

# Ontology and Hot Cottage at RATT and before that CRAP.

scenes dug by Art Deke

Yesterday was like, the last day of classes, you know? And so right away we mostly were onto it, 'cause we'd noticed its' far reaching, profound, and perhaps, imminence, too. And we of the Conceptual Reality Alternative Party Club party. But its not like its really a club yet. Later for that.

The thing went down in Quad you know 'cause that was the right place, in accordance with Renee's vision. I was there, and so was he and I'd just like to say that Rob was there and Rick and Terry and Mike and Angie and Bruce and Shirley and Kevin and Don and Don and Marilyn and Cheryl and Masulah, and so were a lot of others too. We told each other our ID numbers and sat in the lonesome heat of the spring sun. As opposed to the crowded heat of *summer in the city* sun don't ya see. So that thing was alright. But there was no goddamn beer so I cut out and moved over to RATT.

Elevator doors opened to crowded heat. Heavy. Moving...and the band wasn't playing. Hot Cottage's last gig (for a while at least) was going down in the last of classes RATT. Before we were there long, that was Rob and Suzy that was with me, the boys got after and started to knocking some of those uptown blues their's around, don't ya know.

So that was the second set that was going down at that particular time and the boys were doing some heavier playing. Like when Steve was blowing and Rob and I had to make some noise. I remember when Brian accidentally played a wrong note in Little Walter's *Go the Lights* and, like, everybody smiled. Anyway, after a time at that they put it down for a while and moved out. I figured that they're musicians and that they need is a beer like anyone else. Son of a bitch it wasn't too.

After that they were back and they played something 20 blocks from downtown and before THAT Peter told me I had to tell you, all about how he personally invited all the fans. And that's what he said. Hot Cottage's *lovin' cup* is an oldie but a goodie you might say, and the rhythm was right fierce. And so was



Steve — he was just cuttin' and slicin' everything up bothways how and what...then there was this announcement that the harp player made, he's called Rob and not to be confused with Pontiac's harp player, he's called Rob. This cat was doin some *blowin'* that day, especially on those old Muddy Water tunes and on Sonny Boy's *Help Me*, and the announcement talked about how the people could do just what they were wanting to do, and right away they got up and got to shakin' a leg up on the improvisational dance floor.

Next thing was that the boys got real bad and that da-de-da-da-dah-de-ah dah dah du dah dah thing happened and Garneau Fats really drove the thing away. And that thar nearways finished the thing off but people kept on shouting and putting there hands like, *together*. Yeah! And they kept on awhile.



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