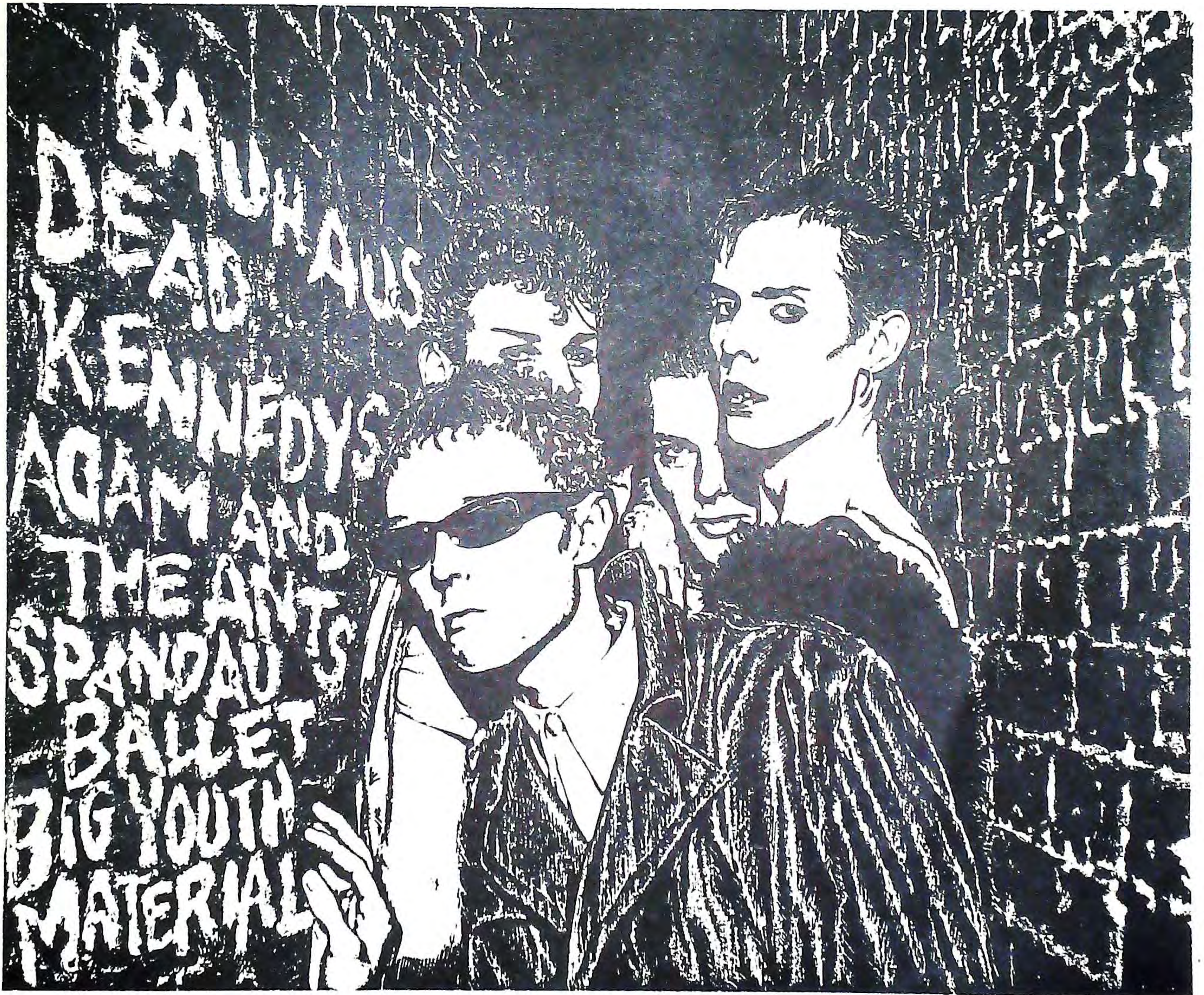


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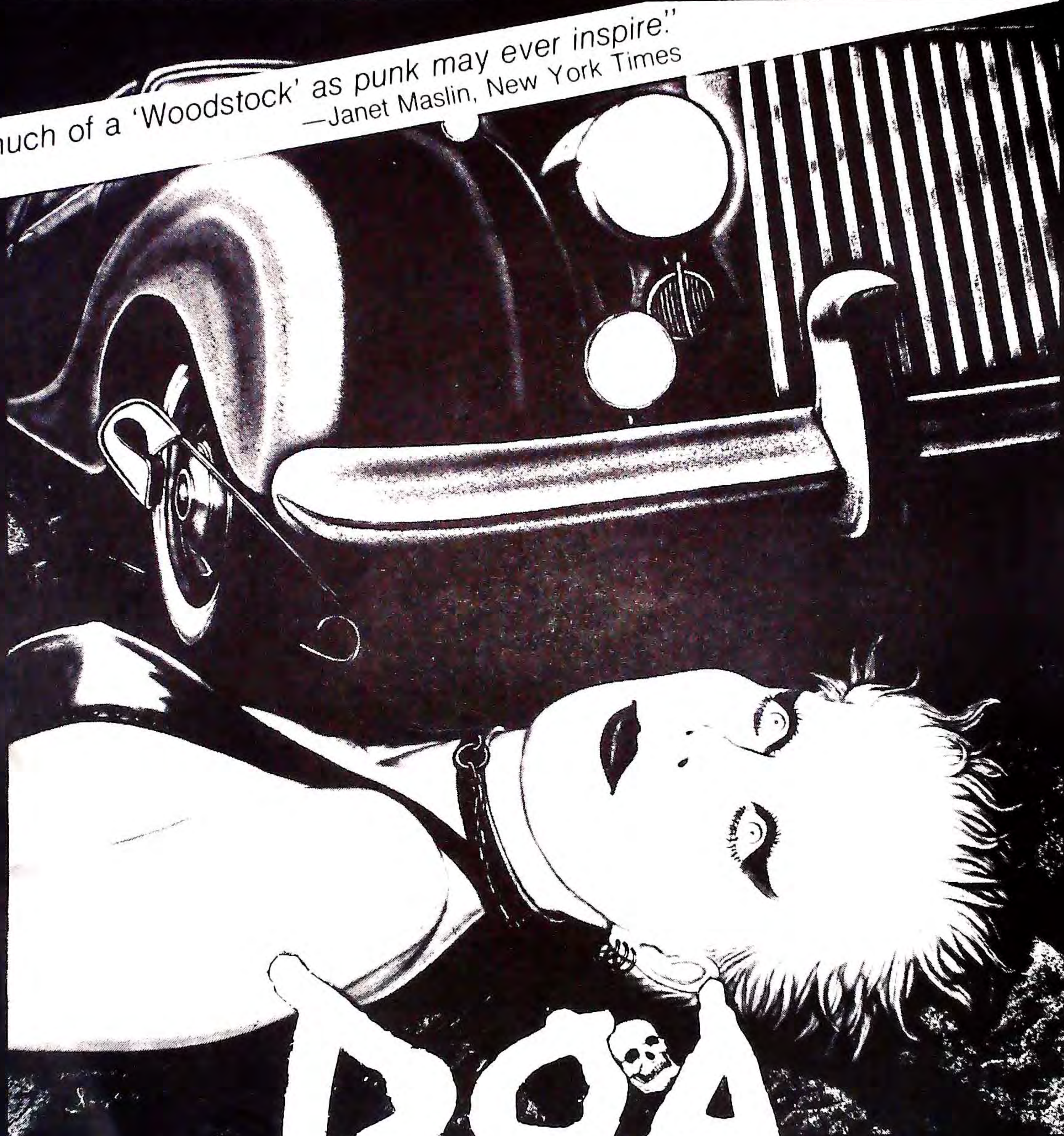
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Terminal!



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vol 1, no 5

THE TERMINAL STAPH

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FRONT COVER:

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SYDNEY?"

BACK COVER:

design-Archie Waite



RUUUMOOORS



WKDU has received permission from the FCC to increase their power from 10 watts to 110 (getting this is nothing short of an act of God). There's one hitch though, their sponsor, Drexel U., doesn't particularly like the attitude of the boys in charge (well really guys, David wasn't that bad). So the hitch in the whole matter is that the university won't give the station the added bucks, which ain't that much by the way, to get the changeover done. The major consideration in this whole matter is that if KDU doesn't get the uppage, they can legally be drowned out by any other station who happens to want their frequency by a new FCC edict. Something's gonna change, and we want it for the better. The only way this can happen is if YOU write to the Pres. of Drexel U. and state your case. His name is Haggerty and write c/o Drexel U./3120 Chestnut St./Phila., PA 19104. Make it happen!

And speaking of KDU, that dynamic duo, Mr. Monotone and his faithful sidekick, David Snyder have graduated and can no longer broadcast on the station. Of course, KDU being the only station that is totally run by college students, it's goodbye guys...we'll miss you, Monotone anyway.

Also of note is the opening of a new club, the East Side Club at 1229 Chestnut St, right under the Adelphia Hotel. Last we heard, the Starlite is slated to open again on June 9, we're not holding our breath. This month Omni's will be having Fad Gadget & the Fall! among many other really cool bands...

LOCAL BANDS: Expect new releases by the following...Pretty Poison on their own label...The Stickmen and Steel Tips on Phantom Plaything...Bad Actor in the studio with Alan Vega producing...Transfactor expecting to release their first this summer...and where's the Crash Course?...Reds album out...Bunnydrums out now...and speaking of Bunnydrums, they should be opening for Gang of Four at Emerald City...Randy Dance and the Notekillers have merged to become Randy and the Party-killers, we've heard their tape and it's some really hot R&B

INTERNATIONAL: The Dance have added a new guitarist and drummer replacing the old drummer and Jim Martin in the process. It's made an excellent band sound even better. The new members are Tomas(guitar) and Robey (drums) by the way...New Releases: On I.R.S...the new Magazine, Magic, Murder and the Weather will be released in the U.S. two weeks before the U.K. edition...also slated for July, the Go-Go's. Meanwhile their new single will be released this month. On Ralph: their first summer releases will be Frank Johnson's Favorites, a collection of rarities and B-side by all your Ralph favorites including Snakefinger, Tuxedomoon, MX-80 and, of course, the Residents...and speaking of the Residents, being their third album Third Reich & Roll WAS CENSORED in many a location all over the world, the Phantom Phour have counter measured with a new version of it called Censored & Rolled with new album graphics and a totally new mix. As soon as they did this Germany ordered 10,000 copies... On the Warners/Sire/Island network... Computerworld by Kraftwerk, Heaven Up Here by Echo & the Bunnymen, Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places by Kid Creole & The Coconuts, also expect new Black Uhuru!, who are coming to Ripleys, Yoko Ono, Funkadelic, Ramones (HEY!), Rockats(!), was, and Pretenders in July...On A&M: RAF, Oingo Boingo, Tim Curry and the soundtrack to URGHH...also coming, The Keys who are produced by Joe Jackson and Robert Williams, drummer for Captain Beefheart and on Hugh Cornwells solo project...New Souxsie single and album, JuJu out by summer...Method Actors 10" on Armageddon, Rhythms Of You...Coming on CBS: David Johanson & Holly & the Italians(!)...

Th-Th-Th-That's
All Folks!!!



● TERMINAL!
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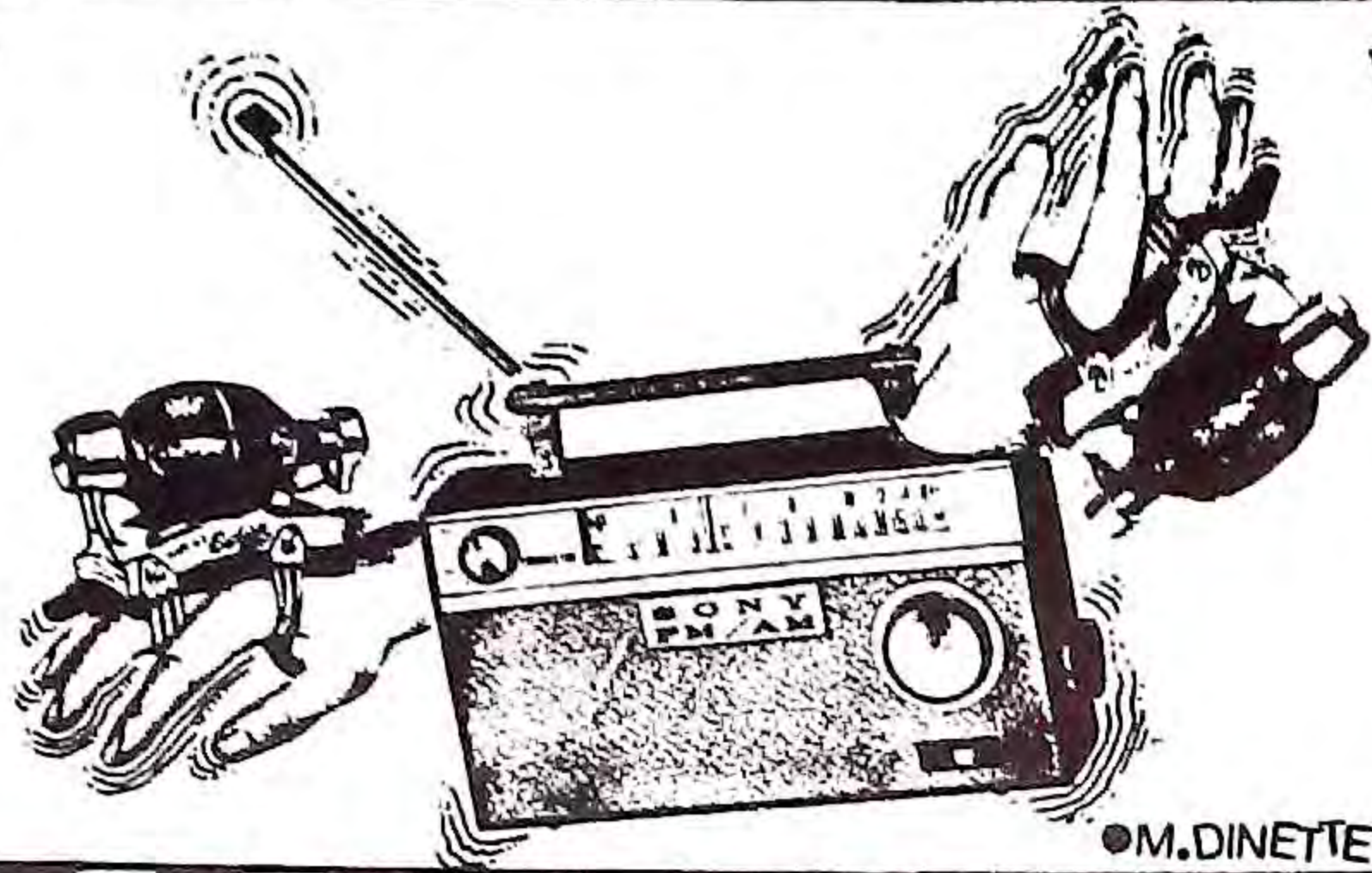
TERMINAL!

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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

Terminal!

My ego was severely bruised upon seeing that my photo of Squeeze had been miscredited in the last issue.

After two hours of tears and Valium, I was calm enough to write and tell you of this grave error. This won't, however, happen again, as I've invested in a little rubber stamp that reads "CREDIT: MARK FLETCHER" that I plan to use not only to identify my photographs but also my numerous bastard children.

In any case, you stand corrected.

Makr "One Truly Beautiful Human Being" Felcher

Dear idiots:

What the hell is your problem? If I ever get my hands on you I'm gonna put my fist through the back of your heads. That might be harsh, but you asked for it.

Look, that "Sandinista" review personallity (sic) insults me, my life, and all punks. It may surprise you to know there are people here that hate the Clash and the Ants.

I hate the cash (sic) because they had it and they blow (sic) it. They went for American airplay, the American top 10 and the fame that goes along with it. They compromised their music and principles for the all mighty (sic) buck. They turned their backs on their original (sic) fans, and spit in our

eye by denouncing all they used to stand for. They've become what they set out to destroy—they're a bunch of pousing (sic), limp, aging rock stars riding on their old reputation and going for commercial success by playing sweet, stupid love songs and pretentious, superficial politics. And that is not what punk is about. I've got nothing against "experimentation" (Hell, the last 2 concerts I went to were Philip Glass and Robert Fripp), it's the Clash's attitude (sic), actions and goals I deplore.

BUT, by NO stretch of the imagination do I follow uncle Lee, the PCA cliques, nor do I go to Omni's or Disco City (I've been to the first 2 times and walked out after the first set, and the second I've been to only 2 times since 1979). Adam and the Ants are a stupid bunch of yahoos that should be strung up by their heels and dragged for a few miles on Rt. 30 (Ardmore-Bryn Mawr). But you figure all there is a stupid, rich, new-waver or a stupid-idiot (sic) like you who still clings to the Clash even after they've told you you're shit. Well wrong cock-suckers, I'm a punk-rocker. That's right, a real honest-to-goodness PUNK ROCKER. I don't go out and pouse (sic) in my leather at chic rock-discos, Omni's, Emerald City or South Street, cause, believe it or not, I'm a poor, young white boy who still wears his safety pins with pride (and it's been a long four years bub).

Why don't you support new groups like the Angelic Upstarts, Discharge, Black Flag or at least the 1977 bands that stuck to their gunns (sic) like the all mighty (sic) Jam? But I guess, you're too guttless (sic), as usual. I knew my reviews wouldn't get printed, and I bet you ain't got the balls to print this letter either, but I hope it makes you think a little bit. God knows you need it.

Paul Evalds
Ardmore, PA

Been a long four years, eh? Is that all? Look Paul I could go into a point-by-point on your things here but lets just shoot a couple of the big ones right NOW:

- 1) If the Jam have stuck to their guns why did they play for the Queen on her Silver Jubilee?
- 2) If the Clash had sold out, why didn't they just put out another London's Calling?
- 3) Poor? Come sing me that song here where I live in Southwest Philly. You live in Ardmore?

Otherwise, you write with feeling, true and after you graduate from high school get back to me and maybe Dan & Sheva will be interested in using you as one of our writers, or at least until you learn to spell. -Steve

To Marianne Hart & Sue Fisher:

Now, now girls, calm down. I understand that the musical and political value of such somber bands as the Buzzcocks and the Police is extremely important to you. Pulitzer Prize winners that you are, I understand how you become deeply disturbed with even slightly incorrect (shocking!) sentence structure and format. However, there is no need to be catty (care for a scratching post? some tender vittles?).

Dear, I know that "second-grade level writing" can be upsetting, especially to we connesseeurs of literay mast-erpieces. "Culling information" you say? What are you doing, writing a fucking term paper?

I mean, come on, girls (oh, excuse me—women), if you were more snotty, there'd be a hanky war. What the hell do you want for a buck? Hemingway's manuscripts? What a couple of nitpickers you are. Why don't you climb off your high broomsticks and come on down here with the rest of us mortals. Don't take it so seriously, Tootsies.

Dislike,
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P.S. Fight nice, kiddies

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bauhaus re dux

-by Steve Fritz

Image.

Psychological definition: a mental representation of something previously perceived. Bauhaus had impressed their image on the Philadelphia audience since first appearing at the Swingerz Weekend in Sept. '80. Their return this season showed that had succeeded in engraving a powerful impression over the USA. This tour they were playing with their own equipment (instead of borrowing locals in each city), had twice the number of gigs and played twice the number of cities they did last year.

The return was backed with another albums' worth of dark and oppressive music, uniquely their own. They played half the new stuff, and displayed stronger confidence than in the earlier tour. It reflected in their show as they were taking more risks with the new material than before. New material like the latest single, "Kick In The Eye," which I thought limp on vinyl, became powerful on stage. But "Kick" paled compared to other new material like "Hair Of The Dog" and "Hollow Hills," a very slow, moody piece which builds up tension into a heavily treated explosion.

"I love what goes on on stage," Pete Murphy explained after his show at Omni's, "there's an elan like no other." True, Bauhaus presents a live image like no other. The bands' music is direct. Dan Ash owns a black guitar that comes out with the most sophisticated noise imaginable, though his playing is basically unadorned. Dave Jay's bass and Kevin Hasting's drumming are primal. Add on Murphy's phenomenal stage energy and you get a mind wrenching live show.

For instance, take one of the previously mentioned new songs, "Hair Of The Dog." As of the performance, it was only two weeks old since its creation. Featuring Ash's guitar going into overdrive, backed by orbiting space sounds that would drive most backs against the wall. Under this Jay and Haskins provide a Peter Gunn backbeat that holds this song on this planet. Over this Murphy sings "The man/who was mortally wounded/by war/keeps on fighting." A powerful, evil feeling tune that drives a message home. Doing what one keeps doing in spite of knowing the consequences--and how it can cure or kill you.

Bauhaus have been doing what they have been doing for two years now, and it appears they will be, if not redeemed, payed for having the nerve to stick to their guns.

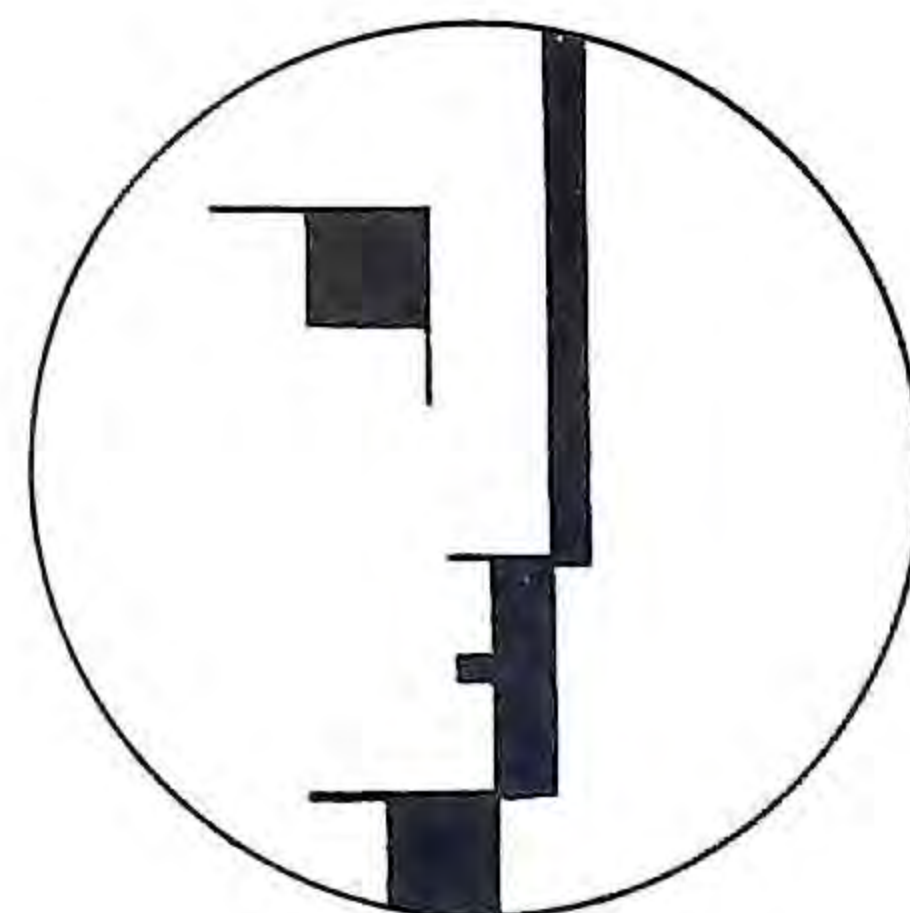
On the other side of the ocean, they have left their last label, 4AD, to its parent label, Beggar's Banquet. The reason is simple, they've become too big to stay at the smaller label. Bauhaus is not growing only artistically, but as Murphy stated to me, "moneywise."

This tour served two purposes in the States as well. Primarily, to expand the band's acceptance outside of areas like Philadelphia and Trenton, where they are still considered cult status. Secondly, to secure an American label deal, which Ash and Jay confided to me, are getting interested in them. This in turn is helping give the band the much needed confidence to take on more risk.

I stated that the band is taking on more risks, maybe I should rephrase that: they are experimenting more than they have before. "We've been learning lots more about studio techniques," Murphy told me, "We've really become budding producers." The band can afford to take the time to experiment in the studio and then master it so that it comes across as nearly exact to the live sound.

For instance, "Rosegarden Funeral Of Sores" catches all the sense of brooding ambience live that they put into the recorded version. Also, their cover of "Telegram Sam" still raves with its heavy metal intensity in performance, as does "Dark Entries." Then there's "Stigmata Martyr" which is as powerful as when I first saw them perform it last Sept. If you had been able to pay attention, as I did at the show at City Gardens, you would have found out that the strangled backing vocals that sounded like they should have been filtered, weren't. Ash can sing like that.

"OK, we'll do one more song" Murphy shouted at City Gardens as the audience demanded an encore. "Stand back," he warned, "it's going to be hot!" and the band ripped into "Dare." The City Garden audience were the first I've seen get an encore, which Jay assured me they only do for very special events to them and very, very rarely. There's strong



reason for this. Live they play with such commitment, Murphy performs with such animation, that they are usually physically exhausted to extremes by the end of a set. For those who stood too close for the encore, they might have well been face to face with a nova, as the band, having spent all its energy during their set imploded every last ounce of energy in themselves and the audience. After that, Bauhaus quickly walked off.

The band has impressed itself on me I don't feel, that I can honestly wait for their return. Until that time, I just have to remember their image. ■

STICKMEN

GESTURES AWAY
FROM OTHER BANDS

-by Jim Meneses

After seeing The Stick Men at Omni, and hearing a test pressing of their new single (Master Brew/Mystery Party on the Phantom Plaything label), I was convinced as never before that the Stick Men rule Philly. In performance they are formidable: sparse icy sax and trumpet lines from Chuck Mattern; the glazed, fractured stare of B.A. Lejman as she sings and attacks the clavinet, Farfisa, and guitar with incredible focus and individuality; and the rhythm section rampaging through bizarre, complex changes in the material; all backing up the focal point: Peter Baker. His nervous energy, dancing, guitar playing, singing and rapping combine with the pencil-thin frame and a crop of fire red hair on his head, creating a frantic vision of a stick man, some warped cartoon character, jiving about Hearts In Tempo, Caged Sex, and Jamming to that Insatiable Hot Point. The overall effect is composite: Like viewing a piece of sculpture, the many facets and dimensions of the group reveal themselves over the course of the performance.

"It tries to be a couple of gestures away from that," commented Peter Baker during a recent conversation. "If we could get the audiences a little more involved...up till now, at best it's been mesmerizing, at worst it's been alienating. I'd always felt as though we were playing with a piece of plexiglass in front of us...now, instead of shoving them up against the wall, we figure we'll enchant them. We don't necessarily want them to dance with each other or anything, we'd rather have them dance with us, so they can be charmed, jamming in a trance...you know, like 'They Walked Again By Night' and stuff"



Fran Solit

Baker's conversion is not far removed from the music of the Stick Men: fast, excited and charmed. How he says it means as much as what he says, for example, in discussing the groups lyrics: "Some of the lyrics are real fragmented, but we try to use potent words that plug people right in to their memories and sensations, like 'insatiable'...they're aiming for a style about the band, what we want to do to the people. Like--I'm charmed, you're charmed, they're charmed... a lot of them come from the TV commercials, phrases, stuff that's out there"

The Stick Men have deep roots in Philadelphia, going back to the Fall of 1977, with a group consisting of Baker on guitar, Jeff Cain (organ/guitar), Charles Cohen (keyboards), John McCullough (guitar) and Art Noel (bass), called the Undertakers of Love. "I always wanted the Undertakers to be the modern kind of Temptations, but we couldn't get any background guys! Although Pete says the group was a good team, Charles and Jeff were also involved in theatre projects and electronics (they are now the Ghostwriters), and Baker, Noel and McCullough continued as a trio, "Playing gigs on the street around Christmas time in front of Passport Photos on Eighth and Arch, where John worked,

with little amps wrapped up like Christmas presents! Pete also met B.A. Lejman at this point: "I was on business in Washington D.C. and Beth Ann and I met there...she was a high fashion model doing some independent film work at the time! They formed a duet called Blue Beth and the Gentleman Caller, which, along with the Undertakers of Love, a crude version of the Stick Men and Baker's paintings and sculptures, were showcased in a performance at the Old City Arts Gallery on Fourth and Woods Sts., in the Summer of '78.

After the Undertakers dissolved, and the Stick Men lost McCullough and Noel, gaining George Shirley (bass) Micheal McGettigan (drums) and Charles Mattern, Jr., a hillbilly boy salesman from Baltimore. From October '78 to '79, this line up rehearsed intensely, developing their unique digital sound. "We were amazed when Micheal came in and jumped right in on the shit," said Pete. Until this time, they had not had not had a drummer. "The jams were more animated, but not so quirky as it was! In November of '79, the Stick Men made the West Philly Connection! "I first met Billy (Bradfield) after he had just moved to West Philly. He had just jumped off a tour with Tom Jones--that was the hear that Tom didn't have a hit single, but I don't think it was Billy's fault! "Bad Claw" Bradfield soon joined as bassist for the Stick Men, and from that point on the basic nucleus of the group has remained between Lejman, Baker, Mattern and Bradfield, who, with Fred Abrams simonized the Stick Men Sound that originated with McGettigan/Shirley. Collaborations with Lance Walker (bassist from the Pee Vees), the Sir Sensaround Sound, Devin Leonard, Elliot Levin and others have occurred; however, the group has gradually become more and more defined since acquiring Bradfield, and now, reaching a peak.

"There's a new phase we're getting into, a specific tone between us, especially the rhythm section; it's getting more powerful so that I can run in and out of it! The new single is a testament to the Stick Men maturing as a band, and ready to take off. Pete Baker agrees: "We're always trying to be gestures away from other bands--we're really excited about what's happening now!"

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I had been a little apprehensive about the interview. Before the night in question I saw Nona and her band, Zero Cool, on only one occasion. I liked the crew quite a lot but I certainly wasn't familiar with the material after that one exposure. I knew she had been one of Patti Labelle's Bluebells (as in "I Sold My Heart To The Junkman") and she was still in that lineup when they shortened the name to Labelle and Voulez Vous'ed their way to a big hit with "Lady Marmelade". My only clear memory of the aforementioned band is that they did an album with Laura Nyro, about whom I know nothing. Ancient history was out.

Of course I could have opened with a question on what it was like to work with the Talking Heads on Remain In Light. "What WAS it like to work with the Talking Heads?" Legitimate question. I picture the thoughts of an artist when asked repeatedly about a marginal collaboration with a more famous cohort. "Is this idiot at all interested in what I'm doing?" Possible retort, "They gave me the words, I sang and they paid me. Get it?" I didn't want to burden anybody with the question. Recent history was out.

The set at Omni's seems a strange cross between Miles Davis and Lou Reed. Really. The drummer, Jimmy Arlington, hammers out a strong detailed funky groove reminiscent of fusion according to Miles. The bass is very cooperative although more straight, a little punky Mike Allison is the bass player. Zero Cool has two guitarists, Kevin Fullen and a fellow named Raouche (the spelling of the name is an approximation. Whenever Nona mentioned it onstage it sounded like Raoul). Even harder than getting the guitar players name right was trying to get a handle on what they were playing. Raouche seemed to fill the role lead guitarist picking out muscular atonal lines against the furious chopping of Fullen's guitar. But the interplay between the two obliterated the distinction of lead and rhythm. Fullen's thick dissonant chording often became the focus of attention. "Sister Ray if Lou Reed had kept working at it for 15 years" I thought to myself. Wonderful example of a sophisticated primitive.

The severity of the band is offset by the commanding presence of Ms. Hendryx. Clad in a purple body stocking with white legwarmers, fedora and dinner jacket, she visually dominates the band. Her powerful, experienced voice provides an accessibility which is absent from the fiercely experimental band. The edginess of the band gives Nona a credibility far beyond that of an old pro trying to cash in a few chips before the tables close. The show isn't remotely nostalgic. An old Supremes' number, "Itchin' In My Heart", is eclipsed by the originals penned by the band. In the face of what they do with their own material "Itchin'" seems a little archaic, more like Grand Funk doing a Motown hit. I've unforgivably allowed all but one song title, "Show Some Emotion" to escape my sieve-like memory but I will tell you that the tunes ranged from slow-motion torches, touched on reggae, and included a hyper free form number with the word "pygmy" in the title. I can't remember what the pygmy did, but Ms. Hendryx lowered her mike stand to half mast and squatted on a chair to deliver the number from her point of view.

So now I'm sitting in the basement of Omni's sometime past two and I realize it's time for the interview proper. Due to numerous snafus and misconceptions I have neither paper



nona hendrix

Zero Cool

-by George Shirley

"Wouldn't it have been a little easier, maybe more natural as a singer to have served yourself up to a producer to create a frame in which you could work?" The question sounded hostile to my lips, Nona seemed unfazed, still warmly charming. "It's not a question of what would have been easier; this is natural for me. I don't really give much thought to how other people do things. I just approach them in my own way."

We discuss the composing to which the entire band contributes. "Sometimes these guys will do something completely unexpected. If someone else were to do it, I would think it was a mistake, but I know these guys and I understand it's deliberate, intended." This leads us to a discussion of arrangements. Nona says she's often completely surprised by something one of the band members will play on stage. When I press to find out just how improvised, the drummer interjects "Actually, we're really very arranged!" OK, I hear later that Kevin and Mike told my partner that they never have any idea what they're going to play next. Let me just say that when Kevin snaps a guitar string (not an unfrequent occurrence), he just yanks it out of the way and continues sawing away at whatever he has left.

So the conversation rolls down easily and the five minute chat I expected turns into a twenty minute talkathon halted by the impending threat of getting locked in the club. I guess I talk to much, I think.

nor tape to capture the conversation. Fortunately Nona Hendryx does not appear nearly as imposing offstage. She's wearing a bulky army jacket and a pilot's cap pulled down to her eyebrows. She seems tiny; even her facial features shrink when removed from the spotlight. She answers in a quiet feathery tone, sure of herself but in no way pushy. I'm completely unprepared at this point but after a few introductions I float my first question. "What's in it for you?" I elaborate, that as an established singer, her decision to work with a band with as quirky a lineup as this seems quite unique. What attracted her to these...amateurs...no I strike that mentally...not quite right and terribly offensive..."guys!"

The answer takes me by surprise. Nona responds: "Under live conditions, usually far short of ideals, guitars tend to set up a white area which masks the subtleties of the band! The effect that two guitars can have of erasing and muting the safe ground of harmony and melody. "I had never worked with that. It was something new to me!" I was a little stunned and flattered that she had been so attentive when I gave my little speech.

SPLIT ENZ

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BONGO BEAT

-by Sheva

Within Rock and Roll there has always been a place for the boy next door, starting with Buddy Holly and continuing thru the 60's with bands like the Beach Boys and the Lovin' Spoonful up to the present with the Undertones. The boy next door role should not be confused with the loner who shocks everyone with his/her music (Presley, Patti Smith) or the outcast seeking revenge (Townsend, Costello). Rather, he's just a regular guy, liked if not looked up to, a little shy maybe, not too exceptional. This is the Bongos--regular guys creating extraordinary music.

Did I say extraordinary? Well, quite often it is. Part of the much-celebrated "third wave" of NY bands, the Bongos look and sound is nevertheless distinct. Their dance-oriented pop contains dark undertones, creating an occasionally disquieting effect. With two releases on Fetish records, "Telephoto Lens/Glow In The Dark" and the more recent In The Congo 12-inch, they are making headway with their music.

Onstage, they're friendly and a bit shy. All three get very caught up in their music, and this intense involvement invariably extends itself to the audience. They all sing but Richard, the bouncy one with the ever-present grin, handles the bulk of the leads in addition to playing frantic guitar

and Slinky. Rob, the one with the great cheek bones, contributes fluid bass and sultry eyes. Of course, Frank the quiet one (isn't there always one in boy bands?), drums and adds harmonies. Yay Frank! The band is wonderful to watch--Richard and Rob are wonderful dancers--their feet never stop.

They played at Omni's twice, once before and once after the infamous NY assault on the Rainbow theatre in London. While that performance was a disaster for just about everyone involved, the rest of their English/Europe tour went well. German, Dutch and Belgium audiences gave them a great reception while the British audiences were predictably stand-offish. During this time they recorded an album for Fetish and it should be out in June.

I like the Bongos alot except when I'm watching them--then I love them. The songs manage to be soft and hard at the same time, not an easy feat to pull off, and they're a dance band that doesn't play funk, maybe because none of them were ever Contortions like the current crop of NY bands like the Bush Tetras. Besides, they're young and cute, and they care about their music. What more could you want? Bongos are go!



Rikki Ercoli

THE REDS

-by J.D. Harris

Think of a loud band, a real live band. Throbbing bass, organ pounding, drums, screeching vocals and guitar. Soys...The Reds.

For the last couple of years the Reds were picked as one of the first bands to break out of the local circuit and go national. Instead, they picked up a following and sales in Europe (Gold in France) and their old label, A&M, dropped them hastily when it didn't appear they would bring in the megabucks.

Many bands would have called it quits or started doing the cover circuit. Not these guys. They rehearsed, toured and went through the old cliché called "Transition Period." It's beginning to pay off, they've put out a new EP on Ambition Records and an album on RCA Canada and Kingdom in the UK is coming soon, if not out by the time you read this. They are also touring the East Coast again.

Recently, the boys (Bruce Cohen, Keyboards; Rick Schaffer, guitar; Tom Geddes, drums; and Jim Peters, bass) stayed still long enough to answer a few questions. To wit:

- T!: Anything about A&M?
 RS: They're into business and money. They only care about music that sells.
 BC: It was too structured. With the new releases, we have more control
 T!: What about musically or anything else?
 RS: We're trying to make things more interesting, rhythmically.
 TG: We're redeveloping our live show. Making it more fun, danceable.
 JP: I guess we'll use lower volume.
 T!: New material on the next album?
 BC: Some of it is.
 TG: What we're doing live any night is pretty much what we have been doing in the studio.
 T!: What about your acceptance overseas?
 TG: Being more popular in Europe does not bother us--it's two different things. Naturally we want to be a success here, but what ever happens, that's it.
 BC: We're touring everywhere Larry (their new manager) gets us. Like this tour of the East.



Lisa Haun

material

-by Dan Kinney
& Steve Fritz

Photos by Thi-Linh Le



punk jazz (I could be shot for that one) improvisational disco. But after half a second's thought, all these phrases sound weak, if not ridiculous.

Material isn't about to clear this up, either. When asked what sort of music they played, Bill Laswell says they're a "band," but did admit to being rock oriented. This band is so full of talent and so non-committal on just about every subject that their reserved stance could be taken for arrogance--which it isn't. It is, I think, the fear of naming their activities would be to define them, and they would rather remain moving targets. They give themselves plenty of room during interviews, but Laswell had a few interesting things to say about the state of mind in which they entered the studio. When asked if they had a concept or sense of attack before recording, he said: "It's different for each recording. Sometimes we have a concept, we have everything completely figured out. Other times we work off a really loose structure and we build from the basics. Lately, we've been working with a very loose structure and just adding things that happen along the way!"

When they work with others, do they try to mesh with the leader of the project or maintain an independent identity?

"Both, I think. It depends on the situation we're working with!"
Fred Frith?

"He leaves a lot of freedom. He gave us the opportunity to create parts around whatever parts he created. He's been getting a lot more improvised, so now it's about 50% improvisation and 50% loose structure with us arranging our own parts around primary basics!"

Eno?

"Well, he's different. We worked with him for about two months and things are a lot different courses over the period of time. We went from playing rock music with a four piece group to improvised music to at one point just making sounds. It changes all the time, some go somewhere, some don't. I don't know what he'll use of ours, he's constantly recording. He changes his mind a lot."

"Eno's very easy to work with, very easy going, really open to what ever happens spontaneously, catching onto a nice sound and trying to keep it."

Nona Hendryx?

"Really easy. She's really professional, fantastic attitude. She gets results incredibly fast and we plan to do things with her in the future. We are releasing an album with her on vocals for Ze!"

Well, hell, these guys aren't paid to be great interviewees, they're paid to make great music. A little history is in order to help explain why they do just that.

Begin with Giorgio Gormelsky. Who? Gormelsky's production credits are awesome by any one's standards. From his productions of the Yardbirds and the original Soft Machine (which has given birth to Robert Wyatt, Kevin Ayers and David Allen), he has produced many of Europe's seminal progressive bands and is best noted now for Magma and David Allen & Gong.

Gormelsky had spent time in New York long enough to create a progressive spectacular, lasted over 12 hours until the cops closed it down, known as the Zu Manifest. Bands of particular note for this event (if ever there was a word) included Mars, Theoretical Girls (Glenn Branca), Model Citizens, Fred Frith and headlining: David Allen & Gong.

Also there was a young group (I mean like 16 or so) of progressives known as the Zu Band. If you had caught them or their subsequent tour with Allen, you caught the embryonic Material. Laswell, a Detroit sessioner for a number of outfits, and Beinhorn, who's now 19 and this concert was in 1979, were in. The drummer left, enter Maher who, like Beinhorn, is self-taught, and the present line up of Material is formed.

Since then, one has either gone to New York or selected gigs in Europe or the West Coast and seen Material live. Or one has seen them work for more than one of the following: Maher, the Dance, Richard Hell (on whose next album he's on), Deadline and Sonny Sharrock (ex-Miles circa. Jack Johnson and jazz guitar legend in his own right) and Deadline. For Laswell; Masacre (w. Maher & Fred Frith), Curfew, Deadline. Beinhorn is the only one who does not get involved to heavily in the heavy gigging, but then he is also a painter who is getting his name noted in that fashion. Although this is not a complete listing, one would have to be fairly jaded indeed not to be impressed by it.

"For us all the big press seems to be coming in now," says Laswell, "we've always had mentions from really important critics, but no big articles. Because we've never really pursued the idea of getting a lot of press, we've never promoted our concerts. But now it is beginning to come in!"

Material itself is growing. They're making plans for adding a horn section and already added Sonny Sharrock and violinist Billy Bang. They are planning to some dates with the above, horn section and Nona Hendryx in France this summer. Maher has the new Richard Hell album coming (on Red Star). Laswell will be working with jazz musicians Frank Lowe, Billy Bang and Denardo Coleman (Ornette's son).

Material appears to be a basically free-form vehicle designed primarily to bring focus to a certain number of musicians, not a "Band" in the conventional sense. Their projects, individually or collectively, are so complicated that they appear almost like some musical mafia. But the freedom they enjoy, the labellessness of the conception, are producing some of the finest and certainly most unique music sounds today.

Q: What does Fred Frith, Brian Eno, Nona Hendryx, Robert Quine, Richard Hell, David Allen, The Dance and a cast of thousands have in common?

A: They've all, at one time or another given assistance to either individual members or the whole of Material.

Indeed, few would argue that the band's members, often the band itself, are the names most likely requested when artists as divergent as Eno and Richard Hell need some help. The only surprising thing is so few people have heard of the band members: Mike Beinhorn (synth & tapes), Bill Laswell (bass) and Fred Maher (drums) are the core members of Material.

Describing their music is as tough a job as trying to keep track of their myriad individual projects. Their only releases under their name Material have been Temporary Music 1 & 2, and a single, "Discourse/Slow Murder" on Red Records. A compilation is also available on Celluloid. Similes come easily to the mind--new wave Weather Report,



Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis

-by Dan Kinney

It's an interesting concept—a new wave band with four vocalists, three instrumentalists, pretty melodies and bright pastel shaded T-shirts.

Human Sexual Response came out of Boston, say, oh, sometime last year and have managed to get a pretty fair amount of media attention based on their Passport album and their high energy, rah-rah shows. They consist of Larry Bangor (does most of the writing), Casey Cameron, Windle Davis and Dini Lamont working the vocals and Rich Gilbert on various guitars, Chris MacLachlan on bass and Malcolm Travis on drums. I love their names. A few more people and they'd read like a baseball team.

When HSR hit the Bijou, I was pretty much an innocent concerning the band, but I was impressed by the local level support they engendered. In terms of most scenes today, they are rather unique. They blend, with varying success, 60's hippies' idealism, 50's adolescent throwaway romanticism and some sort of 80's sexual/social ethos. Top it off with gorgeous 4 part harmonies and that's a fairly tall order even for seven people with nifty name

And the strain of having such an unfocused identity shows up! They occasionally fall into the well known trip of wanting to say so much they end up saying nothing at all. I spent some time talking to these guys, but my notes fail to tell me much of a story. One phrase reads "Lack of anger," another "exposing contradictions," another "Living beyond what you can do" and at the end of the last page reads a smeared line that I think says "folly and seriousness!" If all that does

human sexual response

not give you a clear image of the band it should illustrate some of the problems.

A band that has a chorus of "I touch my finger to my tongue/I taste vagina...I like Betty Ford's boots/she wore them all over China" and then romps into a standard labotomized version of "Cool Jerk" in the next. Further along these lines of identity crisis are fact that on "Jackie Onassis" (a standout song by the way) the lead singer states "I want to be Jackie Onassis" repeatedly. Then they go into "Anne Frank Story" in which they want to be guess who? But enough of this madness.

Obviously HSR has a difficulty or two but I think they also have enough potential, good cheer and blind luck to come through it all. They just have to figure out what they're trying to get across. They've got all the tunes, they get you off your ass, it is next to impossible to think anything rotten to say about them. Their current trip to England for a few concerts and an Old Gray Whistle Stop appearance should speed up their careers. They go back to the studio this summer. They've been able to quit their jobs (department store and waitress stuff) and they have no booking problems. I mean Jesus! And they are so fucking nice people, too. It's insane.

So when you get in a ridiculous car crash and break your collarbone, your old lady leaves you for your dog, you get thrown out of school and listed on the federal court docket and somehow you can't just, you know, get off on the Cramp's new stuff, or even your old Stooges albums. Check out HSR then. You can even hum along. ✕



simple minds

-By Fran Soir

I went to see the Simple Minds because I got in for free. I had never heard them before. I still haven't heard any of their records. From what I understand, it doesn't matter because they didn't sound like their records anyway. Generally, the opinion was something like—"I like their first album, but they don't sound anything like that anymore!"

I found them derivative but entertaining. PiLish disco beat, growling bass, long songs, weird guitar (this guy never plays normal) and generally inaudible keyboards. They had moody lighting and an anguished Bryan Ferry sound alike singer.

About halfway through the set, just as you get sick of their formula, they change the pace and start with the danceable stuff. Great! Simple Minds are loads better at this sort of thing I figure if you're going to base what you do on other peoples ideas you should do something to make the audience forget it. In this case the band goes disco and the audience dances away their mental processes.

"I Travel" is their hit and deserves its status. It's easily their best number and they obviously recognize that fact. They seem to be heading in that direction. This band is not stupid. Neither are they really very good. Therefore, they may become very popular with the nouveau-wave Blitz kids. Too bad. Dress up! Dance! Look like a fool!

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- d) Bedwetting
- e) Made records at Third Story Recording

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dead kennedys and the nazi terror

Ricki Ercoli

-by Dan Kinney



When the Dead Kennedys, authors of such gently laid back ballads as "Kill The Poor" and "California Uber Alles" hit town, you know, things just seem to happen. People come out with their party hats, noise makers and favorite ideology.

A recent f'instance popped up at Omni's. For your background use this recipe: take a bunch of Nazi's in their "let's dress up, mommy" uniforms the Revolutionary Youth Brigade, the Progressive Labor Party, none-too-amused Jewish (and other) types and add the regular sort of indescribable people like you and me who show up at Omni's. All right, now mix them all together. Stand Back.

Here's what went down. I arrived early and hung around with the small crowd that was building up outside. After a few, uh, friendly words with the local populace. I left a copy of the last issue of this rag with a guy for his perusal and went to get a pack of gaspers. On my return, the copy of TERMINAL! was being ritually burned by a small group of our fans. Well, ok, I'm not crazy about Time magazine. And it set the tone of the evening nicely.

Inside Omni's it seemed pretty much like any other night, if that can be called any kind of a description. My photographer and I decided to go cool out somewhere during the warm up set, a routine sort of local band. There seemed to be no need to hang around and see. Big mistake. For during their set occurred the first sortie of the evening.

The bass player for Earthling (whose name no one seems to know) climbed on stage wearing a swastika armband. In the very early going a young lady scrambled onto the stage and succeeded against incredible odds to remove by force said Swastika from said bass

players arm. Immediately, but immediately, she was (multiple choice):

- | | |
|------------|-------------------------------|
| A) punched | D) chainsawed |
| B) gouged | E) asked to leave |
| C) pushed | F) More than one of the above |

... off the stage. Anyway, she came down with enough velocity to knock her young gentleman friend against some sort of obstacle. He came up with a bloody mouth and a loose tooth or two. Hot feelings, obviously, were pretty much evident everywhere in the house.

Those, no matter what you may have heard, are the facts. But the consequences, of their act in particular, went on and on. More about that later.

The TERMINAL! team got back, having been absent from the earlier campaigns to find a small crowd gathered around the sidewalks outside Omni's. Well, put it this way, it was a small circus. A Revolutionary Youth Communist Brigade were around (has anyone seen more than three at one time?) striking Che Guevara poses. A Prog Lib guy, looking defensive was hustling the party paper. But the eyecatchers were the Nazi's, arm crossed, steely-eyed lunatics whose very presence demand a definite response. Yes indeed, the air was full of snap. Unconfirmed reports (ha!) suggest more than one fight outside during the evening's progress.

The DK's gave everyone a good long wait that night, while upstairs one of the most restless crowds--one of the most anticipatory--in Omni's history waited for the underground legend in the making to show up...and...

And, you may be wondering, just where the bloody fuck did these guys come from? Ask your average "rock" fan about the Dead Kennedys and he'll mumble something about Ted in '84. Says Jello Biafra, "the name is designed to torpedo an annoying religion that's grown up around the Kennedys, but also to...obviously it's designed to get



Ricki Ercoli

under people's skins and annoy them and thereby opening ways of using it as bait, where once they've found out that far then they're gonna dig further. And then they're gonna find out about more things that we want 'em to know about that they don't want to here about but should!"

The band first played in San Francisco in the Summer of '78, in the beginnings of Amerika's punk boom. Subsequently, Biafra ran for mayor of the city, one of his main planks being the passage of a law requiring all business men to dress in clown suits. In all the rage music a manic humor arises from the DK's, a trait that will almost surely keep them from imploding as so many of their contemporaries have done. The very fact that they will soon embark on the fourth year of The Wars is in itself an achievement.

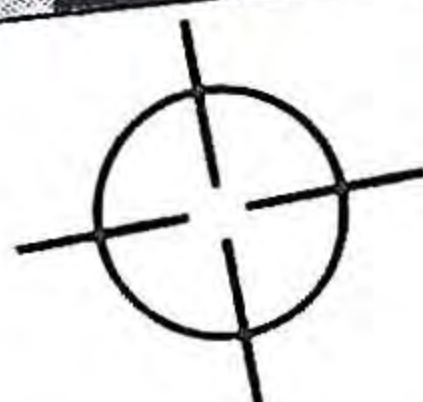
And it hasn't been easy. Over the last couple years the DK's have put up with more shit, had more gigs cancelled out from under them--in the US and England, probably get kicked off the moon when they get there (I can here the NASA statement now)--have been hassled by the law, the press, the Nazi's... Jesus, I've lost control of this sentence, but you get the picture. One needs an occasional laugh to keep the perspective.

That they're a violently (as opposed to violent) political band is for Amerika, another unusual trait. I mean, look around. Who's making any real statements? Social statements, sure. Social commentary, everybody but the Osmonds (who are one). About the DK's





Deborah Holcombe



only peers on the level of making political commitments, here at the start of the errogenous eighties, are John Denver and Sammy Davis Jr.

"Americans are so obsessed," continues Biafra, "and they have been taught to be obsessed with their own comfort and lining their own cocoons, that they became apolitical. And this kind of apolitical, self-indulgent, hollow way of existence is the kind of thing that paved the way for Hitler..."

"You have a new form of conservatism from the people who were active in the late sixties, saying 'Well, now that we've forged our own way of life with these strong, concrete--actually read cosmetic--changes, now we eat food with preservatives and pay twice as much, now we've replaced the car as the status symbol with the fancy stereo system!'...What's changed? Nothing! It's a new form of conservatism. It's just as viscous!"

Finally, the ensemble take the stage, and after a bit of dickereing, launch into a hurricane entitled "I Kill Children!" This kind of raw punk is a grenade to the frontal lobes, no holds barred, all the cliches and the DK's do it with inspiration, originality, exuberance--in toto, just do it better than anyone else around. The hordes, including fun-loving National Socialists, explode, and from the word transforms itself into a screaming, groping, pogoing sea. Okay... pond. The band do virtually every song on the debut LP and some new ones (including the already or soon-to-be released "Dreadlocks of the Suburbs," a tribute to all those rich suburban "Rastafarians" (hey-maybe they've heard the Hooters--SF)). "California Uber Alles" has Ronald Reagan replacing Jerry Brown, and goes down with all the hysteria one would expect.

About halfway through the set, some idiot wearing an armband makes a grab for Biafra, for what purpose only God knows. Jello kicks the jerk away, mutters threats, totally pissed off, and for a moment the band walks. But only for a moment.

Six, count 'em, six times Jello makes swooping Kamakazee swan dives in the crowd. Bare chested and sweaty, he



must just sort of slide through. Just in case, though, he has a man constantly standing by to pull him out. It's a glorious performance.

The set ends with "Viva, Las Vegas," of course. The crowd isn't going to let them go yet. They come out for a final two songs that are almost painful in their intensity, rattling teeth and eyeballs. After the echoes

die out from "Holiday In Cambodia" the band manage to get back stage. It takes a while for people to be able to talk, even longer for them to be able to hear when they do. A band like the Dead Kennedys take some recovering from.

Backstage, Jello sits with an adoring crowd of media types around him, all apparently pretty much unaware of the newsworthiness of this particular night. For the first couple of minutes the talk, questions and answers alike are pretty much babble. Behind the pen notebooks, cameras and other devices, nobody's quite home yet.

There's loose talk of Reagan ("1984 is only three years away") and the various troubles and triumphs the band has recently been realizing. After this obligatory post-concert klatch breaks up, a little guy with a worried mein asks Jello if he's heard anything about Nazi's beating people up.

"No man, no. Are you kidding? We have nothing to do with the Nazis, I don't know anything about it. Anyone who wears a Swastika is kissing the asses of the Nazis and all those like them! At a later point this is misconstrued by someone as "kicking" instead of "Kissing" said asses, which reverse the meaning and causes some concern.

How's the album doing?

"Oh, somewhere around 100,000 copies!"

Not bad, and your TERMINAL! News Team drifts into the 3am Philadelphia night.

Next morning, all hell breaks loose.

The magazine calls me to ask what hell happened? and I say incredible show man, to which Steve begins screaming Nazis! Mayhem! Get the fucking story!

I started by trying to get the number of the local Nazi's Reich headquarters, or at least some number, or at least some name. The wires know nothing, the Inquirer has heard "rumors" and pumps me for information--which I give them--and finally someone at the Bulletin gives me a good idea: call the Jewish Defense League! Righto!

Deborah Holcombe

Ed Ramoz at the JDL doesn't know any Nazis I can get a statement, but he's heard the story and he's fighting mad. The story he's heard is that virulent pandemonium broke out at Omni's (later, he learns the facts of the case, as do I). I establish contact



Sanders

Deborah Holcombe

THIS MONTH'S HERO:



TEDDIE K.
SCRATCHES
HIS WOUND

with someone else close to the scene—through the good agencies of the JDL—and am apprised with the first eyewitness account of the Battle. It calms me down no end.

But not anyone else. The next few days are a blizzard of phone calls, rumors, and calls to arms. The arousal and emotion of everyone and his sister seem to be the real story. Not what happened. None the less, it is a little sheepishly and a little nervously that I scan the headlines of the local newspapers for a while.

Finally, I receive word that the Swastika worn by the Earthling bass player is in local possession (Do you want a photograph of it?). I also learn that supposedly the self-same bass player was to publically burn the thing at the end of the set. I have no reason to disbelieve this.

Mercifully, the story dies away.

A year from now 50,000 people will be telling their friends about how they were there at The Great Nazi Uprising, and how they, led by the Dead Kennedys, knee deep in blood, banished the fascist spectre from our American streets.

The circus has left town.
Thank fuckingall.

: : : :



Joseph P. Kennedy hated communists, liberals and Jews. He despised blacks. As Ambassador to Great Britain he was so pro-Hitler that President Franklin Roosevelt was forced to recall him in 1941. When his son ran for the Presidency in 1960, his strategy was to completely disassociate himself from his father's history and political views.

Like their father, Robert and John Kennedy were supporters of Senator Joseph McCarthy. This too was successfully buried in the campaign that elected the son of Nazi-sympathizer Kennedy to the highest office in the land.

XTC-Dance With Me Germany

Deborah Holcombe



ADAM AND THE ANTS



-By Jason Keehn

I went to see Adam and the Ants not expecting any fireworks, political statements or innovative music but at least a distracting, energetic show. I mean, I like some of their stuff on record like "Car Trouble", "Press Darlings" and one or two other of their songs that I can never seem to distinguish between (and I'll tolerate the rest, in the place of white disco), but I was downright disappointed, and even bored, by their live show.

After a lead in (is this contagious isn't the Pretenders enough?) Adam & the Ants marched onto stage decked out in colorful outfits that were a mish mash of punk, Indian, pirate and cowboy gear and insignia--fancy haircuts, warpaint makeup, lots of little feathers trailing all over the place. The audience cheered and rushed to the front. Adam strikes a pose, they launch into the first number (No, I didn't keep track of what songs they played in what order; it all sounded the same to me). They end the first, the audience cheered, the lighting scheme changed, they start the second song. A few war whoops, some big smile from Adam at the audience, third song.

Audience moves a little bit, cheers... and it goes on like that, for something like an hour and a half, and the audience laps it up, but not in any hugely enthusiastic way.

At one point, Adam asks the lights in the auditorium to be turned on so he can see how many people got dressed up and put little white stripes across their cheeks; but no luck for Adam, the best the light board can do is swing some big spotlights across the stage.

Things weren't helped by the fact that there was a barrier running along the edge of the orchestra pit that effectively separated the audience from the stage by at least ten or fifteen feet. Somehow I got the feeling that that barrier was symptomatic of a larger barrier between Adam and his US audience, I got the impression they weren't even getting as much back from it as they've been expecting, despite their best attempts at putting on a good ol' fun rock 'n roll show.

There were a couple songs I liked and moved to a little, but it was the same sound, the same ideas over and over again. I couldn't even dance to most of it. The two drummers, instead of making for a more powerful sound than ordinary, between them only served to muffle what beat there was. More contrived poses from Adam, along with some occasional guitar parts (which reminds me that Marco was pretty good most of the time, but never approaching excited, or inspired). Like I said, the least I could have expected was some energy, right? But no...

I shouldn't finish without mentioning the audience of course, which by and large was either striped or otherwise dressed for the event. Everybody seemed to be looking for a real happening...only nothing happened.



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Reesa and The Rooters

Live!

15

*At The Marble Bar,
Baltimore

-by Laurel Wyckoff

No doubt few Philadelphians have had the opportunity to experience Baltimore's famous Marble Bar. It was in this dinghy cavern beneath an unsavory hotel on Franklin Street that I was able to see South Jersey's Reesa & the Rooters in concert. They have been given a great deal more attention to out of town than in the Philly area, even after their recent single release. The band's previous appearance at the Main Point before a disappointing crowd with the added handicap of wretched sound people, gave no indication of the revel they can inspire on the dance floor.

The Marble Bar is frequented by as many orange-haired, leather-clad gentlemen and vinyl mini-skirted girls as you would see in your neighborhood bar. The opening band, Tiny Desk Unit, kept the crowd leaning against the 20 foot slab of broken marble or lounging around the long rows of rickety cardboard tables that surround the dance floor. Their music was slow moving, heavy and morbid for the most part. No fun to dance to.

By comparison, the Rooters were a breath of fresh air in those grimy walls and foggy atmosphere. There was an immediate frenzy on the dance floor. The Rooters music is happy music, all for fun. Not only is it easy to dance to, but it makes you want to dance.

Reesa's costume for the night was a collegiate outfit covering the parochial school uniform matching bassist Cheree Rumbol. Larry, on the other hand dressed simply to match his guitar style which incorporates the most basic elements of rock, which lends a simple clarity to the songs without resorting to cliché. His writing is clever and concise, using devices like a drooping minor second chord progression

to represent the infamous meltdown in "TMI". The band's momentum is provided by drummer Bob Z whose solid upbeat energy drives the band with a polished quality. Reesa's flexible, somewhat bluesy voice pulls off the more sarcastic and satirical songs like "Eating Media" and "Ice". She also sings an interesting version of "Day Tripper". For songs which require closer attention to pitch, Reesa backs up Cheree, who sings "Ultra man In Surf Villa" from the new single.

Reesa keeps contact with her audience by running screaming into the crowd during "Nervous Breakdown" or jumping onto the dance floor with her guitar. Her playful spirit is not profound or innovative, but it is full of life and good fun.

*At Omni's, Philadelphia
-by Sean Dunhill

"Hey Cheree", Reesa deadpanned to one of her songs, "I don't think we're going to get paid tonight!" It was a very barren night at Omni's. Hardly any of the regulars had shown, and where were Reesa's own fans? The people she really calls the Rooters. I usually see this many people at Omni's at only about 9PM.

There is an old standard I've heard about bands: you can always tell them by their covers. This is so because that is when the band is really playing for themselves. During Reesa's two sets I heard Nick Lowe's "Shake That Rat" & "Let's Eat", "So Tired", and "Ca Plane Pour Moi". So you get the idea; this is a straight unpretentious pop band, and a lot of fun. Particularly when you consider that Reesa is the front.

The first set was the better of the two. Unfortunately, the audience was not drunk enough to realize that. They stayed lined up at the bar or in the back, simply watching. I love the looks on their glazed eyes,

reminded me of the time I had downed one Jack Daniels to many...only this crowd hadn't really started drinking yet. This meant that highly enjoyable numbers like "Chinese Dancing" were left to waste while the audience drank up the courage it needed to get onto the floor. It got so bad that at the end that when Reesa saw that the dance floor was going to be left barren, which is one king-hell frightening experience for any band, she quickly had the band switch closing numbers to one of her other covers, "Nervous Breakdown" and then proceeded to have one across the dance floor. From one end to another, Reesa hurled herself, displaying her panties, shivering and shaking and finally sinking her message into this very numb audience.

"What do you want me to do?" Reesa demanded at the start of the second set, "play 'Whip It' or covers of Blondie? Is that what we've got you to do to get you to dance?" She then followed this tirade with a heavy metal (really!) version of "TMI". This time the audience got the message, I guess. About 12 to 20 people would always be on the floor, and from there on, several would stay on for the rest of the night while others would come and go. I guess Reesa did know what her audience needed after all.

During this set, the band debuted a new number. With Cheree on vocals, "Pierre Currie" is a slower piece than what is normally expected for the band, but Cheree is really opening up as a vocalist and this song displayed her voice well. Keeping up with their oriental tradition, the band closed with the Sadistic Mika Band's "Talent Scout" and managed to salvage what would have otherwise been a really bad night for the band. They saw that all that came for the night were deadbeats so they played for themselves. They also were very good.

It amazes me that at times you can

continued on pg 22



Live!

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

-by Fran
Soir

Fran Soir



Having seen several of the other "New Psychedelic" bands in the few weeks preceding this gig, I realized the dangers of having any real expectations. Colin Newman (possibly a category of his own), U2 (dangerously close to being a loud rock band), and the Teardrop Explodes (dangerous! an inspired pop band) were all different than I thought they would be. Still, Echo & the Bunnymen have quite a reputation.

I thought they would bring the whole bit with them—the dry ice, the camouflage—you know it, atmosphere. But no, they chose to come over here naked and just play for us. The stage looked very empty. Just the four (sometimes five) of them, and a minimum of equipment—very creepy.

They are, I know, a band; but singer Ian McCullough dominated by the very nature of his looks (I think birds nest in his hair) and his charisma (junkie chic). He makes the dark places in the

bands music even darker. He looks like he's constantly about to pass out and the half empty club only amplifies his demeanor.

The Ritz is a large space. When it's crowded, it's unbearable; but when it's half full (for you optimists) it's positively weird. Add this to the emptiness of the band's sound and you get lost in there. Maybe I'm getting too psychedelic, but you get the point.

As it turns out, they didn't need their props. They would have looked nice I'm sure, but they would have made things too obvious. This band works on a more subtle level. They are, like a lot of new bands, more interested in

textures than movement. The songs don't actually go anywhere. It's like being stuck somewhere between places not really travelling toward either one. Unsettling, but kind of nice, and you don't have to pay attention. Something is being said but you have to do some work to find out what it is. They work without the lyrical and musical obviousness of U2 (for example). They rely mostly on unfamiliar material which helps them keep their distance. This is not an easy band to relate to.

If I wasn't in the mood, they could have been boring. They might be great. I don't know. It's hard to recall specifics. I won't forget them.



teardrop explodes

*by Nancy Petrucco

Nancy Petrucco

The Teardrop Explodes returned to New York City, finally with a considerably different line up than they had on their first visit. Since they played their only date last summer at Hurrah!, two Teardrops have left the group and three new ones have joined. Julian Cope, the genius behind the band still remains as does drummer Gary Dwyer. The new bandsounded tight and were able to reproduce most of the material from the first album and singles remarkably well, and since Cope has handed bass playing duties to new member Alfie, he is now freer to jump about the stage in his little boy fashion, as well as other stuff he could never get away from while playing bass.

They opened amidst a thick fog of dried ice with "Reward," a song featured on the domestic release of Kilimanjaro. Surprisingly enough, the lone trumpet player actually sounded great! Although the sound was not as powerful as the single, it more than sufficed, and likewise on "Treason." The Teardrops only did half of the songs from the first album and no B-sides. Julian announced that the group was already close to completing their second album, even though the first one had just come out in this country. Consequently, a good number of the songs performed were of the new album; unfortunately, I did not catch any of the new titles, but musically they sounded really powerful

and good, though a bit slower than the older ones. The band played all the new material well and Julian also said that they shared some of the writing credits

Cope looked unusually young on this evening, his hair a little too long, and dressed in his favorite WW II brown leather bomber's suit, complete with jodphers and fake-fur collar. It was so hot in the club that I don't know how he managed to stand it, but he did, and he kept the jacket on and zipped throughout most of the show. He had a bad cold as well and clutched a bottle of orange juice in his hand. The encore was short, he did "When I Dream" and his voice did manage to hold up quite well, considering.

When introducing a song, he used the same phrase for each one; "This is a love song," but he eventually caught himself and explained, "Well, they're all love songs, but what else is so important?" Cope takes his lyrics very seriously. They are not words to pop songs, they are his whole life and this is evident in the earnestness of his live performance. The Teardrop explodes is basically a vehicle for Julian Cope's lyrics. At one point the audience was a bit noisier than they should have been, while he introduced "Suffocate," Cope promptly set them straight, This is serious stuff. You should be listening. You should really listen; it's really easy, it's easier than shitting! So pay attention everyone, or you might end up having to stand in the corner!

The power the British press possess over trendy folks hungrily waiting for the next fad is enormous. Thru' that medium, Spandau Ballet were made a hot property before most Americans had even heard them play a single note. They were written about and photographed (especially photographed) more than any band since the Sex Pistols. They mouthed off about their fusion of music, art and fashion (especially fashion) in any publication that would give them space.

They are an outgrowth of a "cult" of Bowie fans that sport the silliest outfits in recent memory. Bowie fans are right up there with the Greatful Dead fans as perhaps my least favorite kind of people on the planet. They seem to pick up his worst, most superficial aspects and amplify them. Spandau Ballet looked to me like the perfect extension of them. When their music was finally released to the public, my suspicions were confirmed. I hated them. They were a joke. Satisfaction was mine.

Before they signed to Chrysalis in England, they played only eight carefully chosen gigs, meticulously planned to make a BIG DEAL with the Blitz kids who they knew were necessary for their survival. It worked. Now they are using the same strategy for their U.S. campaign. They planned to do one gig in NY at (of course) a gay disco. I was lucky enough to be one of the chosen few (hundred) at the "Unadvertised" event.

The Underground may be the nicest place I have ever been. Velvet...mirrors...polite employees...great lights. The ideal place for Spandau Ballet. Fortunately, I missed the opening fashion show, but the audience, naturally were an entertainment in themselves. They were prepared. So was I. I bought a dozen eggs to throw.

Well, S.B. finally came onstage and played. Boy, did they play. They opened with "The Freeze". It was simultaneously pompous and more funky than the album version. Guitarist Gary Kemp started playing congas after a few minutes and it sounded wild. The almost



Fran Soir

SPANDAU BALLETT

by Fran Soir

totally synthesized drum kit sounded crisp, the guitars crystal clear and the bass had real punch. The keyboards thankfully, were not a focal point. My only real reservation was the Wagnerian vocal style which tends to turn even the most bounciest number into a dirge. In Spandau Ballet's case, it wasn't that much of an annoyance, only disturbing me on the slower numbers.

The slow stuff is their weakest point anyway and I don't think changing the vocals would lend any improvement. At their best, "Glow", the already mentioned "The Freeze" transcend their fashionable trappings and shine through as a great band who seem to be having a terrific time on stage.

Looking younger, acting younger and friendlier than their photos would suggest, they work at having a good rapport with the audience (their noses are definitely not up in the air).

Yes, I must admit I loved them. I had a great time, and I can't wait until they come back and do a proper tour. It's unusual for me to see a band that's so good that you can ignore their conceptualist trappings (read: silly costumes). and enjoy their music for what it is.

Spandau Ballet will be returning soon. Get ready for the new romance. Get ready to dance.



Jim Rollhauser

-by Chucko
the
Rockin'
Robot

CHRIS SPEDDING PLAYED HERE



T!: Is rocknroll a way of life or just a living?

C. Spedding:...a way of living.

CHRIS SPEDDING, veteran cult hero and guitarist is back with a with a 3 piece band, and an american label. Recently playing local v.f.w. post for preteen punks, City Gardens, he received lackluster response. An abbreviated set of tight and violently good solid rock tunes were featured. Included were yet another version of "Hey, Miss Betty", Wild, Wild Women, and GUITAR JAMBOREE (in which Spedding mimics those guitar giants we all love; from Berry to Frapp).

The short tour of the east and a few dates on the west coast, are in preparation for the two new albums to be released in the states.

A live Hits l.p. was recorded at Trax, n.y.c. on the second night there all the band seemed to agree it was really excellent and should be out on Passport/Visa soon. A studio lp is slated with Busta Jones co-writing, once Busta wraps up his solo album for Polygram. Busta was much impressed by the resurgence of heavy rhythmic rock having just come off the talking heads japan tour, where kids were even more enthusiastic over the new sound.

Busta's solo outing will feature what he simply terms heavy rhythm rock funk, with guests like JERRY H. of the Heads, Bernie W. of the funky-elic. The recent success of the Heads

new l.p. has prompted many fringe people to come forward and try their hand at rock oriented ventures.

The teaming of Spedding and Busta is great. The interplay of competent rocknrollers is awesome. In the new 3 piece outfit, Chris has room to move in the music...and an abnormal amount of guitar wizardry was shown on stage. The drive and balance of the tunes were incredibly high energy to the last note. Those new live tracks must really be something as this was not an exceptional night.

CHRIS LOOKING ever the pouty tough guy guitarist, with his trademark cowboy pastel jackets and black clothes "shows dirt less", seemed healthy and hopeful of his new material and band; however, except for the mothlike hand-clinging to the stage (where you can listen to the monitors) the rest of the crowd was unenthused, cruising for a or just to high on to move. Their jaded, suburban faces just dull, lifeless dumplings, yucchhhh. Their were more people on the floor making like SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER during rock discotime, than looking at the fucking act. It's as if they can't hear the music...

We must still wait on the reaction to the live lp to see if Chris Spedding will take his time....

DUB STATION



Things are definately looking up on the local front. After a period of years in which the only live reggae to be heard was provided by either local bands or occasional visits from the Wailers or Toots and the Maytals Philadelphia is suddenly being visited by a whole wave of oustanding Jamaican groups. Much credit must be given to Ripley Music Hall, where Big Youth has already played and where a number of outstanding groups (including Inner Circle and--yes, it's true--Black Uhuru) are scheduled to perform in the near future. Keep up the good work Ripley's!

I must mention the great shows which took place last month. Culture were just a joy to behold at the Bijou, despite playing with unfamiliar musicians in the backing band. This show exceeded all expectations, showing Culture just might be "harder than the rest".

As previously mentioned, Manley Buchanan, a.k.a. Big Youth, graced Ripley's with his presence last month; it was a show that will be long remembered by those who love reggae. (You may have read or heard about Lester Bangs slagging off Big Youth in the Village Voice Well, Lester, you fat old Blood Clot, what does a fat, ugly, rich old white man like you, a filthy overgrown hippy, know about Rasta music anyway? Ras Clot! Stick to writing books about Debbie Harry, her "music" is more your speed, old clot.)

Playing a set which included most of the songs from Natty Cultural Dread (surely one of the ten greatest reggae albums of all times) and a mixture of songs from other albums like Dread Locks Dread, Isiah, the Prophet, and Hit The Road Jack, Big Youth and the Ark Angels induced a sense of great joyful release in the audience, who swayed and skanked, smiling from ear to ear. It was a joy and a privilege to hear this man, the legend Big Youth. Much praise to the Ark-Angels, who are a very hard and flawless band, including some of the finest musicians in Kingston. "Fully" must be about the hardest bass player this side of Robbie Shakespeare, and as for Chinna's guitar playing, what more can be said? Let's hope we have some more shows this good in the near future.

If Black Uhuru comes off as scheduled, it could be the show of the year. Apparently, the Revolutionaries are touring with them as their backing band, and that, as every reggae fan knows, means Sly and Robbie, the hardest rhythm section in the known Universe.

Till next month, form the Provisional Wing of Dub,

-Lenin

Reviews!

Albums

CABARET VOLTAIRE
Voice Of America (Rough Trade)

Cabaret Voltaire look at the world from an emotionally detached, but very close point of view. Well not detached, but a little removed...

Their new album, Voice Of America, is calm on the surface, and rather quiet, but there's a lot of tension and defiance underneath in the skeletal rhythms and processed vocals. Most of the lyrics are incomprehensible; but that's OK since Voltaire are trying to show how much noise inteferes in communication. The music speaks clearly as it is.

These are the sounds of the world around us: groaning refrigerators, construction crews, rhetorical politicians airplanes overhead--and all other sonic features of the urban industrial wasteland. Not to say that this is more industrial drone music, there are some good dance tunes, particularly "Kneel To The Boss".

Cabaret Voltaire are saying some very important things, but how many people are going to really listen to this sort of unpleasant and distant music to find out what they say?

-Jason Keehn



PUBLIC IMAGE, LTD.
Flowres Of Romance(Warners)

The new PiL album is just as good, if a little more inaccessible than their last two. This is due to huge, singing drum sound that is left bare from nearly complete lack of bass and a sparcity of guitar. The drums are mostly filled out by layers of synth oozing from the crevices of rhythm and by Lydon's vocals, which are more twisted and intense than ever.

A couple of tracks have a very heavy tribal sound that makes Adam and the Ants' liveliest stuff sound pale by comparison. The sound of Flowres is very different from what passes itself off as "new music" these days. This is largely due to PiL's innovative use of the studio (for example, in giving the synth noises a lot of very "organic" textures). Despite the openness of the sound, the album has a dark brooding quality that in some ways I find more disturbing than any of PiL's previous music.

-Jason Keehn

HAZEL O'CONNER
Sons & Lovers(A&M)

Why a major label should wat to sign someone who sounds like the ghost of Mairanne Faithful, when Marianne is still around to reduce imitators to their proper stations in life, is beyond me. Despite the D.H. Lawrence ripped off title, there is really nothing here.

-Dan Kinney

CRAMPS Psychedelic Jungle(IRS)

Though they, if rumor serves, have been through a thousand travails (crooked managers, ripped off equipment, fickle personnel and probably genital herpes), the Cramps have resurrected themselves for another truly horrible album. Lux Interior's padded room vocals, Kid Bongo's guitar (replacing errant Brian Gregory), Ivy Rorschach's voodoo and Nick Knox's drumming all are still ravishingly buzzed away and out of tune. God, but it's good.

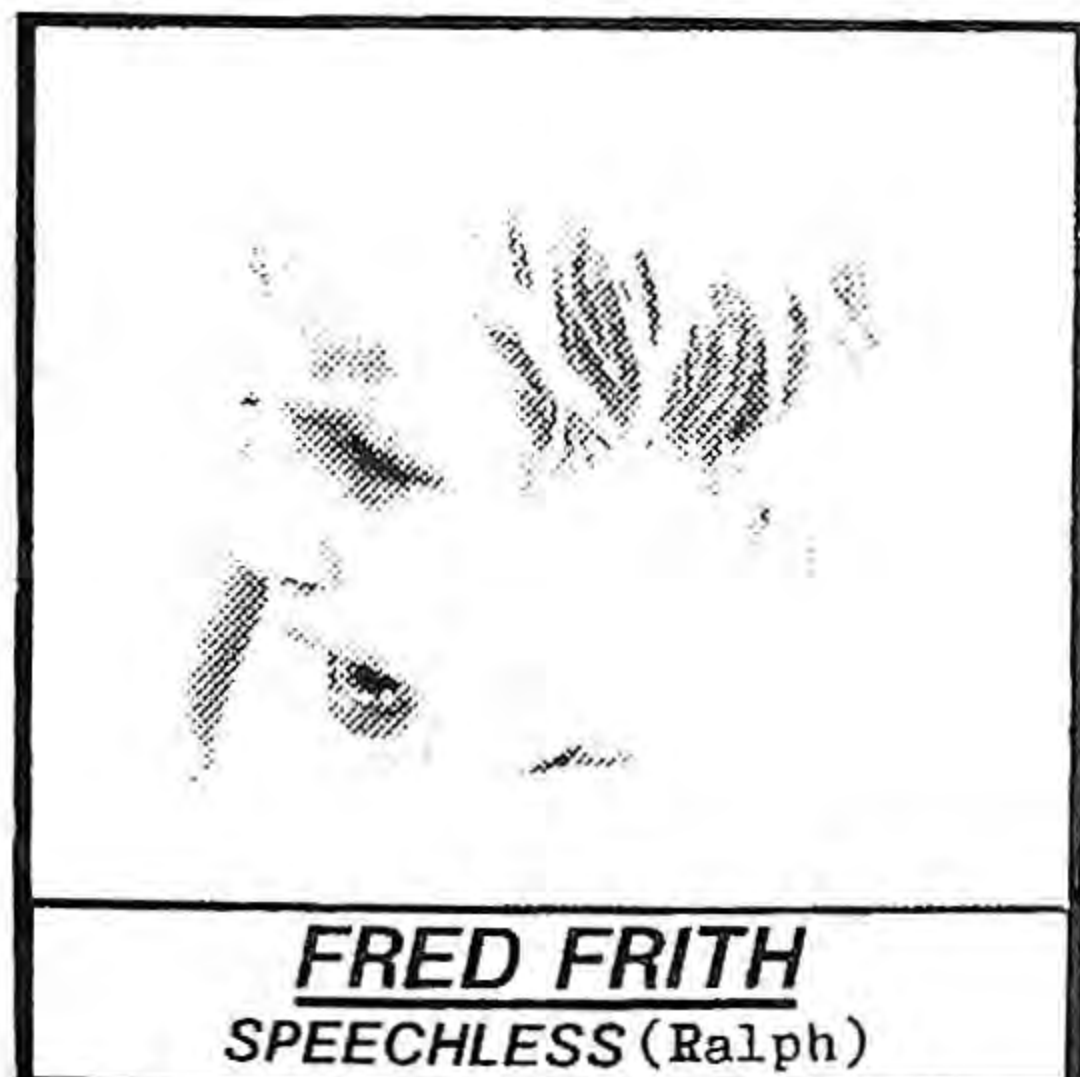
If you're warped enough, you already got it, probably. If not, take a walk.

○

BLURT In Berlin (Armeggedon)

BLEE-URT, pronounce it like a drunk on too much sterno, 'cause that's the way leader Ted Milton (sax, also) sings it. Milton has a voice like a garbage disposal backfiring diamonds. Best of all, he's singing some of the most aware observations he's had in a long time. Try this on: "rape & shout/rape & shout & shove the little children in his mouth because in every skinny little chap there's a big fat cat trying to get out!" (Ubu)

Blurt is a trio. They play a hard Contortions based style. Defiant, danceable, yet not hooked on smack. Aside Milton—who sounds like James at times, except he's never had a lesson in his life—there's his brother, Jake (drums) and Pete Creese (guitar) providing the rhythms necessary to propel this band. Best of all this album is recorded live, so when they come into town, you'll know what you're getting. -Sean Dunhill



Fred Frith's new release, Speechless, bears both differences and similarities to last year's release, Gravity. The major similarity between the two lies in the division of their sides between European musicians associated with a Rock In Opposition group on side one (in this case, members of Etron Fou Leloublan), and American musicians on side two (in this case, Bill Laswell and Fred Maher from Frith power trio, Massacre). These divisions are also reflected musically on both LP's; side one's arrangements are more detailed and idiosyncratic, while side two has a more gregarious, spontaneous feel.

Frith described Speechless in a recent interview as "having a lot to do with inarticulacy—difficulties of finding a voice, in all senses of the word." Frith achieves this concept subtly: through staid, minor melodies, austere orchestration and constant ebb and flow of themes and bits of compositions, in-

roduced and quickly abandoned, creating a feeling of stifled expression. Unfortunately, much of Speechless seems to suffer from over-production which confines the music, instead of lifting off, like Gravity did. However, some of the record's most exciting moments occur during several meticulously tape collages, such as "Women Speak To Men, Men Speak To Women," and the title track, an unnerving, arresting combination of street sounds and muffled conversations. "Laughing Matter" also contains Frith's bow to Chet Atkins in an outrageous guitar solo that must be heard to be believed.

Speechless, then is a good record, though not as satisfying as a usual Frith project. Look for the upcoming release of 185 and the new Art Bears LP, Life As It Is Today, for a further look at Fred's recent work.

-Jim Meneses.

Frapp

ROBERT FRIPP League Of Gentlemen(Polydor) Let The Power Fall(Editions EG)

When the League of Gentlemen came here last year, they were on of the most sparkling, crisp dance bands ever. I only wish that came across on this album. It lies on a need for focus, as when Dax (of the Lemon Kittens) does a guest vocal on "Minor Man" or Fripp's simple solo on "Dislocated" which rates there with all his greats, even if it is one of his simples.

The major bitch with the album is the inclusion of the "Indescreet" tracks. A collection of taped interviews and conversations plus found items, they are ingratiating by their overt obviousness, I mean all you got to hear is one of the females in the tape declaring that dancing is done with your "Pelvis" or the out and out ludicrous Mad Libs thing in the second Indescreet to see all the best of the dance track go for not. Fripp should learn his own lesson about dancing, it's done with your feet not only your head.

On the other hand, Let The Power Fall, the new Frippertronics album, delivers what it promises. By that, music you could easily work to, like me typing this review to it. of simply listen to it. The depth in textures always surprise the listener, especially when one keeps finding new lines in each track.

Promises, the League were very full of them, yet they didn't deliver. I guess that is why I'm so piqued by the whole product. Meanwhile, Power only promised one, and delivered. Still, in defense of the League, when they do a number and it all clicks, God! they work and I play those tracks a lot.

-Sean Dunhill

○

X Wild Gift (Slash)

X follow up their debut album with another killer. Aside the inclusion of "White Girl," you also get "We're Desperate" and "Adult Books" from their long deleted first single.

One of the major strengthes of this album is that while X are diversifying, they are still not losing any of their touch. For instance while "In This House" is another one of their blitz pieces, it also has a nasty slide guitar in their. "Adult Books" like "White Girl" has some really poppy melodies and

hooks to them as well. Not that X can't rip it out either, check out "Back 2 The Base." Anyway, I'll be filing this one under Los Angeles, where I can pick it up and play it alot. -Sean Dunhill

○

PERE UBU 390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo Not Happy/Lonesome Cowboy Dave (Rough Trade)

Pick up the album. This is an Ubu artifact. If you read the back cover, you'll see that this is a compilation of tapes from 1976-78 with the first two band line ups including the legendary Peter Laughner. Some of these tapes are not of the highest quality, but merit examination still.

You see, Ubu in those days were one of the most inventive rocknroll bands. If you check out the earliest tapes, which included Laughner, you'd see he is one of the greatest losses in the guitarist pantheon. Second guitarist Tom Herman was no slouch either. He provided the necessary base that vocalist David Thomas and synth Allen Ravenstine needed to make the classics out of "Final Solution," "Heart Of Darkness" and "Non-Alignment Pact" that they are. Also, like true artifacts, these tracks don't show their age, just become stronger and more wondrous.

Now pick up the single, You'll first notice that the guitar is now handled by psychedelic cornerstone and creator of the Red Krayola, Mayo Thompson. The floor is not gone from this band, but you still feel a little less sure on your feet when you listen to them. "Not Happy" is limp compared to their earlier days, but flip it over. "Lonesome Cowboy Dave" is a rip, with Thomas exercising poetic license on the West while the rest of the band provides a really lively backdrop. OK, now that you've picked up these releases, buy them. -Sean Dunhill



RENALDO & THE LOAF Songs For Swinging Larvae(Ralph)

Perverse. This is an album of mutated taped sounds scientifically doctored for all you people going under nitrous oxide. The duo's sound is close, but dissimilar to their stable mates and paternal figures, The Residents and like the Phantom Phour also, if you listen to this stuff long enough you'll find a meticulous logic all the bands own with doctors, Kimbolton gnomes and other Lewis Carroll style creatures scattered and recurring. Like good scotch, you'll find them to be an acquired taste, but one hell of a neat binge to get into.

-Sean Dunhill

EP'S

MAGAZINE

About The Weather/In The Dark/The
Operative(IRS)



(99)

MATERIAL

Temporary Music 2 (Red)

Between the recording of Temporary Music 1 and this recording, guitarist Cliff Culteri has dropped from the band, causing a major change in the total sound in the band, especially as he was not replaced. Primary in these changes is a shift from more straight rock composition to funkier ensemble work. This is really good to as the first temporary piece was primarily a guitar workout, now Material sound like a solid unit.

The overall sound of #2 is similar to Byrne and Eno's Bush Of Ghosts replete with found tape items popping up in tracks like "Reduction". The main difference between the dynamic duo and Material though is that the latter don't forget that funk music is dance music and with "Secret Life" really pull it off with a fast pace sequencer and bass riff that is a killer, add on hand claps and some inventive percussion and maybe it will sink in to a lot of people that one can play progressive music and be a dance band too. #4

THE FALL

Slates(Rough Trade)

Egad! Smith & Co. back already? Six new tracks by the dreaded Fall, those masters of non-packaging and non-fashion. This ten inch E.P. is almost slick by Fall standards, meaning that it's produced so you can actually hear all the instruments! The incomparable Smithian growl/mutter however, still sounds as if it's being strained through a few hundred miles thick of automobile wreckage and amplified by a thousand watt version of K-tel's "Mr. Microphone"

Typically, Mr. Smith's lyrics are about 100 times better than anything his more pompous poet-intellectual-lyricist counterparts can muster. The music is the usual great Fall demented dance music-cum-Mancunian skiffle stuff, with a few new touches (including a sickly sounding clarinet) thrown in to top it all off. As usual, for the Fall, there's more mockery here (self and others) than you can shake a stick at; one might almost call it "baroque" in the literal sense of the word (How's that for working class intellectualism, huh Smith?).

Go get this record if you possess half a brain or more. It's sitting in your record store like a lone filet mignon amongst a great sea of chicken dogs (and prove that you're too smart to swallow all that "Adam and the Ants" and "Spandau Ballet" shit they're trying to feed you). -J. Mayakov

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS

Testcard EP (Rough Trade)

I seem to be reviewing a lot of dead bands this issue. Anyway, this is the last Giant release, glorifying early morning TV music. Most of it is just as disposable as Tom & Jerry.

Without Allison Straton's vocals, the record loses all focus. The cuts are all on the fast track--two minutes or less--but, somehow fail to mesh. Our advice: if not a hardcore Young Marble Giant, not recommended.

Devoto and company continue the direction they had begun with their last album, Correct Use Of Soap. That is towards simpler, more direct instrumentation with synth mixed low to the point it's almost subaudible and now the guitar is simply a rhythm device. In there place, the bass, drums and piano are up there with Devoto and a female backup singer. The effect on the A-side is almost Magazine goes Motown, a classy piece of english soul though like all the English vocalists I've heard, Devoto ain't gonna scare the likes of Marvin Gaye, Smokey and Co.

"About The Weather" can still pass off at the white discos though the pair of flips wouldn't even get pass that. Still the optimistic feel of all the tracks, which is a definat first for Magazine, has me curious to see what their new album will really be like.

STEVE DIGGLE

50 Years Of Comparative Wealth(Faulty)

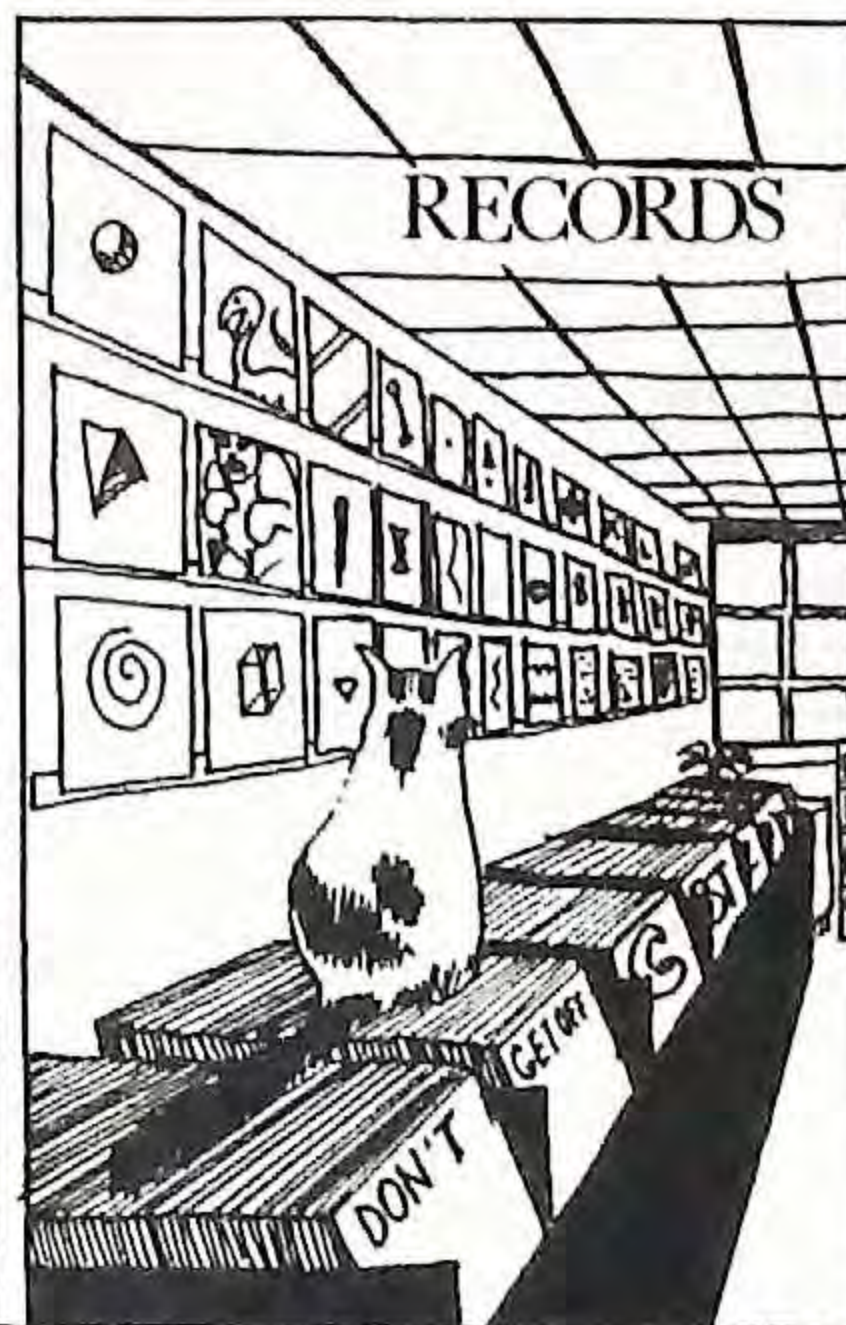
Now I see why the Diggle tracks on Buzzcocks By Installments were weak. He saved his better material for this. Backed by Maher and Garvey of the late 'Cocks, Diggle puts out a disc that nearly catches the power of the old band. I'll Still miss Shelly's melodies, but Diggle's work can get pretty violent in its own right, either in a subdued fashion like the title track, or openly like "Shut Out The Light" (concerning the late Mark Rothko).



CIRCUS MORT (Labor)

Circus Mort are a NY band who have been consistantly ignored by the NY press, probably because they're so good. For quick reference sake, Circus Mort sound like Wire with a dose of XTC. The four songs on this 12" are all very physical, very nervous stuff. Fast drumming, spasmodic bass, dark/exotic guitar flourishes, dissonent keyboard licks, loud and angry vocals... I like this a lot more than most of the "Futurist" or "doomy" dance music coming out of England. Recommended, obviously. -Jason Keehn

-Jason Keehn



BOOKTRADER

501 SOUTH ST
925-0219

BUNNYDRUMS Little Room/Win(Bunnydrums)

Out at last! The Bunnydrums single promised for so long, or so it seemed to me is finally available at your local vinyl emporium, and worth the wait, too.

"Little Room" is a dance number with momentum. Joe Ankerbrand's and Greg Davis' drum and bass work provide the floor neccessary for Dave Goerk's vocals. Meanwhile, Frank Marr provides some of the most spazzed out guitar work one will hear in ages.

Then one comes up against "Win": A slower, more ominous piece, "Win" is defined by Goerk's sequencer, which leaves him freer on the vocals. Nice use of echo as well.

For a first release, this is one of the first debut's by a local band, that if it doesn't get national recognition of some sort, I feel very sorry for the nation. In simple english, buy this record. -Sean Dunhill

U.S.APE



U.S.APE Nervous/Accepted(U.S.APE)

It seems from the viewpoint of this one single, that the best thing U.S. Ape have going for them is their media organization (i.e. "Fuck The Gift Of Music" campaign).

"Nervous" is another good dance tune and will sure get your feet, if not your mind, moving. Good bass, et. al. "Accepted" is an OK teenage sorta song.

U.S. Ape seem to have a concept behind them somewhere, so I have by no means given up on them. But they got to do better than this. -Dan Kinney

THE STRANGLERS

Just Like Nothing On Earth/Meninwhite Tomorrow Was The Herafter/Nubiles

The Strangers have definately changed over the years. The two singles here are both their first (never officially release, and now only available through their fan club) and their latest (this from Meninblack). "Tomorrow" is definately for the fans. The edge and menace that are now the Strangers trademarks are definately missing. The later release, "Just Like...", is another story. Jet Black tribal pounding and Cornwells' deadpan vocals provide a more solid feel of what the Strangers are now, especially with the keyboard/guitar interplay. The flip, which is not available on the album, shows the Strangers menace in full force. I mean, what other band can accurately touch on modern religion in three minutes? I guess it just goes to show you don't neccessarily mellow out as you get older. -Sean Dunhill



KIDIME

Islamatic/Mother Is(Read)

"Islamatic" rumbles, twitches, grates and throbs through six minutes of severely warped meditation on the current state of international terrorism, punctuated throughout by snippets of vocals, tape-altered rhythms and synth melodies. Flipside, conversely, takes the case of domestic terrorism ("Mommy's got a car, she's got a gun) from pretty much the same angle. Owes a huge debt to Throbbing Gristle, but KiDi Me have very much a personality of their own. -Jason Keehn

WOLVERINES Stephanie/Animal Eyes(Tom)

It happens a lot--struggling young band will throw a danceable rocker on an A side and take a chance on the B.

"Stephanie" is just that--a danceable rocker--with perhaps a little more thought and energy behind it than is common. It's the B side, "Animal Eyes" that really hits me (and everyone else I know who've heard it). It's an organ dominated sad, sad song of truly delicate vision and beauty. Imagine the Velvet Underground jamming with Procol Harum on a foggy, silent 4 a.m.

The original drummer from the Dead Kennedys and bassist from the Zero's threw over their respected bands to join Jimmy Friedman & his keyboard playing brother, Bob. You'll have to hear the Wolverines to find out why. -Dan Kinney

BLUE ORCHIDS Work/House That Faded Out(Rough Trade)

This one is produced by Mayo Thompson, now guitarist of Pere Ubu and former instigator of one of the classic underground bands of the 60's, Red Krayola. Managed to make this very 80's bandsound like something out of the Nuggets series, what with the spooky garage keyboards and the acid-drenched lyrics on the B-side. Yet it works. File this under timeless. -Dunhill

ROBYN HITCHCOCK The Man Who Inverted Himself/Dancing Under God's Thumb(Armedgeddon)

This is Hitchcock's first solo release since the demise of the Soft Boys. Different thing it is too. Sax, poppy rhythm and sing-song whimsical lyrics, this can be called a "departure," I guess. Pity it doesn't work.

The flip is another story. It is a strong carryover from the Soft Boy sound; i.e. strong rhythm guitar ala Love, Syd Barrett lyrics that are out and out vicious and Hitchcock singing about more familiar things like the next Armageddon, this time being brought on by your friendly local cults. Sounds like this tape was cut with a razors' edge. Hope his solo album is more like the B-side. -Sean Dunhill

45 rpm's



XTC Respectable Street/Strange Tales, Strange Tails/Officer Blue(Virgin)

Gee, what fun! The fabled remix of this single is that they cleaned up all the dirty words like abortion, wrenching, and contraception for "safety" semantics. I guess it's to keep the people at WMMR & WNEW happy, tho' they won't play it anyway.

Which is a shame. This is one of the strongest tracks on the last album Black Sea. The two tracks on the flip as well, are good. Particularly "Strange Tales," a fun exercise in keyboard bass counterpoint. -Sean Dunhill

ROXY MUSIC Jealous Guy/To Turn You On(Atco)

Roxy Music resurfaces with a stylish smash. "Jealous Guy" recently hit #1 in Britain and Israel, and is rapidly climbing up the charts in Germany, France, Belgium and Australia. "Jealous Guy" is pure Lennon, and Bryan Ferry's treatment is a tasteful tribute to the slain Beatle. Flip is a fairly standard Roxy tune which confirms that Ferry does like Manhattan, although throughout this release he sounds a trifle depressed. Well worth buying, especially now that it is out in the States. -David Civan

KRAFTWERK POCKET CALCULATOR



KRAFTWERK
POCKET CALCULATOR B/W DENTAKU
FROM THE WARNER BROS. ALBUM
KRAFTWERK / COMPUTER WORLD (HS 3549)

-Chucko,

The Rockin' Robot

I'm the operator of my pocket calculator. By pressing down a special key, it plays a little melody!

WOW! Not since the "Man Machine" has Kraftwerk delivered such an ambiguously enjoyable electronic delight. Bouncy and unobtrusive, this danceable number is backed up with a Japanese version. Real Cool. Fun on luminous vinyl. I am adding and subtracting. I'm controlling and composing.



Madge Dinette

F A S H I O N

P A S S I O N

*Jere

Several fashion shows featuring Animal X, La Rocka, Romero and First On Your Block Imports were the highlights of the last several months. The shows gave a hint of what was going to be some of the Summer's and Fall's hot new looks.

Privates television shooting of Animal X fashion show for Real People was the first of two shows done with her. The mixture of iridescent skin tights with the varied textures of spandex, plastic, vinyl, and the synthetic or non-synthetic materials gave off the right mixture of part nostalgia, part futurism.

The Mudd Club was the location of the next Animal X fashion show, which was also a CBS publicity party for Adam and the Ants. The mood of the party was festive and the clothing expressed the new trend in styling. This was evident in Animal's attitude toward fashion. Her Buccaneer blouse in white and fuschia pink Roman stripes with matching scarf and belt were worn over fuschia pink skin tights.

La Rocka's fashion show featured many designers known for their innovative ideas in styling. The prevalent look--oversized tops slipped over narrow mini skirts or cropped pants. Also shown were exposing, narrow tops with wider skirts or pants. Flat and high heels were worn. Betsy Johnson showed a variety of new swimsuit ideas. One in part-

icular was a black two piece made of plastic rainwear material.

Mannequins stood in various locations around the showroom dressed in African and tribal costume wear. This expressed Romero's penchant for jungle fever fantasy experience. Romero, one of the many designers in the Soho area, is attracted to various textures and crispness in materials that he designs with. Unique print blouses with full mini skirts dominated the show.

Meanwhile, on the local front, First On Your Block Imports has announced the name of their new store. To celebrate, a party was held for the new store, Zipperhead, at Grendel's Lair. Models displayed a variety of styles featuring Margarita Passion and an unknown new designer (find out at Zipperhead) ranging from the latest in swim wear to casual. The knockout of the show was a red and black roman stripe tunic top over skin tights with white leather boots and belt accompaniment and black leather coat.

Final Update: Amacorde's hot item of the month is their mini Para-skirt. These mini skirts made from original parachute material can easily be worn over tights or a swimsuit. Also in are new arrivals of t-shirts and sweat shirts.

Reesa
and The Rooters
continued
from
pg. 15



have a band that can go anywhere else and pack the place, but on their own home front and they can't even get up to half capacity. For further reference, the Marble Bar is double the capacity of Omni's, and the Rooters can go there anytime they want and pack it. Then again, I looked at what was there and asked them a couple of questions. I quickly got an answer because this was the type of crowd that think the Rooters are "new wave" and like them usually meet you with blank expressions when you mention Reesa. I guess some people don't know a real pop band when it hits them. This city really amazes me.

URBAN GUERRILLA



132 NORTH 3RD ST., PHILA., PA 19106 (215) 923-9474
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Nash the Slash
&
Savage Henry

in

Who Got Unkle Sydney?

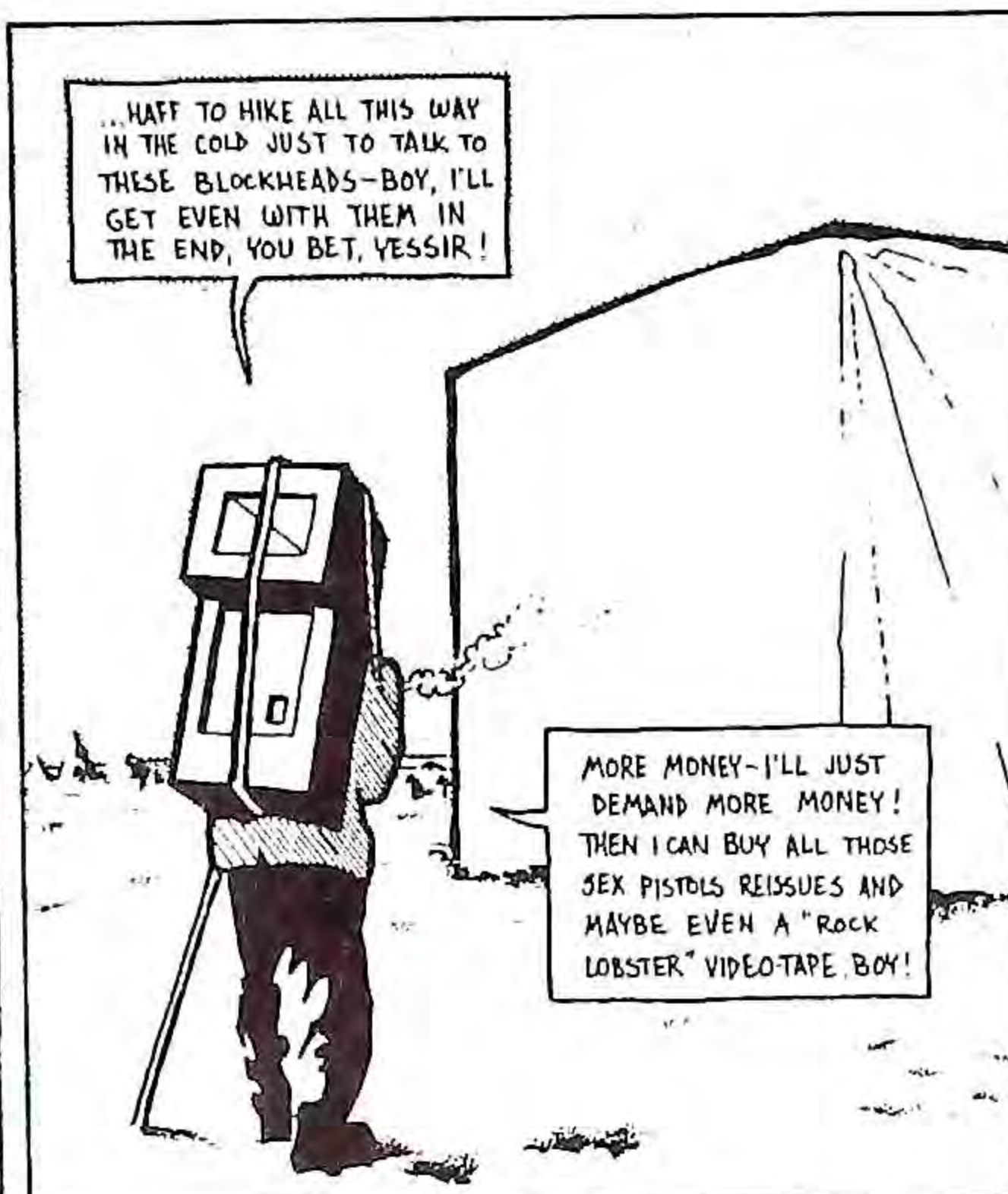
episode 3:::cubism

story and art
:matt howarth

Savage Death has finally made the transition from Nickle and Dime to the Big Con Game in the Sky! He even has a conglomerate backing him this time. We find him in an Arctic wasteland...



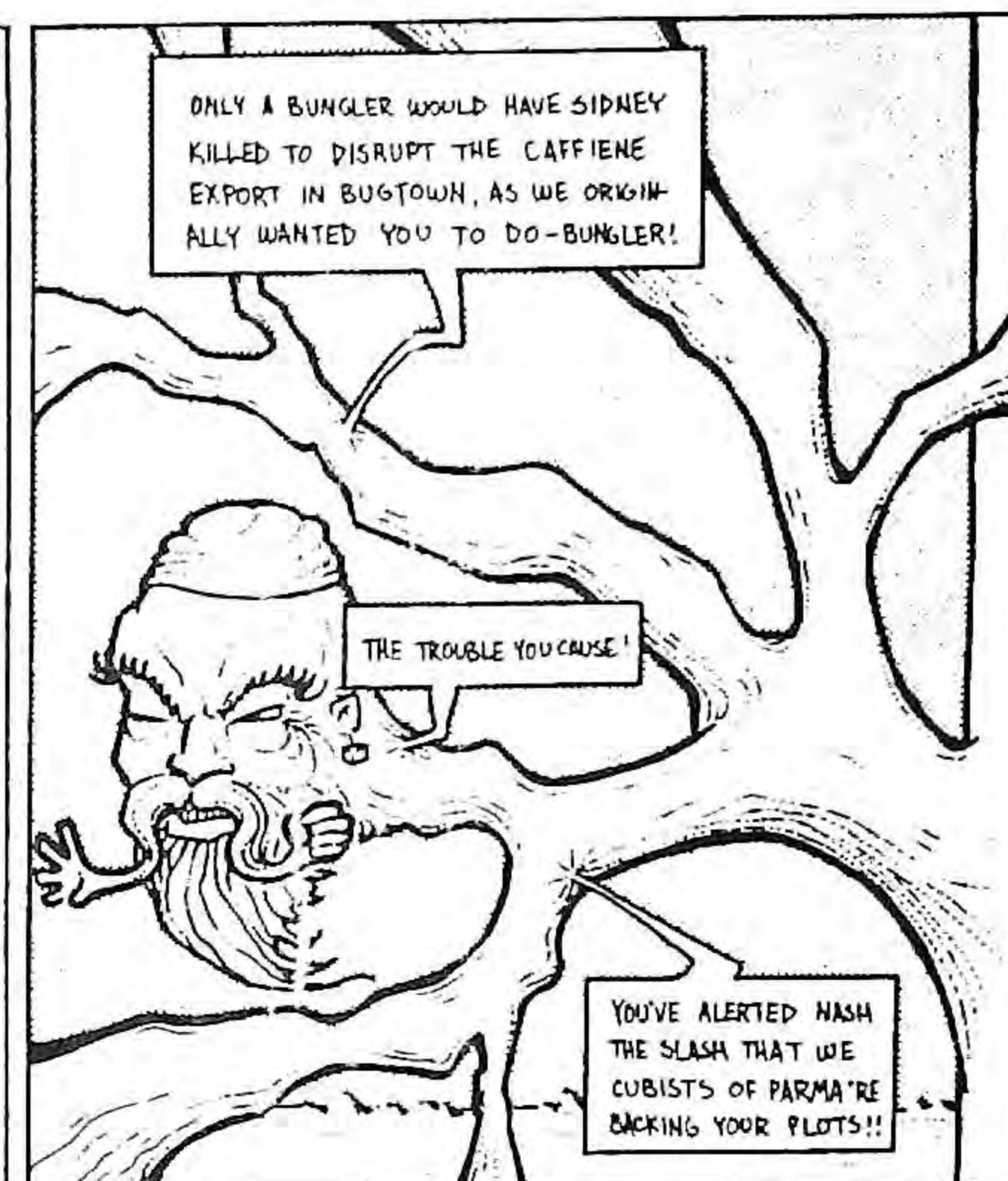
...HAF TO HIKE ALL THIS WAY IN THE COLD JUST TO TALK TO THESE BLOCKHEADS-BOY, I'LL GET EVEN WITH THEM IN THE END, YOU BET, YESSIR!



SAVAGE DEATH-YOU ARE A BUNGLER.. WE ASKED YOU TO TAKE AWAY THEIR PEANUT BUTTER, NOT MAKE IT TOO EXPENSIVE!

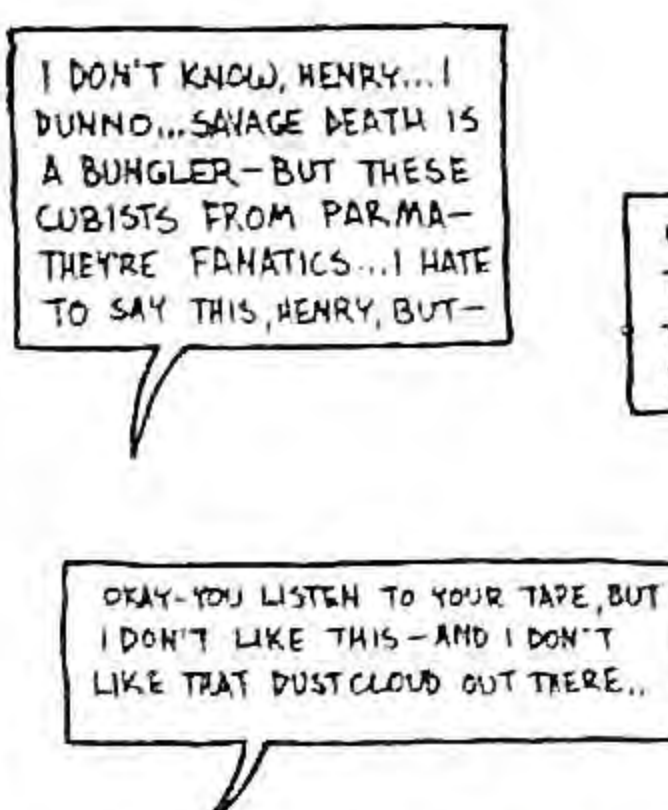


ONLY A BUNGLER WOULD HAVE SIDNEY KILLED TO DISRUPT THE CAFFIENE EXPORT IN BUGTOWN, AS WE ORIGINALLY WANTED YOU TO DO-BUNGLER!



meanwhile...

I DON'T KNOW, HENRY...I DUNNO...SAVAGE DEATH IS A BUNGLER-BUT THESE CUBISTS FROM PARMA-THEY'RE FANATICS...I HATE TO SAY THIS, HENRY, BUT-



COME ON, NASH, GEE, GOLLY-THEY'RE JUST A NUISANCE, IN? THINGS'LL BE OKAY-CAN I GO BACK TO MY TAPE? THANKS.

...READY FOR ~LAR! (DO-DAH DO)-LEADY FOOL LAR-NING-KA-

"LEADY FOOL LAR"? HUH?! THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT GOES-YOW!!

MY JOHN CALE TAPE HAS GONE JAPANESE-YOW! THIS IS TERRIBLE-SOMETHING'S CHANGED MY TAPE!!



THIS ATTACHE CASE!! THE SADISTIC MIKA BAND! JAPANESE-JAPANESE-OF COURSE!



HIS PLOT IS MORE DEGRADING THAN WE'D THOUGHT-AND LOOK-HERE COME THE SUMO HORDES! ...AND WE'RE RIGHT IN THEIR PATH!



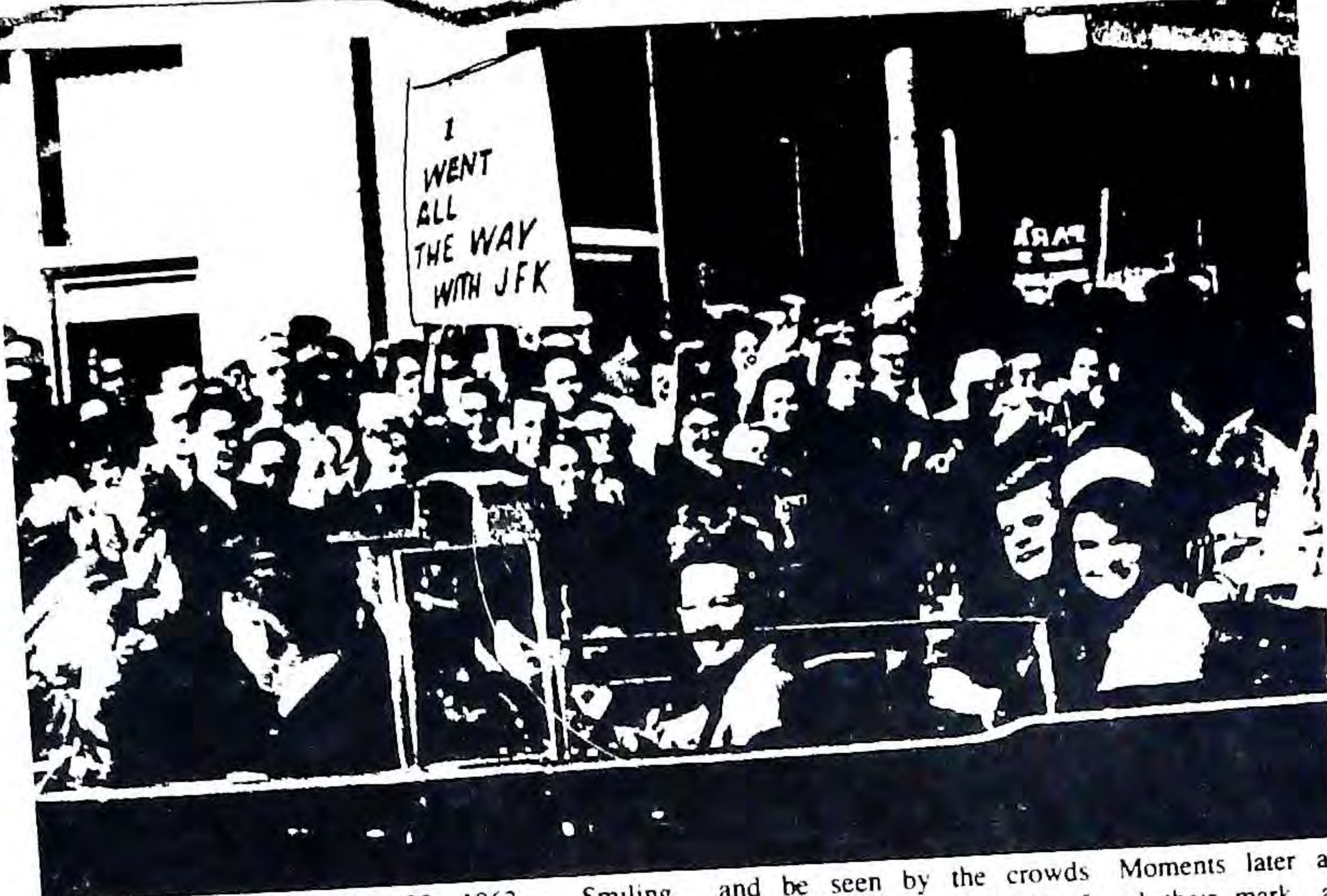
DOZO



THAT'S ONE FIX NASH AND HENRY WILL NEVER SURVIVE-THANKS TO THOSE BLOCKHEADS AND MY UNBELIEVABLE CUNNING...HI HI HI HI...

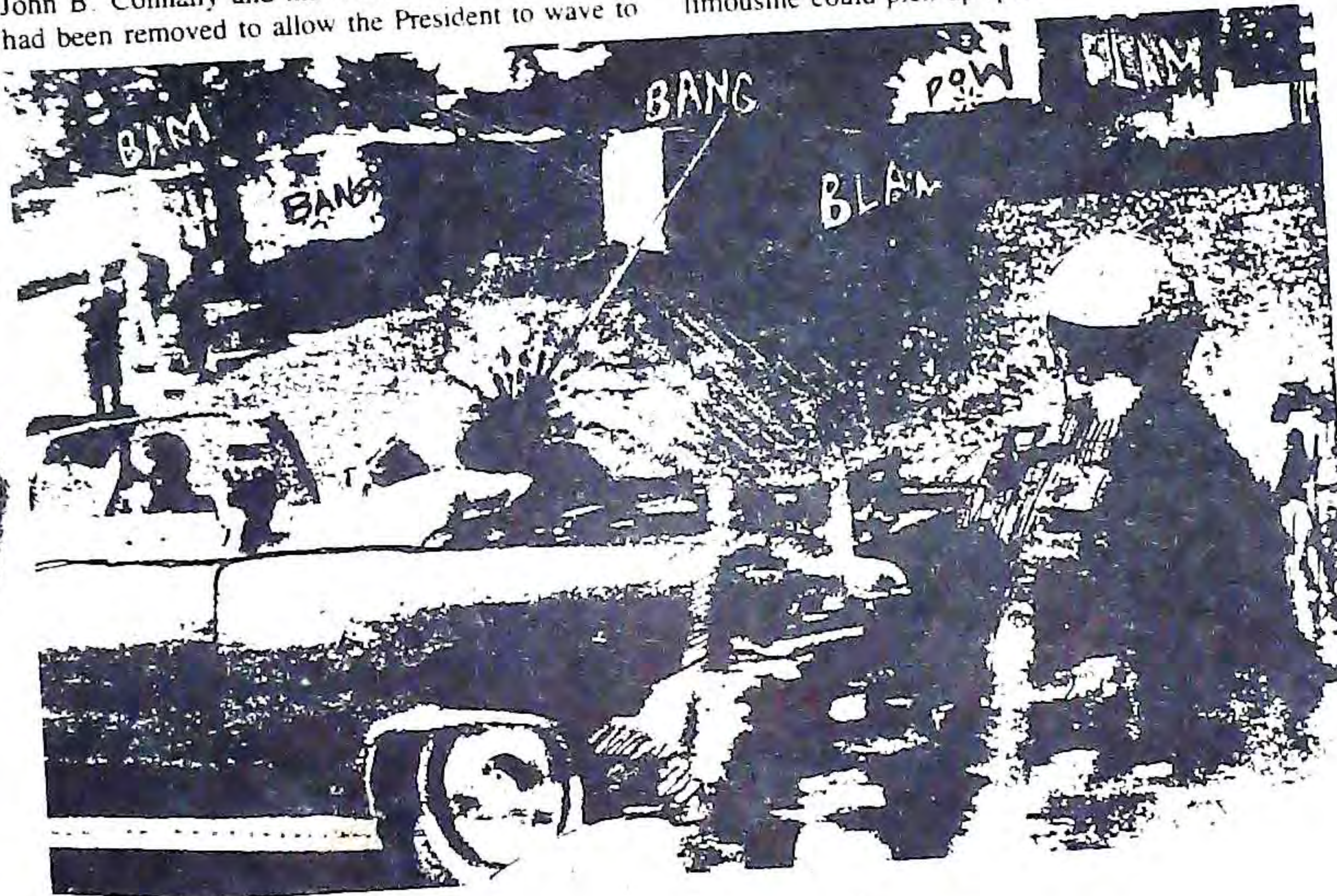


Skeevy Death may think the story ends here, but you can read the rest of this story inFLUX COMIX..... coming this summer, but let's not tell him about it, eh?



Dallas, Texas, November 22, 1963 — Smiling broadly as their motorcade wound its way through the streets of Dallas, President John F. Kennedy and his wife, Jacqueline, sit in the rear of their open-top limousine (above), accompanied by Texas Governor John B. Connally and his wife. The bulletproof top had been removed to allow the President to wave to

and be seen by the crowds. Moments later an assassin's bullets tragically found their mark, as pictured in the all-too-familiar shot (below) taken by a woman bystander. The President is seen as he slumps into the arms of his wife after a bullet slammed into his head. Governor Connally was also hit before the limousine could pick up speed.



Assassinations

JFK ASSASSIN CONFESSES!

(NNS) Tarnower Heights: Jean Harris broke down in her cell today and confessed to shooting JFK accidentally while attempting to commit suicide in front of the Dallas Book Depository in 1963. Though she'd been an undisclosed FBI suspect since November 21, 1963, Ms. Harris didn't crack until confronted with photos of herself—disguised as a nun on the grassy knoll.

NO POPE JR

(NNS) Rome: In a Pope said that the remains opposonally sumany B arou

NO edom