

FREE

ROCK
FEST

APR 1984

Beat Fête A Faze 5 Production

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Meet The Staff

John Coffey: hears eight languages fluently; first man to complete the triple somersault while submerged in coldmeal; wanted in four states for putting bingo chips in parking meters; member of Armenian Navy, only person ever to get a wrong answer on the Soul Train Word Scramble; taught the Pope how to do the twist.

Patrick McGinnis: known worldwide for his ability to put his toes in his ears, owns the patents on over 18 million farming implements; hobbies: exploratory surgery, collecting dead clams and taking more drugs than anybody we know; Olympic silver medalist in auto salvaging; likes to be shot out of a cannon; romantically linked to Pebbles Flintstone.

Art Rosenthal: has read over 16,000 coloring books; refuses to recognize vowels in alphabet soup; did not pass Go, did not collect \$200; originally cast to play a grumpy neighbor on the ill-fated Barney Miller spinoff "Wajo Does a No-No"; distant relative of someone who knows Liberace's mechanic.

Cathy Cummings: has a masters degree in upholstery; can run the entire length of Broad Street without stopping to eat a hamster hoogie; the former Mrs. Thurston Howell IV; winner of several beauty pageants including Miss 29th and Tasker, Miss Squirring Lapel Flower and Miss Sequential Turn Signals; madly in love with Stately Wayne Manor.

Stately Wayne Manor: Instructor at National School of Doing Ventriloquism While Drinking Water; arrested for several counts of telling knock-knock jokes to waitresses; known to conceal poison under his fingernails; hates Life cereal but respects Mikey; can become invisible at will; madly in love with Stately Wayne Manor.

Evelyn Hess: thinks boys that wear pigeons are "Yucky"; idolizes Erroy Jetson; sings in rock group Coffee Cuckoo under the name Girl Evelyn; posed barefooted in Popular Mechanics; can dial the telephone blindfolded; favorite pastimes are genetic engineering and telling gullible people that she owns the Hess gas station chain.

Karen Guarino: former Rockette who gave up dancing to search for Noah's Ark; recently elected tallest girl in her family; has memorized the entire script to the TV debut episode of My Mother the Car; never goes anywhere without her hedge clippers; does hilarious impersonations of several noted geologists.

Doctor Dirty: Never met a man he didn't meet; allergic to Scandinavian mallard lips; ordained minister, Church of the Blessed Ginsu Knife; occasionally recites the Gettysburg Address while bowling; can stand on one foot and make funny faces at the same time; has no idea what manrikigusari means and could care less.

Nicky Ruhl: sang the National Anthem at the World Championship of Knitting; does not speak Latin on the first date; performs pantomime by mail; accidentally shaved a polar bear; owes the Easter Bunny 35 cents; introduced roller derby to the Hopi Indians; invented the nuclear-powered paper clip; shook hands with Tatum O'Neal's stunt double.

Dr.G.: has door in his bedroom leading to the fourth dimension; admired by sleep-jacks and gymnastic coaches alike; distrusts anyone who does not cast a shadow; wears patent leather shoes so girls can look up his pants; hopes a rich reader will mail him a million dollars in cash; bears no resemblance to Walter Brennan.

Nick Cucci: can balance a bulldozer on his forehead; borrows cigarettes but always gives them back when he's done; has traveled in time from his birthdate to the present; wears two pairs of golf pants in case he gets a hole-in-one; he's really the green Lantern but don't tell anyone because it is a secret; founder: Joywalkers For 'Club.

Mark Lerario: invented the non-stick auto-bumper; pretends he is Richard Dawson whenever playing the home version of Family Feud; designed line of handbags for babies called Gucci Goo; drives backwards so he can see where he's been; coined the phrase "He who laughs last, laughs loudest"; vice president of the Eddie Haskell Charm School.

Chris Holden: has nothing against Mrs. Olsen; personal friend of the entire population of Aruba; can summon Godzilla with psychic powers.

Coffey Grounds

Well Ms. AZ, we recieved your constructive and critical letter regarding Gonzo's article on Dr. Strangelove. Unfortunately 600 plus words on such a technical scientific topic isn't what might be considered enjoyable reading for a "fanzine". However Gonzo has gone to the effort of writing an equally long response to your letter. As for the rest of the staff, both statements were both too long (and damn boring to a Business Major) so we avoided INCOMING for April. However send a SASE and we'll send you a copy of his letter.

Moving on to future news I might mention that Dr. Dirt was too drunk to write a column this month. He did mention that the new *Bunnydrums* and *Executive Slacks* were great! Of course his

actual wording was a bit slurred and inaudible at the time but he highly recommended both. As for the new Ex-Slax video "I'm Coming" it's well worth begging the VJ at the Kennel Club to play.

After a long wait *Girls Downstairs* return to the area for one show. Hosting the event will be those future jail birds over at Ripley. Showdate is April 6 and showtime is 9:30 sharp. This is truly an event not be missed event as GD were one of the fave videos shown at the last Beat Fete/Faze 5 TV Party.

Big news! The resurrection of the East Side Club is happening and bands are back every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. (See Ad. on page 12) But don't count your prayers yet. It will only continue to survive and grow

if it is supported. I can't bear another weekend listening to a dee-jay!

It's rare that I make the journey out to the Main Line but I couldn't pass the opportunity to catch *Pretty Poison* at Cabaret East, 23 East, or something like that. If you haven't seen them in a while check out their next show. Lots of brand new material and, WOW, did they blow away those alligators during "Nighttime." Now how about a promo, Why?

Chow for now! As usual this article is the last one to be typed in.

P.S. Event of the month will be ROBIN HOOD at TLA on April 22. You can't beat the big screen for a golden oldie.

Faze 5 Video

The People Who Brought You:
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Manor On Movies

By Stately Wayne Manor

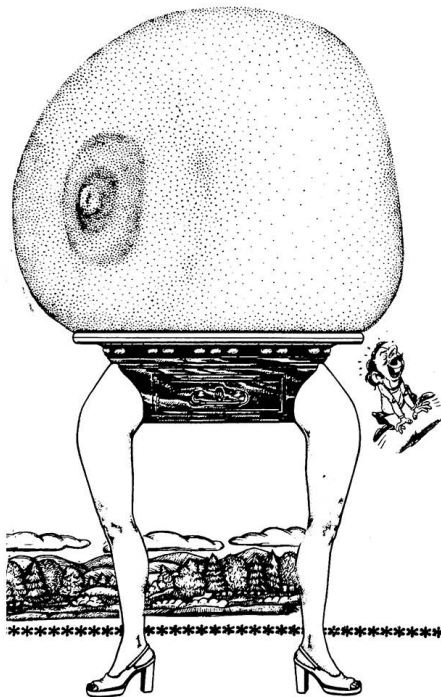
There have been many great films with all-star casts, e.g. *The Love Boat*, *Hello Down There* and *Destroy All Monsters*. But none has captured the hearts of the film goers like *The Navy Vs. The Night Monsters*.

And what stars, indeed. In addition to Pamela Mason and Bobby Van, Billy Gray is not the only TV star to contribute to this important film. Anthony Eisley, the old "Hawaiian Eye" himself, attempts the masculine lead role.

Despite the magnitude of the above stars, none measure up to the all-female lead, Mamie VanDoren. If Ann Margaret is a bombshell then Ms. VanDoren is a nuclear warhead.

Just what is it about her that really stands out? Perhaps the following cryptic message will provide the answer: "Even the BIGgest BOOBS will find it QUITE A-PAIR-ant that she's tops in her field. She may not keep aBReAST of fashion, but you can't KNOCK 'ER for it."

When the commanding officer of Gow Island Naval Base must leave the isle on military business he turns over his command to Lt. Charles Brown. My hasn't Charlie Brown grown up. According to the Coasters song, he was calling the English teacher "Daddy"



Still!

in 1959. Seven years later, he is running a naval base. It just goes to show how the military life can straight a wiseguy out.

Brown's first assignment is the fueling of a plane carrying the standard cargo of VIPs, penguins, official files and Antarctic vegetation. These particular plants are special because they have lived since the Ice Age. They survive the sub-zero temperatures of the South Pole by nourishing on "warm water lakes," one of the tourist attractions that make Antarctica such a popular vacation spot.

The aircraft is about to land; but, uh-oh, it fall- down- go-boom. As the rescue team reaches the wreckage they discover that the pilot is the only man left on board, ...and he is not in such great shape, neither. The scare in the air made a flake out of the flyer.

Dr. Arthur Beecham unloads the penguins and the strange flora. Back at the hospital, Naval Nurse Nora Hall is having little luck with the antsy aviator. She leans over his bedridden body and he still does not react. Shock, nothing--this guy must be DEAD.

Eventually the trees leave the warehouse and kill half of the

cast. "Well, the trees didn't just get up and walk away," you say. Oh, yes they did. You see, killer plants have the ability to move by wiggling their roots. Ask any botanist.

The doc, Charlie and Nora are discussing the problem when, suddenly, a homicidal bush makes a grab at the nurse. Brown pulls her away then heaves a government-issue Molotov cocktail at the floral foe.

As the trio contemplates the Biblical symbolism of the burning bush, they are attacked by a gang of roving trees. Chuck chucks a bunch of blazing bottles at the branched baddies. The satanic saplings are reduced to arboreal embers.

"Thank God; it's all over," Nora nods.

"Is it? ...I wonder," Beecham blubbers.

Publicity material for this film boasted that audiences would be enthralled by "such spine-tingling sights as hideous man-eating trees, horribly mutilated corpses, acid-scarred hands, dismembered arms and gouged-out eyes." Sounds like there is something for the whole family.

The Navy Vs. the Night Monsters was often double-billed with *Women of the Prehistoric Planet* starring Judy the Chimp. Both flicks were released by Realart Pictures. 'Nuff said?



"Most people read in the bathroom. Jeff is different."

Sap In The Hat

by Raul Michael-Garcia

I was talking to my friend Rolf the other day. He's a mining engineer, so he comes in contact with numerous types of people. Consequently I value his opinion on human nature very much.

I tell you all this because of the rather profound theory Rolf and I came developed the other night over some sambuka in Rolf's apartment.

Sambuka, if you don't know, is a Greek liqueur. I tell you this because it is partly responsible for the theory Rolf and I developed.

It started simply enough; as Rolf poured the next round he looked up at the ceiling and said, "My landlord must keep his brains in the glass with his dentures. Its been six months and he still hasn't fixed that crack. I feel like taking his Greek fisherman's cap and ramming it up his —"

"Wait," I exclaimed. "Did you say that your landlord wears a Greek fisherman's cap."

"Yeah, but what about it."

I began to synchronize the implications. "It's just...well, today I was driving home from work, and a guy in a Saab cut me off when I wanted to switch lanes. He was wearing a Greek fisherman's cap, too. And I also wanted to ram that hat up his —"

"Asinine, really," interrupted Rolf.

"What is?"

"Us getting so upset we feel compelled to take an article of clothing and place it in a new anatomical location. Can you imagine every ass-hole with a Greek fisherman's cap up their —"

"Omigod!" Like Buddha under the bo wood tree, I was struck by the truth. "Don't you realize Rolf — everyone who wears a greek fisherman's cap is an asshole! My history professor who gave me that "F" in college — he wore a greek fisherman's cap. My putz of a brother-in-law — he wears a greek fisherman's cap, too.

"And don't forget Theodore Bikel," Rolf chimed in.

We were staggered by our realization. Rolf and I spent the entire night drinking sambuka and listing every transgression, every major frustration in our lives. More often than not, a person who wore a Greek fisherman's cap was the cause of our problems."

I'm afraid to say that scientists, communists and drug addicts aren't responsible for messing with our lives — people with Greek fisherman's caps are.

Not the Jews, not the Rockefellers, or Ronald Reagan, or Helen Gurley Brown, or the Young Americans for Freedom, or the Beatles, or the Rolling Stones, or the Sex Pistols, or the Nazis, or the Moonies, or the hip-

pies, or the fags, or the lesbians, or McDonalds, or Burger King, or the transvestites, or the transsexuals, or Wendy's, or Olgilvy-Mather.

Or Serbo-Croatian terrorists, for that matter. But people who wear Greek fisherman's caps.

They control the economy, our school systems, our highway safety. They are everywhere.

And where does the sambuka come in?

After our realization — over a whole bottle of the stuff — Rolf passed out on the couch. At first I thought he was just drunk, but when he stopped breathing I rushed him to the emergency room of Presbyterian.

The intern on duty messed-up inserting the tube to pump his stomach and Rolf died from an abdominal hemorrhage. The sambuka — no doubt bottled by Greeks wearing Greek fisherman's caps — was contaminated.

The intern by the way wasn't wearing a Greek fisherman's cap. He was wearing a jeff cap. But that's another story.



By Vincent Blackshadow

Drunk! Go ahead- get drunk! No, No-that's jump! As far as both Van Halen and the crowd was concerned, the song could have been sung either way. Diamond Dave was prancing around the stage with a bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand and a microphone in the other.

Van Halen played two shows at the Spectrum March 20 and 21. The opening band, **Autograph**(?) went virtually unnoticed. Their musical set was ultra short! They were off and VH was onstage by 9:00p.m.

ON? Yes! The audience response was overwhelming. Hell, VH didn't have to play at all! The band received more applause for just standing on stage most (all?) othe bands receive for performing.

Why the appeal? Among other things VH is having tons of fun onstage (and off...) a point with which 17,000 people can easily identify. Sure, sure, you can discuss musical talent, the mam-mouth sound system, the crazy pseudo neon light tower backdrop, showmanship, energy,...but it all adds up to fun! Theirs and ours.

They provided a wide musical offering. Neo-standards like "Running With The Devil," "Everybody Wants Some," and "Panama" were played with abandon. Michael Anthony and Eddie Van Halen added a touch of keyboards to the evening.

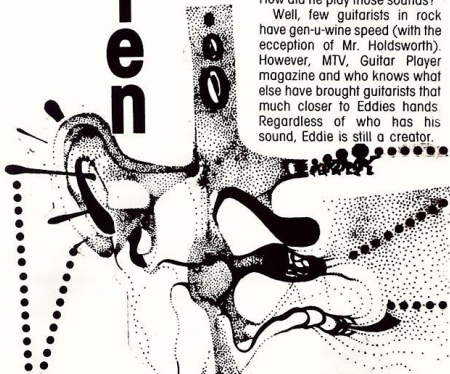
H Van l e n



Beat Fete in April Page 7

Eddie is also a pretty good guitarist. Unfortunately, he does not seem to have a patent on "this years guitar sound." When Eddie played "Eruption" from the first VH album, about a million and one top flight guitarists slumped at the fret board and thought, "Oh no! What's that? How did he play those sounds?"

Well, few guitarists in rock have gen-u-wine speed (with the exception of Mr. Holdsworth). However, MTV, Guitar Player magazine and who knows what else have brought guitarists that much closer to Eddie's hands. Regardless of who has his sound, Eddie is still a creator.



Drummer Alex Van Halen has progressed quite a bit. He is interesting to watch, and does of right?

serious playing. He is not chained to typical 8th note rhythms typically found in rock. In fact, his solo was pretty wild! He has more things going than I could follow. Electronics? Gimmicks? Wizardry? Tommy Aldridge better stay alert.

David Lee Roth is another story. He has infinite appeal to a certain group of people-15 year old air head teeny boppers. Actually he is quite a showman-he

just aims at certain people.

The Van Halen target market, right?

Roth's "sex symbol" status is lost on me. Apparently, the qualifications include owning a dozen pair of Spandex pants and a few sleeveless tee shirts. Oh yeah, long blond hair is a must. Please tell Tom Selleck.

Verdict? An interesting evening. Even for a 23 year old. What? They're older than me, and they're the people playing the night right? Yes.



Totally Lost In The

by Turdwood Feeble

"C'mon, Turdwood! Let's roll!"

Right. Friday night is the big night for me on the boys. Spike was outside, seated behind the wheel of his Springsteen-style street rod. He revved the massive 396 cubic inch engine to let me know he was READY!

"Ok! Hit it!" I shouted, as I raced down the sidewalk and coolly bounded into the '69 Chevy; no need to open the door. Batman and Robin never bothered. Why should they? Doors are uncool.

"Hey Stud! Wake up and pass me another Heineken!" Stud, my other pal from the Northeast, was busy trying to get the cellophane wrapper off a pack of Camel cigarettes. You know. The kind Men smoke.

Stud reached into the cooler for a Heineken, but there were none. In fact, there never were any Heineken's. Ever. But that's a long story. Stud did the next best thing and handed me a can of Piel's Real Draught beer, which was purchased at some distributor in the Northeast.

"We're rolling. Turdwood. Let's cruise down Roosevelt Blvd a bit and see what's happening." Sounds good to me. Maybe we could spot a few of the local girls standing on a nearby street corner.

"Hey Spike, I think you need some gas." Indeed. The needle was creeping toward the E, which was growing larger every time Spike goosed the engine. Now what?

"No sweat, Turdwood baby. I know a little station right up ahead." Super. But which station? There are so many places to go in this part of town.

Tony's Arco station at 7055 Torresdale Ave? No. How about Gene's Arco at Rhown and Bustleton? No. Too far. Maybe Frank's Texaco at 5701 Rising Sun Ave? No. Hell. We don't even know where that is located.

Directions are uncool. Just say, "Go to Roosevelt and Cottman." How will that help? John Wanamakers doesn't sell gas! We need a gas station, not a shopping mall!

"Where are we, Spike?"

"Roosevelt and Cottman."

"Oh."

"Stud! Pass me a brew, buddy!"

"I thought you hated Piel's."

"I do. I'm going to pour one in the gas tank."

"Oh."

We were rolling down route 73. Or was it Torresdale Ave? I couldn't be sure. The sun had gone down over an hour ago, and I couldn't read the street signs with my sunglasses on. Anyway, we were heading toward the Tacony Palmyra bridge, because it's the cheapest way to get into New Jersey. 25 cents, pal.

We pulled into somekind of AM-PM Mini Market on State Road, or some other road that looked just like it. Or maybe it didn't. Hard to tell. That first can of beer gave me quite a buzz.

"Fill it up. Or give me \$4.83. Whichever comes first." Wow! A full service gas station. Or was it? I guess not, because Spike had apparently spoken to a passer-by wearing a Texaco hat.

Spike bounded out of the car, unscrewed the gas cap...gas cap?!? What gas cap? The cap had been stolen last week, so Spike pulled the dishrag out of the mouth of the tank. He placed the nozzle...wait a minute. Didn't I write about this earlier in the term? Yeah! did I mention that my buddy paid \$4.83? He gave the clerk four one dollar bills, three quarters, and a dime. Cool. He said, "Keep the change, I'm rich!"

"Hey Spike, let's hustle! I'm getting thirsty for some brewski's! The oasis is almost dry!" True enough. I looked into the back seat, where Stud proudly



Great Northeast

displayed a lone beer held by the plastic six pack ring. Jesus! Five beers gone in under an hour!

"Newwww Jersey!" Spike yelled out the open window on the drivers side. We always drive with the window open, because it's neat. Besides, some guys with baseball bats from Cardinal Dougherty high school smashed the side windows last summer at a church picnic. Or was it some lady with a wrought iron lawn flamingo from the Our Lady of Ransom Convent at 6740 Roosevelt Blvd? I couldn't be sure.

"Where are we?"

"New Jersey."

"What's that flying saucer like building?"

"Roger Wilco."

"What?"

"Never mind."

"Where are we going?"

"The Pennsauken Mart."

"Why?"

"It's easy to get to."

"Oh."

The rhythms were clear. We were drunk. Buzzed. Yup. We were messed up! But the night was found. I guess. I lost my

watch somewhere in the Northeast. Or was it on South Street? Or did I lose it at the Mayfair Diner? That's it!

"Take me to the Mayfair Diner!" I shrieked, grabbing the wheel.

"Get your hand off the wheel, you clown!" Spike yelled, as he narrowly avoided a brush with the concrete road divider.

"Look," I pleaded, "you've got to take me to 7373 Frankford Ave!"

"You're out of your head! Now get your hands off my neck and put the car back in gear!"

I slumped in my seat. No watch. No Mayfair Diner. No Northeast. How can I write an article about driving around in my own neighborhood, when I wasn't even near my home? I grabbed the dashboard in panic.

"Where are we?!"

"Panama."

No! That's a Van Halen song, right? Yes! Spike wouldn't lie, would he? No. Would he buy the next six pack? Yes!

"Pull over," I muttered, being the victim of a near comatose funk. Things looked bleak. No

wild tales of a night out with da boyz! No cool chicks wearing leather pants! No cooler filled with Heineken! No Northeast!!! ...

Editor's note — This manuscript came into my possession in an unusual manner. I had driven over to Haddonfield, N.J., to meet my good friend Dr. G. Naturally, I could not arrive at the good Doctors house empty handed, so I stopped in at Kress Liquors to purchase some strong drink.

While the gentleman behind the counter rang up my sale — a bottle of Tangueray gin and a six pack of Ballantine Ale — he said: "You're Vincent Blackshadow."

"That's right."

He handed me the story you just read, which was written on several Coronet brand paper towels. Clearly, a fine piece of work. Mr. Feeble's mind acted like a camera. He recorded thoughts and events as they happened. *Fantastic.*



Platters!

THE THE SOUL MINING EPIC

Music has been waiting for Matt Johnson for awhile now, and with "Soul Mining," that fantasy has become a reality.

A popular, catchy tune is "Uncertain Smile" with exceptional piano by an ex-Squeeze keyboardist (guess who). In addition, the title number "Soul Mining" is a neat little piece of musical engineering. "This is the Day" sounds something like a German beer fest, with hilly sounding up and down progressions of sleepy accordion music.

"Soul Mining" is a beautiful follow up to "Burning Blue Soul," hopefully this twenty two year old from East London, will enjoy more success in the years ahead.

Answer: Jules Holland

Mark A. Lerario

The Chameleons SCRIPT OF THE BRIDGE MCA

There seems to be a psychedelic revival going on in England; one of the forerunners is Manchester's own Chameleons.

On the reverse side of "Script of the Bridge," it reads: "To obtain the best effects from this lp please turn it up." Well I did crank it up, and there must have been something wrong boys, because the only two songs worth anything were "Up the Down Escalator," and "Don't Fall."

It wasn't a total loss, at least the album was specially priced at \$5.36; oh yeah, the front cover was nice. Maybe they should switch to art or something.

Mark A. Lerario

Thomas Dolby THE FLAT EARTH Capitol

There are quite a few ways to describe this one. Monotonous, apathetic, laid back, and boring all come to mind. It seems that the dreaded Sophomore jinx has struck and we'll have to wait this one out to see if Dolby can capture the magic from his first album. *The Flat Earth* never seems to get started and only on the last cut, "Hyperactive", does anything start to gel. By this time of course it's too late and you'll get the feeling of owning another "one song" album that is destined to collect dust. Hopefully though, this will not be the case when Dolby appears live this month. Bored at home is one thing, bored at the Tower can be painful!

John Coffey



Dead Milkmen DEATH RIDES A PALE COW *Jerret*

Though the promo cassette has all the special features of a nationally distributed product (lyric sheet, press release, cassette cover design) it wouldn't be quite fair to include it as a new release, especially since it probably can't be found in any stores. More importantly though are two important factors. One, I can take a bribe. Two, it exposes a great new "punk rock" band to a major news medium (Beat Fete) to the sagging Delaware Valley.

When I say punk I'm referring to 1977 Punk. The kind that was simple rock and roll, no synths, lots of rhythm, and fun lyrics. *Dead Boys* and *Ramones* come to mind but I don't feel it is justified to compare.

The recording of *DEATH RIDES A PALE COW* hovers near the boundary of a fair bootleg. Quite frank, it sounds like it was done with a portable cassette placed in front of the band in a cluttered garage. But it really doesn't matter; the songs are great! *DRAPC* brings back old memories when we all used to sneak dope and a cassette player into the Spectrum. Though the dope burned up by the encore, the concert recording would last for weeks.

"Bitchin Camaro" & "Ich Bin Ein Junkie, Was?" live up to their title. Pure fun and a good beat! Though their name implies a touch of hardcore, Dead Milkmen's sound is much more melodic and commercial (compared to hardcore). Even



"Milkmen Stomp" pays a sarcastic tribute the hardcore scene.

We are not FOD

We are not Y-Di

We are not Cos

The Dead Milkmen aren't the most original to come along in 1984, but they should be a show to see. Look for them at the East Side Club sometime in May.

John Coffey



Echo & The Bunnymen THE KILLING MOON

Korova/Sire

"The Killing Moon" is one of the best tunes to come out of the Bunnymen since "Heads Will Roll" from *PORCUPINE*. With echo-laden vocals from Ian McCulloch, and swirling western guitar (like the Marlboro commercials) from Will Sergeant, Echo and the Bunnymen are one band that should be played on the radio.

I heard from one friend that WMMR played the title track, but I can't see them or any any station in Philadelphia doing any justice to the airwaves, except WKDU. A "must" for any avid Bunnymen collector; look for their album out soon!

Mark A. Lerario

Modern English RICOCHET DAYS *Sire*

For those who enjoyed "After the Snow," the debut album from MODERN ENGLISH, *Ricochet Days* will possess the same musical style, with more emphasis on bass and vocals.

"Blue Waves" sounds a lot like last years' "I'll Melt With You," yet it really doesn't matter with the likes of Robbie Grey singing his tonsils off, and Richard Brown pounding away on drums. More notable tunes are "Rainbow's End," "Spinning Me Round," and "Heart."

For any serious collector of new music, *Ricochet Days* is an album attune to you, the new music audience. Give it a listen and let your friends hear it; it might be a big party record for summer bashes!

Mark A. Lerario



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Mon. 9th.- Standard Deviation

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Thur. 12th.- SISTERS OF MERCY (From England)

Mon. 16th.- Duct Tape

Tue. 17th.- Life After Bob & M factor

Thur. 19th.- Timmi and The Dub Warriors & Mr. Mehta

Mon. 23rd.- Nomadic Tools

Tue. 24th.- Ben Vaughn Combo

Thur. 26th.- Dance Factor

Ruck 'emby

By Breber

Who are these guys? Are they insane? Why are they running around chasing what looks like a pregnant albino football? This is the game of Rugby!

Who's mother would let their son be in a scrum? What's all this talk about rucking on the field? Why and where is there a hooker on the field? The answer is obvious. The hooker kicks the ball backwards into his pack of teammates during a scrum. The scrum-half picks up the ball and tries to run a few feet. If he gets tackled, the forwards form a ruck around him. If you don't like to ruck then you can have a maul. Are you confused yet? Do you understand now why Britain lost India?

I like their shirts, I see a lot of "preps" wearing rugby jerseys. Are the guys on the field preps? I don't think so, preps don't get soiled like this, mummy wouldn't approve. Besides, names like "Buffalo", "Yacho", and "Aldo" aren't preppy.

Look, that guy just got tackled hard. He's getting up slowly. Where's his substitute? What do you mean, NO SUBSTITUTES? Only if he's seriously hurt? At least the trainer is looking at him. What's that the trainer is giving him? It looks like Pabst, he's cured. I guess it's a wonder drug.

I like the spectators, there's some cute girls. It looks like their cheering their team. What's that they're chanting

"Rick'em Rack'em Ruck'em",

"Bend'em over and"

What then?

Thank God the game is over, now I can go home. What do you mean there's a third half? Who taught you fractions? Oh, the third half is a party. Okay I'll

meet you after you take a shower. What do you mean you aren't taking a shower, you smell, you're filthy. Now I know where they got the word scrum. Yea, I'm coming.

No wonder they put us in a basement. I wouldn't let you muddy creatures near my carpets or furniture. Oh, here comes the other team, and the beer. Four halves? Isn't that a lot for just 70 people? You'll finish it all? This I've got to see.

Oh, you guys sing at your parties, that's nice. Why are the girls leaving? What are you singing now? Birth Control? Sounds like the Beatles "Yesterday"...



"It's the only way to save my soul
Since I put it in my girlfriend's
hole

Oh, I believe in birth control".

Tsk Tsk guys.

What are they singing about now, Syphilis? Mothers? Isn't anything sacred anymore? Uh oh, looks like that guy sang the wrong verse. What's this chant? Eat the cleat! Eat the cleat! Why are they filling that cleat with beer? He's going to DRINK that? He'll get athlete's tongue.

No wonder they don't shower first, there's beer flying everywhere. No wonder they brought so much. Why are they circling around the rookie players? Time for a new song.

"Zulu warrior uh, uh,

Zulu warrior uh, uh,

Get'em down Zulu warrior

Get'em down Zulu chief..

What are you doing? PUT YOUR CLOTHES ON! Why are they getting undressed? It's their initiation? This is weird.

What kind of people play rugby you wonder? Doctors, lawyers, columnists, judges, students. All these people do. I wonder how they managed to do so well in life. I think they belong in a mental institution. Don't you?

...to say more things concerning the Scene...
 I guess it was the nighttime that was the hardest of times;
 repetitive thought of the Rothschilds getting over on everyone.
 And then trying to leave that conscious place and try to enter
 one of the Samadhis was going to be more tough; to repeat
 that mantra,
 this Scene would be impossible.
 Conspiracy-
 the colour of the wind;
 but all in vain,
 the insane,
 same, things would occur;
 hopeless dead chess player assembled,
 their beliefs,
 their dreams,

...in the year of 1973 I met Tom Hass
 and countered a chess move by buying
 gold mining stock...located in Kirkland Lake, Ontario
 for further warrant
 telephone 609-261-4184 and tell Tommy that I said hello!!!
 ...the Shaman was never heard from again...

Ed Hesser

P
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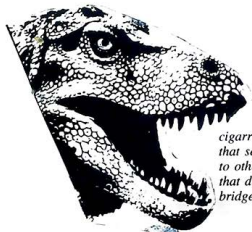
Saturday

It's afternoon on foreign shoes
 Park is vibrant
 Lightning rips the sky
 Gold razor bolt
 Contact de l'eau
 illusion
 confusion
 winds rage
 statues dismember, fly wrecklessly
 through scorching swirls of air
 buildings crumble
 silent laughter-I stand and watch
 Hour of death/I feel so free

Siva

50,000
 snowmen were built
 yet,
 not one came close
 to Frosty

Jennifer Kaskey



cigarettes
 that send smoke signals
 to other lonely, social drinkers
 that drink themselves under the,
 bridges that crazy men jump off of

Jennifer Kaskey



BREAKDOWN

I'm thinking of the times we had
 The good times we shared
 The bad times seem so far away
 as though they weren't ever there

I think and minds a jumble
 as though you were only a dream
 a dream so real
 so real it seems alive
 and my mind it breaks down

Break down; Breakdown
 comeback; repeat
 do I see?

do I hear
 do I feel?

Slight of mind, or draw of fate
 can the cards plan the future
 were you ever there?
 did I ever meet you?



Breakdown, Brakdown
 go back and start again
 start where?
 at the beginning,
 the middle,
 the

End!

Dawn Ordille

Mr. Blint

..... Presents

An Urban Excursion To Underground Art

..... Featuring

The Latest Canvas Works Of

Sir Scribe Erupt Kozmo
Jay Cee Razz Parish

SUN Plus!! The "STYLE WARS" Documentary **MB**

An exclusive evening with Philadelphia's
most notorious graffiti artists.

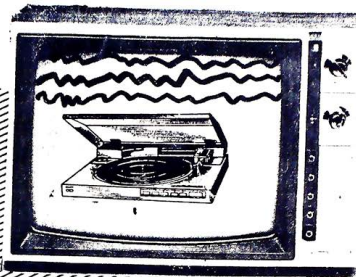
April 18th.
The Kennel Club
1215 Walnut St.
10pm - 3am

MIXIN'



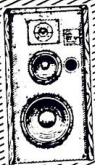
SPINNIN'

SKRATCHIN'



DISC/VIDEO JOCKEY

MELVANEIOUS



RETURNING SOON TO A
RADIO STATION NEAR YOU !!

TKO

BLACK
BANANA
FRIDAYS