD have had for awhile, but have waited until now to put into action. If you are willing to join Plastic Law for the betterment of your rave scene, write a letter with your name, address, phone number and ideas you have. Thank you for reading.

Kris

I'M RAVING

JAMES, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M RAVING, BROWN

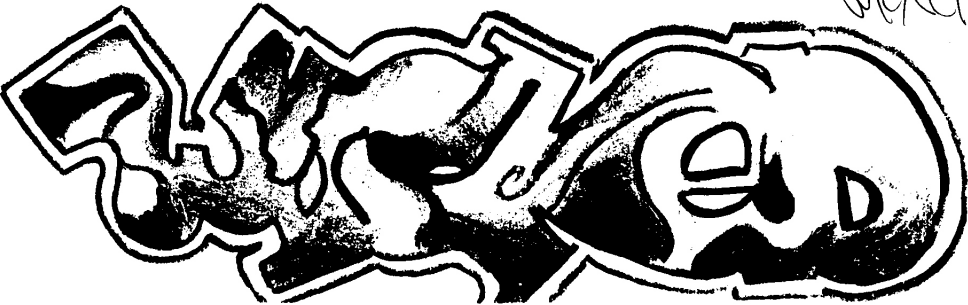


Inside Romans Noodle

People can be so lame sometimes. Nobody seems to care much. All most people care about is meeting as many new people as possible, which isn't wrong unless you compromise your true personality. Why is it, that when a new person is involved we shy away from our true personality? Are we that afraid of who we are? I can no longer tell who is for real and who isn't, therefore I am generally withdrawn from people I don't know. It shouldn't have to be like that. All of us are interesting, but until we start acting like ourselves no-one will take the time to care. I'm sorry if it seems like I'm preaching to you all, I'm not. I'm just trying to raise a point very few of us think about.

Roman P. Orrige

WICKED



How Does It Feel? - SUCK!

This article is about taking all that you have for granted. I moved out of my house as soon as I turned seventeen due to chronic family problems. The first six months-it was every kids dream, as for the latter six - it would be hard to imagine anyone dreaming for the hell I went through. I lost my job due to a lack of communication and one big misunderstanding. So I was stuck with no employment and a hard time getting hired again. For the next four months I had no money, no food. I was malnourished to the point suicide looked like a good answer. In a word I could be described as wretched. Sometimes I would curl up in a ball and cry because the pain would overwhelm me. I avoided mirrors because I couldn't stand to see what I had become. Words can't describe with justice the hatred I felt towards everything except my artwork which was satirically happy. Luckily, thanks to one person, his large heart and his family I got away from that mess. Without him I doubt I would be here writing this. This article is not written for sympathy, I need none. It was written to make you look at all the things you have in your life that you don't really know what you'd do without. Now that I have money instead of donating change to homeless people to buy who knows what, I buy food and give it to them, Because I can relate to their pain I know how it feels and it SUCKS! So have a heart. Sure you can use your money but will it mean as much to you as it will to a homeless person? Besides it makes me feel good to make others happy. Don't limit the rave philosophy to raves which basically boils down love all. Love + be loved.

Kris

