

RIVET

#11

THE PARTY ISSUE

\$3





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THANKS TO:

um, everybody.

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any responsibility or assume any liability
toward anything you might want to try or do
after putting this zine down.

Well, here it is. I've had
the bulk of this material for
two or three months. I just
didn't feel inspired to put
it together. I think that my
reluctance stemmed from the
fact that I didn't know how
to put it together !! But
after looking at all of this
great stuff, it came to me,
clear as a bell. For me per-
sonally, I think that it is
the best issue yet. I'll let
you in on a little secret--
the real reason this took so
long to do was because there
are so many other things
going on that it's really
hard to make the time to
work on this. I'm going to
make more time. I get so
wrapped up in doing stuff for
other people all of the time,
that I forget what I do. And
this is what I do. I do a
zine. I don't want to forget
that, because everything that
I have learned, this zine
has taught me. It has taught
me to write better songs for
my band Spittle (although I'm
sure a lot of you would dispute
that !!), it has taught me
layout, screen-printing, jeez,
I could go on and on...My im-
mediate plans are to find a
warehouse space, and to create
a web site for all of the shit
that I do. If you care, keep
an eye on Timespace @ <http://www.io.org/~tspace>. If not,
fuck off.

P.S. analog layout
RULES!

Stacey Case

Viewer Advisory

REALITY

Viewer discretion is advised.



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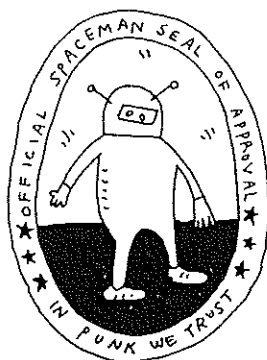
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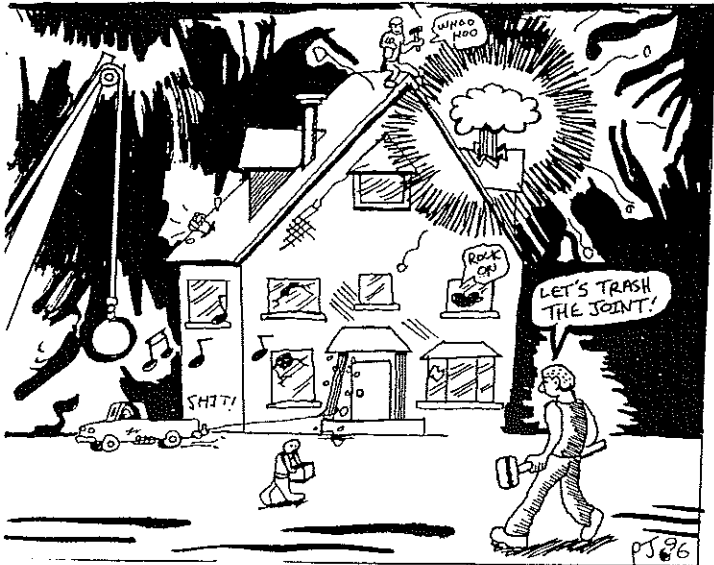
BOY



true party stories

So ya think ya know how to party? Yeah right, your idea of a party probably involves watching old episodes of the X-Files, drinking root beer, and eating low-sodium plain chips. If yer really rockin' you'll get yerself some Ripple chips. Well folks, our first storyteller knows how to party--- as host of CHRY 105.5 fm's popular "Fast & Bulbous-On the Spot" radio show, as MRR's 'Toronto Scene Report' guy, and as ex-One Blood frontman, this guy has way more fun than you !! Stephe Perry calls his tale.....

THE HALLOWE'EN Party



A friend of my brother had a party back in 1987. Now, it wasn't your 'average' party. My brother's friend had to move. They didn't have a choice in the matter. Mel Lastman (Mayor of North York, a northern suburb of Toronto) had a grand plan to bring the downtown uptown. The entire block was being demolished to make way for office buildings. Well, what better chance to take out our frustrations on Mel than to have a house-wrecking party! So word got out. In two weeks everybody at all of the high schools in North York knew about the party. I'm talking the losers, the preppies, the punks, the freaks, the rockers, the metalheads... people who wouldn't normally be talking to each other. This party was like the cool truce for high school kids.

I figured what better place to have a punk rock show than at a house-wrecking party! I had some bands coming in from Ohio...I could get them to play! They were into it. False Hope, Outface, Confront and Guilt Parade. Sons Of Ishmael couldn't get across the border to play with Agnostic Front in Buffalo the night before so they were added at the last minute. A pretty good bill. However, word on the street was that bands were playing a house-wrecking party. It was the social event of the fall. The party happened to fall on Hallowe'en weekend. So you had people in costumes with bricks showing up.

The night of the party we all got there early. We did a show at Ildiko's (the punk club at the time) in the afternoon to pay the bands and give out invitations to the people who had come out to the show. Like we even needed more people.

When we got there, the entire block had already been demolished, with the exception of this one house. Pete's house was the only one left, like a sitting target in what looked like a bombed-out neighbourhood. Images of '1984' and 'Brave New World' raced through my head. But who could worry about shit like that! We had a show to do...a house to wreck...a party to start!

One small problem. Pete got word that they were no longer going to tear down the house. Seems the construction company had decided to use the home as their headquarters. DOOOOOOEEEEEEEE !!!

It was too late. The word was out. People started showing up. Within half an hour 700 people were milling about this lonely home trying to figure out what they were going to take home as a souvenir. The first band was playing in the basement. These four guys dressed up like KISS (What? You

mean Corpuse and his band were there?--Curious Ed.) started in on the walls. Before you know it a bunch of people had jumped in. A leg went through the wall, an old-style washing machine goes out the window, people start peeling the drywall off of the support beams. Bands are playing downstairs. Mob rule takes over. Someone calls the cops. Seven cruisers show up within two minutes. The party is over. Just like that.

Cops start escorting people off the property. They start hassling the bands to get their equipment out of there. Frustration sets in, but people get on their way. After all, it is Hallowe'en, and there are other parties to go to. The hypest, shortest party I've ever been to. All a block away from where I would start a punk house two years later.

This song was written by Sons Of Ishmael about that night.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

I want to do what I think is right
And respect you as a human being
It's hard to do after you told me
"I kicked in the wall cuz it looked at me funny"

You've proven God wrong once and for all
Showing that man descended from the ape
Is it possible you can progress from youe age
When you drag your knuckles and live in a cave?

Time after time the thought has run through my mind
To grab a knife and run it through my eyes
In the hope that I would never see
The vicious acts of our humankind

Is it my right to point fingers and condescend
In the knowledge that I'm no different from them?
Hamlet said, "What a work is a man"
I guess he never went to the Hallowe'en party



Damn, that last party was a doozy. I've only been to one 'destruction party'--in Niagara-on-the-Lake, where I grew up. There were two punk rock bands that rehearsed in a little shed across from the Shaw Festival. The rent was \$50 a month. The guys used to LOVE rehearsing during the day when all of the 'theatre people' were in town to check out the works of George Bernard Shaw and other playwrights. Invariably, these folks would bring their children to the theatre to 'give them a little culture, it'll do them good'. So there would be beautiful little rich girls all dressed up looking across the street wistfully at all of us freak punk rockers puking and shitting in front of that little punk rock shed. You know where they would have rather been (heh heh). The day that that shed got torn down is seared into my brain---sledgehammers and chains ripped apart the little shed in about an hour !! What fun.....and now for our next story. Johnny Carwash has been around the block more than a few times, and he still doesn't know where he's going. For a while there he was single, but he's not any more (sorry, ladies). This

article is kind of two different stories in one. It's called.....



There's one thing that I can almost always guarantee will take place at a party--someone takes an immediate and unexplainable dislike to me (what, only one person? --Doubtful Ed.). You know those parties that you're invited to by some third party who has some friend who works with this guy who knows....blah blah blah? You're forced to muster that thing you've heard so much about, what's it called again? Oh yeah: a personality. You can't just rely on the usual patter that you share with the losers you normally hang out with. You're screwed! In my defense, though, I offer a true-life example. What do you say while talking to a girl that has some other guy's hands down her pants? The answer is: nothing. Luckily, I've become quite good at faking a personality in the last couple of years. I actually look forward to being thrown into the middle of a crowd of stone-faced people who couldn't care less about me. I love it !! Sure it's sad, but it keeps me on my toes.

All right, back to the guy that wants to kill

me. This type of guy desperately needs a team of psychiatrists to fly in from somewhere (anywhere) and help him, because he has obviously had sand kicked in his face when he was a kid, or was always picked last for the baseball team, I dunno. Either way, this guy has more 'issues' than Time Magazine. Doesn't mean he has to take it out on me. Jerk.. Picture this: the party is rockin', the kids are boppin', the cocktails are flowin', Hey! Is that a conga line I see? Everybody MAMBO !! And let the intimidation begin. It usually starts with this angry young man shooting me the stink-eye from across the room. Then it degenerates into the under-the-breath muttering of charming remarks like 'fucker' and 'asshole'. Now, what could I have done to this loser? Could I have actually brushed up against his ugly girlfriend? Does he think I'm stealing his beer? Is he feeling threatened by my wry sense of humour and dashing good looks? Not to mention

my bewitching smile (Jeez Louise, give it a rest, Johnny !!--Irritated Ed.). It's difficult to say. So now it turns into a game of "Duck Into The Kitchen To Avoid The Angry Drunk".

Aahhh, the kitchen. The refuge of the damned. A safe haven for the socially retarded. The refrigerator light is my beacon, a call to safety. On top of that, I get to keep an eye on my beer. Now I am drunk, and safe. Two things that are oftentimes mutually exclusive. Speaking of beer and fridges, I'm convinced that whoever invented that beer-in-the-bathtub madness was really trying to get me out of the kitchen. My home base! Terra firma !!

Those bastards. That's okay, though, because the bathroom is one of the most important rooms at a party (and not just for the obvious reasons)--it meets most of the requirements of a major makeout zone. There's usually a sturdy lock on the door, you have all the beer you want in the bathtub, and for you oh-so-shy types, the light switch is a mere arm's length away. The most impressive feature of this shitter-turned-love-shack is the concern and empathy it elicits from the people waiting on the other side of the door. Who else in the world would ask you a million times how you were doing, or offer to take you out for a walk, or get you a drink of water or whatever else you wanted? The answer is: nobody. Of course, we all realize that these types of juvenile encounters are almost non-existent now that we are all getting a little...ahem...older (Speak for yourself, buddy--Hot-To-Trot Ed.). Now-ads, you're lucky if the only thing that you see is the bathroom is a closeup of the sparkling white porcelain in the toilet bowl. Know what I mean?

I'll change the topic now. Fast forward to 1996. My ex-girlfriend, who would always end up crying after parties (I still have a hard time figuring out why) is long gone, and I'm back on the party scene, where you can often hear me asking the important questions: 'So, what's that hairstyle called?', 'This is a nice place--need a room-mate?', and my favorite, 'If I told you that you had a nice body, would you hold it against me?'. I went to a great party just a few months ago, and to be completely honest, one of the main reasons that I went is because I knew there were going to be plenty of women there. Is that so wrong? Not just regular women, though, I'm talking about bright, witty, politically charged, sexually ambiguous women who are well read and look good in bed red. I knew I was gonna LOVE this party.

I ended up meeting a gorgeous woman at this party, who became my private little magnetic north. A completely irresistible force that is awesome enough as a natural phenomenon, but when it starts serving you drinks....look out. She would be my refrigerator light. My beacon. All brilliant white, with equal parts heat and light. As the night wore on, she revealed herself even more. She referred to herself as being 'fluid'. Don't ask me, I don't know. And as a dedicated and slightly fanatical Marxist (as if there is any other kind--Trotskyite Ed.), she claimed to be 'waiting for the Revolution'. Well, the revolution was on, but I was out of ammunition and morale was low. I was hooked.

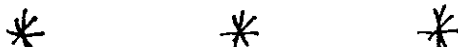
We trailed each other around like a satellite around a planet. I watched her drink, smoke, flirt and stumble around for most of the evening. The ball began rolling when our bodies, under the weight of beer, wine, and all sorts of suspiciously coloured drinks, collapsed onto her futon to feverishly discuss some

Marx vs. Trotsky philosophy paper that she had written. Unless it was Marx vs. Trotsky in a steel-cage match, though, I wasn't going to absorb a thing. I was way too busy looking at her perfect face and wondering exactly how much her brain weighed. I'm not much for fancy book-learnin' anyway. The exact order of the events that followed are lost forever in a muddy haze of alcohol and leftist theories, but here is my take on what happened. We talked, laughed,

exchanged numbers, kissed, and then had sex. More or less in that order, and with varying degrees of enthusiasm. This one night stand lasted about a month. You know how it is: the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away.

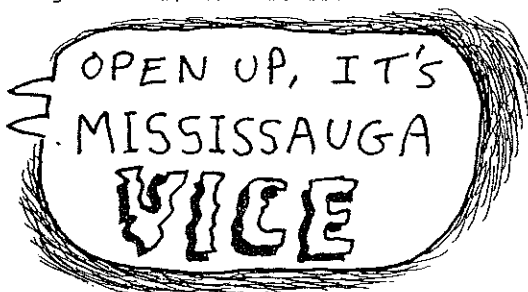


Not much later, I realized that all of this excitement and fervor signified absolutely nothing. It was all second-hand smoke and mirrors. What makes it all worthwhile is my philosophy that states that if your life takes even a one-degree turn because of something that happened at a party, then all is not lost. That, and I finally got some easy tail. Is that so wrong? Also: besides my nickel-and-dime theory working out, albeit with mixed results, I learned a couple of valuable lessons. I learned that refrigerator lights are only useful when they are turned on, and that revolutions, like most parties, only suggest that there will be a hell of a lot of cleaning up to do. Oh yeah, one more thing: Never, ever, drink the brown punch. But hey, it's your trip.



Whew, that reminds me of a party I went to last week (the bathroom part, that is). Some friends had a closing party for their art show ('Impalabot'--well done Andrew Heffron and MayLynn Quan! Thanks for the ken-o sculpture, Andrew...) and there was this fabulous looking woman named Christine there. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. Total, utter babe. Flame-red hair all dressed in black, legs up to her neck, and those lips!! I said it way back in issue number 6 and I'll say it again: I'm a sucker for come-fuck-me lips. There were obviously reciprocal feelings--we were arguing about everything, putting each other down and the like, when she said "Oh yeah? well let's go to the bathroom then." The bulge in my pants was NOT a gun. Wicked makeout session. Of course, it was all bollocks. She lives with some 37-year-old artist that probably hasn't fucked her in months. I would have been more than willing, but the bathroom was just too damn small. Still, it was fun. What else did you expect me to do at a party, talk about sports?!

Speaking of sports, I'd like to introduce you to a good one--Kim Hughes. You may know her for her writings in Now Magazine (an entertainment/cultural paper here in Toronto) or better yet for her interviews every weeknight on CFNY 102.1 on Live In Toronto. She's had me on her show a few times to talk about the zine show I organize called Cut & Paste. She's tops in my books. This is a wee article that she wrote for Rivet. I still can't believe she deigned to write something for this shitty little rag!! Well, here it is.



In my teens I had a part-time job at a shoe store in a mall near where I lived. It was an okay job, but

the cool part was the people that I met through the store and through a sister store also located in the same mall. My boyfriend at the time, Art (a scum-sucking loser), worked in the sister store.

We became fast friends with two cousins, Cheryl and Brian. They were a little older than us, but were righteous folks dedicated to the party revolution. They played a pivotal role in my introduction to the world of altered states. After work and on weekends, Art and I would go to Cheryl's townhouse and hang out. Cheryl was the first lesbian that I ever knew and I just thought that she and her lover, Ruby, were yhe best. I was thrilled by the fact that these fantastic women thought enough of us to let us into their social ives, not to mention their stash. It was a great time.

Brian was also a regular at Cheryl's swingin' pad, and our evenings typically went something like this--the five of us would drink some beers. Sooner or later a joint would materialize from someone's pocket, and then another, and another, and presto, instant bash. Of everyone in the gang, I was the least experienced with dope, so I'd always hang back a bit, not wanting to get too out of control and do something stupid. At least, not yet.



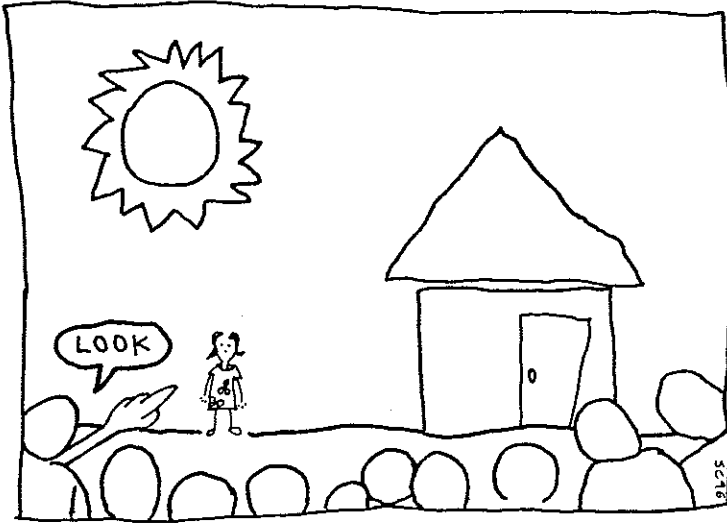
Friday nights were 'Miami Vice' nights, and we'd deliberately get high before the show began so that we would be prepared to howl at its silliest aspects (which were many), all the while secretly (me, anyway) thinking how cool it would be to zoom around Florida in a Lamborghini listening to tunes and busting drug lords with remarkable houses. On one particular occasion, Cheryl and Ruby decided to have an informal get-together on a Sunday afternoon. They lived in a fairly laid-back area of Mississauga at the end of a little cul-de-sac. From the front of their place you could see clearly down both sides of the street, and everyone on the street had a clear view of our house--an important detail to remember later. Naturally, Art and I agreed to go. It was a novel idea to me back then, drinking and smoking in the afternoon.

Many of the people at the party were unknown to me, but, like our hosts, were totally friendly. As the collective mood escalated, it seemed as though we were surrounded by longtime pals rather than new acquaintances. Maybe that's why my usual guard was down and I found myself trying to keep up with the doobs and brews making the rounds rather than pacing myself like I usually did. It was a decision I'd soon regret.

I was chugging along like Little Miss Cool, thinking I could keep up with these older, more experienced users no problem. The music was playing, everyone was talking and then suddenly, in a flash, something sort of erupted. It wasn't a cramp, more like a swoosh. It felt like a motorized fan was whizzing around in the pit of my gut and a tiny, invisible, malevolent elf with really bad breath was puffing away in my face. Something was up, and while I contemplated alerting Art or Cheryl or Brian to my condition, my stoner (il)logic reasoned it was better to stay mute and hope that it would pass.

An eternity of five minutes later and this 'thing' (I think the scientific word is nausea) was not checking out. I knew that something had to give--chiefly, what was left of my lunch--and there was no stopping it. I stood on wobbly legs and tried to make my way to the washroom, slowly so as to not stumble, but not too slowly or the suspicions of those carrying on--those older, wiser, more experienced folks just enjoying a nice buzz--wouldn't peg me as a fucked-up kid who'd overindulged. I'm sure everyone would've been concerned and eager to assist, but that's not what I was thinking at the time.

I finally made it to the bathroom (There's that dang bathroom motif again, I wonder how many more mentions there will be before this issue is over?--Still Curious Ed.). Occupied. Drat. Desperate measures. Head spinning. My hand a very long way away from my arm. Wow, look at the wood panelling. Feeling the knot in my stomach reaching up into my throat and fearing an ugly, uncontrollable splat, I shot out the front door. It was a sunny summer Sunday in a quiet residential neighbourhood.



I guess I made it halfway down the driveway before I blew--beer and food, and food and beer and..... well, you get the picture. The whole episode probably lasted less than a minute but the relief was instant. Suddenly my head was clear and the demons that had been breakdancing in my stomach just before lay dormant on the asphalt. I straightened myself up (no spillage on my clothing, remarkably) and looked down the road.

Well, I may as well been standing there naked, because what looked to me like the whole neighbourhood had gathered on their front lawns to watch this wretched young woman spill her cookies on her friend's driveway. ~~Now~~, they assembled fast. I was wondering what my friend Cheryl was thinking. Oh sure, lots of people have friends who puke on their driveway, right? In the middle of the day. When there is a bathroom inside. Oh no, no strange goings-on here, folks. Just your everyday, run-of-the-mill pukefest. Now go back to your business.

Later, after Cheryl and I hosed down the driveway and she reassured me that her neighbours already had deeply held suspicions about the extra-curricular activities at her house, I began to feel a little better. Besides, I discovered that being the butt of barf jokes isn't that bad when friends are the ones yanking your chain (or was that yakking your chain, ha ha). At least I didn't do anything really foolish, like swearing off drug and drink forever. Art and I waited until it was dark (real dark), then got in our car and drove home. By the following Friday, we were back at Cheryl's. This time, I didn't have to worry too much about restraint. My ego had been beautifully, thoroughly squished, and there was nothing left to do but sit back and enjoy the 'Vice.

* * *

Ah yes, the 'puke' story. Everyone has one; I'd hazard a guess, though, that you'd be hard-pressed to explain it as eloquently as Kim did. You know, it's funny what we all did when we were younger to act more like an adult. Take this, for instance: when was the first time you stayed out all night?

Without permission? I'm not talking about a goddamn slumber party, either, boyo. My first time was when I was 17. A bunch of my friends (all a year or two older than me) had moved out of their parent's houses in Niagara-on-the-Lake and taken up residence in a ramshackle old house in town. It was called 'Freaky Tremble'. I have no idea why. The cable, hydro and heating bills were all made out to 'Freaky Tremble'. These guys were the coolest guys that I knew. They were still in high school! Living on their own!! Wicked. Well, they had a punk rock band (ofcourse) and they smoked dope. They all

got laid, too. I was just discovering punk, I had never smoked dope, and I didn't lose my virginity 'til I was 18. These guys thought that I was hilarious: "That dumb preppy is here again, ask him if he's gotten laid yet, heh heh...". Well fuck them, I was gonna show 'em I was 'cool'. Christmas was coming, and the guys decided to have a Christmas party. I was going to go AND STAY OUT ALL NIGHT. That'll show 'em.

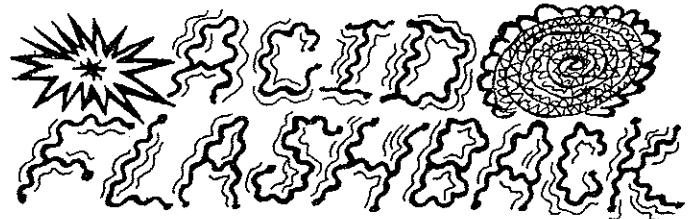
It was John's birthday. All of his room-mates at Freaky Tremble went in on a half-ounce of hash to make him a 'birthday cake'. The plan was to not tell him that it was a hashcake--everyone in the house was always starving so they knew he'd devour the whole thing if he could. You should have seen the fight over who got to lick the mixing bowl. So there we all were--girls and guys from all over the Niagara region. Rockin' party. Upstairs. Downstairs. Being told "You call that smoking? You don't even inhale!" by a pretty young thing as she walked away. "Yeah, but I'm staying out all night!!" I yelled at her departing body. Damn, I'll never win. Aah, who cares, I did it--got all liquored up (I still didn't smoke dope, I thought it was evil), rocked the house, and stayed out all night.

I got a lift home, and I was terrified. It was around 7 am and my family would be getting up soon. How am I gonna pull this one off? I snuck in the house through the garage, went into the living-room, and listened as my father came out of the bathroom upstairs, and then down the landing. He peeked his head into the room and said



* * *

Hey kids, where ya goin'? Stay put--this shit is getting good! Check this out--the LOUDEST man in radio (the LOUDEST man in TORONTO for that matter), the MOUTH (overnights on Friday 1-6 am on CIUT 89.5 fm, baby), has pulled through and written an article for 'i'l ol' me! Sniff, I'm touched YA BIG FREAK!! It figures that this is called.....



So the bean-pole, square-jawed, rivet-head Spaceman wants to know about the Mouth's best party experiences.

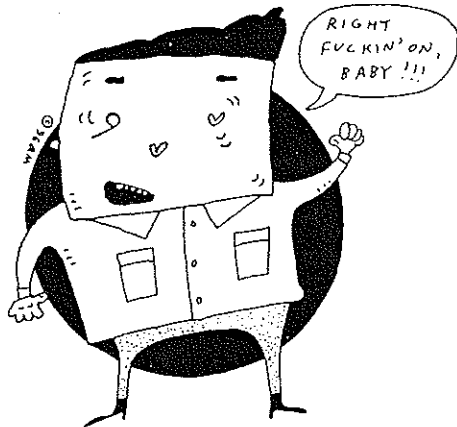
Well, I hate to disappoint, Oh Mighty Cadet Of The Cosmos, but big-time drunk fests aren't exactly my fave party experience. You almost always get in a fight, smash your car, or get covered in someone else's dinner (Hey, sounds like a party to me, dude--Chronic Ed.). Besides, any really good pissup usually means you don't remember squat the next day. Ni, I enjoy parties of a much more chemical nature.

When I was just a little pair of lips growing up in Smalltown Ontario, the guys I hung with were more the arty type. It was great to get laid, but we'd be

just as attracted to some really good LSD and blowing our minds. In my later high school years one of my buddies' parents used to take off for months at a time and his used to become Acid Central in the summer. We also had a great connection in Toronto that was supplying us with Windowpane--nice, clean and truly spectacular. I guess that's why I still dig acid, because the first few times I did it were amazing and I never had any of those bad side effects like gut-rot. We would all assemble at his house at the pre-determined time. You couldn't come to the party unless you were gonna partake. We didn't need any "I wonder what that's like" or "Let's watch the freaks" types hanging around. We would all drop at the same time so we'd all be in the groove. I remember one time, in order to preserve this symmetry, that me and a buddy had to actually drop at work on a Saturday night, so that we would be in sync with everyone else when we got to the party. Believe me, supermarkets are psychedelic enough without acid. But by the time we finished, it was just coming on nicely and piped-in Muzak never sounded so good.

After we dropped, we'd smoke a joint and listen to our favourite Freak tunes of the past and just wait for things to happen. Everything you'd need for a great time was at the house--art supplies for painting, drawing or whatever, musical instruments and other weird shit like toys or anything that had good acid potential. We'd also record our own fucked-up musique-concrete-style shit during the day to play when we were all messed up. It always sounded amazing--like the speakers themselves were being ripped apart by these sounds from another realm, which earlier in the day had been nothing more than bicycle chains and blocks of wood being banged together. This was also at the time when Walkmans were coming into play, so they became valuable acid toys as well. I always made tapes of all my fave 60's psychedelic tunes to listen to while I went bike riding or just wandering around the town.

After a while, though, I realized that even the Dead Kennedy's sounded good on acid (Way ta go, Mouth, you were losing me there--Hippie-Hating Ed.), right there beside the Red Crayola and the 13th Floor Elevators. Eventually we'd make tapes for each other, hoping to fuck up one of your buddies big time.



Simcoe was a really small town too, almost like

out of a storybook. At Christmas they put up all of these displays of Santa and Jesus, with these weird lights everywhere. I remember trying to have a conversation with all of the figures in the 'Nativity Scene' but not getting very far. You could also get out to the woods pretty easily, too. Seeing all

of those humongous tree, I thought that they were huge Norse Viking ships waiting to take me off to rape and pillage. Staring at the moon was always a buzz, too. While listening to 'Castles In The Sand' the gigantic face of Jimi Hendrix appeared on the moon, smiling at me. Corny, eh? One time two of my friends got totally blitzed by the moon. They thought that it was the face of the devil laughing at them. They ran



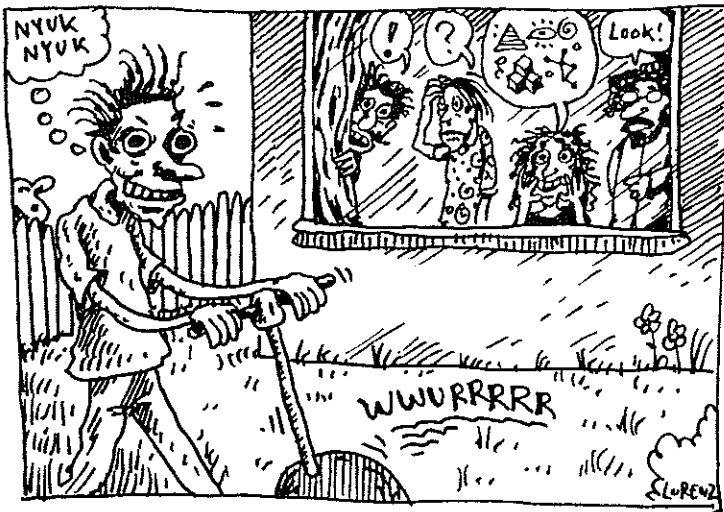
"Look at those two losers-
YOU ARE IN MY POWER!
HA HA HA HA HA!"

back to the house and made us turn off all of the music while they covered in the corner. When I asked them what was wrong, they spit venom and said "Why do you always have to have such a good time?". That was enough for me, I was gone. What's the big deal anyway? I always prayed that I would see stuff like that, but I never did.

Tripping around outside was a gas. Once, while living in exciting Thorold (Hey, I've been there !! The Thorold Detention Centre, that is--Bad, Bad Ed.) Ontario, we all dropped and went down to the canal locks to check things out. Lo and behold, they were doing repairs. The locks were drained and the workers had even left ladders down to the bottom. What a sight--gazing at those humongous iron doors. I imagined that it was the entry to a concrete castle from the days of dragons and King Arthur. Wow.

I was always puzzled by the fact that all of the driveways in Thorold weren't paved, but covered in sheets of canvas. Our acid-addled brains could not figure that one out at all! Were they all members of some secret society? It wasn't 'til years later that I found out that these people all worked at the paper mill and this was some kind of canvas that, once it wore out its use at the paper plant, they'd give it to the workers. It made for a good, cheap driveway. Weird.

Anyway, the best part of acid were the PRANKS. We were always trying to freak out each other by performing outlandish pranks that would blow even the straightest of minds. Sometimes they would be simple. Once I was tripping and I found a floor polisher in the house so I took it outside. I told my buddy Rich to get everyone to the window, without being too obvious. To their surprise, when the curtain was drawn, there I was, polishing the grass in the front yard. We had a bunch of first-timers that night who were freaked for hours.



My favorite was when Rich and his band BAT had an acid party. They made us all wait in one room until things were ready to start. Once we were sufficiently stoned we were led downstairs blindfolded into the basement while strobe-lights flashed and music blared. Rich had hung fishnets from the ceiling so we had to walk through them like a maze. At the end was the band all dressed in crazy party hats and shades, playing their own psychedelic tunes as well as covers of stuff like 'Interstellar Overdrive'. What a blowout !!

But every once in a while, things would backfire. One time we were tripping and everybody left me in the house, lying on the floor, grooving to tunes, immersed in the strobe-lights and petting the dog. Total relaxation. A few minutes later my reverie was interrupted by Rich, who crashed back into the house screaming "MY PARENTS ARE COMING UP THE STREET !!!". "Nice try," I thought, "but you can be more creative than that." Turns out he wasn't shitting me. They were supposed to be staying in

Buffalo overnight, but they changed their minds. Luckily, everybody was out of the house, but the place was a mess. We had hung all of the paintings upside down and placed a tea kettle on a pedestal in the living room like some object of worship. His parents came storming in. His father is not exactly the most understanding type. "CLEAN UP ALL THIS SHIT, I'M GOING TO BED," he bellowed, while Rich's mom gave us a big grin. I stayed to help Rich clean up; his mom even asked me what we had been smoking. I guess the permagrin on my face as I laughed the whole thing off was a giveaway.

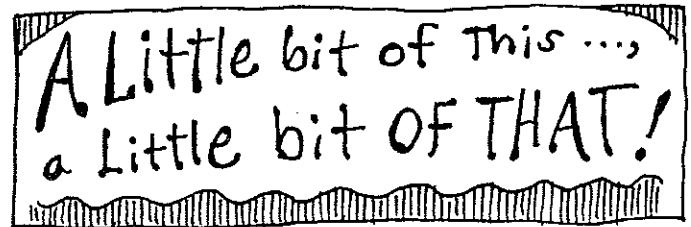
But probably the best prank took place on the same Thorold trip when we explored the locks. Waiting 'til I was nice and stoned, my buddies led me into the kitchen. They had gotten me a Tarantula !! Astounding ! It was cool enough to get a pet, but a big furry spider (while fried) was the best ! I quickly named him Stalin, gave him two crickets named Trotsky and Lenin and watched him go on a purge !!



I could go on forever, but I'll just say one thing in case any young'uns are reading this (Thanks, Mouth, for writing the disclaimer at the END of the article-- Grateful (D)Ed.). LSD can really be a lot of fun, but you have to be in the right frame of mind. We'd only do it once in a while. It was something special, so we were always in good spirits, because basically it's a mood enhancer. If you've had a bad day, LOOK OUT, STAY AWAY--it'll only make things worse. And try to get the best acid you can. I don't know if it's possible any more. P.S. If you need good trip-out music, look me up, I'm in the book !!



This next bit of journalism is more a rumination of a life of drunken debauchery by none other than Graeme Boyce, of Raw Energy Records notoriety. When he's not out scouting and signing up-and-coming punk bands you can find him at a score of sleazy dives in the Greater Toronto area. You think your life is exciting ? Check this shit out, punk, it is called.....



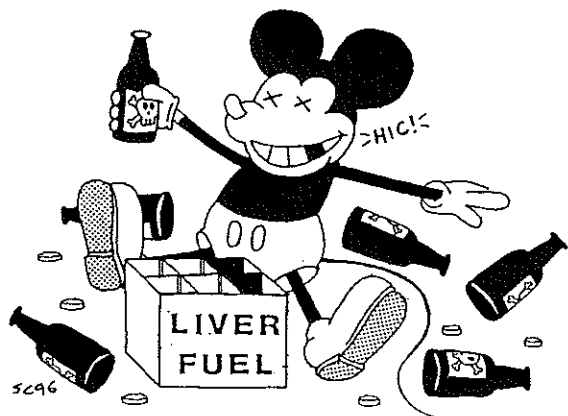
Just when you think the worst is over, that you'll never do that again...it happens again. Admittedly less frequently these days, but nevertheless (and for twenty years) binges always transform into stories. I used to say, when teenaged, or explain, that the only reason to drink - and drink heavily - was for the story alone. As in, "I did that?" So, over the years, I've amassed quite a collage of stories involving motorised vehicles, police officers, university campuses, sunny islands, The Toad In The Hole, rock concerts, baseball games, camping and travelling. Mostly all involve an array of friends too; some close, some not so.

But the best usually, if not always, have evolved, in fact just laid themselves out to be read, in combination with an assortment of illegal substances. And what an assortment....

Like the time we were heading off to see the Nazareth and Be Bop Deluxe show at the Gardens - and couldn't decide whether to have the half ounce of Acapulco Gold or the Panamanian Red, or both. Later on, during the Rush era, was it going to be Purple Microdots or California Sunshine - with either the Christmas Trees, Yellow Jackets or Robins Nests? For a while there it looked as if the war on drugs was being lost.

Speaking of cops, and during this particular era, there was the Brooklin Spring Fair, and most importantly The Beer Tent, where old guys in red aprons got you loaded. As imagined, there are chapters indeed. Like the time one unfortunate young gentleman was being rather aggressively apprehended by a squad of the local redneck constabulary. Well, the next thing you know I'm throwing my two (new) beers over the collective backs of the blueshirts. Lo and behold, and following hours of meticulous investigation, I was arrested and faced four counts of assault police. It didn't go too far though - or I should say we didn't go too far. As the hours had passed, so had recollections of the infraction. There were no, absolutely not one, witnesses left credible. And the shirts had dried. There was a decided lack of evidence. "Just go home" was about the last thing they said, accompanied by the obligatory "and stay and out trouble."

In that era, drinking and driving wasn't such a big deal, like it is today, unbelievably, so from time to time, those of us who were the least drunk were designated drivers. So, there we were driving along at three in the morning and BOOM, out of the blue this guy runs a red and we hit a pole. Next thing you know, I'm watching Tom walking up the road with the rear bumper across his arms, as I'm trying to explain to the officers just how we had managed to stop about fifty yards past the accident scene. Well, the next thing you know, after the old man had dutifully arrived, I'm charged with not drinking and driving, but drinking under age.



This, of course, was all a prelude to the organised drinking that was to ensue (night after night) at the 'higher institute of learning called university. Let's see, there was the food fight that led to my first visit to the Dean's office and then there was the riot at the pub. And what a riot it was. It's not like you start the night discussing how you'll achieve your objective of spending the night in the klink, like as if spending the night in one of the more notorious of jails in the country is tops on the list. It's not. But it happened. And it all started off so innocently. A little bit of drinking and a

little bit of this and a little bit of that, mixed in with girl troubles, perhaps is indeed a recipe for trouble. Anyway, off we went to the school pub, a big one. Throughout the course of the evening, I'm wandering around; prowling perhaps, when I discovered an unattended jug o' draft. Well, not to miss an opportunity, I not only pour myself a cup but also a few for the lads. This didn't go over too well with the hockey team, who picked me up and threw me over the next table. And this didn't go over too well with the lads. Within minutes, if not seconds, it was the wild wild west in Waterloo - but by now I was just a passive observer, having been detained by local campus security and handcuffed to a rail at the front doors.

Apparently I had started this, this, this embarrassment, the Dean was to say the next morning. But for the time being, I was still clamped to a rail awaiting the arrival of yet another squad of beefy men in blue. Unbeknownst to me, the day had been an exciting one for the boys, who had raided a farmhouse belonging to a motorcycle club, a very familiar and a large motorcycle club. These fellas were currently residing in the same jail that I would shortly be visiting. If I knew then what I know now, things would've been different. Like I don't know if I would've been so brazen and blubbered something to the effect that this was not Nazi Germany and I did not have to produce my identification. So I didn't and downtown I went. Pretty quickly. With quite an escort too. They eventually achieved their objective and found out who I was by "accidentally" flinging me around the booking room floor - as if I was resisting. Soonafter, I was taken down into the deep, very deep cells below

A few hours later, I was coming around and having a enlightening conversation about life in the big house with the fella next door, when from down the hall I heard him coming. This guy was as big as a mountain - and what's that movie with Gene Wilder (and sidekick) being thrown into jail with the large, very large man - whatever, he wore a blue uniform. He walked in and brought with him a very large book and a notebook. He began to flip through the very large book and as he did he asked me whether I knew what it was he was doing. Of course, I didn't have a clue.

Well, he was finding all the charges he could under the Criminal Code of Canada - and making note of these charges, and they were good ones too. Things weren't looking good. At least, I knew a thing or two about the big house. Following an hour of exhaustive searching Mr Mountain Man had all the charges he needed to put a smile on his face, but that I could get out of all this, if and only if, they could call the Dean and if and only if the Dean agreed to come get me from my new home. Well, the Dean said, if and only if, we advise the old man of my fun I'd had that night. What a choice. But I made the right one. Soon enough, I was being threatened with expulsion while being driven back to the campus as the sun was coming up.

He never did call home though. But do you think I learnt my lesson? Because I sure as shit walked away from that one saying "I'll never do that again...." Well fast forward about ten years, and sure enough I've taken on about half of 52 division. But that's another story, from another era. Pre Rodney King too.



I've heard it said that a party isn't a party until the cops show up. I tend to agree. Ya know, this next story might be short, but it's one of my favorites. The author/artist is none other than Julian Fuego, lead singer for acoustic hip-hop act The Roach Motel here in Toronto. He is also well-known as Buster Mowgli, which is his design tag at Peach Berserk (507 Queen St. West, 504-1711 y'all !!). So without further adieu, may I present.....

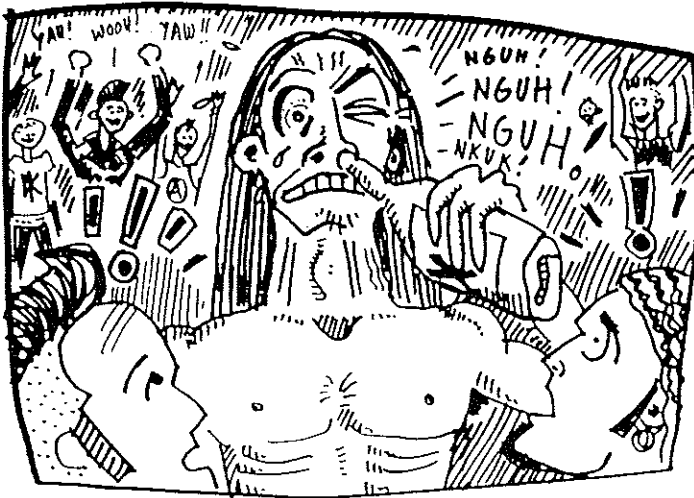


One night, my ex-buddy Craig and I were out for a good-buzz-cruise on the 'Glider', a wicked old bike

that we had learned to double-ride in a most peculiar fashion. At the end of a street that we had never seen before stood a warehouse with good punk rock screaming out of a window. Speakers facing out a window !! Tunes cranked !! "A party," said Craig. "Let's go !!"



Inside, the tunes rocked, the beer was cheap and cold, and the gnarly-doobers just kept on coming !! In the darkness, I saw a crowd of folks standing around cheering. I had to see what was going on. We pushed our way through the crowd and...gulp ! saw a skinny hippy dude chugging a bottle of tequila through his NOSE !!!



I swear to god ! Tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he looked like he was going to die, but every time those punk rockers started shouting "CHUG ! CHUG ! CHUG !" he kept right on chugging ! (Sounds like my friend Paul, Julian !!--Observant Ed.) I don't remember the aftermath, but on the way home I wondered if he squeezed a lemon chaser up there, too. Or maybe he inhaled the worm ? Or snorted a line of salt ? I don't know, but I've never been able to find that warehouse or street since. Hmmm.....

Speaking of snorting lines (oh no, I would never do that, Officer....), here's another short one by Vince, a wicked wood sculptor and cool dude. It's called....

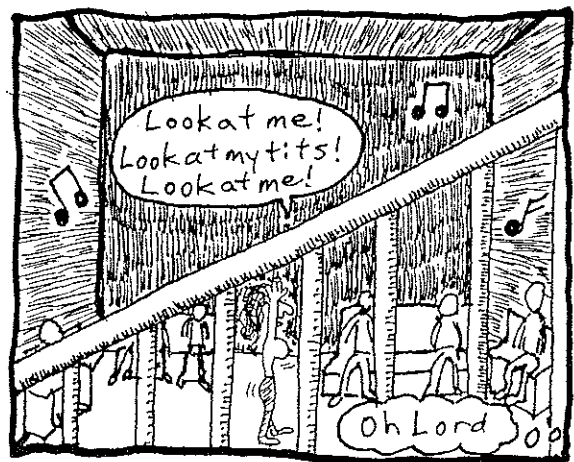
Cocaine Canine

When I was sixteen I went to this 'rich' high school party. I was sitting at a table with this guy that had a small bag of coke. Some guy walked by with a beer in his hand, brushed the coke, and knocked it to the floor. They were going to cut out the carpet and tap it back into the bag, but got worried about what the parents would say. They were deciding what to do when the family dog came by and, well, took a sniff. The dog wouldn't stop howling all night !

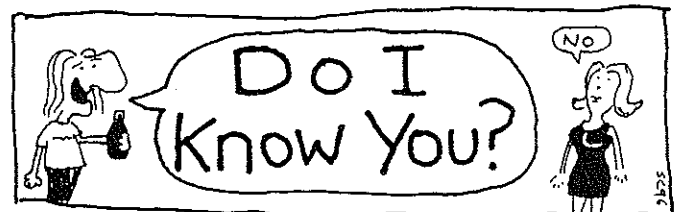


Okay, I don't think that this issue will be complete until I tell a 'Lori Faye Story'. For those of you who don't know who Lori Faye is, well, she's a Toronto Party Girl. If you're at a party and it's rockin' I betcha she'll be there !! She goes to all the big punk rock shows. I heard that one of her claims to fame is that she bared her breasts at a Metallica show and it was filmed--it made its way onto one of the bands' videos or something. The woman is compulsive about her tits--she's always flashing 'em everywhere ! Ya gotta admit, they are pretty gravity-defying. I ran a boozecan a couple of years ago on a Saturday night. I was left with an extra keg. I made a few phone calls the next day and invited over a bunch of friends to help me drink it. Five bucks, all you can drink. Word must have got out that there was a big boozep, because every freak in Toronto showed up. So did Lori Faye.

The party was a hoot. Me, my room-mates Sean, Kevin and John, and about 40 or 45 people that had nothing better to do on a Sunday night than get stinkin' drunk were sitting around talking, listening to tunes, and, well, partying. Feelin' Shitty Barbie was there, and we were all sitting on the flight of stairs that went up to the second floor, watching a bunch of people that we didn't know party in our house. There was a middle-aged Greek guy that I knew from the coffeshop down the street. He had his eyes glued to Lori Faye's chest. She was watching him watch her. She said "How much money do you have ?" and he rooted around in his pockets for some dough. We were watching this, thinking "Oh, NO, this can't be happening, please Lord....". The Greek guy goes around and takes up a collection. Lori Faye wants to show everyone her tits.



She made sixteen dollars. I didn't give her any money, and neither did my room-mates. It was very weird watching Lori Faye shake her milk-pillows to the Butthole Surfers.....and for the next story, may I present O. Gun, last seen in the pages of Rivet reviewing B-Films for 'The Video Barn'. Welcome back !! This one's called.....

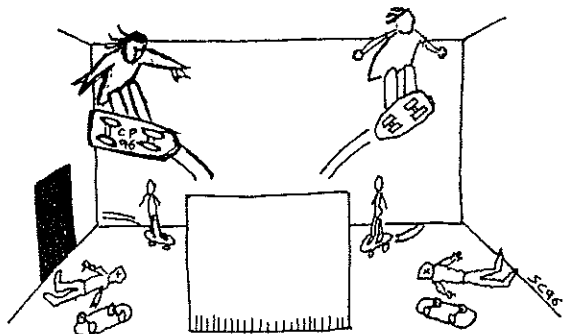


Back in my high school days in the ultra-conservative town of Newmarket, there was an old run-down house which was being rented by some distant acquaintances of mine. Anne, a close friend, managed to get a room in this place. She gave me a tour while I was helping her move in. There was a back room off of the kitchen with a pile of lumber in it. The boys in the house were going to build a skateboard ramp. In the house. Another room was slightly larger than the drum kit set up in it. The living room was divided by a huge curtain to wall off another bedroom (I lived in a bedroom like that in Vancouver !!--Wistful Ed.). The walls in Anne's room were warped and sagging and covered in lumpy rippling wallpaper, the pattern nearly lost in water stains gone black from mildew. Anne said she'd fix it up and pointed out a can of paint. It would be ready by the big year-end blowout, which was close.

I arrived at the party with Dave, who looked as bewildered as I felt. The place was packed with kids, representing every kind of clique like some youth U.N. meeting. None of the people looked familiar to us. I was anxious, anticipating a massive rumble or something, then before I knew it joints were lit up throughout the room. All was cool.

After many conversations I concluded that most of the partiers were strangers to each other. None of them knew who lived in the house. Apparently, people from as far away as Toronto and Barrie had heard about a party, and this house sure seemed like the right place--the house was on a main street, and the music was almost agonizingly loud.

At one point there was a loud commotion in the kitchen. After working my way through the crowd I discovered that a bunch of the skater kids had discovered the ramp built in the back room. Drunk as skunks, the kids were flying around, rolling up the walls, and crashing into each other in this cyclodome contraption.



It was now very late. Dave had disappeared, and I was about ready to drag myself home. Then I saw Anne pushing her way through the packed room. She didn't know any of these people!! Their party was scheduled for the NEXT weekend!! Talk about crossed wires--no wonder no-one knew anybody else at the party....Anne was very excited to show me her newly decorated room. As we climbed over the lethargic bodies piled on the stairs, we heard someone drumming. Loud. Anne was relieved, thinking that her room-mates were finally home. I pointed to the bottom of the door that held the phantom drummer. The light was not on inside. Anne opened the door. The drummer continued pounding away, oblivious to Anne's shouting. His insane grin

jutted out from under a mass of long black tangled hair. He stopped abruptly. The room continued to rattle. Slowly, he raised bloody hands still tightly gripping the drumsticks and pushed back his hair, unveiling piercing eyes that were a perfect match for his unwavering grin. He giggled. He shoved his bloody fingers into his mouth and sucked on them. I suggested we let him ride it out, and we moved on to Anne's bedroom.

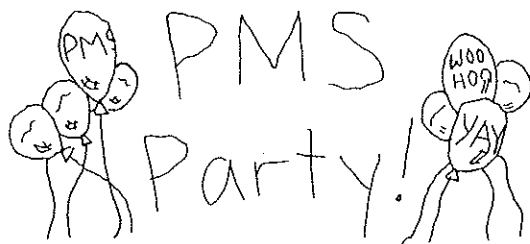
Anne's room was a surprise. She had applied hot pink paint over the mildewy wallpaper, and had hung a jaunty red scarf on the lampshade. I thought to myself, 'This room explains this whole house,' a bit awed by the garish spectacle.

This was the first and only party I've ever been to where nothing got broken (not even a beer bottle), nobody got into a fight, and no cops showed up. A

couple weeks after the party, one of Anne's room-mates fell through the floor, breaking both ankles. It turned out that their slimy landlord had been renting them all a condemned building!! It's been torn down since. Do you think Anne is still painting her room pink? Just wondering.....



Well, that's it, folks, the end of True Party Stories. I wonder what the next issue'll be about? Hey! I just remembered! Has anybody seen Lady Penelope?? Damn, she must've stayed home and had a.....



Being a martyr of the highest PMS order, I often enjoy punishing my friends in social contexts. At such times, the best parties are therefore the ones that I don't go to.



This is my agenda. Anyone who has PMS or is a neurotic crank can utilize it.

1) Insist loftily that you were never invited, when asked "Are you going to Plug-Plug and Doodles' place tonight?"

2) Stonily resist all begging and pleading, which you know in your heart are lies, then when your friend gives up run into the bathroom or out of the building and cry lonely tears.

3) Go home and unplug the phone so that you'll never know if anyone called to see where you were.

4) Pick up all kinds of stupid party drinks (Kahlua, coolers, Peach Schnapps) and drink them

all by yourself, laughing bitterly.



5) Lie on your bed for hours, talking out loud to yourself about how you are the quintessential lone wolf and nobody loves you anyway. Then pass out.



JUMP ON THIS

Random Killing
Urine The '90s Now

Beaned Up Polkas
Trunk
Beaned Up Polkas

Three Impotent Males
s/t

Throbbin Hoods
Hot Live Action

Marilyn's Vitamins
In These Shoes
Marilyn's Vitamins
In These Shoes

TireKickers
Smedication

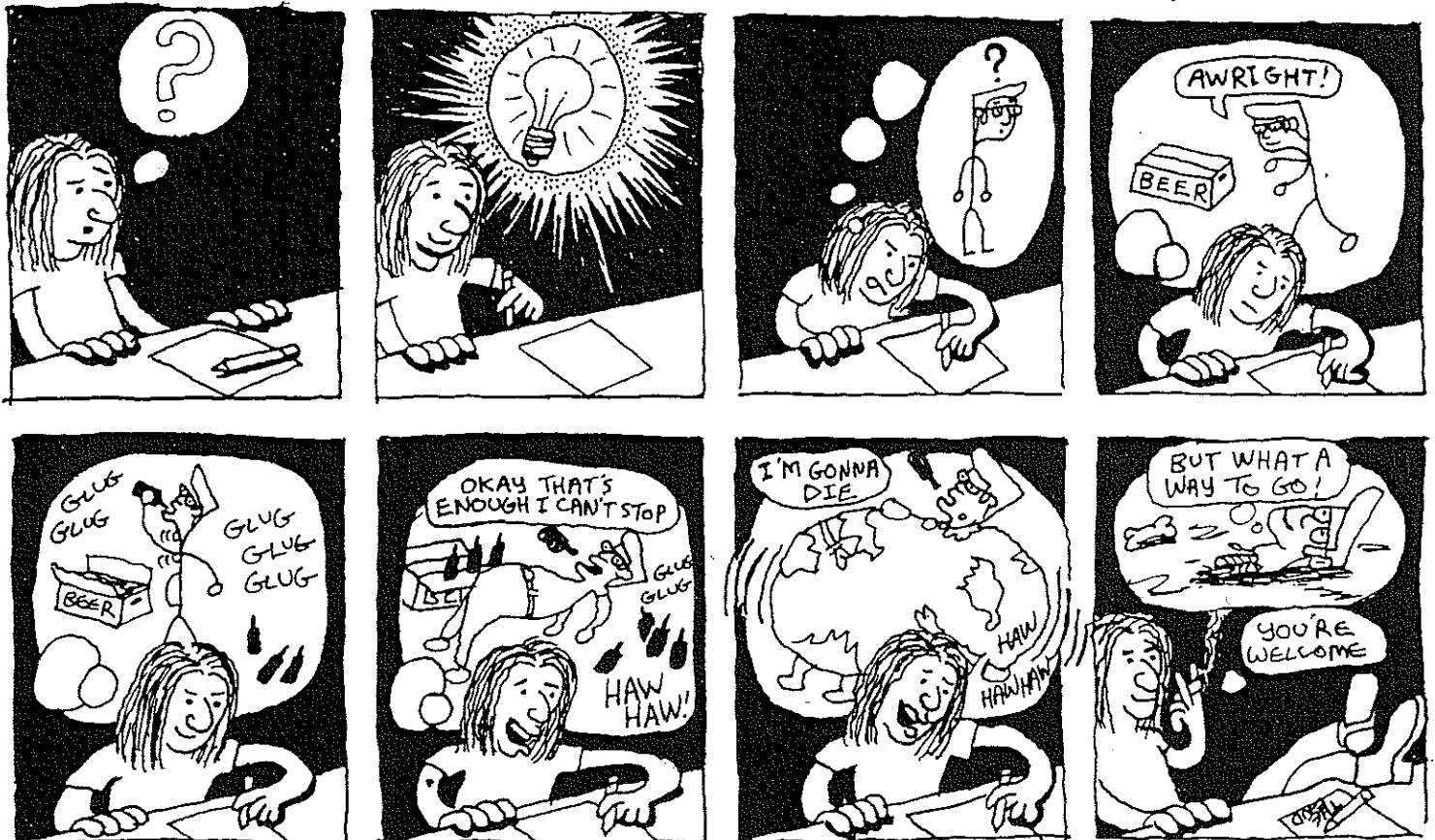
Space City USA
Chromed

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VERY SILLY HIJINX

(TOO SILLY TO EVEN PUT MY NAME TO)



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JUST EAST OF BATHURST

DANCING DAYS

WOMEN'S AND
MEN'S WEAR

NEW AND
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STYLES

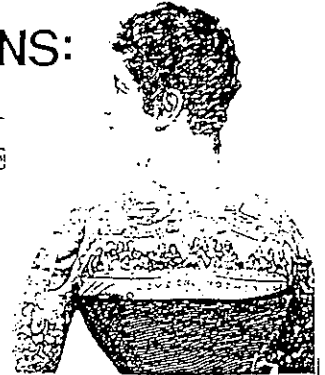

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CUTE! CUDDLY!

I'm a
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Mo, you're not. Sorry, Fred...
Double-sided, screen-
printed G.G. Allin dolls
in four G.G. colours--
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Urine Yellow, and Over-
dose Blue. And special,
just for the freakin'
half of it, roughly
50 dolls in

Blood Red.
This is no joke,
folks. G.G. would
be proud of my
design, plus...
he's takin' a
dump on the
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Well-concealed cash
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Toronto,
Canada
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Wait'll you see G.G.'s tattoos !!!
Cums in a silk-screened G.G. Allin Vomit Bag !!! coool !

PISS
on
me!

SHIT
on
me!

PUKE
on
me!

BLEED
on
me!

Silk-screened, like old Flintstones' dolls !!!

On Wednesday April 3rd at 4:20 pm I had the misfortune of tuning in to your radio station. The song that was playing just wasn't acceptable for the public airwaves. "Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it...eat my shit" isn't something that I want my six-year-old daughter to hear. I realize that you are dealing with University students that might like to push the limits, but this garbage can't happen...not on a radio station that tax dollars go towards supporting. I'm Athletic Director at a community college and I understand accountability...so my question to you is-- "What are you going to do about it?" Make your answer a good one and send it to the CRIC (editor's note: the CRIC is our Federal Radio Commission), because I am sure they are interested. If they aren't, they should be!!

Sincerely,
Greg Gavin

Thanks to CIUT's program director, Mopa Dean, for defending me to the CRIC. The gist of his response was that I'd been So Mad lately, by Butt Trumpet was played in context. I was interviewing a woman named Christy Cameron about a performance piece that she was doing, and this song fit right in. Also, we are not funded by tax dollars (2). We fund-raise once a year, and basically that is our operating budget. 3) I was put on probation for six weeks, and I have to read two disclaimers per show, warning people that I interview aggressive artists and musicians and play lots of punk rock. So there. My show is on Wednesday afternoons between 4 and 5 pm on CIUT 89.5 fm. 15,000 watts of power, from Kitchener to Cobourg, from Buffalo to Barrie.

Hey there, how's it going? I got Rivet #10 a few weeks ago and it was really great. How... wholesome! What a trip to New York! I saw part of the Ramones set at (drum roll, please) Lollapalooza. It was good, I'm not a huge fan or anything, but they did play really well (heck, I got in for free--guys playing darts on stage would have been entertaining!). Well, Mr. OG Allin fan, a friend of mine rifled through some magazines and gave me some articles on the King Of The Underground,

so I thought I'd pass them on. Oh yeah, I saw you in that Speed Kings video (for 'Soapbox Preacher'...Ed.). Making a career move? Hee hee. Hope everything is going well. Talk to you soon, Nicole P.S. Looking forward to the next Cut & Paste!!

Thanks for the articles, Nicole. Have you seen the new Sinister's video yet? I'm all over this one! Maybe a career change is in order! Thanks for writing....

Hello! We are a band called Spittle. Four of us live in Barrie; our shitty singer lives in Toronto. We've played at the last three Funkfests. We sucked at every one of 'em. Oh sure, our fans thought we ruled, but we know better. After all, we're no better than any of your bands. Or are we? So why, then, are you guys so full of yourselves? You think that you Toronto bands got a corner on the "attitude market"? You're all a BUNCH OF FUSSIES!! You live in TORONTO, for Chrissakes!! Hell, we're from BARRIE--we'll kick yer asses!! You cocksuckers are so full of yourselves you forget to help out the bands right in your own back-yard! You knock yourselves out trying to show AntiFlag from PA or the Rat Bastards from Wisconsin how 'cool' you are by lending them an amp or a pair of drumsticks or whatever, but what about SystemShit from Halifax? They were there. Didn't see you lending them any of your gear. Same with Pig Society from Sherbrooke, Quebec. Nada. Zip. Zilch. Nothing. We knew better than to count on any of you cunts, so we brought all of our own gear this year. And when we were finished rockin' that Saturday night, we were ready to lend all of our gear to the Excretions and some other band. Unfortunately, since a bunch of you were chucking bottles at us, we decided to opt out. Apologies to the Excretions--you guys are fuckin' PUNK AS FUCK!! Anyway, thanks to everyone that bought our shitty t-shirts and godawful tapes--YOU RULE!! We've got a new tape out called "On the Run With...SPITTLE", with six new originals. We got some in Toronto, keep an eye out for it. A little label called Bhurr Records signed us, so expect a CD in the spring. Oh yeah, one more thing. After we were up all night at Punkfest (damn PCP), we felt like playing again on Sunday morning. We asked the dude that runs the body-piercing booth if we could plug into his generator and play a set. He said "Sure!". We yelled out into the campsite, asking if anyone wanted to play with us. Of course they did. SystemShit (Halifax) played. Pig Society (Sherbrooke) played. Fisrot (Chicago) played. Global Holocaust (Montreal) played. So did a bunch of other bands. 4 or 500 people watched. All of the bands used all of our gear, including our DRUMS, our GUITARS, our AMPS, our MIC'S, and whatever else they needed. All for the sake of the 'Punk Rock Community'. Spittle severely doubts that any of you Toronto bands would've done the same. However, in the spirit of reconciliation, we'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Prove us wrong next year. Because you know something? WE'LL BE THERE AGAIN. We're not afraid, because we are SPITTLE, we are from BARRIE, and we SUCK. But not as bad as you.

Cheers, the guys

P.S. Sorry if we offended any of our Toronto friends (you know who you are.....)

[Handwritten signatures and notes]
SPIT
DONALD MAYTON
and 96

MAIL BOMBS

I couldn't agree with you more, guys. I heard us called the Saviors of Punkfest more than once, especially since the Soundman had pulled out early that Sunday morning, taking the Main Stage's PA System with him!! But you know who the best band was that weekend? CORPUSSE. The Antichrist of Punkfest. He was better than everybody put together!



Corpuse Wins! photo by May Lynn Quan

Dear Spaceman Production,

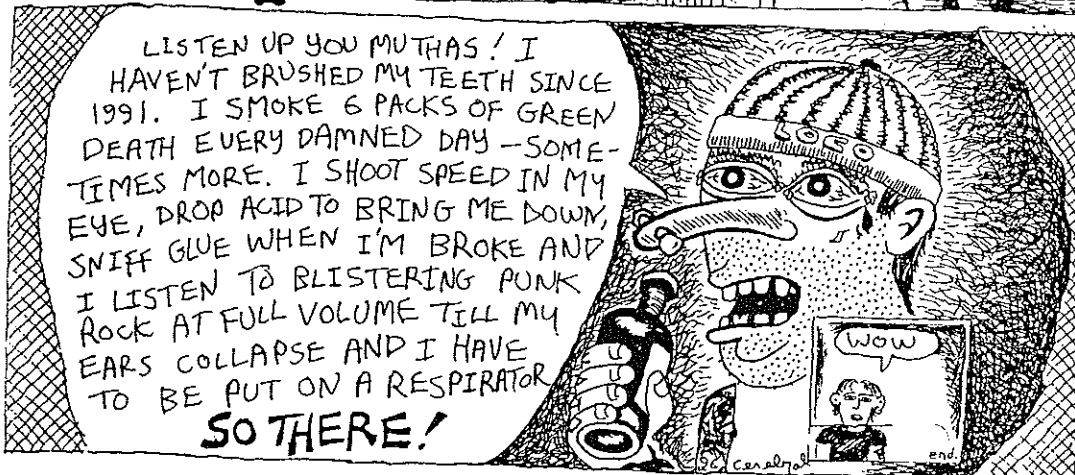
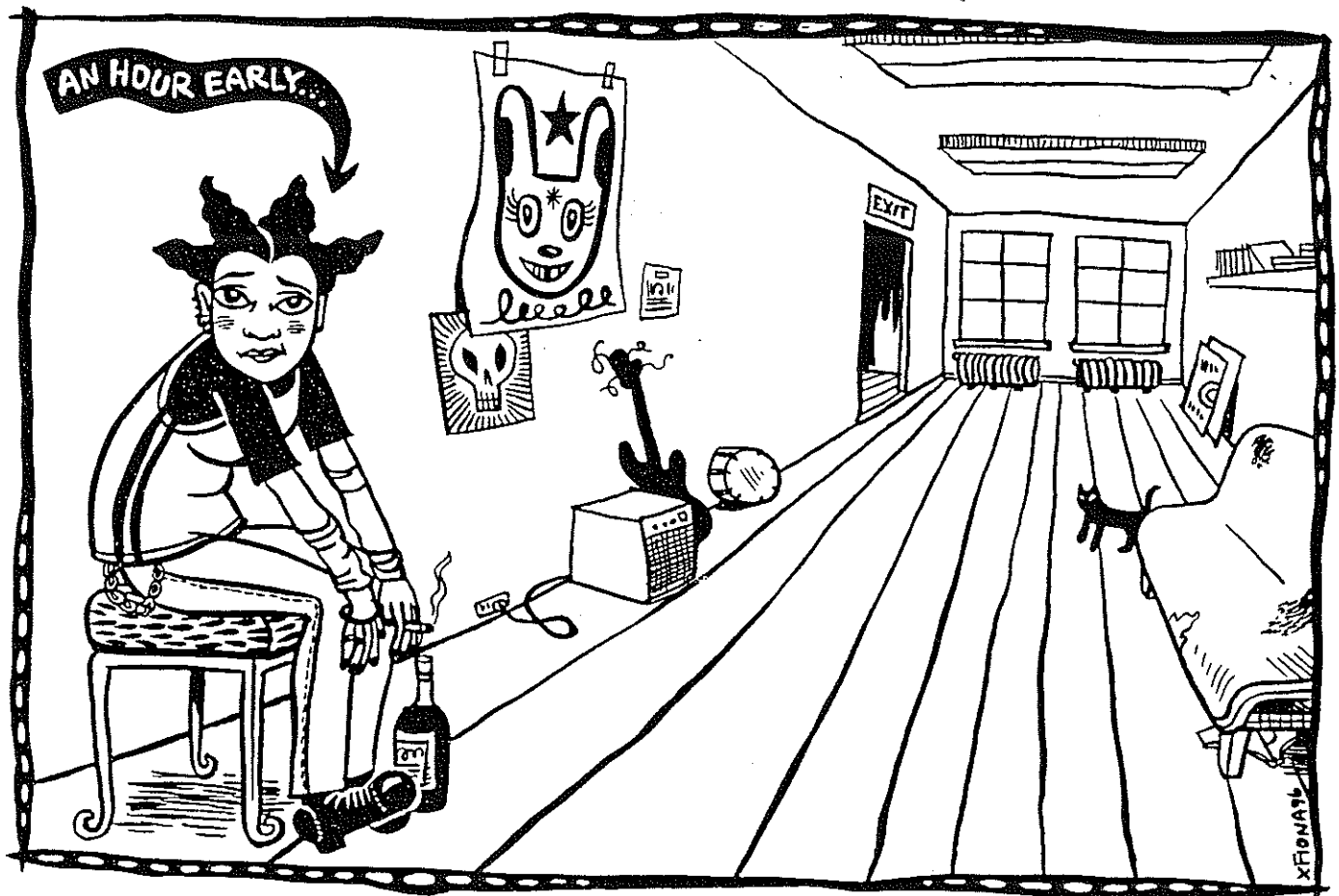
Hello. I am doing distribution in Japan. I am interested in your 'GG ALLIN DOLLS' very much. I am thinking that I will distribute it, but I want a doll try. I send \$15. I don't stick a colour. Please tell me price of wholesale.

Sincerely,
Nobuhisa Furubeppu

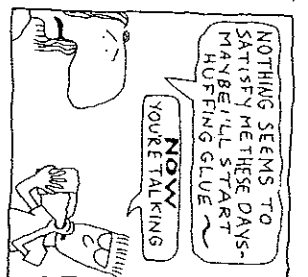
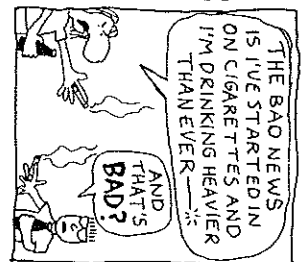
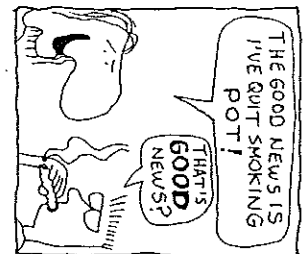
Thank you for your write,
Nobuhiso. I send you try doll. I stick 'Overdose Blue'. I hope you lick it.

THE FUNNY PAGES!





THE GOOD NEWS



WE KE BIT REAL!

©1996 by Stacey Case

I think their attitude comes from Barrie

Never trust a band without a beer gut

...WE DON'T SEE EACH OTHER EXCEPT AT LIVE SHOWS. REHEARSALS? HA!!!

CHONGUYS PLEEEZZZ? FUCH YOU PRETTY PLEASE!

WE DON'T NEED TO REHEARSE, WE HAD A SHOW LAST WEEK

FOOD

WE DRINK MORE THAN ANY OTHER BAND WE KNOW.*

SPEED KINGS (R.I.P.)

Problem children (died) departed

Finister's Kat Z

TIREKICKERS retardz

*except Corposse.

COMMUNICATION IN OUR BAND TENDS TO GET, UM...

HEY GUYS, GOOD TO SEE YA! C'MERE AND GIMME A HUG.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BIT THAT?

WHO CARES-- KILL 'IM!

AND DRINK.

I'LL GET THE NEXT ROUND

Alright!

AND DRINK.

THIS ONE'S MINE

Alright!

NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO PLAY.

Alright!

SCOTTY (DRUMS) IS CHATTING WITH SOMEONE IN THE CROWD.

YOU JUST FUCKING WAIT 'TIL I'M FINISHED PLAYING ASS HOLE ONE TWO FREE FOUR!!

AND THERE IS GLENN (GUITAR), THE SENSIBLE ONE, WONDERING WHAT THE HELL HE'S DOING HERE.

I SURE HOPE I REMEMBERED TO SET THE VCR, THOMAS

EDI SON IS ON

'BIOGRAPHY' TONITE

CRUNCH

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT THE SHOW IS OVER. I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN IN A BRAWL.

HEY TORCH YOU ASSHOLE GOOD SHOW

POKE POKE

GOOD ONE

THANKS!

SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT COMMUNICATING? WHAT A BAND, WHAT A BAND.

HEY SCOTT, GOOD SHOW

DON'T TOUCH ME

SMACK!

GOOD ONE

WE GET PAID AND TRY TO DIVIDE THE CASH.

I GET THE \$5!

YOU GET SQUAT

I GET IT ALL

Yeah

OUR BAND IS OFF TO PLAY A SHOW IN HAMILTON. WE ARE BARELY TALKING TO EACH OTHER.

I HATE YOU

I QUIT

FUCK OFF

...SOMEWHAT VIOLENT IN NATURE.

RICK HIM!

ALL GET YOU!

BOOF

QUIT PULLING MY HAIR!!

WE ARRIVE AT THE CORK-TOWN IN HAMILTON.

TONITE

SPITTLE

KAYOR

EATER

TURK

KURK

REWARD

WE ROCK. THAT'S ALL THAT WE KNOW HOW TO DO.

WHAT'S THAT SOUND? A HOWLING CAT?

MARK (GUITAR) PUSHES ME OFF STAGE. I SPIT IN HIS FACE.

PTOO!

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.

DON'T POKE ME

YOU FUCKIN JERK YOU CUT MY LIP WHY'LL...

WE BEGIN TO LOAD OUT. TORCH AND SCOTT ARE TRADING PUNCHES OUTSIDE

GOOD ONE

OW

OW

MARK, WHOSE FACE I SPIT IN, LUNGES AT ME. I FLIP HIM ONTO HIS SKULL. I BASH MY ELBOW

OW

OW

NO WONDER--BECAUSE FOUR OF US LIVE IN BARRIE AND THE FIFTH (ME) LIVES IN TORONTO...

LET'S GO PICK UP OUR STUDIO FUCKIN SINGER

STUPID FUCKIN BAND

NO-ONE KNOWS WHAT TO SAY TO EACH OTHER SO WE DO THE OBVIOUS--DRINK.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE ON TAP?

50"

Alright!

TORCH (BASS) RIPS IN TO "WHITE GLOVE LOVE" AND WE ARE SPRAYED WITH SILLY STRING.

GO SOUTH AND MORALS

FUCK MY ASS

WE PILE IN THE VAN AND HEAD TO LARRY BETARD'S PLACE.

WE PILE IN THE VAN AND HEAD TO LARRY BETARD'S PLACE.

OW

OW

OW

THOMAS EDISON

...AND WE ALL HAVE WILDLY CONFLICTING SCHEDULES...

GO TO SCHOOL

WORK AT HARDEE

WORK AT ZELLS

SELL PAINT

DO AS LITTLE AS I CAN

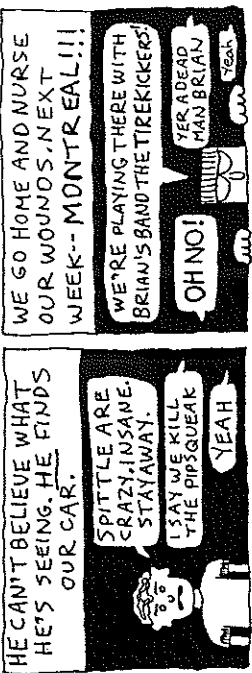
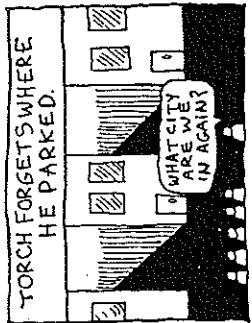
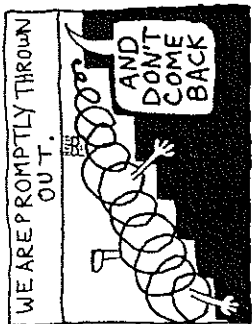
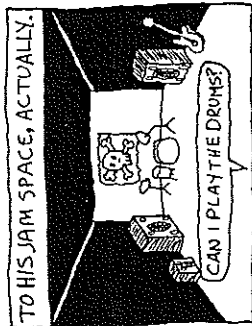
MARK

TORCH

SCOTT

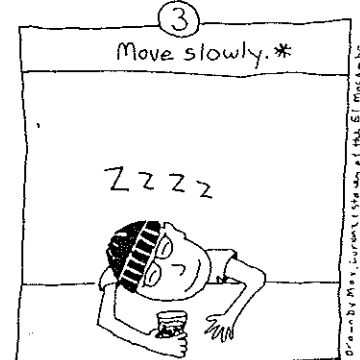
GLENN

ME



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

MY
TAI
CHI

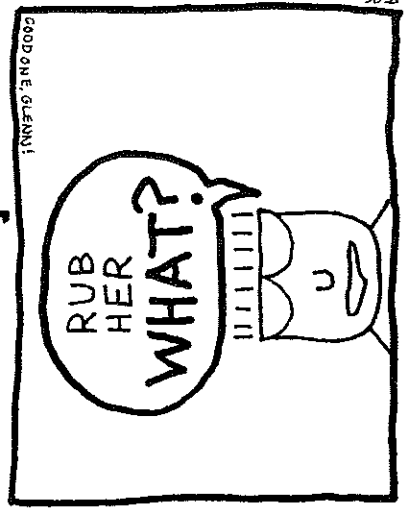
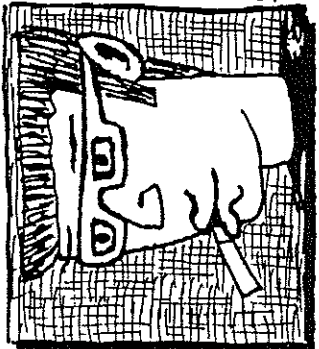
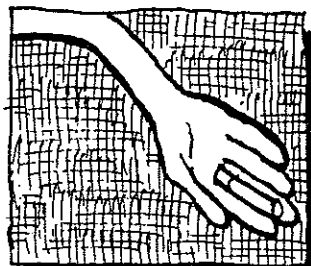
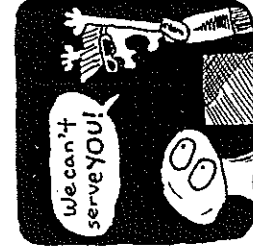
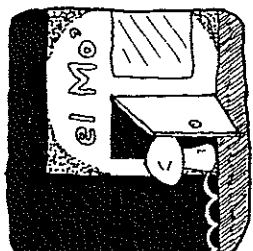
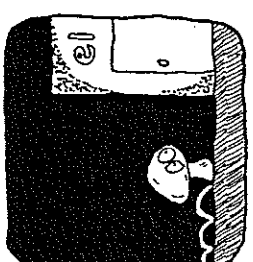
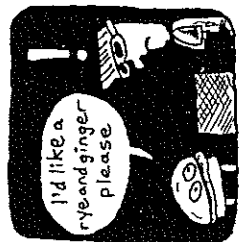
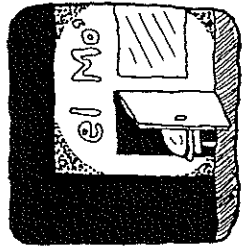
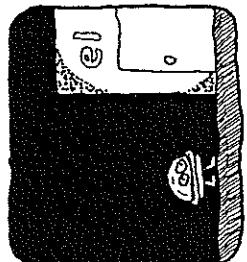


*Or don't move at all!

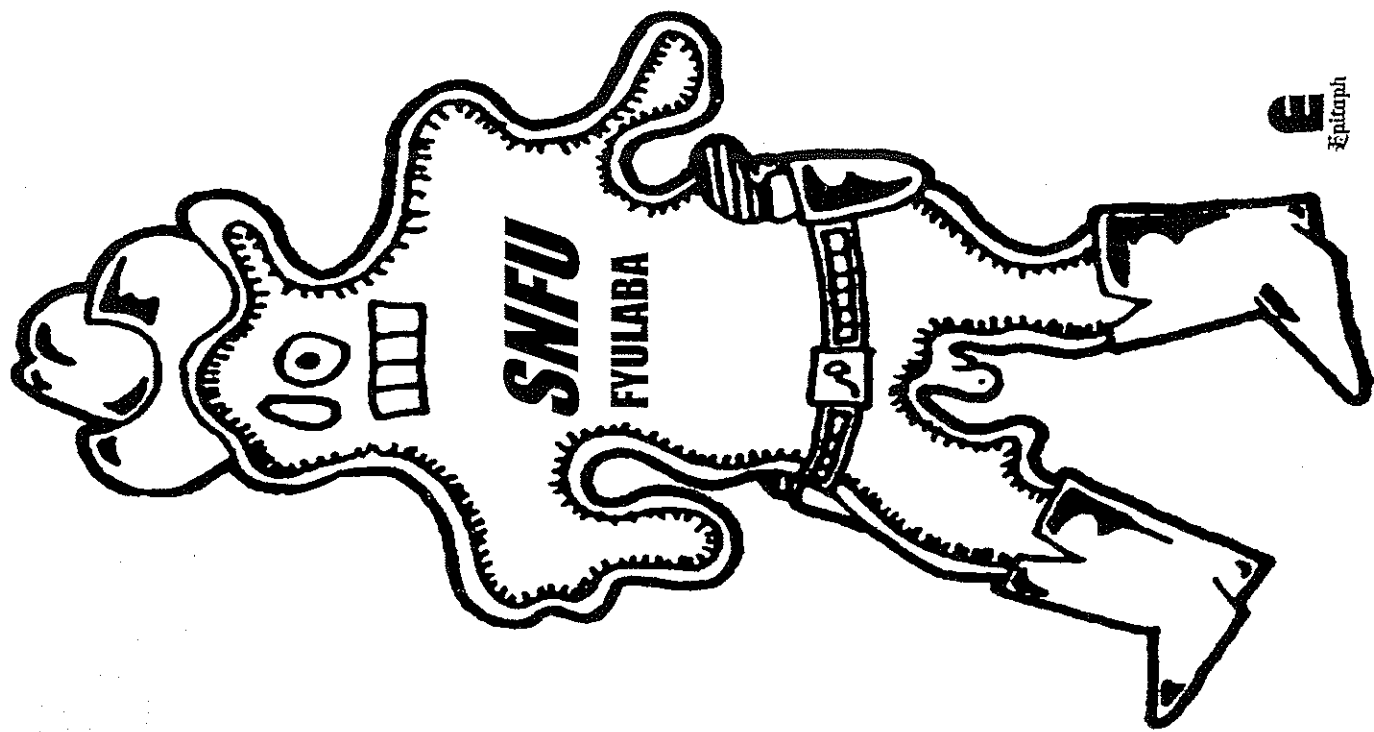
BUR
GER
JOKE

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ROOM
JOKE

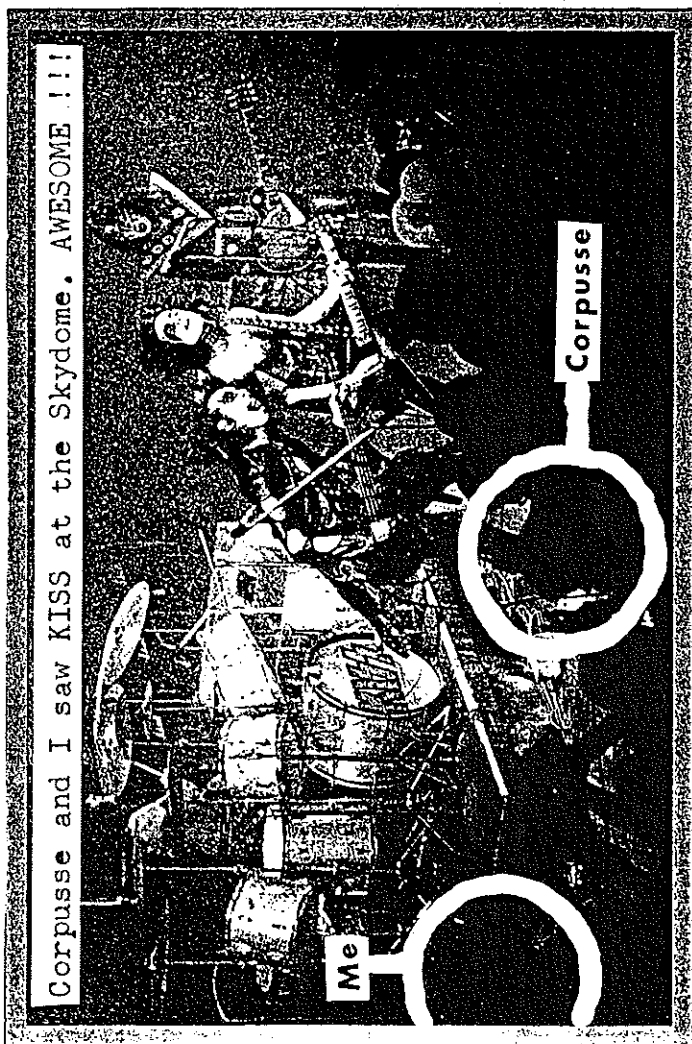
ΣΣΟΚΕ 7ΟΚΕ



"Rubber Spatula"



Epicuraph



Corpusse and I saw KISS at the Skydome. AWESOME !!!

band art.

yeah, right -

1



2



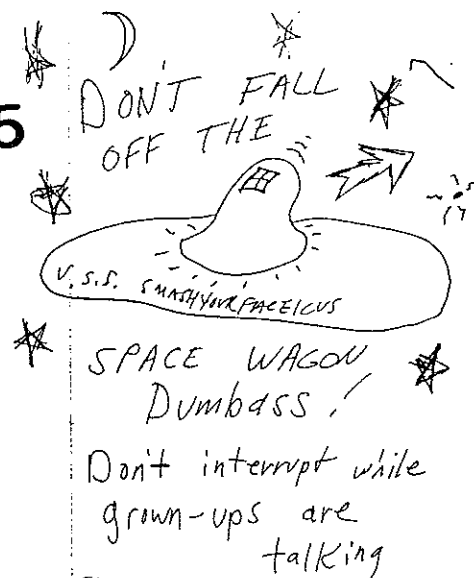
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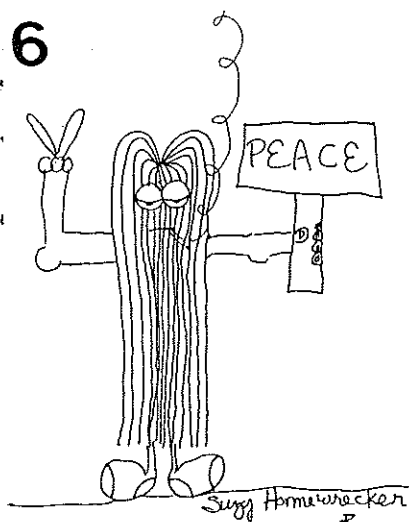
4



5



6



7



1 GOOPS 2 BLANKS 77 3 NEW BOMB
TURKS 4 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
5 HUMBERS 6 TOTAL CHAOS
7 SUPERCHUNK

Twenty-eight years old and still a fanboy. Sheesh...

TRADE ROUTE

The Great Canadian Cross-Country Winter Tour '95, undertaken by Cadillac Bill & the Creeping Bent, turned into a near-death experience for all of us in the band. Hello, I'm Cadillac Bill.

We set forth from Toronto nearly one year ago today with four bubble machines, an eight-foot Cadillac emblem, all of our instruments, and excitement in our hearts. Imagine—driving across Canada! In the winter! With the Tour of us in the van facing 25000 kilometres of snow and ice ahead. It felt like we were the Franklin Expedition of 1845, setting off in search of the Northwest Passage through the Arctic trying to find a trade route to China. The Franklin Expedition of 1845 were a little less successful than us, as they all died.

We were driving toward Sault St. Marie at one in the morning when we ran out of gas. No-one would stop and help us because we all look freaks when you get up close. Josh and I set out walking, and within fifteen minutes had found an open gas

station. They felt sorry for us, and gave us free gas in exchange for the elaborate story they got to hear about where we were going and why we needed it. After spending the night in Sewage St. Marie, we arrived in Thunder Bay for our first show. At a soundcheck the band nearly broke up in a heated argument over the chord changes in Bill Haley's immortal 'Rock Around The Clock'. It was definitely an awkward position for the soundman, who didn't know what to think. The club manager didn't look very comfortable, either. All differences were put aside, however, and we wound up having a nice time getting drunk. The sound guy and the owner liked the band a lot, but probably didn't that we were that normal. That night I lost our van's keys, and we couldn't get any of our stuff either in or out of the van until the next day. We ended up going to a party that night and acted like annoying morons until the sun came up. We had a great time. The next day the dealership faxed a photocopy of our spare key to a locksmith and he managed to make a duplicate from that. It only cost \$5—modern technology is incredible. While we were loading up

I found the keys that I had misplaced—in the bubble fluid of one of the bubble machines. We opened up for the Wild Strawberries that night. Somewhere.

Next stop was three nights in Winnipeg.

Next stop was a three-nighter in Saskatoon. By this time we were beginning to get ill because we had eaten nothing but bologna and mustard sandwiches since we left Toronto. I figured I'd test my endurance and see what would happen. My body can handle a lot of junk food, but now I know, just for the record, how long it takes before I get sick on bologna and mustard and bread—four days. The sailors on the Franklin Expedition of 1845 got sick from eating rancid food when the rest of their supplies ran out. At that time the cans were being welded with lead solder. Tests done on the bodies in recent

years have shown that they had suffered from severe lead poisoning, which can affect your mental balance and make you deranged.

The next leg of the voyage entailed endless arguments about religion, politics, and how low the gas gauge goes before we actually run out of gas. Calgary was great. Edmonton was pretty good. Then we arrived in the co

(EDITOR'S NOTE—STUPID BLOODY MANUAL TYPEWRITERS!)

good. Then we arrived at Canada's Rocky Mountains.

Going through the Rockies at night in December puts your life at the mercy of the van. You spend most of the time in silence, hoping that you don't hear any strange noises coming from the engine. It's a weird feeling passing a moose by the side of the road, who's a head taller than the van. You can't see them at night, they just appear. We saw elk, coyotes, and we drove over a dead deer. At least that's what we think it was. In the morning we were in Vancouver. I woke up and was unable to speak. I had a throat infection and I was worried that we were going to have to cancel the rest of the tour. Fortunately my voice came back in the afternoon and the doctor just told me to avoid speaking. The band was happy.

After we played in Vancouver we turned around and started the long drive back. And that's when things really got bad.

It started off with Jimmy forgetting all of his stage attire in Victoria Bc. For the rest of the tour his fanciest piece of clothing was his jean jacket. (Driving back through the Rockies our engine coolant ran out, and the van

began to overheat. Isn't it ironic that it was 40 degrees below zero that night? The heat stopped working. Now we were basically driving a metal garden shed at 30 km per hour through sub-zero temperatures. Meanwhile, the engine's problem is that it's too hot. Cam (drums) and Josh (Saxophone) took turns scraping a little patch clear of ice and frost so that I could see where I was going. We had all gone to see 'Apollo 13' a few days earlier, and now we knew what it was like to be enclosed in a frozen garden shed, floating through space, wondering if the engine was going to hold out long enough to get us back to Earth. Or at least to an Esso station.

Well, at least we were moving. The Franklin Expedition of 1845 by this point had been frozen in ice, their ship surrounded by icebergs, unable to sail. Waiting, hoping that the ice would thaw, all the while becoming more and more unbalanced from lead poisoning. We were also going crazy, but at least we weren't frozen in ice. Our little garden shed was slowly getting us back. We made it to a garage after three hours. We were so frozen we walked like penguins into the building.

TO CHINA

BY
CADILLAC
BILL

Driving through Alberta we detoured and went to Medicine Hat so that I could buy a 'Medicine Hat' hat. Cam and Jimmy each bought one too and for the rest of the tour we arrived at every club wearing our 'Medicine Hat' hats. Except Josh. He was the only one who didn't want a hat.

Driving to Regina we came very close to death in a MAJOR snow storm. It was minus 65 with the wind chill and snow was blowing across the road so you couldn't see more than three feet in front. It was dark and we were trying to make it to a show that night. Everyone else on the highway had already parked by the side of the road to wait out the storm, including all of the transport trucks. The storm lasted all night. We just kept going. We could only go 20 km an hour and there really wasn't anyone else around. As the engine began to freeze again and the van began to die, we knew that this was the end of the road and we looked into the face of DEATH. Once again in a garden shed with no heat and minus 65 outside. The only difference between us and the Franklin Expedition Of 1845 at this point is that none of them were wearing medicine hats. Josh figured it would be a good time to eat a bologna and mustard sandwich. The van had been parked by the side of the road for an hour now. Dead. All of the mustard would be frozen in a few hours, along with the bologna, the bread, and ourselves.

We were saved about an hour later by a transport truck. It was the only vehicle that we saw driving that night. We found out that not even the RCMP were on the highways. When I went to run to the truck I was almost blown across the highway. My face was frozen solid in those few seconds. The cab of the truck and the sleeping quarters were already filled with people that this Good Samaritan had saved, so we rode in the trailer. Cam had held on to Jimmy as they ran to the truck, as Jimmy is so light he would have blown away like a feather. We left everything behind--clothes, instruments, bubble machines, the lot. Josh brought his sax and that was it. We rode into Regina in the back of the rig in the dark on a cold floor

for an hour and a half. Time seems to slow down in the dark. Jimmy said that if he made it through this alive he would become religious and change his sinning ways.

That truck driver saved us, and a whole ton of other people that night. He battled the storm and faced the elements and I never did learn his name, but he's on the permanent Cadillac Bill guest list for shows just the same. Jimmy, on the other hand, was back to being the same old Jimmy the next day. Any promise that he had made with God before went up in smoke like a hoolie.

The club was mad that we hadn't called, which I understand, but we didn't care because we were simply happy to be alive. We really started to get sick after this; four weeks of bologna sandwiches and hamburgers were beginning to take their toll. I went and had the van towed back the next day and was glad to find all of our equipment still there. Our medicine hats were on the dashboard. Thank God.

The rest of the tour was the usual sort of chaos with the van having trouble in the cold, and us, too. These problems were relieved by Social Services offices, food banks, and the Ontario Provincial Police, but that's another story. By this point we had changed the name of the tour to the I WANT TO GO HOME TOUR. Despite the fact that we wound up broke and sick, it was still worth it. We saw Canada, met some nice girls, and got drunk a lot. This IS the Party Issue, right?

The Great Franklin Expedition Of 1845 turned out really bad. Their remains weren't discovered 'til nearly 150 years later; it was found that they had been reduced to eating each other. And although we never found a trade route to China, we did find a great bar in Calgary, plus, we've got some pretty cool hats.



I HATE YOUR BAND



GloryStompers/Templars split 12"

The GloryStompers come on strong with three new streetpunk anthems on their side of this fine slab o' wax. 'Kids Of Today' is a surefire candidate for best of

song I've heard this year. Chicago's Templars give the 'Stompers a run for their money, though, with three swift cuts to the jugular vein--'Easy Way Out', 'Concrete Grave', and 'No Future'. Recommended! SC

The Hi-Fives - "Welcome To My Mind"

Speaking of goody-goody la-la-la garage rock, meet the Hi-fives. Formerly the Ne'er Do-Wells, who kicked it a little more old-school, the Hi-Fives kind remind me of Green Day gone garage. If that doesn't scare you enough, the songs really aren't that great. Some of them are OK. They're high energy and really poppy but that's about it. Nothing more, nothing less. Have a nice day. PS

ASSRASH 'Saved For Your Doomed Future' 7"

These Minneapolis drunks certainly practice what they preach, or should I say drink, with such ditties as 'Fuck you, I'm Drunk' or 'CrossEyeDrunk'. They also have an angry yet sincere dedication to their friends who've died. The title of the record sums up the whole mood of this release. JM

CLETUS 'Grease, Grits & Gravy' 12"

Lead singer Johnny Puke's main claim to fame is that GG Allin died in his apartment. Now he thinks he has another one. It took four or five listens to get used to his snotty vocal-pop-punk songs-about-girls produced-by-Mass-Giorgini album. Worth it? I guess. SC

CODE 13 'They Inherited A Wasteland And Called It Peace' 7"

Aside from the cheesy cover art and some of the sillier lyrics I've heard in recent memory ('Keep Your Religion Out Of My Punk Rock', etc) I really like this 7". It's surprisingly different from their debut single, which has obvious Destroy overtones. This release is basically a feel-good aggressive hardcore record that keeps finding its way onto my turntable. JM

DEFIANCE 'No Future No Hope' LP

I was anxious to hear this politically driven band from the Pacific Northwest. At first listen, I was disappointed because I found it too long and polished for my taste, but eventually it grew on me. They do a mediocre rendition of 'Police Story'. The album's alright, but it's not their best effort. JM

FLAPJACKS 'Say What You Mean' LP

Music too tough to die, fuckers. This speedy Chicano three-piece from Portland Oregon race through their numbers like the Devil's hot on their tail. 'Hot Piston, Down On The Farm', 'Bad Luck Baby' and 'Texas R & R' deserve to be heard by everybody that likes fast, countrified, blues-based rock n' roll. Still gets me goin' y'all.....SC

HIS HERO IS GONE 7"

I had the privilege of seeing this band at the South African Centre in Kensington Market. Although this is a good slow-mid-

tempo crust record, it fails to capture

the true political rabid-ness that this four-piece from Tennessee really

represents, i.e. they're a better live band. JM

LEMON GROVE KIDS 'Piss Drunk' 7"

Wicked! Three drunks break into a recording studio, drink a crate of Thunderbird, plug in the equipment lying around and record 3 righteous, fast garage-blues songs: Tied Up, Piss Drunk, and Mystery. Good stuff!! SC

THE DRAGS - "DRAGSPLIOTATION...NOW!"

If you're looking for goody-goody, la-la-la, retro-garage pop, look elsewhere, square! The Drags make a garage-punk racket just the way I like it, with plenty of sleaze and crunch. Add some totally cool, nasty vocals and Bob's yer uncle...it's the Drags. I don't think they own any paisley jackets either, so beat it, ya hippy. The eight songs (including two instrumentals) on "Dragspliotation...Now", are typically short, fast and melodic, all enhanced by a most-welcomed crustiness. Anyway, wicked songs include *Teenage Invasion*, *My Girlfriends In The FBI*, and *Mr. Undertaker*, which reminds me of the late (sigh) Shuttlecocks, only with a male singer. Rocket From The Crypt has even covered the Drags' *Allergic Reaction* as a b-side. This is one of those great under-dog bands that you can, and should, call your own.

PS

BARKMARKET "L RON"

Somebody tell Trent Reznor to get a tan, and Henry Rollins to go back to IBM, cause there's a new bad-ass in town.

David Sardy and Barkmarket have once again made such a relentlessly harsh noise that I don't know where any of these "angry young men"/corporate dick smokers get off even existing in the shadow of such a fine, and uncompromising band.

Awesome lyrics, and a sound that's ten stories high, make "L Ron" a bulkier, but less discordant record than their classic "Gimmick". Only a great band like this can pull such tangled melodies out of so many layers of sound. The music this time around may be "warmer" but the content and effect are as brutal as ever.

The problems I have with there bigger sound is that it's so full and unyielding, that there's no space, or even a little air to breathe, in between the constant commotion. Also, most of the songs are mid-tempo and they tend to melt too easily into one another other. Watch how fast I get over this and completely wear out my copy of L Ron. Why don't you do the same. Or are ya? Yellat?! PS

NAILED DOWN mini CD

As much as I loathe cds, I must admit that these smaller ones intrigue me. What's even better than the size of this cd is the band that's on it--these Australians are fuckin' nasty! This seemingly cute little disc barks out 25+ songs of intense animosity which leave most regular-sized cds covering in their jewel cases. JM

A long awaited (for me) new release from these local punk missionaries, who are out to eradicate those that perpetuate violence and stupidity in your neighbourhood. The lineup here has significantly changed since their '94 cd release. Even though this record isn't laced with metal riffs like the aforementioned cd, it's still the Politikill you know and love.... or hate. JM

anarchist, queer, subversive, brainy, radical, dangerous, activist, oppositional... use any adjectives you like/like you! Then drop by Kensington Market's new volunteer-run space...

Who's Emma

music
zines



books
coffee

"I won't dance at your major label revolution."

66.5 Nassau St., off Bathurst (416) 603-2557

Palace - Arise Therefore

"Arise Therefore" marks something of a return to form after last year's highly produced "Viva Last Blues". Standard Palace themes remain: plenty of hurlin' songs about love and the loss of it. These simple but amazing songs rest somewhere in between being both gentle and stark. Will Oldham quietly strums his guitar and fools around a little with what sounds like a drum machine, and a cheap one at that. A piano tinkle there and a little electric guitar over here, rounds out the sound quite nicely. The affects, as usual, are totally mesmerizing.

For the first time that I'm aware, lyrics are printed and it seems perfectly natural because this time, it's the vocals and the brilliant lyrics themselves that draw you in. The songs I actually think work best are the ones that find the Palace crew at their most cheerful (musically, that is) as in "The Weaker Soldier" and "Disorder". PS

THE SHIT 4 SONG CASSETTE

If we exhumed the decaying (hopefully completely decayed by now, 'cause I never want that fucker comin' back) corpse of Frank Zappa, turned him into a woman, and made him the front man for the ever twisted and suddy, US art-grunge band Trumans Water, you'd have the shit I mean "The Shit"

The tape starts off strong with the insanely catchy "Operate" which is like a distorted version of Luscious Jackson without LJ's typical disco/retro shit. The next two songs contain elements that are so reminiscent of Trumans Water that I could probably tell you the exact songs that they ripped off, but that would actually require me to work that's not to say that they're bad songs. "Ride" is actually a very good song that starts with a grinding, dirty riff that's both plodding and fierce. But it's over just a little too soon. "Not Crazy" is along the same lines as "Ride" and is over even faster. The tape ends with a brooding song called "The Pattern" that has cool lyrics and shows a quieter side of the band.

Fuck the tape. Go see them live. They rock. PS

VARIOUS - "CHEAPO CRYPT SAMPLER"

Oooooo doctor! Nothin' but razzle-dazzle featured on this here 31 song comp. put out by the mighty Crypt records. From what I can tell, it was released sometime after 1994 and features some of the best garage-punk bands from the U.S. and elsewhere (for the record, I think Teenegenerate, These Mighty Caesars/These Headcoats are the only non-yank participants). As you know, most compilations tend to be pretty hit-and-miss, but with this action-packed motherfucker of a CD if you think one song sucks, the next five will blow you away. It's that good. It's more or less 2 songs per band and just to show you the caliber of bands on the CD, here is a random clump of bands in the exact order they appear on the CD--dig this: The New Bomb Turks, the Devi Dogs, These Mighty Caesars, The Gories, Nine Pound Hammer, The Raunch Hands, & The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. In that order! Can I get an amen brothers and sisters?! PS

'START A RIOT' Compilation

Holy Shit !! If I were to put together a collection of various US-based punk bands on one album, it would look a whole lot like this. Most bands contribute at least one song, including Capitalist Casualties, Aus Rotten, Civil Disobedience, Submachine, Code 13, Defiance and the Pist. Although I'm not too high on Naked Aggression, they did submit my favorite song in their repertoire: Out Of Control. Two bands, 'Thug' and 'Disgust' are new to me, but I like what I heard of them. If I had to pick two highlights on this record it'd be Submachine and Aus Rotten, who do amazing covers of Devo (Mongoloid) and Crucifix (Prejudice) Respectively. JM

SPAZZ/ROMANTIC GORILLA LP

Spazz hail from the East Bay, and features former MRR columnist Chris Dodge. If you're looking for political inspiration, search elsewhere. These guys play fast, goofy, irreverent hardcore, that contain lots of martial arts excerpts in between songs. This may or may not have something to do with Romantic Gorilla, a Japanese band on the flip-side. I had high hopes for Romantic Gorilla because their 7" is great. Their sound is rapid and distorted, but on this album, there is not as much intensity or screaming from this split-gendered, female-vocalist group. JM

SOCIAL DISTORTION 'White Light, White Heat, White Trash' LP

Great band. Great album. Great live show at the Opera House last week. I got tossed out of the club for repeatedly spitting on Mike Ness. Y'see, Mike's humble now. With this latest album, he has taken back everything he said about punks and punk in general a few years ago. With songs like I Was Wrong, Through These Eyes, Gotta Know The Rules, Crown Of Thorns, and Down Here With The Rest Of Us, this album seems to bear out my theory. Me spitting on him was my way of just testing to see if I was correct. He didn't do anything--hell, I think he LIKED IT !! SC

SPEED KINGS/SINISTERS split 7"

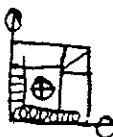
In case you haven't heard already, I strongly urge you to see both bands live (Editor's note--Speed Kings recently broke up. R.I.P.). The Speed Kings play an upbeat cov-punk brand of music, which every music scene should have BECAUSE IT'S DAMN FUN !! The Sinisters do a merciless Stooges, Dead Boys, MC5 style-thing, both visually and physically assaulting you at every turn. Their live show is always unpredictable. This release makes for unusual yey fulfilling bed partners. Smoke 'em if ya got 'em. JM

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HEY,
ITS

PARTY BOY!

BY PUG WANNA MAKER

it was about ten-thirty when i came up the walk
the sound of someone heaving in the bushes gave me a start
rrrrrrrrrrrrrr splash, hot puke on cold pavement
there was broken glass all over the top of the stairs
an open door and the din of a party going on inside
the hall was lined with turtleneck people drinking heineken
i slid a rank fart through my cheeks as i headed into the kitchen
some guy has a girl pinned up against the refrigerator
they're licking each others' faces, slop, slop, drool, spit
i put my face right next to theirs: "i need a beer, humpy"
they wiggle around and he watches as i watch her ass
i pull out a bottle of white wine, cheap white bubbly
pull out the plastic cork with my teeth and spit it out
i pour about a third of the bottle over my head
to check the temperature--it'll be piss warm in thirty minutes
after picking my nose and tossing snot into the guacamole
i walk into the living-room
i toss my head back, guzzle the swill, shake my head back and forth
unzip my jacket and yell at the top of my lungs
HELLO COCKFUCKERS

a couple of turtleneck people look me up and down
I WANNA KILL YOUR FAMILY, BITCH
how many of you sweater people belong to club monaco?
"hey you, i don't like the look of you, why don't you just get out"
sweater boy says, what's your problem, man
seal is playing on the stereo
i give him a snotty and pour the rest of the wine
into my mouth and all over my face, i spin 360 degrees
like mickey jackson, and i hurl the wine bottle
it smashes into the stereo but seal keeps sealing
the host with the most comes to see what's going on
the host is a client of mine and he owes me money
he says, nice to see you
i point at him and i wiggle my finger back and forth
nice to see you with all your teeth, i say
get me a drink and a bitch or i'm burning this place to the ground
he gets me a heineken and a turtleneck girl
i tell her to taste my drink and when she brings it to her lips
i shove it into her mouth, spilling on her alfred sung
you're an asshole, she says. i smile and tilt my head sideways
i need to take a piss
there is a line in the hall for the toilet
i pull mister woody out of his home and piss on the floor
no one seems to take notice
i'm sensitive about the size of mister woody
i say, hey fuck, what do you think of the size of my cock
a turtleneck couple takes a look down and then up
isay, be careful what you say here sweater people
she says, idon't have to pee anymore, let's go
goodbye sweater people
all eyes are on me as i dance in a circle in the middle of the room
i occasssionally let loose some spit, i'm getting dizzy
the host is talking to a beautiful woman

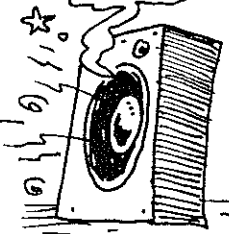


who is
that
asshole?

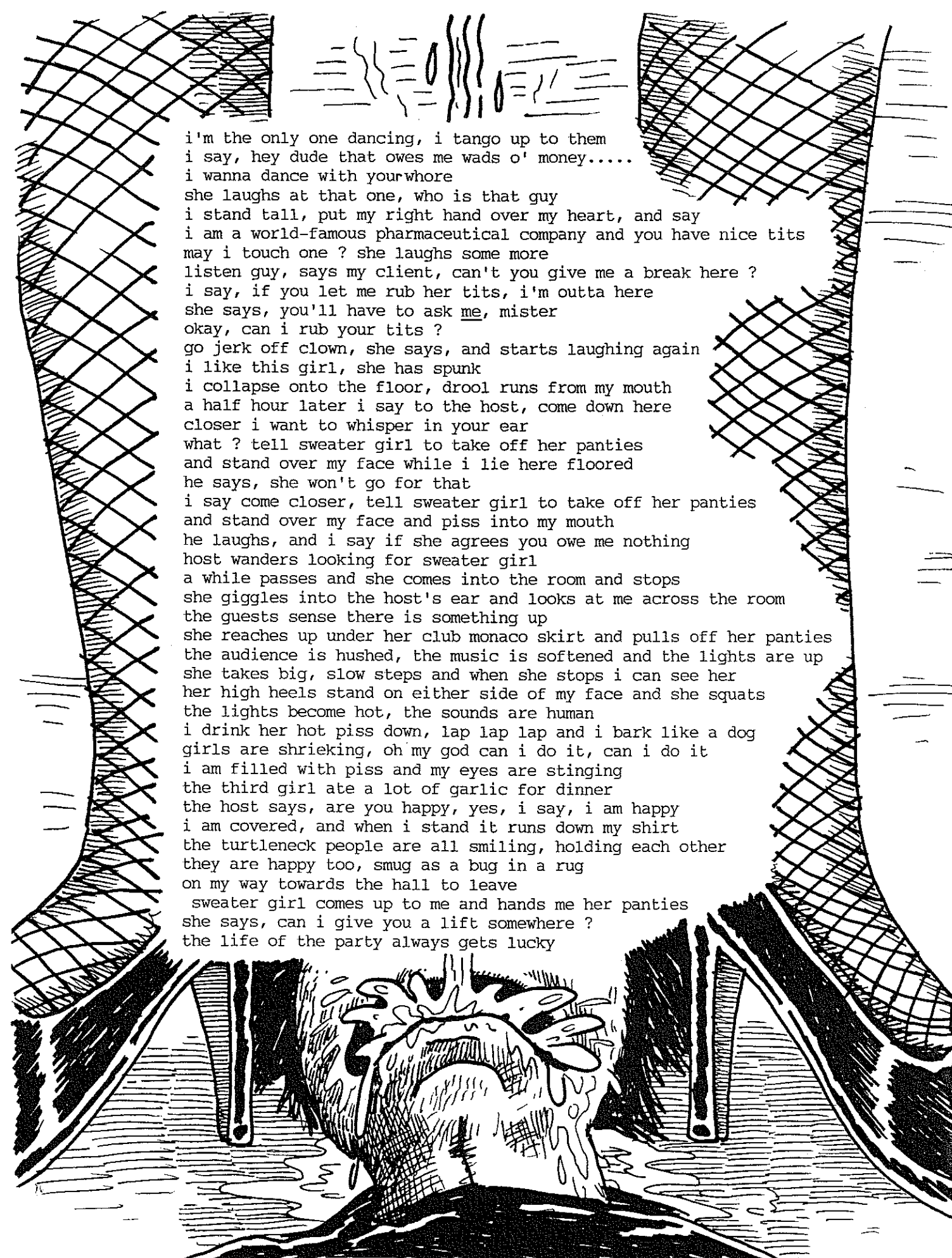
h.c!



Time keeps
on slippn'
slippn'
slippn'
etc...



ILLUSTRATIONS
by LORENZ 4



i'm the only one dancing, i tango up to them
i say, hey dude that owes me wads o' money.....
i wanna dance with yourwhore
she laughs at that one, who is that guy
i stand tall, put my right hand over my heart, and say
i am a world-famous pharmaceutical company and you have nice tits
may i touch one ? she laughs some more
listen guy, says my client, can't you give me a break here ?
i say, if you let me rub her tits, i'm outta here
she says, you'll have to ask me, mister
okay, can i rub your tits ?
go jerk off clown, she says, and starts laughing again
i like this girl, she has spunk
i collapse onto the floor, drool runs from my mouth
a half hour later i say to the host, come down here
closer i want to whisper in your ear
what ? tell sweater girl to take off her panties
and stand over my face while i lie here floored
he says, she won't go for that
i say come closer, tell sweater girl to take off her panties
and stand over my face and piss into my mouth
he laughs, and i say if she agrees you owe me nothing
host wanders looking for sweater girl
a while passes and she comes into the room and stops
she giggles into the host's ear and looks at me across the room
the guests sense there is something up
she reaches up under her club monaco skirt and pulls off her panties
the audience is hushed, the music is softened and the lights are up
she takes big, slow steps and when she stops i can see her
her high heels stand on either side of my face and she squats
the lights become hot, the sounds are human
i drink her hot piss down, lap lap lap and i bark like a dog
girls are shrieking, oh my god can i do it, can i do it
i am filled with piss and my eyes are stinging
the third girl ate a lot of garlic for dinner
the host says, are you happy, yes, i say, i am happy
i am covered, and when i stand it runs down my shirt
the turtleneck people are all smiling, holding each other
they are happy too, smug as a bug in a rug
on my way towards the hall to leave
sweater girl comes up to me and hands me her panties
she says, can i give you a lift somewhere ?
the life of the party always gets lucky



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