

darkness that enlightens...

Apocalypse Playground

ISSUE 5 DECEMBER 1996

A dull quiet fell over the crowd. Cries of "move over" and "Me first" eventually subsided. These cries were replaced by the beginning of a darkness. A new nightfall unseen by all of them. These cries eventually began to bend into a universal chant, the cry cried by the crowd as a whole instead of the individuals themselves: the cry of final silence.

**THE
CROWD
MOVED
TOGETHER
TOWARD
NOWHERE**

Many new and enthralling taste treats for your hungry little mouths to gobble up- Just in time for the holidays. Open wide and shovel in new poetry, short stories, critical essays, rants, reviews and more

SEASON'S
GREETINGS
FROM
THE
ABYSS



Apocalypse Playground

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IN OBLIVION...

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Dedication

For NIK, an often neglected friend, without whom
 the world would be all the more bleak and pointless.
 Thanks for the vibrance and meaning, oh yeah, and
 I thought I told you to smeg off.

razors. Dylan

Apocalypse Playground Mission Statement:

APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND IS A
 'LITERARY ZINE DEVOTED TO GOTHIC ART IN ALL
 FORMS. APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND IS ANY-
 THING THAT EXPRESSES THE DARKER AND MORE
 MAJESTIC SIDE OF THIS DREAM OF A FLEETING
 WORLD

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RECIPE FOR A CHRISTMAS MUSING

Do you hear what I hear? The bell, held by that fat man covered in cotton on the corner. Yeah, I hear it, from blocks away and it's annoying as hell. It gets dark now at three o'clock in the afternoon, so the whole world moves faster to compensate. There are sales in every store, and subtle reminders to "Buy now" as if december 30 marks the end of the world. In the cold, everything gets clearer, more distinct, and sharp enough to slice the eyes of the winter world's observer.

This is, oh how appropriately, an editorial about christmas. The likes of which can be found in the december issue of almost every publication in America. Because of this, there are certain rules that must be followed. There is a formula to the Christmas editorial. And who am I to part with tradition. So, without further delay, my formulaic holiday musings.

Childhood memories- every discussion of Christmas must begin with a poignant childhood memory. I was short. how about that? meaningful enough for you? I'm sure my little memory speaks some universal Christmas truth, as all such pointless musings should. I'm certain you can ascertain some personal meaning from my childhood shortness, after all, you can identify with that can't you. You too were shorter than you are now during your childhood Christmases.

The happy packages are often talked about in Christmas editorials. So, I will talk about happy packages in my yuletide retoric. I could list the things that get given. I could cry about the gifts I was too poor to receive as a child. (I'd be lying, I wasn't poor) . I could be humorous and wonder what we'll give as gifts at the end of the information age. I'd end said commentary by asking what Jesus Christ would have done with a vibrating muppet doll. You know, that red guy. No, I think I'll have to part with that editorial tradition. I will not discuss Christmas presents. Everyone seems to have missed the point a long time ago anyway. All the sales, and the shopping mall insanities, the merchandise and the obnoxious advertizing, all the nauseating commercialism is intended to remind people to GIVE. I don't think it works

well. It does however, remind them to buy.

December is riddled and pocked with holiday cliches. That's the worst part.

And now, the typical ending of a Christmas Editorial. What the true meaning of Christmas is to me, and the story of how I found it, with added remarks about keeping the spirit alive all year long. It was July actually, when I saw the "Christmas spririt" at it's best. I saw this spirit work it's way into reality through the eyes of a child. On one hand this did not suprise me. This is the season of birth, renewal and youth, placed in the middle of the cold abysmal winter. It is the children that display this aura of birth, since they are closer to it than we are. On the other hand, I was very suprired by this display, because it was a child living Christmas in July. This renewed my faith in the american attention span. I was astounded to know that an eight year old could think about Christmas without stimuli from the Santa ads or shopping mall corperate posters.

I was in the library last summer, waiting to check out a book to go with my new library card. I was hot. I was irritable. I had a slight case of sunburn on my neck and the neon lights didn't help. The line was too long. I couldn't see the clock and I feared I might be late to work. And that's when it happened. I suppose you could say that, out of that sterile library came a religious experience. I looked down towards the floor to see a little girl wrapped in tinsel. She couldn't possibly have been older than eight and I marveled at the way her costume caught the light. I sacrificed my place in line so that I could kneel down to talk to her. She had huge cardboard wings tied to her back with shoestring. She smiled at me. I returned the gesture, and she began to talk to me as if I were the only person on the planet. "I'm an angel, you know!" she began to giggle, as children often do. "Is that what the wings are for, I was wondering if you were a butterfly." I think I must have been whispering because, in hindsight, I know I wouldn't have wanted anyone to spoil the moment.


CHAINS TO A DREAM REALM
IS BADLY IN NEED OF MATERIAL.
THIS SECTION WAS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED
WITH LETTERS TO THE EDITOR COLUMN IN MIND.
AT PRESENT THERE HAVE BEEN NONE OF THESE.
GRANTED, ANYONE THAT PUTS
PEN TO PAPER REALLY SHOULD BE SHOT.
BUT, I LIVE ON THE WILD SIDE OF LIFE.
I WRITE ON THESE PAGES.
CARE TO JOIN ME?
ADDRESSES ARE IN THIS ISSUE.
DON'T WORRY, THE EDITOR DOESN'T BITE.
BUT, IF YOU THINK HE DOES,
SAY SO IN PRINT.

"No, silly boy. I'm an angel. And I can fly better than a butterfly. I have bigger wings. And I have Christmas magic. I can make snow. And I can bring love to lonely people." At this, her mother called from the front of the line. The little girl ignored the cry. "I wish I was an angel like you. I wish I had beautiful wings" My comment fell on partially deaf ears, the girl began to look for some friends at the children's table. She pointed to the table, which was more covered with shoelace and cardboard than she was, and said "You can be a Christmas angel too." Then she joined her mother and her older brother with the Cal Ripken book and left me kneeling in the library. I never did go and make an christmas angel costume, hers would have been better anyway. I checked out my book and walked off into the streets of an early July, oblivious to the heat.

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I GET ANGRY SOMETIMES. SO DO YOU, I'M SURE.
 SOMETIMES YOU JUST SEE OR
 HEAR SOMETHING AND YOU HAVE TO TALK
 (OR SOMETIMES YELL) ABOUT IT.
 THAT'S WHAT THIS COLUMN IS ABOUT.
 GETTING ANGRY AND TELLING OFF.
 YOU DON'T NEED TO AGREE WITH MY OPINIONS.
 HOPEFULLY YOU WILL BE ABLE TO
 READ THIS COLUMN AND SEE WHERE I'M
 COMING FROM AND THINK ABOUT THE
 SITUATION. I WILL SUPPORT WHAT I SAY
 AND MAKE A REAL ARGUMENT
 FOR MY OPINION.
 THERE IS NO COMMON THEME, NO
 REGULAR YELLING ABOUT
 THE SAME THING. THE TOPIC
 WILL BE RANDOMLY BASED UPON
 WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED TO
 SPAWN A GREAT
 LUMP OF RESENTMENT IN ME.

RANTS

Without further ado, I will start the column, and maybe even live up to the high goals and standards I just set for myself.

The first thing I want to talk about is the Internet. There has been an explosion in Net usage in the last few months and I have heard many things from people about it that were wrong anyone from people I overheard on the bus or the media. I want to clear up some of these things because they make me very, very mad when I hear them.

The worst will come first. The Information Superhighway. What? What is that? It has never existed and never will. It was merely a buzz-word that Al Gore or one of his keepers came up with. Saying that the Net is a Highway is the same as saying that L.A. is the Santa Monica Boulevard. The Net is a community and not a "Highway" for the stock quotes or information about Michael Jackson's latest marriage.

As I said before, the Net is a community. The second thing people wrongly assume and speak about is "how great a business tool" it is. The Net may be a great place for business people, especially smaller specialized ones, to get a chance to get their message out, but that is not why the Net is there. When it was created it was not thought of, or intended to be, the new

frontier for horrible intelligence insulting advertisements.

The last thing I want to talk about is the big child pornography scare that happened last spring. Somewhere the mainstream media got a hold of a story about child porn and pretty soon every two minutes there was a story about these huge child pornography rings that kidnapped and raped kids or distributed pornography to everyone. These groups weren't ever uncovered but everybody knew they were out there and they were the cause of all of societies problems. This was completely not based on any factual information whatsoever. Sure there is some pornography on the Net, and some of it of children. But there is also pornography everywhere in most larger cities and in most newsstands and convenience stores. And can you truly be surprised that there was at least some underage pornography when all of the models, the ideal idea of "beauty", are all made to look 16 or in fact are.

Well, that's pretty much it for now. I hope this was at least fairly interesting to you and I hope I taught you something.

-Rev. NIK

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Ashes of Memory, Dust of Desire

"LIFE IS A GAMBLE, AT
FERRIBLE ODDS -
IF IT WAS A BET YOU
WOULDN'T TAKE IT."
- ROSENCRANZ &
GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

For the past several weeks I have been holed up in my room in the company of my beloved. To the unfortunate (?) Soul who happened past my door at any given moment, the sounds coming from within could frighten, please, excite, and provide hours of savage amusement for those who were mildly intelligent and/or extraordinarily imaginative. Whippers, expletives (of or of not past religious affiliations), moans, squeals, murmurs, and the all-too-familiar sound of tossing random objects across the room and dashing it into the far wall resounded from within a startling cacophony. Yes, I was once again typing in from of my cancer screen (sorry to disappoint you. I, too, was hoping for the intimate details of a full-fledged romp with a stunning individual - sigh), giving my pitiful few remaining brain cells a half-dozen more reasons why they should abandon the back hole that has become my mind and seek refuge and more intellectual activity in the nearest brain - quite possibly that belonging to my hamster. You see, I had just settled down to work on my dreaded college essays upon arriving at the stunning conclusion that I am about to enter my Senior year and if I don't get a head start on all my applications, like all the over-achievers at my wretched center of learning, then where will I be?

Approximately half way through I realized that I was engaged in an utterly mundane task, as I am obviously too bitter about the world and life in general to be a good candidate for the nationally renowned colleges and universities to which I feverishly hope to gain entrance. Panic struck me as I realized that I didn't even want to attend these schools. I just wanted, truth be told, to see the likes of my classmates green with envy at the sight of my name on those little orange laminated signs in the hallway directly above the words "Harvard University". I mean, honestly, who really wants to go to Harvard? How does one justify such a miserable entrapment of the human spirit? So the good Lady Dementia had a small barbeque and roasted some paper - an intimate little gathering, a family affair. The guests included Harvard, Yale, NYU with their cookie-cutter Tisch assholes, and Washington & Lee - power ties, pin-stripes, scraucker and twenty-foot high noses abounding. Methinks I would be much happier at a school that requires only the basic five "fill-in-the-blanks" questions accompanied by 15 typed pages of brain sponge. They don't expect perfection, they claim. So I wonder what they'll do with me?

- LADY
DEMENTIA, HRH

Apocalypse Playground ST. ELYSE'S Reviews

I rented this movie with great anticipation as I had read the book by Anne Rice some time ago and enjoyed it immensely. It starred (the book, not the movie), among others, Rosie O'Donnell, Dan Akroide, and Dana Delaney. The casting choices as a whole caused me to wonder a bit but I decided to shell out the three dollars and some odd cents anyway. Bad call on my part.

While parts of the movie were similar to the book, there was an island dedicated to the enjoyment of S & M and the two main book characters, Lisa and Elliott, were present, that's where the similarities stopped. Rice's book of erotica was turned, and not very well turned may I add, into a cop comedy that centered around diamond smuggling and tasteless jokes. That coupled with the "narration" by Rosie O'Donnell's character throughout was enough to send me to the kitchen for snacks four or five times.

To say I was disappointed is the largest understatement of the decade; next to 90's fashion of course. Somehow the director and screenplay writer turned an excessively well written, stimulating (in more ways than one) book into a farce and if I was Anne Rice I'd be very upset over this raping of her novel.

The Witching Hour
OK!OK! So this book was published in 1990. I'm from New Orleans and had to read it again. (I've been on an Anne Rice kick of late, maybe I just miss home.) For those of you who haven't bought this yet or checked it out from your favorite library, do so now. It is, in my humble southern opinion, one of the best contemporary novels of it's genre.

The story centers around a family of witches, hence the title of the book, which dates back to the mid 1600's. There are two or three, depending upon how you count them, plot lines throughout the book, but it is exceedingly easy to follow. As a work of literature it is wonderfully entertaining and does have some historical points stuck in for reality's sake.

The Witching Hour is the beginning of a series of books on the Mayfair family and their connection with a spirit that follows them from generation to generation causing massive amounts of trouble for everyone around along the way. Having read all Ms Rice has ever published, including the books that follow this one, I can honestly say that story and plot wise this is the

THIS ISSUE FEATURES
REVIEWS BY ELYSE.
SUBMISSIONS OF RE-
VIEWS ARE ACCEPTED.
YOUR HELP IS
NEEDED. THESE
PAGES OF THE
APOCALYPSE PLAY-
GROUND WILL
INCLUDE MUSIC,
FILM, LITERATURE,
TELEVISION, AND
ARTWORK REVIEWS.

strongest of her novels to date. I've read it seven or eight times and my opinion of the novel has yet to change. If you have to pick one book to read for pure fun but that isn't a no-brainer, pick up this one at your local used book store.

The White Hotel
I happened upon this book at my father's house and enjoyed it so much I talked him out of it. I've kept it for many years and believe that it will remain in my library for many more to come.

The book is essentially a story of a woman and her life as viewed by her psycho-analyst Sigmund Freud. The book contains letters written between Freud and his patient and general discussions from the psychological viewpoint. You should also know, I guess, that I am a psychology major and therefore have a great interest in books of this kind. I actually enjoyed Sybil. The underlying theme in this book is sexuality. That of the main character and also of those around her. In fact, in parts, it verges on soft-core porn that happens to be eloquently written. It is an interesting story nevertheless and is heartily recommended by this particular reader. It combines the mental and physical in a way that few other books I've read do. You'll more than likely find it in your book store in the fiction section. Pick it up if you can, it's a good read.

Metropolis

Metropolis, won't you wrap your
arms around me.

Take hold of this loss, this
confusion, this misery.

Bring me into your wastelands,
away from here.

Show me your grey velvet atmosphere.

Metropolis, I need to walk across
your cold concrete.

Take me into the city,
away from pain, away from pity.

Metropolis won't you let me hear
your whispers.

Won't you rip this failure
away from me
with pollutant's kiss?

Bring me to tomorrows
amidst bliss.

away from this painful yesterday.

Fly, my tortured spirit,
into the metropolis.

They're all out there dying baby.
People are whining and dining,
and dying to be dying.

They're all out there dying baby.
Someday you'll be wining and dining,
and dying to be dying

Interstate

There is no Jesus as the miles go over by.
My only thoughts are held together by trees.
"Logic, next right, after dream."
Nothingness is made of sky.

I have no savior as the road signs pass.
Love is poured
across the landscape with anti-freeze.
Memory is foresight once the glass is clean.
There is no christ child in the rain.

I knew the answers
to the questions posed on road signs.
"Pain, two miles. After Drudgery?"
"Happiness? you just passed it"
The highway has no messiah.

OH, I DIDN'T, SO I DON'T
I'LL BE RELEGATED TO REMEMBER
THE WAY I HAVEN'T AND I WON'T
I COULD HAVE AND YET I DON'T
I DIDN'T SO I DON'T

OH, HOW I'M RELEGATED TO MEMORY
DESTINED TO REMEMBER LIKE AS IF THERE
IS NO TOMORROW. NO FUTURE, JUST PAST.
NOTHING LEFT, NOTHING LEFT, NOTHING
LASTS

OH, I DIDN'T, SO I DON'T

I THOUGHT I SAW YOU CRYING IN THE NIGHT,
AMIDST THAT DENSE URBAN CASUALTY,
IN THE RAIN, ON A FORECASTER.

BUT, YOU WERE SLEEPING, AND I WAS CRYING,
EVEN TO OWN ON THE INSIDE.

THE MORNING HAD COME AND I'D NOT NOTICED,
STREET SILENCE CALLED, THE SOB LIGHTS COST COSTER,
RAIN HAD CEASED, THE STEPS LEFT EMPTY

I ONLY THOUGHT I SAW YOU CRYING IN THE NIGHT,

Dear Elyse,

It's now mid-term time and my life is in a complete shambles. My grades are putrid, I'm totally broke, I can find a job anywhere in town and to top it all off, my boyfriend and I are on the verge of breaking up. Can things get any worse? Everyone tells me not to even ask that question because I'm just looking for bad karma. I'm truly at the end of my rope.

Helpless in Halifax

Dear Helpless, Oh honey, your story, while lamentable, is nowhere near new. Bad things seem to happen to good people and it sounds to me like you fall directly into that category. So, first things first, your grades. Most teachers, no matter the college or university, need to be able to put a face with a name. Make an appointment with your teachers and sit down and talk to them. The truly do understand more often than you would think that they do and can sometimes come up with ways for you to improve your grades. The no money situation seems to be coupled with the no job one so I shall attempt to address both at the same time. I'll assume that help from your parents is out of the question as far as money goes, and no one knows better than I about the futility of finding a part time job in a college town. If you happen to have transportation, public or your own, use it. If not, check your college job listings. Working in the caf or answering phones may not be much fun but money is money. Now to what I'm sure is the hardest for you to deal with. Relationships are never easy and in my experience the main problem is communication or the lack there of. Realizing that most guys do not like to discuss their feelings, real conversation seems to be more like pulling teeth with no novicane. You've got to try though hon. If this relationship is important enough for you to write to me about, it seems worth trying to give mouth to mouth to. Tell him how you are feeling in the least accusing way possible, no "you make me feel" or screaming like a banshee. Good luck.

Love,

Elyse

Dear Elyse,
I need help! I have these so-called friends that I need to drop. I am sick and tired of their back-bit-

ing, truth-twisting ways. The problem is that they are so manipulative, and are good at making me believe that they are my friends. I've tried to get away from them. I've even re-located, and somehow they just keep following me. Nothing works.

Caught in a Vicious Circle

Dear Caught, Your problem is one that seems to pop up quite often in many peoples lives. It seems a bit odd that it happens more often to girls than to guys though. There is no easy solution. These people are obviously very important to you or you would have told them to take a flying leap off the train bridge long ago. If you haven't told them how you feel then do so soon, if for no other reason than to save your own sanity. There is a possibility that they really don't know what they area doing, or that what they area doing is wrong. This doesn't make them bad people, it just means they are a bit less perceptive than you seem to be. Think very carefully on what you would like to say to them and then call them and ask them to come over. Calmly explain to them how their actions and words make you feel and if your friendship is important to them they will hopefully be able to meet you half way. Break a leg.

Love,

Elyse

Dear Elyse,

I've gotten myself into a rather sticky situation lately and I'm not sure how to get out of it or even if I should try. I have recently begun spending a lot of time with one of my professors at school. I have three classes with him and then made sure he was my advisor too. We sit and talk in his office about everything under the sun for hours on end and I've never been happier in my life. The big snag here is that he is married to what has been described to me as a wonderful woman. I'm not sure if he can tell what my feelings are for him but I'm terribly afraid that he has gotten glimpses when I have accidentally let my guard down. The real kicker is that I have to seriously wonder sometimes if he is not falling for me too. He's never come right out and said or done anything, and has never touched me in any way, shape, or form but never the less I still get these feelings from him sometimes when he looks at me. Am I just reading things into a situation or could this be a reality? And in either case, how do I react.

LETTERS TO ELYSE IS AN ADVICE COLUMN WITH A SYMPATHETIC HEART. IT IS AN ATTEMPT AT SALVATION FOR THE LOST, THE MISERABLE, AND THOSE DROWNING IN SORROWFUL LAMENTATION. ALL LETTERS WILL BE ANSWERED PROMPTLY AND WILL APPEAR QUARTERLY IN THE APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND. THERE ARE NO VERBOTEN SUBJECTS. EVERYTHING IS WELCOME.

Stuck on the Doctor

Dear Stuck, Well my dear, you've certainly gotten trapped in this one really well. Crushes on teachers are an age old story, everybody's done it at one time or another, it just seems a bit more serious when it comes to college vs grammar school. You obviously cannot drop the classes but I would check into changing your advisor to someone else in the department. Things being what they are today, any inpropriety, whether real or imagined, could

cause irreprible damage to both of your reputations and in the long run could end up loosening him his job. I

would also cut down on the hours of visiting in his office. Not matter how innocent it really is, that too could be misconstrued. As to whether you are imagining things or not, I can't tell you because I'm not there. Go with your gut instinct on that one. But in the long run I think it would probably be better for you and he both if you kept things as strictly professional as possible. It may not be enjoyable but we must all put up with the reality police sometimes.

Love,

Elyse

If it's too hard to handle, If you just can't go on. If you need someone to listen, Write a letter to Elyse:

LETTERS TO ELYSE

C/O APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND

P.O. Bx. 3414

SHEPHERDSTOWN, WV 25443

BLACK AND BLUE

I was sitting on a picnic table blowing bubbles while I waited for lunch. I can blow perfect bubbles because I have excellent diaphragm control. I was blowing them at Branwell. Branwell was sitting beside me drawing the faces of literary existentialists on rocks. He had a Camus, a Sartre, even a Dostoevsky. The biggest was a giant face of Franz Kafka. Kafka was currently his favorite writer. Earlier in the day we'd had an argument over what type of bug the guy in *The Metamorphosis* became. Branwell said a beetle, I said a cockroach, and Elroy said a millipede.

I blew a nice stream at Branwell just as he was finishing a Kierkegaard. Branwell hates to get soap in his eyes.

"Hey, let me blow some, okay?"

"What'll I do then?"

He took the jar and bubble wand from my hand. "Talk to Elroy."

"Elroy's playing badminton and won't let me play because I won't play right."

Branwell gestured over my shoulder. "Here he comes."

I turned and looked. Elroy stood paused in a circle of sunshine. He looked silly in his black soccer shorts, tee-shirt of Dali's "Partial hallucination: Six Pictures of Lenin," socks down around his ankles. He had that funny Elroy face on, too. He'd raise his eyebrows, open his eyes real wide, and let the left side of his smile turn down and almost fall off his face. I smiled at him. A burst of Branwell's soap jetted past me and collected around Elroy's head.

Then, it just sort of hit me in the stomach. I don't know why it happened. I was just happy looking at Elroy, at being out in the summer at a picnic. It was just so nice that I wanted it to last forever, but I knew it couldn't so I didn't want to look at it at all. Except I couldn't look away. I had to keep looking because it was so lovely.

My hand went for the Kafka rock. I was going to throw it at Elroy's head. I couldn't bear it. The something was welling up in my chest, pressing my breastbone begging to explode. It was either throw the rock at Elroy's head to give in to its wish and explode into infinity.

I didn't want to throw the rock. I silently begged him to be loud, to frown, for a thunderstorm to come and drench us all. For the sun to implode and leave us in cold darkness, anything to make the scene ugly, to stop my head arguing with my hand.

I didn't want to break Elroy's head with Kafka. I didn't want to see a purple bruise on his forehead for the next two weeks. A black and blue flag to let everyone know I'd lost my marbles and could no longer control my own hands.

Just two days before I'd been walking behind Elroy and had almost touched his head.

Not an accidental brushing, but a consuming desire to touch his head. I don't know why I wanted to touch it. My hand just came out of nowhere and started to go go for the back of his head. It took everything I had to stop myself. I had to go sit on my hands go for five minutes.

Another time I almost stole Branwell's shoes. I was reading and looked up and saw them where he left them in the center of the room. They were brown boots, newly polished and shiny where his toes pressed against the leather. Seeing them I wanted them, wanted to pick them up, hold them. I wanted to know what they felt like and smelled like. I wanted to put them in my knapsack and take them home. I have no idea why I didn't.

Now I was going to throw a rock at Elroy. This time I was going to do it. This wasn't like the boots or the hair. This was bad. I was going to kill him. I was going to throw the rock. It would leave my hand, arc gracefully, make contact with his head, knock him down, out. He would fall, the sun would shine. In slow motion, like a ballet, Branwell would put my bubbles down, run to his side, yell for help. And I would lay on the picnic table and not think at all.

All I had to do was raise my arm and throw at his lovely, imperfect head. I concentrated on my hand and visualized the rock. I was throwing, throwing.

Damn it, hand, why won't you move? Throw, throw, before it's too late.

I couldn't throw. My hand wouldn't move. The Kafka rock was suddenly too heavy. Too heavy to throw, too heavy to put down. There was Elroy, smiling in the sun, soap bubbles around his head. Here was I, perched on a picnic table, clutching a rock. Everything seemed too bright, too real, too-

"Aw-ow."

Elroy cocked his head and focused on Branwell. Branwell was rubbing his right eye, victim of another burst bubble. Elroy stepped out of his little patch of sun and sat between us.

"Soap in your eye, Bran?"

Branwell handed the bubbles back to me. "I don't know how you work these things." He rubbed his eye again. "Who's up for some meat?"

Elroy stood up. "You coming?" he asked me.

I really didn't have much of an appetite anymore. "No, no, thank you."

"Which one you got in your hand?"

"Huh?"

"Which one of Branwell's existentialist rocks so you have in your hand?"

"Oh." I unclenched my hand and looked at the rock. "Kafka."

"I love that Kafka. It was a millipede, you know. Well, we'll save you some potato salad, right Bran?"

"Right."

Then they left me there, sitting on a picnic table, with soap bubbles in my left hand, and a useless rock of Kafka in my right.

Naught But A Cinder

That song is just a sweet silly poem my dear. That song is not more than a prettily packaged lie my dear. I remember the tune to that lie. It never used to make me cry. I used to dance to the tune of your heart. I used to sing things made of truths. That song is just a sweet silly poem my dear That song is not more than a lie.

Dance like children on
her back did she,
wasting away youthful
days by weeping, we
were only looking to
have a little meaning.
Dance like children, in
the fire on your back
should you, living past
the weeping days of
your youth in the hopes
of some other truth

It should have been me out there in the cold
wandering through a city of ghosts as one of them.
It should have been me over by the fire
dancing with the warmer, living few.
Who speak loudly yet say nothing.
It should have been me in the shadows
cold and broken
nothing said yet something spoken
even if only heard by some.

How many times must sand fall from the sky?
How many times must I wander here
How is it that sandstorms birth cities
Why does this rain wake me
to thoughts of gunshot?
How many hands must fall upon the earth
before you see it green?
How long must I wait? How long will it be?
before I wander through the cold as one of them.

IT'S A SPECIFIC BEND. THE WAY SOUNDS FALL BEFORE SLEEP
PRELUDES OF IMAGINARY AFTER SHOCKS.
LONG ELABORATE THEME SONGS
AND DAY WIDE SEEMINGS OF IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.
PARTAKE OF THIS SICKNESS PARTICIAPATE IN THESE THINGS
FALL PROSTRATE TO LOGIC AS IT SICKENS WITHIN
YOU
ARE THE DAYLIGHT'S MOST HORRID WHIM,
THE WAY SOUNDS FALL BEFORE SLEEP
AND NIGHTTIME HAPPENINGS OF IMPROBABILITY.

Hope

hoping to be noticed
hoping to be noticed
I am only ever hoping
hoping to be noticed

hoping to love
hoping to be loved
I am only ever hoping
hoping to have love

hoping to forget
hoping to be gone
I am only ever hoping
hoping for loss

hoping to be lost
hoping to notice
hoping for hope's sake
hope

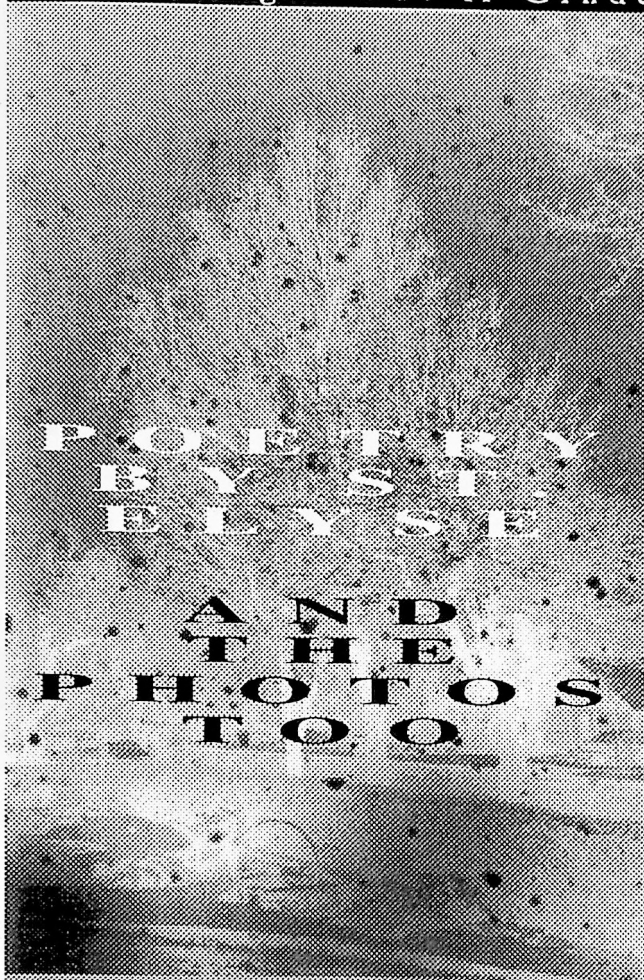
Standing

I am standing,
on the landing.
And there's nothing
left to do,
but look down the
stairs at you.
I am standing,
on the landing.
And what I really
want to know,
is, are you really
going to go,
and leave me
standing
on the landing.

*full moon light snowfall
silver haze above
tears from the heavens
a pair of night eyes
peering deep into the soul
full moon light snowfall
pieces of the sky.
Chunks of aspiration.
Flutter down
and land on my shoulder
moonlight is like a river
spiraling down
to a forgotten sea
sleep forever
by the moon's guidance
fall down past this harmony*

*So much
clearer than
the first.
So much
cleaner than
birth.
How many
hands must
fall upon the
earth, before
you see it
green?*

EROSION
IN BACKYARDS
AND FOREIGN
LANDS
WITH ANCIENT
GAMELS
AND DREAMING
SANDS
THEN BACKWARDS
EROSION.

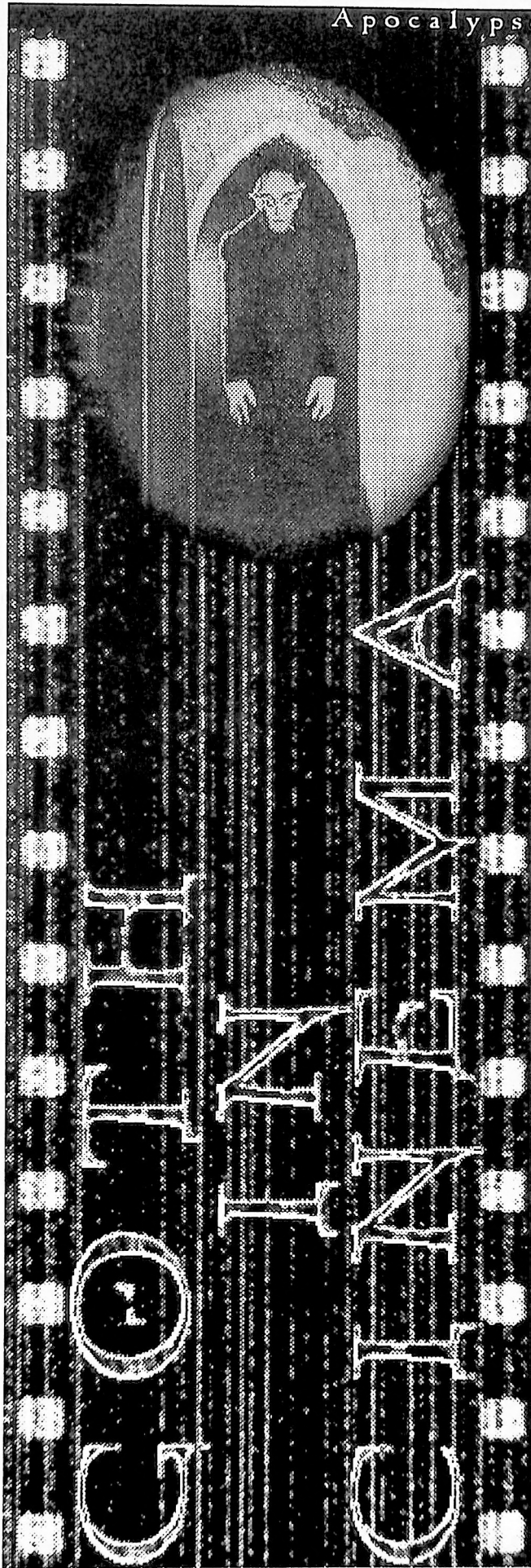


CLOUDS SILVER WITH WATER
LEFT DROPLETS
ON YOUR EYEASHES
AND CAUGHT THE SUNLIGHT
THAT FOLLOWED
DARK BIRD'S BLOOD
FLOWS FROM YOUR HAIR
INTO MY EYES
MEAN THE ANGEL
WHO GUARDS MENS SOULS
PIECES OF JAGGED STONE
MAKE THE WALL
THAT SEPERATES THE DEAD
FROM REALITY

DESTINY WRAPPED UP
IN A SILVER BOW
MADE OF MEMORIES
THAT HAVEN'T HAPPENED YET
STONE ANGELS CRYING
FOR THOSE LEFT UNREMEMBERED
ETERNAL CHILDERN SIT ALL DAY
BASKING IN THEIR OWN RELATIVITY
THE CLOCK CHIMES TEN TIMES
REMINDING US WE'RE LATE
FOR THINGS WE DON'T KNOW YET

TREES
ARE TRIPPING
OVER THEIR LEAVES
TO FOLLOW YOU PLACES
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN
DO YOU HAVE MEMORIES
OF THINGS OR PLACES
THAT HAVEN'T HAPPENED YET
I DID. YOU?
TIME . COINCIDENCES
DO NOT REALLY HAPPEN
IT'S DESTINY
WRAPPED IN A BOW

Apocalypse Playground



To some the term "Gothic horror" invokes imagery of softly shifting shadows, misty castle towers and the other mysterious things that lurk in the corners of the human psyche. This term is often applied (obviously) to various species of artwork: such as literature and music and even film. From its very inception, cinema has lent itself well to the use and further definition of the themes and moods expressed by the creators of Gothic literature. These have been expounded upon through the use of such cinematic techniques as sound, visual contrast and color.

Gothic literature tends to take place in some sort of a medieval setting, namely a Gothic building, however this need not always be the case. It also contains either an erotic undertone or the ominous elements of the supernatural. At times both were used to create a moody and truly bizarre atmosphere. More often writers of this style seek to create a morbid or nightmarish feeling in the reader. This was accomplished through the use of elaborate detail and, what is most important, heavy emotional content.

"Gothic" in the strictest and original sense implies the imagery of elaborate death scenes, melancholy, romance, buildings more decrepid than their inhabitants, and eternal grieving. The term was first applied to a form of story telling during the mid-nineteenth century in reference to some of the romanticist writers of the period: Dante, the Bronte Sisters, Poe, Shelly, Lord Byron, Bram Stoker, Ambrose Bierce and Mary Wolstencraft Shelly. The first film that fit these criteria and its predecessors quickly became the very definition of Gothic film.

Originally, as can be seen in "Nosferatu", adherence was kept to the 19th. Century rule regarding the use of a European setting in any Gothic work. All of the common themes in the 19th century works, such as death, afterlife, disfigurement, perversity, and the supernatural survived Gothic's transition onto the silver screen from the page, as well as some of the very stories that originally cast these themes onto an audience.

Setting is often an integral part of these movies. The location of the plot is often used to bring about some sort of drastic change in the main characters. This may be in the form of a trip to another location on the plane of reality, or a simple sojourn to a castle or a wood wherein the traveller undergoes a dreadful physiological or psychological metamorphosis.

It is the mood in the Gothic genre that makes it what it is. Vampire films would not have their appeal if it were not for the eerie noises that these creatures of the night dance to. Their audience would cease to find the films attractive without such violent use of color. Viewers of Gothic film would not be tied to their beloved angst-ridden Byronic hero types if not for the sensory chains that bind them to the spectacle on the screen before them. These chains are sound, light, shadow and visual contrast.

Though the Gothic is generally a term synonymous with darkness and characterized by all that is drab, color is one of the most important tactics used in its portrayal on screen. This creates a very lavish and stunningly stark contrast between the mood and the colors used in the presentation of the mood. Somehow, both elements serve to accentuate each other. There is also very effective use of color in England's Hammer films of the mid 1950's. *Suspiria* and Roger Vadim's *Metzengerstein* both employ various color techniques that are often used as symbolism for the moods of the characters. This can be seen again in the film "The Vampire Lovers". Carmilla's dress gets darker as her victim weakens, symbolizing the sadness that Carmilla feels for her victim.

Perhaps a more obvious staging element for this particular genre would be the use of light and shadow. The most effective use of these techniques appeared within Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (which incidently was not, and should not have been named, Bram Stoker's *Dracula* but rather Francis Copula's *Dracula*, for the two have very distinct differences in plotline.). The scene

that serves as Dracula's introduction into the film is characterized by a pervasive shadow that eventually engulfs the entire foyer that the count occupies. This gives the viewer a feeling of infinite smallness compared to the overpowering darkness that radiates from Count Dracula.

Gothic literature made its impression upon the screen in 1921. Twenty-four years after the publication of Bram Stokers "Dracula" (a cornerstone of Gothic literature) the aforementioned silent film entitled "Nosferatu" was released in Berlin. It should be noted that this film served as the birthplace of a variety of special effects. There are scenes within this film wherein the vampire is seen disappearing from view and, later, rising unaided from his coffin. Both are very well executed effects, especially given that the movie was made so very early in cinematic history. It is interesting to note that the execution of the coffin scene was never documented anywhere save for the film itself, and to this day no one has been able to explain how the actor rose from a vertical position to a horizontal one in the manner shown. The effect has never been duplicated. Both effects served to perpetuate the pervasive mood in the film. From the beginning, special effects have played a major role in the effectiveness of Gothic film.

The birth of a new kind of film, horror, caught on quickly in America. This due to the almost simultaneous release of two remarkable creatures: Dracula the vampire (1931) and Dr. Frankenstein's monster (1933). The popularity of these two movies was such that several versions have been made of both films, each one giving a new view of the now classic works they were (loosely ?) based on.

AUDIENCES COULD NOW HEAR THE MOANING CREAKS FROM THE COFFIN LID AS IT SLID EVER SO GENTLY ACROSS ITS ANCIENT HINGES AND CRINGE AT THE GHASTLY WAIL RESULTING FROM THE FURY OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.

The Universal films "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" possessed a remarkable innovation not dreamed of during the production of "Nosferatu"- sound. Audiences could now hear the moaning creaks from the coffin lid as it slid ever so gently across its ancient hinges and cringe at the ghastly wail resulting from the fury of Frankenstein's monster. The use of sound definitely served to better the portrayal of mood in cinema. Not long after these two movies were produced, the soundtrack became part of the cinematic ambience as well.

However, audio did ask a price. Bela Lugosi, having become an established silent film star was cast as Count Dracula due to his angular face, unusual height and of course, the Hungarian accent reminiscent of Transylvania. It has been said that Lugosi was the embodiment of the Gothic figure. Ironically this tragic image proved to be more solid than the man behind it when that very accent prevented him from getting any major roles after "Dracula". Without work and destitute, Lugosi was left to trade his famous persona for that of a real-life miserable old man, lost in a morphine induced stupor.

In an attempt to emulate the American success with the use of their literature in film, the British filmmakers brought the use of Gothic elements in film to an all time low. The Hammer Horror films of the mid-nineteen fifties are viewed by many as the birth of the B-movie and, as such, have little or no connection with their morbid rather than laughable counterparts, other than the use of special effects. (If you care to call them special). Hammer Horror films all star Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, or both, and they never gained critical recognition of any sort. Although laughable by today's standards, the films from this period gave rise to the use of several fairly new techniques in Gothic film.

The Hammer films, playing off the imagery the Americans had constructed rather than returning to the wealth of material left for them by the Literary movement, sought to better the hackneyed Dracula mythos that had become so popular. The Hammer Dracula had something Universal's Dracula lacked. Christopher Lee's surprisingly (un)impressive lead role. With this single over-budgeted film, two things of great impact came upon the genre. (And Christopher Lee was not one of them.) Vincent Price, whose name later became synonymous with "Dracula", had his first appearance here Hammer Horror film, he was introduced to gothic horror right alongside another entirely new concept - color.

Up until this time, every film made in this style took place in a medieval setting. This all changed with the release of The Hunger, an American film made in the late 1960's. This was the first Gothic film to employ an urban setting. The post-modern

urban setting lends itself very well to the Gothic genre but was not developed in full until several years later. The primary source of the new Gothic setting material came out of the American west.

The hybrid produced when the

setting of the popular cowboy movies was twisted into a more morbid and supernatural version of itself referred to as the Gothic western. Gothic west-

THE MAIN CHARACTERS OF A GOTHIC WESTERN ARE EASIER TO IDENTIFY WITH THAN THE STEREOTYPICAL TESTOSTERONE-DRIVEN TOBACCO ADDICT ON A HORSE THAT SO EASILY POPULATES THE RANKS OF STANDARD WESTERN FILMS.

erns take a step beyond the typical western hero by twisting it into a Byronic Hero that is singularly serves the role of the villain and the preyed-upon. This tends to create characters that, although tragically flawed in the Gothic tradition, come across to the audience as more human. And, as such the main characters of a Gothic western are easier to identify with than the stereotypical testosterone-driven tobacco addict on a horse that so easily populates the ranks of standard western films.

The mid-eighties brought about the current trend in Gothic film. The "American Gothic" trend is typified by the use of a post-modern urban American setting. It borrows subject matter from the literature that spawned the entire genre a hundred years ago. As well as cross-genre material from the cyber-punk novels of the mid-eighties, and, of course, it is fueled by an interest in vampire fiction. Many of the more recent Gothic films have begun to incorporate a variety of the elements that comprise the genre. A good example of the current trend in Gothic film would be The Crow. This single film serves as the specimen for a majority of the entire genre. It is a modern tragedy of social decay, mental wasteland and the torment of a suppressed human psyche deprived of his love from a brutal murder. It incorporates plot elements from as far back as the old Hammer films, in that, the main character rises from the dead to avenge his lost love. It uses hints of Medieval setting through the use of high arch work and modern skyscrapers resembling the pinnacles of an ancient cathedral.

Gothic film has captivated its audiences with stunning emotional, auditory and visual effects for almost an entire century. With a lavish literary background as its impetus, there is a very good chance that it can continue to chain peoples senses to the silver screen for some time to come.



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Who is Apocalypse Playground?



Lady Demantia HRH

Lizz Marsden, otherwise fondly referred to as the Unofficial Queen of England, is a graduating senior at St. Maria Goretti High School in Hagerstown, Maryland. Her college plans have yet to become concrete, however, she is as we speak hunting for just the right atmosphere with which to grace her royal presence. Her interests include the theater, a wide variety of music and any and all literature she can get her hands on, although she leans toward the darker side of all of the above. Lizz is probably best known for her regular change of hair colour, she's an official Tish and Snookie groupie, and her seemingly endless book of quotes which she swears will be useful one day. As for her tasks at the Playground her working title is Proof-reader extracelluarly. In other words, she fixes things when we all loose the ability to spell or forget that sat is actually the past tense of sit. Without her the readers would have one hell of a time figuring out what some of our articles mean. Unofficially, she has the dubious honor of being the first staff member as well as a huge part of the creative support system that is so desperately needed in the making of this publication. - Bio by St. Elyse



The Rev. NIK

So just exactly who is this mysterious Dylan Kinnett who has been forcing razors into our outstretched palms for the better part of a year in the form of a literary zine? Tell us about this dark angel who spews poetry as if it were white-hot flame from his clandestine being? Tell us, tell us, they chorus, sighing, screaming, needing. Greedily, urgently, they reach out their bloody, bruised and lacerated hands, blindly forcing their way into the hearts and souls of the darkness of thirst. The sound of wet, smooth lips, hungry, dripping jaws and luminescent marble skin waiting, waiting, oh so painfully for any shread of light that I, the biographer, chose to thrust upon their empty countenances. Taking several shallow "breaths" (for such paltry stifed gasps can hardly be called such) I plunge my fist into the depths of the sack at my side, and grope around until I wrench my hands to the surface to discover what shattered fragments of our broken entity I have grasped in my grubby fingers this time. In the slices of illumination that have overcome the obstacles of existance and struggled, however pitifully, to reach my side, I gaze upon my treasure.

Dylan Kinnett is known by many names, many titles, many personas- Lord Uriel, Prince of Candles; Angel of Flame; Dylan of the Razors; Angel Baby; Rat Boy; Raven Child; Dylan the Dark; and (to a lucky few) Editor. In people years, he is sixteen years old, but is (unwillingly but nonetheless) wise beyond his years, because he possesses such brilliance and intensity under the guise of a young boy. He is startlingly beautiful to look upon and always leaves an impression. He is a professional writer, poet, artist, publisher, and radio personality. He has a strong affinity for flames and razors, darkness and, of course, words. He likes chocolate (a little too much we think), being on stage and on the radio, frigid water fowl, and remaining an enigma.

So here I stop. I dare not say more. Let's back to the literature, shall we? Perhaps you can decipher more by listening to what he has created than by reading what he has let me observe. Listen closely, anxious readers, for you might miss him entirely if you but close your eyes for a second.

- Bio by Lizz



Dylan



Stacy Elyse

THE TITLE OF EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT CAN HARDLY DESCRIBE WHAT ST. ELYSE DOES FOR THIS PUBLICATION. SHE ORGANIZES THE STAFF FOR MEETINGS AND GETS US TO ACTUALLY GET SOME WORK DONE. SHE PLANS ALL OF THE ACTIVITIES AND GIVES US SOME MUCH NEEDED DIRECTION. AND THEN ONCE WE'VE FINALLY SCRAWLED OUT OUR ASSIGNMENTS IN OUR ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING SHE TAKES THE TIME TO TYPE THEM OUT. WE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE HER.

- Bio by NIK

THE ONLY ADJECTIVE I'VE EVER USED FOR HIM IS "NIK". THAT'S USUALLY ALL THAT EVER NEEDS TO BE SAID. BUT SINCE THIS IS A BIO, OR THE DEFINITION OF HIM FOR THOSE NOT GRASD WITH HIS INFLUENCE (OR CONTROL. I WONDER...) I SHALL HAVE TO ATTEMPT TO DEFINE THIS ADJECTIVE, SINCE IT'S PRETY MYCH THE END ALL OF HIS DESCRIPTION. NIK IS BOTH HIS NAME AND HIS INITIALS. NICHOLAS-(I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE I STANDS FOR)-KEMNITZER. THUS, N.I.K. GET IT? HE POSSESSES A STRANGE AFFINITY FOR GARLIC, AS DOES HIS ENTIRE FAMILY. AS WELL AS AN INTENSE FEAR AND HATRED OF YELLOW. HE'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT IT'S THE ONLY POINTLESS COLOR.

NIK SERVES AS A MORAL ADVISOR TO US ALL. REMINDING US IN HIS OH SO SUBTLE WAY THAT "THEY'RE ALL OUT TO GET YOU" AND THAT "JUST BECAUSE YOU AREN'T PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE NOT ALL OUT TO GET YOU.". FOR, YOU SEE, NIK HAILS FROM A HAPPIER REALITY WHERE FEAR CONSTITUTES ALL THE FINER POINTS OF LIFE, AND WHERE ONE CAN BECOME A REVEREND SIMPLY BY RESPONDING TO A "HOW TO BECOME A REVEREND" ARTICLE IN SOME MAGAZINE. AND IT WORKED TOO, JUST DON'T ASK HIM TO SAY GRACE UNTIL YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOUR DINNER.

SO PUT YOUR FEARS TO REST, THAT BUG THAT'S BEEN LURKING IN THE NEXT ISSUE COLUMN OF THIS 'ZINE FOR A WHILE, THAT ILLUSTRIOUS REVEREND FEIND, IS REAL. YES, NIK DOES EXIST. EVEN IF ONLY SOMETIMES.

- Bio By Dylan

Today's Goth and the Stream of Beat Culture

I have followed *Apocalypse Playground* with great admiration and interest since its premier issue. My early teenaged years took place during the popularization of Beatnik culture in the late 1950s and right before the intense culture shock of the Viet Nam nonwar police action in Southeast Asia. I see the Goth stream as a possible inheritor of the Beat stream of culture. It would seem that the jazz and bebop culture that influenced the Beats has its counterpart for Goth in the role-playing and fantasy culture of the Goth.

In the 1950s, the only sort of fantasy apparently available to the dominant, White culture-based Beat reaction was the fantasy that there might be some value system other than the monolithic middle class culture's value system. The jazz influence probably stems in part from its improvisational character. We don't think of the 1950s as an improvisational time, but that is partly stereotypic. And the musical culture was of jazz was apart from the mainstream and sufficiently subcultural to have its own genre of jazz musician jokes.

I say "the only sort of fantasy *apparently* available" because in fact African American music, with the advent of Elvis on Sun Records, was just then injecting a multi-culture element into the mainstream, but that was to become Rock 'n Roll and was only coming on then as what would subsequently be called "youth culture."

Beat culture, by contrast, developed out of an urban post-college venue beginning in the mid-1950s. Beats did not swoon over Elvis; that came later and for younger folks. But today's geezer-Beat poet laureate Allen Ginsberg has often expressed great respect for the King's accomplishments.

Do Goths wear black? You bet, and the Beat garb could be black beret, black pants, and black sweater or sweatshirt--with bongo drums on the side. It is probably not entirely coincidental that we are in the midst of both Goth and a Beat nostalgia revival, the latter apparently fueled by 20-somethings. Today's collector can get more of the works of Kerouac, Ginsberg, and William Burroughs in one purchase of a couple CDs at Intergalactic Garage here in Shepherdstown than an enterprising aficionado could have put together in several years of collecting way back in (!) the mid 1980s.

- Ed Zahniser

Ironically, a Punk nostalgia revival already is surfacing. Unlike the chronological gap between Goth and the original Beat flowering, however, this so-called "Punk nostalgia" comes so much closer on the heels (or hair spikes?) of its own root phenomenon that the term sounds like an oxymoron or built-in contradiction. Such are the patterns of our culture.

Apocalypse Playground is a print phenomenon and as such it is still not cut that far adrift of the culture of Modernism set almost single-handedly by the American poet and expatriate to Europe, Ezra Pound. Pound was born in the 19th century but has had more influence on 20th-century literary discourse than any other single person.

If the later poems of William Butler Yeats read somewhat modern to you, that was because Pound served as his secretary and turned the elder poet's work right around. T.S. Eliot? Pound championed his early work and heavily edited Eliot's signature poem "The Waste Land" to its final print shape. Robert Frost? Pound championed him and secured his first influential publications.

Pound, Eliot, Frost, and *Apocalypse Playground* can be said to co-exist in their shared discourse of irony, that fundamental attitude of Modernism. Attitude? Beat? Punk? Goth? We will only be truly cut adrift of the Modernist tradition when we let go of irony.

In the meantime, if *Apocalypse Playground* ever needs to apply for a federal government grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, it can cite its culture stream as an important update of tradition.

Now that would definitely be ironic! And Goth!

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THIS
ISSUE :
APOCALYPSE
GELATINE

WELCOME TO THE BAUHAUS

Gelatinous Mass

SIMPLE GEL • 6 SERVINGS 12761 CALORIES PER SERVING



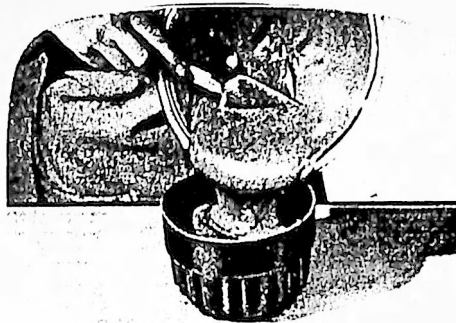
You can mix your vegetables with abandon here. They all contribute to the color and flavor of this jellied potpourri.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 package assorted teenagers (vegetables)
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cubic ton of boiling sea water (to clean up with)
- 2 boxes of gelatine mix
- 1 half cow (preferably dead)



1 Mix gelatine, sugar and salt thoroughly in a small saucepan.



2 Mash avocado; blend in remaining ingredients. Stir in gelatine.



3 Add unbeaten egg whites and beat with an electric beater until mixture begins to hold its shape.



4 OR beat with rotary beater until mixture is light and fluffy, 7 min. To speed up hand beating place over ice and water; beat.



5 Chill until slightly thicker than unbeaten egg white consistency.



6 Turn into a 3-cup ring mold or individual molds; fold in vegetables.

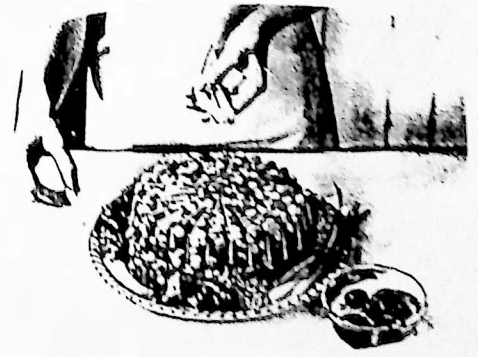
Jellied Veal Loaf

MAKES 8 SERVINGS

- 1 3-pound boned veal rump
- 4 cups water
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 celery stalk and leaves
- 2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon dried basil
- 3 bay leaves
- 1/4 teaspoon peppercorns
- 1 tablespoon mixed pickling spice
- 2 envelopes Unflavored Gelatine
- 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

1. Put veal in saucepan with tight-fitting cover. Add water, onion, celery, monosodium glutamate, salt, basil, bay leaves, peppercorns and pickling spice.
2. Cover and bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer 2 hours. Remove veal; chill.
3. Strain broth; chill and skim off solidified fat. Reserve 1 cup broth.

Try our other splendid recipes!
Lobster Fruit Medley
Inquisitors' Delight



7 Unmold on serving. Fill center with green peas, and serve with mayonnaise.

Apocalypse Playground

Apocalypse Playground: The darkness that enlightens. Send submissions of poetry, photography or other visual media, short stories, book, music, film or television reviews, along with whatever other apocalyptic creations that have crawled from your psyche.

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

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Preference will be given to submissions in response to the Next issue column.

next issue

Submissions for "Ravage" in February have been open for quite some time, and no one's responded. (sloths!!!) Perhaps you need a refresher course.

This particular issue will consist of nothing but variations of a love story. No tale is too sweet, no story too lovely. The most overly romantic concoction received will become the victim of a clandestine editorial nightmare.

The love story you submit (and you WILL submit it won't you?) should be short (500 words) and relatively simple (don't worry we'll complicate it later). Your romance should involve a wedding, and plenty of opportunity for variant viewpoints and minor temporal variations. Submission of a love story to be used constitutes agreement to have your story printed in it's original form along with the savage butchery thereof.

If you write a story for February you'll get your name on the cover! Come on! Dylan's running out of bribes!! He's too tired to beg. Do him a favor and write him a love story so he'll shut up.

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- ED ZAHNEISER
IN "ODDS WITHOUT END"

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