

TO HAVE OR...

HAVOC

Episode #7
BEER
MILKSHAKES

Next Ones Ours!!



Brokey, Pokey trapped
without Smokey

HAVOC WEBSITE:

<http://www.whirltech.com/havoc/>

Forefather's Note: We should all hang out together for separately we would certainly all hang.

Editor's Note: We should separately all hang Frank because he is certainly not together!

ERIC AND CHERIE ANNOUNCE ENGAGEMENT!!!!





SHAGGING OFF WITH SHAG

Call me Shagmael.

Editors Note: As always we asked

Shag to write us a story for the newsletter. As usual he was too busy doing what Shag does to write one. But, he did send us something that bares striking similarities to the Uni-bomber Manifesto. Since the FBI didn't seem to think they had the wrong guy after all, we'll publish a bit of it, BUT, if you get any

*strange unmarked packages in the mail, **FOR GOD SAKES MAN DON'T OPEN IT!!***

Call me Shagmael. I am The Hated One, The Horned One, The Cursed One, He who is Outcast, The Scourge, Shag-Master, Uncle Shama-Lama, Ding-Dong Zzzzip-PING! Call me what you will. Call me Shag, The Unstoppable Sex Machine (at least until they served me that Injunction). I inhabit the places

of gloom, where the light does not shine, where the shadows, run from themselves; I inhabit the Dark Bars.

You may have seen me-I was the one sitting by himself at the end of the bar; I was the one who left early to go home alone; I was the one who, while on-

stage at a spoken-word night, did not realize for a full three minutes that he had unplugged his own microphone, and that he was wearing no pants; I was the one vomiting on the house-band.

People look at me as if I am not firing on all cylinders; I am seven short of a six-pack; ten innings short of a game. I am like the third wheel on a bicycle. I am not quite all

there, 'except when everybody else has given up and gone home. Some say that I don't go with the crowd, that I don't smell quite right, that if it were not for the age of consent in my home state being lowered by two years, I would still be in state custody. Oh, I used to be more popular, almost as much as that, old bum that used to hang out in my favorite bar, Estelle's, and ask for hugs from girls and then get into fights with their boyfriends. I used to go there and people would say, "Oh god, it's Shag!" I used to...

There was more, but its just too scary.

**I WAS
THE ONE
VOMITING
ON THE
HOUSE
BAND.**



The continuing adventures of a man whom for no good reason we'll call "Sedwick"

HAV-OC WILL TRAVEL

Oh, No Colonel Blake!



OR... HOT ROAD APPLES FROM HELL.

If my brain were full of anymore useless knowledge... I would have my PhD in Mathematics.

SOCIAL DEGENERATE CREEPS INTO HAVOC, CITIZEN'S ALARMED!

(or All's normal through the generations.)

As promised I am mailing in my reasons for missing Dave-Pa and Kathy's grand event of a wedding. My apologies to those who missed me and a big you're welcome to those who didn't.

Our story begins with our villain, Sedwick running amok through the land of Ohio doing god knows what, with god knows who, and for god knows why. The hero of our story, those kind, affectionate, and most of all understanding Ohio state troopers (insert sarcasm here) decide that this kind of menace on society must be stopped. His crime was exceeding the speed limit on a completely deserted highway. Concerned with the safety of the imaginary motorists on the road, the trooper threw the book at the sociopath with a lead foot. Showing compassion for the safety of Sedwick the trooper decided to try and convince him to wear his seat belt in the future by giving him a fine for failure to comply with seat belt regulations.

But this scum did not learn his lesson! In fact he continued to bring danger to other imaginary motorists, not to mention deer, by repeating this act on a deserted state route at 4 am a few weeks later. Another member of our fine Ohio State Police stopped him again and handed out another pair of fines.

As time went on Sedwick failed to pay for his

debt to society and left the police with no choice but to suspend his driving privileges. When asked for a comment this miscreant claims "I'm a poor college student. I couldn't afford to pay the fines!". Any person in touch with reality can see through these lies since everyone knows that graduate students are among the highest paid people in the land. For fear of being caught this is why he could not attend the marriage of Dave-Pa and Kathy (thought we'd never get to the actual reason did you!).

But his fear did not last! Sedwick decided to blatantly ignore the suspension of his driving privileges and drive to Wendy's for food. A Cincinnati police officer notices the suspicious character eating french fries and decides to check him out. Not to anyone surprise, the officer runs Sedwick's record and finds out that not only is he driving with a suspended license but also has not learned his lesson of wearing his safety constraint, and has an outstanding traffic violation of over a year in the city of Cincinnati. When asked for a comment on these charges the typical excuses of a criminal were given. But this was only the beginning of his crime spree. He failed to appear in traffic court twice and forced the sheriff's department to dispatch a unit to apprehend this menace on two bench warrants of \$10,000 each, one for driving under suspension, the other for the more serious offense of failure to comply with safety belt regulations. Upon arrival at the residence of Sedwick the police officers encountered his roommate Tim C.. Knowing that Tim C. could have turned the police away claiming that Sedwick was not home, this fine upstanding citizen decides to awake the villain and turn him over to the proper

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GHOSTS OF BINGES PAST...

HOMECOMING '96

This could very well be one of the last great homecomings. Especially seeing the turn out this past October. Yes we're a little behind in Newsletter land and we'll be covering two Homecomings this edition.

'96 was a mess. This was truly a Havocian experience, particularly the late night festivities at Candace's. The Penn State trip was highlighted by a kick ass Blues band then the LH crawl ensued at Uncle Albert's. Mike fell down a lot, no surprise there and the 17th time falling over a chair at Assante's he managed to damage his knee a bit.

After the bars closed the gang followed Candace who had just gotten off work, over to her apartment for cocktails. The bottles broke out, the drinks were mixed, the party raged, the cops came, the cops left, the party continued.

The totally "Out of control" awards go to Matt (Gold), Eric (Silver), Cherie (Bronze). Matt sat at the end of the table with a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a shot glass in the other, and a gleam of purpose in his eyes. No one is exactly sure why he had the shot glass, from what we could see he was drinking straight from the bottle. An arm wrestling tournament broke out, and Candace's

wonderful apartment quickly transformed from a friendly reunion of college pals into the bridge of a Klingon Bird of Prey. The thrill of victory, mixed with a fifth of Beam proved a disastrous combo for Matt. The next half hour Pokey spent holding Matt's head over a bucket and cleaning up the ugliness, but as Floyd put it the show must go on.

Push came to shove in the Eric and Cherie dispute over "arm wrestling tactics", and Mike and Pokey were forced to intervene. Eric sought the legal council of Mike, while Pokey came to Cherie's defense. Five minutes into the Mike and Pokey debate on court room proceedings, Eric and Cherie were forced to step in and physically separate the two. After Mike and Pokey were placed back in their corners (one claimed the bar the other the keg), Cherie wisely called it a night. Eric, on the other hand, a Dylan Thomas fan was not about to go gently into that good night.

He became possessed by what can only be described as a "Divine Madness", which in later reflection may have only been gas. He demanded a 7AM bar crawl to the Brass Rail, which he hoped would include the "trio grande" of late night, Mike, Eric and Pokey. Mike, who wore an ice pack on his knee for the majority of the

evening was quite happy with the levels of internal and external abuse for the gala and without warning bolted to the back bedroom and barricaded himself in. This caused Eric to frantically pound on the door while insulting Mike with such timeless classics as "sissyboy" and "Mike can't hang with the big boys."

Eric, still filled with an insane sense of purpose, twisted Pokey's arm into submitting to the Brass Rail excursion. The quest for the Holy Rail, as it would later be named in a Newsletter article, was truly the silliest bar crawl to plague Lock Haven streets since earlier that evening. Eric's obsession would drag Pokey through the pelting rain to a closed bar on the other end of town. Peter's Moby Dick, which is incidentally a double phalac, had eluded him. Just before reentering Candace's apartment tired and wet, Pokey, however, noticed the Chips sign across the street was still lit. The moment of high irony surfaced at the point in our tale when the two realized the only open bar in town was the one that had been several yards away.

Saturday night was pretty much a replay of Friday only Matt used a shot glass, which did not allow the vicious string of truly silly events to occur. This did not prevent the police from arriving a



second time. Incidentally two times in two days is half way to a record set by the Havoc House in Spring of '88. Nice job Candace!

HOMECOMING 1997

The turn out was awful. Not only for our crowd, but for all the people from our era. Only a handful of familiar faces showed up this year and most of them were on obscene amounts of psychotropic medications so would only be coerced into doing a few shots.

For the people that showed up it was actually a wonderful time. On Friday night Josh was kind enough to poison everyone at the Fallon with a shot of Tequila, which tasted more like kerosene. After regaining our sight we slowly staggered to the old Corner where things get fuzzy, or frankly uneventful.

Saturday, Donna and Phil arrive at Candace's annual pre bar crawl Bloody Mary party. Cigars were the theme this year. Everyone bought there stogies enroute to Sal's where we met up with Bob and Lisa. Surprisingly, the festivities climaxed at Cork's where we ran into a barefooted Maggot bogeying to the Blue Brothers. He said he lost his sandals at the last bar (sandals? October?) The Mag man is one of those people we were talking about on medication. He, however was smart enough to hold off on his Prolixin injection until the

Monday after Homecoming, so he could party on Garth!

Everyone agrees it was a great weekend, but no one is exactly sure why. Let's hope we get some more of you Yahoo's out there next October.

OUT COLD WITH MIKE AND DAVE

This story happened a ways back and is frankly pathetic. Mike and Dave decided to drink an obscene amount of Jack Daniels one night, particularly Mike, who ended up face down on Main Street Lock Haven about 3AM.

State and local Police woke Mike up a few minutes later and asked for ID. Mike reaching up to bounce his wallet off the curb produced his Ken Shabby card and of course did the infamous Ken Shabby bit, as well as a slew of drunken groaners. Dave Pa watched all this from the cover of a nearby alley. The Police were not amused by his yuck yuck's so he was cuffed and chucked into one of the many squad cars, and aptly deposited at Candace's door step. The men in blue, miraculously did not fine Mike because one of the arresting officers Tom something (not Winter's) remembered him from the old days in a positive light. Hard to believe.

Anyway, one of the police yelled at Mike rather threateningly, but Mike and Dave were too drunk to remember what the lecture was about. They do remem-

ber the police saying "don't even think about going anywhere tonight, we'll be watching you." This prompted the two to jump in Dave's car and go hit the bars in Williamsport. Half way there, they realize unless there are a couple of time zones along 220 North between Lock Haven and Williamsport last call has long since been called.

They decide instead to go to the Dunkin Donuts in Williamsport to visit Kathy. Mike falls all over the Donut shop, before the duo are introduced to Kathy's newest baker, who goes "Mike and Dave!" and turns out to be Pokey's brother Mike. Kathy knew right then and there that he wouldn't work out; and low and behold he didn't. Sorry, we have to put stories like this in print.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

How Python almost got Mike killed by Conan

Why Donna hates Shags friend Daniel

Raising Pokeazona or hell in the old west

THE END OF THE YEAR PARTY

Well after 9 years it finally all came together. Beautiful weather, great beer, awesome turn out....and guess what? We're too fucking old to enjoy it. Yes, we were a bunch of lame-o's this year. People were actually rushing the Alabama Whiskey Song so they could go to bed and have there significant other counting tent flaps. Eric S, Eric P. and Pokey were the only ones who kept the faith and partied all night, or were they just the odd men out?

The afternoon was very strange. It looked a bit more like that one credit gym class I failed at Zimmerli than a party. Frisbee's were rampant as well as, horseshoes, volleyballs and spit-balls. Even an unauthorized hockey game broke out which yielded some impressive injuries. The awards for the afternoon Special Olympics were as fooloh's: John Z. - Conn Smythe award for outstanding goal tending during the hockey game -though his nose

helped a bit.

Mike Z.- Sundays Frisbee golf champion

Shag Z. - Shag's all-bar volleyball team destroyed the Mike Z. team handily.

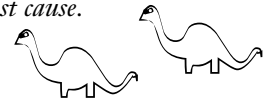


Candace and Fred receive the Golden Llama award for brew generosity - Candace donated a keg of Porter and some Alabama Slammers. Fred only stayed for a couple of hours, but managed to drink seven bottles of some nasty shit before handing us a fifty for the cause. Gee, I hope he remembered that.

Saturday night there was a

plot to duct tape Shag to a tree which was foiled by Mike Z. at the last moment. For his disloyalty to the PFJ he was duct taped to a tree. Well almost, he was pinned to the tree by seven co-conspirators but somehow eluded the duct work by, pulling out what's left of Timmo's hair and nearly breaking Robert's arm. Eric S. resumed the Shag hunt by stealthily sneaking into the woods in pursuit of the menace. Eric sat in the woods motionless for a half an hour and swears Shag didn't move a muscle (What's more likely is Eric passed out or perhaps his prey did).

As a result of this Shagfoolery we **DO NOT WANT TO SEE ANYONE DUCT TAPING ANYONE TO ANYTHING THIS YEAR, UNLESS THERE IS JUST CAUSE.** *(Which means Shag should stay in Chicago this year, because Shag's very presence usually constitutes just cause.*



SEDWICK WILL TRAVEL Continued from page 3

authorities. This criminal element was placed under arrest and taken to the county jail. Due to the overcrowding of the jail system this scum was placed in custody with such petty criminals as domestic violence offenders, people accused of assault, and heroin dealers.

Due to clerical error his bail was reduced to \$11,000 and he posted \$1,100 to be freed. We have finally brought him to justice and hope that the fine

and upstanding citizens of the Havoc can sleep a little easier at night now.

Sedwick's comments: "All I could think of while I was in jail was 'boy I wish Mike Z. was here! Not only could he see that I was keeping the traditions of police troubles alive but he could loan me his harmonica!"



Whatever Happened to...?

Whatever happened to Mushroom head? I was eating mushrooms the other day and I thought of her.

She's married to the lead guitarist of the rock group Jackyl, and she supposedly looks very healthy

Whatever happened to Jolene D.?

Mike Z and Michelle D. ran into her this summer at the Further Festival on Montage Mountain and she's still married and living in the Scranton area. (If you can call that living)

I heard Lisa L. is married, what's new with her?

Her last name M.

Whatever happened to Sean N. and Lex?

Last anyone heard of Sean he was shoveling shit at the Philadelphia zoo, and as for Dave L. I think he headed that cult in California that beamed aboard that comet.

Whatever happened to Kelley M. the woman who introduced us all to the Alabama Whiskey Song?

She still keeps in touch with Eric S. and apparently just eloped to Florida with a fellow Renovian. Inna on the procreate-ta.

Whatever happened to Mike P.?

No one seems to know, so using my internet explorer I searched for him with my Yahoo people search. There are five Mike Pickett's listed in the Philly area does anyone know his middle name? Oddly, it's Yahoo.

PO PO PITIFUL ME – TOP 10 REASONS I KNOW I'M BROKE...

10. My cat has skipped town without leaving a forwarding address
 9. Bums wash my windshield on the house
 8. I can't afford a beer in Lock Haven
 7. I snuck into Bentley last week and actually ate the food.
 6. For my birthday my girlfriend got me tent sealer
 5. I've been doing the Dave Pa fountain trick for pool \$
 4. I was kicked out of a yard sale in Renovo
 3. Sedwick and I had to go halve-zee's last night for a Growler.
 2. I can't afford sending any more free email
- ...and the number one reason that I know I'm broke...*
1. I asked Shag to lend me money!!

Homer Review



...Mmmmm..Beer

I'm as much of a beer car-nasaur as the next guy, but what's

with all these Mikro brews? Smaller isn't better! Just ask Marge about the time she brought home those Rolling Rock Pony's. Who's idea were those mutant midget beers!? That's how the Iron Nazi's started! We already have huge plants brewing tons of beer day and night way up at the North Pole. I don't need some yuppie vegetarian loser saying, "oh Homer have you tried the nut wheat X-Mas kale?" Foey! Give

me a cold Duff every time.

To make my research complete I toured several Brewpubs in the Springfield area, and I found them to be CRAP! They're samplers are so small. It cost me \$70's to get a good taste of each of their flavors. They had 3 beers on tap, and I don't remember the names of any of them, but that beige one wasn't bad. It had a smooth whatsas with a sort of beigy after taste. Ummn..whatsas... They said I should mention something about specific gravity, which I imagine means how it went down, which I rate a 4.

The one in Shelbyville was a joke! They threw me out for breaking three lousy glasses! OK two were those yard long types and the third

was the bartenders, but he started it. He asked me if I wanted to try a brown honey, I told him I was married and flattened him one. (Stupid lawsuit) Well, I guess I'm an old fashioned American with old fashioned South American values.

Oh, and the worst was that one outside of Capital City. They had valley parking...valley parking! They take my car into the valley then have the ospiciously not to let Barney in the front door, just because he couldn't make it "under his own power". Barney is always carried into the last place, it's tradition. Well, I guess in conclusion I'd like to say pass me another Duff pal, I'm on the job. You yuppie LOSERS enjoy your fruit wheaties and you're tripple box, I'm going to Moe's for a Duff!



UPCOMING EVENTS:



WARNING!!!! END OF THE YEAR PARTY '98 is very, very, soon.



Mark Your Calendar for Memorial Day weekend, that is Saturday **May 23rd**. And hun-gover to the 24th. Eric's Cabin. Roller Hockey 5pm the Night before. Call Mike Z.



BOSTON BREWERS FESTIVAL

The Boston Brewers Festival will be held on June 12th - June 13th at Suffolk Downs. Tickets are \$25 (available through ticketmaster) which includes 20 vouchers for samples and a voucher for a Souvenir Tasting Cup. More tickets can be purchased for 10 for a \$1. More information can be found at <http://www.brewfest.com>. Please contact Shay or Weasel for more information.

JULY 4TH PARTY

Weasel & Chris will be holding a summer soiree on **July 4th** this year to celebrate our liberation from the British. The pool will be open for swimming and there is plenty of space for anyone who would like to stay overnight. The official party will begin at 1:00 PM but anyone who wants to arrive earlier is welcome. All that wish to come down Friday to break up their journey, are also welcome. Brew will be supplied in the form of a keg. Our hosts ask that all who attend bring something edible (an that doesn't include your special undies). Please e-mail or call Chris or Wease to coordinate the food.

PUTSKI'S 3RD ANNUAL BLUES FEST

The 3rd annual blues fest is already in the works of being a reality. Due to the success of last years event, I hope to start even earlier this year. The sound system and equipment should be set up around 1:00 PM so that people can begin playing by two. A few microphones will hopefully be available to support vocals this year along with other non-electrical instruments. It was obvious from last year that more food will be needed. Sedwick will be roasting two 100 lb pigs this year, to be finished at about 4:00 PM. Hot dogs, hamburgers, and wimpies will also be there. Bring some more food if you wish like salads or chips or something of the sort. Beer will be on hand. 3 halves of Yuengling Lager and a quarter of Porter. Soda will also available for non-drinkers and those under age. Donations will gladly be accepted (though NOT necessary, but VERY appreciated, this is getting expensive). I'll accept them in advance, or at the party if you decide to give. Camping will again be available. The date is set for **August 8th, 1998** with the main party starting at about 2:00 PM. Directions are available via email or snail mail if you need them. **Contact Sedwick.**

ASK the Editor

Has Mike B. really been living in his van the last two years and attending school in Williamsport? Yes, and?

I heard Scotty couldn't make Weez's party, because he got his sixth DUI. Is this true?

No, it was his seventh..OK, OK, just kidding. Actually he was caught the night

before drinking at the Nittany Inn while on probation and was sent to the Sunny Happy Valley Farm or some dipshit like that.

I heard over the net that Mike Z. was living behind his girlfriend's parents house in a tent Which is bad enough, but that it was recently hit by a tornado that ripped threw McElhatten leaving him homeless, well tentless. Is this true? And if so who could possibly

top this for pathetic?

Yes, but it was only an F1. Have you been following the Sedwick saga?

I heard Shay's in love again, is this just a vicious rumor?

We're not going to bother answering that.

I heard a while back at Weez's Star Trek Premier party Kristy hooked up with Robert.

We don't usually stoop to gossip, but; A. Kristy wasn't there and B. Robert!??