

December 15, 1982

Volume 1, Issue 2

free

Surplus Value

SV



s.o.t.

SV BLAST

For those of you who were unable to attend the SURPLUS VALUE premiere issue party on November 11, well, it was a real blast.

We'd like to thank everybody who managed to make it, everybody who helped out and we'd especially like to thank Chemical Imbalance and Seeds of Terror for playing crowd pleasing sets. You guys were great!

L.H.

Christmas Ideas:

- Used books
- Used records
- Cassette tape of favorite music, poetry, ranting
- Used clothes
- Something else you own
- Take in a movie
- Unconditional love
- World peace

L.G.S.



Joe F.
Luke Hilgendorf
Jah Bortner
Heidi Bortner
Amy Bortner
John Martin
Lisa Susser -- Editor in Chief
Ames Pass Stern
Carlos Santos
John Strawn
Rhonda Reali
Chris Faranetta

Kathy Butterly
John Mackin

Typing by Chris A.

I hope you print this in your paper, but I don't think you will; this is my opinion of the music and club scene.

I have noticed that a lot of the bands are starting to get too clean and overproduced and when they started, that's what they were against, or led on that they were. But they left their roots behind and are getting too commercial. I'm not talking about the punk rock bands who only know three chords and the only thing they can play is punk rock. I'm talking about bands who can play different music but make punk rock their bread & butter. You don't have to sound bad to be good, but you don't have to be overproduced to be good either.

That leads me into the real story about the fans or people who say they support the new music. They don't even know what's going on; if they let a bad band take advantage of them, that's their fault. They will watch a band play out of tune, out of rhythm, and out of their mind and never question it. The fan's are like a bunch of zombies. They think if you're bad, you're good. Take the Stickmen. I'm not saying if I like them or not, but people should listen to them because they like them, not because if you're supposed to be into new music, they're the

MORRISVILLE, PA 19067

I am interested in any music recordings by area new music bands. Please write care of SURPLUS VALUE or call WTSR.

-Carlos

band that's happening, and if you don't like them, you're not into the underground, new wave, avant-garde shit going down.

People should start to question what the hell the band is into. Not just exploit the music scene if they can't play. Look at Lee Paris. Everybody thought he was so cool. He was somebody to support the music scene. Yeah, MMR is the right station to hear new music.

AC/DC, Van Halen, Styx. They're
grrrrreeeaaaaatttt.
Toooooooo bbbbaaaadddd
Philly.

"Wake Up"

James Laurin
From The Cosmetic Show

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Prince

It happened one night in November. The best in funk, new wave, and rock and roll came to Philadelphia. The bands were competent, their performances, outstanding. If you missed Vanity 6, The Time, and Prince at the Class of '23 Ice Rink, you missed a great show. It wasn't just good music, it was entertainment.

All the rumours about Prince are true! Prince's show is non-stop energy, excitement, and experimentation from beginning to end! His mesh of funk, rock and roll, and new wave is rich, smooth, and important. He's got the sound you'll be dancing to tomorrow. Unless, of course, you are already dancing to his controversial tunes.

Vanity 6, The Time, and Prince play great music, not great "black music", alternative radio!

L.G.S.

Halloran Plaza - Second Opinion

Last issue you surely read Joe's scathing review of the Furs at the Ballroom at Halloran Plaza. SV thought you deserved a second opinion, so a bunch of us went to see the English Beat there on November 21.

They were outstanding. Their hour and fifteen minutes set consisted of material spanning all three LP's, and included most of that first great record. The opening band, the Bangles, were merely a Go-Go's clone. The place itself is still awful.

The only thing we can recommend is that if you have to go to the Ballroom, go with good friends. That way you bring your good time with you.

L.H.



byO

B.Y.O. Benefit, Buff Hall

Camden

If you weren't at Buff Hall on November 20th, you missed the best show of hardcore music to be seen, heard, and trashed to on the east coast -- assholes! I'm sorry, but that's the only word that could express what you are if you missed it. Ages starting from 12 or 13 were there. They say punk is dying-- then why the hell were kids there? It'll never die.

Buff Hall isn't in the greatest area, but once you're inside -- who cares? A good crowd showed up to help get a full time B.Y.O. hall in Philly. At \$5.00 a head they're on their way. (\$5.00 to see 5 bands -- what a deal!)

The bands were all great. Crib Death and Flag of Democracy proved that hard core does exist in PA. Agnostic Front from New York was not bad either. SS Decontrol from Boston was great. There was non-stop trashing for the band. Minor Threat was on last and like they say -- save the best for last. They were great. I don't know how true this is but I heard one of the members of Minor Threat was hit by a car before the benefit and still performed. That's dedication, folks. Dedication for the survival of punks.

If you missed this one, make it up at another B.Y.O. benefit. (B.Y.O. -- Better Youth Organization)

Kathy Butterly

The Beat Story

In a tiny room sat the seven members of the English Beat. How ironic that the Halloran Ballroom should have such a small dressing room for such "big name" acts. Ha! Dave Wakeling was the first Beat member I stumbled into. Putting aside a high level lust for him, we got to talking about a great show, a long tour, and music. They've been on the road since June and will be until after the Holidays. The Beat have been to the States three separate times since June. They have yet to do the New York show, the San Francisco show, and that really big show in Jamaica. That show in Jamaica will be a special one for Dave Wakeling whose dream it has been to play with Toots and the Maytals, (who will also be appearing there.)

Most of the talk revolved around how these men can expend so much energy in a show and keep it up through a tour. All of them agreed that it was getting difficult, it being the third week of the tour. (They play three days straight with a day off in between.) I'll say difficult. To watch them on stage is like being part of an extended aerobic dance class. Ranking Roger and Dave Wakeling both stated that they used to gain energy through the use of drugs, but they have since given up the drugs, saying that on extended tours, it is too draining to do drugs to keep the energy high. Now, they say, they draw their energy from the audience. The audience has to push them to perform! Well, the crowd at the Ballroom certainly did its part!

After an exhausting show, the whole band went out the the Ballroom to sign autographs, answer questions, be public with their fans. There was no pretension, or fame induced self-consciousness. They were human, genuine people who just happened to be rock stars.

L.G.S.

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film

poetry

MOVIE REVIEW:

"Sleeping Dogs" lacks many elements which constitute a good film. First and foremost, it lacks believability. Try to envision a fascistic coup d'etat in the very Western democratic country of New Zealand. Elaborate further, and try to envision rebels, darting between sheep, fighting soldiers on graying hills.

On top of this, it lacks clarity: the first half of the film is unrevealing; one is never really sure why anything is going on at all. The second half is not much better.

Add to this a muddled and confused main character, poor acting, uncreative directing, a gory ending, (I thought it never would,) and I went away feeling like I should have gone to another movie.

This was an attempt to be a thriller, but it never really reached its goal. I rate this as barf of the month. Go see "Missing" for the third time instead.

JB

PSALM 1982

Deliver me from my enemies.
O God, Keep me away from those
in power, who will strike against me.

Deliver me from the workers
of Armageddon and economic inequality,
for they be blood-thirsty men.

Behold, O Lord, they lie
in wait to use the nuclear
pearl and crush us, the good
people of this earth.

See, they foam at their
mouth. Swords are in their
lips; For who, they think,
can stop them now.

Let me look at my enemies
with satisfaction, Lord, as
with my own power I bring them
down.

The sin in their misguided policies,
and the curse and lies they utter
will be mine and Thy ruin.

Destroy in indignation.
Destroy, that they may be no
more, and let them know that
we rule, we, the underprivileged,
we, the fruit of Thy work.

For behold, we lie in wait,
O Lord, strong men and women
banding together to attack them
for their transgression and for
their sin.

- CARLOS -

BOOK REVIEW:

In a time where the 'Policy of Deterrence' is law and the President of the U.S.A. makes the comment on a national press conference that, "Peace is a goal, not a policy," The Fate of the Earth is THE most important book to read today.

I have to admit that this book was initially very difficult to pick up and dive into. It's easier to ignore the disgusting aspects of a nuclear holocaust than to stare facts right in the face.

And believe me, this book will strip away all the niceties and myths that politicians and the military use to surround and defend the building and stockpiling of nuclear weapons. It shows the insanity of building weapons to keep the peace, and how easy it would be to start the third World War, which could easily bring about the extinction of mankind. Not only could a holocaust destroy man and society as we know it, it could very likely destroy the world's entire ecosystem.

Making laughable plans of Civil Defence and showing how foolish the fad of limited nuclear war is, this book explains in laymans terms the basics of HOW the bomb works. Describing Emc², fission, fusion, to critical mass; then going into the danger we've placed ourselves in merely by building nuke plants, to the effects that bomb TESTS have had on us. It shows how ingrained nuclear peril is in today's modern society and tries to put forth some ideas on how to stop this craziness before it devours us.

If interested in reading this book, it can be found in any major bookstore and is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Eliot Feld

APS

The Eliot Feld ballet is exuberant and quite fun. Their costumes are magnificent. Choreography: the choreography is enthralling. The company seems to grab you by the shoulders and pull you along on a two hour ride of leaps, twirls, jumps, splits, and lyrical arms. This company embodies the best of ballet and modern dance. They are not to be missed on their next swing through town.

J.B.



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The Bomb

I'm getting a little tired hearing all this talk about nuclear warfare and the bomb and all that other garbage about freezes and the like.

I mean the bomb is an atrocious weapon, but then isn't napalm or cluster bombs or artillery just as bad? Of all the millions who died in WWII a really minuscule portion were killed by the atomic bombs. And since that war ended, think of all the killing that's gone on in Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia, the Middle East, Angola and a dozen other places. Millions dead, whole societies destroyed, and yet not one nuclear bomb was used.

Besides, when I look at the world and all the violence in it, all the pollution, all the noise, all the greedy, selfish people who don't give a damn about anyone else, I sometimes wish they'd drop the damn bomb and clean the whole stinking mess up. At least then we'd have less to worry about.

J.F.



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Windpower --- Thomas Dolby
Venice in Peril Records

Thomas Dolby's musical efforts are, to me at least, highly enigmatic.

As a song writer he's quite good. "Windpower" and the flip "Flying North" are both very melodic tunes, the A side being punchy and danceable, while the flip is a more lyrical, airier composition.

However, as a producer of his own material, he doesn't score as well, relying on the same old Techno-Pop effects that dozens of other performers have used already (heavy electronic percussion, massed synthesizers, etc.) The total effect of all this makes Dolby's arrangements sound like a cross between Gary Numan and Duran-Duran.

I hope Dolby can find a more original manner of presenting his material in the future. It would be a waste if this promising young talent ends up simply being lost in the shuffle.

J.F.

CHEAP FUN

food

Going out to eat would not seem to be a topic for "Cheap Fun," but there are those times when one's hunger and one's laziness are in direct conflict. You know you will neither cook nor go hungry. So now that you have decided to go out, let me make a suggestion.

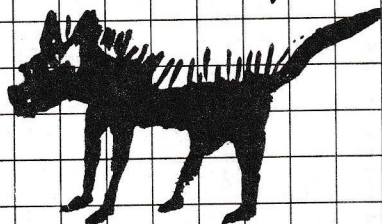
Dom's Seafood on Route 13 in Croydon, PA (across from the motel) looks from the outside to be anything but a place for a good meal. Once inside, however, the pungent smell of FRESH seafood cooking tells you what a great experience is in store. There is a variety of fish and shellfish in stock, all of which can be purchased raw for preparation at home. All the crabs are still alive and kicking and look fresh out of the water. There are also some partially prepared raw items such as stuffed flounder available. Enough of the raw food!

All the aforementioned items can be prepared on the premises, and while the accommodations are anything but fancy, there is room to sit down and enjoy a good meal. (You can take out, too.) It only takes about ten minutes for the food, and you can help yourself to a soft drink from the cooler while you are waiting.

The food is good, the service fast, and the price cheap, so pig out.

J.M.

Cat with



mohawk

CHEAP FUN: * * * * *

Shadows: Thursdays and Sundays

Dyeing the mohawk you gave your cat last month to a nice shade of blue.

Slamming in LGS' basement while "Seeds of Terror" and "Chemical Imbalance" churn things up.

Trying to find the Chinese Restaurant mentioned last month without the address.

Giving those Bozos at Surplus Value a piece of your mind by writing to: P.O. Box 65, Morrisville, PA 19067 J.M.

Fashion Tips:

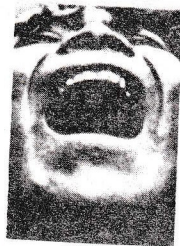
Sailor's wool hats (\$1.00 at the grocery store) with colorful feathers attached around/in brim

Women: Don't put your full cotton skirts away for the winter. Wear with thermal underwear and tights or knee socks! Cotton keeps you warmer than those synthetics.

Men: Put a wire hanger around your neck and inside your tie so that the tie sticks straight out.

LGS

~~fashion~~



~~cheap fun~~

heidi cuts hair
c h e a p

gents / Ladies

beehives to Mohawks
rockabilly to Skinhead
you too can look like the
Pop star of your choice!

946-0648

This Story Begins

And then there is or was Howard.

Right Now...

... and it will continue unto the end. Nowhere it is. It is about a woman. A woman named Mom. She has three children. They are, chronologically, Sandra, Maxwell, and Charlotte. Anyway, Mom is standing, waiting for the bus, with these three products of her unholy lust activating about her wrinkled knees. This white man with a pile of white papers comes over to her and asks her if she is concerned about nuclear power.

Mom says, "No."

He does not pursue his line of questioning because a Jane Fonda look-alike just went aerobically bouncing by him.

"Excuse me, Ms!" he exclaims as he bolts after her.

Next, Mom puts down her bag because the bus is late as usual and Mom wants a cigarette. She lights it as Daughter Sandra goes careening into the bag of T.V. dinners.

"You little asshole," snarls Mom as Sandra collects herself off of the concrete. Mom thinks about burning the little asshole but instead says, "You little asshole," and strikes her and sends her (once again) careening towards the concrete.

The punishment fits the crime, so Mom returns to her Virginia Slim. Sandra is crying. Charlotte and Maxwell are giggling. And the bus stop is strewn with television dinners.

"Shut up, all of you, and pick up that shit."

Boy oh Boy, is it tough to be Mom, especially when the economy sucks. So she stands at the bus stop, waiting for a little wealth to trickle down. But in the meantime, she has got plenty of other things to think about. Rent, heat, taxes, bus fares -- just to name a few.

Mom had a husband once, Once upon a time, and his name was Howard. She loved him and he said he loved her and he fucked her (she fucked him too) and she got knocked up and he started beating her and he kept right on fucking her and she had two more kids by him and he still beat the living shit out of her and the fourth conception was aborted. and Howard left and the beatings stopped.

Howard beat Mom well enough, he beat the love right out of her. Almost, that is; because she still loves her kids.

"Get outta the street or I'll beat the living crap out of you," says Mom. "Get over here. The bus is coming."

So the bus pulls up. Mom extinguishes her smoke. She picks up her bag and Mom and kids get on the bus. She fumbles around for precious currency and pays the State for her subsidized bus ride.

"Please be good, please," pleads Mom as the kids squeal and climb all over the State's bus furnishings. And she slumps back and closes her eyes.

She thinks about finances and Howard and the period that is missing and, "Oh God! Not again!" A cold sort of shiver jets through her bones.

So she opens her eyes to forget and lights a slim cigarette. Mom draws deeply, hoping to draw herself out of her life for a moment -- just like watching T.V.

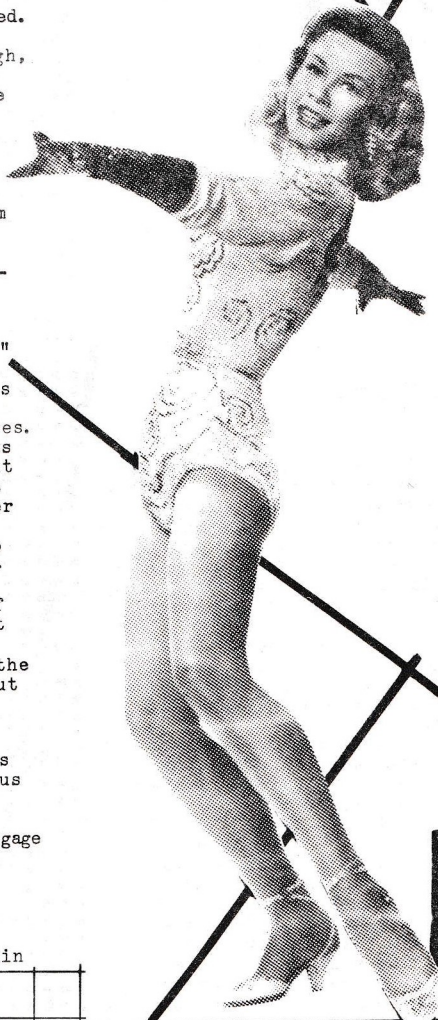
"Hey Lady!" screeches the bus driver. "No smoking. Put it out."

"Fuck you," mutters Mom under her breath as she obeys the command of the State's bus driver.

Now she is at her stop and she collects all her baggage and gets up and...

To be continued.

John Mackin





REGGAE

corner

Yellowman and Kayawah at City
Gardens on November 13

As I watched him being led to the stage, arms tightly folded, head bowed, he looked anything but a performer. But once on stage he became Yellowman: singer, comedian, social commentator, sex symbol. For the next hour or so, he worked the crowd nonstop.

His set consisted of song fragments; a verse or two of a recent popular hit or an old standard, all put to a medium-fast reggae beat. Interspersed with this, the music was broken down to bass and percussion while Yellowman related stories, told jokes, and totally involved the audience.

The backing group, the Circuit Breaker Band, from Connecticut, did an admirable job in the difficult task of following Yellowman. I would imagine the contents of his show can vary greatly from night to night.

Kayawah, from the Trenton area, opened with a polished set of reggae covers and originals. An extremely visual act, the stage was drowned in bright red and gold and green. They have a 12" single out. Pick it up and help support a local reggae band.

L.H.

REGGAE CORNER:

If you liked Yellowman when he was in the area recently, you owe yourself his album "Mr. Yellowman." Be warned! There are about a half dozen Yellowman albums out on various labels which are not very good. It seems that every time a Jamaican artist starts to make it in the States, every label in Kingston releases any and all material the artist might have been involved with under his name.

Another reggae star who might be coming to the area is BEK-A-MOUSE. Having released the best reggae album I've heard this year, "Wa-Do-Dem," he is very hot! I'm sure he will put on a show that can't be missed, if he does show up.

The best reggae release of this past month is The Lone Ranger's "Hi Yo Silver, Away!" Combining a super-tight backup band with The Lone Ranger's rub-a-dub style singing, the album is superb. It's also very good to dance to. Check it out.

C.S.

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record

Ice Cream For Crow - Captain Beefheart

Virgin-Epic Records

Produced by Don Van Vliet

We sat in the red desert canyon, freezing, because the moon had stolen our fire. There was little to eat or to occupy what was left of our jaded senses. Crickets clicked around us to lizards hissing, and a coyote chorus from behind darkened hills quickened our chilled pulses into instant appraisal.

Off in the frowning void of discriminating darkness, a lone figure could be seen approaching. With him he brought the wind packaged and tied with ribbons. He was old and his eyes wise from listening beneath his suede hat to things no one else could hear.

Gnarled, weathered hands with dirty fingernails presented us a round, black vinyl disk, with multitudinous grooves that rippled in light, and a perfect hole poked into its center.

As we listened to his gift, a thousand questions sprang up in our minds, while the saguaro bloomed silver and rained petals upon the trackless ground, where jack rabbits and mice danced, and insects skittered to their clarion call. The coyote chorus, once clamorous and deceitful, changed into the laughter of young children with bright eyes and innocent sparkling minds.

But as we turned to thank the old man and to greedily ask him for more, we found his position vacant, for he had transformed himself into a beautiful black crow, with sweeping, diamond wingspread, and had flown off into the unbridled jubilation of the sunrise.

J.7.

Millions of Dead Cops, MDC

Alternative Tentacles

MDC are a San Francisco band by way of Austin, Texas hardcore band. As you can see from the label, they're buddy-buddy with the DK's. Millions of Dead Cops can be funny, vulgar, and moving, sometimes all in the same song.

But like most hardcore bands, MDC paint every picture black and white. You're either with them or you're wrong. And I'm not with them, especially in their equation cop = klansman.

"I Remember" is an interesting outlaw story-song. It's almost punk Merle Haggard. I also enjoy "My Family Is a Little Weird." "Dick for Brains" and "John Wayne Was a Nazi" are both good for some chuckles. Songs like "Business on Parade" deserve to be heard.

The punks are not going to change things anymore than the hippies did (which was no real change at all), but I'm still glad people like Millions of Dead Cops are around to ruffle some feathers.

L.H.

How Does It Feel - The Crass
Crass records

This mini-EP is one of the first records to have come out of the UK dealing with that nation's Falklands adventure earlier this year. I'm not surprised that there haven't been more.

True to form, the Crass take a violent anti-government, anti-militaristic stance (can't say as I blame them,) with both vocalists spewing forth enough venomous bile to drown the whole bloody island. While the message may be more important than the music, constant changes of rhythm and accent keep all three tracks interesting.

Unfortunately, though the Crass are perceptive enough to realize the stupidity and waste of blind nationalism, they must also realize that it's going to take more than a few angry, young people armed only with electric guitars to change the rigid mentality of a government, that, for more than 300 years, has been shedding the blood of its youth in order to preserve its ill gotten empire.

Anarchy in the UK? Not by a long shot.

J.7.

Kissing to be Clever - Culture Club

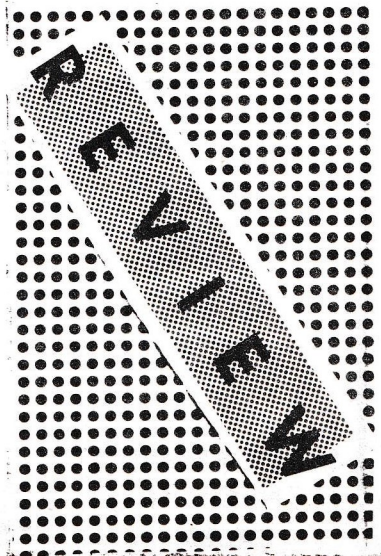
Produced by Steve Levine
Virgin Records

Yes... Yes! It's Culture Club, hottest act in the UK this year I'm told. I don't know whether music consumers here in the good old U.S.A. will readily take to Boy George's highly androgynous appearance, but give them time. After all, some of them are just getting used to Adam Ant.

I like Boy George. I'm not going to get into what his looks or lyrics might or might not mean, but I'm sure of two things. One, he's not trying to be Grace Jones in drag (she's taller anyway) and two, he's a good singer with a remarkably soulful voice, curiously reminiscent of (get this) Stevie Wonder or early Smokey Robinson. I can't even detect the slightest trace of a Limey accent. Not bad for a white boy!

Musically, Culture Club are into a very mixed rhythmic bag, employing touches of salsa, reggae, and a lot of pre-'76 disco decadence, the sort of ambience disco had until mainstream acceptance (when the Bee-Gees cleaned it up.) Of course both performance and production might be just a bit too slick but "Kissing to be Clever" is still a highly entertaining, enjoyable and danceable record.

J.7.



Bauhaus "The Sky's Gone Out"

Beggars Banquet Records

New Musical Express claims that Pete Murphy is the latest attempt at Bowie's marvelous 1972 persona, Ziggy Stardust. The more one listens to Bauhaus' latest album, "The Sky's Gone Out," the more one realizes the Glam-Rock musical effect. The David Bowie sound of the early seventies is very obvious, while the alien mystique voice takes control of every song on the album. I am disappointed with this record for its lack of musical adventure so evident on earlier classics "Bela Lugosi's Dead" and "Terror Couple Kill Colonel." Still, I do think this album is worth getting, if only for hearing what Bowie might have sounded like if Ziggy hadn't been killed by the band.

(Editors' note: Carlos used to sneak into Queen and Bowie concerts dressed in drag.)

The accompanying live album, called "Press The Eject And Give Me The Tape," is a good sampler of their live show. They are much better live than on record (as was obvious November 27 at City Gardens.) Visually, Pete Murphy puts on a moving characterization of Ziggy, and the light and fog effects are much better than at a Queen concert.



C.S.

Bauhaus at CG's, Nov. 27

I guess it's just me, I don't know. Maybe I'm not intellectual enough or not arty enough, or maybe it was all the hype about how Bauhaus (or Boohaus, as some local college radio stations have been calling them) were going to put on one of the best shows I was ever going to see, but I thought they were boring.

They played well and the lead singer was going through his best Bowie-isms, but they were still boring. Glam-rockers trying to be the '80s version of Pink Floyd. And I thought the main purpose of the punk-new music upsurge was to do away with painfully pretentious, self-indulgent excuses for rock'n' roll like Floyd or (now) Bauhaus. You know, fuck art, let's dance?

The slow material which comprised the bulk of the show was excruciating to listen to, while the more up-tempo numbers may have been half decent, but nothing out of the ordinary. Plus they used a stupid smoke machine which did more to stink up the place than provide any sort of atmospheric setting. Again maybe it's just me, maybe I did miss the point, but if so, I think it's a point I can safely live without.

J.F.



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Slow Dive, Siouxsie and the Banshees - Polydor

Moody, insidious, somber; these are some adjectives which could be used to describe the Banshees sound. This new release brings another one to mind: Dull.

Neither "Slow Dive" or the B-side "Cannibal Rose" have anything musically worthwhile about them. The Banshees play as if they were asleep; the rhythm section displaying all the drive of a dead Brontosaurus while John McGeoch's usually distinctive guitar playing is buried at the bottom of an overbearing muddy mix. Over it all Siouxsie chants the non-melodies with her patented vocal deliveries which are becoming quite tedious and annoying.

Maybe the band should bring back ex-producer Nigel Gray to work with them again because if the soon-to-be-released LP sounds anything at all like this record, it's going to be a dog indeed.

J.F.

The November Group Modern Methods

A stylish art/funk band from Boston, the November Group play original dance music. Their EP on Modern Methods records contains, of course, the dance club anthem "We Dance," plus four other popular songs from their live set, "Shake It Off," "Flatland," "Pictures of the Homeland" and "Popular Front." The cuts are all quite catchy and danceable. But with the November Group, music and style get so intertwined. Perhaps too much so.

L.H.

Birds of a Feather, EG Records
Killing Joke

This surprise, end of the year release contains, once again, all the familiar ingredients that contribute to Killing Joke's basic sound ie; tribal drumming, churning distorted guitar, ominously looming bass, and nasal vocals that sound as if they were recorded inside a tin can.

This isn't meant as derision because these elements combined help to create Killing Joke's unique style and it's a

style that they perform well. If you're not tired of their sound by now you probably never will be, so you should like this record. I sort of do, even though it has one of the silliest choruses I've heard all year.

The flip, appropriately entitled "Flock the B-Side", is the same song only with different instrumental touches and some phasing on the chorus that makes it sound even more ridiculous.

J.F.

Mission of Burma, Ace of Hearts

I must be missing the point with these guys. Mission of Burma, from Boston, play punchy Anglo-rock. But their songs are so evenly unmemorable, that I find it impossible to generate any passion for them or their music.

Last year's EP, "Signals, Calls, and Marches," contained the outstanding "That's When I Reach For My Revolver." The other cuts on that record weren't bad either. Unfortunately, after quite a few listens, this new LP still doesn't click.

Yes, I do like "New Nails," a quirky anti-Catholic Church song. In it they chant, "The Roman Empire never died/ Just changed into the Catholic Church." And "Fun Day" is almost hardcore in structure and message. Maybe if they spent less time trying to be broody intellectuals, I could like them more. (Sometimes I think Boston bands are even more artily excessive than New York City bands.)

I've never seen Mission of Burma live. Perhaps the songs are more effective in that context. Until I do, I remain unimpressed.

L.H.

Heaven 17, "Let Me Go/Let Me Go"

Virgin

The new single from the performing branch of the British Electric Foundation is an extended and ornate dance tune. The song itself is nice enough, a simple 50's style chord progression. It's the overly slick arrangement and production that loses my interest.

The flip is the instrumental version of the A side. I wish bands would stop doing that. With the outrageous price of import singles, I'd really like to get two songs for my three dollars.

L.H.

The Undertones, "The Love Parade"

The Undertones are so underrated. This Irish band is, in my opinion, the best pop band around. Both sides of the new single are exquisite, hooky, and haunting in the grand tradition. Give them a listen.

L.H.



king tut's

City Gardens

1701 CALHOUN ST. TRENTON NJ

695-2482

392 TUTS



Dec 18: A certain Ratio
Regressive Aid

19: Private School 26: Hooters

31: Groceries, Regressive
Aid, Luncheon 2000

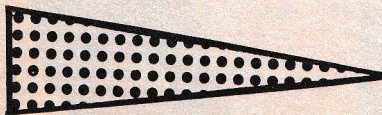
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ALTERNATIVE RECORDS

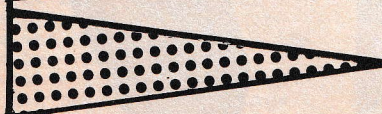
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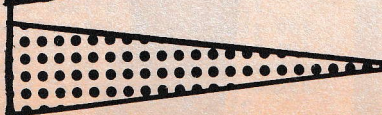
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WE BUY
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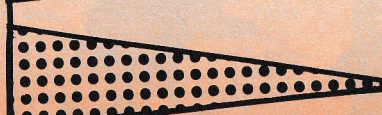
NEW WAVE



DANCE



JAZZ



ROCK

LARGE SELECTION
"NO MUZAK SOLD HERE"

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SHOPPING CENTER IS 2 MI
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TAKE 95 N. TO YARDLEY
EXIT. FOLLOW RD. THRU
YARDLEY 15 MIN TO SHOPPING
CENTER

10%
OFF
PURCHASE
W/
THIS AD