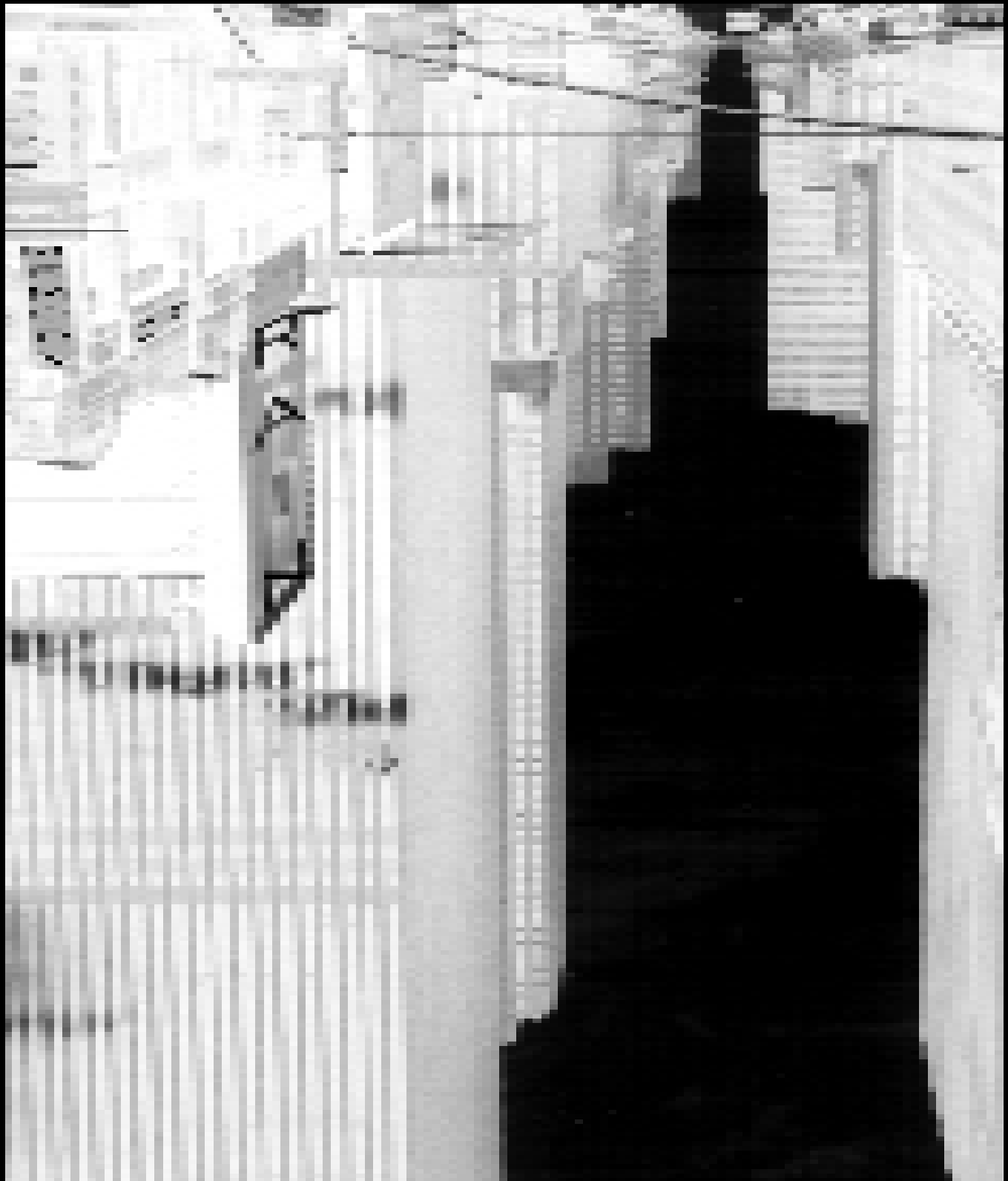


Apocalypse Playground

Issue 3

August '96

Memory of Rain



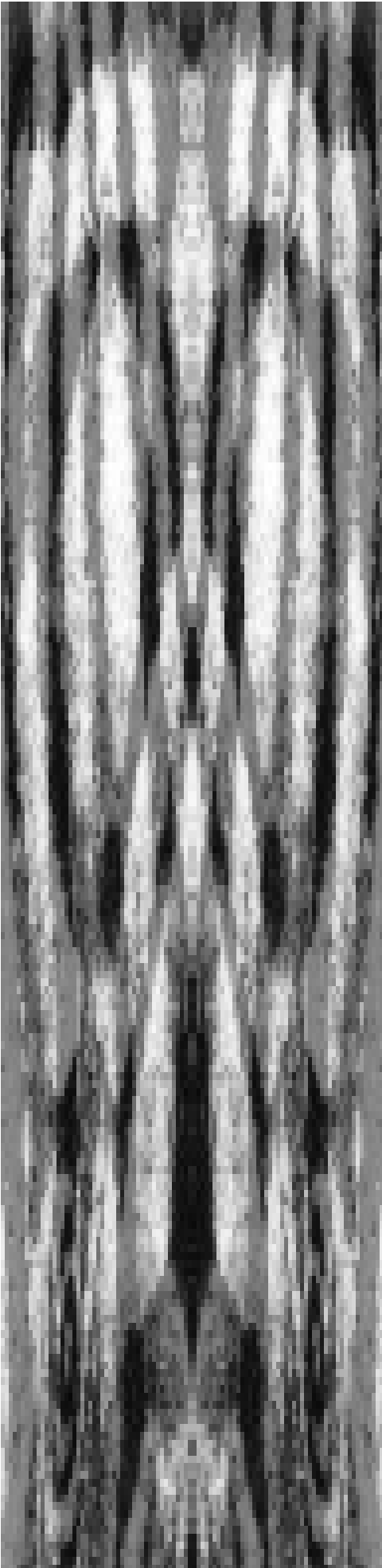
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Apocalypse Playground

P.O. Box 1325
SHEPHERDSTOWN WV

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Executive Assistant
St. Elyse
Unofficial Queen of England
Lizz Marsden

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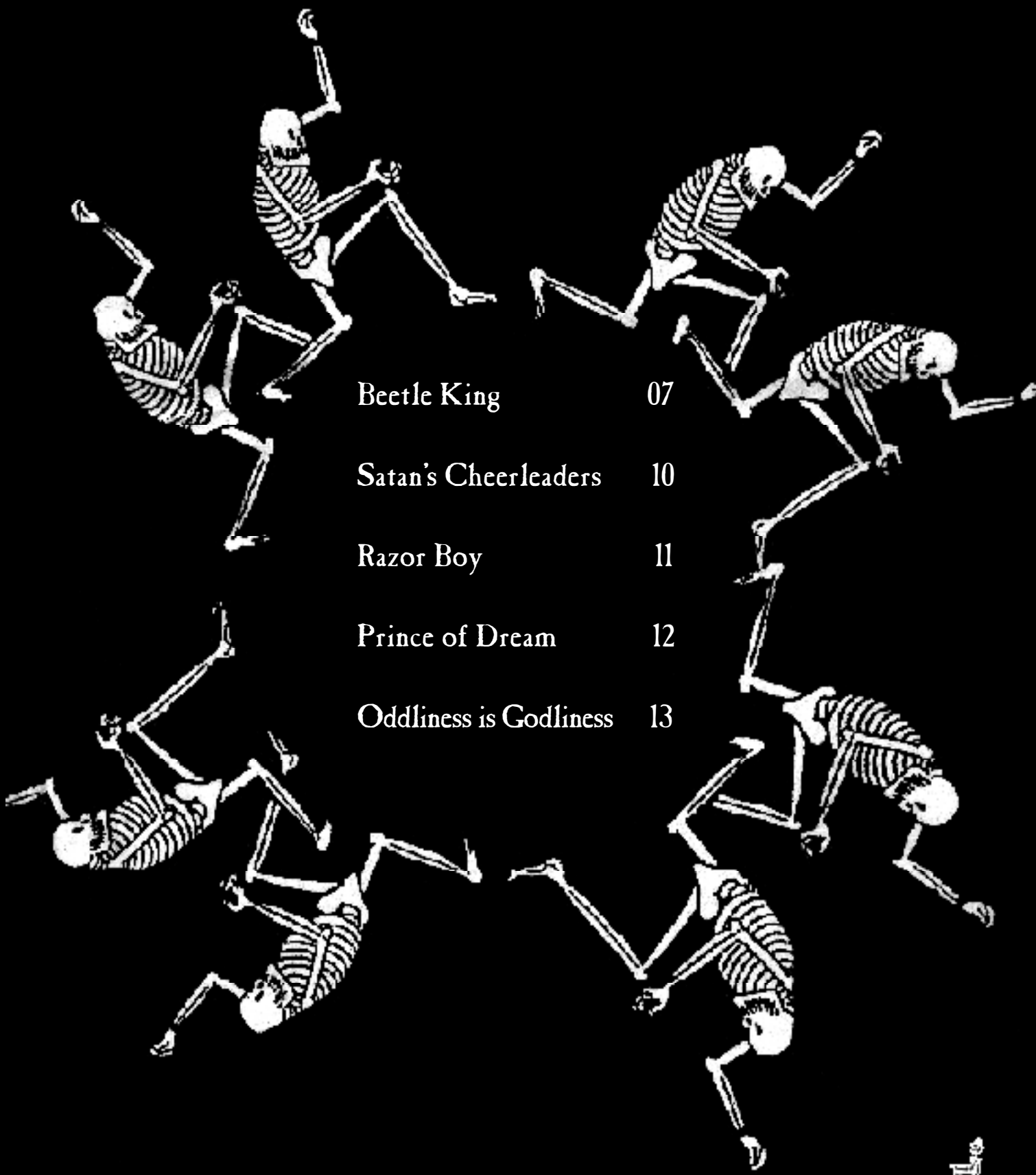
Dedication

- For Ed Zanheizer, in fond recognition of his abundant verbal support.
- For Dan because of his usage of certain Scrabble phrases. Somehow the scrambled letters are supposed to mean something.
- Lost Dog coffee, the solution to all life's dilemmas lies at the bottom of a mocha. Thanks for teaching me this.

Apocalypse Playground Mission Statement:

Apocalypse Playground is a 'literary'zine devoted to gothic art in all forms. Apocalypse Playground is anything that expresses the darker and more majestic side of this dream of a fleeting world.

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Chains to a Dream World

Well, what do you know! I got some correspondence, they really do love me... I'm so happy I could skip, perhaps I'll forgo the skipping and print an actual letters column.

Claire Flowers
Martinsburg, WV

Dylan,

No bad praise here. Your creation is most enjoyably lamented. I am very impressed with your work (sorry-I'm not an agent). I looked in back and saw: "Submissions, questions, comments, problems, offerings, sacrifices, etc." and I simply owed it to you to thank you for Apocalypse Playground. I read the review on pg 10 where you mentioned your likes, you have a very gratifying taste, similar to my own.

I was quite enraptured by your presence, and even more so by your word. It's almost 2 A.M. and I'm getting a bit delirious... time for a visit to that other realm. I plan to submit some stuff so you can decide if you desire it or not. I'll close up now. Thank you again, I have a definite fondness for and savor your Apocalypse Playground.

I do believe that in one of those wonderful black boxes, I placed a request for submissions and the like as well as death threats and mail bombs, or, something along those lines. So far I have seen none of that. I suppose that means the playground is a publication suited to your liking. Oh, and thanks for the victim...er, victims to go along with the sacrifices request. They were crunchy

As far as submissions go, if you would like to submit, mail a SASE to me and I will send a copy of the official (oh wow I really love that word) Apocalypse Playground Submission guide. I am currently accepting whatever kind of material is sent to me. The same is true for advertisements, as the Apocalypse Playground will now be printing ads. Write to receive price listing. Do it while they're cheap.

This next letter is from someone who liked this 'zine so much she joined the staff!

Lizz Marsden
Hagerstown, MD

To the Editor:

I am sending this letter so that you will stop your incessant whining about never having anything to publish in Chains to a Dream World. (Just kidding, hee hee) I don't want anyone to think I was trashing you- ever since the "Satan's Cheerleaders" episode, I've been touchy and paranoid about how people perceive my humor, (or the lack thereof).

Right off, I would like to say that I am grateful that a publication such as the playground has finally emerged in the "Washmore area" (I used that word just because I know you love it, Dylan). A worthy and respectable 'zine such as yours has been a long time in coming, it's just that no one has gotten off their lazy, apathetic, black-clad asses to do it. I applaud your determination, your vision, and, most of all, your talent. So far you have been doing a phenomenal job and I look forward to future issues with what is for me, uncharacteristic zeal.

I still maintain that your poem page is in dire need of restructuring, but as I am in a constant dearth of creativity and insight I cannot provide you with a viable solution. I hope that you, in one of your artistic fervors, may be able to arrive at a stunning conclusion, but until then I continue to stare at the page until I decipher which poem is which. To paraphrase Eeyore, the original animal of goth, I'm not complaining, but There It Is.

Otherwise it is an extremely well-done publication and I am anxiously awaiting the next issue and anticipating the creations your inventive mind will soon spew out. Until then,

I certainly hope that the Playground will continue to be "worthy and respectable" in your eyes for a long time to come.

Rest in peace Lizz, the poetry will be rearranged in the very near future, this issue in fact. I hinted to this change in the next issue column, a change in layout can be viewed as an "alternative" to the usual run of things, can it not?

And, just for the record, My apathetic ass is not black-clad. I'm not even certain I have an apathetic ass. I wear neon pink undies all the time. What's this? You care to challenge this notion. Unlikely as this fact is, there's only one way to disprove it.

Sylvia Engelschwartz
Berryville VA

Dear Mr. Kinnett,

I came upon your laudable endeavor, "The Apocalypse Playground", quite fortuitously upon a recent visit to your fair hometown.

You may infer that I found your magazine interesting. Actually, it has a greater effect on me than a mere arousal of my interest. Without going into a lot of banal details, I have recently been mired in a spell of accidie - nothing to be proud of I hasten to admit - during which I "couldn't" write ANYTHING that suited me.

Now, you see, I'm writing this! Your writing impressed me favorably (but, forgive me! the spelling occasionally excruciatingly execrable.) The ideas you express pique my interest, and I find your writing style to my taste. Some of your poems have taken up residence in my mind and continue to resonate there.

I feel that I can only extend what, no doubt, sound like lame thanks to you for your hard work putting together "Apocalypse Playground". I do hope that you will continue! Best wishes for your next issue to come out soon. By the way, how does one obtain Apocalypse Playground by mail?

I am impressed by the fact that you wrote to me given your latest writing difficulty. Perhaps this means I have made an impression on you.

As for the painful spelling errors, at this point I would like to make an announcement, Lizz Marsden has been adopted into the Apocalypse Playground staff with the title of "proofreader" (although she will certainly do other things before all has ended). I realize that this revelation may come as a shock to some, but the scars will surely heal. Yes, this means two things, the first being that there is actually an Apocalypse Playground Staff, and it has more members than myself, the second being that there will no longer be such a loving plethora of spelling gremlins for the readership to fondle and laugh at. As I said before, the Scars should heal.

So that Sylvia and other like minded foriegners-to-Shepherdstown can get themselves trapped in the Playground, Apocalypse Playground is now available for subscription. There will be a form provided later in this issue.

Four Letter Words

"for poetry makes nothing happen"
-W.H. Auden

The life of a poet is one of multiple possibilities, it is living every hypothetical reality to the fullest, only to disregard hypothetical concepts in search of intangible things. I see the act of being a poet as stimulus for the hearts and minds of all around the poet. Good poets live a thousand lives before they die. Masters of prose have seen altogether too many places. To be a poet is to be more human than human. And all of this has nothing to do with the presence of poems in the poet's life. The poems are not the means to an end. The wordy chunks of the fabric of being are the outcome of too many dreams and haunting thoughts. The life of a poet is not wrought by poems. Poems are wrought by the life of the poet. Poems do not make the poet. In truth, the poet makes the poems. Perhaps this may seem to be an absurdly obvious truth, but it remains unnoticed to a certain few.

It has recently come to my attention that there are poets that write of nothing other than poetry. To me, this is a sad fact in need of immediate remedy. People, be they janitors, lepers, politicians garbage collector, or even poets all exist, more or less to experience the broad scope of what ever the splendors of reality are. Poetry is intended to be the revelation of this existence, it is supposed to clarify it and present it in new ways to the aforementioned lowly people (poets included). Poetry is a way to live life more fully. I don't think that a poem about a poem or its poet accomplishes much in the way of enrichment of life.

Another thing that bothers me about those that label themselves poets is that they tend to spend more time living the life that their art supposedly provides for them. I know a handful of self proclaimed poets that will talk themselves blue in the face when asked about poetry, because that's what poets do, right? They talk themselves blue in the face. But, when asked of life, lust, hope, fate, or any other four letter word that is not "poem" or "poet" they will remain blue in the face but will have fallen mysteriously silent. This is awkward to see a "poet" do. I suppose I should not be too critical of those that label themselves with the title "poet". I myself have often found myself catering to certain other four letter labels. The point I am trying to arrive at here is that a writer must be able to write about what they know. A poet that knows only poetry can not write much and will never live an eventful life.

"The unexamined life is not worth living."
- Socrates

"No noble and exalted life exists without the knowledge of devils and demons, and without continual struggle against them."
- Herman Hesse

"You are your life and nothing else."
- Jean Paul Sartre

"Iron is full of impurities that weaken it; through forging, it becomes steel and is transformed into razor-sharp sword. Human beings develop in the same fashion."
- Morihei Ueshita — *The Art of Peace*

"The heart has its reasons, which reason knows nothing of."
- Blaise Pascal

"If man scorns nature, so you think he would care about words?"
- Thomas More—*Utopia*

"He who would make serious use of his life must always act as though he had a long time to live and must schedule his time as though he were about to die."
- Emile Litre

"Harpo was a bastard."
- Zeppo Marx

"When something comes into your life at the exact moment you're ready for it, it's not a coincidence."
- commercial for Aurora

"Just because some of us can read and write and do a little math, That doesn't mean we deserve to conquer the universe."
- Kurt Vonnegut, "*Hocus Pocus*"

"Playing strip poker with an exhibitionist kind of takes the fun out of it."
- "Metropolitan"

"Dandelions are the best flowers because they are wild and free and don't give a shit where they live."
- "Roxy"

Apocalypse Playground is looking for local music. If you or someone you know is in a band and would like us to review your work, send in a sample of it. If you would like an ad in the playground, that can be arranged as well.

White Raven
-Grace Palmer

*In a wonderful world of wisdom,
The snowy raven visits us with a friendly smile.
Do not embrace the Morrighan;
She is death, by bloody spear.
Seek dreams
By cold, cold witch light.
Embers are glowing
And the bonfire has been forgiven its ravages.
Love is a dewy spider's web;
It stretches about
In glistening cords
To touch the soul of others.
The shimmering trap brings death
For she who is trapped in the center.
Love is beautiful and deadly.
There is no tear colder than the lonely one,
There is no blow more painful than that
Which shatters all illusions.
The moon is a goddess;
Her fingers are the cold bones of trees,
And her tears will destroy the sea.
Life is cruel, confusing.
We will be splintered to death
By our own confusion.
I am adrift and drowning in a black sea,
Ever washed towards paradise;
My choices:
To take the hand that would save my life,
And to lose forever my chance to fly from the waterfall's edge,
Or
To pass it by and drowning
Hope I can reach the waterfall,
Hope I can find the wings,
Hope for all too many things
On the chance that I can achieve glory.
The hand must drag me down.
Freedom must make me drown.
I must choke to death on my own blood
Before I can reach the beautiful hills.*

Freedom
Grace Palmer

*We are free and dancing.
The world is a whirling chaos of silvered rainbows.
We can dance on a whim.
We rise on butterfly wings to embrace light.
The darkness and pain have been shut away.
Great mother,
Grant me this peace forever.
I would live and dance through you.
The trees have smiled,
The pain has been buried,
All my tears are gentle and sweet.
I have been set free to dance on silver wings
And no one shall hinder me.*

Untitled
-Jodee Scofield

*sighing,
crying,
Breathing,
Dying
loving you was a nightmare come true
the way you crept through the dark
slowly,
painfully,
ripping out my heart
shoving
and stuffing your mouth
you laughed
with the bloodstained smile
as I watched the pain pour out
from an unending spout
you came all over my clean white sheets!
in order to ensure that
I would remember the fact that
I would always be your whore
watching my life unravel
not giving a damn
shutting my emotions in
as I swim in the horrid,
blood red sea of pain*

Mornings
Grace Palmer

*Years.
And the blood-beast is screaming lightning.
Another mother's daughter dies
Amid the icy lies,
Dreaming of a new way to survive.
Years old and wandering.
Angels in chainmail awake and unfettered.
Tears cold and wondering.
Demons, crying dark, broken, unlettered.
Silent bleeding awareness.
In the morning,
A daughter awakens to the song of shining birds.
The moon goddess has dwindled to a sliver,
And birthed a sunrise.*

The Beetle King, Part Two
- Jenniffer Brenneman

Alone he sits on the edge of the cold river. Looking into the sky, he sees the moon passing over him with a kind of sadness. The moon sees what happens below her and frowns.

The beetle king sees many things, but cannot be happy tonight. He is now in a deep state of bewilderment. No one recognizes this, an innocent kind weakened by faults not of his own. He lies on the ground to gaze at the jet black sky, his only friend. His spirit dissolves into the ground below him and into another world.

This world is strange and unknown to him. It was all white on one side and

all black on the other. The beetle king suddenly heard a voice.

"Where do you belong? Choose and step into it," said the voice carefully. He stepped into the black side. Things from outside he could not see before appeared to him now. He was surrounded by majestic yet mysterious objects.

He suddenly felt trapped inside a small room. He could feel the walls closing in on him. In fear of being killed by these black walls, he searched for a door. He could not get free. His strength had failed him.

"Stop now," said the voice. "Let

him free."

The walls that once surrounded him disappeared into the air. The beetle king ran away. Faster and faster into the night he ran until he was in his forest and by his river. He kept walking until he found his motionless body upon the ground. He closed his eyes slowly and upon opening them found that he was one again.

"All fulfilled?" he asked himself. "Why, of course all fulfilled," answered his beetle followers. "You are the king of the dreams and the ruler of nightmares."

The Passing of the Night
- David Young

The dead lie silent as a bloodied, tattered shroud falls over the morning dawns the children waking as their dreams drift away locked away in the sunrise swallowed by the gaping void standing upon the threshold of forgottenness, falling, tumbling, collapsing down into nothingness as the black waters of Lethe drown away their haunting, ghost trodden ballet their faint, languishing lament of sorrow lingering within trusting hearts of untainted, blameless innocence The dark mother sleeps her brood slipping away to shadows as church bells toll in the distance The devils draw back to take their place among the mists of obscurity talons of ebony losing grip over realm of darkness the nosferatu sink down within their moss grown tombs of earth as fair, vibrant beams of sunlight bask across epitaphs of stone dirge of mourning etched unto the fallow rock of grave the departed beneath the wake of death laughing in derision of the sorrow of those who had loved, once as the crimson daylight washes over the crumbling marble bastions of passing scarlet radiance glancing upon their blood marred, dirt stained claws the reddened, shining life serum of the daughters of sun trickling down from pallid, ashen lips of gray twisted in embittered smile in mockery of the day as they lie within the cold, soothing touch of sod, lulling away into slumber The sable curtain of night torn away fraying shreds of velvet brown to oblivion with the gentle, caressing breeze as the whitening arm of dawn stretches across the blackened sky The last, embattled spawn of Lieth drawing back into the sanctuary of shade the ebony strata echoing their cries of grief and rage as they take flight against the rushing light The blackness fades as the darkened wall of clouds hangs broken the storm grown silent as it withers away, the fury gone the heavens clear above the thundering of the tempest drifting away as the remembrance wanes and the memory pales The fields lie golden under the tranquil touch of rising sun born out of vagueness from the embrace of abyss the myriad, small creatures scurrying among the golden leaves of autumn The dial, standing huddled, downtrodden upon the weakening edges of tomorrow lispings whispers filling the air in despondent utterance watching out from the pall drawn round waiting for the orb of fire to die and burn away into darkness their moans of discord lifting to the twisted roan trees ravaged by the storm enduring the barrenness consuming them the winter seeping away their tears of earthen blush the broken, hallowed branches drifting out quiet, sorrowful melody in mourning for what was lost The great throne of duck lies empty as the lady of dark drifts away and the men of rock lie still as fallow strands of light fall over their shoulders The queen of heart and sage gazing away into the sunrise as the circle comes unto itself and the battle begins once more

*The sun does set on the sunset streets
and the clamour collapses in California at night,
Golden glint and silver spotlights fade.*

*In this darkness with lack of glamor or glory
will you forget the splendor of a sunset sight?
And if you do, what shall remain
once you've shed your happy shell?*

*I can not prop the sun on it's zenith,
not even for your love of me,
night still marches steadily toward
with morning behind it
be sure you have something for the between.*

*we live in the bizarre
my four eyes and I
we see things a bit differently
my friends and I
perhaps you'd like to join us
we notice everything
my four eyes and I*

*Are we eating the bizarre?
do we keep our children together
or do we eat them while they war?
will we be eating the bizarre forever?*

burning they cast our memories into the fire

*wilt away from me my love,
wilt away tonight
your eyes are like moonlight
wilt away tonight*

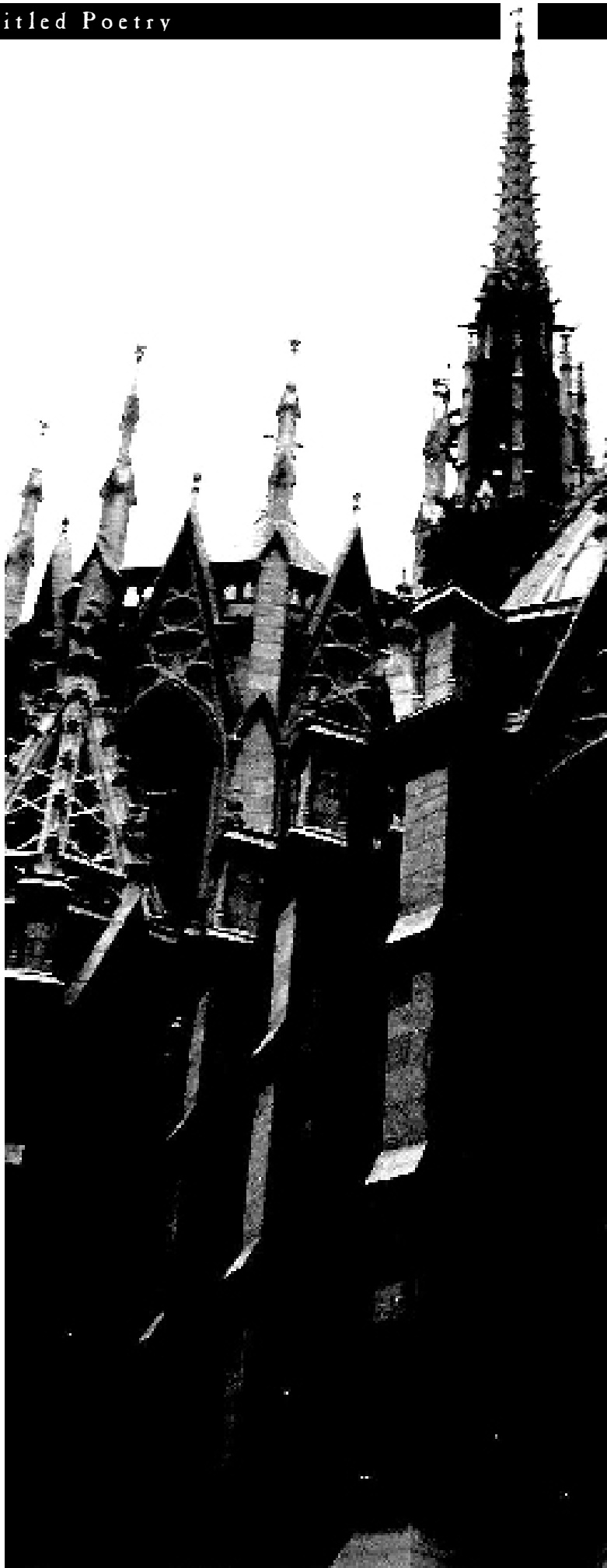
*on a flower blossom afternoon
"I to you" and "I to you"
there was sunlight in the sky, my love
I know I did, I think I do*

*wilt away from me tonight my love,
wilt away tonight
your eyes are like moonlight
wilt away tonight.*

*I know I did, I think I do?
this dreamlike love in a nightmare's heart
leave me my flower, conform to my feelings
wilt away my love, and break all these seemings*

*wilt away from me my love
this love is all for naught
your eyes are like midnight
my heart bends like a dead thought*

*wilt away my love
wilt away, my light
your eyes are like mid-day
wilt away*



Effigy of Myself in Me

*I wanted something, once.
anything with anyone really.
I think it was a feeling I can't remember
I think I wanted feeling
someone with anything please?
There's a little boy in me
a little boy screaming,
I think he wants the music to be not so loud
"Where am I!" and "Why do I want!"
what are the answers to his profanity questions,
and why does this little boy dress me so....
strangely*

*He taught me a dance called razor
when all I wanted was music.
But, I want to dance with another
not just the effigy of myself in me.
someone with anything please.
I am a dancing boy screaming
"Dance with me! dance the razor."
please.
I never wanted feeling
or the little boy in me
there's a feeling I can't remember
this dancing razorblade profanity child is
dancing
in silence*

*What things do we go through
during an everyday day
do we wake in the morning
or just continue sleeping?*

*We wake and we're walking,
we think while we're talking,
and while we're here lying
something lies dying,*

we take to the small things

*what things do we go through,
in the quest to plant our seeds?
we all have our longings and our aspirations*

*instead of our goals we have our deeds
and eternal passions forsaken
for immediate needs*

*no more
words,
my
sweet
sweet
things,
your*

*thoughts
(this is
my secret to keep)*

and flowers on a rainy afternoon.

I spoke altogether too soon

please don't speak so soon

I have no more words my sweet I am quiet as the moon.

Soup Tuesday

*I awoke this morning
to the startling realization
that I didn't.
actually, I didn't exist.
My mirror had no pictures of me,
its loved one
because it too did not exist.
my cat completely ignored me
the postman's pain-killer apparently
didn't sit well with her.
the breakfast I ate was instead, milk
floating where a bowl should be.
So I ate that bowl and the cereal it was in.*

*THE KITCHEN IS MELTING!!!
a running me went down the hall
then came the army
of white men and dark nuns.
so I left for the bathroom door
past a bag lady.
she had so much stuff
and it's scary how much she knew
that's when I realized I didn't.
actually, she said I didn't exist.*

*this world, my misery
call me you have the number.
it's the one that's lost and lonely
and crying in the corner*

can't you see me crying in the corner?

*this world, my misery,
and all the things I've chosen to forget.
these are the things that have no place here*

there is no ringing in the corner

*these eyes and
their sight
it is all my
secret to keep
I did not love
you that night,
with the tat-
tered flowers
in the street-
light.*

no more words, my sweet

MEMORY

Note: this article was originally written as the first installment of my column in my high school's "literary magazine", but, being that it is a catholic school - and a rather horrendous one at that- I was refused publication of this article. I hope that the reader will understand the tongue-in-cheek humor and (quite obvious) use of irony and sarcasm that the nuns missed. When seen in this light the following can be quite an entertaining piece. Bon appetit!

I found an incredibly bizarre article in the February issue of Spin Magazine. And, for those of you not fortunate enough to receive trendy, over-hyped music magazines from your desperately-seeking-to-be-hip-grandparents, I present this for your savage amusement.

The article, written by Darcey Steinke, is entitled "Satan's Cheerleaders". Evidently, there is a group of people, ranging in age from prepubescent teenagers to those in their early thirties, who live in Norway and are trying to speed up the arrival of the reign of satan. They run rampant through the countryside, burning ancient cathedrals to the ground, wearing the remains of sacrificed animals, and playing black metal music. They are draped in furs, spikes, cloaks and Viking breastplates accesorized by the addition of smudgy black eyeliner and lipstick. With their black dyed hair, bleached and heavily powdered white faces, and dour expressions, they look as if they could have been roadies for Siouxsie and the Banshees.

But the symbolism for the Norwegians runs deeper than for goth-pop sensations like Siouxsie and The Cure. They are firm believers in the Church of Satan. They are honoring the pagan mythology of trolls, tree spirits and gods. A young girl named Nebelhexa tells the interviewer about her marriage to Samoth :

"At midnight on the Winter Solstice of last year, Nebelhexa, in a long red-velvet dress, and Samoth, in his fur coat and Thor's hammer pendant, hiked up a snowy mountain near his parents house.

Finding a spot surrounded by trees, Samoth used his ritual heathen knife to cut Nebelhexa's palm, and then she said this:

"We held them together and out mingling blood fell on the white snow".

They made promises to the mighty sky god and all the tree spirits, then exchanged rings engraved with the words THOR HELPS."

I swear! They actually used the phrases "ritual heathen knife" and "mighty sky gods and all the tree spirits". Nebekhexa dropped out of the Church of Satan and now creates her own Magic, preferring her own abilities to those of an organized religion. Currently, she is weaving together rots to hold up her marriage while Samoth is serving a two year jail sentence for arson.

Isahn, the only member of the original black metal band not incarcerated, is a striking figure in tailored black pants and a black silk shirt, and is the Vampire Lestat incarnate, complete with charming philosophies and mesmerizing features. The Armani Vampire says: "You will never understand me because you sit in the audience at a horror movie. I'm up on the screen". Humorously similar to Anne Rice's tortured creature of the night, Ishn's personality can be bought at your local bookstore for around five dollars, and that's paperback. His girlfriend Runhild, is a student of biotechnology, but disguises this normalcy underneath a flowing black dress, a necklace made of raven's feet, and a self-professed obsession with death. She possesses a haunting Scandinavian beauty,

with long pale hair and milky skin, high cheekbones and piercing blue eyes - but she also boasts a pair of elongated canine teeth, courtesy of some enamel, some adhesive, and the skill of your typical Norwegian Orthodontist.

The leader of the black metal cult was a man named Euronymous, who owned a record store called Hell, operated by his best friend, an original cult member named HellHammer. The store was famous for its wild parties at which people cut themselves with glass a la Sid Viscous. One guy even hammered a nail through his own skull. On August 10, 1993 however, Euronymous, a stout cut-out of Bela Lugosi- was stabbed 23 times by the count Grishnackh and unwittingly passed his position to HellHammer.

The Count, Norway's most notorious criminal mind, is now in jail on a lifetime sentence without parole and has severed his ties with black metal. he has let his naturally fair hair grow back and is now strictly a neo-nazi. He plans to use the postal system and computer lines to influence children before they are brainwashed by Christianity.

With most of their forefathers dead or in jail, the cult doesn't seem to stand much of a chance. But, hey! There's always Nebelhexa with her ritual heathen knife and blanket o' roots; Ishan and Runhild with their Brad Pitt wanna-be syndrome; and good old HellHammer, over the hill child of Satan. And there have been rumors of thirteen year olds continuing the fine tradition of burning churches across Norway. I wonder if Whitney Huston still believes that children are our future. If so, the future is looking bleak. I'm ready though- tomorrow I go to buy my Thor hammer pendant and get fitted for my Viking armor.



PUT YOUR FACE ON TONIGHT AND SNAP IT OFF ON STAGE
WE'VE GOT MAGIC AND METAL, GLORY AND STEEL
PUT YOUR FACE ON TONIGHT BRING THE UNREAL

MY EYES ARE TOO WHITE AND I'M TEN YEARS TOO YOUNG
I PUT MY PAIN ON TONIGHT BUT MY ARMS ARE MUCH TOO THIN
THEY ALL SEEM SO DAMN OLD
SNAP MY FACE OFF WHEN THEIR SECRETS ARE TOLD

I GOT YOUR FACE AND THE MEMORIES
RAZORBLADES AND POSTCARDS
MAGIC AND METAL, GLORY AND STEEL
PUT YOUR FACE ON TONIGHT
AND SNAP YOUR PAIN OFF ON STAGE TONIGHT

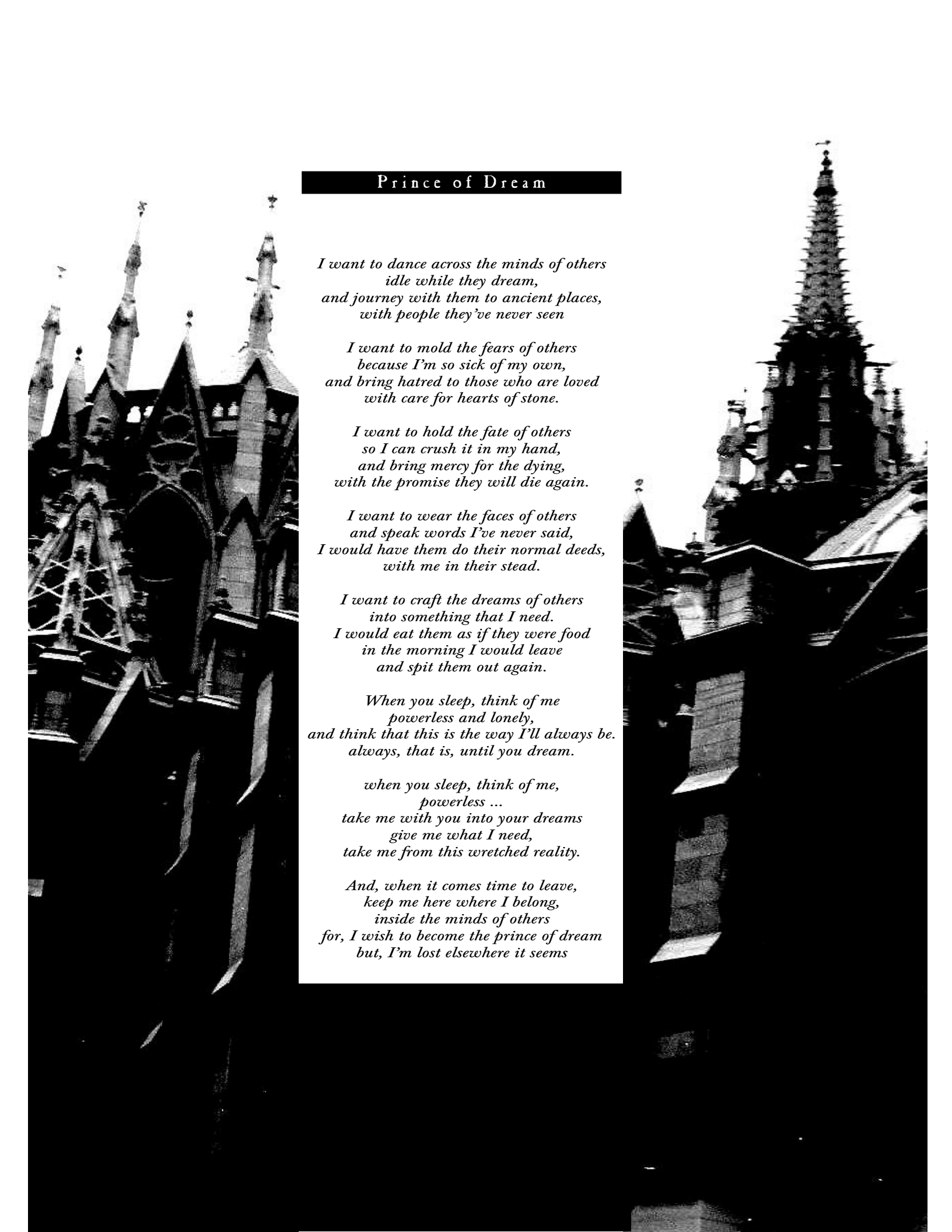
WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME THERE WERE PROMISES IN YOUR EYES
ALTHOUGH THEY WEREN'T AS WHITE AS MINE,
TEN YEARS AND THE MEMORIES WENT BY IN THE COURSE OF A SINGLE NIGHT
I TOLD YOU YOU LOVED ME WHEN THE MOON WAS RISING HIGH
YOU TOLD ME IT WAS A LIE

I'VE GOT YOUR FACE
PUT YOUR FACE ON TONIGHT
YOUR RED RED EYES AT MIDNIGHT
REMIND ME OF RAZORBLADES AND POSTCARDS
MAGIC AND METAL, GLORY AND STEEL
TEN YEARS AND ONE NIGHT
ALL RIGHT!!!

PUT YOUR FACE ON TONIGHT AND SNAP IT OFF ON STAGE TONIGHT
POST CARDS AND MEMORIES WENT BY IN A BLINK OF MY WHITENED EYES
THERE WERE RAZORBLADES FOR HER LIES BUT, THEY'RE STILL SO DAMN OLD
AND I'M TEN YEARS TOO YOUNG

SNAP MY FACE OFF WHEN THE SECRETS ARE TOLD
TEN YEARS, RAZORBLADES AND THIS NIGHT IS DONE

WHEN YOU HELD MY HAND IN THE SHADOWS
I FELT YOUR FACE FALL IN THE NIGHT
YOU BECAME THE AUDIENCE, I BECAME A STAGE



Prince of Dream

*I want to dance across the minds of others
idle while they dream,
and journey with them to ancient places,
with people they've never seen*

*I want to mold the fears of others
because I'm so sick of my own,
and bring hatred to those who are loved
with care for hearts of stone.*

*I want to hold the fate of others
so I can crush it in my hand,
and bring mercy for the dying,
with the promise they will die again.*

*I want to wear the faces of others
and speak words I've never said,
I would have them do their normal deeds,
with me in their stead.*

*I want to craft the dreams of others
into something that I need.
I would eat them as if they were food
in the morning I would leave
and spit them out again.*

*When you sleep, think of me
powerless and lonely,
and think that this is the way I'll always be.
always, that is, until you dream.*

*when you sleep, think of me,
powerless ...
take me with you into your dreams
give me what I need,
take me from this wretched reality.*

*And, when it comes time to leave,
keep me here where I belong,
inside the minds of others
for, I wish to become the prince of dream
but, I'm lost elsewhere it seems*

Oddliness is Godliness

*I am this dichotomy
I am value and worth
I am the creator of death
and the foreman of birth*

*I am this absurdity
I am this fond pageantry
I am the atheist and
the god of idolatry*

*I was a beauty
of heart and of soul
I was the one who made
Halves into wholes*

*I was glenda the good witch
a queen among queens
I was the ruler of realms
The quaint dreamer of dreams*

*I was the realist, the mother, the healer
But now am the ruined, the junkie, the dealer*

*I am the monster, the hatred of youth
Where once was the lover, the teller of truth...*

*All of that torment, all of that strife
was worth to me nothing, not in that life
But peace have I found in cessation of breath
Peace have I found in the new bliss of death.*

(This is Where the Blood is Smear'd All Over the Page)
*Why am I always like this
such a bitch such a whore
I can't love myself but
fuck it, no one loves me now
It seemed like a good idea
at the time
I always hide than convince myself to be seen And I am burnt
and bleed puddles raindrops
But why is there never a rainbow
No shining light after the tunnel
No good shit no good fucks
oh God and no good smacks
I hate myself how not to
Hate myself I'm goin home
Eat your goddam family dinners
Say your fucking bedtime prayers
Leave me alone to bleed
To bleed to bleed...
I've bled.
See...I told you*

Untitled

*I think kinda
sorta?
(a little bit)
maybe
I remember this one time
Do you know what I mean?
Remember that time?
I thought to myself
Tonight you will be the best
He is there. He will see you
I was the best
He wasn't there
Why the fuck weren't you there?
I could've used you, you know
I remember tears
Trying to be happy
I didn't really need you anyway
(The way you really didn't need me)
But you were there...just...late
You still loved me, though, right?
OF COURSE
We (?) were happy
And got drunk (I saved 'em, you
knew)
The only happy time in my life
As I sat entwined with you
We couldn't have been any closer
Or any further apart
I died inside to see you go...*

Apocalypse Playground

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Odd premonitions

Next Issue:

The next issue of Apocalypse Playground should fall around October, You know what that means. Apocalypse Playground #4 will do what it takes to make your favorite holiday a bwah-ha-ha of a good time. That's right, Apocalypse Playground will give you the best New year's wishes you've ever had. (or was it "we wish you a gothic christmas"...)

•

There's goin' to be a ball. get your glass slippers ready.

•

Rev. NIK will grace us with his holy presence with "rants" a new column wherin the pains of society are expounded and pounded upon.

•

Apocalypse Playground: The Photo Series. The set of images that inspired their creator to construct a 'zine with the same title.

Apocalypse Playground

Culture with a foreboding edge: Apocalypse Playground deals with 90's goth, industrial, punk and generally dark alternative music, art, fashion, architecture, films, books and other creative cultural media.

Apocalypse Playground is currently accepting submissions. Artwork of any media is needed and should be sent as specified below. Written submissions should be sent in batches of no more than three or four works per author (it is acceptable to send as many of these batches as necessary). Both electronic and standard postal submissions are accepted, although, if it is possible, please provide both. Preference is given to works which focus on experimental topics and/or contents in the gothic genre. Simultaneous submissions are acceptable if notification is made at time of submission.

An author whose work(s) is accepted for any particular issue grants Apocalypse Playground the following rights:

- The right to use art for the individual accepted work(s) of AP choosing, (This art will not include pornography or blatantly distasteful renditions.)
- One-time rights to publications, the work remains the sole property of the author/artist.

APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND IS IN NEED OF ARTICLES!

Prose / Fiction

Apocalypse Playground is open to submission in the area of short fiction. Submissions should reflect experimental themes in content and style. Fiction should be submitted one story at a time and if submitted electronically, should be sent as standard ASCII text as part of an E-mail body. For further information please contact the Fiction Editor directly

Apocalypse Playground is accepting fiction and poetry that "stares into the gape"; Monsters are acceptable if they aren't of a garden variety. No Science Fiction or previously published material will be accepted without special permission. Submissions should be stark, sparse, tight and harsh – brutal, but not pulp-gore, or moody, swirling, surreal eerie pieces, but not florid mush.

Submission and acceptance of works does not guarantee publication in a particular issue, however any work accepted will be used in the appropriate place at the editors discretion.

Areas not usually covered include heavy metal, horror, fantasy, far-future sci-fi, religion, drugs, horoscopes, conspiracy theories, paranormal activity, the occult and politics. Although these rules may be broken, if done with style, for our upcoming tabloid issue.

Electronic submissions should be in standard ASCII format as part of the message body. Attachments or alternate wordprocessor formats are also accepted. Please ask about a format before sending a submission in that format.

Mail to Editor(s) kinnett@intrepid.net

Standard surface mail may also be used for submission and should be sent to the following address:

Apocalypse Playground - Attention Submission Editor
PO box 1325
Shepherdstown, WV 25443

Art

In essence, all submitted art should reflect experimental themes in content and form. Please contact the Art Editors should you have questions or require discussions concerning possible submissions. Images should be no larger than 8x10" although, once scanned they can be rescaled to whatever size is preferred by the artist.

Electronic art should be sent in the following graphic formats JPEG, GIF, PICT or TIFF. If the artist requires another medium for submission, the editor(s) should be contacted at the address below

E-mail submissions to: kinnett@intrepid.net -
Subject: Art Submission

Postal submissions should be sent to: Apocalypse Playground-Art Editor at the address given below

Reviews

Think your latest CD purchase is worthy of its own small apocalypse? Did the last movie ticket you bought deserve to be smashed under your Docs? Or perhaps you saw or heard something that should resound across the minds of everyone.

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