

June/July 1983
Volume 1 Issue 8

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SV

Surplus Value

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T	W	T	A	A	Y	B	H	P	S	D	I	C	K	I	E	S

"New Music Group"
Word Search

By
Joe Trabunella

ABC
B-Movie
Bauhaus
Bowie
Clash
Cramps
Cure
Devo
Dickies
Falco

Fall
Fleshtones
Flipper
Furs
Joy Division
Kleenex
Kraftwerk
Ministry
New Order
November Group

OMD
Patti Smith
PIL
Plastics
Iggy Pop
Pretenders
Pulsallama
Pylon
Ramones
REM

Romeo Void
Simple Minds
Slits
Sparks
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Uptones
Lawrence Welk
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"Culture is in and of itself a Surplus Value."

SURPLUS VALUE:

I was disappointed to see your review of Fassbinder's "Stationmaster's Wife." I saw the film in March and found it to be heavy-handed, slow moving and ~~Kanier~~ Werner himself undeservedly overrated. Who cares if he's alive or dead, the film ~~sux~~! I could just picture all the little ANALytic brains every time RWF shot a scene through a window or reflected in a mirror (constantly). "Oh how voyeuristic! Oh how German!" I could not wait for it to be over and everyone else in the theatre seemed to feel the same way. I only went to this piece of scheiss because of silly adulating ooh-ing and aah-ing "reviews" like the one you printed. You should really look further for material for your rag.

Myrna Gevurtz

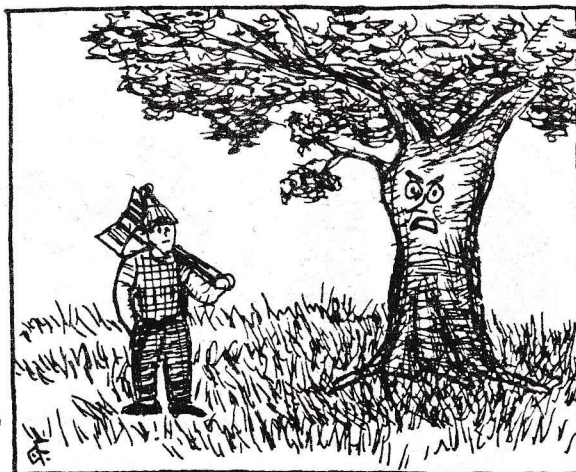
Dear Myrna,

Maybe our "rag" doesn't appreciate a Doctor Detroit as you probably do, but we do appreciate you writing.

Send us your movie reviews and maybe we can print them in our silly, adulating movie section.

Editors

SUBVERSIVE VALUE



HE MAY BE JUST JAMES WATT
TO YOU BUT HE'S ADOLF HITLER TO ME!



photo-jah bortner

Mutabaruka, a young dub poet from Jamaica, delivered one of the most electrifying and uncompromising Reggae performances I've seen at Trenton's City Gardens on Saturday, May 21.

The show was opened by The Lion Hearts, a somewhat traditional Reggae band who presented a nice mixture of originals and covers, among them Steel Pulse's "Rally Round" and The Mighty Diamonds' "Pass the Kutchie." Their set was entertaining but did not prepare one for what followed.

High Times, Muta's touring band and a fine entity in their own right, appeared shortly afterwards and performed a short set which included an effective adaptation of Dylan's "I Shall Be Released." Then the stage lights went up, the riddims became more strident and Mutabaruka strode on stage without fan fare or intro, and already singing his first number.

He is an imposing figure. Clad only in Khaki army pants, long dreadlocks hanging down his back, manacled with white chains (which he later removed.) Muta is a dynamic, energetic performer. His material is very politically oriented and committed to social change and the eradication of injustice. Apartheid South Africa, self-determination for emerging Third World nations, and general repression of black minorities are central themes, but in songs such as "Drug Kulcha" he shifts targets and attacks cocaine abuse.

Muta is angry but never vindictive. He believes that eventually his faith will cure not only his own dilemmas, but those of the African peoples as well. Most Reggae shows lull one into a state of relaxed euphoria. Muta's performance was much more challenging and unsettling. Also, perhaps because of that, more eminently satisfying. He is an artist who is definitely worth acknowledgment. Pick up on either his LP, Check It or his book, The First Poems. But most of all, see him live if you wish to receive the full impact of his power.

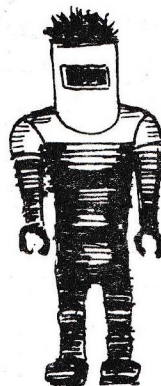
AB's, Toxic Reasons, Dead Kennedys at Zadar's on June 2, 1983

Amid rumors of an ill Jello and a closing club, this all ages show went on as scheduled. Prices were reasonable, if still a little high at \$7.50. The crowd was predominantly young yet rather sparse (350-400 people) making it the smallest show the DK's have done in years. All in all, this show made up for the abysmal show by Flipper and the Circle Jerks.

Autistic Behavior opened the festivities. They really are improving with age. Their (relatively) new bass player adds an enticing texture to the AB sound. I thought they were better than I had seen them in awhile.

Toxic Reasons were up next. I had heard a lot about this band and was glad to see them live up to the advance P. R. Playing a mix of heavy metal and hardcore, they captured my heart with songs such as "White Noise" and "Drunk and Disorderly." These boys can grind out a raw sound with two guitars, bass and drums. Nice blend of English and American punk noise. Keep your ears out for this band.

The Dead Kennedys are alive, well and very good. East Bay is still with them albeit with red hair. They haven't added keyboards. And Jello doesn't have AIDS. Where do we get our rumors, folks? All kidding aside, they have what it takes to sustain (read entertain) a frenzied audience. The set was pretty lengthy with the DK's playing a balance of old and new. Unfortunately excluded were some of my favorites, but I wasn't disappointed.



Honest word has it that the DK's will be back in our area for another show in early July. Don't miss them, because the Dead Kennedys have the uncanny ability to remind you of what alternative music is all about.

LGS

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takes off on red lunch.
hes so shot up with pigment,
he snakes like a gun.
he opens the trigger,
pulls on the thumb,
releases a finger to catch the sun.
its rapid revenge.

you violate nature.
your colors descend.
you press down inside her,
your values dig in.
paint bleeds inside her.
you smother her red.
you started new children.
outside of bed.

henry hose = = = = =.

VOLUS

We're beings handicapped
Sandbag of things material
Demons of the mind surface
The morally weakened turn
On each other seeking justices
Rumbles in the Herd
Give way to shark feeding frenzy

The unified seek soul
Spirits of wind tree animal and
rain
Push to complete Gestalt
A seed birthing waves
To shatter the time line

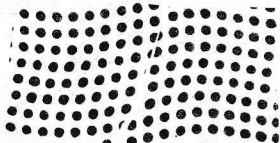
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midnight

*two minutes before midnight
i don't know what to do
two minutes before midnight
control is no longer true
two minutes before midnight
i see darkness to our lives*

*one minute before midnight
my grave is ready,
the reaper raises his knives*

*ten seconds to midnight
i see mushroom flash
five seconds to midnight
my skin becomes ash*

*it is midnight
i am no more. -Carlos-*

Poetry

APATHY

Drag through the streets
with a look of blankness
plastered to your face
Just like everyone else
A face in the crowd.

Break the mold that holds you
back
and the zombies come to life
They disapprove of life, however,
and will destroy those who
disturb their bliss.

Put your mask back on
And again you're one of the
faceless mass
The status quo is yet undisturbed
And as long as one lets it
remain that way
That is the way it will stay.

(+ + Michael Appelstein + +)



photo-jah bortner

BOOK

FRIDAY
Robert A. Heinlein

In this, the newest novel by one of the all time masters of Sci-Fi, Mr. Heinlein has once again demonstrated his great ability for weaving modern moralistic questions into a futuristic setting.

Friday is a beautiful female A.P. (artificial person) product of a not-too-distant future where genetic engineering has become a way of life. This is the memoir of woman courier (the best in the business) and her adventures, dreams, hopes and aspirations. R.H. has invented an extremely likeable and capable heroine whose biggest problem is the coming to terms with herself and overcoming mankind's inflexible attitude of discrimination towards what they term "non-humans." (A.P.'s mothers are test-tubes, their fathers are knives.)

This book is subtle because the setting is all too believable, and not incomprehensible. The U.S. has been broken into a mass of separate balkanized territories under various forms of government. I was particularly amused by California Territory who pride themselves on being the seat of Democracy. (Why, they hold elections every day for something or other- thereby practically lawing themselves out of existence!!)

Regardless of the different types of rule exhibited throughout the world, true control is possessed by the corporations who own EVERYTHING! The only way to get anything or anywhere is with one's trusty Visa/Master Card, and the only way to do that anonymously is with the know-how to use/manipulate/get-over-on the mountains of software which is everywhere.

Now some of you may find the reading slow, but R.H. is a writer of the old school who likes giving clear, detailed pictures that you can really SEE in your mind. I found his ideas fresh and interesting. All in all I say, "BRAVO, Robert Heinlein!!"
-AmPS-

on the streets
photo-jah bortner

BYO Follow-up

We've been asked a lot of questions about what exactly happened at the BYO hall at 3rd and Market. The answer is that the Mayor, visiting in the area (Olde City), was offended by the punks in the neighborhood. He, in cooperation with his bureaucracy, closed the hall down on Sunday evening. In addition, there were numerous complaints registered by residents of the area. So the BYO hall lived a glorious, short life of 24 hours. That's the negative view of the story.

The whole BYO hall closing looks more like a blessing in disguise now, because shows, all ages, are being held every Saturday (and some Fridays) at the infamous Love Club at Broad and South. The BYO is alive and well in Philly and the shows are, quite simply, incredible. They have been staging the very best, the newest, and the most exciting hardcore shows since mid-May. You owe it to yourself to trek to Love and totally enjoy the hard, fast impact of this music. Reasonable admission, \$5 for 4-5 good bands, which have included the likes of MDC, DRI, Crucifucks, SS Decontrol, Jerry's Kids, Antidote, Informed Sources, Toxic Reasons, Scream, Minor Threat, DOA, AB's and FOD to name an illustrious few. Every weekend--great shows!

LGS

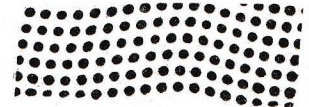
WORTHY HAPPENINGS

Music from a New Kitchen
Tuesday evenings in June at the East Side Club. \$2.00 admission for outstanding experimental, alternative music by local artists such as Flaming Bango Bangos, Crash Course in Science and the Polite Quartet. Also check out Futurama on June 26.

Surplus Value/WTSR Nights
at City Gardens Sunday evenings, 9:30 pm. \$1.00 admission for 3-4 local bands. Bands include Experimental Products, Rhythm of Lines, Tangent, and Duck Tape. If you are a local performing artist interested in future "exposure nights," call us at SV (215)-493-2994.

Anything at the Painted Bride Arts Center in Philadelphia.

Rock against Reagan Washington, D.C. July 4th weekend. A hardcore flailing of noise against reactionary politics and plain poor judgment by almost everyone involved in the Reagan Administration. Should be a blast!



p h i l l y

Three of Philadelphia areas more prominent bands, Pretty Poison, The Stickmen, and Bunnydrums have released extended play discs during the past month. The results are impressive.

Pretty Poison's "Laced" displays a rhythmic, technopop style that manages to avoid the heavy-handed production techniques associated with electronic dance music. Instead Pretty Poison use a subtle poly-rhythmic interplay between drums, bass, and percussion to propel the songs along. Lots of credit goes to Raya Pryor, the band's percussionist, for his contributions in this department.

Lead vocalist Jade Starling is the pivot around which Pretty Poison revolves. She has a strong voice and conveys a gripping sense of urgency to her often foreboding lyrics.

The songs are well written and arranged. "Seal it with a Kiss" is an infectious, Latin-flavored number which leads into the funky grittiness of "Let Freedom Ring." "Tempest Nightmare" features a harder sound that may bring to mind Siouxsie and the Banshees. The previously released "Expiration" is also included in a remixed version. It's not bad, but I would have preferred a good studio take of Tuxedomoon's "No Tears" instead, which they used to encore with. (They still might!)

This record is excellently packaged, by the way, and is available on Svengali Records.

Also in the racks, on Red Records, is the latest vinyl from The Stickmen. It's a five-track EP entitled "Get on Board," and, believe me, you should! The Stickmen have been getting a lot of notice recently and they deserve it. They are truly a unique band.

The record begins with "Funky Hayride," a fav. on nearly every college radio station in the area. Compared to some of their material, "Funky Hayride" seems almost

conventional. However, compared to just about anyone else, it's an outrageous, loose-limbed, and wing-flapping number perfect for bopping and strutting. Nothing stiff and formal here. We're talkin' mobility!

The other tracks are continuations and refinements of more familiar Stickmen themes. The performances are outstanding and, despite their freneticism, executed as sharply as a whip lash. Particularly effective use is made of the vocalizing as well; not so much in ensemble singing, but rather using voices as individual rhythmic patterns. This EP is a must for those who like things a little different.

Last but not least, from Funk Dungeon Music, comes "Feather's Web." It's the new release from Bunnydrums, a long overdue record that is, happily, worth waiting for. If not the most cerebral of the three, certainly the most mysterious. Not a party record perhaps, but not necessarily a depressant either.

Lead vocalist Dave Goerk sings lyrics bursting with frustration, alienation, and anger in a chilling, semi-hysterical voice. The music is a perfect complement: brooding, full of dark undertones, a little frightening. In fact, on the instrumental "Crawl," Bunnydrums creates the same effect without vocals. A neat trick.

Overall, though, the music has a certain sparkle about it. Through the grey curtain little lights still shine through. Sounds as good on a sunny morning as it does on a wet evening. A very neat trick!

All three records are produced by the bands themselves. They're all on independent labels and don't cost that much. I mean, Robert Hazard may be groovy and "New Wave" but he's not the only one around worthy of recognition, get it?

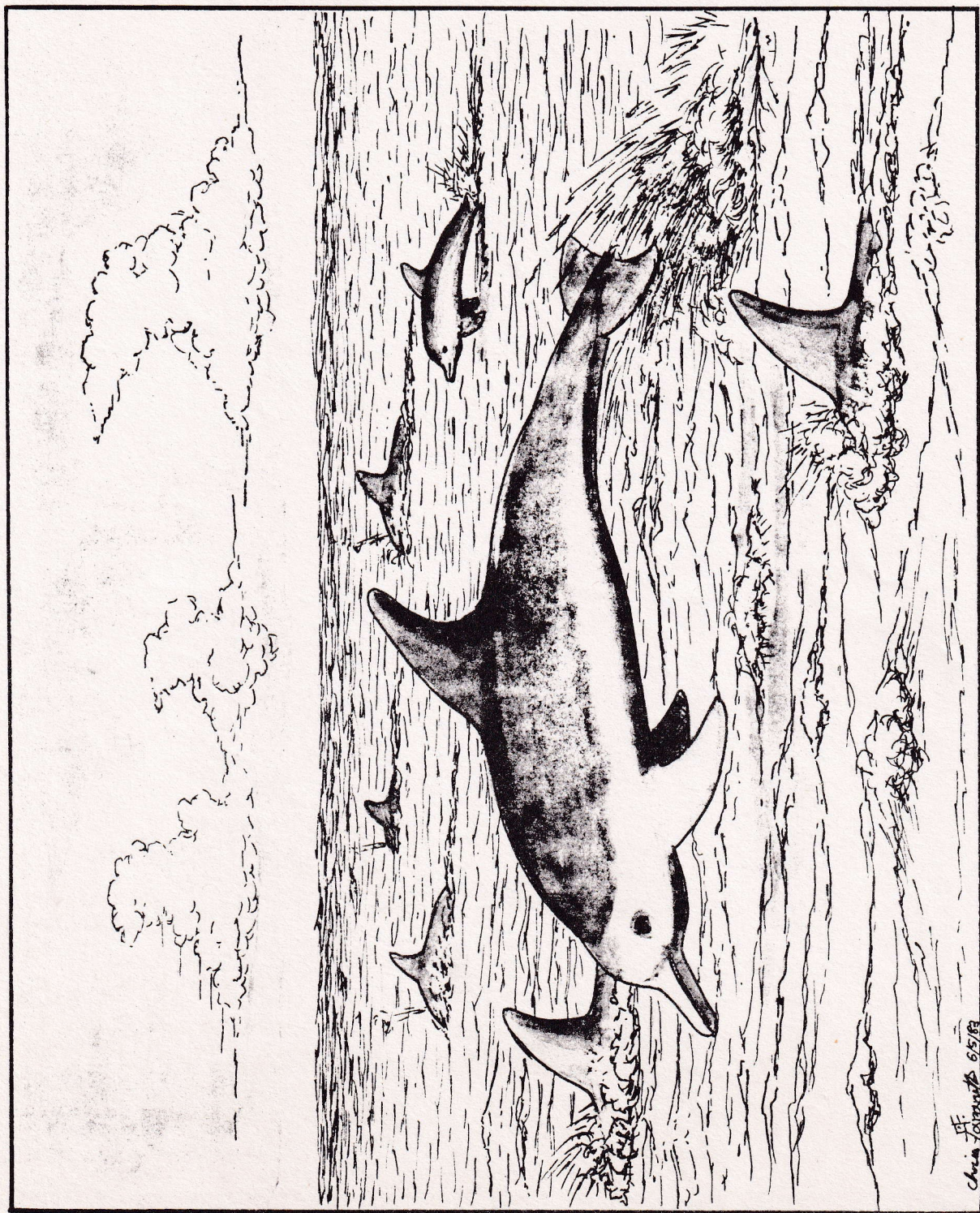
* * * * -J7- * * * *

philadelphia
photo-jah bortner



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The Vels -
Cold Steel and Hot,
Colored Neon

Well, it looks like Philadelphia's getting hip to the middle at last. The Vels may not have a way with words, but the pure, visceral quality of their jazzy new wave funk is turning Philly on its ear. This band is going places.

The Vels are the combined talents of three musicians, an ever growing collection of electronic gadgets and the mysterious John Pompetti, a filmmaker whose sense of humor as an editor punctuates their sound with a dry, post-modern wit.

As the Vels, Chris Larkin keyboards, vocals, Alice Cohen keyboards, vocals, and Charles Hanson bass, sax, vocals have brought a blast of fresh air to the area radiating from the East Side Club to New York's Danceteria.

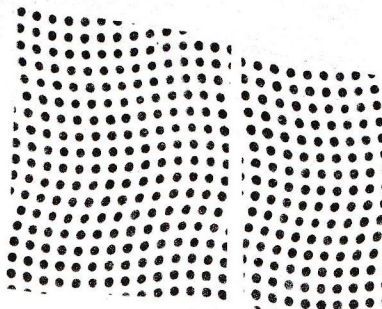
Their last performance at Filly's on Chestnut St. (May 21) was a case in point. Playing to a severely packed audience whose collective body heat probably raised the temperature on the dance floor 20 degrees, the Vels cranked out tune after earth shaking tune. And they loved every minute of it. It's about time, too. Since their emergence on the scene roughly a year ago, they have been steadily improving and refining their raw but innovative ideas. Their rhythm lines, already a complex mix of synthesized percussion tracks and tightly engineered studio tapes, are as finely layered as they are danceable. And they keep getting sharper and more detailed.

I want to stay away from comparing them to anybody. But if you could imagine a graphic representation of their material, it would end up looking something like a textured weave of cold steel and hot, colored neon.

The spotlight is never reserved for one Vel alone. They all share the responsibility of lead singer and front person, swapping keyboards and positions with an unassuming ease that keeps the set going without missing a beat.

THE
VELS

REGGAE



One thing that fascinates me about songwriters is their ability to write hooks that make you remember their songs. The Vels' hooks act as timed release decoys hitting the memory in about 24 hours. The effect is to make you run for the phone on your lunch hour to find out where you can catch their next gig. The general feeling is something on the order of urgency. You simply HAVE to hear them again. And if you're around Philadelphia this summer, you will. But you'd better catch them now. Because these guys are soon bound for higher cosmic planes.

Cathy b.

Stop That Train

Clint Eastwood & General
Saint

(Greensleeves)

Recent albums from Steel Pulse, Black Uhuru and Musical Youth have helped pave the way for the acceptance of reggae music on both American radios and dance floors. Stop That Train, the second LP from Clint Eastwood and General Saint will keep that trend alive. This follow-up to last year's excellent LP, Two Bad DJ, sees the dynamic duo taking a more commercial approach to their music with definite chart action in mind. There is nothing wrong with that when the results are this good. Still prominent is their distinct toasting style, but this time around they have added a new twist, they actually sing on a few cuts. Strong songs about nuclear weapons, education, police harassment and voting rights show their genuine concern about serious issues, but all is not serious though, as they still inject their humorous lyrics whenever possible. There is even a song for the kiddies, Rock With Me, with Eastwood and Saint teaming up with two young ladies, which will probably grab you the way Pass the Dutchie did when you heard it for the first time. A sure hit. Lyrically and musically this LP is on time, so buy your ticket and hop on the train.

Dave P.



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45's REVIEW

I've been reading a lot about Finnish hardcore music in 'zines everywhere. Well -- SV has gotten its hands on some Danish hardcore music and it rivals their Scandinavian counterparts. The best of the bunch -- TeeVee Pop -- 10 minutes of despondent listening pleasure. Their sound is reminiscent of Joy Division with a faster beat. The 45 has 4 songs, recorded in English by the 4 women who make up this band. They do their own art work, writing, and playing. Good creative aggressive music. The rating: 8.

The BZ-StØ Hesingle features 2 hardcore bands, ADS and City-X. I like the ADS cut: clear, audible lyrics worked into classic hardcore pattern. Nothing too special, though, except their beautiful Danish look. City X is just alright in my book -- can't really understand the song since it's in rapid fire Danish and I'm not fluent in that language. Best part about this 45 is that it is Danish hardcore, they did the artwork themselves (no pushead cover). The rating here: 5 for City-X, 6 for ADS, if only because they were a lot of fun to receive.

- # - # - LGS- # - # - # -

The Creatures "Miss the Girl" (Wonderland-Polydor)

Boy, this singer sounds just like Siouxsie Sioux. Oh wow! It is Siouxsie Sioux! (Should pay more attention to jacket notes.)

Yes, The Creatures! One of Siouxsie and Budgie's extracurricular activities away from The Banshees. "Miss the Girl" is a moody little ditty with scintillating vibraphone accompaniment. The flip "Hot Springs in the Snow" is a stranger piece of music featuring move vibraphone, lots of bells and percussion, some low groaning sounds, and backward vocals. A compact single, certainly not earthshaking and probably not meant to be. It rates at least a 5.

8 = . . . = -Jf- = . . . = .



Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five
"New York, New York" (Sugarhill)

An angry street rap and a good follow-up to last year's "The Message." Graphic lyrics illustrate the less attractive side of life in the Big Apple. Specific ghetto imagery may offend some listeners, but then the truth isn't always pretty. Although it may be too specifically Black oriented to become a crossover hit, I'd give this record an 8+.

||||| -Jf- |||||

Section 25, "Back to Wonder" (Factory)

Several interesting things about SX.XV's new 45. A female vocalist, a syncopated slightly Eastern-flavored arrangement, and a constantly changing melody. Never repeats the same refrain twice! A little unusual but pretty.

B-side "Beating Heart" is a more standard offering. Plenty of drums and no female vocal. Wouldn't give this record any lower than a 6.

* = : & ! # (-Jf-) # ! & : = *

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**Autistic Behavior, Flipper,
Circle Jerks at Zadar's on
May 20, 1983**

This was the antithesis of what a hardcore show should be. It was boring, uninspiring. The sound was awful, adding little to the already rather lifeless music. I never wanted to see hardcore get this ordinary.

Flipper was even worse than they are marketed to be. The one thing they had going for them is their sincerity but they must have left that at home. Ho-Hum. The Circle Jerks were okay- pretty fast but mediocre. Something tells me that these bands are more into entertaining illegal substances than human beings. Seems like they've crossed the line of use to abuse.

The price for this show was intolerably high! Ten dollars for three hardcore bands. Get serious. With bands this mundane, the club should be paying us to attend.

(Note: Arrived just after Autistic Behavior's performance. Hopefully they maintained their good reputation.)

LGS

Carl Perkins with The Jitterbops
Filly's * May 14th

All the "Rockabilly Rebels" showed up for this double bill. Filly's was packed. Maybe because it was an 'MMR event? I doubt it; 'MMR doesn't play Carl Perkins, do they? (Does anyone still listen to "Guerrilla Theatre?" They played it all long before I-92.)

Jitterbops opened, of course. A local trio using most of the standard trappings. A little staged, but not too bad. Singer looked like Dave Alvin of The Blasters; guitarist had too many extended leads. Really cool version of "All Shook Up" though.

Carl Perkins came on a short while later. (Both bands were playing two shows that night.) He's been around for 27 years or more and was a big influence on the original rockabilly movement. He wrote the immortal "Blue Suede Shoes." Presley had the hit.

LIVE

Perkins was backed by a four piece band: Bass and drums (played by two of his sons,) keyboard and second guitar who doubled on sax 'n harp. Old Perkins sang mostly; once in a while Young Perkins on drums took over. Not as smooth as the old man, I'll tell ya!

It was fun to see him do "Matchbox" and all his other old hits. It was also a bit like watching a wind-up wax museum. Carl was happy, smiling, addressed the audience well, but he's been doing this now for twenty years. Give him a break. He could have ended up like Gene Vincent or (worse) Jerry Lee Lewis!

All I can say is the show was well rehearsed with good shifts into some straight C&W. Low point was a ten minute medley of Rock'n Roll's greatest hits. You know, I can't remember whether Carl sang "Blue Suede Shoes" or not! But that's my fault.

+++++ -J- +++++
52nd Street/Quando Quando
May 14, 1983
City Gardens

Whoever wasn't in attendance at this show (and a lot weren't) missed a night of funk, funk and more funk. As we here at SV can only say, that's what happens when people don't come out and take a chance on seeing unknown, new bands, local or otherwise.

Both bands hail from Manchester, England, are signed to Factory Records and are worth checking out.

Quando Quando were first up and quickly injected a dose of rhythm into the crowd lounging

around C.G.'s on a Saturday night. Unfortunately, some of these people must be immune to getting up and moving because too many of them stayed in their seats and watched.

Quando Quando are a minimalist funk/punk band in the Certain Ratio/Medium Medium vein. Their songs ranged from the slow, jazzy "Popes of Pop" to the tribal sounding "Love Tempo" (their new single) and all of them kept you on your feet. As the group say in "Tingle," "Dancing with Quando Quando is fun."

If all of this wasn't enough to make you shake your body, 52nd Street came on and nearly blew the roof the joint. Many of the current British synthesizer bands try to sound funky and soulful, but they come off as cold and mechanical. But 52nd Street are the real thing. They have more in common with such American bands as Chic, Indeep and The Gap Band than they do with their English counterparts.

And was the band tight. They just oozed soul. Talk about getting down! They can and did. The whole band really partied up there on stage. Lead vocalist Beverley McDondald was sweet and soulful and hot and nasty all in one. The group went through "Look Into My Eyes," "I Am Available" and "Love Me, Don't Leave Me" with a heavy groove.

They finished up with their hit single, "Cool As Ice/ Twice As Nice," (with Mike Pickering from Quando Quando on sax) but they could have gone on and on as far as I was concerned. A night of some hot funk and non-stop dancing. Don't miss these two bands when they come tearing through town again.

-Rhonda-

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The Plimsouls
Everywhere At Once

(Geffen)

LA's the Plimsouls have been around for several years now. They developed a large and faithful following playing in So. California. They recorded an EP "Zero Hour" for Beat Records which moved quite a few units as they say. Then in 1981 they got signed to Planet Records, recorded an LP with Richard Perry, and were pushed as the next Knack. (Phew, pucker up for the kiss of death.)

Well the Plimsouls came out alive. They're on Geffen Records now and have a brand new album out. Their mid-60's sound and infectious energy make this record a real listening pleasure.

They could be described as the West Coast's answer to Fleshtones, with whom they share many musical ideas and a mutual admiration. But the Fleshtones are packaging an image as well as a sound. The Plimsouls are using their backward glances just to make sure they're on the right road. (I'm talking American roots, my friends.)

The eleven songs on the record (two are remakes circa '65-'67) are overflowing with charmingly familiar lyrical, rhythmic and instrumental flourishes. The Byrds-like electric twelve string guitar part on "A Million Miles Away" is a prime example. Other outstanding tracks are "Play the Breaks," "How Long Will It Take," "I'll Get Lucky," and the title song "Everywhere At Once." Neat record.

Luke H.

Red Rockers

Good As Gold

(415/Columbia)

I had qualms about this record. It had a big sticker on the cover that stated the LP included the song "China" as seen on MTV!

I was afraid that it was going to be a real commercial rip off. Well, the record is pretty polished. The songs are chock full of good hooks.

But I wouldn't run around screaming "sell out."

I can't explain why, but there's just something about these guys that I trust. I really believe that their sentiments are heartfelt. It's sort of the same way I feel about the Clash. They can do some silly and stupid things. But I still love them because their intentions are good.

Good As Gold is the second 415 LP from these Louisiana boys. The album's style is a cleaned up post-hardcore with definite Anglo leanings. The songs do tend to get a bit too anthemic, too preachy (listen to "Change the World Around" and "Home Is Where The War Is") but like I said above sincerity wins out.

One of the albums strong points is the use of catchy guitar figures. I also like the way they mix in keyboards to add some color to the arrangements. The single "China" and the title track "Good As Gold" are the cuts getting airplay. My own favorites are "Dreams Fade Away" and "(Come On Into) My House."

Pylon

Chomp

(DB)

I'll tell you all right off: this is going to be a biased review. I'll try, but I don't think I can be objective with this band.

Athens GA's Pylon play elliptic, minimal dance rock. Their new album on DB (Danny Beard) Records is not as frenetic, not as emotionally direct as that first great LP Gyrate. This is due in part to the more refined production by Chris Stamey and Gene Holder (one half of the dB's - stands for decibels). They've given the record a thinner, more delicate feel. But also Pylon's vocals and instrumentation have become more melodic and more reserved. The band has grown more self-confident and are now able and determined to play within themselves. (The first album was such a catharsis.)

Chomp features Pylon's last two single releases "Crazy"/"M-Train" and "Beep"/

"Altitude." However "Crazy" is in a significantly different sounding mix than the original. The record also has it's "Weather Radio," another neat little Pylon instrumental called "Italian Movie Theme." As for the other cuts, I can't tell you which I like the best, I love them all. And I've had a crush on Vanessa since 1980.

Luke H.

The Blasters

Nonfiction

(Slash/Warner Bros.)

The Blasters continue to walk that line. They're not steeped in the rock and roll myth like Robert Gordon. They're also not trying to capitalize on that 50's look and sound like just about all the other "cat" bands. The Blasters happen to play the music they do because they feel it, because they believe in it.

On their new Slash album, the Blasters elaborate on the themes set down on the first self titled LP. The songs are told from the point of view of the blue collar kid, growing up tough and somewhat disillusioned. Songwriter Dave Alvin manages to capture the feeling that things aren't too good right now but if you persevere and hold true, they're bound to get better.

At first I didn't think the songs were as good as those on the first record but since then they've grown on me. All but two of the cuts are Dave Alvin originals. The two that aren't are remakes from Junior Parker ("Barefoot Rock") and Fats Domino ("Tag Along"). Of those new Blasters tracks "Red Rose," "One More Dance," "It Must Be Love," "Fools Paradise" and "Leaving" all deserve mention.

There's not too much you can do stylistically with this kind of music but the Blasters infuse each song with so much heart that to me it doesn't really matter.

Luke H.

Sex Gang Children
Song and Legend

Listening to this album confirms an idea that has been wafting through the air like noxious gas as of late. Christianity is defunct (?) In plainer English, the old beliefs based in, around Western civilization are no longer applicable to the world we live and function in. If you want more evidence than offered forth through the very presence of rock music (an industrial revolution by-product) then get your hands on Sex Gang Children's album, Song and Legend.

Andi Sex Gang, sounding remarkably similar to the Johnny Rotten of early Sex Pistols days, screeches haunted, angry, venomously poignant lyrics that drip in political breakdown. The music, primitive, is by no means simple. Personally, I think it is the epitome of what punk once tried to be. It is a discomfoting album with each track spewing creative anger in one form or another. The music says it all - sometimes it is hard to put this record on the turntable because there is a lot of truth in the disintegration they reflect in their music. The passing of one belief system into another has never been a peaceful, pleasant, or outstanding phase in anyone's life so it is no wonder that myth, and legend from past civilizations are conjured up to remind us of the transformational journey we are embarking upon.

Song and Legend is an exceptionally well conceived album whose point of view mirrors the obvious disorientation that disables this Western Judeo-Christian society. You might be tempted to say "hey, that's Karma for you" but what you will feel is fear, and the black veil of unintended consequences coloring your mood. This is potent, powerful music that pokes and bleeds the uglier side of our world.

! * * * -LGS- * * ! !

Minor Threat
"Out of Step" (Dischord)

Hardcore aficionados will swear that DC's Minor Threat is the best band on the East Coast, bar none. And although claims of this sort are usually exaggerated, their new Mini-LP contains enough ample evidence to prove that this band does have something going for it.

Wisely avoiding standard political cliches, Minor Threat concentrate rather on the subject of maintaining one's individuality in the face of heavy pressure to conform. Refreshingly, however, they don't exhibit any of the self-pity many bands do who attempt to prove they're "alienated". Minor Threat are what they are and they don't feel sorry for it.

The performances are first-rate displaying plenty of aggressiveness, energy, and wit. Although predictions may be dangerous, I'd say if Minor Threat keep at it, Black Flag...watch out!

J/ # # # #



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