

Happy Birthday Robert Mascarò!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BY FISH

So many nights spent wrecklessly on rock and roll. The Irishman laughs but not with his eyes; they are hard and hold no mirth. He says: "it's by way of an allegory. Talking of two things but it's all the same whole."

"But what about the special nights", I ask. "The ones which happen like recollected events without any verbal communication. Those are my favorites. Simply the communication of music." He laughs again, his mouth curled in humor. He orders another drink. "You're telling the poetry of the bars like that French guy, Genet. There's no point in trying to be obscure about smoke, poor lighting, and drinking and music, now is there? You seem to want it all effortlessly like so many miniature paintings."

My friend Jim takes a pull on his beer. "She means that we're all so used to those nights when there is no special attempt to establish any communication at all. You know; you pay your money and get some shit show."

I'm on a roll now. I'm getting my ideas across. "Exactly! And there should be mystery and fun. There should always be fun. Fun seems to have disappeared lately."

The Irishman wants to play: "it would sound like you both want to be standing in the center of time with all the partitions removed. You remind me of how there is nothing worse than the pseudo-artists; their indescribable arrogance together with their particular brand of obsequiousness give off an odor peculiar to lazy men."

Dancers in the crowd are relatively scant. Their movements, their paroxysms, and their devotion remind me of the crowd depicted in the "Almsgiving of Saint Rocco" by Annibale Carracci, a painter of the eclectic Bolognese school. Jim is cautious of the Irishman guy and waits for me to put him straight.

To gush is not a crime. "I saw the Psychedelic Furs once. Their ugliness is special, like mine. I really got off on them. Their music was European neo-Baroque, with vision that left an indescribable sorrow in my heart. It sorta made me want to die dreaming of the sun." Jim is pop-eyed at my artsy pose. I can't help it though; this Irish guy is pissing me off.

"I was there, too", he says with those dead eyes of his boring into me. Jim doesn't want to be left out; "on stage their bodies were arranged like some undeciphered ancient writing, lacking any common symbol." If I gotta be drinking to rock and roll in a bar let it always be with Jim, I think to myself. The guy plays the game so well.

"You two are a couple of dip shits" spits the Irishman. "Why bust your brains turning fun into art? Nothings ever enough for Americans, now is it? You make it sound as though if you died before experiencing rock and roll, dying afterward would be impossible."

"Sure!" I jump on it; "and conversely, if you died after experiencing it, dying before would be out of the question. Why be such a mean fuck? Can't you have fun but be intelligent too?"

He looks at me no malice, just appalled. "There's fun, and then there's fun." His chastisement is just meant as bar talk I'm sure, but fuck, it hurts anyway. "And instead of mystery, to my way of thinking, I'd rather witness danger. The fine line between a pop tunes band or the Clash."

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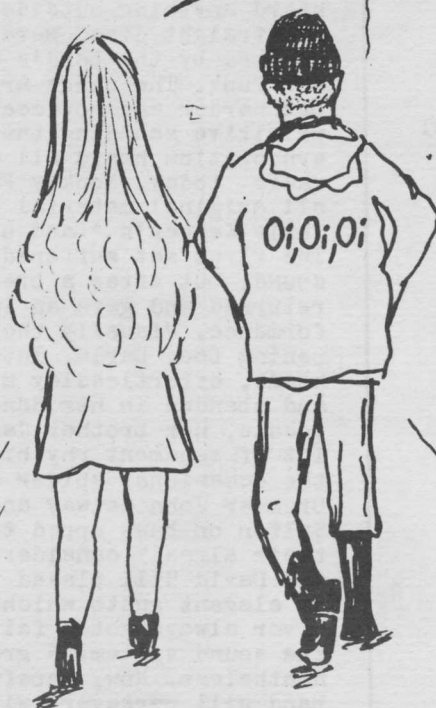
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You damned potatoe head, I think, and where's the answer for that one?" Listen, smart ass, I'm not here to play one-up-manship. Can't we just drink and diddle around?" Jim has dumped me in the ring and left for the john. The Irish guy slips off his stool, too.

"Listen, sweetheart; your conversation has been an unbelievably generous feast of holiness. This time spent with you is controlled by light, when the contours of all things are perfect." I screw up my face: "but I'm an American asshole, right?"

He tosses over his shoulder, "right, but its all on allegory and my way of making a choice of wholes."

TRUE



NOTE: THE EVENTS DEPICTED HERE ACTUALLY DID OCCUR. THE SET, CLOTHING, AND WORDS ARE AS ACCURATE AS POSSIBLE. A REAL SLICE OF LIFE, HEH?