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The magazine you are reading is protected by the First Amendment.

We dedicate this issue to Jerry Lee Lewis (now serving time for "driving satanically"). He saved Rock and Roll by trying to kill Elvis Presley.



The First Amendment guarantees the rights of free speech and freedom of the press which magazines and newspapers enjoy. But these constitutional rights are effectively denied to radio and television by federal regulations that govern the content of news broadcasts.

The "Fairness Doctrine," which embodies several regulations, is a good case in point. It looks good in theory since it proposes "equal opportunity" for and "reasonable access" to opposing viewpoints.

In practice, it doesn't work. Stations often choose to remain silent on many important issues for fear of opening a Pandora's box of competing claims for airtime. The result is that viewpoints which could contribute to public knowledge and debate go unheard.

THIS WAS TAKEN FROM AN AD CAMPAIGN BEING WAGED, IT IS PROPAGANDA, AIMED AT STIFLING OPPOSING VIEWPOINTS. ...

According to a recent Roper Poll, 82% of Americans now get their news primarily from the broadcast media. For this majority, the press is radio and TV. But these media are not protected by the First Amendment. Could this have been the intent of our founding fathers? We don't think so.

When the primary news source for a majority of citizens is denied its First Amendment rights, it's time we all become alarmed. At the Mutual Broadcasting System, we think it's time to give radio and television the same First Amendment protections that newspapers and magazines have enjoyed since 1791. Congress should repeal the so-called "Fairness Doctrine" in the name of fairness.

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Enjoy the paper.



THE CROWD STANDS IMMOBILIZED AS THEIR SANCTIMONIOUS PROPHET TRANSFORMS THE STAGE INTO AN ALTAR FOR TRULY ABSURD SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.



When the facts are common knowledge that people experience in their daily lives, there is no rea-

son to demand experts. To require such expensive proof would be poor public policy.

ROCK STARS BARE HORRIBLE SECRET

Rock critics don't get no respect. Frank Zappa, as I recall, said it best by calling rock criticism something like "news about people who can't play written by people who can't write for people who can't read."

INTELLIGENCE

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Ears of the Overworld

EARS OF THE OVERWORLD #8

-by Bruce McClelland

Philadelphia radio's bold New Music experiment didn't last very long. Barely 6 months after WIPF went "Rock Of the 80's" its new owners, panicky over the station's sub-basement level spring Arbitrons, pulled the plug on all the radical stuff (ABC, Devo, Bananarama--the true avant-garde) and turned I-92 into "The New 92" (and WXTU), a WCAU/WUSL clone. Just what Philly needed.

Six goddam months. Really gave it a chance, didn't they? Oh well. I suppose I should be grateful to them for providing me with such a made-to-order idea for a column. OK. Why did I-92 go under and what does its demise mean? I believe that's how it goes.

Why did I-92 go down for the count? Got a few days? There's lots of reasons. For one, the station wasn't promoted enough. Sure management sponsored lots of "I-92 Dance Nights" and gave away lots of buttons but they never launched any campaign to strongly establish the station's identity in the minds of Philadelphia listeners. No billboards. No TV ads. Nothing to capitalize on the angle of "Here we are, Philadelphia. An alternative to dinosaur rock!"

Yet even if they had promoted themselves the evidence suggests that Philadelphia audiences don't much want an alternative. Case in point. Concurrent with I-92's birth, traditional rock radio leader WMMR began mixing in a lot of New Music artists with the old crap. Meanwhile, the reactionaries at their chief rival, WYSP, stood pat --and toppled WMMR from the top of the rock-radio ratings. The majority of Philly listeners are quite happy with the same old shit. They don't want a change.

At least not the sort that WIPF represented. And it's true that beyond it being nice to hear New Order, X, Tears for Fears, et al., on the radio at all; I-92 wasn't a very good radio station. Its format failed to deal with the fact that it wasn't only the music on the radio that was bad, it was the radio itself. What Rock of the 80's offered was New Music in old bottles. I-92 was stifled by tight playlists, bad taste (there was a suicidal emphasis on maddening crap like "Dr. Detroit" by Devo, "Hardcore" by Marice & the Cliches, "I Love You" by Yello, "Gigolo" by Barbi & the Kens --gimme a break) and imitating bad prog-rock-radio habits like playing only one track per LP by most artists and never playing material prior to the artist's popular breakthrough (Did you hear any Wall of Voodoo other than "Mexican Radio" on I-92?).

Rock of the 80's gave listeners little idea of the scope of New Music. It essentially reflected the music industry's current view that New Music is simply a disco revival. WIPF, playing few imports, independents or locals, almost inevitably emphasized that end of the spectrum. No wonder the old-line rockers fled to WYSP. All it takes is one whiff of a drum machine.

Putting New Music on commercial radio is an idea that's five years too late anyway. Were this 1978, a commercial New Music station would have had to play all sorts of radically striking stuff because that's all there was. (Ironically, what little fringe music I-92 did play apparently received the biggest blame for the low ratings, as it's what was phased out first.) But now the commercial side of New Music has developed from the Sex Pistols to Culture Club, and while I like Culture Club, and much other commercial New Music, the stuff in general is good without being exciting. It's plain that "the era" is over and, oddly enough, its popular success (read "assimilation") of what as little as a year ago was still underground sound that signalled that end.

What's the point of New Wave radio after the tide has receded?

So what does I-92's failure mean? If you're a local reader of this magazine it may only mean to you that a station that didn't serve your interests anyway is gone. But this thing goes rather messily deeper than that. I-92, which grew out of LA's KROQ, was in the industry sense a New Wave rather than a New Music station. (KROQ started before the industry co-opted the latter term.) Whatever its slant, there was still a faint spiritual connection to the music(s) that "began" with the breakout of British Punk--the music fans have called New Music for the last five years.

Be assured that when the record companies, or Billboard, or 60 Minutes use the term New Music now they aren't talking about the Sisters of Mercy, nor in fact about any kind of music with roots going back (as they see it) more than, say, a year ago. In the sense it's now used (as in "New Music is saving the industry") the phrase refers to contemporary dance music--the synthpoppers and electrofunksters. And that's all.

(Although just to keep that note of confusion, it might mean Duran Duran and U2, as well. The important point is that when the media says New Music they mean it. It's something that has, they imply, emerged full-blown out of nowhere. It is not an alternative term for New Wave, a phrase which has become the music equivalent of "box office poison".)

So as the radio industry sees it, it's not New Music that's failed in Philadelphia but New Wave. (Power 99 plays New Music, and they're very, very successful.) A station that did not go very far at all is thought to have flopped because it went too far! Considering I-92's programming this is ridiculous but it is nonetheless true. I-92's "weird-but-bad" music didn't make it, and since radio tends to not make distinctions based on quality, it's dragging the "weird-but-good" down with it. (WMMR is already in retreat, having dumped all local bands not of the Hooters/Robert Hazard ilk.)

WIPF needed only to be rethought, not dumped, but such was out of the question in an era when stations need "Consultants" to tell them how to program. As it is, New Music (our term) has been beaten back after making the slightest of penetration. And the belief that things can get better has been kicked in the ass...again.

One reader reports she believes in the two party system. "Preferably one on Friday and one on Saturday night."



magazine comments: "One of the signal virtues of music is its power to evoke deep, wordless sensations--effects that vary from one hearing to the next. Video decides what your fantasy will be and fixes it on the screen every time the song is played."

DEAR ABBY: While my 12-year-old daughter was visiting her cousin in another state, I cleaned out the gear she brought back from camp. In her backpack I found 24 large color photos of teenaged boys, naked and in a state of arousal. I also found a box of a dozen condoms; one had been removed from its inner foil wrap. Her father and I have always

HOW TO TURN YOUR TV INTO A RADIO

All around the country people are turning out garage tapes, singles, LP's and magazines. All this costs a lot of money but people are doing it to help out the scene. But there is another way to help the scene and to bring music to new people as well as ourselves that costs next to nothing except effort, understanding and trust. This way is public access TV on your local cable TV system.

EFFORT: Because you have to work your way through the mazes of your local cable system bureaucracy and push for your rights.

UNDERSTANDING: Because you have to avoid commenting on the band's music and play the records the way you would want your own record played. All the way through without any comment or interpretive video.

TRUST: Because bands and labels have to trust you not to do a hatchet job on their music.

PUBLIC ACCESS TV is the weird station on your cable box. Sometimes you see preachers on it. Sometimes you see boring bad interview shows. Sometimes you see some guys idea of art on it, but mostly you see an electronic message board that says that this is access TV for use of the public. It really is. Theoretically every citizen has a right to TV time. The cable company cannot censor it or take it off the air. They cannot interfere with what you want to put on. They must give you technical help and loan you equipment without charge.

FIRST STEPS TO TURNING YOUR TV INTO A RADIO:

These steps must be done all at the same time. It can take a while to get them done but you will get past them if you try.

A) Call your cable company and tell them you want to do public access. Don't tell them initially what you intend to do. It is none of their business. Find out what you have to do, what procedures they have. Be pushy. They will probably have a class that you have to attend (In San Antonio the class lasts a total of 45 minutes). It may be simple. It may be complicated. Their job is to try to make it sound as difficult as possible in order to discourage you from trying.

WIRED

- Follow their procedures.
- Write or contact local bands and nationwide labels. Explain what you will be doing. You need some form of written release from every band or label you play. It is easier than it sounds.
- Find out what kind of video is possible with the kind of equipment your cable system has. Remember, they cannot interfere with what you want to do creatively, but they will probably try. Ignore them and do what you want.

NEXT STEPS TO TURNING YOUR TV INTO A RADIO:

- Try to do a show.
- Discover what your cable company's policies really are. You do this by trying stuff and having it rejected for various technical and bureaucratic reasons. Remember to keep pushing when things go wrong. The more they delay you the more you have to be on. They must help you. They must put you on eventually. Go over people's heads. Find a way that works.
- Fight them at every turn. They will have all kinds of reasons you can't go on the air.

a) It isn't TV--There isn't any video.

It isn't any of their business what style of video you choose to use. Video distracts from music. We've all listened to tiny radios and enjoyed it, but put that sound on a TV with pictures and all you notice how bad the sound is. Pictures aren't needed to play records.

b) To play records on TV is to promote records and that is a prohibited commercial use of access.

If you aren't making any money and you aren't financially connected with the bands, and the bands aren't making any money and you aren't commenting on the music and telling people to buy the records then what you are doing is communicating with people using music as the medium which is definitely allowed.

c) To put the name of the band and their songs on the screen is an allowable endorsement.

It is not commercial endorsement. It is communication. When trying to communicate with some one the most important thing to find out is who you are talking to. There can be no communication if the audience doesn't know who they are listening to.

d) Your show is obscene because songs include 4-letter words.

This is a tougher nut to crack. You may avoid it for a while or it may show up immediately. Access TV is a free-speech forum. The freedom of speech includes the freedom to communicate using 4-letter words. The 4-letter words in the songs are not used as in a pornographic novel but in an attempt to communicate feelings. Gosh darn authority does not say the same thing as the 4-letter alternative.

Then there's the matter of community standards. If your cable system has HBO or Showtime, and more of than a small percentage of homes subscribe to them, then community standards are clearly established even though other people might still object to that kind of programming. The cable company cannot reserve the right to sell pornography then deny you the right to use words in a sincere attempt to communicate. They will argue that HBO is different because people will have to pay for it. But everyone pays for cable as well. No one gets cable TV without paying for it. In San Antonio where we have HBO and Showtime, the lawyers decided they could make the show be shown after 7 PM, which is the HBO standard. Elsewhere they might want you to put a warning on the screen. Remember that regardless of how entertaining the music is, to these people it should be presented as political statements that are protected by the constitution. You don't have to tell the cable people that you are going to put songs on with 4-letter words on. Assume that it is your right and make them try to stop you. After you have gone through all the appeals at the station you can turn to the American Civil Liberties Union (in your phone book) for help.

TIPS FOR MAKING THIS THING WORK:

A) Put your records onto reel to reel tape. Put together a 55 minute tape and then figure out a way to dub it onto video tape along with some sort of video. Every access station has reel to reel. It is the way they are set up to use music. If you don't have one you can rent one for a day and put together five or ten 55 minute tapes. In SA mono's cost \$20 to \$30 a day.

B) Try to keep the video simple. Doing art sounds like fun, but editing it is just one more complication. See if your station has some sort of character camera. In SA all I use is my reel to reel, type in the letters I want on the screen and one hour later I have a completed show.

C) Avoid problems with the community. On my early shows I squelched opposition with the notice on the screen that the show was "a constitutionally protected form of free speech." On my first show I didn't have such a notice and powerful idiots in the community called the station to try to get the show off the air. This notice makes them realize they can't stop it.

D) Avoid the DJ syndrome. It's easy to get carried away and start giving your opinions on everything. The title of my show, "A Guy Playing Records" tries to avoid this. I'm not any one to follow. My show is just one guy playing the records he happens to have. If anybody else does a show they won't be in competition, they'll just be someone else playing the records he happens to have.

E) If you get your show together and you can use it, I'll send you a reel to reel I've made for San Antonio and maybe we can get some sort of exchange going that will save us both money and effort.

Come on! Go for it. It really is not a lot of work compared to how much it can help your scene. It's easier, cheaper and a lot more fun to listen to than a fanzine (I'll reserve opinion on that--SF).

-Sunn Thomas
123 Claremont #4
San Antonio TX
78209
Let me help you
get started.



CIRCLE JERKS

-by Steve Lawrence

'Neath a bush of shoulder-length curls, Circle Jerks Keith Morris hoarsely screams, "Operation, Operation! Snip an' cut, snip an' cut!" on-stage in a Nashville nightclub. Only a few hyperactive youths venture onto the dancefloor and the Jerks sound less than enthusiastic themselves.

But isn't this the same stuff kids used to riot over? And aren't the Circle Jerks the epitome of LA hardcore?

Sadly, the Jerks seem to be facing the same problem plaguing all but a handful of U.S. hardcore bands these days: we've entered an age when hardcore is as easily assimilated into our systems as a new breakfast cereal. Once venerable dinosaurs like the Jerks Black Flag, Angry Samoans and even Fear are losing their seats upon the seething shit heap as, day by day, young groups emerge from nowhere to take turns as Hardcore Kings For A Day.

It's no exaggeration to say the Circle Jerks were once the fastest, tightest hardcore act in the country, as is exemplified on *Group Sex*, the band's first LP, released some two years ago. But in the wake of this paint-peeler, society either became more permissive, or the Jerks paled. Or does the term "sold out" ring a bell?

Let's face it, the Jerks' second LP *Wild in the Streets* was pretty damn dull in comparison to the first. Fun, meaningless numbers like "I Just Want Some Skank" and "Operation" were replaced with songs about "the inherent dangers in extremist political systems" as Morris explains. Plus, the second album's production was undeniably SLICKER and CLEANER, terms usually synonymous with selling out.

"Man, EVERYONE thought the production on the album sucked. Hell, for what we paid to do it, the studio and the people working with us, it was a piece of shit. But I think the songs were good as any of the others. Plus," he says, plopping down heavily onto the curbstone outside the Nashville nightclub, "on *Group Sex* we just got lucky."

Luck seems to be one thing the Jerks are certainly devoid of lately. Drummer "Lucky" Lehrer and bassist Roger Rodgerson jumped ship like drowning rats just prior to this current three-month tour ("Lucky" is reported to have passed a bar exam), and rumors indicate that guitarist Greg Hetson is next in line.

Morris mumbles something about "rock star personalities" and agrees the Jerks have experienced problems, but is reticent to comment on the band's future. "I will say that when I get back to LA, there's a couple of bands I'm gonna be working with, either singing or arranging songs."

The 27-year-old spent some 22 years of pre-Circle Jerking existence in So. California's Hermosa Beach, near LA, and worked since the age of eight in his father's fishing equipment store.

Morris says he'd always been interested in various forms of art, and pursued this through three years of junior college. But there were difficulties.

"My dad always had all these well-educated friends around who used to tell me I had the wrong attitude and the wrong vocabulary to be an artist or an art teacher, which is what I wanted to be. They said I was a fuck-up! Hell, you don't need to be intellectual to be a teacher, you just have to know how to get people motivated!"

"Anyway, at the time I was getting fucked up a lot and just shrugging everyone off. Later on, I realized that some of that stuff was true, but that a lot was bullshit."



Circle Jerks

In late '76, he and guitarist Greg Ginn formed a punk band called Panic, which was later to become Black Flag. With Morris singing, Black Flag became the band to watch out for, especially after the band's first release, the six-song "Nervous Breakdown" EP. However, the usual "musical differences" developed, and Morris was on his own again.

"Black Flag was fun, at first," recalls Morris. "But it's also always been Greg Ginn oriented, everything has to revolve around him. If there was ever an argument, I could never win. How long would YOU wanna stick around in a situation where you are always a loser?" The irony obviously escapes him.

About a month after the split, Morris matched wits with ex-Redd Kross guitarist Greg Hetson, bassist Roger Rodgerson (who now plays in a band with Jimmy McNichol, Kristy's kid brother) and "Lucky" Lehrer on skins to form a band that would be "more fun." After a few weeks of practise, the Circle Jerks opened for LA bands Top Jimmy & the Rhythm Pigs and X with a 15-song set at King's Palace.

Record-wise, the Jerks have been moderately active, though not entirely successful. They began by releasing the highly-acclaimed *Group Sex* LP on Frontier Records, a few cuts on the Decline... soundtrack album (Slash), the ill-fated *Wild* LP (Frontier) and a handful of compilation albums. As this hits the streets, a third LP *Golden Shower of Hits* (LAX) is ready to be released. Morris says the new LP will contain but a few apolitical rantings, and adds that producer Jerry Goldstein has managed to recapture the Jerks' early-day vigor. "You'll be able to hear everything, it's real crisp!"

What Morris & company fail to realize is that the boom is descending; for every gig they play, a dozen new and more aggressive hardcore bands are born. Soon the Jerks won't even be slugged as a "joke band"; they'll simply be ignored. "Personally, I don't get into the black-listing crap," maintains Morris.

"If a band or person doesn't have anything good to say about a band, they should shut up!"

"Sure, there ARE joke bands, and maybe we ARE one; we're pretty nonchalant, lackadaisical, into having fun and partying. We poke fun at stuff and some of our songs are real stupid. But if every band came out doing the same dead-serious stuff, boom-boom-boom, they'd all sound the same and it'd be boring!"

As Morris speaks, several dozen admirers take seats on the nearby pavement, several posing questions about his non-punk hair and attire, as well as the Jerks' general lack of a "band image," i.e. the Misfits, Fuckups and other studded-leather wizards of the unforgetful. "Yeah," sprouts one freshly-shaven skinhead, "how come you guys aren't like the Misfits or Discharge or anyone?"

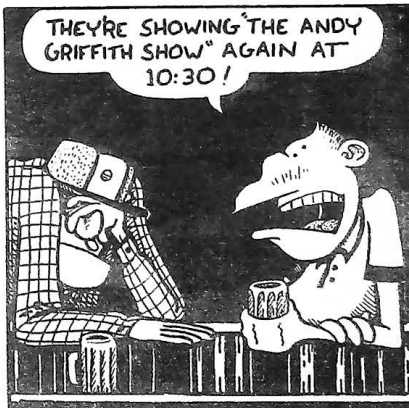
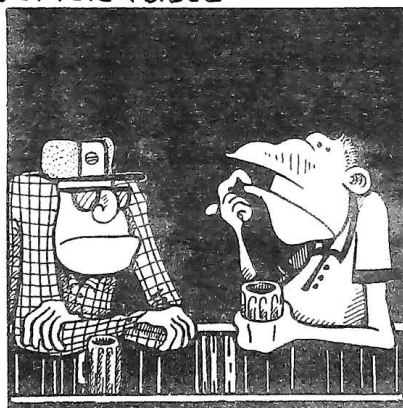
"See, the Misfits, for example, have this really heavy image, with the make-up and the leather, and more power to 'em if that's what they want. We're not image-conscious ourselves. Because of this, some people will see us at a show for the first time and say we suck shit. A lot of those same people come up after the show and buy us a beer."

"What they're really saying when they put us down is, 'We're jealous of you 'cause you've got long hair and you're still able to do this punk stuff.' But what's punk? All of a sudden they come with a book of rules, a set of limitations. Punk is, I think, about breaking down those barriers. The way I look is the way I want to look. I don't like people saying 'You're a freak!'"

And what do the other Jerks think about this? Morris refuses to let Hetson, bassist Earl Liberty (ex-Saccharine Trust) or drummer Chuck Biscuits (DOA and Black Flag) participate in this chat, hinting that his working relationship with them may soon terminate. "One of the guys—I won't mention his name—is real pussy-whipped and another is real money oriented. When this happens, I want it to be a surprise, like the little package at the bottom of the cracker barrel!"

STUDS KIRBY

©1993 BY PETER BAGGE





Nashville, Tennessee, Music City, on a humid Sunday night in summer. Pylon members Randall Bewley, 27, and Curtis Crowe, 26, pace up and down a department store display of electric fans scowling and pulling hair.

It's the only place in town where a person can buy a good electric fan on a Sunday night. But alas, these good electric fans are BROWN, a "color" so obnoxiously out-of-doorish that the two musicians prefer to totally dismiss any relation it might share with reality.

"Jeeesus! I can't believe every damn one of these things is painted BROWN!" shouts Crowe, who is in dire need of a good electric fan to compliment his drumming for tonight's performance in two hours. "And imitation woodgrain to boot!"

"A positive quandry" admits guitarist Bewley, who struggles to remain resentfully silent. "Y'know, he confides to the tag-along writer, 'if this was the Fifties, this thing would've been painted AQUA or something at least more tolerable than this--UGH!--brown!' He hands a moderately-priced fan to Crowe and grins. "We could always spray-paint it fluorescent orange..."

"Yeah, but it would never dry in time," frowns the drummer. "I guess I'll just have to suffer," he continues, lugging the evil-brown fan towards the check-out counter as though he were about to be crucified.

Bewley takes a last look at the display and mutters, "If they don't stop painting things brown with orange-and-yellow rainbows, I'm gonna SHIT!"

A half-hour later in a tiny hotel room, Crowe, Bewley, bassist Micheal Lachowski, 26, and vocalist Vanessa Briscoe, 27, spoke candidly of other Pylon dislikes, likes and interests.

PYLON

Bewley: I cannot tolerate the color brown. It isn't even a color, in my opinion, it's a THING, and contrary to popular belief, it DOES NOT appear in nature.

Crowe: We also hate our Dodge van pretty much, and we're not too crazy about reggae.

Briscoe: I DISLIKE mean people. Crowe: Ha, this could read like a Playmate data sheet! (Announcer voice) Favorite color, sunrise! Turn offs, poignant novels, sunrises, walking on the beach with a close friend... Fade to laughter.

And of course, none of this babble appears to have much of anything to do with this Athens, GA-based band, right? Well, maybe the word "band" has about the same relation. But perhaps it's best to start from the beginning, Life Before Pylon.

About 4½ years ago, Lachowski and Bewley, then roommates and students of art at the University of Georgia, decided to form a band. Fine, no problem, except for the fact that neither of them could play an instrument. Lachowski wanted to play something "easy" so he bought an electric bass for \$30 and a book called "Learning To Play Bass," which was soon discarded. Bewley, meanwhile, bought an electric guitar for \$1 at a yard sale. "I was going to play the drums," he says, "but I found you really can't write songs with drums!"

The two discovered they could plug their instruments into their stereos, so the problem of amplifiers was solved for a while. And, thus began Pylon.

Unbeknownst to either, however, Crowe, who had been playing drums for nearly 1½ years (including three gigs with the defunct garage band Strictly Americans) lived upstairs, and he was listening...

"My roommate and I would sit around smoking dope and we'd discuss the stupid little riffs we'd hear coming from downstairs," recalls Crowe. "Those two would play the same damn little riffs for HOURS!"

Still, Crowe, also an art student, couldn't resist the minimalism of Bewley and Lachowski's music, and soon joined in the merry making. Briscoe, who today holds a bachelor of fine arts degree, was asked to sing for Pylon weeks later. A few weeks after this, Pylon played a 12-song set at a warm-up band at a local party and were, uh, TOLERATED. "Luckily, the audience was a bunch of our friends," Lachowski says as he sips distastefully at his first ever Mellow Yellow.

On Chomp, Pylon continues its tradition of writing pun-laden jabber: "All I can see is you/And the refrigerator door/And I've lost my shoes," muses Briscoe in "No Clocks." In "K" she explains that "life is nothing but death and taxes," and proceeds to spell the words and give their "points." Are we playing Scrabble?

"The music itself seems to suggest words or moods" says Crowe, "and so we'll 'distill' the lyrics for the songs by listening to the music. We don't ever sit down to purposely write a scathing attack against capitalism or something like that. The new songs are about reptiles, Italian movies, Randall's haircut. They're about as deep as their titles suggest, but I suppose if you were a devout student of literature or psychology or whatever, you might be able to fish out some hidden mania..."

"Yeah," adds Lachowski, "there's not a whole lot to us as a band. As a matter of fact, our producers have made us feel real stupid in the studio by asking things like what key a song was in or asking me to play the A string on my bass. Sure, we might not be able to do covers or play real fancy stuff, but we're competent with what we do (Pylon has only ever covered two songs: "Wipeout" and "Batman"). And, being competent with only the Pylon style makes it that much easier for us to continue writing Pylon songs. We're not griping," he smirks.



On the subject of future Pylon endeavors, Bewley rolls his eyes and moans, "Oh, don't ask, please! If Warner Bros. calls, great. Maybe we'll be on MTV someday." Briscoe looks up from her kneecap to note, "One time a record company guy asked me for an autograph..." "Yeah," butts in Crowe, "he probably did a handwriting analysis on it to see if you could be a perspective client." In that case, he probably had to call in a voodoo doctor? Briscoe smiles, returning her gaze to her knees again.

"I can tell you one thing that's almost definite, at least in MY mind," says Bewley very matter-of-factly. "If Chomp doesn't make any money, like all our other records haven't, basically, then we'll probably break up, call it quits. I mean, 4½ years is plenty of time to do this for the sake of art, but we can't keep up like this forever, constantly on the road trying to earn a living!"

"Really!" adds Crowe, "we can't afford a roadie to help with the equipment. Hell, if I can improve my situation in life at any given turn, you can bet I'm going to do it!"

Bewley: Well, it's more than just money, too, y'know. New songs are a part of what keeps us doing this. We'll get a new song and we'll play it on stage for the first time and it'll feel tremendous. But I've said it before and I'll say it again: I NEVER thought I'd play the electric guitar--it's just TOO WEIRD.

Crowe: We got into this business as such a lark in the first place. But, it's been a helluva lot of fun, I've got to admit.

Pylon received an extremely lucky break months later when, probably through their association with members of the then Athens-based B-52's, was asked to open for Gang of Four in Philadelphia, plus another at NYC's Hurrah's.

"After the other big clubs heard that we'd been booked at Hurrah's, they figured we must be worth a shit," says Lachowski. A short tour of the East ensued, with a favorable interview in Andy Warhol's Interview magazine. "After that," he continues, "we never had a problem getting gigs!"

Pylon's discography begins with their "Cool/Dub" 45, produced by Bruce (B-52) Baxter on the Db Record label. For a small-time "art" band, Pylon was surprisingly well received by college radio stations throughout the East and mid-South during the autumn of '80. An LP, Gyrate (Db) was released early the next year, selling 10,000 overseas for a total of 20,000. A 15-date UK tour follows, plus a mini-West jaunt to sunny Cal.

Two singles later, the Pylons release their second album, Chomp (Db), and start out on the mid-South tour we now find them. Rather than delve into needlessly verbose rhetoric to explain Pylon's newest work, Crowe maintains that the music on Chomp is "just plain weird, but good at the same time!"

Which is putting it mildly. Pylon can best be described as a no-frills "dance-oriented" band, quirky, disjointed, thought provoking, cantankerous. Bass and drums thump distractingly while Bewley overlays one- or two-string licks. Combined the music is contagious, it almost "rocks!"

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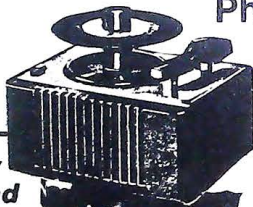
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MADNESS



MADNESS

-by Paul Fritz/S.D. Ikeda

The temperature backstage at JFK's Police show tops 100? I grab a Coke, quietly nod to Sting, and find a seat on the bleachers for the duration of the Madness set. Fifty minutes later, led by a succession of sundrenched, uptight security people and managers, I finally make my way to bassist Mark Bedford of Madness. Stripped of bass and sweaty clothes, weary and hot, Mark was nonetheless in high spirits after a successful set. Joan Jett now mounts the stage.

T!: Let's begin with your name.

MB: Ha ha. Mark. Mark Bedford.

T!: How did the band members all meet?

MB: Through friends of friends, really. They got it together generally over two or three years. At first they were still learning to play their instruments. And then through various changes, again through friends of friends, we got to the line-up now.

T!: What artists, past or present, are you most influenced by?

MB: The whole band's got some common grounds. We all love Motown, and reggae too. As for contemporary... (Noisy interruption: Sting and Stewart Copeland beating on table)... everyone likes Costello, Elvis Costello, y'know. There's a pretty wide range there.

T!: I was reading in the bio that you once named yourself after Prince Buster.

MB: No. It's just a song that we did. It doesn't go any further than that, really.

T!: You started off as a ska band? How close are you now to your roots?

MB: Now? We're close still, in a funny way. We've gotten better, musically better. We have the same moral ideas as when we started, we're just a bit better at playing them.

T!: You made a film, right? Take It Or Leave It?

MB: Yeah, that's right.

T!: What was it like making a movie?

MB: Good, but very tiring. Long days, you know? But it's a very cheap film, so we finished shooting very quickly. Ha ha.

T!: What's it like going from the medium of record to video?

MB: It's lucky, because it's a thing we all enjoy; we're not yet finding it a chore to do. Ha ha, anything goes, really. It doesn't matter what... I mean, the song on the video, we can really do just about anything we like. We don't do anything too far out of line from what the song actually meant, though. But you know, it's boring watching groups just playing guitars in a video.

T!: You're first US tour was in '79?

MB: Yeah, the end of '79. It was pretty good, we did very well. We played small clubs on both coasts and we sold them out. We developed a sort of cult following by then, I think.

T!: Do American crowds frighten you at all?

MB: Not at all.

T!: Is there a difference between American and British crowds?

MB: Yeah, well, the British press are... (mutterers unintelligibly). Well, in Britain, when the band goes on there's sort of a dead silence. Here, or today at JFK anyway, the crowds are very kind. They're just here to enjoy themselves, and it doesn't seem to matter what kind of music is up on the stage at the moment (tosses a saucy glance towards the stage).

T!: Now that you're becoming very successful in the States, do you ever worry about being left out in the open, open to press, to criticisms?

MB: Well, we always wonder what people think of us but... Hopefully, when you become successful, you can keep the virtues that you had when you weren't too successful. And with Madness, I think we've done pretty well. And hopefully, if we do become successful, our ideas will still come across.

T!: Who wrote "Our House"?

MB: Carl (C.J.) wrote it. We set ourselves a project to write a song about our families when we were younger, and it turned out to be one of our best compositions, lyrically.

T!: Did the video have anything to do with your real family lives?

MB: No. It was all just fun. We just threw a few ideas together.

T!: Did you bring in some producer for the video?

MB: No, we did it more or less ourselves.

T!: Who writes most of the songs?

MB: It's quite a joint effort. We've actually used almost all of our songs, we haven't got vaults of stuff that's never been used.

T!: What's it like working for David Geffen's company now? Is it good for Madness?

MB: Yeah, it is. It's big you know (main acts include: Asia, Donna Summers, Peter Gabriel...ED.), but they have a very small group of closely knit people who run it. It's not like CBS where it's a gigantic group of people where you get lost in the company. Geffen's quite good. He doesn't have many acts; it's like a bigger version of Stiff (their English label), on American scale. It's quite personal.



-Bruce Silcox

ALVIN
LAUGHED

BY NORMAN DOG



THE FIXX

-by Khaaryn

Cy Curnin is tall and lanky. He walks with a gentle, self-assured grace that's reflected in his speaking voice. He opens doors for women. He wears his wedding ring. He speaks with a quiet determination and artlessness that makes you realize he can't be bothered to lie...or even embellish the truth. His conversation is tinged with the philosophical reflections of a once-wild youth who now accepts the premise of responsibility.

Cy Curnin seems content, quietly enjoying his band's exhilarating climb to success.

The Fixx--Cy Curnin (vocals), Jamie West-Oram (guitar), Adam Wood (drums), and Rupert Greenall (keyboards)--are the latest incarnation of a musical collaboration between Curnin, Woods and Greenall that hails back to nearly ten years.

The three had their first recording success in Fixx prototype portraits.

"It was nothing too special," recalls Curnin. "We were really just finding out how the business side of things worked...how wrong our ideas were."

"We enjoyed the writing side of it, but when we signed a singles deal without basing any thought of an album, it was just aimless product chasing. We felt like skilled tailors being asked by our record company to make suits. But we suddenly realized that what we were doing was rubbish."

Frustrated by Portraits' futility --and concurrent with their guitarist's split with the band--Curnin, Woods and Greenall enlisted James West-Oram, completing their present line-up, with Curnin taking full responsibility for lyrics.

"Everything fell into place from there. The new band was so different from Portraits that we thought, 'well we'll just close up and start again under another name!'"

With their new handle, The Fixx signed to MCA and began recording their debut album, *Shattered Room*.

Musically, The Fixx break down the defined barriers between synthpop and mainstream hard rock, delivering panoramic mood pieces to a dance beat.

"Our sound comes from understanding the power of standard rock music. There's a point where you can have the same kind of power and move around it. Each player leaves a lot of space around his particular coincidentals, so all the melodies hang as a whole picture."

"On *Shattered Room*, 'Red Skies' and 'Stand Or Fall' were big banners --and at the time, that's how I felt. I was inspired by a political program I'd seen on television. It gave me a sense of importance. They expect everyone in the country to be patriotic. The decisions are made for you. It's just black or white--stand or fall. Two options, where the whole span of grey area in between just doesn't exist. It was a bit analogy to describe something quite close."

"On the second album, though, I decided to keep things much closer to myself. If you haven't been somewhere, it's very difficult to describe the nature of it. You're always with yourself--so that the best thing to write about. Plus, the subconscious pops out quite often when you're writing--that's always great fun."

To Curnin and the Fixx, the music is the thing. They aren't enticed--particularly by the trappings of their career.

"I drink mildly--but that has nothing to do with my position as a musician. I don't place any importance on having to do it after a gig. I used to come off stage feeling so wired, I knew it would take at least four hours to come down. So I'd just rage around a room, get drunk, and find myself feeling really bad in the morning."

"I realized that if you come off stage and just take ten minutes of 'right, where am I? What have I just done?'...to reorient yourself and get your mind to stop rushing...after those ten minutes, you'll feel really calm again."

"You learn by your mistakes. And there've been mistakes made by each individual in this band. So now, as a group, we can be professional about where to draw the line in building up for a gig. Being responsible enough that you can be fit to deliver your value to the person who's bought the ticket. They don't want to see a quivering wreck so close to the edge, 'sacrificing their life for art'...I'm cracking up, man. This is what you want to see."

"You might as well put your heart on the pavement and let people kick it around!"
Determination is a Fixx by-word. They are determined to succeed, and equally determined to stay intact--which, they feel, is the best way to enjoy the entire process. While he has clearly defined ideas on how to achieve success, Curnin refuses to be tied down to concrete, unchanging goals. The ambition he can verbalise are manageably small and "for the moment."

THE FIXX



-Reid Baker

A Fixx song is a pastiche of melodic motifs around a lyrical theme. The verses themselves are often incoherent as lyrical statements, but when combined with the music they create an extremely evocative picture.

"My lyrics aren't written to be read. It's very much using words in the context of vocal sound. You might come across a line that 'reads well' but I always write with the idea in mind of how I'm going to deliver it."

Curnin makes his statements by suggestion rather than pronouncement. Each idea is a puzzle piece. But until enough of the pieces fall into place, there's only thematic hints of an overall picture. Which is exactly how Curnin envisions his songs. For this reason, he shies away from concrete images, portraying emotional scenarios instead.

"We played five nights in Tel Aviv, and it felt really strange. Israel hasn't been drawn up in the context of rock and roll that often, but when you're there you find the exoticism gives you a sense of satisfaction. It's like a weird holiday confidence. You know, how when you go on a holiday, you always have something happen to you--a holiday romance, or you see your whole year's life as 'right, I know where I'm going now.' Well the same thing happened to me after those gigs. It's pretty inspiring to come up with ideas and a new confidence in the things you're working on."

"We know that what we're doing is getting better. Rather than saying we know what we're doing is good. We're really lucky. It's growing all the time!"

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THE BOX

by Andy Darlington

You know this scene from television... Concrete and glass hung mountain-high right out into space. Fashion-lepers pacing the crosswalks. Others slink under the perimeter wire and track across mud-slick flower beds into this anaemic white strip-light apron. Plate glass doors, corridors and staircases going on down to this planet's core. I'm plea-bargaining with Official Heavies with the great barrier riff jack-hammering through the wall...

Then into the hygienic cold cavern of learning beyond.

Box on stage at the Sheffield University Students Union on accumulated momentum.

Unannounced, Charlie Collins, shock-bearded as a Russian anarchist, shrapnel bomb in alto, black beard foaming luxuriously deep over black bib 'n' brace overalls and striped red 'n' black blazer, bayonets the mike with the bell of his sax, and feeds a metallic patchwork wind-up into the air. A technique of tuning in, catching the audience unprepared--off balance, that he used in his prior life-time with Clock DVA. Then guitarist Paul Widger whips in, a red and orange Gibson, a chaotic autowreck of jagged-splinters fragmenting into abrupt chopped-up spat out staccato bursts of electricity wrapped around Terry Todd's delectable Fender bass. A vague Jona Lewie look-alike, Todd spins and dips, to a sound to put your spine on the line, make your backbone flip. Vocalist Peter Hope wears gold-rim rectangular spectacles and red braces, clings to the mike stand in double hand-lock like a man on fire; he ditches his red knitted skull-cap and is stark beneath but for a single full frontal quiff. He brays cut-ups of phrases in a voice of sand and glue with a kick-back like he's biting concrete. A voice that goes suddenly geometrical and continues out beyond point X. Language twists around his tongue like a live thing following a zig-zag wandering course that recedes further and further from literal meaning until it's hanging right over the edge--then jumps back into time. Copping its definitive position between the double-key horn and guitar, between outset and finale. Words like 'atonal' and 'extreme' suggest themselves; comparisons more elusive though Beefheart is possibly there; quotes come unbidden--like Arthur Miller's "Art is made of conflict. It is not made of what we call pleasure" Yet in print it all melts down tarnished and devalued, before the sheer non-linear intensity of short antagonistic 2-to-2½ minute numbers ragged out with lacerations of adrenalin. A Satan's laboratory in flame-out, no coasting in neutral, tripping out all cricked out in primal assaults so brief they hurt. Remember "if it's square we ain't there?"

Now forget it.

With a chart EP--"No Time For Talk"

due to be followed soon by their first album--Secret's Out, squares they ain't. Box are what 1983 sound like.

"Somebody wrote that Box 'is for Rock fans only' which I thought was terrible, a really terrible comment" growls Hope, voice like acid burns.

"Yeah. It was a review we got. A really silly thing to write. We don't mind good constructive criticism, but something as misleading as that, you just think 'JESUS WEPT. HE'S WRONG. HE'S WRONG'. Our music can appeal on a very basic level; Winged-Eel Widger rationalizes. He's the most verbal Box. "Some people like our music because it's intricate and they find that interesting. Some people like our music just because they like the beat and general noise of it. Which is fair enough" He shrugs, spears me with the customary accusation. "This is the problem with interviews--it can present us as rather arty, when in fact the way we view it is..." Suitably chastened I await the approved party line, the correct attitude I'm supposed to assume. "The individual bits that we put into it aren't that important, it's the overall effect. You can listen to it on--not a superficial level, but you can just GET INTO IT if you like without ripping it open and saying 'what's he doing here?'"

"It's just something that can appeal to the primitive" offers Roger Quail, who eases gradually into the conversation as barriers come down (Sheffield steel bright, incisive, he produces the stable drumbeat to Box gems like "Unstable")

All classic Rock has been intuitive inspired accident, I agree. A distillation of the moment rather than the technique behind it. But Rock is now 30 years old and it can't escape self-awareness. It has technique as well...

"We are not interested in technique" rebukes Widger. "Talking about technique is a bit silly really, it's irrelevant. Some things we play are very easy. Some things are difficult. It doesn't MATTER. Personally I like to play things that are easy as possible. The simpler it is--the better. Simple ideas are usually the best. Our music is not really over-the-top or over-complicated. Some" he admits "would disagree"

Argument, disagreement, don't come into it. Consciously or not there is depth in Box--though it's not necessary to overdose on it to appreciate the sound. The depth is both in the music and the genealogy. At one point Paul Widger recalls the first time I wrote him up, "there was only a handful of local groups then, now there's loads" As that might indicate, it's difficult to write about Sheffield without coming up against some cross-references. Stretching back as far as '76, that initial handful of groups can be pared down to Cabaret Voltaire and Future. After taping an innovative

bizarre, and still unissued album, Future bifurcated down the center spawning Human League and Clock DVA. That DVA consisting of ex-Futurians Adi Newton and Jud Turner plus the nucleus of Box, Paul, Roger and Charlie (Collins already a veteran of "loads of local Soul, R&B and Jazz bands")



But "I think these connections you keep referring to are a bit misleading" insists Paul. "That is going back a hell of a long time!"

But DVA DID record with Cabaret Voltaire "on a 4-track machine when Western Works wasn't quite as sophisticated a studio as it is now" resulting in a slice of dense psychotic aural terrorism called *Brigade*--issued on ABC's Neutron records.

Following the critically successful album *Thirst*, and Jud's death from a heroin habit, the band imploded. Some previously unreleased material from this time surviving to be included on *The Last Testament*, a new multi-artist compilation from Rod Pearle's Fetish Records. But in the meantime Adi retained the name for a new Funk-oriented line-up, while Box came into being, Terry Todd reinforcing the initial trio from a bad called the Chants. You with me so far...

"We're more interested in your writing about the Box as a new group rather than relying on what we use to be in Clock DVA"--from Roger Quail--"It's history now. We're pointing forwards" But (for the sake of symmetry) I can't resist a final poke. Talking to ABC recently there'd been gossip about the current DVA, inked to Polydor as their token "weirdo" band--existing in a limbo position with the label not really knowing how to market them.

The first Box gig in its current, and probably permanent incarnation, was October '82 at Sheffield's "Lead-mill" Co-op center, followed by dates at the Brixton "Fridge" and a scattering of gigs in Holland.

Hope's contribution is startlingly effective. Selecting words with lethal economy. The stark stripped-down brutalism of the current "No Time For Talk" clear through to the hot-wired surrealism of "Water Grows Teeth" that will feature on their album *Secret's Out* (from ex-Stiff conspirator Andy MacDonald's new Go! Discs label.)

Quail explains that within Box there's no writing axis, writing "is all done together" And to Hope, the lyric method is just getting the right feel. When you're rehearsing a song a lot of times you get to understand what's going on--and I fit things in according to the music they make. Some songs don't need much vocal-wise. It's basically just another instrument. I structure lyrics to compliment, or echo what else is going on. I'm not trying to say anything blatant with an obvious message; then we'd maybe do it in a different way. But at the moment that's the way I like to work" "The positive statement comes out of our music" agrees Widger. "People

say our music is very modern, very 1983, and in that sense it's up to date. Being political is not just singing about Margaret Thatcher. You can express it musically through the tension and the general feel of it" When John Peel played your sessions he said you "worked from familiar reference points" To me that suggests Beefheart.

"That's what he probably meant. Whether you agree with him, or we agree with him, is another question"

So let's ask the question. What reference points WOULD you admit to? Does Beefheart figure in there?

"Partly. We like Beefheart. But we don't make any deliberate attempts to copy..."

Quail rescues the drift. "It's never been, like you see in a paper--MUSICIAN: and a list of influences. Because we happen to like certain people we never formed with the intention of trying to sound like them. You just bring along your own things and they get--tangled about. And everything gets strained out into the sound we produce now"

Which encapsulates it. Box ARE what 1983 sounds like. Not the artificial sound-footage you get when you tune into your Top 40 station; the airwaves still operate on the 99% is crap consensus principle. The lowest common aural denominator. Box don't and probably never will make good daytime programming material. In this sacrilegious era of mass plagiarism they're too extreme for that. Too hard and demanding.

Neither are they a fad tinsel band to get splashed across glossy fan-mag covers for the months of duration of their fashionable currency value. Box are concerned with sound. Sound so puritan strict that on a scale of 0-to-10, Bo Derek would rate a 3. Bo Diddley might get more. A sound that is the near perfect distillation of what 1983 is REALLY like. The tension screwed down on compression, the adrenalin overload, the subversive frustration, the sadistic energy, the harsh complexity and the complex harshness all dismembered and re-constructed in burning anger. They define it non-verbally, yet so accurately, so intuitively, you only recognize it through the catalyst of their sound...

Also, despite their denials--I contend that Box retain the most elemental and vital fragments of Rock's central nervous system. Although Rock is now too old and well-used for naivety Box absorb the much abused skeleton of its past and furiously wig it out into the only zones possible thus far into the 80's. They are the essence of '83 in the way that *Blonde On Blonde* is '66, *Ziggy Stardust* is '72, or *Never Mind The Bollocks* is '77.

They are THAT good.



GILLIAN GILBERT OF NEW ORDER

-Reid Baker

NEW ORDER
-by Khaaryn

Rock music has always meant the most as an expression of youth. There is a rock tradition that died with punk iconoclasm...a tradition that harkens back to the age of the Beatles and the Who, when rock musicians were expected to take that final step from "star" to "hero." Today bands are arbiters of fashion. Then they were the arbiters of ideas.

Along with stripping rock of the synthetic glamour that grew on it like a fetid cancer, punk slaughtered rock's idealism. Joey, on the corner, an even dumber kid than me, was making it in a punk band. Who was left to emulate? Today's rock fans scramble in search of a band with mystique...a mirror whose reflection not only embodies their own frustrations, but also hints at solutions. Mystique lets fans set the band apart from themselves. Mystique hints at something the band has that the fans do not. Rock fans want answers not elicited by punk's "leave it in ruins" philosophy nor synthpop's "dance it away" mentality. In desperation, they cling to straws.

Enter Joy Division. Formed in the wake of punk's heyday, Joy Division were always an apparant enigma. They played slow, soul-wrenching music in a fashion called for desensitizing, bombastic aural chaos. They refused to promote themselves. They refused to talk to the press. They refused to sign autographs. Their perverseness earned them a huge cult following who saw in their difference potential answers. Nobody could be that gloomy without being prophetic.

Or could they?

Along the road of history, Joy Division's tormented singer, Ian Curtis, began to worship his own depression, enacting the ultimate scenario of devotion when he slipped a noose around his neck. His fans saw this self-indulgent sacrifice as a significant statement. I wonder if his family agrees...

For two years, his survivors--re-christened The New Order (Nazi obliqueness makes way for Nazi obviousness)--mourned the loss by perpetuating Joy Division's agonies. For two years, their cult mourned with them, losing the path to an answer by diving headlong into the quagmire of another problem. The New Order was to them just another translation of the Bible... same content, different edition. Little did they realize that bassist Peter Hook, vocalist Bernard Sumner, drummer Steve Morris, and his girlfriend Gillian Gilbert were busy writing a new book. Nor did they care.

The New Order is now a genuine commercial success. They've been to the top of the charts and they've been on the Top of the Pops. They no longer eschew the trappings of their "stardom."

Joy Division fans were mortified. "That's like an image people put on us," complains Gillian. "There's no Ten Commandments of the New Order. We never put in writing that we'll never do videos, never sign autographs. We never thought those rules up. It was just other people. Or if we mention in passing 'oh, we didn't feel like doing an encore tonight! every journalist'll write 'The New Order don't do encores.' And now a lot of people say 'oh, you're selling out. You went on the Top of the Pops. You've got big cars.'"



MINISTRY
-by Khaaryn

MINISTRY

"I started dabbling in rock and roll when I was six years old" reveals Al Jourgessen, lead singer and creative mainspring of Ministry... which may well be America's premier electronic dance band. "My parents had a Polkalele...like a ukelele only real long. It was a fake, cheap one, just hanging on the wall for looks...a real tacky '50's deco-type decoration. I'd just sit in front of a mirror for hours and play that. I guess even at six there's a certain fascination to it."

"But it wasn't until I was 15 or 16...I was a real misfit in high school--typical 'no friends' kind of thing--and I had to have something to get laid."

Somewhere in his transition from sex-starved Chicago adolescent to creator of Ministry, Al found the key to a dazzling Roxy/Chic-influenced sound that defies the listener not to dance. At the bottom of it all is Al's self-professed musical perfectionism.

"The one thing that really carries over the studio into my live performances is my perfectionist attitude...the meticulousness of wanting things to go right. Ministry really takes pride in what we do. We're not a band that comes into town and just want to rape, pillage and steal what they can...just have a good time and 'ah, fuck it, so the show wasn't that good. Any chicks out there?' We want to do a good job--for ourselves as well as the people who actually pay to see us. I know it sounds real chivalrous, but it's true. That's the way Ministry operates, and everyone connected with me has to be like that."

One of the first people to become connected with what was Al's home recording project was drummer Stephen "Stevy" George, who Al describes as a "human drum machine."

"I could use drum machines, but Stevo's just amazing. If more people would realize that if you stick to machinery, it just so stylized that you create a monster without realizing you can't break that format. Like Depeche Mode--they can't really go anywhere because they've got their Linn and their cute little synths. That's all they can do. Whereas we can go pretty much in any direction depending on what mood we're in. If I wake up in an angry mood, I may write an angry song that day. We can take it that way because I have a good drummer who gets involved in the feeling of the song and goes crazy with it; and a guitarist that will as well. I'm not ashamed to use 'antique' devices to acquire the sound necessary to fit the mood."

Despite their balance of electronic and non-electronic instruments, Ministry is generally accused of trying to mimic the flood of British synthpop bands beleaguering our charts. To Al, it is a criticism that falls.

"I'm angry about the 'why are you trying to sound so British?' approach these journalists take. Because I don't think we are at all. I feel like Ministry sounds like Ministry. Sure, there's similarities in everything. If you really wanted to trace it, all new bands have usually got some Roxy Music in them."

"People get on my case about my 'English' accent." First of all, it's really been curtailed. I've actually been paranoid about singing like that. I try to sing 'American' now...which is real sad, because that's not the way I learned to sing. Imitation is how you learn when you grow up. My first record was *Something New* by the Beatles. If you learn to sing, you learn to listen too. It's like the Polecats...or better yet, the Shakin' Pyramids who come from Glasgow and sing exactly like they're from Tennessee. How come they don't get slagged for doing that? It's a dual standard and I'm getting really tired of it."

"I'm actually hoping to see a lot of American bands in our footsteps. Not only baby acts, but our own peers in America pushing forward with it, because they shouldn't be ashamed of synths. Shit, America--outside of Japan--is the technological capital of the world. So there's no reason to be paranoid about using synths and being considered English. There's plenty of American bands that use electronics."

The only difference is, they're not known. It's the whole stigma of 'if you're English, you're in...if you're not...' We're just a bunch of hard-working American lads...that's all!

The worst part of the dual standard is that Ministry are constantly accused of trying to sound British but never allowed to forget that they are "mere" American. This means they have to work ten times harder than their "exotic" counterparts just to get a hearing. Al, darkly handsome, thin-but-stocky, has a surprisingly delicate constitution when it comes to dealing with the pressures of touring...an activity he simply does not want to do.

"My usual dinner on the road is Maalox and aspirin. It's headache after headache. Live playing is a new thing for Ministry. We don't really like it that much, 'cause you're surrounded by all the glittery elements of rock...what people consider 'fringe benefits': doing drugs, having a different girl every night, being drunk. It's not my idea of fun. My idea of fun is being able to express different moods and feelings--that's my idea of fun. My idea of fun is being in the studio creating things."

"On the road, I try to surround myself with my girlfriend, tv, books...really stable things. I'm not the type of person who likes to go around being 'high profile.' In a new town, I don't go out, get rip-roaring drunk, and make a spectacle of myself so I'll wind up in the gossip columns. That's not me and it's not Ministry. I'd much rather be in the studio."



We had big cars before we went Top of the Pops.

"I mean, what're we supposed to do with our money? We can't help it if people are buying our records!"

And so it continues. The New Order program another synth track, do another interview, sell another 1000 records, and sing another bleak lyric complaining about all the things the punks complained about and ignoring the same answers. It's just that the New Order intone where the punks yelled...and the audience is seduced into thinking this is something different.

Power, Corruption, and Lies, The New Order's current release, is a solidly marketable record. It is a sparse montage of moaning bass, melodic, resonant guitar, driving drums, and efficiently pulsating keyboards, augmented—rather than fronted—by Bernard's thin, shaky vocals. The lyrics are stylishly abstract. The beat is danceable...a latter day *Danse Macabre*. On-stage, the band enacts this desolation. Off-stage, they inflict it on others.

Last summer, Washington D.C.'s pop music "intelligensia" flocked to The New Order's venue, all anxious and excited, like myself, at the prospect of a band that could reject dance club's commerciality and banality, and still capture dance club pop's audience. It was a rare breed of musician, indeed, whose message could get through to minds as dully programmed as the K-jagoo tracks they thrived on. It was a turning point.

How we naive we idealists are. At 6 PM, half of the New Order... exhausted from gigging in NYC until 4 AM...arrived for their soundcheck. Peter Hook and Steve Morris were the two that got away. It takes a certain kind of managerial irresponsibility to lose track of two band members in the brief time and space of a People's Express stopover at Newark Airport. It's the kind of managerial irresponsibility that makes you wonder why he didn't eschew his silly dreams and remain harmlessly at the greengrocers in Manchester. I am personally willing to give glowing references to Sainsbury's...just to keep him off the road. But reality has a neat little way of imposing itself on "if on-

ly" fantasy, and the fact of the matter is, Peter Hook and Steve Morris chose to miss their plane and wallow for an hour in "Melon Balls" (seven a piece) before staggering to the next plane that could whisk them off to a much resented gig in Washington, D.C.

After spending a half hour ejecting the last three weeks meals...and the "Melon Balls" Peter Hook realised either a need for nutritional replenishment or a desire for the exotic splendors of Ethiopian cuisine. Timing (very bad timing at that) was not going to stand in his way. So, as The New Order hit a bleak stage at 10 PM (entirely lit in washed-out blues, green and purples), Peter was sampling the culinary fineries of Ad-dis Ababa at a cafe across the street.

10:10: Peter having valiantly rejoined the group ten minutes into their valiant attempt to begin the set without him, (valor, curiously, has never had much to do with efficacy), the darkness echos with the first riff of "Blue Monday", the band's current "hit". The switch is flipped, the band walks off-stage to let the programmed track play itself out.

The New Order were on stage for 50 minutes. They played for 27. "Sometimes" comments Gillian, "we get these audiences that just stand and stare at us. But to be quite honest, we don't really think about the audience."

The New Order's antisocial image is something they see as entirely undeserved...something born out of their Joy Division days that clings to them like an unshed skin. But despite their self-professed determination to walk on new legs, each step is unconvincingly wobbly...like a man in long trousers and stilts fooling no-one about his real legs underneath.

"We've done more interviews on this tour than we've ever done before. It's just a bit strange...talking to people. It's all right if you're the kind of person who likes to go on about your philosophies and how you feel about things. I don't think we are."

"We just want to carry on like we have been...playing anywhere we want to. Just doing this all the time, really, never having to go back to jobs!"

Just how concerned are these four less-than-gregarious souls from Manchester (a decaying industrial city where it rains 300 days out of every 365) about their apparently terminal connection with their prototype?

"It doesn't bother me. It's all Joy Division...that's all people are interested in. People now read more things into the lyrics, picking lines out and going over them with a fine-tooth comb. Saying we're writing this about Ian and that about Ian...when we're probably really just writing about what we ate for lunch or something."

"It used to bother me when they say 'The New Order?' Oh yeah, three members of Joy Division and they brought in Steve Morris's girlfriend. Full stop. But even that doesn't bother me anymore. Because we know it's a load of rubbish, so it doesn't really affect us."

Out, out damn spot?

The real question is not whether the ubiquitous ties with Joy Division are doing The New Order any harm. It is whether The New Order would be helped by overcoming those connections. Is The New Order good enough to strike out on its own with an entirely new and unique image?

It's a question, apparently, that will never be answered. Joy Division fans are an extremely devoted lot. They aren't willing to forsake their god just because he takes on another name. And new New Order fans will continue to read articles just like this one, asking the exact same questions about The New Order's inescapable association with Joy Division.

So very much of Joy Division's image (and resulting success) and subsequently The New Order's was the creation of their fans' collective imagination...an imagination seeking richer fodder than punk's banal head-bashing or synthpop's lipstick prettiness. Joy Division tossed a scrap just large enough to become the cornerstone for an entire anti-institution. After all, depression and doom make for a pretty exotic image.

The New Order's response: Who cares? We'll disclaim it, no-one will listen, and the paradox will remain. Neat trick, eh?



MINISTRY

"Even with the gratification of a live show, it's a fleeting moment of gratification...something that doesn't last. With an album, ten years down the road people might still be talking about it. Kids see 20 shows a year. What may be great one night falls right down the list when you see something better. I don't like that at all. I'd much rather take the Heaven 17 'we don't tour' approach, but we're an American band. We can't rely on British accents to get us by...the mystique of being from a different country. We have to get on the road and fucking work. I don't like it, but we have to."

When they actually hit the stage, Ministry's disdain for live performance seems to disappear. Al Jourgensen is too much of a perfectionist, and too dedicated a musician, to let his personal resentment mar his performance. Ministry live is a gratifying experience. Their sound—brash, powerful, soulful—reflects Chicago's brazen image. Al's stage persona extends with *Sympathy's* sardonic vocals to an almost bitter sarcasm. He dances, prances, and perches himself on the drum dias...at times curiously reminiscent of Liza Minnelli. Stevo's almost mechanical drumming drives the other players in a kinetic swirl of electronics, true to the album in everything but their edgy intensity. Back-up vocalist Shay Jones adds another layer of soulful, sensuous harmony to Al's percussive, even snarling, melody. Only the most observant listener recognizes the irony tingling his musically-flawless sneering...an irony that says "You want a live performance? I'll give you the best fucking live performance you've ever seen!"

"We're a lot more angry on stage, because we don't like to be there. We get really pissed off and take it out on the songs. We can't do stuff like 'Say You're Sorry' live. We could, but it would make 'Say You're Sorry' sound like a slamdance song, because we are...not exactly tense, because we're having a good time. Live playing is a pain in the ass to do, but once we're up there, it's a feeling that I'm not used to...it can be really good. It's an immediate thing...like the difference between doing a movie and a Broadway play. The exact same thing. An album is a movie. A gig is a Broadway play...and you get the same immediate feedback. On-stage, we try to make up for whatever acoustical problems we have with pure energy. We run around a lot. We're all over the place on stage. We like to have a good time and SWEAT."

"So, a live show is a lot of work, but if we didn't do it...in a way we'd be cheating people. Because we're not just a studio band. We can do it live. Heaven 17, who I really admire, want to play live too—but we're scared of not coming over as well. Where we just said 'fuck it' and took the chance. And it's paid off so far...everyone's seemed to like the show!"

At this point, Al reveals his references to film and Broadway aren't all that far from his heart.

"This band isn't my ultimate project. I'll probably leave in a few years. I want to go acting!"

Oh? I look Al over...trim, dark-eyed, pouty good looks...the perfect matinee idol. But what are his credentials?

"I ran the curtain once in a high school play. But my life is a soap opera. So I'm qualified for the part!"





-Rich Vernic

CHANT

THE CHANT

-by Paul Fritz/S.D. Ikeda

Our shoes crunch over the broken glass lining Rodman Street. The neighborhood is very mixed, containing many desolate shells which were once houses often inhabited by college students. We were given directions to find the Chant in "the house with the music blaring" Bingo. Knock on the door, out pops the nose of drummer Bob through the iron gate. "Come on in," he rasps, admitting us, then rushing to find the STOP button on the tape deck.

Jeff--bass
Ken--guitar
Bob--drums
John--soundman



T!: How did you meet?

Jeff: Ken and I have known each other for a while now. We met when we went to school together at the Philadelphia College of Art. And Bob we got from advertising for a drummer. We were originally into hardcore (laughs) variety oriented hardcore like Bad Brains.

T!: What made you steer from hardcore in the first place?

Jeff: We were interested in expanding our sound to more than just that. And in America it's that kind of thrash music. A lot of songs still have that same kind of message.

T!: Looking for something more sellable?

Jeff: NO! Something we're more comfortable playing with.

T!: Have any of you played in any bands other than the Chant?

Bob: I did, at the East Side and Filly's. We had a chance to go to New York, but I decided against that. Then I saw this wonderful ad: "THRASH!" (Rousing exclamation by all: THRASH!)

Jeff: Actually, we didn't get very much good response at all.

Ken: Before Bob, a bunch of jazz musicians called us up who'd been playing for something like 35 years. They're probably overqualified.

T!: Someone remarked that your tape sounded like '60's psychedelic garage music.

Ken: I think we sound like 80's psychedelic garage music.

T!: Who wrote "Blood And Steel"?

Jeff: I wrote the lyrics, and had an idea for the rhythm. I wanted it to sound heady and industrial. Usually when we write tunes, it's lyrics first. But everybody has input, it's really three-way.

T!: How long have you been playing?

Jeff: As a group? Eight months. I've been playing for a year.

T!: Are you planning to go to New York?

Jeff: Definitely. We're in the studio for two weeks. Then we'll have some good tapes for pressing. Then we want to get up to NYC and Boston, and down to DC. Philly's great, but there aren't enough clubs. You could gig regularly here, and still not do anything.

T!: How's the general audience reaction?

Jeff: It varies. Like the last time we played the East Side the crowd was very attentive, but not thrashing, because all of our music is not dance music.

T!: What do you think of that PCA show where you met you?

Jeff: That's blackmail. We practise there. We set it up with Sue from Head Cheese, we took over their space. PCA started a new policy that to practise there, we've got to play gigs too.

Ken: Guitar-wise, I like U2. Keyboards...there's really no one. John: Springsteen! And like he said, Southern Death Cult. Lots of English hardcore. Agent Orange...in England they do a lot more with hardcore. They have a whole different class of people. Over here there's middle class hardcore, over there it's more lower class and desperate.

Jeff: We were trying to get in on a "Rock Against Reagan" thing here in Philly, we offered our services but (the people who were organizing) it couldn't get their shit together.

T!: What goals have you set up, say the next year?

Jeff: To be playing professionally. Ken and I will be out of school, and John will. Bob will split. I think we all would now if we could. As far as recent goals, we just upgraded our equipment.

T!: What's success for you? How "big" do you want to be?

Jeff: We'd like to be able to record what we want, when we want. We want to play good sized shows, not huge shows. I think some of the stuff we write is sufficient to keep us from being an arena band (laughs).

T!: You're not drawn by the stereotypical rock lifestyle?

Bob: We live fast and hard, ha ha. Take lots of drugs...

Jeff: Not at all.

Bob: I want more women!

Jeff: You always want more women. We're giving him all of ours.

T!: What's been your hardest obstacle?

Jeff: Getting into clubs.

Bob: I disagree. Getting together. Jeff and I are a lot alike in opposite ways, there's a lot of conflict. Ken was the peace-maker, I immediately liked Ken.

Jeff: We're both impatient. And ambitious, not competitive. It's really frustrating when you're first starting out, trying to write tunes and getting the sound together.

T!: What will you do when it becomes a job to play, not fun?

Jeff: I can't see that happening. Playing is the best time for me. It's great when the people start dancing, that makes you want to move and do more for them.

Bob: I've got the best seat in the house. I get to watch these two.

Ken: We worry about the music first, not what it looks like.

Jeff: Grendel's Lair is neat because there's variety in the crowd. I brought my mom and dad the other night.

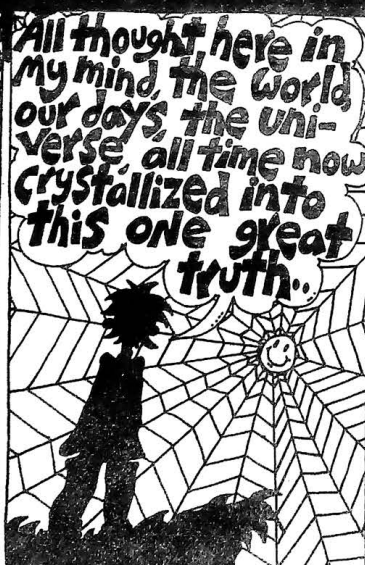
Bob: Everything sounds good with an inverted cymbal.

Jeff: Ha ha. Remember that. It's very important.

T!: How did you come up with the name the Chant anyway?

Jeff: It's hard to get a good name. You don't want to get saddled with a really stupid name.

Bob: It's just that people say the



SISTERS OF MERCY

-by Khaaryn

I like to dance. But not all the time. You see, I like to think even more than I like to dance. Radio pop makes me dance. But where's the pop to make me think?

The Psychedelic Furs are on hold-day. The Birthday Party have gone walkabout. The Virgin Prunes have gone I don't know where.

Pretty depressing, isn't it?

But wait! A lone figure appears on the distant horizon...a slight and wiry nun, dressed in black, eyes shaded from the sun with huge frames, Marlboro perched on bottom lip. The form approaches, reaching out a bony hand, a dripping sponge to cool my parched throat. A Sister of Mercy offering me Merciful Release. Until I notice the mouth, twisted in a sneering grin...exploding laughter. The sponge was dipped in vinegar.

Andrew Eldritch discovered his vocation about two years ago, perhaps while wandering the streets of his beloved city, Leeds. He founded his Order, The Sisters of Mercy, with himself as Mother Superior, and Gary Marx (guitar), Ben Gunn (guitar), Craig Adams (bass), and Doktor Avalanche (drum machine) as his novitiates. The Rule of the Order was exceedingly clear:

"We are a rock and roll band," spaketh Sister Andrew. "We've got serious things to say, but we're still a rock and roll band. We try to channel something serious through what we admit is a facile medium. But we choose the medium, one, because we love it in a very simple, naive, ingenious, innocuous way...as well as finding it really stupid and funny. We do get off on it genuinely. But we also use it because it's a great way of communicating. So many people need it!"

Where there is need, the Sisters practise their charity quite prolifically--"I thirsted, and you brought me music..." In the two years since their foundation, they have penned and recorded fourteen intensely gloomy, unsettling, completely sardonic hymns calculated to subtly "take the piss out of" rock and roll. Five of these...collected on the *Anaconda 7"* and the *Alice 12"*...found the Sisters bounding to the top of the UK indie chart--along with fellow travellers the Birthday Party and the New Order.

But it is their newest *Hosanna*, The Reptile House EP, with its excruciatingly slow, sinuous melodies winding around Andrew's growling vocals, and Doc Avalanche's unflappable "thud thud crash" that evenly oozes the irony that the Sisters take as their holy vow. The sound is at once hypnotising and laughable in the extremity of its gloom. The lyrics--occasionally cryptic (part of the humor?), always evocative--harp on pain and love and death...and hope. Serious ideas through a facile medium.

"When I go into the studio, I've got something I want to express, be it a message or a feeling...whatever. But I'm not quite sure how I'm going to channel it. What I find when I come out of the studio is that I've actually managed to convey this message or emotion...but how I've channelled it turns out to be quite surprising.

"I can't see a time when I'm ever going to run dry. My mind is a bottomless pit. There are so many ideas... I'm a real fucker for paradoxes. There are so many paradoxes that it's easy to make delicious statements. It's a very complex thing to express. It's a very simple to convey. At the moment we've been conveying bits of it on each record, bits of it in each gig.

"When we first started out, most of our expression of the irony of what we do was purely musical. The records weren't working. They were bad...to self-indulgent. Most of the stuff I write is very, visual...so what we attempt to do is make serious records then give live expression to them in a rock ironic way.

"You've got to see the band when they play. You have to see the little grins on their faces. You have to see the way a guitar explodes when someone treads on it...or how an amplifier starts smoking when it's turned up too far. The cliches of rock music really come out and you can just wallow in it. It's definitely funny...although we have to make it quite subtle to get off on it ourselves. Which can be a problem, because people don't really catch on to what you are about.

The Sisters have already weathered much misinterpretation. They started close to home, happily winning North Country converts, until rumours of their mission reached the Holy See in London and the legates of NME and Sounds began branding a band they did not understand with a label they did: "Positive Punk".

"We started out long before that crap. It's just that we weren't playing London, so these people started associating us with all that and giving us a bad name. We realised it was time to step in and establish ourselves."

London must have been hungry for them, for it took little time before the Sisters were riding through the streets of the Capital in glory, the palms of chart success carpeting their path. But the Sisters are hardly concerned with their "laurels". Instead, they march ever-onward to carry their Word: a U.S. mini-tour...a series of European dates ("We're going over quite well there. I'm not sure why. I think it's because I tend to wear leather trousers. The Belgians and French are silly about that kind of thing. I do have spectacular legs!")...an album to be distributed by a mysteriously unnamed major label.

"We've spent a lot of this year releasing stuff to exercise the various aspects of what we can do. What we want now is to bring all those aspects together, to bring a lot of overlapping audiences together. The thing is, you can only play to so many people at once, or put only so many ideas on a record. The idea is to bring together all these audiences from Japan to...Huddersfield. Because you may have converted everybody in Huddersfield...but you've still got to do it in Japan.

"I'm hoping there'll come a time when any one record we make or any one gig we play will say everything we've got to say."

A lofty goal, but not an obsession. Andrew and the Sisters still grin with a bit of sardonic wonderment at their success.

"It used to be I'd give my cigarettes out to the front row. These days they give me cigarettes. Something must be happening. I think it's good.

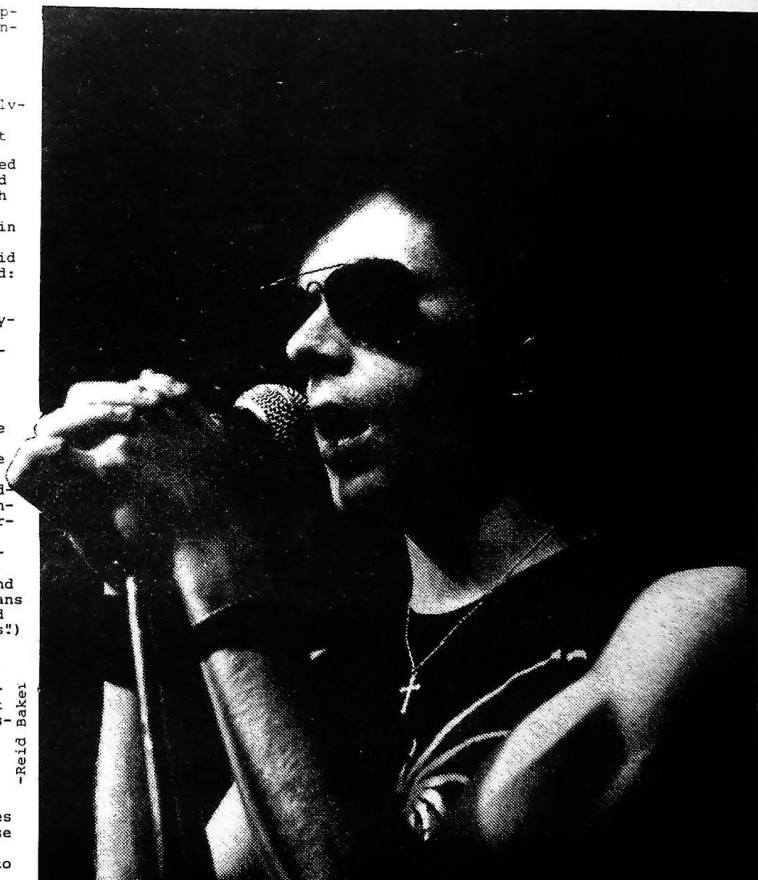
"Perhaps they're just trying to kill me slowly!"

SISTERS OF mercy

ADDENDUM:

(Since the end of the US mini-tour in Sept., Ben--by mutual agreement with the band--abandoned his vocation with the Sisters of Mercy. As he himself noted during my interview with him, "If any of us quit, the Sisters wouldn't be the Sisters." Prophetic to say the least.

As of this moment, the future of Andy and the rest of his order is hazy. But don't be surprised if the next release is by a band called Acid Rain)



-Reid Baker

C.P. GRIMSLEY

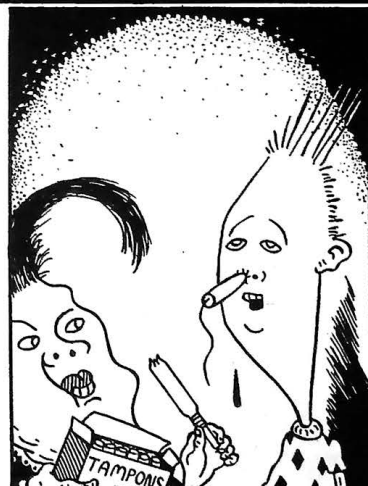
SON, CLIMB UP THERE AND GET ME MY BRAND OF TAMPONS!

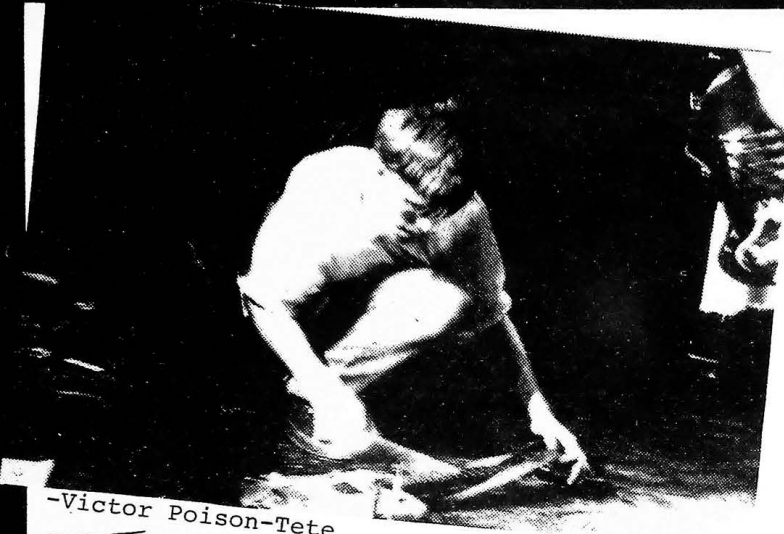


BUT I GET NOSEBLEEDS FROM HIGH ALTITUDES, MOM!



SEE! SEE! I TOLD YOU I'D GET A NOSE BLEED. NOW DO SOMETHING!





-Victor Poison-Tete

The heat wave had more than its share of fatalities. My friend's apartment was a test. No air conditioning, no relief, my friends and I survived by sleeping by day, moving slowly at night and showering constantly (4 per person per day). But underneath this torpor, was an underlying energy. Something was definitely up. A new "scene," new bands with new sounds, and they were sounds that moved people. Band names floated about like the litter in the much cherished breezes during this summer: The Swans, Ut (survivors of the original No New York scene, now back to roost from a long jaunt in the UK), the reformed Rat At Rat R (did anyone see them when they lived here in (Philadelphia?) and Sonic Youth...

Sonic Youth nova'd with their first LP in the Summer of '82. It caught all who heard it off guard. Here was a band who was exploring new sounds, textures and ideas, primarily for guitar. They were not complete unknowns (just nearly so). Guitarists Thurston Moore and Lee Renaldo had worked on various projects including Glenn Branca's. Original drummer Richard Edson was also working with Konk. My knowledge of bassist Kim Gordon was not as complete, but it didn't matter what they had previously done, they had appeared, released their first self-named record, and were having an effect...nationally.



-by Steve Fritz

Sure, you could hear the past influences there, but Gordon provided a solid 4/4 that could only make the record rock and roll. Meanwhile Moore and Renaldo explored the outer fringes of guitar that still held your attention to the total aspects of the record. Yet what stood out most about the record was the band's refusal to be "commercially acceptable" (Thurston) while sounding like it could be if one's ears were open enough.

"It wasn't in our interest to play guitars with normal tunings and in normal fashions" opens Lee "because that's just what everyone does. It's amazing sometimes, people will pick up certain things we do and swear they're synthesizers while we think it's kind of funny...people not realizing the potential the guitar has." "To us the guitar has no bounds."

You can experiment with the type of string, the attack, even how you play it. We're not finished experimenting with it yet."

"Also our approach is more intuitive" adds Kim. "A person like Glenn Branca works chromatically. He will write some mathematical formula including the tonal and harmonics... very formal in his approach."

"There's no doubt that we're into rock songs plain and simple" returns Lee, "but there's no doubt Branca's been an influence, although association with him has been played up too much. We're just working out of all the influences we've been listening to. A lot of things in New York alone have influenced us."

"As well as the Stooges, MC5, and Creedence in a subtle sort of way" says Thurston.

Originally formed by Moore and Gordon, their first year was made up of personnel changes, name changes, sound and instrument changes (they did start with a keyboard player, and for a while played without any drummer, although Bob Bert fills that seat now). It was their first gig with both Renaldo and Edson that Branca saw them perform, and signed them immediately to his and partner Josh Baer's then fledgling label, Neutral. Their record was Neutral's first release.

"It was very strange for us" remembers Lee. "We had only done one gig and here we were in this 24-track studio. That contributed a lot to the sound of the record."

"The material we did do" counters Thurston, "was very well rehearsed before we entered the studio. So we did the whole thing like that (snaps his fingers). We only spent two days in there."

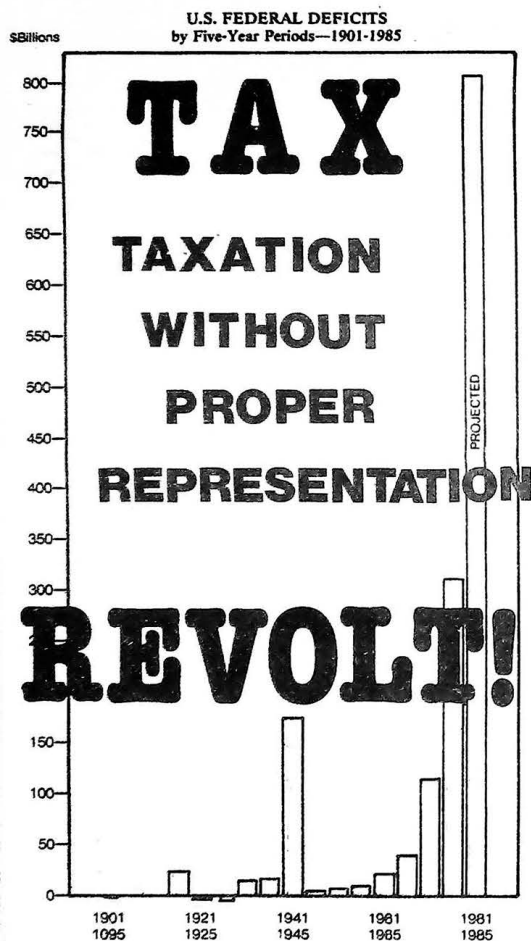
"Also there was a different drummer" states Kim.

"He gave it a more linear objective. Telling us 'that isn't the way you write a song'" Lee adds sarcastically.

Praise for the record came in, and not only from fanzines. It included publications like Billboard, Sounds, Newsday ("a successful experiment, being both disciplined and moving" (!)), and the New York Times. Also the band's reputation grew by word of mouth.

The guitars (they use five of them) are not necessarily tuned to the standard E. Drumsticks are also inserted to create a more percussive feel (Lee states "like a gamelan") as well as screwdrivers (giving the "synthetic" feel he talked about)...and it was held together by powerful, direct rhythms.

-Catherine Ceresole



YOUTH



-Catherine Ceresole

"That's the thing, like CB's is a good club" Kim indicates with a sweep of her arm, "because of the P.A., but it doesn't support any of the bands either. There's all these places to play in New York, but there's nobody who will really go out and support the scene. That's what New York really needs."

"It used to be, that if you wanted to make it in New York you try to play the Danceteria or the Peppermint Lounge and get in favor with Robert Christgau...which is like so much bullshit. They have no interest in what the bands are doing, only in what they draw."

"Even in Philly" states Thurston, you have the magazines and the college stations, which is more than we have here. It creates some positive energy in the scene. I mean a band like Y Di is a prime example of an American band. Why see something like Pigbag when Y Di are around? These English bands are nothing, no substance, nothing at all to us. It's just another hairstyle. The grass is greener on our side of the ocean."

"We aren't the kind of formulaic thing that you have in England right now" says Lee. "That's the thing about us, we're four individuals interacting together."

"The real thing about America is that the music is not really a commercial endeavor" adds Thurston. "Each city has its own bands and there are similar from town to town, but it's the fact that they have strong local followings and are not in it for strictly the money. Scenes developed around the intensity of the music!"

"And New York is developing its own small group of bands. There's no established sound, but groups like us, the Swans, Rat At Rat R and Ut have a common bond...an attitude. Also a label like Neutral is well known here, locally, but it's still primarily known for Branca outside of New York. Right now we're developing our own label, Savage Blur, which will have these bands on it. This is new music in its truest sense."

Which is what Sonic Youth are about.

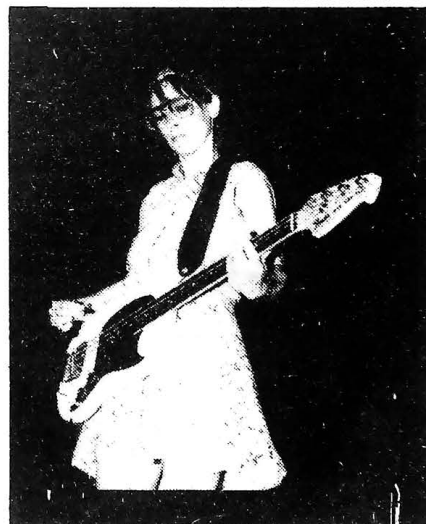
The matter stands that inside the 90+ heat inside CB's, when Sonic Youth played "The Good & The Bad" I forgot my surroundings and my situation, I could have stood in a blizzard and not have noticed. That's powerful music in its truest essence. I couldn't have asked for more, and neither did my friends.

And as we walked home that night to their apartment, ears ringing happily all the way to the dawn, all our conversation steered to the show. We were fixated, not able to take our minds off it for hours and into the next day.

And although the heat was still unrelenting even upon my return to Philadelphia four days later, the strongest feelings I recalled of that trip was how I had escaped for ten transcendent minutes in a foreign club in an alien city.

I hadn't done that for a long, long time (try 1976, the band was called Television, and oddly enough it was again at CB's on a brutally hot weekend that summer.)

Somehow, with Sonic Youth, I see things like that night happening again.



It came as no surprise then, that the band was successful. While recording the next record, the album *Confusion Is Sex*, Bob Bert became permanent drummer and the sound further developed.

Gone were the spatial, abstract elements that earmarked *Sonic Youth*. Bert is a basher, and the tracks he's on propelled the band to the max. The other drummer on the album, Jim Sclavanos, also played with unrelenting passion. Thus the band created one of the grunniest, mean-assed versions of "I Wanna Be Your Dog" committed since the Stooges' hallowed original. Also tracks like "Inhuman" "World Looks Red" and "Confusion Is Next" (which leads off side two) placed them in the vanguard of truly new, manic music. Complementing this were moody, ominous pieces like "Making The Nature Scene", "Shake Hell" and "She's In A Bad Mood (Version)". The album definitely stands as the best of the summer of '83...maybe for the year.

"Basically the change had a lot to do with the evolution of the music plus the situation we recorded in" states Lee.

"During the first record we were pretty isolated at the time, and had only played one gig in our present form. With the second record, there was a general loosening up in our tendencies" continued Thurston.

"The second record was recorded in our friend's basement with the barest of equipment" adds Lee.

"It's the kind of thing we like" states Thurston, "having an open, ambiguous feel."

"We've never had a good time with structure" comments Lee.

"We're sort of plagued with disorganization...personal disorganization" laughs Thurston.

"Like a lot of the stuff on the album is what we wanted to take straight, but 'Making The Nature Scene' started with this weird 12" kind of intro" states Lee. "It's not how we do it live. We also do 'Burning Spear' (off the first album) very differently from when we originally recorded it, and the song 'She's In A Bad Mood' had the word 'version' added to it because it came out totally different from how we play it live."

"We also used different kinds of tape qualities. That's the one thing I really like about the record, the sound quality of the record is really strange so you really have to listen to it. You can't get absorbed in really slick production because it's not there."

"Yet still we ended up with a more live sound" finishes Kim.

Which was provided that evening. The air conditioning at CBG's didn't provide any relief from the heat, with the club filled to capacity, the light system (probably the only way bands get a tan around here), and the 85° heat that evening, people moved very slowly through the club. They couldn't help it, constant body contact was unavoidable and merging with the half-melted, sticky bodies was a very unpleasant thought.

Which did not deter Sonic Youth on stage. Despite the atmosphere, they played a powerful, intensely dynamic set. Thurston on stage is a

live wire, jumping constantly across the floor shooting sparks. Contorting, screaming, down on his knees flailing at his guitar with a drumstick during "Burning Spear" and never standing still during the main set, he ended near a state of collapse, drenched to the bone in sweat, breathing hard. Although Bob Bert is not as theatrical as Thurston, he played the drums hard and with precision, maintaining his concentration to the kit with only glimpses at the audience.

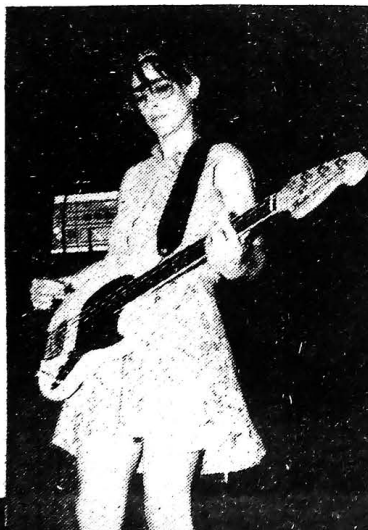
Complimenting the two, Kim and Lee moved little, primarily to change guitars or take their turns at the vocal mikes. Opening with an extremely fast version of "Burning Spear" they immediately ripped from there into "World Looks Red". From then on, the tempo slowed, and the set became even more riveting. By the time they closed, with "Shake Hell" and "Making The Nature Scene", the audience, myself included, were entranced, our eyes never leaving the band for an instant. Demands for an encore immediately followed. The band returned the compliment with a hypnotic, compelling rearrangement of "The Good & The Bad" which lasted well over ten minutes. Then they retired to their dressing room for the evening.

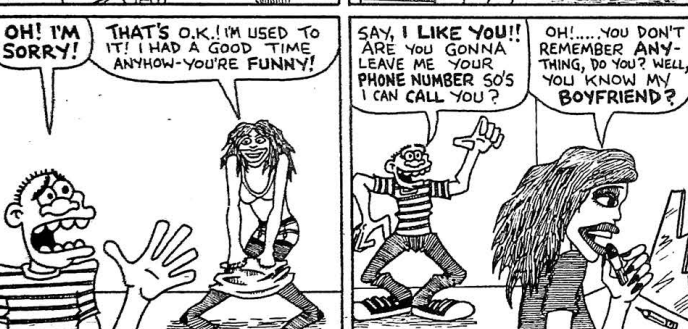
"We try to draw some sort of reaction out of an audience" Lee informs me after the set, "but not in an overt kind of way? This held true for the evening. Whether the heat had its effect or not, the audience did not dance to the band. I don't think it would have been possible anyway. Sonic Youth are an extremely loud band, pounding your body in a fashion with incredibly large doses of volume. The band did establish contact with its audience. One could tell from watching both band and floor that each were fully aware of each other's moods."

"Here in New York" maintains Lee, while downing a drink after the set, "the response is always cool, so to get a reaction like this is pretty gratifying. It bounces back and forth, and they like it. If they're responding actively though, it certainly helps our playing all the more."

"In Europe" Lee reminisces, "a lot of people couldn't believe what they heard. That's kind of a fun situation to be in. There's a lot of people over there who are not aware of what's going on here."

"We've always been into the sound of bands like Black Flag" states Thurston. "I think Black Flag have crossed the boundaries, they're not a thrash band. Dez Cadena, even if he's not in the Flag anymore, is not your typical punk. Even fazines like *Touch & Go* are reviewing Throbbing Gristle next to Minor Threat, which is actually a very healthy thing. That's basically what we're interested in. The American music scene is really strong right now, we just feel glad to be a part of it. I think the hardcore scene had a lot to do with it."





JOHN GIORNO

John Giorno is a poet who uses music as a vehicle for his poetry. Many of his works are elaborately constructed sound pieces consisting of overlays, echoes and other engineered effects. He frequently makes records in collaboration with other artists. His latest album, *Life Is A Killer*, features works by nine writers including William S. Burroughs, Jim Carroll, and Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones).

Giorno lives in a loft on the Bowery in New York. Inside, potted Ficus trees stand in front of tall, arched windows, and sophisticated recording equipment lines one wall. There are a couple of pieces of antique-looking furniture grouped around a low marble-topped table in the middle of the space.

Giorno is a courteous host, offering drinks before he begins to answer questions and interrupting the conversation only occasionally to fetch himself another vodka with ice.

T1: To an ordinary listener, your work sounds very unusual, very strange. Why does it sound that way?

JG: You know, there are two ways to approach making records. One is to make a certain kind of totally commercial product: songs, things that you and I listen to all the time on the radio. These are a certain kind of product that is totally wonderful and totally satisfying. I, on the other hand, happen to be a poet, and I've been in the world of poets and artists and performers. So to me it's natural that when people hear my work for the first time it seems totally weird. With my work, as with most people's work, you have to figure it out and gotten used to experiencing it. Then it works. When you hear it for the first time, you get frightened.

T1: So you ask a lot from the person who's listening.

JG: Well, yeah. Recently, for the past year and a half, I've been working with music and approaching it in a very pragmatic way. Right now I'm working with Lenny Kaye, and we have this great song.

T1: What kind of song is it?

JG: Very danceable, and it's really sweet.

T1: Would you like it to be a hit?

JG: I don't think of it in that way. But, yeah, a hit would be great. See, the thing is I'm not a singer and I'm not a musician. I'm a poet, and I approach things from that point of view. Not a hit, but we're dealing with radio, and with people listening to it, people in their living rooms.

I just got back from a European tour, and I've just finished this new poem, which I've performed 100 times. It's completely rehearsed, and now I'm working with the musicians. I would love to have a hit, but I'm not doing any kind of formula thing.

T1: Where will this song appear?

JG: It's for a new album, an LP for the 15th anniversary of Dial-A-Poem. The album is called *You're A Hook*, and there's ten people on it, including Patti Smith and Jim Carroll. This one will have the best selections from the Dial-A-Poem albums that are out of print. And there are a few new things on it. Mine is that new piece with Lenny. Lenny is also on a song with Patti Smith, "White Christmas." This record, like *Life Is A Killer*, is mostly all music. It's poets who work with music. I'm doing another album after this, with that same concept.

T1: Could you give us some background on Dial-A-Poem?

JG: Fifteen years ago I started Dial-A-Poem. It was the original dial-a-something. Now, for instance, the telephone company has developed all these things like Dial-A-Joke and Dial-A-Recipe and Dial-A-Horoscope. They place an ad on TV and make \$250,000 in the next hour and a half. But we could never make any money on Dial-A-Poem because, when it was successful, the telephone company made all the money.

T1: It seems that Dial-A-Poem could never be as successful as the "phone fantasy" numbers you see advertised in the back of some men's magazines.

JG: Well, I got into that a little bit, you know. There were Allen Ginsburg's pornographic poems. Or there was Jim Carroll, for instance, reading *The Basketball Diaries*. They're incredibly sexy, those basketball diaries. So, in 1968, putting those on the telephone was a hook. Besides having Gary Snyder and John Ashberry and Denise Levertov, you had Jim Carroll. And people got totally hooked on that. It was a really interesting phenomenon in '68, because the middle 60's were kind of naive; the culture hadn't changed yet. It was really fascinating to play with the media in terms of putting pornographic things on, and then getting in trouble, of course.

One interesting story, actually, was that we got an infinite amount of publicity from everywhere—*Time* Newsweek—endlessly, month after month. And we got printed up in *Junior Scholastic*. Apparently, some 12-year-olds telephoned—three boys telephoned—and they got one of those "pornographic" pieces. Their mother took the phone out of their hands and started this elaborate lawsuit. At that point the New York State Council on the Arts, which was one of our sponsors, got on to the idea that you cannot censor William Burroughs or Allen Ginsberg or Jim Carroll just because it's slightly pornographic. But it became a deadlock between the New York State Council lawyers and the telephone company lawyers. And Dial-A-Poem was dissolved; they decided to let it go.

T1: Was Dial-A-Poem ever revived?

JG: Yes, it was. At the Museum of Modern Art, in 1970. That time, interspersed with the poets like Denise Levertov and John Ashberry, there were Weathermen and Bernadine Dohrn. When you called, you could get "How to Make a Molotov Cocktail" or "How to Make a Bomb." On one of the very days these poems were on, by chance, the IBM building blew up. The Weathermen were really working. The *New York Post* ran a story saying something like "Dial-A-Poem at Rockefeller's museum and learn how to build a bomb to blow up the IBM building." Again, they wanted to shut Dial-A-Poem down. But because Dial-A-Poem was part of a show that ran for three months, they could not shut it off until the three months had passed. And I didn't care. It's so thankless, you know. I didn't get paid anything for that project. The Museum of Modern Art sponsored it, and they spent untold thousands of dollars on installation,

running it, having people there to put the tapes on. It was so much work that when it ended it was a relief that it was over.

T1: Can you call Dial-A-Poem today?

JG: Not in New York, but in other cities around the world.

T1: Where is it operating?

JG: It's available in Europe. About two years ago it opened in 12 German cities. On Dial-A-Poem in Munich or Stuttgart, they tend to have Thomas Mann reading from his novels. They play old recordings. No doubt they also have new German poets, whoever they are.

Dial-A-Poem is just too difficult to do right now in New York, because of the cost. Anyway, that was one idea, Dial-A-Poem. It's the idea of getting at that point where there's the possibility to meet an audience. Another idea has to do with performing. There's an audience out there listening to you, and you're talking to them the way I'm talking to you. It's where the poet and the audience come together, where the communication takes place, that's the interesting point to work with, the interesting area. There are myriad ways of developing that idea, with music or with LP phonograph records.

T!: A couple of years ago you recorded an album with Laurie Anderson and William Burroughs called You're The Guy I Want To Share My Money With. You also performed with Anderson at the Ritz in New York. How did all of this come about?

JG: William Burroughs and Laurie Anderson are old friends of mine, and we got this idea to do a record that the three of us were on. That happened long before Laurie signed her Warner Bros. contract. William Burroughs and I had been doing a tour that year for his novel Cities Of The Red Night; it was called the Red Night Tour. When the record came out, it was arranged that we do performances in Los Angeles at the Roxy, then in San Francisco and in New York.

The Ritz was a place that was booked, which was a great idea. Why not the Ritz, you know?

T!: How did the audience react that night?

JG: The place was packed, with 1200 people. In terms of our work, Laurie and I are so different. Each of us worked in their own way, and it was a great night.

T!: Speaking of differences, why are you and Glenn Branca on the same album, Who You Staring At? Your work does not seem at all like Branca's.

JG: Yeah, that was very different. Again, Glenn is a friend of mine, and that idea arose after the album with Laurie. Twyla Tharp had commissioned Glenn to do a piece for her dance Bad Smells. She spent \$15,000 in the studio recording it, and she only wanted the performance rights.

I'm glad we held the recording rights. So, suddenly, it was this totally natural thing. This great side was done, with Glenn's piece on it, and it was available in record stores. And that's how that one happened.

T!: You say that you work with your friends. Were they your friends before you worked with them, or vice versa?

JG: They're all friends because we work in the same world. I love the people I work with, and those are the people I mostly want to see. Spending time with people I don't work with really gets to be work. It's work to be with them because I'm not that interested in being there.

T!: Let's go back in time a bit. How did you begin working with electronics?

JG: Actually, it was very interesting. In 1965, Robert Rauschenberg and I were very close friends. And it was during that time that he did the E.A.T.--Experiments in Art and Technology. It was the first time any formal approach was originated by Bob. Artists worked with music and technology in a real way. It was a failure at the time, because the artists, mostly visual artists or sculptors, never used technology right. But it was a great moment in history because it was then the idea of trying to make engineers and artists come together and work.

During that time I met Robert Moog, who had just invented the Moog Synthesizer and was living in Trumansburg in upstate New York. This was before the rock and roll groups discovered the synthesizer. I went up there about ten times, twice a year for about three years --'66, '67 and '68. After that, Moog became really famous, like a rock and roll star. What I was doing was like what you'd heard on the album with Laurie, but very primitive, something completely different. I was working with concepts of how you manipulate sound and voice and construct a sound piece.

T!: What was it like working with Moog?

JG: He had these two tiny buildings in Trumansburg on main street. They were like three-story storefronts where he made those little machines. I either drove up or took the bus, and I would arrive in this tiny little town. The bus stop was just across the street from his two storefronts. It was so sweet, you know. We'd work for two days. I'd stay with his family, with his wife and kids. He was totally a straight guy; he had no idea what I was doing.

T!: OK, back to the present. In one of your poems there is a line that goes "When I meet someone for the first time I ask myself two questions: what is your sexual preference and how much money do you have?" How would you answer those questions?

JG: I don't have any money. As you can see, I'm a poet living on the Bowery. And I'm a faq.

T!: That's it?

JG: That's it. That's a broad generality. Actually, I'm relatively successful in my own little way. Being a poet, that's not so great. But what is totally great, let me tell you, is that I support myself with poetry. I perform a lot, I tour a lot. I support myself through performing, basically. And our records are quite successful, even though they're on a small independent label, Giorno Poetry Systems. They produce money to make more records.

I find that I don't make very much money. But these projects happen, and I think that's totally great. I have no ax to grind.

T!: Would you advise someone else, an aspiring writer, say, to do what you do?

JG: I've been doing it so long, see, and I have so many little skills that I've developed, that it's a great pleasure to me. I've been a poet since I'm 14. That was in New York. I was born here. I love doing what I do. But it's very difficult, you know. And thankless. Listen, man, I wrote this little essay that goes, "Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be poets!"

-F. Rutkowski

J. GIORNO

SCREWDRIVERS

SCREWDRIVERS

-by Tesco V!

The following interview was conducted by mail with Ian Stuart of SCREWDRIVER...

T!: Can you give a brief history of Screwdriver for those who may be hearing you for the first time?

IS: Screwdriver formed in 1977 at the start of the punk explosion. Screwdriver however did not put down the superstar bands like most bands did. Screwdriver counted the Rolling Stones as well as the Sex Pistols amongst their early influences. In early 1978 Screwdriver adopted the skinhead image due to a large amount of posing lefties infiltrating the punk scene. At a concert in 1978 several blacks were beaten up by skinheads after a Screwdriver concert in London. Screwdriver refused to slag off their own fans to the marxist music press and were therefore labeled "nazis". The music press then mounted a largely successful campaign to get Screwdriver banned from playing. Screwdriver however managed to release a couple of more records--Singles: 1) "You're So Dumb", 2) "Anti-Social", 3) "Built Up Knocked Down", 4) "Back With A Bang/White Power"--LP's All Skewed Up and two tracks on United Skins.

T!: Why did you decide to reform the band? And what happened to the other original members?

IS: I decided to reform Screwdriver because not a lot of bands were playing for the nationalist skinheads, punks and straights. I decided that it would be good to play for a nationalist audience instead of the usual anti-British favored by the music industry. Also two good friends of mine, Mickey and Margaret from the LAST RESORT shop in East London, said they would form a record company to release "Back With A Bang/United Skins" for us. This was because of the capitalist and communist run record companies--both have vested interests in suppressing the Nationalists. Of the original members, I am the only one left. Ron Hartley, the guitarist, is now working on a building site. Grinny the drummer is also a building site worker. Kev McKay, the bassist, owns a glass blowing business and I am still fighting the establishment to try and get gigs.

T!: Are you what the media would term an "OI" band?

IS: I consider the rubbish that the controlled media comes out with is almost 100% lies. We had formed three years before Garry Bushell, the left wing idiot from Sounds, even invented the word "OI". However I have heard us referred to as an OI band...

T!: Is White Noise your own label?

IS: White Noise Records is a label set up by a member of the Nationalist Front for nationalist bands who can not get a record deal due to the fact that the music business is being run by anti-British traitors. Although an NF financed business, White Noise is not an NF business.

T!: Are you affiliated with any political organizations?

IS: I am a member of the NF. I am the youth organizer of the London NF. I used to be the youth organizer of the Blackpool NF whilst I was living there.

T!: Are you aware that Skrewdriver has had what some would call a "cult" following here in the States and have you received any mail from outside the UK?

IS: I have had several letters from the USA over the years and have met several Americans on holiday in England. One American I met took 110 copies of "White Power" back with him. I am grateful for any mail from supporters in the USA and if anyone would like to write me to ask any questions they should write to Ian Stuart/ SKREWDRIVER/White Noise/50 Pawsons Road, Surrey, Croyden, England...also I have received mail from Holland, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, N. Ireland, Scotland, New Zealand, Australia and Poland.

T!: How has the British music press responded to your last EP?

IS: The British press has largely ignored our latest EP. The British music press is very similar to Pravda, they lie about people they don't like and ignore anybody that does not agree with their senile labor-communist policies.

T!: What do you think of the NF and the Ku Klux Klan's efforts to combine racist ways of thinking with patriotism and national pride?

IS: I am a member of the NF, so I have a lot of feeling for them. I also think the Ku Klux Klan and the National States Rights Party (better known as the American Nazis--SF) in the USA do a very good job. I think that if you love your country you are a nationalist. If you love your people, then you are a socialist. So if you love both, you are a national socialist which is the only way to defeat the destructive alliance of capitalism and communism.

T!: Are accounts of violence at Skrewdriver shows true? Do you have a loyal following?

IS: There has never been any violence at a Skrewdriver gig. The only time there is trouble is when the police come barging into our gigs and try to stop them. Or when supporters are going home after the gigs and they bump into large gangs of big mouthed blacks. Our support is extremely loyal. We have a regular crowd of 500 people who are loyal white nationalists.

T!: Do you have any desire to come to America and tour?

IS: I would love to play America so long as our gigs did not make any money for black or Jewish promoters. Also I do not know about touring because we find it difficult to find gigs, never mind tours in Great Britain due to establishment and left wing pressure. The music press even refuse to advertise our concerts. We have to rely on leafletting to let people know when we play. So much for democracy.

T!: What are the band's future plans?

IS: Our plans at the moment are to record and LP (Tomorrow Belongs To Me) for White Noise records. We have gigs lined up in Paris, Rotterdam, Glasgow and Belfast. And also a Rock Against Communism gig in London. I am staying with friends in New Jersey over Christmas and will try to arrange something in the States whilst I'm there...

Toward a New Consciousness;
a New Order; a New People

-Carol Schutzbnak



-by Carol Schutzbnak

"The tour for us is a do or die mission. Because we've got past the point of caring now...we realize that if we don't get a deal, if things don't work out, then that's it. There's no future left. I mean, we've exhausted every possibility. It's more mental exhaustion from the frustration of trying to get our meaning across, coming up against brick walls all the time.

"You start to think, 'is it worth it?' and if there's no injection of new confidence...no people saying 'yeah, you're gonna do it! we can help you!'...well, if nothing particularly grand comes out of this American tour we won't be back again. If everything goes well, we'll be back. Otherwise this will be the last time you see us!"

Melodramatic words, all the more marked because of the weary attitude that accompanies them. Steve Hovington props himself up comfortably on the hotel bed and paints a scenario:

Band forms. Pulls itself together. Gets noticed. One contribution to a compile. A scattered handful of single releases and several tours later the band is ready for the "Music Industry". But is the industry ready for them? Contracts and deals are but a mirage in the distance. Reviews notwithstanding, business executives don't seem to be paying much attention. Does this mean they are fated to fade away until they are but a dim tune in the memory?

If this sounds like a plot for a "B" movie, it is.

Literally. B-Movie drew attention to themselves when they appeared on the Some Bizarre compilation album with the song "Moles". They seemed destined for success: newly formed and opening for such bands as Duran Duran, doing shows of their own, the release of "Marilyn Dreams" climbing to #99 on the British Charts, "Nowhere Girl" receiving tremendous airplay in the United States...and yet the music industry didn't bite.

And now, after playing city to city, hoping to attract a little attention along the way, there seems little else they can do but wait...No Canadian Mounties to the rescue in this "B" movie--only hard work, faith and a little luck will see them through to the end.

"Would you really disband?" I ask skeptically. "After all the work?"

"I don't know" he muses, squirming to get comfortable.

We are at the Warwick Hotel prior to their show, and what has started out as a "band interview" has metamorphosed into a "Steve interview" with an occasional interjection from Adrian--the guitarist. The rest of the band wanders haphazardly

through the hotel rooms looking for food and entertainment.

"It's strange. Hard. I guess I wouldn't know what to do. Because I'm so frustrated and exhausted from the music business. And it's just not a nice place to be, really"

Then why start a band?

"Well, I was young and naive...I just starting out...wanting to be a star. The teacher's telling you 'you're doing something wrong here, lad, you should be doing something nice and down the line. You're going to meet up with all these screwballs and then you're going to be told to do this and that and if you don't like it it doesn't matter...' and I thought 'oh rubbish, I'll do it'. And now it's so true, three years later. But we've still got to maintain that small strain of optimism, y'know, that things might work out in the end!"



"I understand that you've been getting good reception here in the States?"

"We got a lot of support in Los Angeles. 'Nowhere Girl' was played quite a bit on KROQ. I think we're more of an LA sound...laid back, with kind of an acoustic feel. We're not New York--not street sounding?"

"What about your other material? Has that been receiving support? There's been the flipside of 'Nowhere Girl'...and of course 'Moles' from the compile...and 'Marilyn Dreams'..."

"Marilyn Dreams" has been deleted. It was a terrible recording. Laden with a lot of our problem stems from the fact that we came out through no fault of our own the same time as the futurist movement...the English futurist movement with people like Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran, and Visage...Soft Cell...that kind of thing?"

"Weren't you on the same label as Soft Cell?"

NATIONAL ALLIANCE



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B-MOVIE



-Carol Schutzbank

"Yes. We had the same manager up 'til about six months ago. And that, we thought, was a big step forward, but it was really a step backward because we got labeled with all the new bands and we didn't play that kind of music. 'Remembrance Day' was nowhere near futuristic. It was kind of rock oriented. But rock was a dirty word in those days, a guitar was a dirty thing so... But nowadays even the people in all those synthesizer bands who said 'we're never going to use guitar' and all that jazz in the beginning are saying 'oh, we really didn't say that.' Like Depeche Mode. They really can't say that the synthesizer is better than the guitar. What they can say is that the synthesizer is an interesting instrument. Right, and we think the synthesizer is very interesting and you can get a lot better sound out of a guitar."



"I mean, what kind of word is interesting? It's such a basic, neutral word. You can say that anything is interesting. I think synths should be used as color--to sort of accentuate the sound. It shouldn't be the end all and be all. It'd sound boring. I think the guitar has guts...it's got a lot of feel and emotion to it. I always think using words like interesting are so noncommittal."

They should be saying fantastic, power. Synths are just weak connections!"

"You don't see it as being used at all?"

"Well, we use synths, but we don't use them that much. We use keyboards. If we could take a grand piano on tour we would, but we can't so we use a Prophet 5 polyphonic which gives us a wide range of sound. And we use a little road synth which gives us lead tunes...but there's no real synthesizer in the lead, it's all based around the songs. First and foremost it's based around the melody."

"Have any of you been in bands before B-Movie?"

"No...well...Martin (bass player) was. He used to be in a band called International Drum Club. They were dreadful, really. The rest of us have just been in this band. First and foremost...and probably will be the end of our musical career."

"You see, it's been a rocky road to the top...well to base camp #1, really. We've been in the business three years now, and we released three singles, right, and we really should have two albums going on three...we should have videos out. And the frustration is just incredible!"

"Isn't that more of a modern approach? the overnight rise with the one shot deal? In the 60's it took bands like the Beatles a few years to become 'overnight successes' and stars?"

"Yeah, but you can't have as much hope now because the music business has become very commercially oriented. In England, particularly, there is a great deal of marketing."

"Like ABC?"

"I admire ABC because they did it off their own backs...but a lot of bands are too prepared to be pushed around by record companies. Like Kajagoogoo, I think, are a prime example. They're a commodity. They are unassuming as a band...they're being marketed like Heinz beans and you can just do anything you like with them 'cause they're five pretty boys with dyed blonde hair and that kind of thing. What I'm saying, is that they're marketed--a product. There's a lot of music in the British charts at the moment which is just a commodity--like Bananarama, for instance."

"I've found that bands have got to have some kind of stellar name that sells. It's part of this artistic marketing that's going on. And then the name has got to mean something stupid--like Blancmange!"

"Do you think B-Movie is that kind of name?"

"Uh..." he laughs, then pauses.

"I don't know. Because I don't feel a lot of people know what a B-Movie is, actually. In America especially...I didn't know what a 'B-Movie' was when I first came to America!"

"You mean the Saturday afternoon type movies?"

"Yeah. I think that may be the real suffering of the band. You can't relate yourself to a band called B-Movie...it's got a second-rate connotation all the way down the line. Maybe we've not got on because people think we're second rate?"

"A name like that," scoffs Adrian.

"Maybe change it?"

"I think these days there's a bit of a different connotation," I suggest. "Today these kind of movies are looked at in a 'cultist' light. Most popular cult movies are B-Movies. What kind of message do you want to get through with the band? Does it 'live' with the name?"



"We aren't heavily message oriented. All those radical films, leftist radical paintings, the leftist radical music...it doesn't understand who its audience is. It makes no contact with the audience. It goes into space, erects its flag and says 'this is what we do' and then goes away into obscurity. It communicates with the cultural elite. But it doesn't appeal to the mass public. They're just little voices that mean nothing."

"You have to work within the medium. The form is conservative and you've got to just try and work with that to move people perceptions of music, art or film. People don't like shock tactics. Like punk, it was a shock. But then it became okay when it was turned into a fad by the papers. Nothing serious...just the kids in England being stupid again--that way they could deal with it."

"Our music, when you see us, is kind of familiar. You've heard it before. You've seen it before. But I s'pose lyrically it might be something a little bit different that's going on. Basically we're just moving gently away from the norm!"

"How are your parents handling all this?"

"Mine have given up on me" laughed Adrian.

"Hopeless case?"

"Yeah, beyond a doubt. They don't really mind--they have helped me a lot though!"

"How about you?" I ask Steve, who for once is silent.

"I don't know what my parents think--I don't deal with them on a band level. I s'pose I went to college just to please them, but now I'm old enough to make my own decisions!"

"What had you originally planned before the band?"

"I don't know--that's years ago...I don't remember. I mean, this is my life. This is all I've done. I'd made plans to do something nice and conformist...but that was years ago. What every sixth former or high school graduate thinks. Maybe to be an architect or a state agent!"

"Makes you feel old to think about it. I never thought in five years time I'd be in the Warwick Hotel in Philadelphia!"

"Where do you want to be in another five years time?"

"Tropicana Hotel in LA, I think... Nah. I don't know. You've got to get to a point where you've got one chance in life and you've got to make the best of it. And I'm not going to get stuck, bogged down. I don't want to work for anybody; I don't want to have anyone telling me what to do. Because I don't need it. I don't think people in civilization need it, either. So there you are."

"I'll go out and live somewhere... be a Bohemian. Cursed with the 'grass is always greener' attitude. Sit on a bar in Paris and play!"

He pauses and then says reflectively, "On the back of our 'Nowhere Girl' release is one of the few things I really admire, that I think is very true. It says, 'three fourths of conversations on earth are complaints. Don't complain, live.' And that's kind of true!"

Another pause--and then, as if prompted by what was just said, we turn to lighter things...where to eat, what to do...and what movies we have seen recently.

For now the matter has been laid to rest. Stay tuned next week to see what happens in the next episode... you never know what kind of ending you might find from a "B" movie.

ANTON FIER

-by Suzette-Ivonne Rodriguez

For those of you who are yet familiar with the Golden Palominos (shame, shame, shame), let me give you a little background information. The Golden Palominos are not a conventional band. I mean, how often have you heard of a band that consists of two members, (Anton & Arto), and a revolving all-star line-up of accomplished musicians? Or, that have performed only two gigs in their own city, New York, in the past year...deliberately? Yet it is this very same band that has attracted public interest, decidedly, without the aid from the media. Could it be because the Golden Palominos are ace musicians at work, as opposed to potential pop idols working at being musicians?

The Golden Palominos were formed in 1982 by ex-Lounge Lizards, Anton Fier (reelies, Pere Ubu) and Arto Lindsay (DNA, Ambitious Lovers), and combines their musical talents with the varied styles of other top musicians, i.e.: superhot bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma (Ornette Coleman, Cosmic), avant-garde saxophonist John Zorn (Rugbys), and Material members Bill Laswell and Michael Beinhorn. The Golden Palominos are crossbreeding good ol' rock and roll, jazzy funk and experimental music, creating a hybrid sound that is fresh, exciting and not to be ignored.

Recently, on a cold, rainy Monday afternoon, I swam down to a Soho wine bar and met with Anton Fier. After the usual howdy-do's and settling ourselves down with a drink, I was brought up to date on the G.P.'s. Anton (flashing a smile so wholesome that it would make Beaver Cleaver appear sinister): "We have just completed our first album entitled simply The Golden Palominos, on the O.A.O. label (Bill Laswell and Jean Karakos). The album is scheduled for release June 15, and we were well prepared and expected this album to take us ten days to complete. We knew pretty much what we were after before we went into the studio. However, it ended up taking three months to complete and Bill Laswell and I produced the final product."

ON GOLDEN PALOMINOS

"We had a bit of a problem at the start and that set us back a few weeks. Our original producer had a totally different concept of what we were doing. He had the preconceived notion that we were a jazz band and kept trying to push us in that direction. So after his departure we had to start all over again and redo what had already been done because it wasn't what we were about."

"We wanted to make this album as rock and roll as possible, using the bass and drums in the traditional sense and then, for example, have John Zorn go ahead and do his thing. We are keeping the rock and roll core and using different structures. A new approach to an old idea. We wanted to make a fun, interesting record that anyone could listen to. We come from various schools of music and we believe all music is important. This is really very hard to explain. You have to hear the album yourself. The music speaks for itself. I write the music and Arto writes the lyrics. Along with me on the album are Arto, John, Jamaaladeen, Bill, Fred Frith, Charles Noyer, David Moss, Mark Miller and Nicky Skopelitis."

"It feels great to have completed the album. Arto and I both wanted to form our own band while we were still with the Lounge Lizards. The G.P.'s is a vehicle for us to make records of our music. This album is a first for the G.P.'s but everyone involved has numerous album credits individually. In fact, Jamaaladeen and John met us while we were all doing a session for Kip Hanrahan. We all liked what the other was doing. Things just clicked."

"We have just finished playing the Moers Music Festival in Germany. It was strange how that came about. They just phoned me up and asked if the band was interested. Expenses paid? Yes! Then we're interested. The festival was only one day and we headlined. We went overseas again to play a few gigs in Italy. We'll probably work on a second album, depending on everyone's schedule. There's no rush. We don't want to waste time trying to do things before it's right. If we can't give 100%, what's the point?"

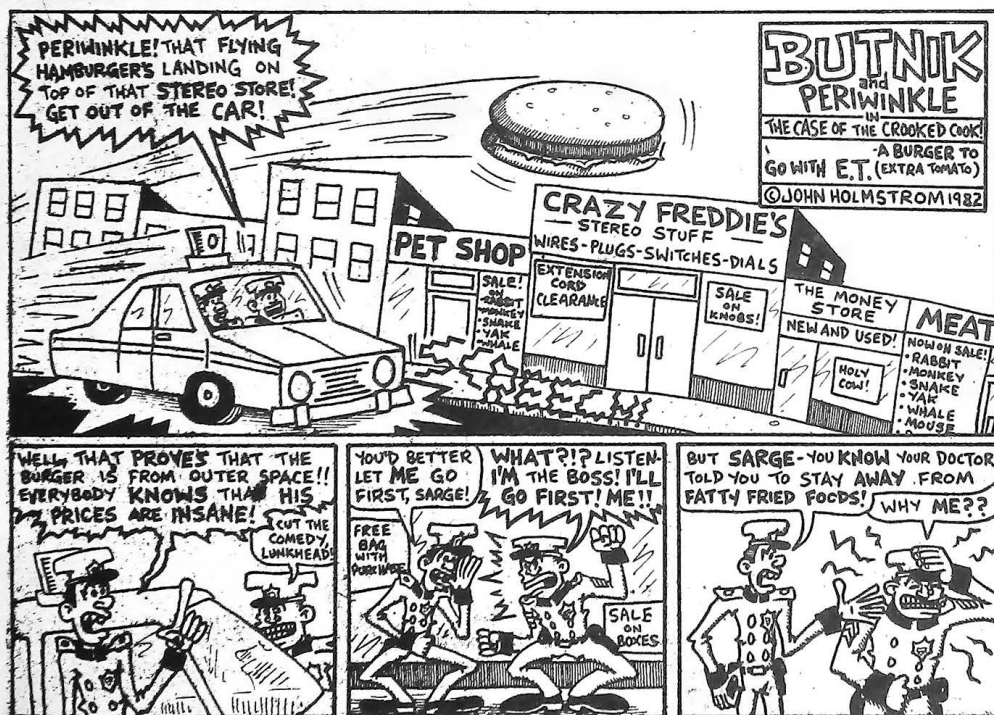
"Like I said before the G.P.'s are about making music that everyone can listen to and enjoy. The G.P.'s are not a package. We are musicians making music. I moved from Cleveland to New York five years ago to do this. To be a musician, make music and make records. I can't imagine doing anything else. For the G.P.'s there is nothing to sell. There is nothing to plan. It's just the music."

Several days after my interview with Anton I stopped by O.A.O. offices and picked up a tape of the new G.P.'s album. The A-side starts off with a cut entitled "Clean Plate" which is a very funky number that begins with the smooth steady drumming of Anton. Gradually the other instruments strut in individually, creating an intricate layer of sounds in a cified beat. Arto wails in and out of this one. Sporadic jerks and quirks on the primitive side.

The next track is "Cookout." Here there is a feel of intensity that could be called hunger. Yet for all the sounds incorporated, the outcome is clean and neat. Again, Anton does some brilliant drumming, but John's speaking sax holds conversation with each of the other instruments as well as the audience. The flavor here is predominantly experimental.

"Under The Cap" proves to be a more rhythmic and funky tune, although there is a portion here that sounds like alien transgressions from a B movie. While "Monday Night" is a relatively short piece, it is also incredibly steamy rock, but not much roll.

On the "B-hind" of this album, the feel is definitely more rock and roll than the A Side. "Red Hands" is fuel music. It gets into your bloodstream and proceeds to ricochet throughout. Wind slashing sounds and the constant emerging musical voices and staccato thrusts get into your mind and shroud it with suspense. "I.D." is very sexy funk rock. Tone and vocals both mix with a propensity towards sexual pleasure, not scuzzy, not cheesy, just sexy. "Plus & Minus"...things go on in this song too long. Mr. Lindsay walks over a bed of coals and we are privy to listen in. There's too much back and forth, never leading anywhere. I'm not particularly fond of this yo-yo effect, although others may like it. Aside from this clinker, all the songs prove better than most stuff I've heard recently. But, like Anton said, "You have to hear the album yourself!"



FICTION

A little ways away, on the beach, a senior citizen's little toe touches a verticle line, a plumb line, which falls through space almost to the waves, where it disintegrates into a series of dots. The senior citizen's slipped right foot turns to the side, steadying him, standing him in good stead, making his stance authoritative. He has one pocket, a left pocket, which is either unzipped or hanging inside out. He's wearing what looks like a karate outfit, or simply pajamas. His body is diminutive in comparison with his head and neck, which are immense. No pinhead, he.

In a doorway a baby with a housefly problem beckons with his right hand while his left foot rests on a complete specimen of a human skull. Apparently someone has died while someone else has been born. With a deformity: a housefly in place of a head. And a headbone underfoot.

The man with the empty eye holds what should be a cigarette to his lips. But his hand holds nothing. The sea gull glides. The fish rises. The senator's torso holds a toga and a frog sits in place of his heart. The senior citizen stands authoritatively, balancing on his little toe above the waves.

The man with the halfway visible face stares and smokes, but his eye and fingers are empty. The sea gull wheels. The fish towers, its side cut away. The waves pulse. The senator's sash dangles.

The man without a cigarette holds two fingers in front of his lips. The fish snaps at the bird as the bird glides into the distance. The senator's torso floats like a vision above, his right hand holding his toga in a distinguished manner. The baby, insistently, beckons.

The senior citizen begins to smile. The man without a cigarette begins to move his arm down to the place where the waves begin to pulse, forming a line like the graph of a heartbeat. The fish, at the apex of its leap, reverses direction and begins to sink. The sea gull, continuing its arc, boomerangs through the sky.

Behind the elderly citizen the sea remains calm. On the chest of the senator the frog inhales, ballooning its sides. The fish's jaws click, missing the bird by the breadth of a hair. The baby, incessantly, beckons.

NOTE:

Thaddeus Rutkowski lives in New York, where he works as a copy editor. Mario Brea is a carpenter living in Switzerland. Thaddeus has since become a member of the Tl Staph.



illustration, by Mario Brea

"Notes on an Untitled Drawing"

-by T. Rutkowski

An unreal man holds his hand to his face, forefinger and middle finger extended, as if he were holding a cigarette, raising it to his lips, but his hand holds nothing. His eye, too, is empty. Only half of his face is visible: a short, arched eyebrow; the eye that's empty; a long, crooked nose; a high-boned cheek; a hint of hair.

Gliding upward, a sea gull flies at the man's face, aiming its beak from a distance at the space between fingers. Unaware of the bird, the man looks out over the ocean where the waves rise and fall in an irregular pattern, their crests and troughs forming a line like the graph of a heartbeat. Below the sea gull a fish rises, its side cut away, exposing its gills, stomach, heart, and spine. It breaks the water like a mountain.

Floating in air beside the fish, a man's torso holds a toga and wears a frog on his chest for a heart. His necessarily absent head has been struck or lopped away. His toga, still intact, drapes over his shoulder, signifying that he was once a man of distinction, a Roman senator, an orator. A sash attached to the wrist of his jauntily held right arm hangs down to the water where the tops of waves form a line that resembles an electrocardiogram.



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BOWIE

Despite the torrential bursts of chilly rain, the smug parking attendants, the bad mescaline, the absence of an opening band (supposed to be Madness), and the stadium fondly dedicated to (and accoustically designed for) sporting events like horse racing, the \$17.50 general admission ticket holders remained hardy and enthusiastic through the hours before Bowie's entrance. The atmosphere in the parking swamp was quite easy, no rush for seats even a half hour before the show. Occupants of the Caddy in front of me bribed the guard with the promise of a hamburger, were he to overlook the "no open fires" rule. A topless Radcliffe nymph dances unabashedly to my left, enjoying the rigidity of a small lighted billboard post, above which read the words "Welcome to David Bowie;" which might just scant hours before read "Eat at Joe's" or "Budwieser: \$4 per six-pack!"

Finally, migration to arena. Ripped ticket, yes, find a seat, try not to get soaked. Cuddle with girlfriend a bit. Canned music goes down, silence, then...POP! Lights up, aaaaa...DAVID BOWIE'S BACK. Literally. Turn around David, let us look at you. Not yet. The large video screen suspended above the stage is not on yet. Halfway through the opening number, and where is Bowie's face? Sizzle...colored blobs appear on the screen, blow up of the back of a head.

Let me tell you, a King cobra's got nothing on David Bowie. His head teasingly describes a cool, venomous circle. Slowly, piercingly, calculatedly, and without mercy the right eyebrow slithers up the forehead, then...WOOSH! the energy of 60,000 simultaneous orgasms blaze in exaltation. The man can dress sharp! And when the opening song is ended, whip! Out with the fire for a 10,000 lighter salute. Praise Bowie, praise Earl Slick (perhaps the concert should have been billed as the Bowie/Slick show), praise the skilled video engineers, praise to the rain god!

"This is Ground Control to Major Tom..." Pass around a giant balloon replica of the Earth just large enough that Bowie's grin may be viewed above the Arctic as he presses his groin into Cuba or therabouts. The ol' soft shoe to the current "Let's Dance." What's next? The resurrection of the '74 tour gags for "Cracked Actor" with a director's chair, wrap around shades, his old Hamlet doublet, and a french kiss with a skull. And my favorite skit: three crap shooters sitting by a drum kit in Shanghai chirping "Oh on oh oh, Little China Girl..." Come to think of it, Marcel Marceau has nothing on this boy either.

The general hits of the evening (though less enjoyable than one would expect?) "Rebel Rebel," "Fame," "1984," "Space Oddity" back to back with "Ashes To Ashes," "Scary Monsters" Earl Slick (despite what I personally considered a rather poor showing), Bowie's tailor, and the manufacturers of Bic Butane lighters. Personally, I loved "Young Americans," liked "Jean Genie," although it deviated not one note from David Live, and considered it next to blasphemy to not play "Changes." The lighting was great on Bowie's cover of "White Light/White Heat." And how long did the concert last? Eternally.

It's difficult to be anything but vengeful with Bowie. At the end of precisely two hours "Jean Genie" comes out of the closet rattling bones and then...well, nothing. Where's our favorite leper Messiah? Without warning the lights go into the Void. Bowie metamorphoses into a bat and flutters off to his coffin ere dawn. Gone. Gone without apology or thanks, without Ziggy or Sufferages, or even "Changes." And strictly without encore. Sure, he put on a tight, professional show...but on principle rock and roll should be fun too, not just awe-inspiring. Did the audience have a good time? I'm not sure.



-Kyra Harpor

As for me, I walk back to the car thinking he was too much of a good thing, too stylized, too impersonal. I feel alienated and slighted. Sure, "Serious Moonlight Tour," right? But it seemed a little too serious. My soul torn between opinions of the evening (mixed), I reach for my car keys and a cigarette, kick mud onto the hubcap of my Subaru and moan, "Why the Hell does he do that?"

-by S.D. Ikeda



-C. Boas

BLASTERS!

LIVE/BLASTERS (I)

The best place to see the Blasters would be some bar where the beer is cheap, the women plenty, and spirits high. Well I guess there's enough women at the Ripley, but the beer's a bit much. So it was up to the band to provide the spirit.

Dressed in black with matching boots and blaring kerchiefs, the Blasters sauntered onstage, performed a quick howdy and opened with "High School Confidential." Now a prized item in my record collection is a 12-record set of Jerry Lee (who first performed this classic). It contains four alternate takes of this hell-raiser. Now pianist Gene Taylor can pound the ivories as hard as that Mississippi Madman, and vocalist Phil Alvin doesn't quite hit the same level of hysterics...but it was a good start, and the audience certainly got into it.

Then the Blasters hit full throttle when they followed with their own "I Don't Want To" Y'see, any band can cover the classics, but what differentiates the Blasters from all else is that their own material can stand with those very same classics.

The Blasters, all seven of them (Gene, Phil, bassist John Bazz, drummer Jim Bateman, reedman Philly Steve Berlin and Mr. Lee Allen...not forgetting head honcho and axeman Dave Alvin) are writing American classics now. With a clean, direct live presentation, the songs are 80's current and 20th century timeless. Mixing up blues, R&B, country, New Orleans & Kansas City boogie as well as rockabilly; the Blasters call what they do American music. And American it is, with no make-up or fancy videos.

And the band's show, once they dropped the pretext of covers, ruled. About 1 1/2 hours, fast-paced, unrelenting, this was a fine show, one of the finest I'd been to this year. Highlights included "Jubilee Train," "Long White Cadillac" (a paean to the late Hank Williams), and Dave Alvin's most covered song in the band's repertoire, "Marie Marie."

So as the evening wore down, I could say I didn't get any women, the Blasters though were very generous with their beer (so that was definitely cheap enough), and as for the spirit? The Blasters left the crowd mighty high.

Marat Sade

LIVE REPORT: MARAT/SADE

Title: Marat/Sade
At The Wilma Theatre

-by Carol Schutzbank

In Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass," the heroine, Alice, wanders into a familiar place, only to find everything in an entirely different light. The unfamiliar familiar.

In *Marat/Sade* we wander into the assassination of French revolutionary Jean-Paul Marat by Charlotte Corday as presented by the inmates of an insane asylum. History goes berserk?

The full title of the play is *The Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat, as Performed by the Inmates of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*.

As the title indicates, the play takes place in an insane asylum. The basic premise is that the Marquis de Sade, who has been confined in Charenton for some time, has written and is producing the re-enactment of Marat's death during the French revolutionary period, using the inmates as his cast.

During the course of the play the inmates tend to get carried away--so zealous in their roles they break into crazy acts out of sheer excitement--a bizarre contract to the events that are supposed to be taking place.

But there is more to the play than just the story--it is in many ways a reflection of us all--in showing why Marat and his friends became revolutionaries we are gazing into a mirror of our own times. This is brought out by the dialogues that take place between de Sade (who remains seated towards the back of the stage during most of the play) and Marat.

The constant interaction between past and present, between hysterical behavior of the inmates both in and out of their roles all combine to show how little there is that separates us from our history; how easy it is for history to repeat itself.

Marat/Sade is a huge work, full of complicated scenes and a large cast, but it is handled well. The cast is effective as the frenetic inmates, full of odd idiosyncrasies, the stage is superb as the bathhouse where the play is supposedly taking place: marble is simulated in the walls and fixtures, right down to the floor, and the direction is tight and well paced.

This is a fine beginning for the Wilma Theatre as it enters its first season as a professional theatre. Bonne chance!

(*Marat/Sade* is at the Wilma Theatre, 2030 Samson St, Philadelphia, PA through Nov. 20)

hold still there's a bug on you

POLICE/jfk

LIVE/POLICE @ JFK

Anyone would end up a little testy festering in 105° weather, coupled with Philadelphia's sickening humidity. It's only natural that the Electric Factory Security people were considerably less than cooperative backstage at the sold-out Police show. Electric Factory did what it could, passing out salt tablets, hosing down the audience, and maintaining fleets of first aid people. On this day, however, it was not enough. Pulses were high and spirits were low by the time the Police ascended to the stage.

Wading through the parking lot my photographer and I assumed this to be a normal concert. There were the traditional vendors selling their illegal wares for outrageous prices: bootleg T-shirts, alcohol, scalped tickets, narcotics. My own expectations were high, there was a fairly good roster for the show: REM, Madness, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Oh well, three out four ain't bad), and the Police. My enthusiasm was soon to be quenched.

From the second I approached the gates, things went from good to bad, then from bad to worse. Not only was I compelled to wait at the gate for an hour while Electric Factory searched for a missing press list (so much for REM), but my photographer was beamed in the head by a Madness fanatic whose view of the stage he had unfortunately obstructed. Wonderful. Sun-stroke victims abound, an enraged and bleeding guard ran around like a crazed Arab, and the refreshment stand was out of Coke.

Well, I couldn't expect much more. After the riots and general havoc which occurred during the Police's show in Boston, I expect they did well to be a bit wary. But from where I sat, it looked the same to me. The crowd was well behaved during the Madness set, but sitting through the heat and Joan Jett afterwards, tempers began to rise.

Right before their set, Sting was unenthusiastically, Stewart Copeland remained jovial, and Andy Summers drowned his nerves in a succession of Heinekens. After I'd finished a successful interview with Madness (see this ish) I grabbed a Coke from the now replenished soft drink stand, and settled myself to watch the Police set.

The remarkable reception given the Police at their first appearance on the stage was one of loud cheering, frisking and M-80 throwing, collapsing rib cages, suffocation, heat stroke, and other orgasmic forms of expression...times 70,000. The Joan Jett clones dappling the ocean of bodies masturbated themselves straight into quaalude and tofu nirvana.

Let's face it, JFK's acoustics are designed for high-school football games, right? The Police dealt with that. They were good, too good. The opener, "Synchronicity" was practically canned. The crowd, by then too exhausted to give a damn, preserved a religious silence throughout most of the Police set. Give me a break, I'm going home. Riding the Broad Street Subway home, I reflected on those thousands of people paying \$17.50 to stand in a pressure cooker for five hours. Flagellation isn't my idea of jolly times.

EXCUSE ME YER
STANDING ON MY FACE!

-Bruce Silcox

THE BARBON REPORT 9-11-87

"ANYBODY WANT TO HEAR SOMETHING TRULY BIZARRE?"

This guy named Copeland owns I.R.S. Records, ok? He has a brother in the Police, and also manages that band. He was responsible for a portion of the British New Wave, having brought to North America bands like the Buzzcocks. Mr. Copeland also owns Faulty Products, which was a part of I.R.S. Faulty is of course famous for having brought to the attention of the sleepy world such things as the Dead Kennedys LPs and the Maxximum Rock and Roll opus, "Not So Quiet on the Western Front". Got it? That is important so commit it to memory.

Copeland made some money out of Faulty, but when those who ran it for him got overly ambitious and extended the operation beyond its natural limits, Copeland acted in true rich man style and had it declared bankrupt. This way he would not have to pay the debts while protecting his other assets. That's how the big guys do it in this world. Perhaps you number among those so screwed.

Anyway, here comes the bizarre part. Copeland is the son of a very powerful man with unbelievable connections in the music and entertainment industry. The very best. The son was allowed to make use of these contacts, and thus built himself a successful well regarded record and management company. To make a long story short, the father's powerful position, the one that allowed his son to become so successful so quickly was Assistant Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Nice, eh?

When I first heard this I was sort of amazed. So I got on the phone and started calling people, and found out this Copeland-CIA connection was old news. Apparently it was the talk of fandom around 1980-81 when it became apparent to alot of people that Copeland was merchandising the New Wave to great advantage, and was widely resented for it. The Texas label CIA was a satire of I.R.S. The connection nobody seemed to have drawn however, was that Copeland has also been merchandising hardcore, especially on the west coast, mostly through underground sounding labels or underground labels already established by someone else like Alternategate Penticles.

While it is not a good practice to blame the son for the sins of the father, you've got to remember that it was *only* through the father's CIA connections with the record and entertainment industries that the son was able to prosper so greatly so quickly. Try to remember that if you are planning on getting indignant.

So what does this mean when we consider this in relation to such faulty products like the Dead Kennedys LP or the Maxximum Rock and Roll opus? Kind of becomes a bad joke, doesn't it? I have always felt that there was something rotten in Berkeley, and while this does not conclusively prove anything, it does raise alot of questions. Or at least it should, that is if anybody is awake.

For the record, I am not saying Jello Jeff or Tim are working for the CIA. I doubt whether any of them could pass the IQ test. Nor am I saying that the CIA has been using them for political purposes.

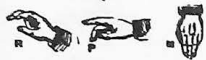
I think Copeland used them to make a quick buck and then discarded them like so much garbage. But if these guys are as radical and as dangerous to the US government as they claim to be, why the hell would someone like Copeland put their stuff on the shelf of every decent record store in North America? Isn't that a good question? Or is it another one of those I'll be told I wasn't allowed to ask....

LIKE WOW NEWAVE!

fbi agent



45
rpm's



EP's
Albums



Patience • Peter Hammill

BUNNYDRUMS
PKD (Red)

The late SF writer, Phillip K. Dick, always tried to create alien environments so believable that the term fiction became inappropriate. The most relevant element of his writing was the fact that the majority of his books concerned primarily life on our planet.

I don't think one could mistake the members of Bunnydrums for ET, but they create music that also tries to alleviate our current environment (thus their use of Dick's initials as an LP title).

Ranging over the band's three years of existence (I remember "Magazine" and "Sleeping" from the bands first shows in 1980), each track is given a distinctive ambience. Therefore, "Sleeping" has a disturbingly nightmarish edge. "Crawl" sounds like Link Wray in a 21st Century biker's bar. "Too Much Time" is what a bad trip takes, well doesn't it? Yet each track is easily identifiable as the band. You can't ask for any better.

This album is killer.

THE FALL

"Man Whose Head Expanded/Ludd Gang"
Kicker Conspiracy Double 45
(Rough Trade)

It's maliciously pleasant to know, that no matter how far the youth of the world sticks its collective head up where the sun don't shine, Mr. Mark E. Smith and his travelling horde (best known as the Fall) will spike a steel-tipped boot up their hacketts. Nothing escapes Mr. Smith's savage raptatoire be it union terrorism ("Ludd Gang" probably one of the best things that they've ever recorded), or football hooliganism ("Kicker"); religious/academic overdose ("New Pilgrim") or rockist fascisms ("Man Whose...") with it's mangled "Sounds like Hickwah (Hitler?) wha hap?"). No one escapes the Fall's brutal stare, and these two singles prove that the band has the chops to back it up.

PICK OF THE ISSUE:

PETER HAMMILL
Patience (Naive)

Peter Hammill's latest in his 21 album recording history stands as one of his finest yet. It's not a ground-breaker such as *Black Box* or *Future Now*, but rather a culmination of the work he's been doing for the last five years.

Backed by 3/4 of his original band, Van Der Graaf as well as the guitar of Dave Ellis (Peter Gabriel), Hammill's hoarse, operatic tenor is free to explore such themes as "real" v. "dream" time, religion, photography, and love as well as new fixations such as the dance floor and the medical system (thus the title track). He does so in a full range of lyrical styles including narrative, self-confessional and commentative.

His level of sarcasm is also at an all time high. His put downs contain an unusual amount of subtlety for the genre. Ranging from the dance floor ("The youth are voting with their feet/such a shame the beat gets so complicated"---"Journee D'Oree"), to religion ("She likes to keep God out of church/especially when she's praying"---"Comfortable?") and in the epic title track, the line "Self-healing for the blind" sets the entire theme. This is a major statement album for Hammill, each line is so full of double entendre and irony, he almost strains it...but his and the band's delivery pulls it off.

Yet this is Hammill's way. He's primarily a vocalist/lyricist (very unpopular by today's standards. He also has a habit of striking himself bare when writing, which makes the average listener very uncomfortable. Openly cited as an influence from other British singers including Peter Gabriel and Johnny Rotten, it's just a wonder that he's still around after all these years (his first release was in 1967). It's even more wonderful that he can still put LP's out this strong.

SAVAGE REPUBLIC
Film Noir/O Adonis (Independent Pro
(Independent Projects)

With every band out trying to sound different, it's hard to find one that is distinctive...and let's not talk about one that sounds good. Savage Republic is one of those few truly new bands that is developing a sound all their own. Their latest single is further proof of all that.

"Film Noir" is a sombre, acid-tinged ballad that has the band's trademark monotoned guitars and can be labeled for existentialists only. "O Adonis" from the soundtrack of the movie is an atonal bolero with sledgehammer classic written all over it. You can't ask for more (Write: P.O. Box 60093/LA CA 90066)



Honest . . . Impartial

REVIEWS

You Can Trust

The Fall

HARD CORE !



HARDCORES AT MY SOCKS MAMA!

OK, time to get something off my back. ...it's called *Get Off My Back* (Red) and it purports to be the first hardcore compile of GDV bands. If that's the case, this scene is in a truly sad way. Only three bands, Little Gentlemen, Ruin and (surprisingly) McRad come off as good. The other 8 bands suffer from shit production (this is especially true for Informed Sources, the Heathens, and most critically Y Di...I mean come on, on stage Y Di rools), shit material or both. Worst of all, the blame falls primarily on the bands. They could have gotten production for as cheap as the first three (I know for a fact that the Gents spent maybe \$100 for "No Justice/No Law" and only Ruin's "Proof" comes off as sharp and powerful). Also, doesn't Red know about quality control (maybe not, the title sucks...and they accepted those tapes). In simple english: This LP, if it came from another city, I would have rated as poor (with the exception of those three); but as it's from Philadelphia, it sucks out



DIE HAUT with NICK CAVE-"BURNIN' THE ICE" Illuminated Records
Guitar oriented LP from these krauts who unfortunately lay down basically directionless grind that happens to feature Mr.Cave on vocal duties..save for a few bright moments..well a few slightly illuminated moments this one goes nowhere in a hurry..but you know as soon as Nick pulls a Bon Scott with the 80 proof this will be sought after...well then again maybe not...

RUDIMENTARY FENI LP-In a class by themselves..folks from this land England seem to dwell..no wallow in topics of great concern(or what should be I guess) to all..this animal dissection theme is recurring in many bands these days..it is easier to try to disassociate rather than dwelling on the profoundly bogus things people do to these poor critters..I guess thank god there is someone who bums out 24 hours a day about it..musically they seem to share more in common with their US counterparts-mid tempo-calculated excellence..the sleeve art is indescribably intricate,elaborate..musta took Nick months..quite simply the best British LP in memory.....



MENTORS LIVE LP Mystic Records

So there were 8 of us last Friday eve all sitting around the end o this table at the California Steak House with a 30 year old oriental mama dancing seductively-high heels full of dollar bills..lures in your meager savings by kicking back/grabbing your head with her spikes and drawing your head to within a centimeter of that bad thing manicured triangular evil looking slit-bucks lunge from either side and your future wife is gone..a shaky hand reaches for the Budweiser as you wonder incredulously where they dug up the shitty sound system..sounds like a Close And Play amplified thru some clipping Realistic speakers..every time the record ends these wenches smile stupidly at you as you hear some clod changing the record..I thought to myself wouldnt it be hot to hear the tormented bellowing of one El Duze filling the room with menace as this dukes mixture of peroxidized runaways and pro strip teasers sent us home with loaded 38's..so what the fuck are you gonna do except cruise home and coerce a quart of bitching tadpoles into the algae ridden commode-all the while marvelling at the masters of porn metal..one sleezy must have this record folks..6277 SELMA HOLLYWOOD CA 90028

t/v

VERBAL ABUSE

BLACK HUMORLP Fowl Records

Aug.29the:Name rank and serial number that is all you get...Sept 1:Whoops,someone at the door..Sept 10:This record is like..no in order to assimilate something like..uh..ok so the jury is still out..Sept 11..had one friend who kept thinking out what it would be like to slide down a razored banister into a pool of saline.."Zebra Killers"/"Dull Peoples Rights"/fathoming such idiosyncratic non derivative eccentricity gives new meaning to San Francisco..the fringe..had another mate obsessed with pulling just enough intestines out of his belly so a golden hook on a train caboose could yank all 30 feet in a pink squiggly stream..a little bit obsession/awareness/cynicism/custom prepared with great care and precision..the smell of perfumed female genitalia oozing from the black wax..If only I could blow God'the priest thought silently..... PO BOX 1821 San Francisco Ca 94101

t/v



...That said, some excellent hardcore has been coming out of the Fountain of Youth label in DC (well actually it's 5710 Durbin Rd./Bethesda MD 20817). First off there's the *Make An Effort* EP by Govt. Issue. Brian Baker creates some great guitar lines or "Teenager In A Box" and the closer, "Sheer Terror" is the closest an American band is ever going to sound like the Fall. The other tracks are equally as good. Also from FoY is *Black Market Baby's Senseless Offering* LP. Opening with the anthmic "Downward", it's non-stop momentum to the powerhouse live tracks on side two...Big improvements have happened to Code of Honor. Their new single "What Are We Gonna Do?" (Subterranean) is packed with tight almost psychedelic guitar breaks and melody changes. Now three members of COH were in a band called Sick Pleasure. Subterranean thought it wise to release a 7" EP by this band. More

straight-ahead that the Code, they were one hell of a band. Check this out also...Other stuff of note are the Lepers God's *Inhumane 7"* EP (Unclean/1310 College Ave/Boulder, CO 80302) and *Misguided's Options 7"* (Lyle Hysen/8 Wygate Place/Bear Neck NY 11021)...Trich grungy stuff that sticks to your ears...Modern Industry's *Men In Black* EP (Toxic Shock/Box 742/Lomona CA 91765)...hardcore from outer space? No, just a band with interesting ideas that we'll keep an eye out for...and The Freeze's *Guilty Face* EP (Moderne Method)...straight thrash...so it goes...Two releases though deserve special mention, only because they suck. First off, the Nihilistic's self named LP (Braineater/Box J/Island Park NY.11558) is so full of hate that it interferes with the music itself. Then there's MDC's *Multi-Death Corp.* EP (R Radical). In their case, their political fervor gets in the way of the music. I mean it's OK to have passion guys, but emotions out of bound leads to fascism, OK guys? Keep it under control, and it'll be another killer like the *Millions of Dead Cops* LP...Which leaves only three releases to check...First is the *Arizona Disease* EP (Subterranean). Very crude stuff. Mo Tucker and 1/2 Japanese have done this a hell of a lot better...Bruce Lose (of Flipper) has released a solo 45 "What's Your Name/Waking To Sleep" (Subterranean). Sequencers, tapes, fuzztone guitar and buzzsaw bass are intermixed to create a dreamy landscape that almost creates a catatonic state. Something very strange, and strangely interesting I play it a lot...Which leaves White Flag. I think they've been out in the sun a little to long, cause their brains are definately fried. Doesn't matter though, they're fun. A lot of fun. They do weird things like play real bad heavy metal and double groove the LP, *S Is For Space* in the middle of the record (which only makes my turntable skip like a mother). I don't care, I say write their label (Casatanka/1241 N. Harper/Hollywood 90046) and get this record. Or you might find them doing obscene things in your mom's bedroom.



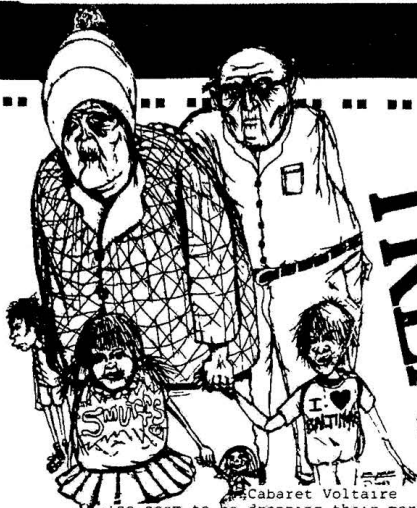
FROM THE BOWLS OF THE BASEMENT: OTHER SOUNDS TO CHECK OUT:

Leading the pack in industrial/assault music is a new sound from hardCore centrale called No Trend. They spike their thrash technique with strong nihilistic leanings and a wall-eyed screamer named JoJo whose style is to shout into the mike into it reaches overload and feedback. I like this stuff, and expect more of it soon (No Trend/1014 Ashton Rd./Ashton MD 20861)...Now everyone knows there's no garages in Manchester, but if there were, I'm sure we'd hear about God's Gift keeping the neighbors up. Their third single "Discipline/Then Calm Again" (New Hormones) is refreshingly crude and makes you wanna serach for their other two... But there are garages in the USA, now isn't there? Native Tongue must have sprung from one. They're not synched out pop like the Cars & their clones (as this band does spring from Boston) nor are they slammed out like SSD's offspring. The sound is crisp, clean, and dynamic. The lyrics are also intelligent. They let a Fender Silver Anniversary do the bulk of the talking. You should definitely listen to their first album, *Yowl!* (Modern Meth/268 Newbury St./Boston 02116)...Now if angst and desperation is your oeuvre, eat a couple of these. Broadcast has released a 7" EP on Fresh (Box 36/Lawrence KS 66044). Musicianship is high, if a bit derivative of MX-80..



THE WORLD

Meanwhile, B-Team has released their second EP, *Buy American* (Modern Music America/540 Shrader/SF CA 94117). A 6-track 12" the Cure/Gong of 4 influences that hampered the band's previous work are beginning to submerge as the band develops a voice of its own. Mixing sexual metaphor with cultural commentary, songs like "Dance Capital" and "Eyes Bleeding" are strident howls in violent tundra. Meanwhile, the closer "Right" is a quiet, hypnotic dirge that could end up being lethal...Honorable mention in the garage set is given to Albany's The Verge. Their first EP *Habitual* (No Crust/P.O. Box 7188/Albany NY 12244) has a compact, Jam-like efficiency to it. This could be a band with future promise...Now after all that anxiety, it might be nice to lay back a bit. Athen's Love Tractor could just be the band that supplied the recipe. Their new LP, *Around The Bend* (DB/4320 Moreland/Atlanta GA) is full of pretty melodies, very few vocals, and no synthesizers (which makes this even more incredible an album)...Kiwi Sex are a band from Germany that appear to want the spot left vacant by DAF. Their first single, "Black Cat Dance" is a kinky slab of sequencer rock that stomps all over the Britpop lot with spiked heels and cat-o-nines flailing. Hot stuff from a cold country (Writer: Johnny Sturm/Floor 61, Office 3/Hinterweisserand 1/7890 Ransburg 007)..



Cabaret Voltaire also seem to be dropping their more cerebral tendencies. Their new LP, *The Crackdown*, unleashes the dance-beat demon that always there in their music. Still, the CV's are not giving up their patented cold vocals and groning cynicism. No wonder they're becoming big hits with the ET set, this stuff is so hot, it's radioactive...After all this cerebral stuff, though, it's good to get down to some old fashion rock 'n roll. Los Lobos do so very nicely with their first LP...and a time to dance (Slash). Solid music is laid down with primarily acoustic instruments. Produced by Blaster Steve Berlin and T-Bone Burnett, the buzzwords here is Richie Valens (the Mexican rocker who laid down two gems, "La Bomba" and "Come On Let's Go" before his untimely demise in a plane crash that took him, the Big Bopper and Buddy Holly). Los Lobos write songs about women: loving them, losing them, getting back at them (with big guns). Now that's classic rock 'n roll...

A real surpriser is the new Killing Joke LP, *Fire Dances* (Editions EG). First they've finally allowed some diversity to spice up there wall of sound assault. Second, they still remember that they are Killing Joke, and they don't let their grips leave your throat for one second. This is one band who won't give it up...One who has though is Bauhaus. It's a shame, as their last LP, *Burning From Inside* (A&M) had its moments of quiet beauty. A softer, more introspective album than their past ones, it does have elements of an acoustic Pink Floyd circa "Cymbaline" around the edges though. Also, vocalist Peter Murphy is only heard in about half the tracks. At least the band had the sense to go out respectively, rather than like most we know...XTC have returned from various trips to the sanitarium (I'm dead serious...Partridge had a nervous breakdown last year), to show that there's still a spark of life to them. Down to a trio, the new LP, *Mummer* (Virgin), is available as an import only, but finds the band still creating that eccentric blend of pop that has become their trademark. *Mummer* is not as good as last year's *English Settlement*, but that would be hard for anyone to beat. A good pop LP...now why the Cure decided to make a pop record is besides me. After the awesome *Pornography*, their new EP *The Walk* is out and out limp, and that's being kind.

NO TREND

Also asking for trouble is Talking Head with their new *Speaking In Tongues* (Sire). This does contain one outstanding dance piece in "Burning Down The House" with the exception of "The Swamp" (with its murky boogie rips), they get to lost in art to make this a strong dance LP...which is why the Tom Tor Club's new record is a breath of fresh air in comparison. This is a fun record. Nothing too serious about it, just good rhythms. Scratch one up for T. Head members Tina Weymouth and Chris Franz, and knock down leader David Byrne a peg...Of course it's more fun to be insane, and sometime T. Head (and everyone else's) sessionman Adrian Belew is a guitar maniac. Ripping in with a version of the Beatles' "I'm Down" he doesn't stop playing his guitar (or playing with his guitar) until the end of side two. His latest effort is called *Wang Bar King* (Island), and is definitely worth a listen...

...you better...be good. David Thomas' new release *Variations On A Theme* (Rough Trade), is very good indeed. Backed up by the like of Richard Thompson (guitar), Anton Fier (drums), and Lindsay Cooper and Chris Cutler (both ex-Henry Cow), Thomas has created a band that can swing with his high whiny scatology and add emphasis to his very idiosyncratic lyrics...The original art monsters (and that's a compliment) though were the German band Can. Long since disbanded, the LP *Delay: 1968* (Spoon/Postfach 350029/D-5000 Köln 30) catches them in their embryonic stages, before they would unleash future classics such as *Tago Mago*, *Soon Over Babaluma*, and *Landed*. The overall effect still has a sweet taste of sugarcube, although the Stockhausen (two members were prodigies) influence is also apparent. I wouldn't recommend this album though except to Can fans, but I have everything but a them, so you figure out how I feel about this band...And while we're driving art to the ground, special note should be made of the new release by Z'ev, *Elemental Music* (Subterranean/577 Valencia/SF 94110). As much a performance artists as a musician, his records suffer from the lack of the visual edge his shows provide (and all his recordings are live, as far as I know). You have to see Z'ev unleash himself on one of his sonic sculptures to really get into this record. I haven't had the pleasure...now two summer releases show definite cases of art damage. High on the critical list is Eno's new release *Apollo* (Editions EG). Purportedly a soundtrack to a documentary, this could actually suit as "incidental" (as opposed to "ambient") music for "Lost In Space" It does fit one element of space though, what is on here could definitely be best suited for a void.

Nearly as disappointing is Glenn Branca's *Symphony #3* (Neutral/324 Spring St./NYC 10003). This LP's theme is an exploration of the entire harmonics series of the first seven octaves (all 128 of them) for electric guitar and tuned instruments. The end result is academic wanking off. Pieces such as *Bad Smells* and *The Ascension* makes this look especially bad. What both the artists (and I won't deny either Branca or Eno that title...yet) seem to forget is something that is critical in all composition of this nature...dynamics and momentum. It's just noise when it doesn't move...Which the Penguin Cafe Orchestra do. Their retrospective mini-LP (EG) is a light-hearted blend of classical & electric ensemble playing. Despite it's conservatory atmosphere, the PCO has a light touch and a sense of mirth that elevates them from the standard fare...returning to planet earth, Black Uhuru have released a new 12" that does stir it up nicely. Called "Party In Session" it lives up to its title with a masterful intermixing of the three vocalists, guitar and bass. It also includes a even better dub...Equally as good is Toots Hibbert's (of the Maytals) "Spiritual Healing" 12" more mellow and reasoning than Uhuru, it's a subtle ballad praising Jah...More sensual, but also more hypnotic is King Sunny Ade's latest LP, *Synchro System*. This is dance music. This is trance music. This is magic (he calls it Juju) music from Nigeria. Ade's guitar orchestra is powered by a small army of percussionists and vocalist, and it's just amazing how something this large (like 20 members) can come up with something so smooth and unified. All these releases, by the way are on Mango...

PLUGGED IN POST BOX 1

-by Furry Couch

Honest... Impartial
REVIEWS
You Can Trust

WOW!

There is so much that has come my way for this issue, let's see how much gets in. Firstly, this column is really to let you know that these people **EXIST** and give some basic info on them, or their activities.

We've broken them down into 3 groups really, let's get on with it...

ROCK/ETC.

Yikes!

There is a lot of rock and beating of drums going on and a lot is really great, no honesty! "We're Da Machine" by Effigies, "Lungs" by Big Black, and "Basement Screams" by Naked Raygun are three manic and massive hits. Fine hard meancore indies, with unique sounds. Effigies sound like a Lee comic: jackboot hardcore, chants, and manic guitar. Big Black is young rock personified. This sounds like 1000 nightclub nightmares but more noisecore. Finally, Naked Raygun is hook oriented hardcore, and is still cool. All three are on Ruthless Records (P.O.B. 1458/Evanston IL 60204)...U Boat's *Dead and Desperate* EP (P.O.B. 290552/Tampa FL 33687). The name sums it up, although this a good well done rhythmic hardcore EP.

It'll die from lack of attention unless you check it out, dammit...I guess by recording songs really short you are supposed to A) pick up on it quicker; B) listen to it more often(?) Lockjaw's *Dead Friends* EP fits 7 songs on a 7" 45. Yep, you guess it, hard fast rock...another big joke is hardcore cover versions, everything from "Truckin'" to "Merry Xmas" has been done in massive distorto rock. But now comes Ism with the ultimate in teen love ballads "I Think I Love You". It desecrates the simprock hit of your youths, even has David Cassidy's head pasted on a dog's body. Nasty, nasty, nasty...pop stop, stop, pop...let's all stop pop, hop on pop singers... "Neek" by You are among those legions of well meaning (?) hard working well done bits of danceteria that mixes the overt bits of new music with "good ole" rock MOR sound. Phew (POB 1823/Bloomfield NJ 07003)... trends any one? tao Chemical (POB 8332/Santa Cruz CA 95061) mix quasi-intellectual dribble with the "right stuff" i.e. trendy influences to get songs about not wanting to eat and being too polite. Perhaps this is aimed for the older more economically minded individuals of California Babylon????...Let's keep on kicking 'em down, eh? Dancing in Heaven is the latest Walter Steading LP and follows a rather hyped career as butt boy for Andy Warhol. Evidently his recent collaborations with C. Stein, M. Jagger, K. Richards, Frapp, etc (as photodocumented on the cover) did little but wash out all the electronic innovation from Walter's style. This is pop. Dancing in heaven (?), pushing out daisies is more like it...Only EP is a one-man poprock guy who claims to use electronics and manipulations. But what we got here is pop with bouncy nasal sounds and highly produced simplistics (POB 69-3761/Miami FL 33269)... Popnewwavearpeggioclickityclackityguitardancemus for baby boom brains, that's how to describe fluffy EP by Game Theory. *Pointed Accounts of People We Know* has tunes like "I Wanna Be Hit By a Car" and "Metal & Glass Exact" with titles that are better than the music. Obvious influence: Mike Curb Congregation and Dionne Warwick (2410 E. 8th St/Davis CA 95616)...Also of questionable notability are 2 releases from Wildcat Recs. (146 Doheny Dr./Suite A/B. Hills CA 90211). Primitive Future does "Love In Outer Space", a Sun Ra tune which is Zappaistic and fine enough but the flip rocks man and is nowhere. Steel Toe Shoes came warped, perhaps luckily, these guys are dated. OK, enough of that.

Gosh, I'm so mean! But so are Made For TV, whose 45 "Afraid of The Russians" has gotten some notice. The deadpan rock, with aide and production by John Cale is a cool debut (1377 K St./Suite 41/DC 20005) as is the howdy first release by Jacket Weather When Shadows Move (Iconoclast Int'l/1974 Collingswood Rd./Columbus OH 43221). A moody keyboard/bass/drum set-up with a good production and reverb city!!! 6 songs onna 7" EP full of talent and brooding intensity...Hey dem records is fun mon, Jah bet, *Special Requests*, DJ Explosion is just that. A collection of Reggae DJ's singing over Da Dub Records! Mighty fun, authentic Rasta entertainment! Best of Studio 1 features a collection of "classic" reggae tunes which are slightly dated but will interest fans, collectors, and those who like good recordings (Heartbeat/186 Willow Ave./Somerville MA 02144)...Nighthawks Records (POB 15856/St. Louis MO 63114) sent 2 new LP's that are rockin' man! By the Gladiators is *Rubadub*, and as their lyrics say "If ya play it once/ya gotta play it twice! Tight rockin' reggae. Also enclosed was the *Ital* with heavy bass lines you gotta rock to. Each side is like one 45 with its dub version following!...

ELECTRONICS & WIERDNESS:

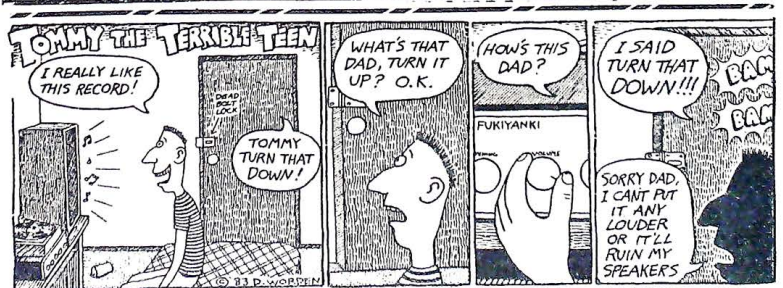
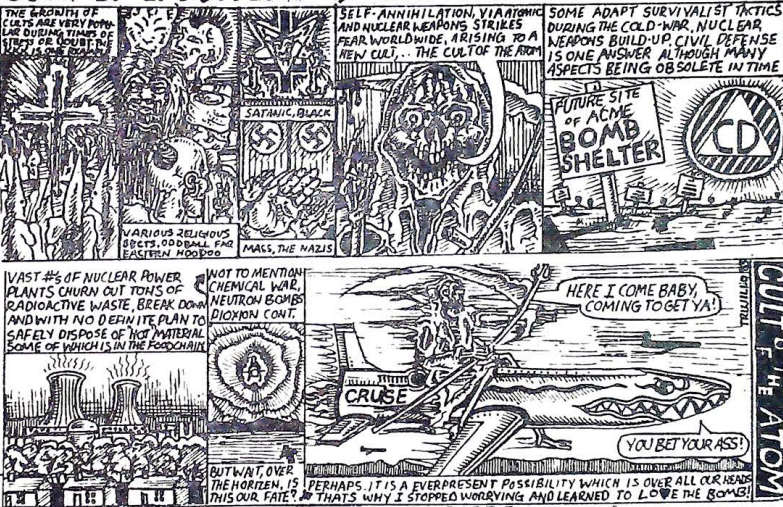
First one we got here is by Bright Too Late (5939 N. Park/Ind. IN 46220) and it's a lyrical/out/experimental/prog/noise/classical sound. Like Universe Zero goes to Mars...Vinyl Repellant (143 Ludlow St.#11/NYC 10002) sent a poetry chant rock bang over my head 45 in a emery paper sleeve. Sick, deranged and fun, fun, fun. For lovers of real noise dirge stuff and nonmusical musics there are Very Sick Manics waiting for you (1405 Van Ness Ave. #407/ SF CA 94109) Let's just say these guys are pretty wierd...Smersh (337 William St/Piscataway NJ 08854) has 2 electronic madness tapes that range in style from Flipperlike wildness to musical loonacy.

IDIO is of the honk-squeek-blat-ahooga avantegarde school, and fill up this tape with live noises like that. By the end of two sides of this you can hear why this often called performance art. I guess you gotta see it...Also from the same source is a contortionistic funk tape by Orthotronics. Accessible As Gravity would give James Brown the willies, but you'd dig "To Hot To Trotsky Baby" Both from Artifacts (POB 13/Richmond VA 23201)...Kiddie Porn features Frimp and Weno doing dopy electronics and silly stuff...As for American talent on tape...Rob Rich's *Sunyata* is a nebulous ambient tape suited for nights. Electronics are meditative and dreamy on this 90 minute tape (POB 8891/Stanford CA 94305)...Short Memory's *Every Head Needs A Cleaning* has humor and bounce with electronics mixed up in a unique blend worth checking into (POB 1846/Shawnee Mission KS 66208)...Surfing Fuhrer's also doodle a bit with a bouncy rock electronic sound, but sans vocals. More like a surf on the moon sound (POB 27421/Milwaukee 53227)...TOMEK is the name of the EP and the guy who did it. A new age rock sound is made by this ex-member of the Model Citizens. Using state-of-the-art Fairlight synth he's done "IT" This EP is fabulous and simply swell. More on TOMEK later...Also of note as far as new music goes are 3 releases from the guys at Multiplex Records (6955 Cornell Ave/St. Louis MO 63130). From the Heldonish rock of *Tactics* to the collabs of *Windfalls* and *Submerging*, each LP is a great slice of electronic vinyl and as for worthy of one's collection...as for home recordings come in all sizes, Tom Furgas is a small time type with selections of tape that ranges in styles as to show his influences. Pretty well done and made for fun (1840 Paisley Rd. #3/Youngstown OH 44511)...Also in the home recording industry are the Atomic Thinkers (639-A Knowles Ave/Southampton PA 18466) who were on the first *Ti* flexi last issue. They also have a series of cassettes, the newest being *Atonal*, the tightest, best produced floating rock they've done yet. *FunFarm* sent a silly and wild tape of electronic diddling and other diversities (3402 Sandwood/Lakewood CA 90712)

EUROPEAN/INTERNATIONAL:

Here's a brief summary of some material of interest. Mail Music 5 (Ortigara 17, 20052 Monza ITALY) is a sound collage LP with 47 different people from 17 countries. Poetry, electronics, wierdness and more are mixed into 2 big long sides (44 minutes) of international mail music!...Tago Mago, a french tape mag has a delightful series of tapes: This Heat/A. Marcone/Mekano/R. Wyatt/Lol Coxhill/Eyeless In Gaza/Pascal Comlade and the newest Paris/Tokyo. The first 4 are mags/tapes featuring music and interviews, the Pascal issue is just a tape with ambient musics and the latest is a sampler of e-rock. Notable are Foundation and R. Pinhas (Heldon). (52 Rue de Sambre et Mwuse/75010 Paris FRANCE)...International Friends LP has only one of the many e-music releases sent by Rudiger Lorenz of W. Germany. He also sent his *Invisible Violes*, a celestial/tantric/electronic/german disc and 3 tapes: *Queen of Saba* (his first and most simplistic, both in sound and construction), *Silver Steps* (the second, where change and growth is evident in tone and form. Flowing astral musics akin to T. Dream/Schultze, etc.) and *Wonderflower*, that credits R.L. with playing and recording with head, hand, feet, nose and elbows...A few pieces rock and most are much more dense with a unique and highly German style. He records his material live with no overdubs, and is very impressive from that viewpoint alone. His material here and on *International Friends* has a meditative and moving flow. Also featured on the *I. Friends* are 12 other e-musicians. All quite good and enjoyable, but it is the fact that it is a limited edition and that Conrad Schnitzler compiled and played on a new music underground (R. Lorenz/Binner Str.6/D-6507 Ingelheim/W. GERMANY)...also from Germany, but involved in a whole other field of e-music, seemingly, are Normal Dist. (Bornheimer Str.31/5300 Bonn 1/W. GERMANY) Normal carries a lot of materials from all over the world as well as some wild German talents. Karl Blake's *Prehensile Tales* LP was recently released, a dissonant and dichordant rock sound with myriads of comparisons from the Banishes to Birthday Party to even Capt. Beefheart, but with a home spun feel. All music and words by Karl Blake. They also sent cassettes with with ludicrous electronics. The Fleas present a dark, clunky, brooding e-music similar to Con on a soundtrack tape. Also, the Spanish band *Esplendor Geometrico* create create brash, loud, industrial machine malfunctions. So basically by looking and listening Normal seems to have some music for all adventures... speaking of adventure, Video Adventure are a French band that were on the Tago Mago Paris/Tokyo tape. They also have a 10" mini LP *Musique Pour Garcon Et Filles* (Rec. Recs./583 Wandsworth Rd./London SW8) that is cool right down to the silkscreened plastic bag! A European electronic sound that is experimental yet listenable and fun. Notable is a wild tune dedicated to Beefheart and version of "Telstar". So check it out and be on the look for a new LP...lastly from the UK, Third Mind Tapes sent some fun. A Holland based band *The Legendary Pink Dots* present us with strings and treatments ranging from spacy astral music to Syd Barret balladeering. The variety is endless. A real variety of people are sampled on *Visions*, a tape of many e-musicians. Colin Potter/Dave Jones/Paul Nagle and others do floating synthismic that sounds like tryout day at Sky Recs. How come these guys sound alike?... The Space Between us by Chris Carter of Throbbing Gristle and Chris Cossi doesn't sound like his stuff with the other bands. The material was recorded between 1978-80 and you can see the progression and influences that formed his talents. Ideas are more simple, as is recording and instrumentation, but this is a listenable tape. All three tapes from Third Mind...There ya go, hows that for data! We'll elaborate in upcoming columns, but for now, adios...

CULT of the ATOM by J. TRUTILLA REPRINTED FROM NATURAL OBSESSION



2STEP.

TWO-STEP

-by Steve Fritz

In June of '82, a car accident placed me in a neck collar and made even the simple act of sitting down painful. It distanced me, and forced me to be less active, more retrospective and observant.



Have you noticed how the dance floor has changed since the time of our parents? For the fun of it, I once learned how to clumsily jitterbug, waltz, and the other old steps. Of course I was clumsy even when I was doing today's simpler steps, but I was having fun and didn't think much about it. But when the simple act of standing still sends pains up and down my spine, I think a lot more about it now.

A subtle change occurred with the advent of the Twist, Jerk and other 60's steps. Contact went out of the dance. Intimacy soon followed. Physical contact had left the mating ritual.



People no longer had a "partner" per se, they danced in groups, yet they danced the entire time without touching each other...alone. The art of eye contact, so essential in the older steps, became minimal, and, as I look onto the dance floor, seems to have followed suit with the other aspects of the dance. All on the floor look inward, lost in the mechanical act of motion, feeling the immediate (and thoughtless) sensation...with little thought of anyone or anything else. One musician stated that today's dance generation are "voting with their feet." Yet the question arises, who are they voting for? The feet are a long distance away from the heart, and at total odds with the head. Where is the thought and feeling that went with the dance? It comes as no wonder that most of the songs that are danced to today regard loneliness... the dance floor has become a reflection of the alienation all claim as part of modern life. Of course the dancers are alienated, they only dance with themselves.

To further compound matters, it seems odd that the only contact dance left is thrashing. Yet here it's taken to the other extreme. The contact is so brutal that it too has become an impersonalized affair. A step which originally was a scream for identity has become another mindless ritual, and no better than those keeping the rhythm of a synthetic beat.

It seems odd that when I was pogging back in '77, my contemporaries, who decired the system for all it was worth, would end up getting 9-5 jobs, having children, or wind up in dead end bands or bars; i.e. assimilating into the system. They too were once part of the dance floor. I still see some of them, but most have disappeared. And here I am, although I often wonder for how long. I still put out this magazine (it's been three years now), and my family has opened its own business (an ad agency, that effect will be felt in future issues). Also I should mention that I still can't dance or sit or stand still for too long a period of time.

But I'm also maturing. I don't feel older, just a bit smarter. And as I stare out on the dance floor, I don't feel that many of the people out there will ever begin to attain the romantic notions they all aspire to. If anything, they remind me of what happened to the people I knew of what's now five years ago. I shouldn't include all of them, but let's say it's a safe bet to include the majority (a large portion of the majority).

I don't know. I look out at the dance floor and I see people dancing the substance right out of themselves. I see them lose jobs or wind up in dead end ones, get physically ill often (and let's not talk about the mental, psychological or emotional aspects of it), take drugs, join half-wit bands or create short-lived 'zines in the vain hope of immediate recognition. They don't have the substance in them to do it. They're so wrapped up in themselves they don't have the strength or endurance to keep trying until they reach those people very much like themselves. Eventually, the bulk will give in, withdraw and join the ranks of those who I knew five years ago.

I won't. And maybe some in this crowd won't either...but I feel very few. To those few, I hope nothing like a car accident is the necessary catalyst to make them achieve my realization (my back is killing me right now).

But meanwhile, have you heard that the big thing in the West Coast are big bands and tea dances? I wish I could still jitterbug.



Introduction time. An occasion addition to the contents of Terminal! Specific occurrences pertaining to such will manifest here in word/image form. The idea is information. Relevant information. This, and further inclusions will deal solely with NYC. Why a NYC column in a Philadelphia paper? Terminal! is not just a Philly paper. Terminal! is global. Enough.

ASSOCIATION BY LOCATION: WKCR, that trendless college radio station broadcast from Columbia University recently produced an impressive and grinding triple bill. SWANS, SONIC YOUTH and RAT AT RAT R, three unparalleled non-genre bands all expulsed an unavoidable aural force that left the audience numb. SWANS and SONIC YOUTH both have vinyl out on that ever-awesome NEUTRAL label (BRANCA, VORTEX soundtrack, etc.) while RAT AT RAT R continues to shop. These bands are potent. These bands are the edge that bleeds! Call it a movement? Call it association by location.

CONTINUATION: That editor with the most endurance JOHN HOWELL, (ex-Soho News, Live, Alive), returns on impact with NEW YORK BEAT. A cool, moderately conscious, trendy yet tasteful information package with emphasis on the new. Can you keep the beat? (try) Can he keep the beat? (most likely) The beatless will never know.

NOVA NATION: W.S. BURROUGHS has left Kansas temporarily to disseminate more virul and necessary infatigations. In town to view the recently released NY FILM FESTIVAL inclusion "BURROUGHS"; Godfather 23 attended a party in his honor at Danceteria and although subjected to numerous crass approaches, "Hi, I'm Johnny 23" BILL LEE remained quite tactful. (Is he aware of something sordid? A new approach to manipulation?) The coolest hitman flew off to Toronto for an evening with DAVID J. (ex-BAURHAUS) and JOHN GIORNO, returning to the city to execute a voltaic reading at the 63rd ST. Y. BURROUGHS is fatal, but he's no fucking mortal.

PUBLIC IMMORATION: Completed by the time you read this; THE EXTREMISTS. The movement with the most velocity (i.e. speed), the EXTREMISTS destroy all definitions and define all destructions. All that is ultra, drastic, inordinate and desperate. "Extremism in the pursuit of liberty is life without vice" Extremities included ATTACK GROUP, POOL, DAVID LIFE, EROTIC PSYCHE, RED DAY, DRAGON ILIC, RICHARD HOFFMAN and SECT. (huh?!!) Utmost and farthest KEMBRA PHALER (co-ordinate) founded the EXTREMISTS on the premise of having the fastest art movement in the world, "completely scintillating and disposable" This hair-raising action/information induced 9Day Circle will keep everyone breathing, for a while anyway.

-by Jonathan Prescott

RECTAL STIMULATION: Out by now JUST ANOTHER ASSHOLE, the book. Previously released in record and magazine from this GLENN BRANCA and BARBARA ESS edited compilation is something to contend with. An incredible grouping of some 30 or 40 beings who write, paint, compose, perform, film and generally create (havoc). Works by ACKER, BOGOSIAN, KREUGER, HOLZER, ROSENBLUM, LAPIDES, GIRA, GREY, HANEL, SCHLOSS, TIERS, et. al. At your favorite rest stop or write JAA #8 Spring St. NYC 10012 #4EF.

REVERBERATION: KATHLEEN GAUSS and MICHAEL RIELLY have instituted a many-media monthly event called simply LOWER EAST SIDE POLYGON at our favorite entertainment complex Danceteria. Combining music, performance, paint, film and nothing else specific POLYGON empties the East Village completely. Curatorial clicks include HIS MASTERS VOICE (super), LIFE wrestling auto fragments, PHIFALER feeling barbed wire, PROSSERS "OUTRAGE" ("you cannot go out the 5th floor window"), propulsive performers POOL, the ever patriotic ANN MAGNUSON and BETH B and SCOTT B's tortured epic "BLACK BOX" starring LYDIA LUNCH as the gestapo queen.

SEMINAL PENETRATION: The most intense vocalist alive DIAMANDA GALAS has dropped her steak knives but not her unyielding accuracy. Recently at the Anchorage DIAMANDA released an exhilarating and stentorian hybrid of vocalizations which left all in shock. DIAMANDA GALAS is intrinsic fulmination. Hear her at once!

TERMINATION: SIN CLUB has closed its doors for good and it was done with volume. Bludgeon band SWANS were the last musical unit to harass the neighborhood. Located on 3rd St. at Ave. C, SIN was in the center of the "dope" activity for most of Manhattan. 357, 7-UPS etc. were all dispensed within a one block radius. SIN club booked the loud, est and/or most inventive bands in NYC. SIN was in a residential building. The crowd at SIN disrupted the machine (drugs, police, \$) on the East Side. Along with multiple burglaries literally cleaning out the club and a closing by the feds for a liquor license violation (none), SIN has closed. It is unfortunate that the most unpretentious venue in Manhattan was forced out of business, but look for another SIN in a new location soon.

NOTATION: ELLIOT SHARP's prolific ZOAR label has another release to add to its roster. (T)HERE features the sharp one himself and RICK BROWN (V-EFFECT) recorded live in Czechoslovakia on side 1 and CHRISTIAN MARCLAY, CHARLES K. NOYES, and LESLIE GALABA in NY on side 2. If previously released ZOAR products are any indication this is an eclectic ejection (ZOAR/29 Park Row/NYC 10038)... Halloween in ny with the CRAMPS at ROSELAND...or spook with the juxtaposed IMMACULATE CONSUMPTIVE featuring MARC ALMOND, NICK CAVE, and the perfect modern girl" LYDIA LUNCH at Danceteria...next issues: "Fixations"

MANIFEST N. Y. C. No.1

FASHION

facists suck

-by Furry Couch

Everytime I see a person wearing apparel with some designers name stuck on it, I seem to reflect on the caste systems in India, South America and China...even fashionable armbands and chalked symbols of Nazi Germany and Ellis Island.

Perhaps I'm ill, but then I see a stylish neck tie or a designer belt-buckle or the pinching cuts of the crotch and I'm reminded of the cod piece...the manly extension that keeps coming back. Ex-rapist Eldridge Cleaver tried selling his designer clothes but they failed because of tacky trimmings and humorously large crotch pockets resembling a cod piece.

It might be imagination but do you detect a slight lean in the media towards emotional chaos and upheaval???

Now some could call it paranoid, but doesn't it seem that fashion fits into the realm of control, manipulation and suggestion? The cut of the dress, the lines of a pattern, the textures and angles created by the manipulated materials and geometrics on the basic human form. The lyrics of a top ten song, the head shot on a TV cop show are all there to invoke a response...the art of leading your eye over the page and your concentration over ideas is a science to induce a favorable response which, in most cases, would be consumption.

Consumption for fun. Consumption for profit. And when all the consuming gets you down, take time and consume a vacation from it all. A treadmill of conspiracy perpetrated by a power elite sits solidly in place with the facade society they've built.

As surely as Reader's Digest, Linburgh and the Vanderbuilts backed the Nazis, the same and current families are backing untold horrors today...physical, psychological and emotional.

Just as your tax dollars are funding slaughter and oppression in Lebanon and El Salvador and every hemisphere on earth, our hard earned \$\$\$ is being used by corporate masterminds to build our own chains of servitude.

ITT and most fashionably big corporations are known for their precautions made to protect their investments and hold on a market...technology, terrorism, troops and of course, \$\$\$\$\$. It seems funny in a perverse way that a majority of the people will either be ignorant of the use of suggestion and subliminal control techniques in everyday use, or admit they exist but refuse to think they are used...this is not by accident.

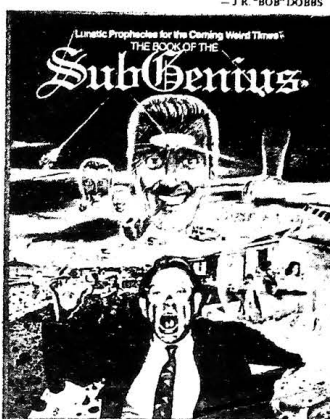
Our scientific knowledge of colors, textures, suggestion and design (grouping), and the mind's capability to perceive are endless and certainly more than any money hungry monarch needs to mount a campaign of technology. By 1978, most popular or accepted ideas and discoveries on sublimation and response had been achieved and are working in the market place. It would be foolish to believe in the five years since then that with speed and accuracy the techniques learned have not been used in every form of commercial life. Fashion is obvious...a mascaade of methods.

Those living in fashion generally don't think much about it, past wanting to look nice. What is achieved is a society screaming with subliminal statements; invoking powerful replies...with no conscious attention really being paid to it.

A massive chaos of unharnessed psychosis, raging to the point of explosion, is hanging in your closet. But wait! There on your TV screen flashes a solution...consume...consume...consume...

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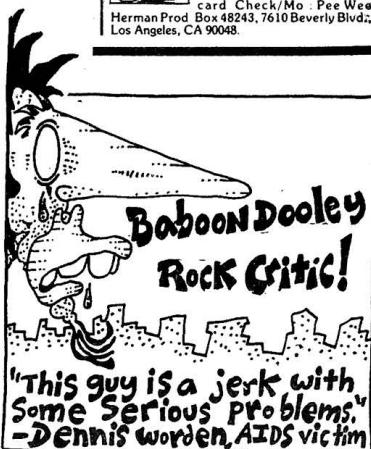
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-Dennis Worden, AIDS victim

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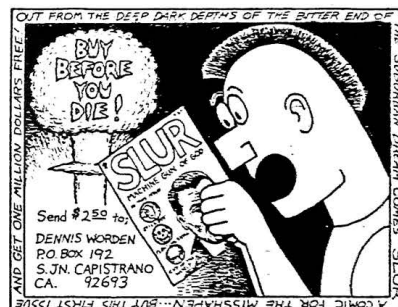
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The Turbulent California Years of Samuel Clemens

BY NIGLEY LENNON

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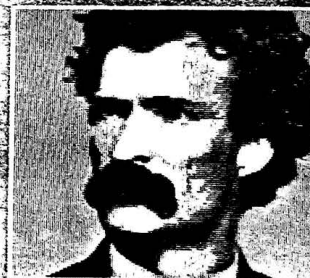
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THE TURBULENT CALIFORNIA YEARS OF SAMUEL CLEMENS

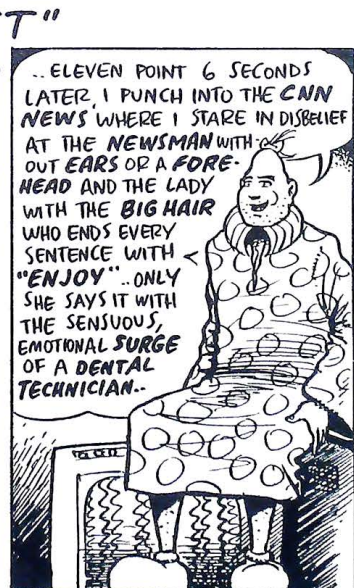
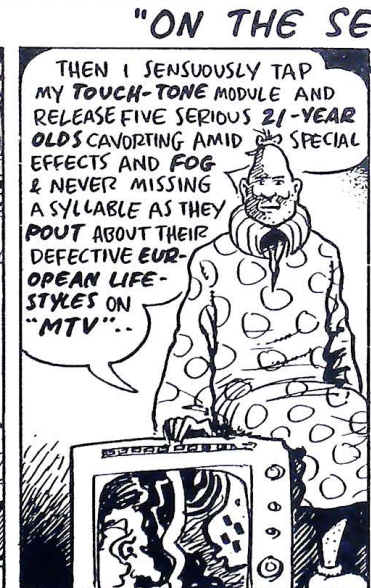
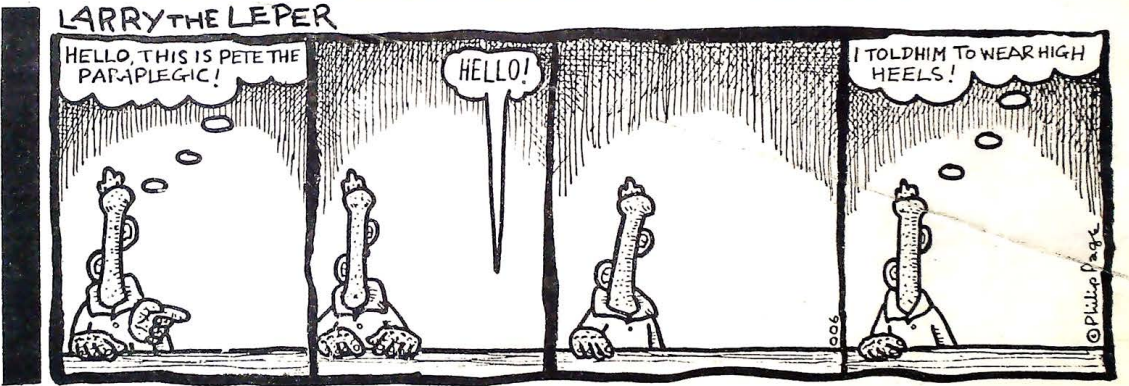
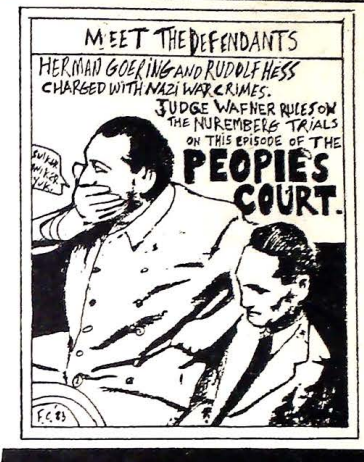
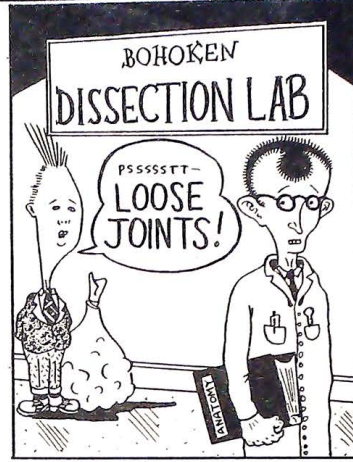
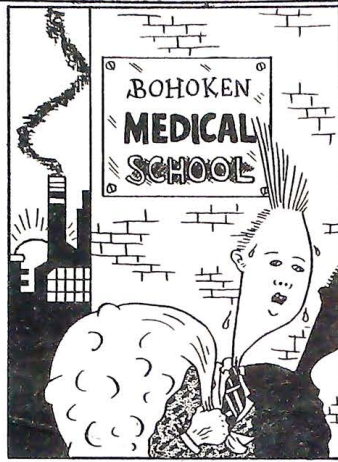


GOD
AT HOME

I THINK
I'LL BE
FORMLESS
TODAY

WHAT NEXT?

I THINK
I'LL DIE



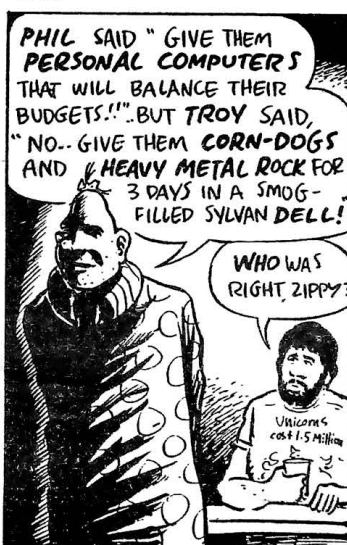
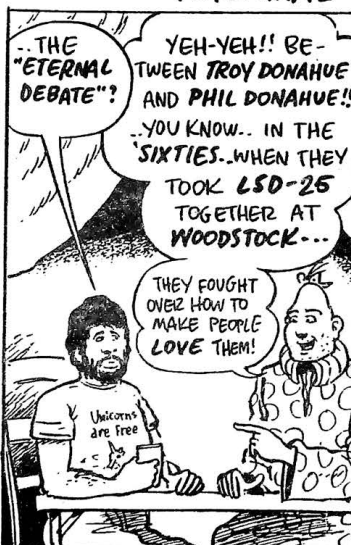
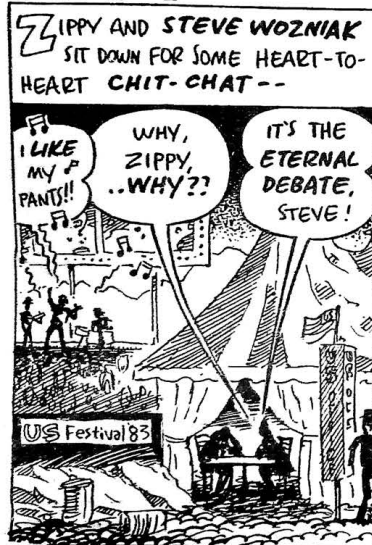
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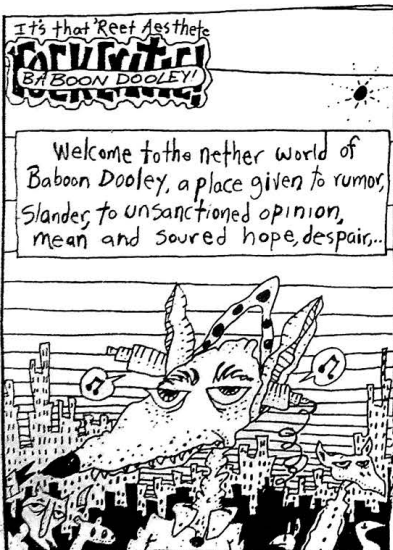
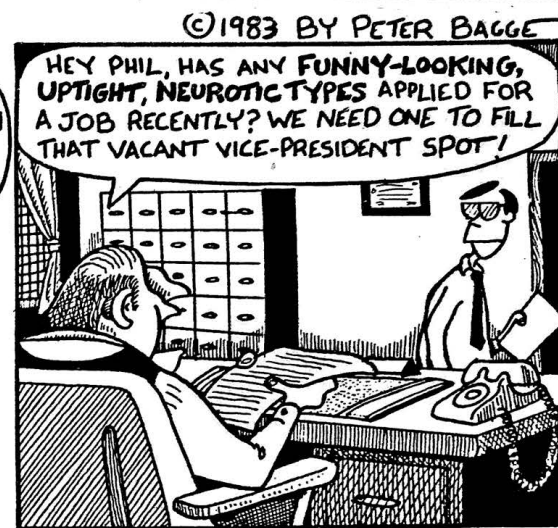
ZIPPY

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