



DON'T GET 2 CLOSE 2 MY FANZINE

No. 6
2021





Welcome back to the Ween Zine! It's been a few years but we're back and it feels oh so good. Can you even believe the last year or so we've had? If you told me I'd see no shows for an entire year I would've never believed you. I would have said, "That's not possible." Alas, we all did it and it looks like there is a light at the end of the tunnel and we're getting closer and closer. On our way

there, I hope the Ween Zine can make the trek a bit easier. We're all the child of I and it is time to fly. So sharpen your boots, find the cheese, hone into the beacon light and prepare the mount y'all, this Poopship is setting sail!!!!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Eli'.

For Monique, Syd, Grant, Vinnie, Rajah and everyone we've lost along the way.

BABY, BABY, BABY BITCH



GOT FAT, GOT ANGRY,



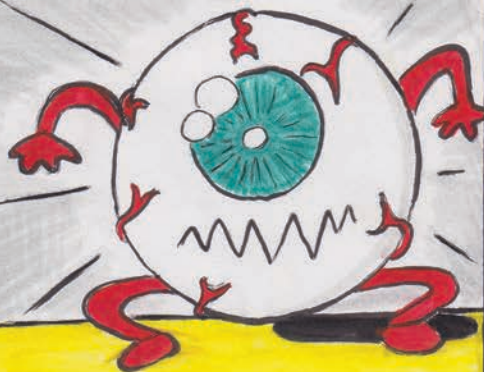
STARTING HATING MYSELF

WROTE BIRTHDAY BOY



FOR YOU BABE.

NOW I'M SKINNY & SICK,



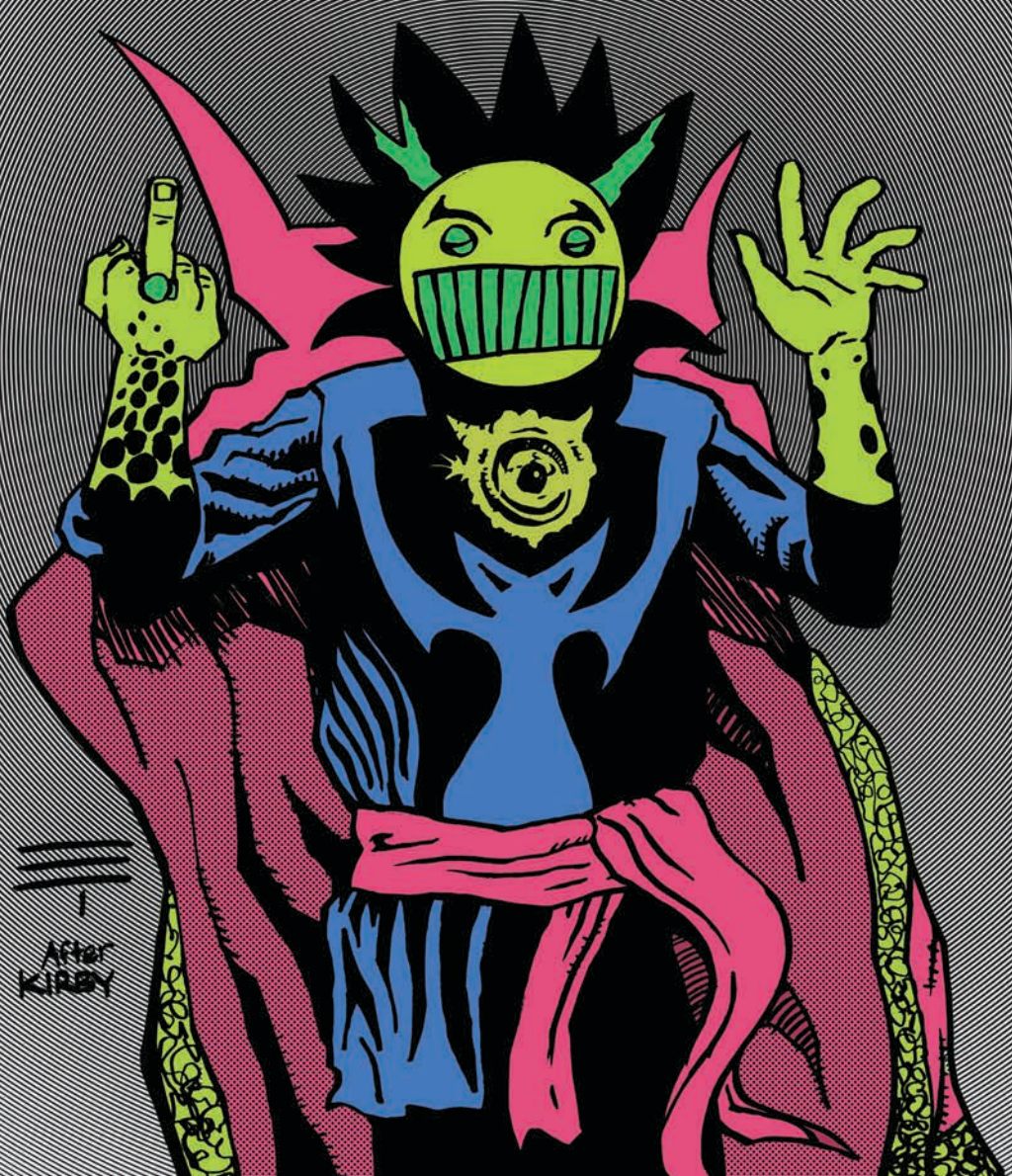
AND PARANOID

WITHOUT A CENT



TO MY NAME.

DR. ROCK



MY first WEEN

Back in the days of picking out music on CDs AKA 1995



And so began my Love of ween



THICK GOMICS
by dr. Ben Anthony



COOKEE THE CLOWN Q M D S 12-20

WEEN





BAF

the
WEEN
BROS.



BY ERIK JASEK

@JURASSIC JASEK

LINES FROM

WEEN SONGS

THAT MAKE ME LAUGH...

TAKE A PERMANENT
VACATION. GET THE
FUCK OUT OF TOWN.



GO SEE JAMAICA,
MOTHERFUCKER. GO LET
YOUR DREADLOCKS DOWN.



MIDGET MAN PROVOKING
VIOLENCE.



HIV!
AIDS!
HIV!

HEY FAT BOY!
HEY ASSHOLE!
COME 'MERE!

YOU KILL
MY MOTHER!



DID YOU
SEE ME?



WAVING IT FREE
IN THE TREE...



YOU SHOULD HAVE
SEEN OLD JIMMY
WILSON DANCE.

I CAN'T
DANCE
LIKE I
USED TO.



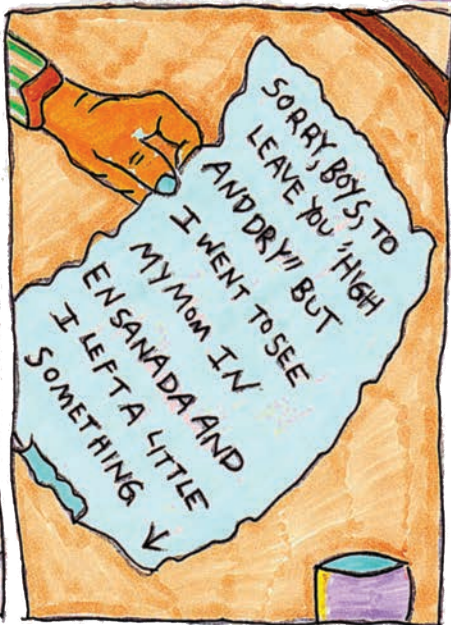
HEY YOU FORGOT
ALL THESE OTHER
SONGS ASSHOLE!

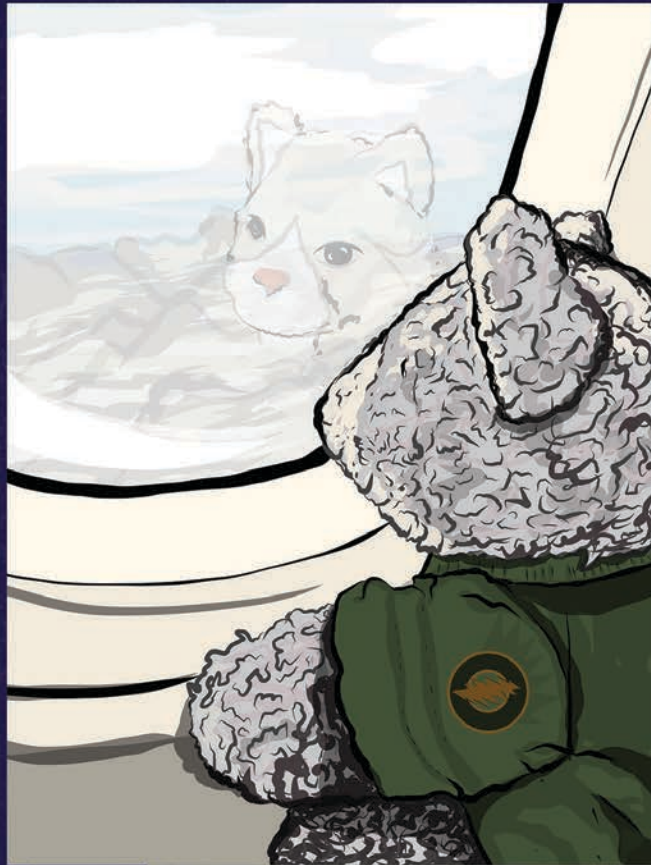


THE WIND IS WHISPERING.



THE RAINY SEASON





Echo
Barrett

W E E N





ON THE ROAD WITH KIRK



Q'S BY ELI

Deep beneath the scorching guitars, under the cynical lyrical stanzas, lies the mix. The mix translates the scorch. The Scorch, mixed with the DAT or mixed with the band is what reaches our ears. We are all vessels profiting from the art of Kirk Miller. Aural Engineer for the band Ween. Let's see what Kirk has for us this ish...

Eli: When you started with Ween and they were a Duo, how much behind the scenes work did you do during shows? Pitch changes, slow, fast, echo. Did you also have to monitor the DAT?

Kirk Miller: In my early shows with Ween, I used to throw on the effects with no clear purpose-- mainly seeing what worked when/ where, in which songs. I'd heard GWS and The Pod, so i was aware of their penchant for waste. Mickey

would toss me some advice on a certain song occasionally, when showing me the setlist... 'put lots of flange on this' and so on. But mostly I was just going for it, until In learned what worked best. One of my proudest mix moments of that first tour is during the St. Louis "Mountain Dew" that made it onto the Painting The Town Brown compilation....that echoed pitch-changed vocal. I tried to make it happen a couple of other times after, but it never quite worked as well again. Definitely a once-in-a-lifetime thing.

Mickey always took care of playing the tape deck; I don't think we ever tried having me run it. In the cassette days, there were just too many tapes, with only 1-2 songs per tape. The DAT machine was able to auto-locate tracks way faster, so that made it way-easier for versatility within the set/song choices.

On my first west-coast run

with them (and the new DAT deck), we flew into Portland for the show at Reed College, and all 3 of us watched the DAT machine (in a paltry road case) come thumping down the baggage claim belt. It was busted--go figure--and somehow managed to get a working deck from somewhere/someone by soundcheck time.

Eli: In the early days did you also have to do tour managing duties? How was it talking to club promoters and organizers then? Did they understand Ween?

Kirk: When I first started, I was only mixing--I'd show up at the gigs (almost always 1-offs) when they did, and just be the soundguy for them. When Mickey called me about doing their first national tour, they had management...so after agreeing to the concept, I started dealing with them. They are who asked me to also be the tour manager (which also meant doing most of the driving).

For most clubs/promoters, everything was just business--essentially, we were booked to sell alcohol for them--but there was an occasional venue where the promoter would be a fan too. There were also plenty of club owners who were 'wtf is this', while kids were going bonkers.

Settlements were always weird, especially if we 'went

into points', the back-end of the contracts. if it was a straight-guarantee, that was easy. In Europe one time, at The Effenaar in Eindhoven, at settlement the owner said "I think I paid too much for this show", which made me very uneasy, since I assumed I was going to have to argue for the money...but thankfully it didn't get gnarly. I hated carrying around a ton of cash though--about once/week I'd get to a Fed Ex office to send cash/checks to the accountant. The worst part was trying to keep merch-cash and show-cash separate... I never enjoyed any part of tour managing, and hated dealing with merch most of all. It was all only something I did because it needed to be done.

Eli: Was there ever shows that the audience just did not get Ween?

Kirk: The only one that comes to mind is the co-bill with Busta Rhymes. Mickey elaborated well about this gig, so I will let his account stand.

Eli: What about shows or bands where you were like, "Oh this is a perfect match?"

Kirk: Instant Death :)

Eli: Along the way was there a show or festival where you were like, "This is the all time most perfect set up and show ever!?"

Kirk: Well, firstly--there is never a correlation between the equipment provided/venue characteristics, and the performance. Good gear makes it easier for everyone to do what they are there for, but the performance almost always is more dependent on the crowd, than anything about the set-up or venue. Some of their most inspired shows have been a product of adverse conditions!

Secondly, there has NEVER been a festival where anything like that ever came out of my mouth. They all suck, from my perspective--the only good part is running into old friends who are also on tour/working the event.

Eli: Did you ever have to MacGyver something in the middle of a show? Ever “Scotty” some sort of miracle that made everything work again?

Kirk: Not really. We’ve had guitar amp problems, but that always falls to the stage techs to deal with. For a long time now, the venue productions are big enough

that if the sound techs can’t make things work again, it’s out of my capabilities too.

In the early days of shitty punk- rock clubs, I’m sure I had to figure out some problems with house sound systems....Although there’s not much I could do when I show up for soundcheck, and the house soundguy tells me ‘one of the subs are blown, there’s no hi’s on one side, and half the mids on the other side are blown too’...

Eli: Tell us about the MTV Spring Break show. That seems to have some legendary happenings.

Kirk: I have less memories of the actual show, than of being trapped in the hotel and trying to get home! We were the last flight allowed to land at the airport, due to the high winds of the approaching storm. It was also our first time flying first-class; we were bumped up because their manager was with us, and

he got it happening.

I have no recollection of how we were received at the show, but I can’t imagine that there were many Ween

At MTV with Vince Neil



fans in attendance. The main sound tech at FOH (Front Of House) was a legendary engineer that I'd read about in all the trade mags, so I was slightly intimidated.

One clear memory of the day that I have is getting on the hotel elevator, and as Gilbert Gottfried approached it (trailed by spring-break kids), I let the door shut in his face so I wouldn't have to ride with him....I was never a fan, haha. The look on his face was one of extreme annoyance.

The storm that started the night we flew in turned into a major "Nor'Easter" barreling up the east coast. Our flight home was cancelled, and every airport on the coast was shutting down. Amtrak had no seats, and the rental car agencies were overwhelmed. Finally, someone at MTV heard our manager talking about our plight, and through a connection, got us a small rental car. Somehow we stuffed our bodies, guitars, my sound equipment, and our bags into this car and started driving north. We got north of Philly, and suddenly had to exit--the highway was no longer plowed, it was a dead-end. We meandered through Bucks County in our car with no snow tires; I dropped Mickey at his house in new Hope, and Aaron at Brookridge, the farmhouse in Lambertville he lived at with the False Front guys. I started heading home (to the New Brunswick NJ

area) but got stuck in the snow about 1/2 mile from Aaron's... luckily someone driving by got out and helped me back on the road.

For me, the best part of Florida has always been leaving it, and that gig was no exception.

Eli: What about the reunion?

Kirk: What about it? It felt fucking great!

Eli: Hell yeah! I also heard the H.O.R.D.E Tour was an amazing thing to be a part of.

Kirk: We showed up the first day in Massachusetts, and as we got out of the vans, I could hear the p.a. for the "B" stage (our stage) firing up.... and it was playing the first track on the first Chris Harford cd, which I use for p.a. tuning every day. I was very confused. Turns out that the engineer mixing the opening act (a local Boston band) getting ready for his soundcheck used to mix Chris, and loved the disc as much as I do. (Eli--Mickey elaborated on this first-day-on-the-Horde-tour in a tour diary, so I hesitate to get redundant, but let me know...)

It was a fun, but exhausting run. Every band was on a tour bus except for us--Mickey and Aaron didn't like being on a bus and preferred being in a hotel every night. So early every morning, Mick Preston and I would get up

and drive 4-500 miles to the next amphitheater to set up. We had this rental van packed full, and would have the speedometer pinned at 95, barreling down the highways. Being able to see Neil Young & Crazy Horse every night was exhilarating! We had one night off in the middle of it--the tour had someone else playing our slot at the Jones Beach show, but since I had a laminate, another friend who was on the guest list and I went to it. I brought a batch of pot brownies to the production crew's bus; we were on the good side of our stage's stage-manager for the rest of the tour.



Eli: Any international stories with the band?

Kirk: Not a lot of EU-Ween stands out to me, beyond what I think Mickey has done a pretty good job of telling about. The Australia shows were always fun, with great audiences, but slightly exhausting.... lots of getting up early to fly to the next city, since driving-distances are unreasonable there. When I went there a few years ago with DWG,

opening for Primus, there were always pockets of very appreciative Ween fans. The gig that stood out to me most was in Melbourne--when the band walked out on stage, a bunch of people in the crowd were standing and applauding.... it's obvious that Ween is missed down there, as their last show there was a long time ago.

Without a doubt, the weirdest European tour experience I've had was with the Dandy

Warhols, 4-5 years ago. We had played somewhere in France, and late that night were headed to Calais, for a ferry to Dover, Eng. The monitor engineer and

I ate edibles, and I went down hard. At some point the tour bus stopped to fuel-up before the crossing. I was sound asleep, and awoke to the tour manager shaking me, saying something about the trailer got broken into and he needed us (the crew) to see if anything was missing.

What had happened was that after the fuel fill-up, the bus driver did his typical walk around the bus, to make sure all the tires were good,

lights on, etc. He noticed that the 2 padlocks on the trailer had been cut (it was the kind where the back door of the trailer is hinged, acting as a ramp into it when open), but “dummy-locked”--made to look like it was still locked. The driver called the police, who opened the door to find 3 middle-eastern refugees hiding in the back, one of whom was even wearing one of the pieces of merch stored in the trailer. They were just trying to get to England. What was amazing was how brazen the smuggling gang was...we pulled up, the driver started fueling, and while he was occupied, the gang cut the locks and opened the door enough for these guys to jump in,

and then replaced the locks.

Eli: Kirk! I really enjoyed chatting with you man!

Kirk. Hope we can all get back on the road soon!

We are nearing the light at the end of these dark Covid days. Soon we will be back on the road. Back out there, among the music. The world is healing and we are all so ready to see not just Ween but any and all live music! We are gonna' get out there and support local bands so hard...See you...Out there! - eli

In CO for Kirk's beer release





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ALL SIZES



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DR.
ROCK
PHD

Wagon

you make a
Loop De Loop
and pull..



and your
shoes are

LOOKIN' COOL

THE RIFT by WEEN

By Eli Schwab



THERE'S A RIFT OUT IN SPACE
AND IT COULD BE A DOOR
BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT SURE



IF YOU GO THROUGH
THE RIFT, TO THE
PALACE OF ICE,
MIGHT IT BE NICE?
IS IT, PARADISE?



I'M THE COMMANDER OF TIME
IN MY VESSEL OF GOD
I GO THROUGH THE RIFT
TO THE PALACE OF ICE



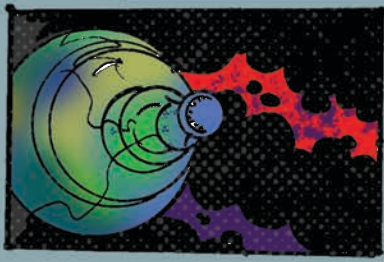
WE MAY NEVER COME BACK
FROM THE PALACE OF ICE
BECAUSE THE RIFT IS A DOOR



OOH, YEAH
OOH, YEAH
OOH, YEAH
OOH, YEAH

YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

THERE'S A RIFT OUT IN SPACE
AND IT COULD BE THE DOOR,
BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT SURE



IF YOU GO
THROUGH
THE RIFT



TO THE PALACE
OF ICE...



MIGHT IT
BE NICE



IS IT,
PARADISE



I'M THE COMMANDER OF TIME
IN MY VESSEL OF GOD



I GO THROUGH
THE RIFT, TO THE
PALACE OF ICE

WE MAY NEVER
COME BACK
FROM THE PALACE
OF ICE

BECAUSE
THE RIFT
IS A DOOR



OOH, YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

WEEINIOTS

GET YOUR
PUNK ASS
BACK TO THE
DOG SHOW







THE YEAR 2000
 WAS A GREAT TIME
 TO WATCH LIVE MUSIC
 IN NEW ORLEANS.
 MY ROOMMATE, JERT,
 AND I SAW A TON
 OF AWESOME SHOWS.



FOR
 INSTANCE...

THE MUSICAL
 GENIUS
 OF:

DEAN & GENE



BOB LOG III

I THOUGHT I
 KNEW A DECENT
 AMOUNT ABOUT
 MUSIC BEFORE
 MOVING TO
 NAWLINS. TURNS
 OUT I HAD
 NO IDEA.



NEKO CASE (RHER BOYFRIENDS)

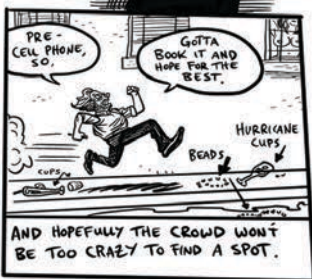
THE FOLLOWING
 PAGE IS AN
 EXCERPT FROM
 ONE OF THOSE
 CONCERTS.
 WHEN I FINALLY
 GOT TO SEE WEEN,
 BUT ALMOST
 MISSED
 THEM.

WEEN: 7/10/2000 NEW ORLEANS, HOUSE OF BLUES

- BUCKINGHAM GREEN
- SPINAL MENC
- NOW I'Z BREAKIN OUT
- THE STALLION
- BANANAS & BLOW
- TAKE ME AWAY
- DONT GET THE CUP
- TO MY FANTASY
- BEW IF U DONT
- MISTOP WY PLEASE
- HELP MY PONY
- VODOO LADY
- MUTILATED UN
- EXACTLY WHERE I'Z AT
- BUST R'FEAR
- PICK UP A LADY
- DRIFTER
- IN THE DICK
- WANNING
- MY DICK
- IN THE WIND
- TOUCH MY TOOTER
- DR. ROCK
- STRANGER ACE
- PANDY FRACKLE
- ME. BICH SPOKER
- OCEAN MAN
- FRANK. HIV.
- MOLLUSK.
- EL CORRIDO
- SHE TUCKS ME
- FLUFFY



WORKED THAT DAY, DRAWING CARICATURES AT THE RIVERWALK MALL. AS THE DAY TICKED ON, I WORRIED I WOULDN'T MAKE IT TO THE CONCERT ON TIME!



CUT TO: CRAZY CROWD.



ENCORE: ICE CASTLES. GROBE. BABY BITCH. BAND ON THE RUN. HOMO RAIN BOW. LMLPL



BOMB FACTORY

ROYAL OAK
FRIDAY
WEEN
SOLD OUT

the Fillmore

the Vic
theatre

PHOENIX

STUBBS
BARBQ

LAGORA

TEZZE

PARA

PALLADIUM

BROOKLYN
BOWL

OAKLAND
JAN 28 WEEN

The Rake

WEEN

LINE
STARTS
HERE





OCEAN MAN

HELP ME!



Can Haylen



WHEN THE LIFE INSIDE

NO DOUBT HAS DIED



AND YOU'VE TURNED

YOUR HEAD

AWAY



YOU TRIED TO PAY

BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY

IT'S YOU AGAIN

ALONE







HE TRIED



AND TRIED



ALL THOSE SURVIVED



HE MISSED



HE'S FALLEN SHORT



THE LITTLE KNOWN

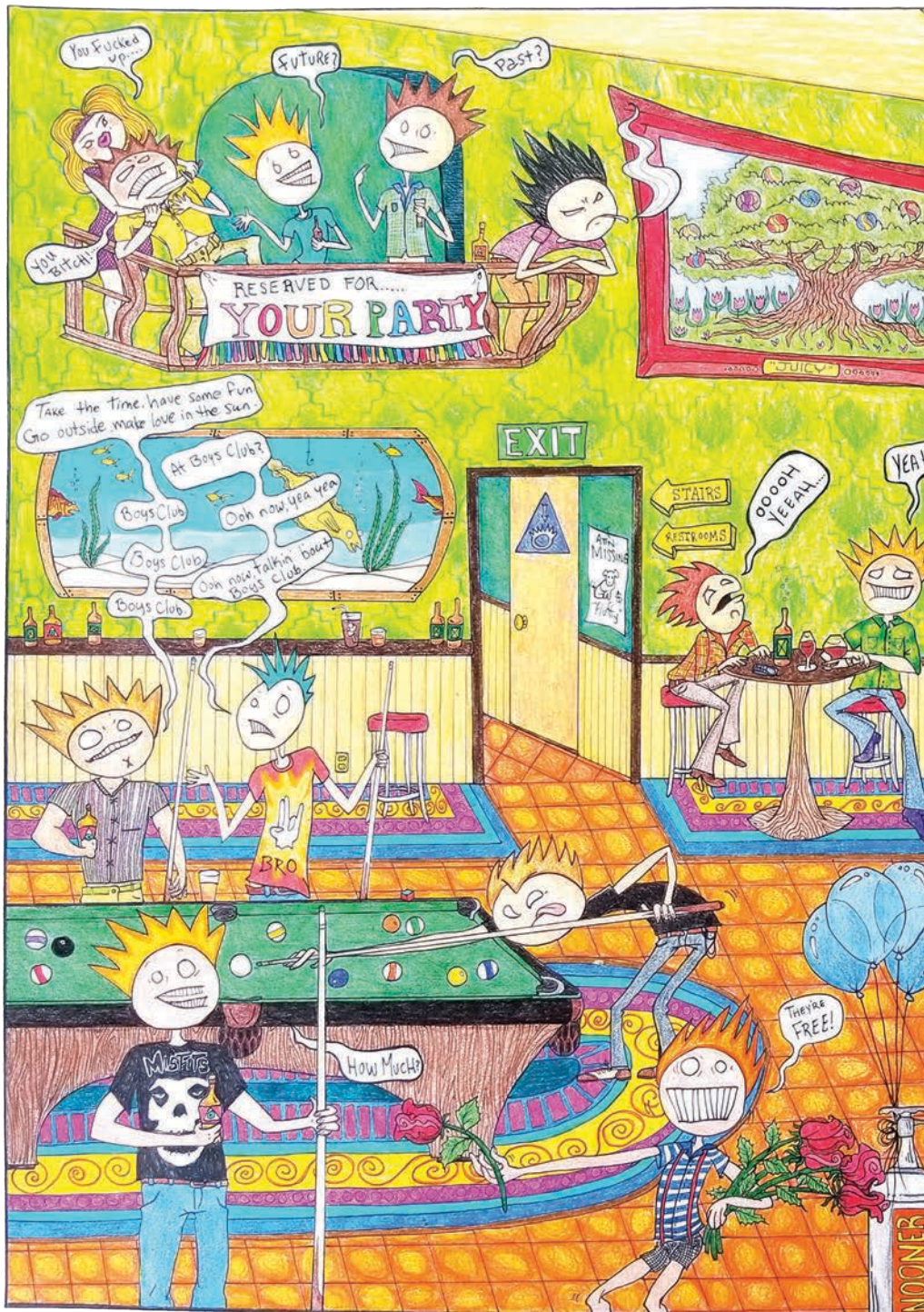
HIS HEART OF STONE



WILL MAKE HIM FEEL



ALONE.







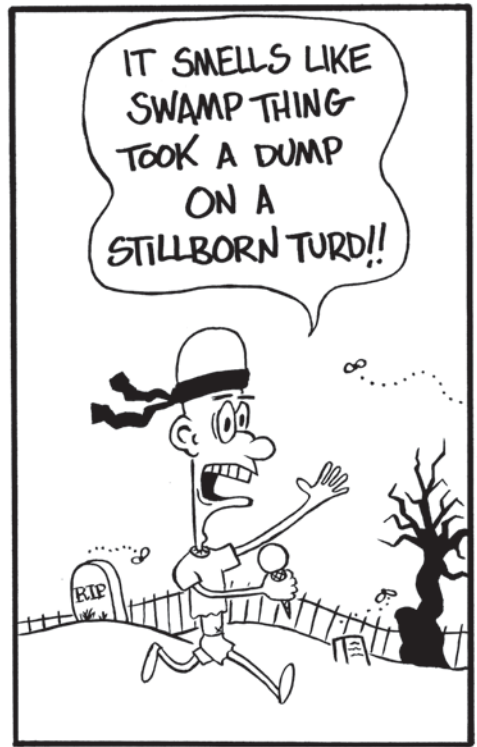
If You Could
Save Yourself
You'd Save
Us All

Stallion Mang



Pod People

by darren!



THE GIRL MUST BE A

WITCH...

SHE'S GOT
YOUR -

BODY

MIND

SOUL

GONNA' MAKE YOU BEG

GONNA' WANT IT

GONNA' GET IT

BETCHA' NEVER REGET IT

L. M. L. Y. P.

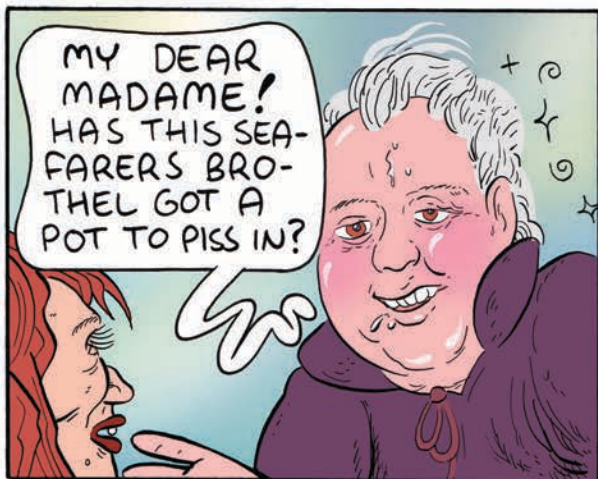
SHOCKEDENICA



the Wash is Out

IT'S A GNARTOONS THING BY JAMES the STANTON





ISHITMUSIC WITH ADAM KING

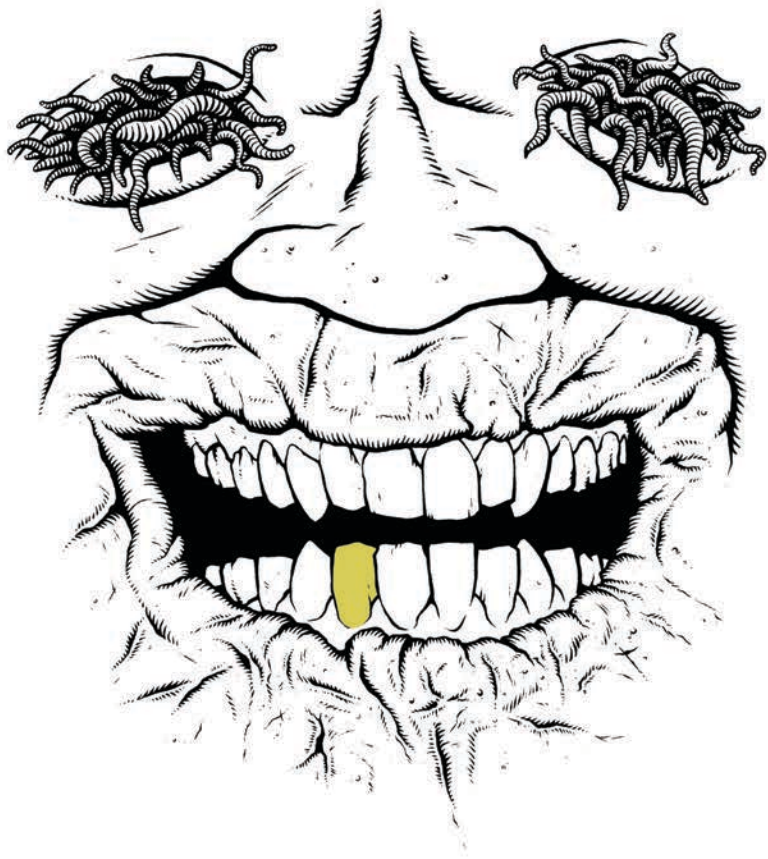
TOP 10 THINGS I MISS ABOUT SEEING WEEN LIVE

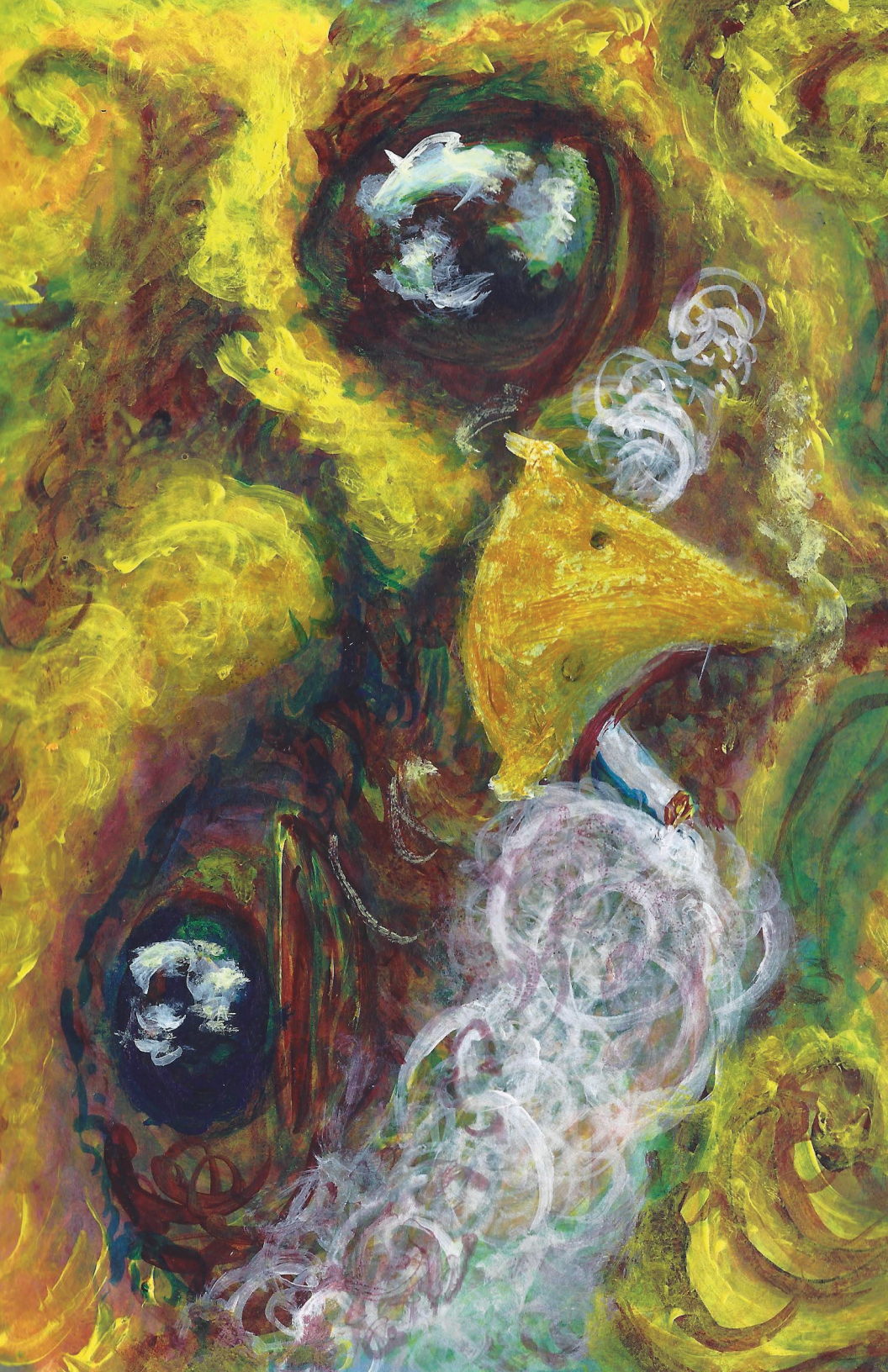
- 1) THROWING A FULL BEER INTO THE AIR PISS-ASS-DRUNK DURING "BLARNEY STONE".
- 2) WATCHING BEST FRIEND'S WIFE GET BOOTED FOR RUSHING THE STAGE TOPELESS AGAIN.
- 3) POOPSHIP
- 4) HEARING MY WIFE SCREAM "LICK MY PUSSY" AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.
- 5) MAKING SURE NOBODY SEES ME CRY DURING "DON'T LAUGH (I LOVE YOU)".
- 6) WHEN SHIT STARTS GETTING REAL WEIRD IN "VOODOO LADY."
- 7) DEMYSTIFYING THE UNIVERSAL STRENGTH OF FATAL, INFECTIOUS DISEASES BY RELINQUISHING THEM OF THE INHERENT POWER OF THEIR OWN NAMES THROUGH THE REAPPROPRIATION OF THEIR ACTUAL DENOTATIONS INTO INHERENT CRIES OF JOYOUS CELEBRATION IN COLLECTIVE ARENAS.
- 8) DEANER'S TONGUE.
- 9) HOW MUCH I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT OTHER DUDES' PERIPHERY BAR-SWEAT.
- 10) THE MOMENTARY ELIMINATION OF ANY POTENTIAL REGRET.



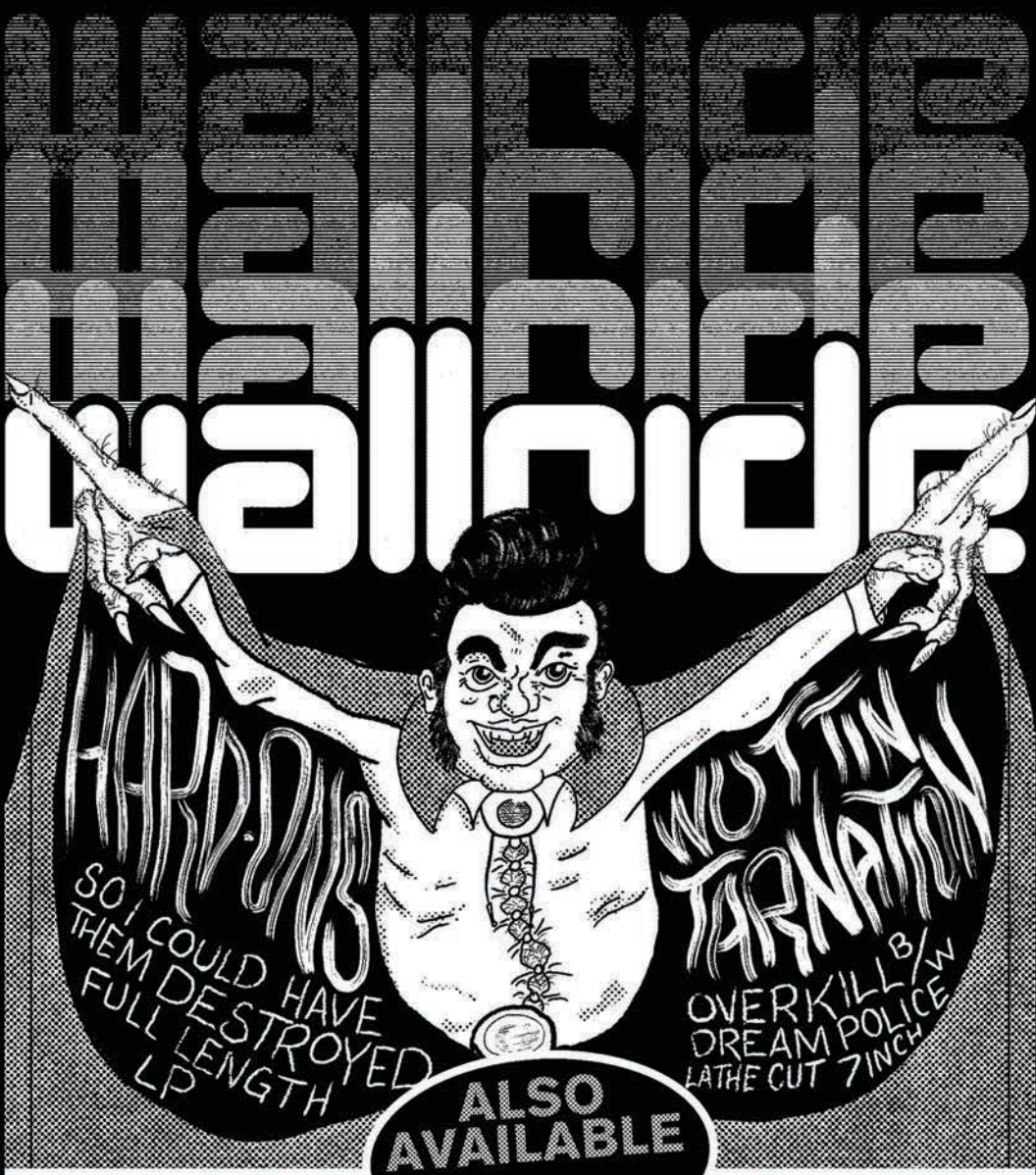
WEEN

Oh, You Sassy Frassy Lassie!







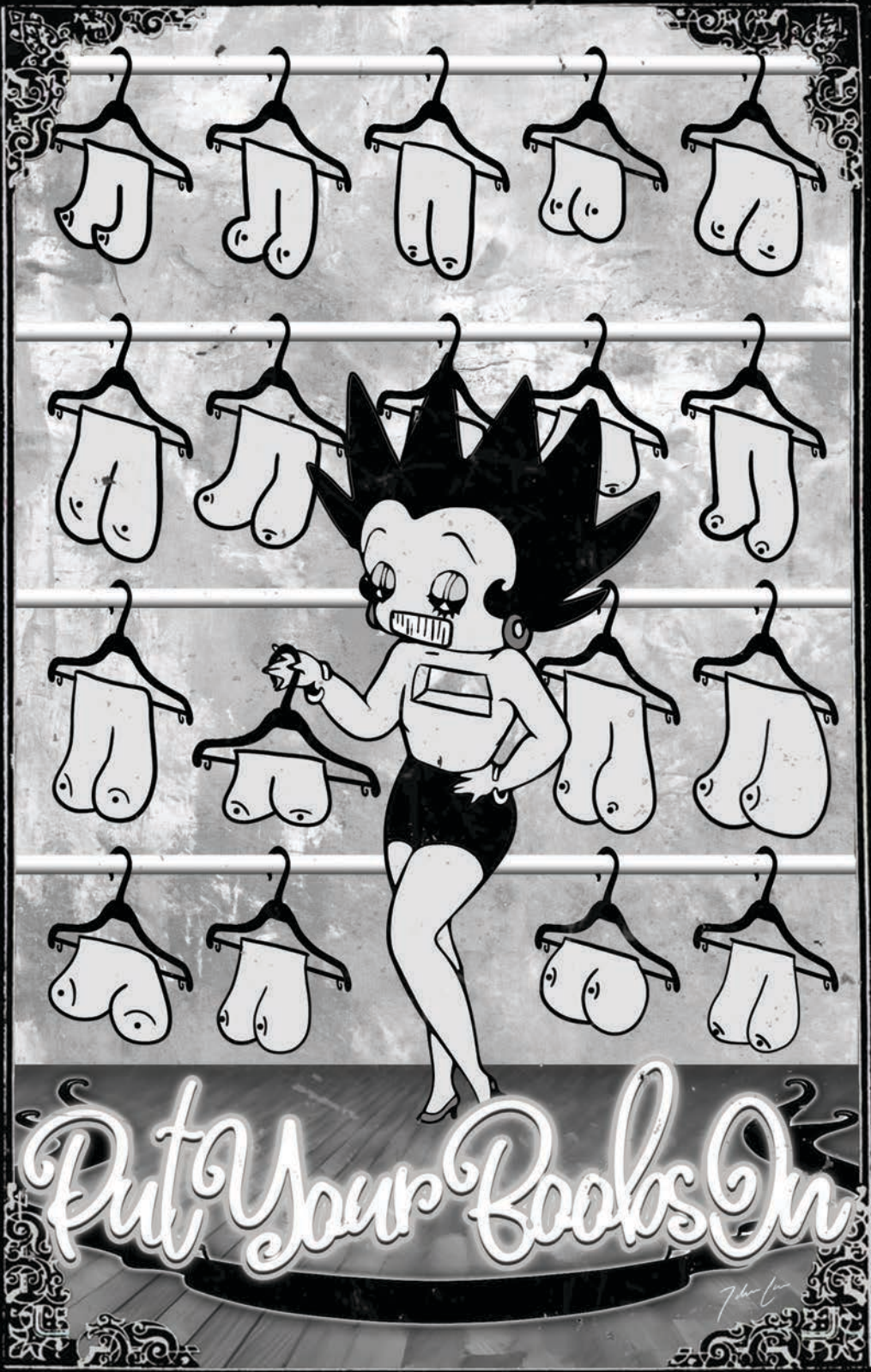


CHEMICAL PEOPLE "THE SINGLES"
CASSETTE
DINGED UP "MUCHO DOLOR"
LP

COMING SOON: ERGS, JACOB TURNBLOOM (MRS. MAGICIAN)
TALK ME OFF & BRIAN LANGAN

ALL THIS AND MORE AT

WALLRIDEREBCORDS.COM



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7/16





LORD VOMIT X



Fifty-nine miles away. A lousy 118 mile round trip. That's all it was from our hometown to New Hope, Pennsylvania. May as well been to the fucking moon and back for all we knew. What did we know? Absolutely nothing, except that it was the hometown of Ween. Cobbling together rumors, gossip, and hints from their songs, we conceived of a Ween-related tour of the small town and its surroundings, a short list of places supposedly referenced in songs, or bandied about on the old Ween forum. Remember now, that this was the late 90's: the internet did not yet yield infinite knowledge and so a good deerstalker cap was essential to any fact finding prior to a pilgrimage. I digress. It was the winter of '99 when we took our first sojourn to New Hope in pursuit of nothing but sheer, unadulterated

Ween dorkdom.

By this time I already had a small but growing vinyl collection, with Ween being one of the bands I would buy anything I could get my hands on (12" records, 7" records, albums, singles, 'evs). A trip to New Hope would absolutely involve some vinyl-seeking! I had made about twenty flyers that stated I would buy any of the pre God Ween Satan releases if anyone had anything they may want to sell, with the plan of posting them on bulletin boards and telephone poles. I thought it might yield something since New Hope was the de facto epicenter of Ween activity, and locals would surely have copies of Brain Wedgie or Axis floating around since their high school days, or what have you. I think I was actually somehow hoping (or imagining) that the band members themselves would see one of the

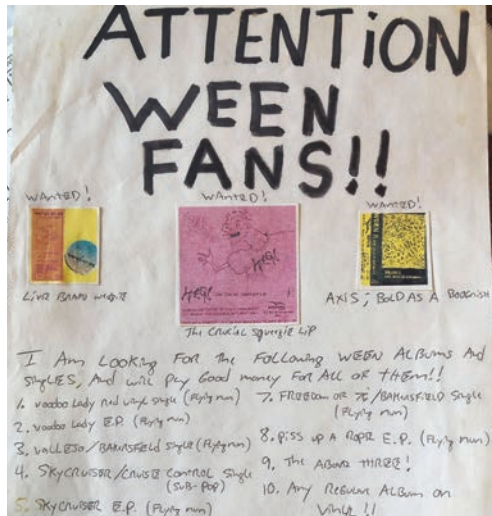
flyers and be so taken in by my charm and ingenuity that they would contact me forthwith, and unload all of the Ween rarities to me and only me, and I would instantly have all of the rarest Ween material known in the multiverse. Yeah right. And though I did actually muster up the sack to post a flyer at one of the record stores, I never got a single response. C'est la vie. But I'll get back to talking about the record shops in a minute. Besides flyers and the possibility of rare Ween vinyl, I think we mostly just wanted to see the town, to say that we were there, that we walked the same streets that Gener and Deaner had walked. As if their discography itself would come alive before us like an oracle, bestowing profound insights into their music, like if seeing the gas station would further illuminate "Pumpin' 4 The Man." We imagined epiphanies like Oh, that's what they were talking about, that crazy cul de sac!! Of course!

Using a Pennsylvania street map, we laid out a route. We stuck to rural routes and back roads, and zigzagged our way across eastern Berks and then Bucks County. It was all rolling

hills and farmland, occasionally interrupted by small town main streets. Classic PA. En route, our first hit on the browndar came when we passed a small shopping plaza named Buckingham Green and almost lost our fucking wits. Suddenly we knew we must be getting close. Not just in miles, but also in mind. Before we moved on, I pulled out what must have been one of the last regular film cameras I ever owned, and took a picture of the sign like a couple of tweens at a Backstreet Boys concert.

Arriving from the west, we first drove east down Bridge St, before turning right down main street, which ran north to south along the Delaware River. For such a small town, New Hope's downtown is in all seriousness pretty fucking cool. Plenty of places to eat, drink and be merry, the famous John and Peter's Place, art galleries, record stores, and

whatnot, and there's a cool old canal behind the shops and buildings that looked like something out of Lord of the Rings or some shit. Like something they used to sail rafts and



gondolas down
back in the olden
days of yore.

The
little amount of
info we scraped
together before
we left first
pointed us to
El Taco Loco



which was supposedly the Mexican restaurant that Aaron worked at and that inspired the Pod's "Pollo Asado." Next, a phone number gleaned from hours of studying God Ween Satan's "Birthday Boy," which led us to a gas station, but more likely, nowhere. In our minds, it was maybe the gas station that Mickey had worked at, but honestly, who the fuck knew, and what were we there to do about it anyhow? As far as El Taco Loco goes, did we think somehow Aaron would still be behind the counter or something? Then what? We grabbed a menu as a memento and hit the streets once again.

Looking into a local phonebook we found a listing for A. Freeman , which led us to the residential side of main street. The listing in question was an old school, colonial looking house with a huge front porch, I presume for dallying, with an antiqued looking wooden sign dubbing this house "The Beaufort." Was this Aaron's house? Today, I learned that it is an apartment building, but back

then, who knew? Not us, but sometimes, it's okay to let the myth be bigger than reality.

This was also the first time we got to pay homage to the

legendary John and Peter's Place on Main Street in New Hope. This bar as a live music venue will forever be linked to the band Ween because (as Rory puts it) it is of New Hope. Ween has played there sixteen times as far back as '93, and beyond that, individual members of the band have also played there together and with others, dozens more times. Picture your local hole in the wall bar and then slice it in half. After passing through a smaller, upper room, you enter the main hall. I always felt it was kind of like an old style diner with thick wooden chairs and tables, packed in pretty close, but with a little stage plopped down in the middle of it. Being just over six feet tall, I think I have hit my head on something just about every time I have been in there. The place feels more like a cave than anything else. One of the smallest places you'll ever see live music, in some spots you are literally just an arm's length from the band. And what it lacks in amenities it makes up for in charm and TLC. As Fred put it, "Everyone

who walks onto that stage is on an even playing field, whatever your age, race, sexual preference is, leave it at the door.” The place is truly one of a kind. I also geeked out at a Chocolate and Cheese promotional poster I saw hanging up.

The pinnacle of that day’s adventure was the town’s record stores. For a small town like this to have more than one record store (even back then) is pretty wild, so it is definitely a vinyl lovers destination for sure. One of the places wasn’t quite a record store, but was kind of half head shop, half random hippie shit that included some records, tapes, and CDs. The main thing that sticks out in my mind about this stop was that it was the only time I ever saw the VHS tape of Phish’s Tracking. A behind the scenes video of them making one of their most popular albums Hoist . I didn’t buy it, but we all live with regrets.

The second shop proved more interesting. A bit of a jumble, it sat only a few doors down from Johns and

Peter’s, and had some Ween vinyl. In perusing the records, we came to chat with the guy who owned the place. He was a character for the ages, akin to someone you might see on The Simpsons . We got into a conversation with the shop owner in which he shared that he not only knew the band, but was also in the fold out photo inside Pure Guava (the pic that’s a huge Ween extended fam shot hanging out at the back of a house like it’s the Fourth of July). Needless to say we were floored. This was pretty much the first time we had gotten to meet someone who was friends with the band. We told him that we had only really come to New Hope to see the town that Ween was from, which took him aback. He began opining about the old days, when Ween was small-town, but how they grew in popularity, moving





also very nice, and although he didn't tell us that he knew the band, he did have a signed Electra promotional photo signed by Aaron, "I go in there sometimes." Which was rad as hell! Way jealous for sure, but that wasn't the meat of

beyond New Hope, and what about the little record store guy? What was left for him in all this? I think he saw the exegesis behind our trip as a revelation that Ween really was going to be a big deal, but it saddened him, in a wizened sort of way. Maybe he saw himself as the one left holding the bag for groupies like us sweeping through town. Well dude, sorry you weren't able to ride along the coattails of Ween's fame and rock n' roll ability, but at least you got on the Pure Guava foldout. As additional consolation, you happen to have one of my all-time top five dream jobs, so don't sweat it man, don't sweat it.

The last shop was the scene of my biggest vinyl record regret to this day. It was a little bit further down Main Street, and a not so cluttered place that was a little bit nicer and more organized than the others. The dude who ran it was

it. Turned out he had a few things for sale that stopped me dead in my tracks.

On the wall displayed for all to see were 12" vinyl copies of God Ween Satan, The Pod, and 12 Golden Country Greats. I couldn't believe it, there they were, in all their glory. And there I was, somehow it was my turn, and how could it be that whoever last walked out of that place didn't have those albums under their arm? Fuck em, those were going to be mine. So I first imagined. I asked the owner to get them down so I could look at them. God Ween Satan and The Pod were used, but in very good to near mint condition. The only thing I noticed was that it looked like someone had traced the Boognish onto a piece of paper from the front of GWS and left the slightest little indent into the jacket in the process. Oh well, made for a better story. The price for these beauties? Twenty-five bucks

each. No brainer. But did I mention regret?

Well, from what I could muster from my tormented memory of that day is that for reasons solely to do with a lack of funds, I couldn't make it out of there with all three, so I decided not to purchase 12 Golden Country Greats. I reasoned that since it was their most recent LP, I would surely find it again somewhere else down the road. Huge mistake. I have never come across that album in-person since (A few years ago I finally purchased an original pressing copy for a decent price on eBay, but with absolutely no fun included, and no T-shirt transfer either). The shop owner joked that he would most likely not be able to replace GWS and Pod , and I should have made it a triple threat. While some things are not

meant to be, the two that I did pick up have found a home on my top shelf, and there they'll remain for as long as I have breath to breathe on this brown Earth.

The world was our oyster that day, and New Hope the pearl. Though a cold wind blew, our travels were not for naught. Weendom opened up before us like a 3-d puzzle of allusions, a holographic vision from the future, and though we didn't cross into Ween nirvana, coming home with two vinyl rarities made the journey worth all the while. It was our first trip to New Hope but not our last. We both have since seen Ween and company play live in and around New Hope many times, but this first visit will always hold a special place of mystery and wonder in our hearts.



**Get more of Shane and Rory
wherever you get your
Podcasts!**



Hola

BUENAS TARDES
Amigo!

2010 Tuesday Sinko de maio

Pat Ball 2021

DOT BALLZ 97





DOT BALL 2021



by Anna

SOME TIMES I SEEN WEEN

BY BRENDON "THE BEE MAN" WALSH

The first time I went to go see Ween, they were playing at Liberty Lunch in Austin, TX where they were playing the whole album "12 Golden Country Greats" and probably some of "The Mollusk" since it was already out. I don't know because I didn't make it to the show. My friend Chris and I took some mushrooms and started walking to the club which was about a 30 minute walk from our house. I guess I definitely took too many mushrooms because I completely lost my mind, forgot who I was, and totally lost my grip on reality for a few hours. We gave our tickets to our roommates Jim and Mary for coming to pick us up and taking me and Chris back home where we finished tripping and wound up having a pretty good time when I realized I wasn't a dead homeless woman in the

streets of Amsterdam. I might have missed the show, but now I know what it's like to literally lose your mind and be totally insane for a few hours.

My next attempt to see Ween was in 1999 at Stubbs in Austin. I made it to the show this time. My friends Chris and Andrew went with me and we all took microdot acid. This was the best Ween show I ever saw. Everything about it was perfect. They played a never ending version of Hot For Teacher which went well with the three of us tripping and laughing our asses off. At one point some girls got on stage and took their shirts off- one of them was pregnant and squirting milk at the crowd from her tits. I would tell people about this over the years, not really knowing if I was just on drugs and only thought that had happened,

but I got confirmation in 2016 at their show at the Hollywood Palladium when my friend Tall Jon introduced me to his friend, and Ween's long-time road manager, Dan Mapp who laughed and nodded and told me that he was there too and it definitely did happen. I also got to hang out with Dean Ween backstage that night and smoke cigarettes with him and talk about fishing for a while.

Earlier that year I went to all three nights of their reunion shows at the 1stBank Center in Broomfield, CO where they tried to play 100 songs over the course of the three shows. I bought

tickets for my friend Chris who was with me on the failed attempt to see Ween in 1997 with me too. I saw them in Philly at festival pier that same year where it was pouring rain right up until they went onstage and there were so many people selling nitrous balloons on the street after that show the squeal of hundreds of tanks filling the balloons sounded like weird unnatural birds during mating season. I saw them at Terminal 5 in NY that same year too. Shit, I didn't realize I saw like 6 Ween shows in 2016. I know I'm forgetting some in between 1999 and 2016 but who cares!



COMM



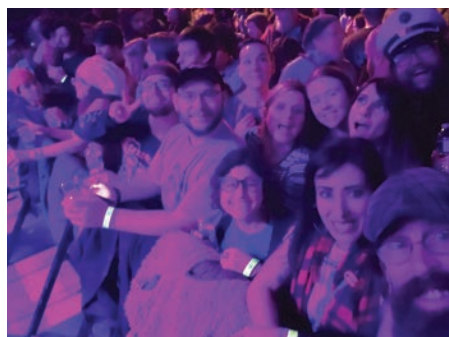
TOP: BEACH BOOGS!

LEFT: A ZOOMNISH FOR NOONER'S BIRTHDAY

RIGHT: THE JALM QUEEN REIGNS SUPREME!

PAGES

CELEBRATING OUR COMMUNITY
IN HONOR OF GRANT AND SYD!

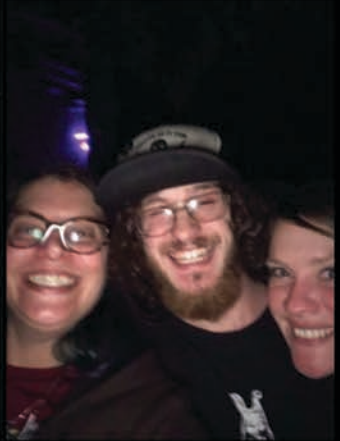


*TOP: CLAD IN CEDAR THREADS
ECHO AND STEPHANIE BASK IN
THE WARM GLOW OF PIZZA
LEFT: THE FRONT ROW CREW
LEFT BOTTOM: POST SHOW SCREAM
BELOW: AN ABSOLUTE UNIT!!*

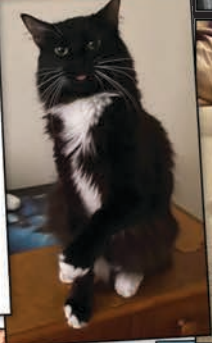
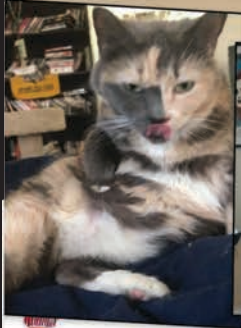


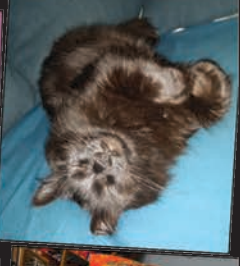
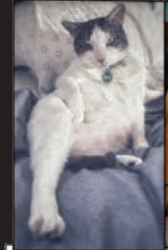
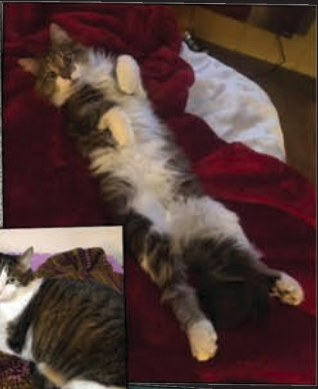
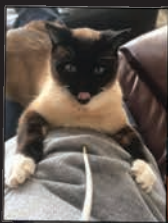


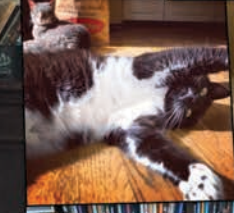
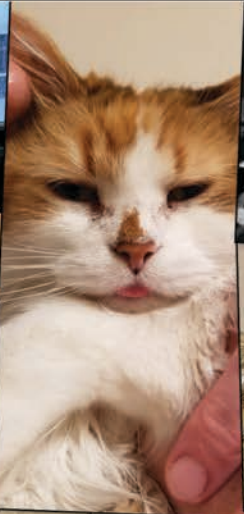
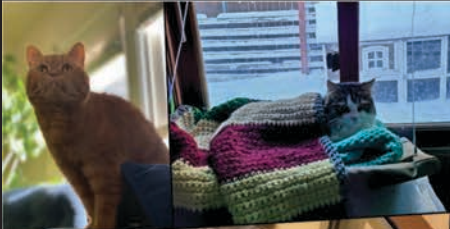


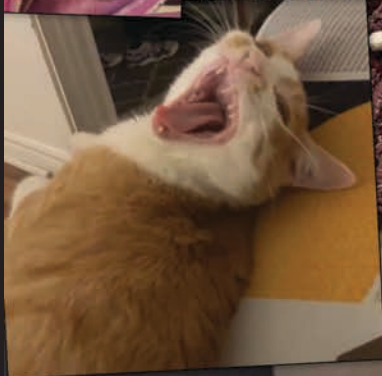
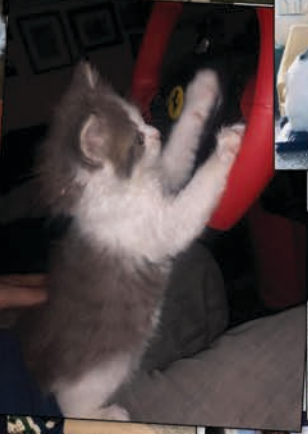
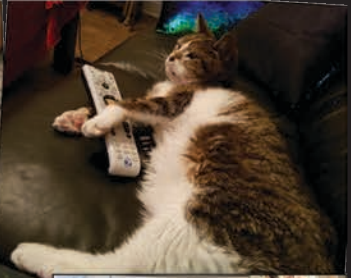
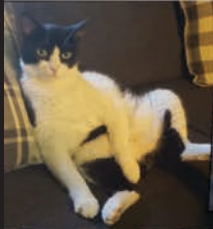












INDEX

I am truly honored by all the amazing submissions for issue 6. The Boognish blesses us with so many amazingly creative people. A wild and singular band like Ween demands a lot of it's fans and that means that those who love Ween are made of sterner stuff. All these amazing artists donated their art to the Zine so go and follow them. Click that link in Bio and go buy some art, support them, love them and help them

MAKE MORE ART!!

All @'s are for Instagram

WRAP AROUND COVER BY CHRISTIAN MEESEY @MEESEY

INTRO BOOG @BANSWE

PAGE 1. BABY BITCH DEVON OROPEZA @BUMMERCOMIX

2. DR. ROCK ELI TRUJILLO @I73TRUJILLO

3. MY FIRST WEEN DR. BEN ANTHONY @THICK_COMICS

4. COOKIE THE CLOWN BY QUENTIN MAX D STRAIGHT

5. BOOGNIAH BY ALEX ESSAU ZAVALA @ALAVAZXELA

6. ALBUM SMASH BOOKE FEENIE @BROOKEISPRETTYCOOLACTUALLY

7. THE WEEN BROS BY COREY ROBERTS @CURVYRVBVRTS

8. LINES FROM WEEN SONGS THAT MAKE ME LAUGH BY ERIK JASEK @JURASSICJASEK

9. THE WIND IS WHISPERING BY ET ST

10. THE RAINY SEASON BY FRANK STEPEK

II. WEEN PETS BY ECHO BARRETT @ECHOECHO1985

12-13. GIRLS CLUB SPREAD BY FLOWER DUKE @FLOWERS.IN.THE.RADIATOR

14-19. ON THE ROAD WITH KIRK MILLER INTERVIEW BY ELI

20. RADIO + WORKIN BOY BY JOE SKI @ARTBYJOESKI

21. CEDAR TREES AD BY ROMO @CEDARSEWS @_ROMO_MICHAEL

22. DR. ROCK BY JON KRAYNAK @JON.KRAYNAK.DESIGN

23. YOUR SHOES UNTIED BY NICHOLAS LOMBARDO @LURAYBLURAY

24-25. THE RIPT BY ELI SCHWAB @COMICLION

26. WEENUTS BY MARK JAKUBOWSKI @MARKBLAK.ART

27. BOOGVIN AND HOOBESNISH BY KELLY JOHNSON

28-29. WEEN IN NOLA BY MEESIMO

@MEESIMO

30-31. LINE STARTS HERE AND WASTE STATION 9 BY MINDY GOOD

32. SUPER WEEN BROS. BY RIESE LAROSE @OBSCURE_CHESS

33. OCEAN MAN BY CAM HAYDEN @LANCEGOITER

34-37. ALONE BY NACHO GAVIRA AND LUIS ROLDAN @LUIS.ROLDAN.TORQUE

38-39 YOUR PARTY BY NOONER @MISSNOONER

40. IF YOU COULD SAVE YOUR SELF BY TOM HAEFLIGER @TOM_HAEFLIGER

41. STALLION MAN BY THAD OSWALD

42. POD PEOPLE BY DARREN CHASE @SHORTBOXSEATTLE

43. SHOCKEDELICIA BY MARC PALM @MARCJPALM

44-45. THE WASH IS OUT BY JAMES THE STANTON @GNARTOONS

46. TOP 10 THING I MISS ABOUT SEEING WEEN BY ADAM KING @ISHITMUSIC

47. OH, YOU SASSY FRASSY LASSIE BY MATTHEW ALLISON @CANKORR

48-49 LITTLE BIRDY BY RYAN DOUGHERTY @PUNKSLOP

51. PUT YOUR BOOBS ON TANICHEE CAIN @HAPPYBRAIN

52. ARGUS BY MATT CROSHIER @CROSHIERDESIGNS

53. BOOGNANAS AND BLOWN BY LORD VOMIT X @LORDVOMIT

54-59. THE PILGRIMAGE BY SHANE AND RORY @WEENCASTPODCAST

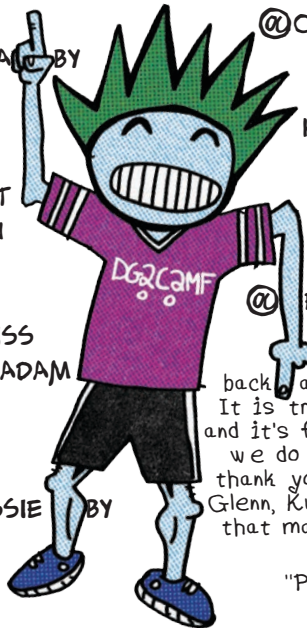
60-62. BUENAS TARDES AMIGO BY DOT BALL @DOT_BALL

63. PAINTING BOOG BY ANNA BALL

64-65 SOME TIMES I SEEN WEEN BY BRENDAN WALSH @OFFICIALCLAIREHUXTABLE

COMM PAGES AND WEEN KITTY EXCHANGE COLLAGES BY TANICHEE CAIN

CLASSIFIEDS BY ERICH POBATSCHNIG @ERICHUBERSONIC



Thank you all for coming back and for loving this ole' rag. It is truly an honor to put together and it's for the love of this band that we do it, each and every time. So thank you Gene, Dean, Claude, Dave, Glenn, Kurt and the entire Ween crew that makes each and every show an amazing experience.

"Prepare the mount boi!!!"

Now Hiring

Do you have what it takes to pump for the man? Only a 3 mile walk from the Office! Learn new skills like:

- Fix a Tire
- Sweep
- Check Their Oil
- Work in Rain
- Jump Start on Main Street

Get your fingers ready and come on down for the opportunity of a lifetime.

PAYS \$5 an hour

Personals

Dear Nan,
You silly girl, don't you know that I'm so in love with you? First you overpopulated my

senses, but then you dicked me over :(.
Sadly I saw you yesterday walkin with someone else (maybe Danny), and while I understand it, I definitely don't want it. **WE ARE THROUGH.**

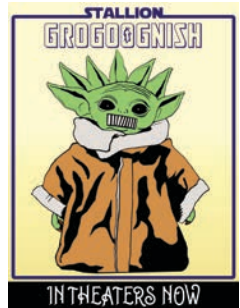


TRIED AND TRUE LOVE

Sick of the ones you love making you cry? Finding it's a pain in the ass to let them know? Well then I'm your man. I'll never eat your raw bacon, or go through your phonebook. Let's

meet for a basket of chips and see where it goes!

DID YOU SEE ME
To the person eating cotton candy out of the trash by the promenade: I can't tell if she's your baby, but if she's not, why don't you come on down to exactly where I'm at and strike up a conversation!
Sincerely **LOST IN THE SAUCE**



BANANAS AND YO!
Me, stuck in my cabana, you

Pobatschnig's
CLASSIC

PAPAS FAMILY DENTAL

3 for 20!
NO DENTALS

It's been a while since I've seen you.

S M L E

**OWN YOUR OWN
JILM**

Medium sized,
serious inquiries
only. No stealin' or
wheelin' please

Ensenada's finest.
Don't listen to
Sancho, only I have
the message for
you. I can still see
the color of your
hair and the way you
danced. Went to the
bathroom to powder
my nose and poof...
You were gone.
Leaving soon, hope
to dance with you
some day!

EL CAMINO
You've got to see it
to believe it. Blazes
down the road so
fast. Doesn't even
have a park - that's
how fast it is! Don't
call if you're goin'
for broke! **NO
STROKERS.**

YELLOW SHIRT
Moving Company



**ASK ABOUT OUR
ONE NIGHT SPECIAL**

**LIONS EYE X-RAY
SPECS**
Get close to your
fantasy and see what
lies underneath with
**LIONS EYE x-ray
specs.**
The vision of a lion!

FOR SALE

ONE STALLION
Gently ridden.
Can drink. Can
get groomed. Can
even go for a walk.
Absolutely zero lung
issues.



WHEN YOU CLUTCH THE
HAND OF YOUR CREATOR,
LOOK OUT FOR THE LION.

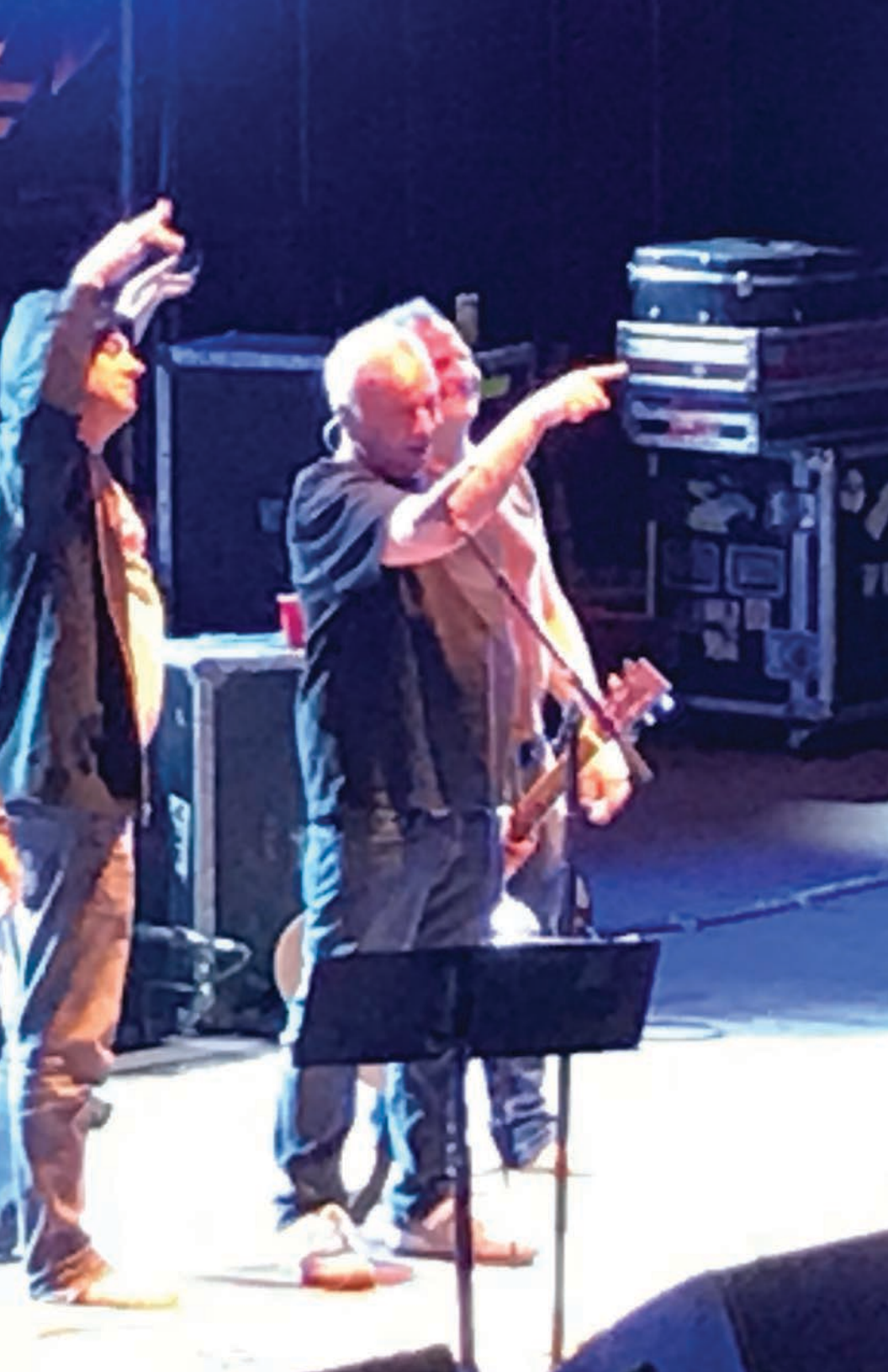
**LIONS EYE
CANDY**

GET TO THE SURPRISE

**AVAILABLE AT
WOOLWORTHS**

IFIEDS







THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE LOVING
MEMORY OF

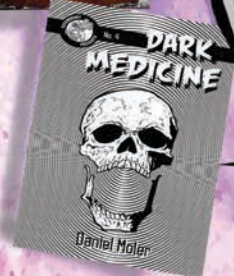
MONIQUE FORD



"DANIEL MOLER WILL
MELT YOUR BRAIN!"
-AMY ISAKOV, VILLAGE WELLNESS CENTER

KEEP IT PSYCHO!

"BUY THE COMIC . . .
TAKE THE TRIP!"
-ELI SCHWAB, COSMIC LION PRODUCTIONS



"PSYCHONAUT PRESENTS
IS A TON OF FUN!"
-WILL HOFFKNECHT, 100% COMICS

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