

# GOAT APPLES FROM THE ROAD

Auszüge aus dem Tour-

Tagebuch von Lubricated Goat.

"Australia's sickest Band"



By Stu Spasm

Seattle - Thursday, September 28

Arrived at airport picked up by Bosco and taken down to Sub Pop to meet the folks there, changed out of our traveling disguises and into our normal slobclothes, went to a bar where Band of Susans was playing but left after two songs and went next door and drank in there instead, went out drinking with Bosco every night until we played, he had a party on the Friday night attended by Jonathin, the Mudhoney dudes, the Dickless chicks and Ed from the Thrown-ups, despite our quick reputation as big beer drinkers, I was beaten by Yagermeister and passed out. We were excited at the prospect of seeing the Butthole Surfers and ended up playing with them 'coz Bullet Lavolta didn't seem like they were gonna make it. They showed up, must've driven like crazy to get there. Gibby gave me a mushroom, so I watched the Buttholes in the perfect condition.

Next night we played at the Hollywood Underground, our first official gig. Everyone seemed to dig it, so we were off to a good start, left immediately after the gig for the long slog to Minneapolis, saw our first real American red-necks giving us dirty looks in a diner in Montana, saw one talking to a moose in the snow-covered Rocky Mountains. The moose thought he was an idiot.

Minneapolis - Thursday, October 5th -  
Uptown Bar

Upon our arrival in Minneapolis we went to Amphetamine Reptile and met Haze and Peter, much to our delight Pete had some Yagermeister in his fridge. Circling Maggots opened for us and we were amazed at Tom's brutal guitar style on stage. We were all shagged from the long drive but played for two hours. After the gig I passed out in the Van from Yagermeister again (I was only drinking it because it was supposedly opiated) and woke up freezing, then we had breakfast with Tom, Pete and Mac and headed off for Madison.

Madison - Friday, 6th

Turned up just in time for soundcheck, played with Killdozer and Jesus Lizard and it was a pleasure to play with these two great bands. The barman wouldn't let any of our friends into the bandroom, so we went outside and smoked pot and took nitrous oxide with Chris Johnson from BlackSpot. Michael from Killdozer and his charming girlfriend, Eydie invited us to stay with them in Chicago, so we drove there after the gig, and hung out there 'til Monday.

Chicago - Saturday, 7th

We played at a huge theatre called the Riviera and Killdozer were good enough to play first so we'd get decent exposure. The Laughing Hyenas played as well and they were really wild. Afterwards, we all went to a party at Lisa from Touch and Go's house where there was a huge feast of lasagna waiting. We were enthralled by their piranhas and vicious parrots.

Kalamazoo - Monday, 9th

We arrived in Kalamazoo and did our soundcheck, then we ate a pizza cut into slices as small as postage stamps. The opening band were these young guys called Hypno Flywheel; they did this sort of Flaming Groovies music, except one of them was into Sonic Youth and went *Ching*, *Ching* up the end of his guitar at the start of every song, which was amusing. Afterwards, we drove to Ann Arbor and stayed with the Laughing Hyenas for a few days. They left us alone in the house while they went off to do a gig in Kentucky. We stayed up tripping and watching the corporate congregation on TV. Then Guy cooked a curry and we sat up drinking with them. They gave us the low-down on New York and we watched this ridiculous video of G.G. Allin supposedly doing some readings and then doing his turd act, then they told us about how he got in jail and I knew that G.G. should be shot like a sick dog and die pathetically. None of this glory bullshit on stage. We wished the Laughing Hyenas all the best in Europe and left for New York, New York!

New York - Thursday, 12th

We finally drove in to New York at about 9:30 PM. "I'm home!" declared Ren and we proceeded to wind down the windows and yell out "Motherfucker," "Hey, fuck you" and other De Niro-ish things at people. No, actually we decided to do some touristy things like fuck Lydia Lunch, getting our picture taken with William Burroughs and killing a few random strangers. It just occurred to me that the thing The Bowery immediately reminded me of was Sesame Street presented on the day of our arrival by the letter C for Crack. Within an hour Ren had smashed the Van (details censored) and didn't feel like driving in New York anymore. That night me and Ren slept in the van and the next day no one would let us use their showers, which was annoying seeing as I'd had a wet dream with all my clothes on during the night. In fact, I got no opportunity to shower from Wednesday in Ann Arbor until Sunday, the day after our Philadelphia show.

"Evangelical Family" by Stu Spasm

Anyway, the CBGB's show was very strange. Having little money as it was, I proceeded to spill three beers, the Hard-Ons turned up, Lachlan from Thug filmed us, Hilly, the owner of CBGB's showed me around the pizza bar he's building next door whilst an all-girl soul band with a six-month pregnant singer proudly boogying and showing her stomach, played. We also had to sit through a band doing completely styleless blues covers and a jolly old Folk singer doing wacky tunes. We finished the night with a big jam featuring Johnny Thunders, Richard Hell, Joey Ramone, and Deborah Harry playing a 20-minute version of "Anal Injury" and then we all hit up some Chinese Rocks with a communal syringe and holy water from CBGB's famous toilet. We slept in the van again, I in my crusty jeans, and drove to Philly the next day.

Khyber Pass - Saturday, 14th

Khyber Pass is of course Cockney slang for arse. Nevertheless, the people that ran it were great and Guy and Ren spent all night sleazing drinks off the two friendly barmen, discussing what was the worst breakfast, Australia's Vegemite or America's Twinkies. The crowd was a bit laid back, although Ren managed to get himself a "root." There was a girl at the party afterwards rumoured to have a pierced vagina and we all wanted to have a look.

Middle East Restaurant - Sunday, 15th

The food was good, opening band Hullabaloo were good. The crowd was really wild, our Number One fan, N. McIver, Jr. was there; he turned out to be a bit of a hood, which was good. All the people at the front were yelling out "Raw!" and shoving their fists in the air. They bought all our remaining T-shirts which meant we had some money for a change and we left in high spirits.

Die Fortsetzung folgt Live  
am Dienstag den 27. November  
um 20.00 h im Cafe Pi,  
Dreihackeng. 10, 8020 Graz  
Ein Konzert des Kult. Ref.  
der ÖH-Technik Graz.