

Terminal!

number 3

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BUZZCOCKS



WITH

Brian Brain Gang of Four
The Police

Crash Course in Sciene
Beefheart Nash the Slash
Bush Tetras Iggy Pop

Terminal!

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WRITE!

TERMINAL!

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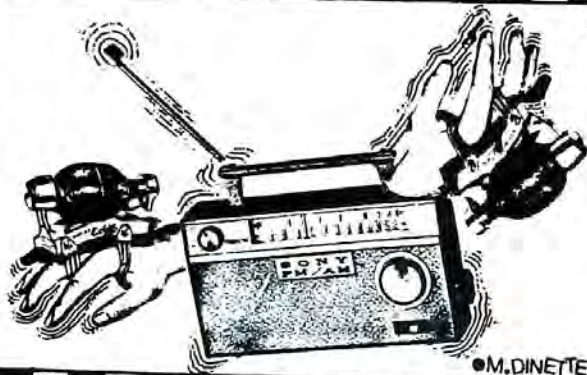
EDITORIAL:

We did it! You now hold in your hand the third edition of TERMINAL!, our first 1981 edition, and as you can see, we keep getting only one way...better.

But first, some extremely important news. Constant Cause, an international independent distribution system of literature and other propaganda is now soliciting "taped releases" for a catalog now being compiled. All you artists interested, contact: Constant Cause/679 Arbor Lane/Warminster, PA 18974.

Secondly, there is a new club in town. Called Club Esoterica, they are located at 225 Church St., just half a block north of Market and on 3rd. They have a strictly class decor, and include dance floor, bar, kitchen and some truly fine service. But most important of all, they want to and will be sponsoring a special benefit concert for TERMINAL! on Sat., February 23. The bands will be the Randy Dance and the Ben-Wah Torpedos. All proceeds from the gate will go towards paying the bands and the DJ and keeping the cash flow at TERMINAL! happening. As you know, we are doing our best to support the local scene, now we ask for your help in turn, and we'll make a party out of it like you never have seen.

-Steve Fritz



WIRED!

WRITE!

WRITE!

HEY, TERMINAL! READERS, THIS SECTION IS FOR YOU, SO WRITE IN AND TELL US WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS MAGAZINE, THE SCENE, THE MUSIC YOU'RE LISTENING TO, THE POSTAGE CRISIS, WHATEVER. WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!

● TERMINAL!

P.O. Box 2141 B

Philadelphia, PA 19103

Attn: Steve Fritz

Frustrated, But Not Out

A drop of sweat ran down my nose to my lips. I grabbed my bottle of beer and took a short drink, more out of habit than need or want.

Most of the people I grew up with were two or three hours into their nightly eight. Sometimes I wonder.

The crowd, why do they come here? It sure is not to hear what I say, or what any of us say. Then, if they are not listening, why am I here?

Same old crowd, same old shit. Half of them want to get laid and the other half are too drunk, or high, to care. I know that it sounds like another generalization—but it is fact.

I should have stayed in school. Two more years and I would have been an engineer. I would have had a real job, and money. Nine to five would not be that bad. It might even be nice; a steady, stable ride. I know that would have made my parents happy with me.

"When are you going to get a real job? You can't do this all your life you know."

I look at the people and I wonder. The scene.

"Hey man, want some?"

"No thanks."

Mindless bastard, I'd like to kick in his dope sucking brains and end the drone's life. Why can't they see what I see? If they would learn to think for themselves, they would be able to rise up over their own conformity. "I want to be different, like everyone else." Can't they see?

"C'MON MAN! Where's the fucking P.A.? Let's go, goddammit!"

It's these clubs. The same crowds everywhere. If our second single takes hold we might get a record deal. Then they would listen and hear what I have to say. I could start playing the bigger places; keep pushing until that comes.

Another quick drink -- walk up to the microphone -- grab the neck of my guitar -- presshard on a C chord -- and finish this set, last one tonight.

--Michael P. Hopkins III

Whoever;

I read the first issue of TERMINAL! and found it to be a rare treat and a seemingly honest shot at helping to establish a Philadelphia music scene. Congrats.

Now that that has been said and done, I will get down to the real purpose of my letter. I sing for a band from Philadelphia known as "the Push". We played the

Hot Club the month before its demise and received a very positive reaction. We were even able to generate a small local following before we met with trouble. Our bass player turned to Southern Rock for some ungodly reason our drummer decided he'd rather be chased by females in local bars while playing Led Zeppelin and Cheap Trick covers. Since then, through many times of depression and feelings of overriding doom, Jerry De Mara (guitar) and I have recruited a new bass player in Dave Buchinski. He, Jerry and I have also met with an overwhelmingly prosperous period of songwriting during this time so things began to look up. The search for a drummer was long and trying but we since been reunited with one John Dingle, who drummed in a band with Jerry and I a few years ago. Now that we have a complete band more trouble arose in the form of not having any place to practice. We had previously been practicing at Temple University, which Jerry and I attend studying various and sundry non-related entities. Now, however, we have been told that we can no longer practice at Temple past nine o'clock at night. Since I work until eight thirty and we can't start until then this would provide us with little or no practice time. We called a few local school and church halls but either they laughed in our face or asked for ridiculous sums of money for the space. One even asked \$200 a night which was considered a discount because we are parishioners. I thought that since you seem to be one of the only real people who seem to be trying to help the growth of a new music scene in Philadelphia maybe you could make a few suggestions. If you have any ideas at all please let us know. We would also like to ask you if you could mention us and maybe our plight in an upcoming issue, to let anyone who is still wondering where we disappeared to know where we are and what has happened to us. We also wouldn't mind getting involved in an interview so that we could air some of our scars against the suppression of the oncoming Philadelphia scene over the past few years. Any help would be greatly appreciated and regarded as priceless. Thanks for listening to all this hogwash, but we know we're God and we wanted everyone else to be able to follow us before it's too late (unselfish messiahs that we are). By the way I have shoulder length hair so don't be put off by my

looks if you happen to see me some time in the future.

Thanks, A Reader,

:Larry Berthold

(413 Unruh St., Phila., PA 19111)

SUPPRESSION OF THE ONCOMING PHILLY SCENE, HUH? SOUNDS LIKE HOT STUFF. IN CASE ANYONE'S INTERESTED, LARRY ALSO INCLUDED A LIST OF SONGS HIS GROUP DOES, WITH SOME INTERESTING TITLES, INCLUDING A COVER OF "YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE". CAN ANYBODY OUT THERE HELP THIS POOR STRUGGLING BAND? --JK

Dear Terminals,

Nice weekend you guys had. Good music (luv those Ben Wah's and Sci-Fi's) and a great crowd. I hope another one is in the planning. It was a perfect time -- almost. During the fashion show I got a brilliant idea (okay, so I was drunk again). Why not show off my raincoat? After all, it is black, has a narrow collar. Just as I'm set to walk on, some yo-yo (sez he's from TERMINAL!) says I can't do it, it's "not cool, pal". Well...I tried to go on and the nurd prevented me by ripping my back seam when he grabbed me -- the bill is enclosed. Please send the fucking check as soon as you can or I'll

▶ continued on page 11

★ BEATLES HEADQUARTERS ★



6830 BUSTLETON AVENUE
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CASH FOR YOUR RECORDS

A CONVERSATION WITH THE



One of the few survivors of the early "punk" or "new wave" groups to come out of the '76 era is the Buzzcocks. Presumably, one reason for their continuing popularity is that although they are still a "new wave" band, they have changed and most certainly improved with age. Their roots may go back to the '76 era but their music has advanced in order to keep up with the changing times.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the Buzzcocks, they are: Pete Shelley - vocals, guitar; Steve Diggle - Lead guitar, vocals; Steve Garvey - Bass; and John Mamer - Drums. Considering the band has been together for five years, it's hard to imagine that their average age is only 23.

After seeing, the first Sex Pistols performance, Pete and Steve (Diggle) decided to get together a group of their own. With the help of Howard Devoto they succeeded. Being so excited by what they called "The Whole Punk Thing", within 10 days of forming, the band played their first show - as the opening band for the Pistols second gig. Their first release was "The Spiral Scratch" E.P., now quite rare and in high demand in the past few years, they have released almost countless singles in England, 3 British L.P.'s and 2 American, including a compilation of their first 8 singles appropriately entitled, "Singles Going Steady".

Enough trivial! While most interviews are done with Pete, the so-called band spokesman, we had the pleasure of having a long chat with the other three. While John and the 2 Steves were all quite interesting, it was Diggle who seemed to do most of the talking. Maybe he was just happy someone was finally asking about him.

Assumingly, you'd like to know what a Buzzcock is... As John put it, "A Buzzcock is a bird that lives in Ireland. At one time they faced extinction, there were only 2 - but now they've mated and so there's 51!" Garvey said Americans seem to think it's a sexual device."

About that time we asked them about their cult following. John told us they were affectionately called "The Eggs"

They seem to like American audiences, and see little difference between us and the British. But then of course, as they said, they only see the first few rows at most shows and the audience always seems to enjoy themselves. Although the fans may be having just as much fun, the Buzzcocks are certainly more successful in England according to record sales. Their 2 tours here have tried to help them break America. Their record label in America IRS, is trying to do their part in making them a success here.

Something that surprised us was that they claim to have no musical influences. In fact, that was one of their reasons for starting the band. Garvey says that he does like the clash, but that's about it. They also keep away from "cover" versions of old songs, something other bands seem to be doing. The Buzzcocks write enough of their own material and have little need to use someone else's. Their writing is mostly done by Pete and Steve Diggle - some compilations but usually single efforts. When asked about their favorite songs, Garvey said "Steve (Diggle) thinks the best stuff is what he writes".

Other people have helped them though. Howard Devoto was one, as stated

previously. Working with the Buzzcocks, he helped in the writing of "Orgasm Addict".

And of course, there was Garth, who also was with them at that time. While Devoto is now a member of magazine, Garth is, as Diggle put it, "Back to his old job as a computer operator".

While the Buzzcocks are pretty tightly knit, they do have some solo interests. Pete, in 1979 formed his own record company, Grovy Records, and released a solo album on it, entitled "Sky Yen", a collection of material from 1974. Diggle has written a few songs for himself that he intends to use for a someday solo project. Of course, these projects in no way damage the Buzzcocks future, but rather enhance the talents of its members. The Buzzcocks have had periods where people were convinced they were ready to split, but only because they consider themselves more as a recording band than a touring band. Since touring is what puts you in the press, months have gone by without any word on them.

Their recording has been quite revolutionary. Not so much in the music, but the intent of it. Their singles are meant to have neither an "A" side nor "B" side - just good songs neither being the leftover. It seems radio is content to just play the one side and ignore the "B". The Buzzcocks would much rather have 2 great songs for people to listen to, without the influence of radio. The newest is a series of 7 songs called "By Installments" recorded instead of an album. Three of the series were released and the "leftover" song is being kept for the new album.

The band has also gone in an interesting art direction. An example is the "Orgasm Addict" sleeve where a woman is featured as having smiles instead of nipples and an iron instead of a head. Garvey told us it was just some weird artist. Diggle though had quite an interesting theory. "I believe the significance was that men such as 'Johnny want a fuckie' only think of women as things to fuck all night, but that's just not it. So I guess its just women being used as objects".

Summing this up, it should be said that the Buzzcocks are truly a great bunch of guys - intelligent and serious about their aspirations and desires, but still a helluva lot of fun! And their music certainly proves it!

--Natalie and Pam

The Police:

It's hard to believe how many Americans still claim that they never heard of the Police. Given time though, this British band, which is a musical phenomenon in Europe, will soon become a household word. Pictures of the three bandmembers will fill the pages of teenybopper magazines. The Police's third album, *ZENYATTA MON-DATTA*, is racing up the charts in the states.

The now closed Hot Club had been on the Police's early touring circuit. When it was learned that the band was returning to Philadelphia, their loyal fans (old and new) bought out all of the tickets for the November 26 concert.

The crowd was an odd mixture clad in everything from black leather to polyes-ters and flannel.

The opening act was the Fleshtones from New York, who must have left the stage red with embarrassment; the bandmembers, particularly the lead guitarist, were quite clumsy with microphones falling over and at one time even an amplifier fell to the stage floor.

The stage darkened. Finally, an eerie blue light outlined the muscular figure of Sting playing a suspended upright bass. He was joined by Andy Summers on guitar Stewart Copeland on drums. Sting began the show with "Don't Stand So Close To Me", his ballad of a relationship between a professor and a student.

By now the band had arrested their audience's attention and charged them with a wide range of melodies from their albums. As Sting whined that "My Bed's Too Big Without You".



The influence of the reggae beat was strong in "Man in a Suitcase", but I can't understand why they didn't perform "Canary in a Coalmine", their best ska number yet. The Police did do extended versions of "Bring on the Night" (which Sting called the Gary Gilmore song) and "Shadows in the Night".

I don't know who was having a better time that night, the audience or the band. The crowd was on its feet, and many of them were pogoing for the first time in their life.

Unlike most other concerts I've seen, this show never wore down. Like the pyramid on their latest album cover, the concert started out quite well and got better with every song, eventually reaching a peak, as did Sting's voice. Summers' guitar work shows experience and filled out the gaps between Sting's bass and Copeland's drums.

The Police ended the concert with a steady string of some of their best music. Their second encore began with "Message in a Bottle" and swung into a perfect version of their classic "Roxanne". This was followed by the cynically funny "Can't Stand Losing You". The set finished with "So Lonely".

After the concert, I found myself at the stage door without a backstage pass. I was surrounded by fans who were willing to do anything to get backstage. Some even tried to pass themselves off as relatives of Copeland (the American in the band). Luck was with me that night. I was permitted to go backstage for a brief interview with the Police. My interview was primarily with Sting as the rest of the band prepared for a radio interview before leaving for New York. (And yes girls, he does look better in person. Eat Your Heart Out!)

T: The British press describe you as a contemporary pop band, the American press as a New Wave band. How would you categorize the group?

S: Labels make the job harder. They set a limit. You, the press, label us!

T: Is it true that "Don't Stand So Close to Me" is based on personal experience?

S: Yes, the song is autobiographical. I was a professor in a private school in England. The song is based on some of the relationships between some of the faculty members and a few boys and girls.

T: I imagine that you were guilty of putting lust in the hearts of those poor, innocent schoolgirls.

S: (Big smile) Young girls are very special though.

T: What subjects did you teach?

S: English, soccer and music.

T: Do American and British audiences react to your music in the same manner?

S: No! They're like two totally different races! The American tastes are way behind and are only beginning to react to the music. The British are far more enthusiastic.

T: What effects do you hope to have in the States?

S: We're just breaking through in America, but we're hoping to create mayhem and panic!

Sting, Summers and Copeland admitted to enjoying Philadelphia and hopefully they will return following the release of their next album. After completing the US tour they will be going to South America and Great Britain, so it will be awhile before they release any new material.

Their label can count on one thing, though; a continually mounting number of Americans are paying closer attention to the output of the group. If you're already an American Police fan, you won't be in the minority for long.



Martin Atkins
Bobby Surgeoner
Pete Jones



BANANAS, DICK CLARK & CONSTIPATION

--Jason Keehn

Brian Brain is the band formed and led by Martin Atkins, Public Image Ltd's "drummer." It's made of Atkins, who sings and does silly things on stage, Bobby Surgeonson on guitar and Pete Jones on bass. I interviewed the three well-inebriated members of the band underneath Omni's before they played, and managed to salvage an interview out of a half-hour's worth of chaos. Live Brian Brain is a combination of fun and intelligent rock 'n roll. Atkins gets a bit crazy pulling antics like singing while drinking out of beer bottle, dragging the audience on stage to sing (including you reporter, who wound up rolling on the floor with him), and throwing a bag full of

styrofoam balls at the audience.

MA: Come on, ask us a decent question.

T: How about starting out with how you got Brian Brain together?

MA: Well the PIL thing was falling apart more and more towards the end of the tour, so I left here, got back to England and finished the Brian Brain album got a band together and started gigging. We just did one rehearsal and started playing live.

T: The PIL tour was falling apart?

MA: It got pretty strange; we were travelling separately, mainly because we weren't used to being in each other's

company, and it got to be a bit much. T: Are you the leader, so to speak, of Brian Brain, or is it more democratic?

BS: Well I have to kiss Martin's shoes 8 times a day, but apart from that, no he's not the leader really.

MA: I write most of the material, so consequently, I make most of the money.

BS: And most of the blame.

PJ: That's what I like most of all about this band, no matter how much freedom we have, it's Martin's responsibility. If things go badly, it's Martin's fault, if things go well, it's due to Martin...we all feed off each other...

MA: I had a very nice Chinese meal off of Pete this afternoon.

PJ: When I say feed off me, Martin, I mean

MA: It's like a game of Tennis: we bounce a ball around, and Pete will put a bit of topspin or heavy slice on it and the ball will bounce to me and I'll lob it high into the air, soaring into the clouds, and it'll come down, down to the depths and *bosch!* into the tarmac and Bobby will put a gentle touch on it.

BS: Nobody's grasped what we're trying to do yet, but we're not going to tell anybody. We're not going to spoonfeed anybody. We have our own ideas.

MA: If we start saying: "we stand for this and that," then people are going to say "oh yeas, I really think they stand for such and such and that's why I like them!" The words and the music are very, very important, the whole whole process is over though at the time we try to get them out. Once they are out, the whole process is over with. It's like going for a shit, if you're real constipated, it's a big issue until you're constipated no more. You don't go around saying what a good

Brian Brain: Cheryl Levinthal

GANG of FOUR

Fran Soir &
George Shirley

John King
Andy Gill
Dave Allen

Since Gang of Four love to talk, we'll leave the introduction as short as possible.

When we arrived in the room "the best episode ever" of Kung Fu was in progress, so we had to wait until it was over to begin. What follows is a severely edited version of a 90 minute conversation.

TERMINAL: Do you read your reviews?

JK: Yeah.

DA: Avidly.

T: After being given credit for almost creating something completely different, does it bother you to read that people are saying "Well, they've done that. Why don't they do something else now?"

JK: It does a bit, but I don't think it makes any difference. Some people are saying, "Oh, God the Andy Gill guitar sound." Because it was novel when it

came out, no one talked about anyone else's guitar sound, because there was nothing to point out. Everyone sounded like everyone else. We're not a novelty act. We're not performing monkeys coming up with new tricks every five minutes like everyone else. That's not to say that you don't develop your ideas and come up with new ones.

We're slowly introducing new songs in the set. Some people expect you to play completely new sets. I don't see why the fuck we should, because there's a logic to what we do and it makes sense to put things in certain places. We pursue and extend ideas. Like Trains and Army were in no way repetitions of previous ideas, but it does sound like the Gang of Four. Because it is so much a type in itself. A sui generis...

DA: Fuck Off

JK: Put that in because people will go "Fuck, that bloke's clever!" People

expect us to extend the boundaries of some arbitrarily drawn musical category. (Andy Gill Tries to strangle Dave Allen with a Holiday Inn towel.)

T: It'll be interesting without a bass player.

JK: We're trying to pursue this idea.

AG: Dave's trying to prolong the anti-solo by dying.

JK: What he's trying to say is that he doesn't care, really.

AG: I don't care too much. It's like for example, Talking Heads. If they said to David Byrne, "I wish you didn't sing that way." I mean, the guy doesn't sound like anyone else. He sounds like a complete nutter, doesn't he? He sounds like a complete loony and yet people don't say he's repeating his vocal style again. You don't all of a sudden say, "well, I'm tired of this guitar sound. Let's get some Marshall stacks.



Gang of Four: Fran Soir



shit you had. So if a person says a song is about such and such, well good on them.

T: I've read some reviews that suggest that you're influenced by Can.

MA: I'm very conscious of when I'm in the studio of just doing what I want to do and not being influenced by anybody. Because I was a drummer, I just discovered keyboards, I just discovered my voice, I just discovered the studio, so I'm influenced by vocal and keyboard technique. That's why the album really stumped a lot of people, they couldn't see a lot of influenced, which is great.

T: Do you do any sort of improvising live
MA: You see, because we play live we don't concentrate on the sound, we concentrate on the visual things. We improvise visually, not sound-wise. Unless we stop singing and start drinking.

BS: The improvisation comes in where we play different mistakes every night. If I wanted to stop playing at any particular point I would, there'd be nothing stopping me from doing so. And if I feel like stopping and bashing Martin one...he'd push me over or jump on me.

PJ: Or he might go to the toilet in the middle of "I Get Pain"

T: And they'd probably make something of it.

MA: We're not trying to say, "look we can play live; we just want to have a good time."

BS: There are a lot of bands at the moment whom you can sit at home with and listen to with your headphones on and your eyes closed.

MA: There are a lot of bands that won't experiment and use the studio because they can't do it live. Bulllocks. A studio exists to be used.

T: On your album there seems to be a lot of references to foreign countries and exotic bird noises, stuff like that.

BS: Well there you are. You got something out of it that we hadn't. You're the first person to point that out.

MA: I don't know what he means.

BS: I know what he means, actually.

T: The silly bird noises on "Jet Boat Up The Ganges"...

BS: "Our Man In Hong Kong" an oriental flavor...

MA: That's a reference to spies, like a

James Bond movie. Shall I tell him what the song is about? Some of the songs I write are like conscious flow things; others are like word structures; not using words as words but as interesting noises. "Our Man In Hong Kong" is taken from Quincy, MD. We recorded the whole show on video wrote the dialog out, edited it down. I also jotted down what I was seeing, and we threw it all together. They were just interesting words. Words don't have to mean anything. Some of the words mean a lot to me for different reasons. Some of the songs mean a lot to me because they don't mean a lot to me.

We'll be playing the Rock Lounge in New York. It's a very hip place to be; Hurrah's is street level compared to this place. We're going to beat the shit out of them.

BS: The bananas might make a resurgence for that gig in a big way.

T: Couldn't you use something more offensive than that?

MA: No, bananas make a real mess. What happens is that every time they're thrown at the audience, they're thrown back, and by the time they're starting to get mushy. By the end of a song they've split open and it's like throwing a handful of phlegm; doesn't dry clean out either.

BS: Our cleaning bills are enormous.

PJ: Almost as large as our alcohol bills

MA: No, they're not that large.

BS: But the bananas are really offensive and horrible. It's all good fun at the time, but when you go home, you are all covered up in bananas; there is bits in your hair...So whatever happens tonight, consider yourself lucky.

(A short discussion of the way bands are now referred to in terms of Gang of Four, Pylon, Au Pairs, Delta 5, etc.

They don't seem to be able to see it in the obvious places, but see it in "Scary Monsters.")

AG: Have you seen us before?

T: Lots of times. We saw your Hot Club debut.

JK: That was a hoot, that was.

T: I thought it was a really good show.

JK: Short and sweet

T: Did you listen to anything in particular that influenced your style, or did it just occur to you.

AG: We just sort of did it, really. When we started we had some basic ideas ... a sort of economic set up.

JK: You wanted us to be sparse.

AG: That's right, nothing superfluous. It was going to be getting lot out of limited means.

(They then reminisced about former glories

like Andy Gill's Hendrix cover band when he was 14. They also had a Canned Heat type boogie band called the Bourgeois Brothers whose songs contained as many words beginning with B as possible. And then there's the song: Psychedelic baby/ won't you take a trip with me?/Here's a lump of sugar in the LSD/if you want a kinky caper/suck the blotting paper.

"After that we took even more drugs.")

JK: I came to America when I was 18 to visit some art galleries and stayed with this complete Nazi from the Philadelphia National Guard. I visited him at the Armory. You wouldn't fucking believe it...armored cars, great heavy machine guns. At the time there was the truckers strike and they were shooting off bridges and they were talking about how they shot this guy the day before. I'd just come down from Buffalo and there I had met with these anarchists. They had this big riot there about a month previously and took me around to where he was sniping the police. There was really this interesting range of people I met. Complete nuts my first time in America. Everyone said, "America's nothing like as bad as they paint it. It's not a violent place."

(A discussion of the Hot Club and its closing)

T: How much does soul music influence your work. I read it all the time, but I don't really see it.

AG: What is is is simply that we spend a lot of time working out rhythms. We get into these complicated discussions about whether the fourth hi-hat beat should be a millisecond earlier or later in the drum pattern. And then we work on the bass. What the effect of it is is this sort of rhythmical... JK: syncopated...

AG:...thing. Funk records are as simple as rock and roll, so we don't take anything from that. It's just a sort of emphasis. Our rhythmic patterns come from payin a lot of attention to those things. I think most people don't pay attention to them. They just let their rhythm section get on with it. We take the attitude that the bass and the drums are not just filling in the bottom end. They are just as forefront as anything else.

(A discussion of different ways of working. They consider Eno's methods too easy. "The hard part is to appear so sincere while appropriating someone else's ideas and presenting them as if they were not. Bowie is a great appropriator. He's great at appearing to have this amazing credibility. The only album he's made with any sort of innovation in it is Young Americans which on the surface is the most "derivative".)

There's loads more stuff to be said, like their tour of Portugal with Steve Harley (!) who blames everything on his bum leg. Or the fact that they think their song "Glass" could have been written by Billy Joel ("It's just power pop with an alienated lyric."). Or their new song "Cheeseburger" which Andy Gill

► continued on page 21



Bobby Surgeon

T: Could you tell us what's happening with PIL, no one seems to know.

MA: Well Wobble is driving a cab for a living, has not now, and will never have in the future anything more to with Public Image, and he certainly won't have anything to do with me. So me, John and Kieth have been in the studio in a much more loose sort of framework—like I'll go in six hours before everybody else and do a backing track, which won't be drums. It will be like my Mickey Mouse watch I got at Disneyland. We'll mike that up harmonize it six different ways, mix 'em together, then I'll play bass drum, snare drum and then do some hand claps. Then I'll get a spray can and mike that up too, and do something with that. It's really fucking loose. I've got more freedom, and it is fucking excellent.

T: Were you on "Pied Piper" the song on the Virgin compile MACHINES?

MA: That's a case of 'We need some money, put us on a compilation album? That's it.

T: What do you think of the New Wave scene over here?

MA: The bands over here are tedious and boring, but the people—even though the people here don't dress so outrageously, well some of them do, the posey arse turds, most people in England are real clones. All the punks. Everybody here is wrapped up in "God, I wish I was in England, they do it much better"...We fucking don't. We've got no radio stations that play the music, the radio stations here are better, everybody's more open-minded about things.

T: But it's presented differently in the English press.

MA: The English press is the main reason for all the bullocks that's going on. The press is a lot of bigoted, opinionated shit. It's not journalism, it's just ridiculous. Here's one case in point: PIL, about eight months ago, did two gigs in Paris. We did an encore which is real unusual for us. The NME reviewer said it was the first time he'd seen a band do an encore when they'd been booed off stage. He said the whole gig was a piece of toilet and that everybody hated it. Now it's been released on record, 3000 people going apeshit. That's just one instance.

Keith came over and started nodding his head in front of the drum kit, getting into the music, and the reviewer said "At one time Keith Levine had to mark time for the new drummer

Martin Atkins with his head?"

BS: The reviewer deserved Preparation H spread liberally over his head.

T: Would you talk about what happened when PIL was on American Bandstand? Was Dick Clark upset?

MA: Dick Clark was furious. Everybody on the show said "we had made a mockery of the foundations that was Bandstand." We had made a mockery of a great program, and it shouldn't be allowed on the air. The only reason it made it on was that there was one guy in the position of absolute power on the show, who wasn't Dick Clark thank God, who said Bandstand had become tedious and boring, and we were what Bandstand needed, a breath of fresh air. He really liked it. But Dick Clark, that 80-year old hippie...Oh God! What wound him up to begin with was he comes into the dressing room, and he said (whips out a Dick Clark imitation) "Great, nice to meet you, who are you?" We just ignored him. It was supposed to be this great honor to meet the 80-year old faggot. I just wanted to know where the bar was. He was fucking furious. Then Warner Bros. came over the day before and said look, we edited "Careering" and "Poitones" so they're exactly 3 minutes. They had been in the studio for days. Lydon decided that he was not going to relearn the words, and I wasn't going to relearn the drums. So the way we eventually did it was like big laugh. I started playing bass, it was a ridiculous program. Also in each room was about 20 pounds of fruit.

BS: They must have been real concerned about your bowel movements.

MA: They spent hours painting signs for different dressing rooms, they gave us make-up artists...Then Ol' Dick musn't have to long to live...unless he gets an iron lung. (Goes into more imitations) "OK boys, wheel him in! What's the hit this week, Dick? (Starts drooling and wheezing) We'll have Dick on next week!"

T: Ever see the Residents album with Dick Clark as Martin Bohman holding a carrot?

MA: Brilliant! I went up to him and asked him for two American Bandstand silver bomber jackets...

Science Fiction

--Sean Dunhill

Science Fiction formed approximately a year ago. Jay Medley (guitar) and Mike Duffy (vocal, synth) decided that they were tired of seeing each other in different bands (the Duplicators and the Tickers, respectively). They quickly picked up Warren (drums) who had worked in both bands and a bass player. This September, the bass was replaced with Bob Wright, a

very young guy who also now handles back up vocals.

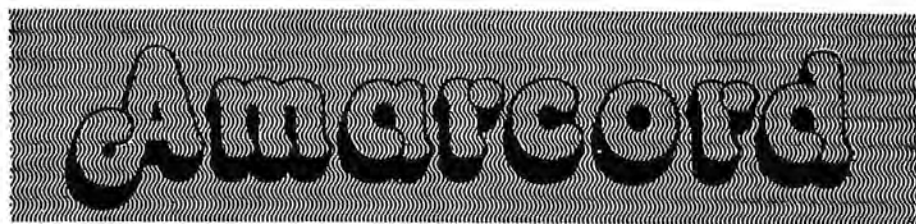
They've been frequently called a pop band, but as Mike puts it "if you got a melody, people automatically call you that! To Jay and Mike, Science Fiction is a rock 'n roll band with some thought involved. "People come in expecting one thing," states Jay, "and they usually go away with something else! Still, people are known to remember and hum the melody lines."

Their name has nothing to do with science fiction (the literature). It's just a name they felt sure people would remember. Science Fiction, the band are carefully predetermining what they are doing. They are not an art band though, or are they not out to please people. "If that were the case," says Jay, "we'd go out and do nothing but cover songs!"

► continued on page 17



Science Fiction: Helen Schwartz



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Joe King Carrasco: Frank Chmielewski

Oh Boy (*Buddy Holly)! I want to write this here article on the present prince of the Lone Star State, Joe "King" Carrasco, and his band of renown, the Crowns. But is there anything left to write? We already know all about Joe's penchant for Tex-Mex Rock-Roll, and about his love affair with the Farfisa organ? and the Mysterians' "96 Tears" is favorite song of all time. He calls himself "King" because he likes the name, wearing a crown and cape because he considers them neat. Am I left with nothing to add to the Carrasco legacy?

Maybe not. Joe & the Crowns are part of the Son of Stiff Tour. Fire Stiffs are in the lineup, the others being Dirty Looks, the Equators, Any Trouble, and Tenpole Tudor. I'll just change tenses, jump into the future (our present), and relate the trivia I was able to conjure up while conversing with Joe and his organist, Kris Cummings.

Mister Carrasco is much younger than I had expected. His picture on the cover of the Stiff import (on Hannibal here), "Joe King Carrasco and the Crowns", adds about a decade to his highness's appearance.

JOE "KING" CARRASCO and the CROWNS by Frank Chmielewski



Let's get down to business, I thought I pointed out where the Bush Tetras, in the Dec. 10 issue of Village Voice, were asked to comment on Joe "King" Carrasco. They said "Who wants to hear six versions of '96 Tears'?"

Joe laughed, "Who said that?" The Bush Tetras.

"Oh yeah? I never heard of them. But who forces them to listen? Where they from?" "New York". I explained that the Bush Tetras are punk-funk. "What was their name again?"

Joe grew up in North Amarillo, Texas, which is about fifty miles north of Dumas. The map of Texas in my 1966 version of the New Standard Encyclopedia doesn't show it. Maybe I should check marijuana. Joe says about 7 tons a day comes out of Mexico and through his area. A fondness for his deceased father is expressed by the "King". The elder Carrasco would listen to New Orleans rock and blues all day, two of his favorites being Fats Domino and Cookie and the Cupcakes. Joe's soul soaked up what his father was listening to.

Another inspiration was Mexico City, the Trash Capitol (with a capital T) of the world. Want more trivia? (Lack of trivia makes the world go square) A Joe-fave is "Talk to Me" by Sunny and the Sunliners, on the Teardrop label. Joe's also big on Freddie Fender

El Molino was Joe's first band, which cut an album, called "Joe King Carrasco and El Molino", on his own Lisa Records. The big El play genuine Tex-Mex, the Spanish Polka stuff. If you have the new album with the Crowns, "Federales" is the closest thing to it. If you have the El Molino album, "Just A Mile Away" is the closest thing to the sixties organic material of the later album. The Molino played teen dances, National Guard Armories, the whole works. I commented to Joe that it must have been hard playing at night, and holding down a regular job during the day. Job? I never had a job. "Oh" Why were you playing all that Spanish stuff when your true love is rock and roll? I asked. "There's a lot of money in that stuff. We could play just about anywhere we wanted".

New person. Rocking females can be beautiful, charming, and intelligent. They're not all Pat Benatars. Kris Cummings is an example. She is a focal point of the Crowns, giving them an elliptical bi-focus. Joe is the front man and guitarist for the four piece

combo (Brad Kizer plays bass, Mike Navarro drums). But with the king of sixties pop performed by the Crowns, the organist must share a spotlight.

Kris worked on films in New Orleans as an assistant to Les Blank. Through working on Les Blank's "Always for Pleasure", she became endeared to Huey "Piano" Smith, and the late Professor Longhair. (For a great bio on Smith, see Jay Cocks' piece in Greil Marcus' "Stranded".) A love for Muscle Shoals is professed by Kris, especially of the underrated Eddie Hinton, and session-man Earl Ladd. Someday the Crowns will hit the big time, predicts Kris. "If the kids can like zany stuff like DEVO, I don't see why they can't like us!"

The Stiff tour takes its Sons to Madrid this month. Already, it has zip-ped through Italy and Portugal. In Portugal, a fan was crushed to death at the gates by a stampeding crowd. This wasn't big news there. Kris says their culture is set up to accept events like that. When the Stiff airplane landed there, it was greeted by rifle-bearing soldiers, lines of which the Stiff entourage had to walk between.

The Crowns were afraid to go on in Milan, Italy. Two weeks previous to their show, the Ramones were bombarded with so many stones they were forced to leave the stage. But things went well, Italian teens holding up copies of the "Part Weekend/Houst El Mover" single (Gee Bee Records) for the Crowns to see.

What's next on Joe's musical agenda? At Emerald City, he did his first ever reggae number, joined onstage by the Equators. Joe never ventured from the Texas-Mexico border until a year ago. Now he is being influenced in what he thinks are positive ways, such as by reggae/ska. He feels certain reggae-ish rhythms. I mentioned post as something the Jamaican and Texan cultures share. Joe laughed. Joe also has a Cajun song in the works, this one by Louisiana's Rockin' Dupsie.

Kris gathered the Crowns to join the Stiff finale: all five bands doing Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll Pt.2". Some-time afterwards, the Bush Tetras' "Too Many Creeps" came over the P.A. I rushed backstage to tell Joe. I figured the song was almost through. We hurried out of the dressing room, Joe saying, "This I've got to hear!". We were just in time to hear "You must whip it...." Oh well

DNA

COMING OUT
FROM UNDER

DNA, with the break-up of Mars, now stand as the last of the original No New York bands. With the commercial breakout of the Bush Tetras, the Raybeats and the reemergence of James Chance and Lydia Lunch (with the Devil Dogs) it seems that DNA's time has finally come.

In 1978, Arto Lindsay had a job, went to CBGB's and saw Mars and Teenage Jesus. Impressed by the bands' attitude of not being able to play, but willing to take on the wrath of an audience, he soon formed DNA with Ikue Mori and R. Crutchfield and soon took his turn on stage.

Arto expected that some people would like DNA right away, but he knew that it would take a long time before a larger crowd would like them. If anything, it took longer than even Arto had expected.

The NO NEW YORK sampler released in 1978 helped in that it gave the band exposure that it needed, and it also got Arto a strange following from areas that were really out of the way. But it didn't help when one critic reviewed the album, and in a case of bias, stated that the only track worth listening to (the "commercial tracks" as Arto would put it) were the Contortions. So DNA found all the other critics in the U.S. mimicking the one and claiming that DNA were too wild and

"Liberally Uncommercial" to have any attention paid to them at all.

This is far from the truth. Arto blames the fact that they are trying to do something new and exciting, a music of the future, not something that will be a hit immediately. To Arto, DNA is more than a pop band because a pop band people will see because they are entertaining, but in Arto words DNA is "not only entertaining, but offer something more, so that you can remember."

How they do it is original. After Crutchfield left in 1979, they recruited Tim Wright, a former member of Pere Ubu. They then totally restructured the DNA sound. Arto's guitar and Tim's bass are now tuned to Ikue's drums. The result is a warmer fuller sound than the old. If anything, DNA's sound is that of a big bass drum, with Ikue's steady drumming, and Arto's and Tim's percussive use of their respective instruments.

They also break up the sound, working now with sections rather than writing the pieces in one steady progression. If anything DNA appears to have thrown the standard Chorus/Verse/Chorus structure out the window, they also try to play more than one rhythm than one in every song. This is to give, as Arto would say "the dancer more than one rhythm to dance to, he chooses the one that moves him."

DNA don't like to listen to just the music that you hear everyday. Arto & the

band listen to "World Music." Arto lists Latin and Joujouka (from Morocco) as influences. The difference is that, to Arto, while American music tries to hit you over the head, DNA and world music tries to get to what moves the individual. Not that DNA doesn't play loud, they do, but by tuning to the drums, the sound is richer and does not make mince meat out of your ear drums. DNA can play at full volume and not hurt you in any physical sense.

As stated earlier, it's taken DNA a long time to take off. Their uniqueness probably didn't help them get any further. But they are finally getting the national, if not international attention they set out for. When I had talked to Arto, he had just finished a national tour, hitting the Southwest and the West Coast. Reaction was good. As I was working on this article, I get a call from a friend out in the West Coast. He saw DNA in Berkeley with Snakefinger opening up. He reported that the crowd reaction was good.

Also soon to come, Arto says hopefully in March, will be the first release of DNA with Tim Wright in the band. The release, a 6-track EP, will be the first on Arto's own label American Clave. Along with this, the same EP will be scheduled for simultaneous release in England and, of all places, Germany, where DNA have a strong following.

The time for DNA has finally come, and now all that's left is for you to see them.

--Sean Dunhill



Randy: Frank Chmielewski

There has to be more to Philly than Tastykakes and soft pretzels. There is the Randy Dance. Randy Dance is a band, but it is also the extension of the musical personality of Randy Bucksner. As it stands now, Randy Dance is a nucleus of Randy, who plays sax and guitar and sings, and Dusty Lore on guitar. The bassist and drummer are Steven Belinkey and Barry Halkin respectively, who are also in the Notekillers. Both Randy Dance and the Notekillers have released singles on a Philadelphia label, American Bushmen.

Randy Bucksner grew up in Philly, and attended Northeast High School. At age fifteen, he moved to the South West, playing in Denver doing Roxy-type originals, between '73 and '76. He then spent some time in lounge acts and show groups. These were similar to Jersey club bands, with country and western and top forty repertoires. They gigged mainly in Holiday and Ramada Inns. They were jobs.

Together with his friend Dusty, Randy spent a year auditioning potential band members. This spring saw the Notekillers' lead guitarist Dave Hirsch, out of action with tendonitis of the hand. Offers were made, and the other members of the band became an ad hoc portion of the rhythm section. A single was cut in September, "Jersey Girls"/"Two Days Off" (reviewed in the December issue of *TERMINAL*). This single made the WKDU playlists in December. Dave Hirsch recovered, and we went to work on the soon to be released single "Run Don't Stop"/"Juggernauts".

What is Randy's personal philosophy regarding pop tunes? Pop tunes should bend a little from two-chord clichés. His single is more mainstream than his other stuff, which is more experimental in its



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song formats. His tastes are fairly eclectic: R & B, funk, dance music in general.

Randy Dance does have a live show, which appeared at Omni's in December. They shared the bill with the Notekillers, so his band was easily complimented with the Notekillers' members. Randy Dance went over big.

Randy Bucksner may also have been seen now and then working the sax in Alan Mann's Band. He was also the saxophonist for the Hardons, when they opened at Emerald City for the Stranglers.

So now, when someone stops you on the street and says, "name three good things in Philadelphia," just answer: soft pretzels, Tastykakes, and Randy Dance.

--Frank Chmielewski

Crash Course in Science

Crash Course have developed a unique position in the local music scene. Someone is sure to have heard them. Further, people all over the world are also aware of them (one of my friends heard their single played over the BBC, courtesy of John Peel). They are liked by the nouveau wave as well as the older electronic types.

I met met Dale and Mallory recently at their home one cold evening. Their third member, Zed, was in New York. This tape was done in Dale's room, with his equipment being rewired all about the place.

- T: How did Crash Course get together?
 D: We met about a year and a half ago, in April '78. I knew Mallory in school and Mallory knew Zed for about 4 or 5 years. We started making tapes together.
 M: When we first met, we didn't give a shit, we honestly didn't give a damn, whether we were in a band or not.
 D: We talked about it, how much fun it would be to be in a band. It wasn't as though we said: let's be in a band. We didn't think that we going to do it.
 T: Well now you seem a solid unit.
 D: But it took a long time to get there.
 M: We're not a bunch of jerk-offs, sitting there playing on stage with toys.
 T: OK, then who came up with the toys?
 M: When I first met Zed, he was interested in doing taping and so was I, Dale was already doing some work. We started thinking and decided to use what was at hand. At the time we were students, we're not rich, what were we going to do? So we went out and got what we could.
 T: Do you try to use as little as you can?
 M: No, no, no, we just try to get out what we want. I hate to TRY, you end up not being yourself.
 T: So you try to be more free flowing?
 M: Well let's not discount structure.
 D: The way the three of us work is the three of us have our own ideas and bringing them together and the end result of that sometimes is a song and sometimes it's just a tape we just made. Different ideas develop and coalesce and solidify.
 T: Was there any specific influence on the band?
 M: You go first, c'mon spill it, because when I first met you I didn't know what to think.
 D: I use to be into music that used instruments in weird ways, and kind of distorted music. I like Harry Parsch, John Cage, and any kind of raw music.
 M: I was the one who liked Iggy & the Stooges, Sparks, I had their stuff when they were called Half-Nelson. Things like that left a big impression on me. Eno is a big influence in that he was the one artist who made it a point he could get a contract and then go out to the populace and say it's OK to just do what your thinking about. Also include King Crimson.
 T: What about Zed?
 M: He'd say about the same thing, except he'd probably go further. Like he'd say the Dolls were a big influence, & the Electric Chairs. He's a big Iggy fan. But basically, when I was in high school, I had this real dichotomy. I was into medieval music, very structured medieval music. My record buying day would include an album of Gregorian

- chants and the latest Iggy.
 T: For a while, we heard nothing about the band.
 D: For eight months.
 M: We just stopped. It was like we never stopped talking to each other, but we just stopped. It was like you make a tape or a painting and you put it in the closet and go to sleep. Then you wake up and look at it in a new light.
 D: When we came back to it, it was like a new toy for us. New things came out. They wouldn't if we kept on pushing it. It's like a real weird balance of like a band with a record out and you got to get out in front of the public and do this and that.
 T: Were people actually telling you that?
 D: It was all implied and we really got uptight about it. It was growing pains. Getting used to it and how to relax, and at the same time learn to take advantage of it. We now have certain things going for us, but we also know what we want to do and want to be. It's not a whole lot, but not what other people think we are going to do.
 M: The whole trick of it was that each one of us doing personal things and getting down to where you can get your own personal ideas out. We've only started to have the balance of what we want and pulling off something greater than that.
 D: We know where we stand now.
 M: And if you can reach that point, then most of your battle is over.
 T: So it's more of a synergism...
 M: Oh yeah, the old phrase.
 T: So then where do you want to go?
 M: Well we've all come to a decision that we're going to go through with Crash Course.
 D: We all feel that we are now in a position to take hold of something, and make use of it. We now have a lot more control over what we are doing. We don't think of this as Crash Course in Science but of something that's going to happen if we just keep on doing it.
 T: Is there any underlying concept behind Crash Course?
 M: It's just a personalized way of seeing things.
 D: The songs speak for themselves. There's a whole humor, the way the music's made and the visual end of it. It's like a lot of people say we're from the suburbs and like the kitchen, but it's all their in front of your eyes. We'd rather everyone decide their own words.
 T: You leave it up to people to decide what the message is.
 D: The messages are pretty clear. We don't want to explain them.
 M: I'm not going to sit down and note-for-note write down what I'm doing.
 D: We can't!
 M: It's all being aware, of being aware of yourself and who your working with. Also, there could be three ideas going on at one time, that happens a lot.
 T: From living in other cities, there doesn't seem to be a lot of electronic bands.
 D: There's a lot of electronic music in this town, but it's real high brow.
 T: Like FOPPEM?
 M: That's real different from what we are doing, though they really like what we're doing as well.
 D: We use electronic instruments in a totally different way, and they like that.
 M: They don't cut us down at all, they just give us support.
 D: And lately the idea of being in a electronic band is so preconceived.
 M: Yeah, I hate a lot of the electronic bands coming out these days.
 T: What do you mean by that.

- M: Well we're really off-kiltered, you know, and I'm not going to put anybody down 'cause they're not. We really like vertigo (cracks up)...I mean there has not been many bands out lately that I like a lot.
 T: I've heard that you possibly might put out a record on Metal Beat.
 D: Well there's a couple of things our manager took our tape to Beggar's Banquet, Virgin, and the like...
 M: And a lot of people are interested and they like our first single. Now we're looking to see who's the most interested and who gives the best terms.
 T: So nothing's final yet.
 D: Yeah, but we are going into the studio and we're taping 4 to 5 songs this month. The labels have already been baited, and when we come out of the studio, it will be with some really produced versions this time. Then we'll see what happens.
 M: But it's a case of comparative shop - ping...
 D: And we're looking for someone who'll put some time into it. Like us.

-Sean Dunhill

WIRED!

continued from page 3

make you clowns wish you were working at the JOURNAL.

Luv,

The Doctor

P.S. I think the clown's name is Sean Dunhill.

SORRY, DOC, TERMINAL! DENIES ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR HEINOUS ACTS PERPETRATED BY TERMINAL! STAFF MEMBERS WITH SILLY PSEUDONYMS. --JK

Steve--

Checked out your mag — Dec. ish to be exact. Looks real good. I'm glad to see something in Philly worth reading for a change. I especially enjoyed the Strangers interview. Concerning the UNION CITY movie — the reviewer failed to mention the film's connection to that great B movie genre — film noir of late 40's, early 50's fame. Minor point, but big to film buffs.

Enclosed is our rag from the Univ. of Delaware. Issue two is a big step forward from issue one. Next issue ought to take a greater leap. We're hurting for material, our biggest problem. What we do have is good writing, I believe anyway. Just starting to get people involved.

Take Care,

Greg Beaudoin

(508 Whitby Dr., Wilmington, Delaware, 19803)

HM, SO SOME FORM OF SENTIENT LIFE ACTUALLY EXISTS IN THE WASTES OF WILMINGTON DELAWARE. GREG SENT US A COPY OF HIS FANZINE, THE BOB, A XEROXED PRODUCTION WITH A COUPLE ARTICLES, SOME RECORD REVIEWS, CARTOONS, ETC. MAYBE IF YOU WRITE TO HIM AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS HE'LL SEND YOU A COPY. --JK

The Scene!

A Local Weekend

!

-Miguel Gonzalez



The first evening started relatively calmly with comparatively few people around. By the time the first act, Mothra Jr., came on stage, a sizable crowd had wandered in (quite an accomplishment considering the Ramones were playing that night).

Mothra consist of Marty (ex-Stickman) on bass and lead vocals, Chico Greenwood on organ, clavinet and cigarettes, Stately Wayne Manor on drums and Robert, an exceptional guitarist. Mothra's sound is post-hippie-art-rock. They seem to fit the "new psychedelia" bill. Their set features mid-length pop songs with diverse rhythms and a loosely interwoven guitar lead throughout each song.

Mothra Jr. are reminiscent of Big Brother & the Holding Co. or as many people in the crowd murmured, the Doors. Their music concentrates on loose instrumentation with a central melody and a strong drum beat. This combination makes Mothra a real American psychedelic dance band.

Next came the troubled fashion show. It seemed that the crowd couldn't fathom the idea of clothing as anything important. Their loss.

Then, after the DJ, the Ben-Wah Torpedos came on stage. Typifying the Ben Wah stance and musical style was the Doctor. He went



on stage carrying a Vox guitar and said "I'd like to introduce some friends of mine, and they blasted into "Chinese Rocks! POW! The power of the Ben-Wahs hits you right in the face and the only reaction you can have is to throw your body around the dance floor at full throttle. These boys are loud!

The Ben Wah Torpedos are the epitome of an American rock 'n roll band. Furthermore, they play head-banger power-pop like the Ramones (of late) and 999, but their music is more vigorous. They play with more strength, more guts. They lit up Omni's fast and kept it moving all night. They warmed everyone up for Science Fiction.

Science Fiction definately headlined Friday night. Their songs were the best written and most consistently performed of all the bands that playing that night. Their songs are not indulgent or underconceived. Jay Medley's guitar playing is a highlight of their act, and the addition of Mike Duffy's (vocals) mini-synth is an asset, giving them a fuller sound. Warren is unparalleled on drums, and Bob Wright, the new bass is filling the band out perfectly.

Science Fiction is no longer the premiere dance band in the city. Their sound has taken on a new timbre. This is most apparent when you compare to their older material. The new songs have the flavor of more musical technique. They no longer play three-chord pop songs. Rather they play modern rock songs that bridge the new wave idiom, but are not pretentious (like Gary Numan).

The second night of the thing started out slowly again. The first act played to an almost empty club. Called Burning Hamster, a multi-media film/music troupe, they showed their film, Scormata. It was an attempt at dadaism featuring electronic musicians playing behind the screen while two "vocalists" narrate with screams, comments, etc. It was a nice idea...

Next Bob Turri. Recorded percussion played the basic rhythms while Turri played snare. He received absolutely no comment except that it took a lot of guts to go up there? After 15 minutes, he stepped down.

After a long break for some reggae came the Impossible Years. A power trio consisting of Charly Brite, bass; Todd Shuster, guitar; and Seth Schweitzer on drums. They have a flamboyant drummer, Ramone's bass riffs and Spectrish guitar lines. They played fast and people danced. Their 60's image go so far that Brite was wearing bell-bottoms and Shuster has a Beatles hair cut.

Bob Turri failed where the Impossible Years succeeded,

PHOTO KEY

A. Dancers B. Posers C. Bob Turri (why is everybody leaving?)
D. Mothra Jr. (tout ensemble) E. Beauty and the Beast.
F. Jay & Mike of Science Fiction. G. Ditto

PHOTOS BY:

Judy Rosario-A, B & E

Fran Soir-C.

Helen Schwartz-D, F & G

they got the audience dancing, but Transfactor saved the night. Transfactor represent a time in the future when affluent people dominate and discos are the main medium. People will go to their favorite multi-lighted dance room and swing to Transfactor on the video screen. They could even enjoy TF on their home videos. Are We Not Men?

They are smart looking and clean. Their music is sharp



E.

from Bill Brooker's rhythm box and synthesizer, Marc Laverick's steady bass to Timothy Murphy's dancing guitar work. They have commercial appeal. A band like Transfactor can sell millions of records with their extremely danceable techno-rock. It is a kind of futuristic hedonism, and for whoever can dance to a mechanized step.

The first night of the local weekend was the better of the two. The bands were better and the crowd was warmer. Transfactor really saved the second evening, maybe next time the planning will be better. But overall, it was a success as it showed off some of Philadelphia's best local talent and was truly enjoyable.





I May Be Hungry, But I Sure Ain't Weird

Captain Beefheart intoned these words at the conclusion of a torrid, obsessive rendering of "Safe As Milk." As the driving chords ebbed off into a tranquil pool of guitar feedback, the line recorded 12 years ago still applied. Beefheart is not so much ahead of his time as ahead of his species.

It is not surprising that the Captain should surface in this error of post punk experimentation. Not that he seems particularly affected by the contemporary music scene nor that he is really that influential, rather the climate of the time allows him to foist his vision once again upon his audience. It's a vision totally personal owing next to nothing to any to any existing style, past or present. The approach is also multi-dimensional, proposing its own unique approach to rhythmic, harmonic, melodic and lyrical content. Totally a world of its own with a logic which no less developed than what has been accomplished in centuries of western musical tradition.

"Nowaday's a woman's got to hitta man, tuh let him know she's there!"

The opening song swatted the audience with the Beefheart Sound, demanding that they accept its terms. What makes this more remarkable is that "Nowadays" is contained on CLEAR SPOT, his most traditional commercial

album. The Magic Band in the heat of Emerald City stage is making me wonder why I thought this material was in any way compromised. Beefheart wails with his voice and harp, the guitars slash, the bass adds rugged punctuation and the drums...well...

"It's a bush recording, We're all recorded in a bush!"

Robert Arthur Williams carries on the tradition of great Beefheart drummers, Drumbo and Art Tripp. The drums play an important melodic role as well as rhythmic role in the band. Moving around a large kit with a wide variation in sound, he uses each piece as if it were a note on a piano. All the while he maintains a tribal thrash. This is an especially unusual style in light of the current widespread influence of disco thump. In retrospect, it seems that the starting sound of the early Devo singles were due largely to their Beefheart drumstyle. The drumming on "Satisfaction" was largely lifted tap for tap from an old Beefheart number "Ant Man Bee."

"The sky is full of pinecones, rhinestone and telephones!"

I remember years ago someone remarked to a friend of mine that they thought the Magic Band would benefit from the addition of an organ. My friend and I both marvelled at the stupidity of such a suggestion. In a band so dependent on the assault of the instruments, an organ seemed backward, less than desirable. The Magic Band never did employ an organist, but the current line-up does include piano, synthesizer, and the oddest of all, mellotron. Eric Feldmann handles these and occasionally bass. The unexpected sonorities are put to typical Beefheart use. The mellotron in "Ashtray Heart" whines in a way that Kieth Emerson never dreamed of. Imagine the Portsmouth Sinfonia doing Stravinsky.

"Electric guitar...it'll spit atcha!"

The Magic Band has long employed a high biting guitar sound often played with the slide. Despite the aggressively angular lines which they constantly employ, they maintain a classic blues fluidity. In fact, an element of old times blues-masters has been expanded into one of the most revolutionary aspects of the band. A lone singer with guitar has the freedom to alter his tempo constantly lingering over whatever moment might strike him. At times Beefheart whole band can shift into this timeless zone, floating together out of tempo. I recall a comparison of Jody Harris (in the Contortions at that time) and Andy Gill of

was not. The best summation of the evening's procedures came from Mr. Osterberg himself: "Fuck puttin' onna show, I just wanna play some ROCK 'N' ROLL!" Oh yeah! and rock 'n' roll: Pop and Co. did. Real rock 'n' roll: dangerous, humorous, aggressive, moving and FUN!

With a band that included one "all-star" (Ivan Kral of the Patti Smith Group), the performance covered all phases of Iggy. From such primal Stooges rockers like "Shake Appeal" and the classic "Search and Destroy" to such recent winners as "Knocking 'Em Dead in the City" and "Tell Me a Story"; this was hot action, proving it's a man's world at an Iggy Pop show.

This was a real clenched fist show as the frenetic throng shouted in unison during such numbers as "Louie, Louie" (the semi-dirty version, half METALLIC K.O., half

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

the Gang Of Four. The statement was that the former had explored atonality and the latter had taken it one step further by also abandoning rhythm. The entire Magic Band frequently abandons rhythm and tempo and remains completely together on some higher level. For instance, Beefheart toys with disco in "Bat Chain Puller," the bass and drums are moving along on a fairly straight line. Beefheart sings "this train that houses people's thoughts," and at this point the train arrives in the form of two guitars wielded by Jeff Tepper and their new member. Their hesitant three-leeged line obliterates the rhythm section completely and then fades on down the tracks.

"Rather than wanna hold yer hand, I wanna swallow yuh whole!"

The Beefheart voice is one of the biggest in both range and power. On Stage he leads the band with a casual offhand manner. He seems totally surprised by the unexpected turns which he himself composed. In fact, he is prone to getting bounced completely out of place in the wilder moments. From one song to the next his voice can take on a completely different vocal personality, growling and snarling through "Sheriff Of Hong Kong," affecting a controlled soulful croon on "Her Eyes Are A Blue Million Miles!"

"I saw you baby dancin' in your X-ray gingham dress, I knew you were under duress, I knew you were under duress!"

Regardless of the amount of thought involved in the music, it reaches a level of pure physicality. The interplay of the instruments is beyond conversational, more on the level of an entire evangelical congregation speaking in tongues. Although the band is instructed note-for-note what to play, they can get behind it and play rather than merely execute the music. The sound relies on the ability for the band to charge on nearly oblivious to one another, or to fade to a whisper.

"I don't see any sense in looking at my own vomit!"

Beefheart's callous put down of the new bands hailed as proponents of his style is a little hard. The contemporary bands compared to or influenced by Beefheart are not really carrying on his tradition of music. He stands alone as a singularly possessed artist and because they respect him they also know that there is little sense in competing with him in his own universe. His greatest achievement is the creation of that universe. —George Shirley

by the book) and "Funtime," highlighted by a spontaneous drum solo from the Popster. Cries of "Iggy!", "Turn it up!", and "Get the fuck off my foot!" filled the air. As usual, Ig was a master showman blending blending bopping gymnastics and forays to the foot of the stage with some vintage head slides. No wonder with all his dynamic movements that he is still the best conditioned singer in rock 'n' roll ('cept for his teeth -- even his false ones could rival Keef's old choppers for pure grunginess).

Iggy Pop is a legend, he has survived all that has hit him in the face and still rocks with a "Lust for Life" attitude. Anybody who had "No Fun" at this show was dead. Hey, what a clever way to include titles of more favorites of the night. Iggy is still Iggy and you know that's all right!

—Stephen Myers

iggy pop

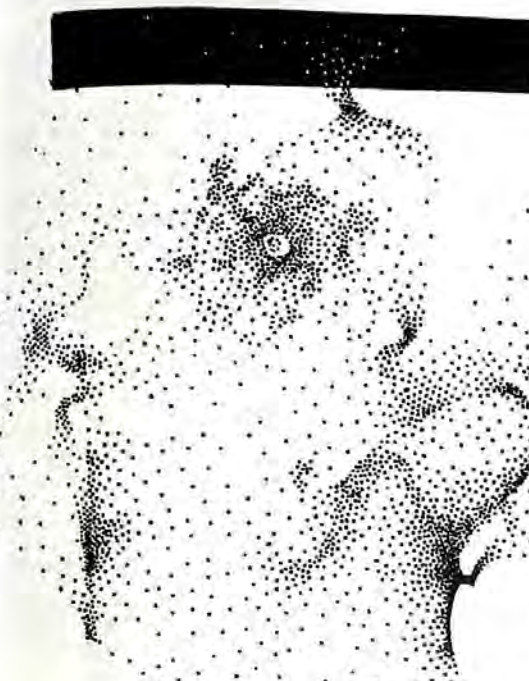
What's left to say about Iggy Pop? The World's Forgotten Boy's artistic endeavors, artistic destructions and personal life have been scrutinized enough to fill several volumes. Therefore, I ain't gonna bore you with some big in-depth analysis of the Igster for the millionth time! Besides, if you ain't got all the poop on the Pop by now, you're reading the wrong damn magazine bud.

Now, my mama's too old to buy me pills and my daddy's too old to pay my bills, and Emerald City's too stupid to have my name on the guest list. All of which is a roundabout way of saying I had to shell out \$7.50 of my own bucks one more time. But I'm not complaining, because the Igster

F.O.P.P.E.M.

— A PHILADELPHIA TRADITION

by Jim Meneses and Cecil Bernard



The third annual F.O.P.P.E.M. (Festival of Performing Philadelphia Electronic Musicians), held at ETAGE December 4, 5, and 6, could only be called a smashing success in terms of its diversity, organization, and solid attendance on all three nights. The huge turnout for F.O.P.P.E.M. 3, which is held each year at this time at ETAGE, is an encouraging sign, and secures the future of alternative music festivals in Philadelphia.

The festival began on Thursday night with the Audio-Visual presentation "IS", by Tom Porette. Images projected onto a television screen accompanied a piece of electronic music divided into six segments which offered a variety of musical moods. Unfortunately, the visual aspect of the presentation seemed used to its fullest only in the first of the six segments, which featured random staccato blips and quick sequencer phrases accompanied appropriately by a series of abstract geometrical shapes of various colors on the TV screen. The rest of the piece was visually complimented by outlines of human figures projected on a black background, and as each of the remaining five segments had a distinct musical personality, one couldn't help but think of the visual possibilities not being explored.

The duet of Stephen Spera and George Kuetsmeyer followed, entitling their contribution "New Music for Joseph Cornell and Mark Rothko", two pieces of improvisation with a preconceived format. Spera's presence was particularly notable, combining a distinctly psychedelic guitar style with a flair for freely improvised techniques. The soundscapes, at times vaguely reminiscent of Fripp and Eno, were well conceived and executed. Although the pieces were a bit drawn out in places, the rapport between the duet was enjoyable.

Paul Woznicki coaxed the highest quality

of sound out of this array of keyboards and rhythm machines that evening, though at times his compositions seemed too dependent on a format of simple melodic repetition in the bass, with a lot of soloing in the higher register of the Fender Rhodes on top. His best piece started off with a recording of a game of Russian Roulette between two very nervous participants. Through the piece, the sound of each unfilled chamber being systematically "clicked!" had you waiting for the big bang at the end...which was, cheerfully, absent.

Huddled on the floor in the center of the stage, surrounded by thousands of dollars worth of electronic equipment belonging to the various performers, was the following group, Random Elements. They had assembled an array of telephone microphones, calculators, modified transistors radios and other small gadgets, all of which seemed to disintegrate five minutes into their set, which was about twenty minutes too long. They were certainly a lot more fun to watch than to listen to, but their total lack of pretension could not save them from a tedious set.

Circumstances opposite the "Elements" were offered by Steve Berkowitz, whose gigantic pagoda-type structure containing as astounding amount of expensive equipment was the subject of much curiosity the entire evening. Titled "Syncretis", the piece consisted of a pre-recorded tape loop of what sounded like a gurgling, underwater scenario, over which Berkowitz, sitting in the center of the circular structure, played the drums, bells, recorders and electric guitars that surrounded him. What he played with these instruments has no connection with the pre-recorded sound in the background, and no connection with each other. He was content to skip from one instrument to the next, for no apparent musical reason, and fiddle around in a free-time manner on each one until the tape ran out (after approximately 30 minutes). This thoughtless approach to improvisation left me wondering if S.B. had considered what this instrumental playing would amount to were it not for the comforting background of pre-recorded sound filling up the gaping musical holes in "Syncretis".

Friday night featured much of the same fare, in somewhat similar order. Porette opened up, and on this night he seemed to break up the visual images more often,

which made the piece much more enjoyable. Following was Jeff Chadrowe, who I really enjoyed but seemed to inspire a lot of division amongst the audience. His collage of pre-recorded tapes, electronic effects, electric guitar and bass guitar playing seemed logical and well placed within the context of this two pieces. At times the intonation seemed off during some of his bass work, but his psychedelic soundtracks (titled "Introduction, Outroduction, and Reproduction", and "Morning Becomes Electric") were very appealing.

Spera/Kuetsmeyer followed, and in this performance seemed more aggressive, defined, and controlled. Both of their pieces were basically the same as Thursday, but performed with a great deal of flair and expertise - it is safe to assume that their performance was the evening's highlight.

An intermission preceded Ken Montgomery, playing a short but highly enjoyable set titled "Gen-Ken Cons Korps with Dr. Rhythm". Using mostly rhythm machines, Montgomery created a surprising variety of moods, textures, and colors within his own self-imposed instrumental limitations.

Peter and Thomas Gulch, collectively known as "Nightcrawlers" were next up on the bill. They describe their work as "Germanic Sequencer Music", which proved to be quite apt. For those who are fond of such artists as Klaus Schulze and Tangerine Dream, whose influence is indelibly engrained on the music of Nightcrawler, I would certainly recommend them. I tend to vacillate in my opinion, so I'll say that I enjoyed Nightcrawler - because I was in the mood for their music.

Steve Berkowitz finished up this evening, and for me, with the same basic results.

The last night brought repeat performances by Paul Woznicki and Ken Montgomery. A savagely bold type of music labelled Haitian Voodoo and Rite was produced by Billy Bradfield on guitar, Martin Bradfield playing non-stop on a wooden slit drum, and an unidentified band member hammering relentlessly on the guts of an electric keyboard.

Box, an all drum trio consisting of

▶ continued on page 22

Bush Tetras

The Bush Tetras are one of the best new bands to come out of New York; their angry, spare, funk-based dance music was all that was necessary to ignite the beginning of the holidays crowds at Omni's. I was expecting this concert to be a little wild, considering the Tetras' music and their substantial Philly following, but things got more than a bit out of hand -- not that I minded, of course.

The Tetras ran through a strong first set, doing numbers like "Cowboys in Africa", "Too Many Creeps", "Snakes Crawl", and a couple other songs time has erased from my memory. They had effectively raised the temperature in Omni's to at least ninety degrees at the end of the set.



Impossible Years: Brian Sol

TWICE POP LIVE

The Impossible Years
& the Shades

Last year, Todd (guitar), Seth (drums)

FRED FRITH

Experimental guitarist Fred Frith, accompanied by vocalist Phil Minton, drew a fairly bizarre crowd for his appearance at Omni's -- lots of older, hairier types than the young nouveau wavers who seem to hang out at Omni's every weekend. This influx of what I assume were progressive rock fans led to the extremely curious sight of the dance floor filled with seated people...! Once the regulars in the back of the club realized what was happening, they (myself among them) entertained dj Lee Paris to play some get up and go dance music, so they could get the people off the dance floor and dance. Lee, after a comment to the crowd over the pa ("I'd just like to remind everybody that Omni's is a rock club, so if you want to get mellow, please do it some place else."), proceeded to put Ted Nugent's "Wango Tango" on the turntable, followed by at least a couple STRAIGHT disco songs; I'm still trying to figure out which is weirder, the

By the time the Tetras came back on stage (probably just as fucked-up as most of the audience), it was basically impossible to move in the super-dense pack of bodies, and the air was clouded with huge amounts of smoke (of varying natures). The Tetras exploded with "Boom in the Night", "You Can't Be Funky", and the heavy funk nightmare of "Fess Up", a twisting, driving song propelled by Dee Pop's steady drumming and spiked by Pat Place's mean slide guitar. "Cowboys in Africa" was equally intense, with Pat Place creating a mess of nasty guitar riffs alongside Laura Kennedy's slinking bassline and Cynthia Sley's percussion. "Snakes Crawl" was slower but irresistibly danceable.

The Tetras climaxed with "Too Many Creeps", the title track of their three song EP, and Omni's seemed to disappear in a haze of smoke, thrashing bodies, and loud, steely-spiked rhythms snaking out of the loudspeakers. They finished off with

and Charlie (bass) used to be called the Jags. They could be depended on to keep you dancing with some great sounds. Why they were never recorded like some other bands in the area still mystifies me.

I should have known it was going to be one of those nights. A big band in town, I don't have the money or inclination to see a surly date, a small crowd at Omni's. I needed a lift, I didn't get it. The band needed a lift, they didn't get it.

For a group that's built a reputation as an inspired high energy set, I hope I saw them on an off night. They appeared to be going through the motions and whatever crowd there was had less that inspired motion.

Did you ever have some old friends who let you down? In all fairness, for a few songs, they showed what they were capable of, especially fast ones ("Baby Baby" in

idea of a bunch of hippies sitting on a dance floor, or Lee Paris playing disco songs about the Philadelphia Eagles in a rock club.

Anyway, Frith and Minton put in two sets worth of raucous, grating improvisation, miraculously managing to sustain the audience's attention the whole time. Frith had a table-full of miscellaneous objects and noise-making devices out of which he coaxed a bewildering array of noises, to the accompaniment of Minton, who spewed forth an equally amazing barrage of screams, groans, chants, shrieks, and occasional bits of intelligible lyrics that sounded as if they were taken from old English folk-ballads. Minton had incredible control over his voice; most of the time he sounded like a small opera company with a few Johnny Lydens thrown in for good measure. I won't even try to describe the "music", save to say that I found myself literally flinching from the onslaught of fragmented rhythms and feedback. It certainly is nice to be able to see people like Frith and Minton improvise a complete racket for well over half an hour and get called back by the audience for more.

--Jason Keehn

a slower, more pensive song, and encored with "Jaws", a funny song about what happened to Jackie Bissette when she swam out too far, replete with speeded-up instrumentals at suspenseful points in the narrative.

The Bush Tetras put on a terrific concert that left me (and presumably most of the audience) soaked in sweat and wiped out from frenzied dancing. The floor of Omni's was a wreck at two o'clock, covered in broken beer bottles and wine glasses, as Lee Paris pleaded with the drunken crowd to go home.

If young American bands like Our Daughters Wedding, The Dance, the Bush Tetras and Bunnydrums (to pick but a few) are any indication of what is happening musically in the US right now, the British and their haughty music press had better watch out; they may not have much time left to brag about the superior quality of English music and sneer over their shoulders at American rock music.

--Jason Keehn

particular). But five songs don't make a three hour set. 1977, those were the years...

The City Gardens is a great place to see a band. Anybody who plays there better play well or the audience will let them know, and not just verbally. The Shades didn't disappoint.

Any time I forget about writing and start really enjoying the show, a consideration; I know I've seen something hot. These guys are among the best at what they do: Blending the best of 60's pop with 80's energy. They write great songs know some great oldies and play with a vengeance. They work like they have something to prove, they do. If the rumor of a major label interest is true, then the label is getting one helluva band.

They are fun. See them and you won't regret it.

--J.D. Harris

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DUB STATION

Welcome back to the Ital Corner known as Dub Station, hosted by I-self, the man know as Black Lenin.

Wouldn't it be nice if we could get more Jah-music on the radio, like a show everyday on one station or another? If the people were exposed to this music, it would "mosh up de nation" for sure. Also, it would be great to have some local deejays who were good enough to do some really dread toasting(rapping) on the air. It's fine to play records of Jamaican deejays toasting, but in Kingston the deejays don't just play records of other people toasting, they do it themselves live, spontaneously, which is what it's all about.

If you don't understand the background of deejay music, you should know a few things about it. Deejay or "toasting" originated with the "sound systems", which were portable systems of audio equipment which traveled from place to place and provided music generally not available on the radio for the mass of Jamaicans too poor to buy stereo equipment and records of their own. Along with the sound system came a "deejay", who would rap or "toast" in between and even during songs. Eventually such

"toasting" deejays, began to get radio shows and did their thing over the airwaves.

One of the first and most popular of such deejays was the Innovator Himself, the mighty U-Ray, and it was he who first did deejay music in recorded form. U-Ray became phenomenally popular and soon a host of imitators sprung up. (Some of the earlier ones being I-Ray, Prince Jazzabo, Big Youth).

Toasting is best done, of course, over instrumental recordings without other voices to get in the way. Eventually, instrumental (or"dub") reggae, and deejay vocals became so popular that almost every reggae single released had a "version" on the b-side a "version" is an often dubbed-up instrumental version of the a-side, with the vocal track removed) so that the deejay could toast over it.

This is truly a great and creative time for Jah-music. While so many other forms of "popular" music seem to be in a period of decline, reggae music just gets better and better. Just check out some of the Chapter One, The Upsetters" (just out on Clocktower Records) is a

truly stunning collection of early Lee Perry/Upsetters has ever done (excepting perhaps his ethereal and mesmerizing production on the incredible "Heart of the Congos" L.P.) A very dread new release from Tad's records in N.Y. is Jah Ukruhman Thomas' "Nah Fight Over Woman"-Great lyrics, strong deejay vocals, and solid rhythm tracks by the Roots Radio Band mixed at King Tubby's by The Scientist Himself. Perhaps dreadest of all is Linton Kwesi Johnson's "LKJ in Dub". Remixed versions of the rhythm tracks from LKJ's "Forces of Victory" and "Bass Culture" albums make this one an absolute must for fans of LKJ and devotees - de- dub. These molten hot disks should be enough to mosh up your brains for the next month. Till then,

Your Dub Instigator,
Black Lenin

SCIENCE FICTION

continued from page 8

But Science Fiction is still a simple rock band. Influences, though Jay and Mike won't own up to it, run from Bowie in his Ziggy daze (check out Jay's Mick Ronson lines some time) and Magazine, though without the latter's polish. As a whole, though, they are still a very young band, and they are rapidly moving away from their influences to find their own voice.

An example of this can be found in one of their newer pieces, "Junkie Circus". They are very proud of that song, though it has a curious property of irritating a lot of people. It is definitely one of their most unusual songs. "Igot this idea of derelicts and junkies, who don't have any bread to speak of," goes Mike, "and to support themselves, they do a circus. Then you also get to realize that being a junkie is a whole lifestyle, kind of like a circus." The song itself is based on a slow beat with one main guitar lead. It bores itself down on you, and makes you feel fairly uncomfortable. It works.

It's with ideas that Science Fiction hope to provoke a reaction out of the audience, be it thought or emotion. They sometimes succeed as in the case of "Junkie Circus", though other tunes do work better like "Poltergeist". Usually this is the case because the songs are more orchestrated and melody is more involved. The point that Science Fiction is still very melody oriented should be kept in mind. Older, more pop influenced material, though again Jay and Mike won't admit that, like "Baby Does Favors" and "Suzy's Head" still come off as the better songs to this writer. It becomes readily apparent when you see them live.

Live, Mike is one of the most energetic vocalists in the local area. He's often seen pumping his head into the bass drum, doing push-ups on the dance floor for no apparent reason and regardless of how many people are on the dance floor and just jumping on the dance floor in general. "What it is," says Jay, "is that for years he's always played a guitar and this is the first time he's free of that. It's a case of him standing there saying "what the fuck do I do?"

"Live we are aggressive," states Mike. The band plays loud enough to make sure you can't talk over them either. "We want to make sure we're remembered," says Jay, and with their strong melody lines and high ambitions, they could be just that.



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Singles

THROBBING GRISTLE

Something Came Over Me/Subhuman
Adrenalin/Distant Dream (Part 2)
Industrial import

Throbbing Gristle have become infamous for their confront all style of music. The best known album D.O.A.' ranks among the best of the aggressive, some say oppressive music. Yet after the release of that album the band stated that this was the end of that style for them and began to look for a new approach.

1980 has seen the simultaneous release of two new singles by Throbbing Gristle. The camouflage outer wrap should be the big tip off though, the old TG aggression is still there, but now under a disguise of stronger instrumental prowess.

Inside the sleeves lies the vinyl, and TG's results are definitely mixed. "Something Came Over Me" is a Throbbing Gristle sing-a-long if you can imagine that. It is hummable for sure, but not up to previous standards set by the band. "Subhuman" is more in the old TG style of screaming G.P. Orridge, Cossi Fanni Tutti's guitar attack and Carter and Christopherson's more usual synth/noise. In other words, Throbbing Gristle has done this before, and better. Dig up a copy of their french single "We hate You Little Girl/Five Knuckle Shuffle" for further proof.

But then comes the other single. "Adrenalin" finds the attack still up front, but now with simple sequencer work creating the menace. TG has taken Kraftwerk technique and applied their own style to come up with a

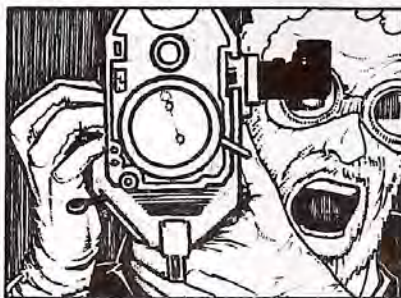
surprisingly strong A-side. Then they follow with "Distant Dream" and blow away all past images of this band. "Distant Dream" is hypno-pulse music of a surprisingly strong variety. This could be particularly due to P. Orridge's strong lyrics and the bands strong sense of melody as far as tape looping is concerned. A very different approach for this band, and it appears that Throbbing Gristle are ready to make some truly new music.

-Sean Dunhill

SAVAGE HENRY

Just Me (Live at Avery Fisher Hall),
Zero Records

On this slightly different reissue of Savage Henry's solo live EP, Henry puts forth some very imaginative and nasty compositions, ranging from "The Beach Murders", a long atmospheric piece with lots of layered sequencer work and high-pitched guitar weaving in and out, to "The Encore from Ground Zero", the last 47 seconds of vinyl recording the explosion of the tactical nuclear device



Henry set off in the concert hall at the end of his performance. Unfortunately, due to technical difficulties involved in translating music between reality levels, all you get is a cardboard disk and not a real vinyl one -- but you do get it in a nice sleeve design accompanied by a four page insert about Savage Henry and his labelmates the Ghostwriters, designed by Howski Studios. The single is available for \$1. from Howski Studios, PO BOX 804, Langhorne, PA 19047.

Brian Brain: CULTURE (12" EP), Secret Records import.

This is a huge leap in quality over Brian Brain's previous records. Side one has two catchy songs, "Fun People" and "Working in a Farmyard in a White Suit", the former featuring a nifty cheerleader type chant ("F-U-N-P" etc). Flipside has two covers, Gang of Four's "At Home He's a Tourist", rearranged and as good as the original, and PIL's "Careering", this version much more upfront, powerful and danceable. Recommended. --JK

SIMPLE MINDS

"I Travel" 7" and "I Travel Remix" 12",
Arista import.

"I Travel", the synth-fueled, propulsive song of EMPIRES AND DANCE, is one of the best disco songs I've heard in a while; the 12" is an extended remix with more orchestrated instrumentals. The

Albums

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Miniatures (Pipe)

THE RESIDENTS

Commercial Album (Ralph)

In art, a miniature is a reduction of an image or concept to a very small scale. In both these albums, the artists involved all take on a time frame of one minute or less and produce objects that, when done right, have the effect of an atom bomb, that is, one second, it appears, and then at the end of sixty, it's all over for you.

Of the two, the Residents album is the lesser. Tracks like "Picnic Boy" (with guest vocalist Sandie Sandwich--you figure it out), "Moisture" and "The Talk Of Creatures" capture the miniature sound at its best. The main failing point is that the band, probably trying to come up with 40 such pieces, did not come up with 40 tunes of such caliber. Further, the stand out tracks get blended in with the filler, losing a lot of their impact in the process. This is a shame as the Residents do have a very unique sound and an original approach when it comes to their music, it probably boils down to the fact that their approach does work better in their longer pieces, as with their EP, Duck Stab.

On MINIATURES, the Residents only get one track, one of the most original renditions of The Ramones "We're A Happy Family" ever committed to vinyl (OK, so what if it's the only one). The gist of the

miniatures



matter is that they are sandwiched in with 50 other different artists ranging from rockers like Andy Partridge (XTC) and Martin Chambers (Pretenders) and jazz artists like Lol Coxhill, classicist Micheal Nyman, poet Roger McGough and many other diverse types like Robert Fripp, Fred Frith, & Japanese, illustrator Ralph Steadman and folkie Pete Seeger. The resulting diversity gives each track the individuality they were supposed to have in the first place, and makes the album, as a whole, a very satisfying package. The weaker tracks don't detract from the strong, but make the strong stand out even further. The best thing is that there are many, many strong ones, making this album a clear demonstration of what a miniature should be. -Sean Dunhill

THE DAMNED IRS

"I want my fortune now/I don't care where or when or how/I don't want the dustbin or a catholic toy/I'm going for the jackpot, boy oh boy" sings Captain Sensible of the Damned in "Silly Kid Games". The Damned's do just that, hit us with a bid at a commercial album with their latest release, their first in the U.S. It is a very commercial album, but it has very strong melodies, great production ('cause they did it themselves this time), and a higher level of musicianship than most people ever thought the Damned had. Sensible himself shows that he is definitely an ace musician, and Dave Vainian (the regular vocalist) is in top form. The rest of the band are also now surprisingly tight, something that will shock old Damned fans. It appears that the old thrash and blitz style of the Damned is a thing of the past, though they can still raise all king's hell with pieces like "Therapy". But new songs like "Dr. Jekyll" demonstrate that the Damned have taken on a larger renage. Yes the new Damned are commercial, and who'd thought they'd sound so good? -Sean Dunhill

COLIN NEWMAN

A-Z
Beggar's Banquet import

When Wire broke up, they split almost evenly into Dome, composed of Gilbert and Lewis, and Colin Newman, composed of Newman himself, Wire drummer Robert Gotobed, Wire producer Mike Thorne, and new member Desmond Simmons. Unlike the grating noise (don't get me wrong, I like most of it) Gilbert and Lewis have been putting

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out, A-Z is a logical follow up to WIRE 154, possessed of equally fractured and bizarre rock music, but minus the tone of morbidity and seriousness that was pervasive on 154. Newman's lyrics on A-Z are pretty much disjointed and insane, but coupled with the music manage to get their point across (although lines like, "I've got a chicken in my bandolier, I've hung it up to see if it would fall out" are totally incomprehensible) When Newman sings, he sounds as if he's trying to exorcize a horde of inner demons, and the music has an equivalent effect, augmented by all sorts of strange Chipmunks type noises and treated vocals. Songs like "Stareyes", with Newman's stuttered repetition of the title over clattering guitar and keyboards with a moaning choir in the background make this album one of the most frightening chunks of music I've ever heard. This album is probably just a little too manic and deranged for a very large audience, but for those of you who enjoy abrasive and nasty rock 'n' roll.

ANY TROUBLE
Where Are All The Nice Girls?
Stiff

7" is backed with the previously unreleased "New Warm Skin", a typically lush and melodic Simple Minds song. It also includes a flexi-disc with "Kaleidoscope" and "Film Theme Dub" (they also back the 12"), the former sounding a bit too close to Magazine for comfort, the latter a slightly interesting but overly short experimental piece. The quality on the flexi is god-awful.

COMSAT ANGELS

Total War (EP) Polydor
The Angels create a form of pop that grows with every listen. Simple, clean playing is the core of their sound. They are not breaking any new ground either, rather, they are taking old ideas and using them inventively, and as a result, come up with something fresh. Not as striking as their last single, "Independence Day", but still very good. Another sleeper for this band.

-Sean Dunhill

THE THINGS

Pieces Of You/Lost Love
(Imperial)

John Maher, who drums for the Buzzcocks, does not allow himself to be left sitting around for Mr. Shelley & Co. to create more material. Rather, he has helped formed another band based on 60's pop called the Things. The sound is vintage Nuggets pop, it sure doesn't sound at all British. The end result is about as satisfying as well; that is you'd enjoy it if you still wish for that time, but wouldn't if you don't.

-Sean Dunhill

FLESHTONES

Up-Front (EP) IRS

The second ever release by the Fleshtones finds them stronger than ever. Production is not as muddled as their first release, giving the band more snap than before. If anything, they now stand a good chance of being the 80's answer to the 60's legend the Sonics with their uptempo white R & B approach.

-Sean Dunhill

THE METHOD ACTORS

This Is It (EP) Armeggeddon

Imagine the B-52's stripped of all their frill. All that remains is the drums and guitar chording and solid, pounding dance music. You then get a good idea of what are the Method Actors, who also hail from Athens GA. They are only a duo, with both handling vocals, and economy rules in their sound. The sound is also non-stop dance music, with



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ALAN MANN BAND

Remember Interview? They were a band that had all the "New Wave" technical ability, the songwriting capabilities and the presence (or lack of) to insure a certain amount of sales, a small amount of

commercial airplay (Hello Micheal Tearson) and a tour financed by their label. Then they disappeared, so did their label. Any Trouble suffers from these same problems, that is, no surprises, no originality, no

relentless riffs epitomized by the song "The Method? This is a stunning debut for any band, and with any luck, should mean more releases by this band.

-Sean Dunhill

THE GIST

This Is Love/Yanks (Rough Trade)

The Gist is the new project of ex-Young Marble Giant, Stuart Moxham. In essence, it is more conventional than the Giants, but doesn't stray too far from their quiet use of minimalism. In essence, the Gist are a stripped down pop band, no grandiose elements at all. The end result is far more satisfying in the process.

-Sean Dunhill

A CERTAIN RATIO

"Blown Away",

Factory import

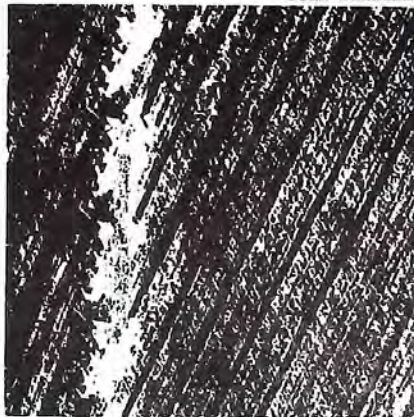
A Certain Ratio was one of the first bands to be branded with a Joy Division influence, but only "And Then Again" sounds at all similar to Joy Division. On "Blown Away", A Certain Ratio achieve a completely distinctive sound, ethereal but vaguely menacing, filled with ominous, rumbling bass and guitar and synthy-lines that wobble all over the place but pull the song forward in their time. "Flight" sounds closer to the Dance or recent Talking Heads than anything else, with an attack of African percussive rhythms and soaring vocals floating back and forth over them. Overall, a quiet but unsettling piece of vinyl, with production by (Yes, you guessed it) Martin Hannett.

ROBERT WYATT

At Last I Am Free/Strange Fruit (Rough Trade)

Wyatt is one of the most distinctive and original of British vocalists. He has a light, airy tenor that has insured him a position of one of England's most respected singers. At present, he is working on a series of singles with Rough Trade displaying his versatility in all styles he takes on. The latest is jazz. Exceedingly pretty, and on a jazz level, unquestionably excellent with Wyatt's sense of phrasing especially strong on the Billy Holiday classic "Strange Fruit." Yet I miss his pop work, like his versions of "Yesterday Man" and his own interpretation of "I'm A Believer" which is the only equal of the Monkees.

-Sean Dunhill



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life.

They are not quite the corpse I'm painting them up to be. They have to their favor, some bounce to their songs and no meandering guitar solos, but they still have a long way to go before they pull themselves out of the creative rut they are in.

-Sean Dunhill

THE JAM

Sound Effects (Polydor)

The new Jam album is finally available in the U.S. and gone are the loose album length concepts and the growing pains of their previous albums. This album, their fifth, presents a fully mature band writing complete songs that stand on their own merit. All the expected elements, the social commentary (English, of course), tight musicianship, and well written pop songs are there. Also is "Start," their UK smash hit, and sure it sounds like the Beatles during REVOLVER, but it sounds excellent. Also there is killer material like "Set The House Ablaze," "That's Entertainment," and "Scrape Away." Finally, what will not always be there, they only made 50,000 copies, is an extra single of "Going Underground," one of the best songs they have ever recorded. Maybe this time the Jam will even have a hit in the U.S.

-Sean Dunhill

PAULINE MURRAY AND THE INVISIBLE GIRLS

Illusive/RSO import

Singer Pauline Murray and bassist Robert Blamire from Penetration, with the help of Martin Hannett and his "invisible girls", have together produced a stunning album,



despite weak points here and there that are more than compensated for by some extremely powerful songs such as "European Eyes" and "Mr. X". Pauline Murray's vocals range from ecstatic to angry and violent, and her lyrics are consistently insightful and thought provoking. The album also has a terrific sleeve design by the people who do most of the graphics for the Factory label records.

THE CLASH: "SANDINISTA" (CBS import) by The Equalizer, J. Mayakov

Contrary to popular cliché, the new Clash album is not a lousy rock and roll album by a washed up punk band who have "lost all their energy". In fact, "Sandinista" is not a rock album at all; what it is, is a vast canvas of musical styles, some rootsy, some synthetic, some successful, some unsuccessful. Deliberately retreating from the easy path to Pop Stardom which a Rolling Stone cover story has opened to them, The Clash have recorded a decidedly non-commercial album. Just at the moment when new wave/"punk" has achieved mass popularity, The Clash have exchewed it completely. Instead, they are playing just about everything but "new wave". Reggae, rockabilly, jazz, even a few touches of calypso are present, but nothing to remind you of their punk past.

What's most interesting about this album is that even while much of the music fails in a large extent, its non-commercialism reaffirms the integrity of The Clash both as people and as artists. The Clash's detractors claimed that "London Calling" was commercial and a sell-out. The Clash have answered the charge by releasing a discount-priced triple album (how uncool!) which is so non-commercial that the promo boys at CBS and EPIC will

GANG OF FOUR

continued from page 7

hates the title of. Or the fact that they don't rehearse. Or their game of pool with a drunken Polish guy at Irving Plaza. Or the fact that they were at Hurrah's the night before until 10:00 AM drinking White Russians. But there's no more space.

RUUUMOOORS

Canadian solo artist Nash the Slash is back from his European tour opening for Hawkwind and will be touring the US in the near future...Other bands touring the US soon: Simple Minds, Spandau Ballet, Adam and the Ants (all in March), and BAUHAUS in late February (don't miss their Philadelphia appearance)! Opening for Colin Newman at Hurrah February 28 is Philadelphia's own Bunnydrums...Both the new Adam and the Ants album and U2's first album should see domestic release soon...New Tuxedomoon album in March, recorded at John Fox's studio after Tuxedomoon's successful European tour, supposedly a new sound for Tuxedomoon. They will also be releasing a soundtrack album on JoeBoy, with Tuxedomoon improvisational pieces, tracks by experimental Dutch bands, and the soundtrack to Bruce Geduldig's "Celllife" film, which Tuxmoon opened their European shows with...Brian Eno showed up at a recent showing of Public Image Ltd. videotapes at the Kitchen in NYC...Material and Richard Hell and Robert Quine are in the process of recording "Temporary Music 3"...



be hard pressed to push it anywhere near the Top 40.

So who's honest now, huh? I'm looking at YOU, Adam and the Ants fans.

DESMOND DEKKER
Black & Dekker
Stiff

Among the original ska giants stands Desmond Dekker. Dekker's approach was original in that he was the first of the ska-ster to weld the 50's vocal approach of by-gone R&B bands like the Platters and the Moonglows with the backbeat of ska. The end result gave Dekker two international hits "It Mek" and "Israelites"; the latter even hitting the top ten of the U.S. This was in the 60's, then Dekker went into retirement from the international scene, though still active in his native Jamaica.

It was not until this year that he resurfaced on Stiff with an updated version of "Israelites" and now out comes this album, BLACK & DEKKER. It demonstrates how far superior the originals like himself are when held in comparison to their prodigy (such as the Specials). The political element is just as strong as the offspring ("Why Fight") but when he hits a ballad, (like "Juliet, with an intro lifted directly from the Valentines) or a jump tune (Lickin' Stick), Dekker surpasses all others by a mile. His clear 50's tenor (similar to the late Clyde McPhatter) is probably the last of that breed. I only hope he doesn't disappear again.

-Sean Dunhill

THE VISAGE (Polydor)

Steve Strange is the central focus of a British phenomenon known as the Cult With No Name. This cult's energy is centered about one main concern: fashion. Steve Strange is also the central focus of a "project" called the Visage. Like his cult the main concern is fashion, and like the worst element of fashion (all too common amongst many people), the concentration is on the outer fringes, not the inner elements. This is usually referred to as a fascade.

What is galling about the album is the talent is certainly there surrounding Strange. To wit: Midge Ure and Billy Curry of Ultravox, Rusty Egan of the Rich Kids and Dave Formula and Barry Adamson of Magazine. The support Strange has gathered is truly some of the best in the pop world. Yet no matter what, a fantastic band with a mannequin for a front will sound like a fantastic band with a mannequin for a front.

Not that this album doesn't have its good moments. There are points, like the songs "Dancer" and "Fade To Gray" where this project pulls it off. Oddly enough, it is when Strange did not write or sing on the pieces though.

-S. Dunhill

The Police: ZENYATTA MONDATTA,
A&M Records.

On their third album, the Police continue with their commercially successful but uninspired fusion of rock and reggae. The first single released off this album, "Don't Stand So Close to Me" is one of the limpest songs on the album, featur-

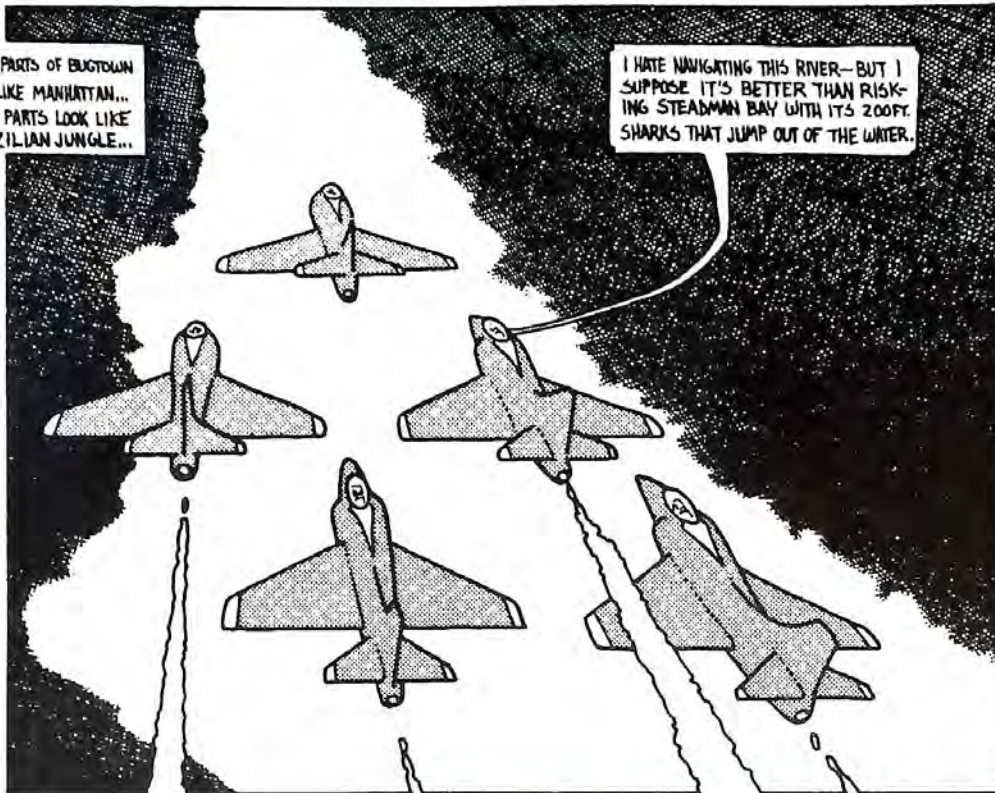
ing an especially obnoxious refrain of the title, not to mention the subject matter, supposedly about those fragile relationships between young school girls and sexy professors.

Much better are "Driven to Tears", a fine, rolling song with understated lyrics and some surprising guitarwork coming out of nowhere by Andy Summers, and "When the World Is Running Down, Make the Best of What's Still Around", the perfect theme song for those entropists among us. "Canary in a Coalmine" is catchy, but ultimately amounts to bland, disposable pop, like most of the songs on the album. What happened to the driving tension that made "Roxanne" and "Can't Stand Losing You" such great pop? There's certainly not much of it in evidence on ZENYATTA MONDATTA. Admittedly, there is some interesting stuff going on here (especially Summer's guitar and some infrequent synthesizers in the background), the trouble is there's just not enough of it. The second side is almost completely faceless; after a number of listenings I still can't recall a single melody line or chunk of rhythm. Somehow I get the feeling that the Police should have remained another obscure "new wave" band and kept playing little clubs, instead of getting relaxed and lazy as they are now, knowing their reputation can make a hit out of an awful pop song.

--JK

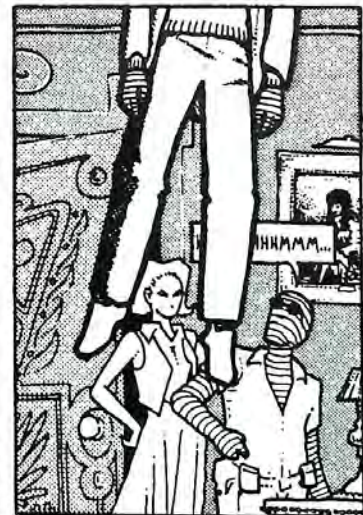
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LOOK LIKE MANHATTAN...
SOME PARTS LOOK LIKE
BRAZILIAN JUNGLE...

I HATE NAVIGATING THIS RIVER—BUT I
SUPPOSE IT'S BETTER THAN RISK-
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Who Got Uncle Sidney?

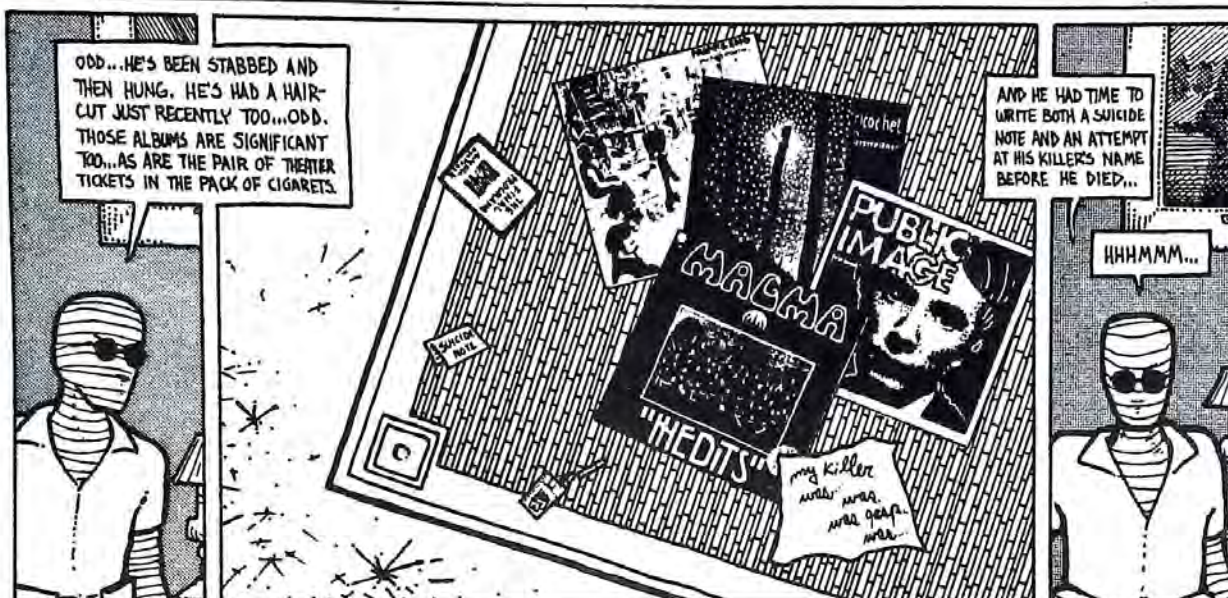


F.O.P.P.E.M. continued from page 15

Jeff Hall, Mallory Yago (of Crash Course), and Pete Baker of (Stickmen) created an electrifying barrage of rhythmic hisses and scrapes. The mood drifted between subtle and frantic but the atmosphere remained constantly intense - and extremely mechanized, even visually.

Jeff Hall added a striking piece of solo showmanship, his debut performance, involving an array of pre-recorded sounds which he manipulated with rhythmically synchronized angular body movements. Included on tape were barking dogs and shower water running through the pipes. In context, however, very few of the sounds were recognizable. Aesthetically obscure; lots of personality.

The evening concluded with a number of selections by Crash Course in Science. In an innovative way, their set took on the appearance of quite a sophisticated artistic package - less frenetic than past work but conceptually no mellow. They took charge of their assortment of electronic circuitry, and held audience attention with puzzling command and style.



AND WELL MIGHT THE READER NOW WONDER... WHO INDEED IS THE CLUMSY AND GUILTY PARTY...YES?

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