



The Drink Tank
Issue 58

The Cardiums Revealed by

CHRISTOPHER J.
GARCIA
M LLOYD
SABEAN AND JUDITH
MOREL
JAY CRASDAN
MIKE SWAN
AND
MANNY SANFORD

on the works of

*Brace Lagwell
C 'The Beast' Lek
Liesa Hellsworth
Kimmy Swaintip
and
Business Ferima*

I've wanted to do this issue for a long time.

Basically, I'm telling the story of the first big hoax the gang ever put together. And like all hoaxes, it has a basis in reality. The Cardimums were a band...sort of. Basically, M, Jay, Mike and Sabeen tried to start a band with very little musical talent between them, though they did write a few decent songs. But once they met me, well, they went all the way and turned it into a hoax that is still be revealed today.

Introducing The Cardimums!

In 1987, there was a guy by the name of Jay Crasdan. He had a guitar, a huge basement that his family never used and a bunch of friends. He was just another guy having a good time hanging and banging. He met a girl in Art class name of M Lloyd, who fancied herself the next Kim Gordon or Tina Weymouth, the queen of the bass. The two started hanging out in the basement trying to make the beautiful music. Well, they were actually making beautiful music, but only of the getting naked and screwing variety. But that was the start of the Cardimums.

The two of them actual recorded a few things, mostly brief bits of them trying to record pieces of songs or the sound of them making out. They called themselves Brace & The Beast and they did actually play a gig, or so they told me. They used pseudonyms, as we all would in future times. Jay called himself Brace Lagwell and M became



C 'The Beast' Lek. Brace was from San Francisco and went to the New England College of Music before being thrown out for trying to write his thesis on the music of Hanna-Barbera cartoons. C was from Latvia and had studied cello before becoming a terrible bassist after she left Latvia for Chicago. They were good gimmicks. The wrote a few songs, one of which I've always liked called ***Death on the Road to Vegas***, including a lyric that I've always remembered. 'Vegas life ain't much better than Vegas death if you're broke.' It wasn't until the two of them met



two friends that The Cardimums were born.

The first was SaBean. She met Jay and M in 1988, supposedly in the line for wrestling tickets. She started coming over (probably because M wanted to do her) and since SaBean is an actual drummer (cough-JazzBandGeekcough) she started jamming with the two of them. She was much better than the other two, plus she loved bands like The Cure and The Smiths, not to mention Miles Davis and Stephen Sondheim. During this period, they wrote a lot of songs like ***Angry Mr. Robotman*** and ***My Older Sister*** which were both decent little songs. This period didn't last long, as they ended up adding another member pretty quickly, establishing the group I'd meet in Boston.

SaBean become Kimmy Swaintip, and



Business Ferima



Liesa Hellsworth

she knew a guy who was a passable guitarist and keyboarder. He was Mike Swan whose history and mine were so closely entwined. He had lived with his Mom out my way and I had known him a little bit through the camp we both went to. When he started living full-time with his Dad in Chicago, he met up with SaBean. He started playing with them and they wrote more songs. This was the high period, though there are no recordings left, SaBean says that she thought they were great. After a while, SaBean's hated sister, Judith, started hanging around with Jay and M, and they gave her the Liesa Hellsworth nickname and she was officially the band's manager, though the sisters Morel hated, and I mean HATED, each other.

For the rest of high school, and the junior college years they all did, they were The Cardimums, a semi-serious band that would evolve into a genius concept group that was being directed by the King of Bad, and Brilliant, Ideas: Mr. Christopher J. Garcia.

The Founding of The Cardimums ***As Remembered by*** ***M Lloyd***

Chris' version of the founding is actually accurate, which is amazing since he usually botches so frequently the meanings and realities of the situations. I love him, but he's never one for accuracy. I should figure that anyone who has read The Drink Tank would already know that.

Chris left out two things, both of which are very important. SaBean and M hated each other, this is true, but they were seldomly together in the basement. I can only think of once, maybe twice. They got into a fight once when Jay and I were out with Judith at the Mall, talking about all the band stuff while we were being clothes. She literally tackled her and the two brawled. It was muy hot. M didn't talk to us for almost a month, but we got her back and there was even a peace we sorta brokered that was meant to keep SaBean and Judith from killing each other



Kimmy Swaintip



while we all prepared for a show that we indeed did play in South City. Until they settled whatever it was between them (according to Chris' last issue, it was trying to find some old dude in a photo) I had never heard them talk to each other in a pleasant tone.

The other thing that Chris conveniently forgot because he wasn't there was the fact that we did a few things under another name between Brace & The Beast and The Cardimums. When it was Jay, M and SaBean, we called ourselves Brace Lagwell & The Girls He Fucked. I always thought that was a great name for a band, except for the fact that he had only slept with me. We settled on The Cardimums when SaBean said that she had her notebook taken away when she was in English. So, we became the Cardimums when we looked in the spice rack or something.

Over the years, due to troubles between Jay and I, we often had periods where we did nothing as a band, but we always got back together and that made us a band again.

The Cardimums Get Carried in Record Stores

By
Christopher J. Garcia

I had an idea. I wanted to make something that was awesome. I had a bunch of concepts, but I didn't know how to make

them work. That is until M and Jay and Mike and SaBean and I were hangin' around at the IHOP and the idea seemed to hit all of a sudden.

"We should put out a record." Says SaBean.

"We're not ready to record a record." Says Jay.

"Why record anything? Just put out the record." Says I.

And that was how the Best Idea I ever had started. We basically sat around coming up with ideas for a cover. We managed to come up with a great one. The cover was the guys in the band naked while the girls were wearing full suits. That album was just called The Cardimums.

But what did we do with them?

Well, that's where I was a genius.

There was a record store around the corner from where we all lived. They kept all the CD covers in little bags and when you bought one, you brought that up to the counter and they got the CD or record for you, put it all together and handed it to you. So, Chris had our friend Johnny put together a Record Cover for the album, complete with liner notes that I wrote talking about how the band had come together from such disparate



areas and were a legendary group in the underground clubs of Toronto and Quebec City. That album had 9 songs, supposedly. Six of them were actually songs that they had written. ***Bitch Pencil, Grey Moment, My Song of Piss & Vinegar, Death on the Road to Vegas, Angry Mr. Robotman,*** and ***Fall***. The other three were my idea. ***Clamdigger Dream, Suicidal Suckbomb, and Clean Living (in a CrackHouse)***. They were great concepts, and when Johnny was finished making it look like it had been around for years, we

THE CARDIMUMS



HAPPY TIMES SHOOTING STUFF

took it to the store and slipped it into the unsorted 'C' record section. But we realized that we had to get a pricetag on it. We gently took one off of a Marvin Gaye record and slipped it gently into place. We checked back every couple of days and it was still there, though at least once it had been picked up and someone read the back while we were in the store. That was awesome. The record finally went away after about three months, but that was OK, we had already come up with another copy of the first record and a second record called ***Happy Times Shooting Stuff***. I've tried to recreate the cover

best as I could remember above, but the one we made was much better than that. We actually sold them to the shop by going just another step. We bought a dirt-cheap record (I think it was the Talking Heads) and got the label off and put our own on. I don't know how Johnny managed to get the things to look like they had sat on a shelf for years, but he did it and they paid a full buck for it as a part of M's sale of those things that had been cluttering up her house. We also made a CD of the second Cardimums album. The songs were all real songs that they had written. It was a very good fake, where we print-

ed all of the lyrics. We just snuck this one in the files. It was amazing. We know that someone tried to buy the CD once, and based on the liner notes, I'm not surprised.

We only did one more, but it was the perfect one to end on. My idea was that The Cardimums had broken up and this was the Greatest Hits of the band that had done two great albums, then had some problems (C had left and wasn't heard on the fourth album, Liesa had stepped in on Bass and it wasn't until C really needed money that she returned) and this was the complete story of the band in six well-done pages (Johnny's layout was the highlight).

According to the notes, the fourth album was a live album (since C wasn't around to record new material) and they then did a fifth album which was a bold experiment in doing a Science Fiction concept album which was a hit with College Radio. The sixth was a simple album that featured Rarities and B-sides. The final was the Greatest Hits. Some good concepts there.

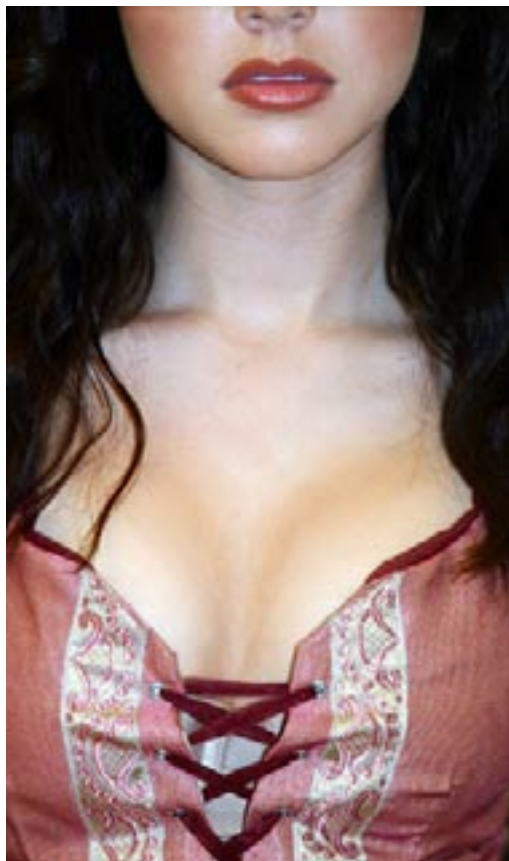
Sadly, we never did it again, and there were enough places in NorCal that we could have done it too.

Well You Say You've Got A Husband Now...

By

Jay Crasdan

There's no question that Elvis Costello was the biggest influence on The Cardimums. We loved Elvis, we had all his records, and we aped his style all the time.



The opening line to ***King Whiskey*** is "Mr. Dewdrop walked up a long, long hill/ never stopping 'til the pail was filled." Even writing it now I hear Elvis' voice singing the lines.

M and I were both huge fans of Elvis, and even when we were hardly speaking, we still went together to see him. It's easy to say that he was all over everything we ever did. Unconsciously, the keyboard solo in our song ***Grey Moment*** is basically the same *Radio, Radio*. It happens.

I've gone over the songs that we wrote over the years, sometimes with a lot of embarrassment that I had ever written anything that ripped such a genius off so thoroughly. I did a good job of it, really, as far as being a rip-off artist goes. If we had recorded all the songs that were in the notebook I used to write in while me and M were broken up while we were living in Boston, we'd have recorded Anger Honey years before Elvis did.

We also did a song called ***Elvis Costello: This is Your Invitation***. The song said that we were completely open to having Elvis join The Cardimums, which was a funny concept. Sadly, I couldn't find the notebook that had that and a few other classics in it, so the collection of the songs at the end of this issue won't feature those from the fun era of my song writing.

The Never-Written Liner Notes for Badwater Planet: The Science Fiction Concept Album

By

Judith Morel and Christopher J. Garcia

This is the story of Badwater: The



the planet of the bad waters.

The first song, ***Our Ship*** introduces us to the ship and its crew. Capt. Muer and his second, Lare, sing that song that introduces us to the ship in the first half, but then degrades into panic as 'The cargo hold rumbles, the ship throws/The quarters of the crew and their families explode/death comes to those on the decks below/but the captain flies on, steady as she goes'

The crash leaves them in the milky sea, where some try to swim for the coast which is nearly two miles away. The caustic ocean eats away at them. Only five of the survivors made

Planet on the edge of the Trade Zone. The Planet, giant by the standards of the planets which are actually a part of the Trade Zone, has never been further mapped than a simple outline of continents and oceans with notes of two large mountain ranges. The reason for the unknown quality of the planet is the water.

The Planet, which was never even named, has several large oceans, all of them a milky white, and only two large continents. The reason for the milk seas is the same as the reason the continent has never been mapped. The water of the Badwater Planet is, in fact, bad.

All water on the planet, including the rain, is heavy with a caustic salt. The salt is heavy and will eat through nearly anything. The types of filtration systems used on the Generation Ships are badly clogged and severely damaged within just a couple of days use on the waters. The few expeditions that were once attempted either died off or had to quickly exit.

The story of Badwater Planet starts far from the planet itself. A Ship, the Jae Nita-jia, has an accident. The accident causes the ship to make an emergency landing on the Badwater Planet, crashing into the ocean which causes so much damage to the ship that only five people survive and make it to the land. They are doomed, and they know they are doomed, but they go forward hoping to discover some way to survive on



a raft and arrive at the land. They are Teno (sung by Brace Lagwell), Ymar (Business Ferima), two underclass engineers who survived by being out working on the filter systems in the upper classes. Madek Hisheda (C 'The Beast' Lek), who was the head of science on the ship, and her assistant, Jamaase (Liesa Hellsworth). They are joined by Riasel (Kimmy Swaintip) who is a mystery to all the other members.

After the landing, the group argues over who should lead (***My Choices***). The argument ends when they head off looking for some sort of fresh water in the interior, though they are told by their CompuPads that they likely have less than forty-five hours before they are all dead. (***The News***). There is no official leader, but they seem to be following Madek.

On the trip, they come across something of an Oasis (***Arriving at Heaven***) where they find something that Ymar realizes is a filter system that can easily deal with a large volume of the caustic water and not

suffer any damage. They realize that means they are on an inhabited planet (**Alone No More**) and that they'll be able to survive.

They look around the surface and manage to find a few bits of food that are human-edible (**Eating Again**) and they manage to discover tracks of people (**Tracks**). After several days, they come across one of the planet's inhabitants (**The Meeting**), who informs them that the inhabitants have discovered their spaceship and will be using it to get off of the planet and start colonizing the Trade Zone. The Shipmembers who crashed recognise that with their physiology they'll easily overrun planets and this will threaten the Trade Zone (**The Future Attack**) and they have to come up with a way to stop the aliens.

At this point, the subplot between Jamaase and Ymar starts. They are falling in love and sing a song of devotion to each other (**One Last Passion**) and then the group suits up for an attack on the alien group (**Stripping Down, Suiting Up**) and the attack on the aliens who have brought the ship to the land comes fast on the heels



(**Our Fight**).

The battle rages on for several days, ending when the crashlanders manage to get onto the ship and activate the emergency systems that assist them in repelling the invaders (**Strategies; Away From Here**). The Battle has left two of the members of the team dead, which allows for Ymar to sing his love a final song (**My Last Lover**).

The crew then manages to get off the Planet and head for a new world (**Another Day Away**).

The story for Badwater Planet is based on the concept by Christopher J. Garcia in his Pulitzer Prize winning Science Fiction novel, *To The Seas of Badwater*. The lyrics are by Brace Lagwell and Kimmy Swaintip. The music is written by The Cardimums with the arrangements by C Lek.

The work was recorded at the Troubador on Hollywood's Sunset Strip on July 9th, 1992. The extra musicians were James Heigl (violin), Leon Trom (guitar), Ali Ulam (keyboards), Julie Hepne (bass/cello), Allen Aaronson (violin/mandolin), Dennis Shekmar (drums/percussion), Gail Wilner (backing vocals), Gail Sundes (backing vocals), and Gail Heyes (backing vocals). The recording presented here is from the early practice and not from the show itself, which only drew 25 paid people.

Badwater Planet is a science fiction musical that may well find its way to Broadway yet. Brace's performance is brash, while both Kimmy and Liesa are powerfully forceful in their performances.

Probably the most touching performances are between the lovers, played by C Lek and Business Ferima. They are both intense and lyrical and end up stealign the last half of the show.

Enjoy the performance and remember that this is only the first in what may turn out to be a series of Science Fiction musicals

The Girls of The Cardimums

By

SaBean Morel

The most interesting section of The Cardimums had to be the women. The three of us, well two and my sister, were prime examples of the potential of hot flesh selling a group. We didn't always get along, and there's a silly little story that features all of the girls.

Jay fucked Judith. This was a few months before we left for Boston. Jay and M were on the outs again, but me and

Jay had been sorta messing around for a few months. M and Jay had gotten to the point where the two of them would hang out with all of us in the basement and work on songs and watch movies. I kinda figured that meant that they were sleeping together, though I've been told that's not the case. I found out about Judith and Jay when M told me she walked in on them. This was a Sunday morning, and I spent most of the morning shooting up and crying. After I came down enough to get really angry, I

went out to the mall to find M and Jay because I knew they'd be there with Judith. When I found them, I didn't know what to do other than take a running tackle at the fucking whore.

I remember looking through every store in the mall and they were in a clothes place. I saw her and I just ran and caught her right in the stomch with my shoulder. I sent her right into a rack of clothes and she ended





up on top of me throwing punches into my face. I kicked her off and managed to put my heel into her nose. She was bleeding all over the place, and she clawed at my face. The MoreL sisters fight dirty. M and Jay just stood around until they saw that the Security crew



were running up and they pulled us apart and ran us for the exits. That was the end of that fight, and we didn't talk for several months.

I had my revenge. I nailed M one drunken night. That was good, sloppy stuff and Jay didn't talk to me for ages. Mike did. He thanked me loudly that very afternoon. God bless him.

Manny Sanford Tells the Story of Space Butt

Space Butt would have been the most beautiful thing ever created. That would have been amazing, perfect, even Grammy worthy. It would have been my only addition to The Cardimums.

I made a visit out that way one weekend and we all hit it off real good. I thought they were the coolest people I'd ever met, and we had a good time just hanging out. They were talking about songs and I said that they should so a song about a Space-Hooker.

It was like Whiskey In The Jar, where she was a roaming whore who went and stole from her Johns until she was betrayed by the Madame at the House she worked at. We wrote the lyrics that afternoon, on a napkin, the way all songs should be written...or at least started.



Space Butt

written by Manny Sanford with Chris Garcia, M Lloyd, SaBean MoreL and Jay Crasdan

Mother Mary may I come?

Yes you may, my son.

Wait, is that a gun?

Yes it is you scum.

Taking money back home

Madame Gray pays back her loan

sends me out alone

for more money and to roam

I make an easy mark

He barely knows enough to bark

And I return upon the dark

to my beloved whore's ark

Madame Gray holds a gun

"I'm sorry dear, but you are done"

on my hip my gun hums

But I am dead before she's drawn.

Madame Gray runs away

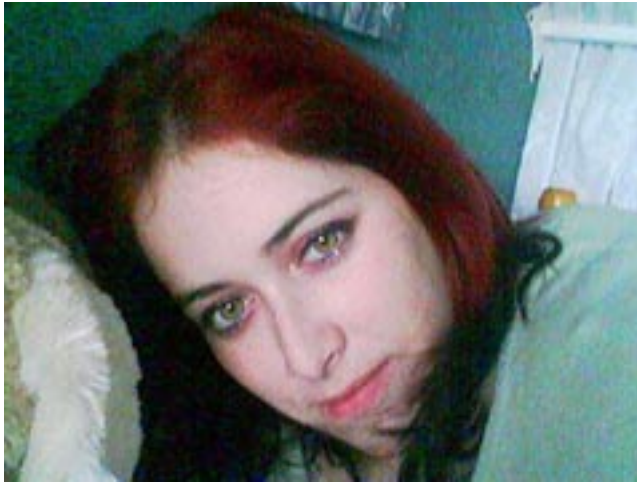
She never stops or stays

She flees from treachery

and the ghost she knows is me.

Written February of 1997.

**The Known
Surviving Songs
of Brace & The
Beast and The
Cardimuns
Compiled by
Christopher J.
Garcia and Mike
Swan**



-Note: The songs here were found in old notebooks or from Yearbook and other memento signatures. In a couple of cases, Mike or Chris have reconstructed the lyrics as best they could.

Brace & The Beast

**Death on the Road to Vegas
by M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan**

*Vegas life ain't much better than Vegas death
if you're broke
Try to breathe deep, but you can't, 'cause all
you do is choke
Death on the road to Vegas ain't no funny
joke
where the sun cooks your brain like an oven
for coke*

*Death on the road to Vegas means little to
me.
Death on the road to Vegas to discover hu-
manity.
Death on the road to Vegas can't arrest my
fears.*

*Off the Strip, the people live lives of simplic-
ity.
On the Strip, men wage battles of hostility.
In-between this running war are caught the
bougouise
And they don't care because they're distract-
ed bright shiny.*

*Death on the roads of Ve-
gas means little to me.
Death on the roads of
Vegas to discover hu-
manity.
Death on the roads of
Vegas can not stop my
tears.*

*One last night, throw-
ing dice, means I can get
away.*

*One last night at the
tables means I'm on the sway
The last day in the sun is harder than the
first
and the days all in-between only make it
worse.*

*Death on the road from Vegas means little to
me.
Death on the road from Vegas to discover
humanity.
Death on the road from Vegas can arrest my
fears.*

**My Love Affair (Fragment)
by M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan**

*No sound escapes my lips
though the tongue slips through
The boy at hand is something else
something worn but new
my eyes sting in the light
my hands find his again*

*My Love affair is ending
And not from my desire
but for reasons simpler
than our burning fires
The others know
our faithless ways
our deception failed
and they order (...)*

**Hard
by M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan**

It's harder to say no than yes

*It's easier to be depressed
Her hand moves are known the best
in the pants of all the rest*

*I know the story isn't pretty
I know the story isn't nice
But the girl fetches a respectable price
We work together late every night
Trying to find that single perfect fright*

*My hours are not my own
he takes only what I carry home
and leaves me alone
to bring him more money so I won't have to
groan*

*I know the story isn't pretty
I know the story isn't nice
But the girl fetches a respectable price
We work together late every night
Trying to find that single perfect fright*

*It's harder to say no than yes
It's easier to be depressed
Her hand moves are known the best
in the pants of all the rest*

The Cardimums

Angry Robotman
written by M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan, SaBean
MoreL and Mike Swan

*Beep-beep-beep
Crash-slash-bang
That's the birth of
our Robotman
we go to him
and we bring him
cans
that he can turn
into a robotman.*

*The robotman he
doesn't care
he only wants his
fair share
of the work he does
everywhere*

and the loads he has to bear

*The Robotman gets angry
the Robotman is mad
The Robotman attacks
All those he thinks are bad*

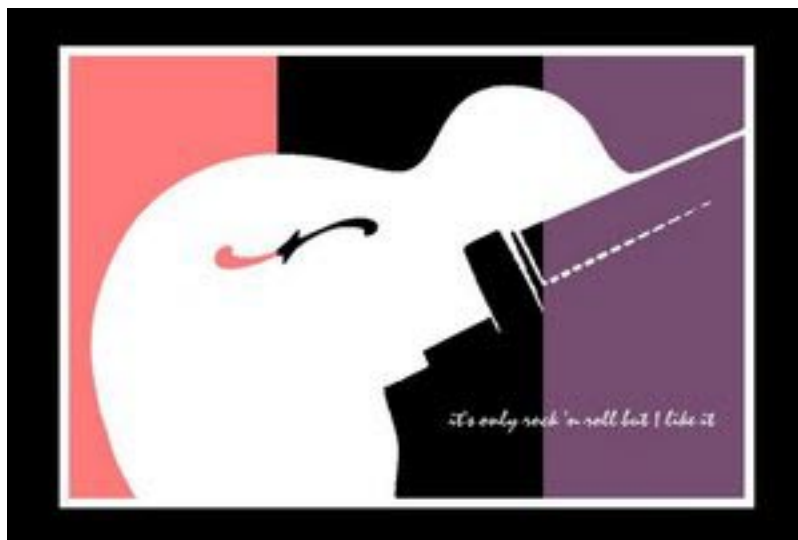
*Kill them all, Robotman
Kill them all
Take it up and riot
Kill them all, Robotman
Kill them all tonight!*

King Whiskey
written by M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan and Sa-
Bean MoreL

*Mister Dewdrop walked up a long, long hill
never stopping until the pail was filled
He simply went along until the field was
tilled
unless he'd find himself too quickly killed
for taking on The King of Whiskey*

*Misses Snowflake herself she knew no fear
The Tyrant King would never move her
to build his palace out among the fir
The shame is he'd have to behead her
for crossin' the King of Whiskey*

*Reverend Camshaft took down the clock
from the altar where it rocked
for a cetury in Cathedral Bock
where it had always mocked
That devilish King of Whiskey*



*The Prince of Whis-
key devised a plan
to bring him down
They would rise
against him to win
the crown
from that bastard
King who always
wore the frown
But they weer dis-
covered and they
soon were drown
by the Bastard King
of Whiskey*

*The final night of The Kings life soon came
He'd lived a life in fortune and in fame
though he'd soon seen his kingdom in dark
flames
and knew the hatred of his name
such were the last thoughts of the King of
Whiskey*

**Untitled (probably a fragment)
by M Lloyd and SaBean MoreL**

*I don't like to think
of the ways I've failed you
and the ways you've failed too
ever since I've loved you
I don't want to think
of the ways that I
betrayed you
and you were be-
trayed too
by the lesser people
who
never even wanted
you*

*And you wonder
why I don't say I'm
going to stay with
you
through the difficult
times that are fac-
ing me and you
Going into final countdowns over little mo-
ments that will bring us down*

**Bitch Pencil
by M Lloyd and SaBean MoreL**

*Waking up and reaching out
I grab and take and force and shout
and you know that it's all about
everything in love's one bout
When I grab your man's first place
and press in on your rough face
I know that I hold the ace
and ride you like my mule
punishing his primal tool
playing him a turgid fool*

*I want his bitch pencil
for which I'd gladly kill*

*not before I've had my fill
of his deep inserted pill*

*Mornign light comes flooding in
while I'm at my favourite sin
I don't care, it's me or him
and I just need to get my own
to come back in to my sweet zone
and he comes to inside this home
Where I'll beat him once again
in a game of sex and pain
that will conquer all my brain
and leave me feeling no pure shame
**(This may have been written by M alone
during the B+B days)***



**Fall
By Jay Crasdan
and Mike Swan
(and possibly M
Lloyd)**

*Sources say that
times they are a-
changing
but I don't think so
since we do
all the same shit
we've done before
I don't know if we'll
ever get away from
it*

*but I know that we're stuck
with the stupid things we've done
and I know we're all about to fall*

*Once in a while I think about the failure
of the relationships we've built
and I know that I've discovered the secret
to the way we are going to end up in free fall*

*Once a day I look around this hell
And discover the reason for the fall
we basically see much too much
the life of ease we've clutched too strong
and it can't stop our fall*

**An Open Letter to My Mother (Fragment)
by SaBean MoreL**

*I'm not perfect
and I never will be*

*If that's what you want
 well you better kill me
 I'll never play well
 like your precious baby
 or clean my room
 like a precious drone bee
 I'm fucked-up
 and I'm still your daughter
 you'll never be pleased
 as my world gets hotter
 We may never talk again
 you can write me off with that pen
 I gave you for Christmas again
 when I was ten*

Gray Moment
by SaBean MoreL, M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan
and Mike Swan



*Grey light hours wasted watching Mister Rog-
 ers
 while I smoked my weight in Humboldt weed
 And late night watching movies playing
 in theatres made of hype and greed
 I never understood the thought
 that man had to have his plans
 In order to thrive and succede
 But now I know it's true and you and I are
 doomed to cry and bleed
 in this world bought with cheap ass beads*

*I'm not sure if I've got the patience
 to keep my mind on and on Jones, Smiths
 and Kents
 I think I'll go to Corsica for the weekend
 And discover the meaning of guitar's big bend
 I know I'll never fail
 if I just raise up my sail
 and go along with some exotic whale*

*No good ever comes from a Pop Culture reject
 Who never leaves the couch for days
 And when he gets his method down he
 searches all over town for all of the different
 ways
 But not thinking about the world
 keeps him safe and sane
 unlike those heels in Bensonhurst
 He finds his feet under him
 neither solid or noodly
 another part of the grand curse*

My Song of Piss & Vinegar
by SaBean MoreL and Mike Swan

*I hate my life
 my house, my dog, my wife
 I can't see any point in staying*

*Here, I am
 engaged in a debate
 on this cruel twist of fate
 that's left me blind*

*I am a fool
 one who plays it cool
 when others drop and run away*

Why don't I up and leave?

*Pull something out of my sleeve
go away to some enchanted foreign land
where I can forget everything*

*I hate my life
My house, my dog, my wife
I can't see any point in staying*

*The more time flies
the more I tell these lies
the more I need to cry
and slink away*

*This place is not my home
I live surrounded but alone
And with no possible reprieve*

*I hate my life
My house, my dog, my wife
and I can't see any point in staying*

**NightTimePartyPlace
by SaBean MoreL, Mike Swan, Jay
Crasdan and M Lloyd**

*Party down the street tonight
No reason to stay home
Party in the old night club
that burns like olden Rome
The party is for beautifuls
and sex and drugs and you
and nobody will realise
which of those you choose*

*This is my Nighttime Party Place
Just down the street from school
My nighttime party place
Where I can play the fool*

*Girls in their tightest skirts
guys in colored coats
Everyone is here tonight
passing old bank notes
to the men with powder touch
directly up their nose
and someone brought a Model friend
specifically to pose*

*In my Nighttime Party Place
Half-way 'round the clock
My Nighttime Party Place
just around the block*



*Couches lying here and there
where we can get to know
the places where you like to kiss
and feel the burning snow
We can party all night long
with glamour and champagne
we can tangle in dark rooms
or in the falling rain*

*At my Nighttime Party Place
the final words are said
My Nighttime Party place
before the party's dead
at my Nighttime Party Place
the lasting stuff still burns
for my Nighttime Party Place
that's just how the world turns
at my Nighttime party place...
My Nighttime Party Place...*

**Space Flight Nowhere
by SaBean MoreL, Mike Swan,
Christopher J. Garica and M Lloyd**
*Long way from home
I've been away*

on a ship of five thousand
days
I wonder where I'll end up
this time
or if it's a way for me to
pay out my crimes
On a space flight nowhere

All I did was voice opinion
against what I saw as a
sin
and I was sent here to
begin
paying those debts
On a space flight nowhere

(this section was crossed
out:
Fuck the wrong man's wife
and they make you pay
with your life
that's just how it goes
On a space flight nowhere)

All alone in the dark
All you have is your art
And it does no good
anyway
On a space flight nowhere

I'm falling fast
I can not breathe this gas
and I guess I was right
that this was a
Space flight nowhere

**Two Girls on a Couch (Fragment?)
by M Lloyd and Judith Morel**

You were sitting on the couch
showing off those legs you shaved
You smiled wide, you pursed your lips
you pushed out those great tits
hoping to get yourself laid

'Why don't you join me?'
you ask while I'm staring
I take a seat there
find my hand among your earrings



Two girls on a couch
putting on a show
Two girls on a couch
wondering where to go
Two girl on a couch
could make lots of dough
Two girls on a couch
makign things all grow

You kiss me and I kiss you
and we both go deeper
driving into each other
with lips and tongues and
fingers

Two girls on a couch
putting on a show
Two girls on a couch
wondering where to go
Two girls on a couch
could make lots of dough
Two girls on a couch
by going nice and slow

All the guys are watching
us
as we go exploring
never find buried gold
but never being boring

Two girls on a couch
putting on a show
Two girls on a couch
wondering where to go
Two girls on a couch
could make lots of dough
Two girls on a couch
with or without blow

When I press the button there
you become alarmed
and by the time I'm finished
I've got an aching arm

Two girls on a couch
putting on a show
Two girls on a couch
wondering where to go
Two girls on a couch
could make lots of dough

*Two girls on a couch
and melt the falling snow*

*She pressed her on into me
and never stopped for thought
her boyfriend came from behind us
and she knew she'd been caught*

*Two girls on a couch
putting on a show
Two girls on a couch
wondering where to go
Two girls on a couch
could make lots of dough
Two girls on a couch
Can come and come and go
Two girls on a couch
putting on a show
Two girls on a couch
wondering where to go*

*(Note: Both Mike and I remember there being
at least two more verses to the song, though
they weren't located)*

A Song for Chris Garcia
by SaBean MoreL and M Lloyd
*Here's a song for Chris Garcia
It's not too long, for you or Me-a
It's just a song for Chris Garcia
Just so he'll get off our back.*

Late Time (Fragment)
by M Lloyd and SaBean MoreL
*I never watched the sun fade before
never saw the way the light dies
I never held close a man's rough hand
as the day escapes us
The late times are here
when we must let go*

*The late times are here
watch the world go*

*No sound of struggle
we're simply dying
I've found myself a grave
but there's no time to
(This was all that was in the notebook,
though Mike thinks there's five more verses)*

A Bite Out of the World
by SaBean MoreL, Jay Crasdan and M Lloyd

*We woke up one morning
quarter to three
to the screams that would go in history
A massive hand had taken the Earth
and clutched it in for all of its worth
The hand brought us up
holding us close
rubbing the planet on the sleeve of his coat
shining us nice, good and bright
and then he took a terrible bite*

*China was tasty, and so was Japan
Russia was bitter and Thailand was rough
Vietnam and Laos weren't good enough
to make up for the mealy taste
of Mongolia, Tibet and India's waste*

*The giant man whose appetite demanded
eating up planets but he left empty-handed
For the taste of our Earth was pretty vile
though a piece of The Kremlin was stuck in
his smile.
(Written at Ken's Family Restaurant in
1999 or so. This is the last of the songs the
Cardimums ever wrote and probably the only
surviving song they wrote in California)*



Why The Cardimums Never Made It by Jay Crasdan

We were standing outside of The Paradise, I think waiting to see Einsturzende Neubauten, when we realized that we were going nowhere.

"I don't think we should try for the Showcase." I said.

"Yeah, we're not ready." responded M or SaBean...or maybe it was Judith.

That was the first time we thought that we weren't going to make it as a band. At times, we really thought we'd be able to make records, to tour, to play gigs. There were a few times that we played. Maybe half a dozen, plus we would sit around at Johnny's or in the dining hall and just jam for hours. We filled notebooks with songs and ideas and anything else that might make us the hottest band ever, but we didn't have it and we knew it.

Plus, we all had habits to feed of one type or another.

The trip we made to CA to visit Chris was the end, the last time we wrote together and the last time all of us were in the same place (Mike, Manny and Chris were living out there, SaBean came out to see M, Judith was out for some converence and I flew out to make the whole thing complete. We had a good time, we laughed and talked and wrote a couple of songs and that was it. Time had gone by, we never were much of a band, but we made each other laugh enough to make up for it.

It wasn't a waste of time, it was an excuse to get good and entertaining in front of one another.

I sometimes think what would have happened had at least one of us been a top-notch song-writer, or if I could shredd on a guitar like Buckethead or if M was like Brain on the skins. We probably would have been able to play real gigs, maybe tour and find a giant following in Japan. Our individual drug issues would have exploded and we'd have ended up never speaking again until the money for a reunion was right.

AND THAT WAS THE CARDIMUMS

So, this special issue now fades into the sunset and all will be back to the relative normal that we present every week. I'd like to thank M and Jay for giving me all the notebooks they had left and for writing their little pieces while hanging and banging in Finland. I'd like thank SaBean for all her help, including getting me in touch with Judith a while back. I wanna thank Judith for lettin' me mess with her writing on the Liner Notes, to Mike for helping me put together all the songs, and of course, to all of the potential fans of the Cardimums who never got the chance to see or hear them play.

Next Issue will have LoCs, regular articles and so much more. I'm still looking for 100 Word Wonders for the First Anniversary Issue. So far, I've got some great folks and I still need more. It's going to be out on January 31st, the first anniversary of The Drink Tank.

I'm also planning a couple of other issues for February and March. One is the Mission Statement issue where I hope I can get various folks to give me brief articles on the meaning of their own, person, FANAC. I'm hoping to get five or six people to let me know why they're fans and what they're planning for the rest of their fannish careers. I'm also still trying to do the Anonymous issue.

And other than that. I'll just keep doing what I do.

Here's also a plug for the good people of the N3F, who let me edit The Fan. It was weird working with MicroSoft Publisher, which I used for the first, terrible, issue of The Drink Tank. I think it turned out OK. I'm also thinking about trying to become the N3F's President. Not sure if that'll happen, but I'd like to give it a shot.

And that's another issue. LoCs and such will have to wait until next time. Plus BIG Me for Mayor news. Be there!

To Bill Burns: The Best Friend Fanzine Fandom Could Ever Hope For!