

UMLAUT ON TOUR

by B.Lew (w/Help From Big Wayne)

Alternative Tentacles recording artists and UMLAUT faves NEUROSIS hit the road. UMLAUT follows. The groupies: Me, Big Wayne, and Punk Suzanne. The UMLAUT Guns, Girls, and Grain Alcohol Tour is off and runnin'.

April 16th p.m./April 17th a.m.: King City - Windows were washed. HoHo's only .25 cents. San Luis Obispo - Wayne drops his pants in the fog to impress two punk girls leaving Denny's (They weren't). Male bonding occurs, much to Suzanne's disgust. 7-11 - 6:00 a.m. and 300 miles from home, a confused and groggy Scott NEUROSIS asks if we're going to the show tonight. "No, we just like following bands around to see 'em naked."

April 17th: Hollywood - A sign at the Anarchy Hotel: "Authority is no substitute for leadership." Buena Park - Dogs bark, cats meow, Wayne wrestles everyone and everything. Our hosts, Ron FINAL CONFLICT and the So. Cal mob, are nauseatingly cool. Punx! The mother of all thumb wars.

**NEUROSIS / FINAL CONFLICT -
Spanky's, Riverside, CA**

No 7-11. Pizza parlor. Lotza skinheads. Big hair, little hair, no hair. Fire marshalls. Bloody nose, bloody hand. Bad sound. Cool KISS shirts. Kidz slamm'n' and divin'. Hillbillie Hoedown. Crash, bang, wallop. Wayne catches a kid and throws him (Thump). On the way back to the car some pimply-faced skinheads call us fags, so we tell them to lighten up.

April 18th: Tijuana, Mexico - On the turnstile between the U.S. and Mexican border there's a KISS Army decal (It's true!). Tijuana: A satanic, horrific flea market of a place. Plaster statues: Bart Simpson, chimps on surfboards. Sombreros. Knives. Whips. Masks. No fun being a girl here (Ask Suzanne). Leers and jeers. Dozens of little kids begging. Stupid fat gringos. Horses with huge boners (Wha?!). Adam GROTUS finds the sickest velvet painting ever. Simon NEUROSIS finds the sickest "Aztec" sculpture ever. Steve NEUROSIS buys a 4-foot birdbath (Yaaa!). Wayne and I buy \$5.00 girlfriends. Suzanne ("Lil Ball Of Anger") stocks up on illegal edged weapons.

**MR. BUNGLE / GROTUS / NEUROSIS -
Iguana's, Tijuana, Mexico**

Coolest club EVER. Thunderdome with a stage. We ride in on horses, wearin' sombreros, shootin' guns. NEUROSIS: Flying hair and a smashed guitar. Monstrous, I tell you, monstrous! GROTUS: Smoke, Lights, Lars (Whatta cute man!). Downright brain damaging. BUNGLE: Violent. Balcony diver: chicken mask, bounce off P.A. stack, splat. Monitors tossed into crowd. BUNGLE = Evil. Mexican beer = Evil. Blech. Sore neck.

Tijuana (Reprise): On the way back to the border some pimply-faced Marines from San Diego call us fags and beat the crap out of us. Americano! Americano! Suzanne dry heaves.

Easter Sunday: King City (Reprise) - I enter a McDonald's to use the can and overhear a boy ask his parents "Is that a boy or a girl?" as I walk by. I tell them I'm a long-haired Satan, who's come for their souls and french fries.

PUEBLO SHOPPING CENTER 1300 Miles. 'Twas Fun.

#8 & UP WITH I.D. THE END

Tickets available at all outlets, Lou's Records and Off The Record.

