

ISN'T IT FUNNY THAT AFTER
3 YEARS OF GIGGING I'M STILL
SITTING ON A TOILET SCRIBBLING
OUT MY THOUGHTS TO TRY TO KEEP
MYSELF FROM PUKEING OF STAGE
FRIGHT? WUNDERBAR.

JUST WRITE - DONT PUKE.
JUST WRITE, DONT DONT DONT
OK OK SO THE SPLUFFS DIDN'T HELP
YET IT ALWAYS SOMEHOW SEEEMS
LIKE A GOOD IDEA!... Oi

THERES SOME ASSHOLE BANGING ON
THE DOOR OF THE STALL NOW...

HE'S EITHER GONNA HAVE TO WAIT
OR GET A FACE FULL OF PUKE.

WHY THE HELL DO I PERSIST IN
TRYING TO PLAY PUNK MUSIC
FOR QUEER NERDS @ BIZZARRO
VENUES LATE AT NIGHT WHEN
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE WRITING
GARGANTUAN ESSAYS ???

SET LIST ✓
LIP STICK ✓
TAMPON ✓
BUZZING HEADACHE

WATT
E.
IN
C
RRO
???

///

This COMMERCIAL
BREAK BROUGHT
TO YOU BY.....
ASSHOLE BREAKING
DOWN
THE DOOR

PRICELESS

... SO @ ABOUT 1:30AM OUR
MOSH PIT HAD SPILLED OUT INTO
THE STREET IN FRONT OF HEART
OF ART AND I HAD GLOW IN
THE DARK BLUE LIPSTICK ALL
OVER MY FACE. WE TOOK
A GAP FOR "OOD" A DRUM SOLO
AND WATER & THEN THIS
TINY BEARDED KID WITH BLOOD
ALL OVER HIS FACE JUMPS
UP ONTO THE STAGE AND
SCREAMS INTO THE MIC:

"THE REPTILIANS
ARE COMING!"

"THE REPTILIANS
ARE COMING!"



SO...

WHAT PETER MEANT TO
SAY WAS THAT THE COPS
WERE ON THE WAY,
WHICH THE REST OF US
FIGURED OUT A MOMENT
TOO LATE.. CURRENTLY
I AM SHVED IN THE BACK
OF ALEX McCABE'S VAN WITH
AUBRY AND SIVA, HOPEFULLY
EN ROUTE TO MY HOUSE? WE
LITERALLY BARSLY DUCKED
OFFSTAGE AND OVER THE BACK
FENCE BEFORE THE PIGS

DISORIENTING // EAFENING TECH //

= MEGAPHONES

STARTED
BLARING

I THINK IT WAS THE OWNER
OF HOA THAT YANKEED US
OUT ACTUALLY.

Fucking A. I HOPE
EVERYONE AT HOME
IS ASLEEP...



THERE ARE

NO STARS HERE