

number 7

# Terminal!

\$1



PUNKFEST



# Beer keg explodes, kills party host

By Dwight Cunningham  
Register Staff Writer

A 20-gallon keg of beer, apparently overheated by sitting in the sun, exploded at a party, killing the party host and wounding several other guests, police said.

An "accident".

party. He said the keg probably heated up in the sun, causing pressure to build.

Carpenter said the keg was taken back to the fraternity house Saturday night and the explosion occurred.

Sure. We lose more staffers that way....

"It happened so quickly. He was standing next to the keg. The next thing we knew there was this explosion and he hit the floor...."

Harris' witnesses reported that the bottom of the keg was blown 6 feet away.

Carpenter said the explosion caused serious wounds to several guests.

# subscribe!



**SOME  
PEOPLE  
DON'T  
LIKE US**



In fact, some people hate us. They want to hit us with big sticks. They want to amputate our big toes so we can't walk straight. They want to burn our brains with micro-waves. We need protection. We need... a fucking well trained



Russian wolf hound attack team! And that's expensive...  
Subscriptions: 5 issues, 5 bucks, post paid.  
Back issues #1 thru #6, \$1 plus 25¢ postage.  
We're not paranoid. This is real. Terminal! / PO Box 2141B / Phila. / Pa. 19103. Send the money.



# Terminal!

cover/lisa haun

|                                         |    |
|-----------------------------------------|----|
| letters-----                            | 4  |
| killing joke/robert price-----          | 5  |
| promoters & sex-----                    | 6  |
| kraftwerk/ehaeko-the rockin' robot----  | 8  |
| nash ze amazing slash/savage henry----- | 9  |
| fun in the sun/vague conspiracy-----    | 10 |
| transfactor/s. dunhill-----             | 11 |
| proteens/griffin-----                   | 12 |
| the dance/tom duke-----                 | 13 |
| classix nouveau/sandy salvucci-----     | 14 |
| liquid liquid ESG/s. dunhill-----       | 15 |
| X marks the spot/dan kinney-----        | 16 |
| how i spent my summer vacation/doc d--  | 19 |
| slits/tom duke-----                     | 20 |
| psychedelic furs/doc d-----             | 21 |
| rockats/s. myers-----                   | 22 |
| time 29/louis yellen-----               | 23 |
| records-----                            | 26 |
| movie-the decline/dan kinney-----       | 30 |
| comics-----                             | 31 |
| is anyone out there reading this?-----  | 69 |
| back cover/furry couch                  |    |

HEY LOOK MA! WE DONE GROWN TO 32 PAGES & WE STILL COST A BUCK. REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE 16? THE FIRST ISSUE CAME OUT NOV. 1. 1980. BE READY FOR OUR 1ST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE. OUT FIRST FULL WEEK OF NOVEMBER!

SPECIAL NOTE: DUB STATION WILL NOT BE IN THIS ISSUE AS LENIN HAS GONE TO JA. UPON HIS RETURN, WE WILL START BROADCASTING AGAIN & UNTIL THEN WE WILL STILL MAINTAIN OUR COVERAGE OF ROOTS MUSIC.

## TERMINAL! STAFF

Publisher: Steve Fritz  
Religious Editor: Dan Kinney  
Good Will Ambassador: The Doctor  
Art Director: Julian Kernes, Esq  
Production Mgr: Furry Couch  
Production Asst: Sonda

WRITERS: Frank Blank, Lisa Cortez,  
Tom Duke, Sean Dunhill,  
Steve Goldberg, Jere, Bob  
Kenney, Lenin, J. Mayakov,  
Stephen Myers & Bob Price

PHOTOS: Lisa Cortez, Ricky Ercoli,  
Lisa Haun, Debbie Holcombe,  
Judy Rosario & Stephen Spera

## TERMINAL!

is published monthly by Terminal Productions. Contents copyright 1981 c Steve Fritz except where otherwise noted. All rights revert to the artists. Unsolicited material welcome, include SASE. Single copies 1.00 or 1.25 thru the mail. Ad rates available upon request.



This is the latest, and hopefully permanent, line-up of No Milk. They are (l to r): Kent State, Veronica Flattop, Miguel G. (formerly of the Sadistic Exploits), and founding members Mark No Milk & Doug. Not really filling any defined category (Jesus, they do "Cool" from West Side Story), they seem to be taking the wisest choice: developing their own sound. With stability hopefully assured, they use to change members like you use to change socks, they will be something to watch out for.





# WIRED!

## WRITE!

## WRITE!

©M.DINETTE

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

Dear Terminal!

I'm writing you because I've come to a realization. Philly Punks are pussies. After Black Flag, I was totally convinced.

One dozen, D.C. skins scared the shit out of you bastards. I couldn't believe it. These people, the skins, were totally cool. At the beginning of S.O.A.'s Set, the biggest skin came up to me and my cousin and said, "Hey, if I bump into you, nothing personal!" They didn't do a thing to anyone who didn't want to get involved in strutting. When I got knocked off the stage during Black Flag's set, and Big Neal on top of me, who was there? The skins I had three busted ribs and a fucked up knee, and a 200 lbs. of Neal landed on top of me. Eight skins lifted Neal off me, and 3 lifted me up and helped me out. Where were the Philly assholes? It's not that I'm unknown to them. Which brings me to another point.

Robby V. of the Exploits, I was the one who knocked out Barbara, ya dope. Mr. Sid, Came to the brainy conclusion that a D.C. skin did it. Well wrong mother fucker. When I came off the stage I nailed her. But Robbie V., the man of valor and stud that he wishes he was, goes and sucker punches some Chicago skin. Alright, tensions were high already, but look--you stupid shits (Exploits) always complain about people not moving at your gigs. At Flag, you and your friends stood around. The D.C.'s don't, and neither do I!

And now, right. 80 of you are going down to D.C. and fuck up their club. 80, who are these people. I hope they're all masters in Kung Fu or heavily armed, because the D.C.'s will kick your butts. Why didn't you get them on your own home turf? You all ran off to the East Side. I saw a mob of you back down from Jay. Except for Nancy McLaren (old horse hips). She screamed at them as she ran to the East Side.

And then, Doc Vulgar (Doc Ulser), tries to beat up my friend Chuck. Ulser is 6 ft. tall and 240 lbs. Chuck is 5'7" and 130 lbs. But when Ulser threw Chuck down, Ulser went down as well. Then Chuck jumped to his feet, put up his fists and bad-assed Doc Vulgar backed down. There's also this rumor that Robby V. and his pals jumped good old Chuck. Well, that's a very poor lie (Although, as I write, they're setting him up).

Philly is a bunch of faggots and Sids. Gay Eddie, up yours. And the Sadistic Shitheads, well, what can I say? They say "Fuck England", but the only band they listen to at home has got to be Crass. They go to Psychedelic Furs concerts. They claim they're anarchy, but they're symbol is one of a guy holding down a girl and beating her. The band line-up is Ped Simonon, Brian Idol, Bobby Viscious, and Megel Setzer (Stray Cats). Brain Laythrip was more of a punk when he had long hair, wore an army jacket with Who, Jam and DK buttons on and worked at Baskin Robbins in Ardmore (to which he used to ride his skateboard to).

Well, I've had it.

Doc Vulgar, your ass is grass and I'm the mower. You think your bad, try taking

me. Brain-safety pin-in-the-cheek, you too. And Robbie V., I know lots of people who are gonna crucify you. If you think you and your trendy click of friends are gonna jump me, HA! I'll take you all at once.

This is a declaration of war. Philly, you better look out. I'm sick of your shit. Out of this entire place, there's maybe a dozen of us or less with any punk spirit left. We can't afford zipper pants, and we don't wear leather in the summer heat. The war is on. Your gonnal wish I was never born. Long live the Jam. Long live Flag. Long live the Realists. D.C. rules. Lee Paris, get out of town--

Paul Evalds  
Ardmore, PA

P.S. Hey Steve. Who told you I was still in high school? And your grammar is as bad as my spelling.

DEAR PAUL:

WAR, EH?

HOW FUCKING WONDERFUL...A CRUSADE THAT IS ONLY GOING TO FUCK UP THINGS WORSE THAN THEY ALREADY ARE. I JUST CAN'T WAIT. AND WHO'S GONNA BE THE FIRST CASUALTY. WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF IT WERE YOU. HOW ABOUT ONE OF YOUR CLOSE FRIENDS?

LET ME TELL YOU ONE SHORT STORY:

I'M THE FIRST AMERICAN CHILD IN MY FAMILY. MY FAMILY ARE FROM NORTH ITALY. MY GRANDMOTHER TELLS ME OF HOW THE NAZI'S (WHO THE BRITISH SKINS SEEM TO LIKE A LOT) USE TO THINK IT NOTHING TO SHOOT DOWN THE ROADS SAFELY IN THEIR STUKAS (WHICH WEREN'T SHIT AGAINST THE BRITISH PLANES) AT THE PEASANTS ON THE MOUNTAIN ROADS. HOW THEY & THE RUSSIANS LIKED TO USE TO THINK IT NOTHING TO ROB ALL THE FOOD IN THE LARDERS. HOW THE ITALIAN FASCISTS (MOUSSELINE WAS A SKIN YOU KNOW) THOUGHT NOTHING OF TEACHING THE CHILDREN NOTHING BUT THEIR RACIST PRO PAGANDA, HANGING ANYONE UPSIDE DOWN WHO DIDN'T AGREE WITH THEM, AND DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN THE NAME OF TRUE SPIRIT.

MY FATHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO SHOOT A RIFLE WHEN I WAS 7. HE SAID I MIGHT NEVER KNOW WHEN I MIGHT NEED IT. MY UNCLE, WHO WAS SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION IN ITALY, IS AN AVOWED ANARCHIST.

WHEN A BUNCH OF MIDDLE CLASS KIDS SHAVE THEIR HEADS OUT OF BOREDOM (THAT IS WHAT IT APPEARS TO ME--CORRECT ME IF MY PERCEPTION IS WRONG) AND TAKE ON THE IDEALS THAT ARE RACIST, NARROW, AND OUT AND OUT FOOLISH. SOMETHING IS WRONG.

YOU WANNA HAVE A WAR? FINE, LET'S SET UP A SPECIAL AREA FOR YOU SO YOU CAN CARRY IT OFF TO YOUR HIGHEST FANTASY WITH WHOMEVER WANTS TO FIGHT YOU AND I HOPE YOU FIND OUT WHAT HAVING YOUR BODY TOTALLY CRIPPLED IS REALLY LIKE. IT IS WORSE THAN DEATH. IT'S A FATE I HOPE YOU NEVER REALIZE.

WISE UP.

-STEVE

Dear Steve:

I was sold a copy of the August '81 Terminal! by Karl Mullen of Carsickness (he made me buy it!) and he told me that you folks were interested in having new people write for you. There's plenty

that I've got to say about the music scene in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. I am familiar to a certain extent with some Philadelphia music. You see, us kids in Baldwin (a suburb south of P-burgh) were being fed a lot of new music by someone named Bruce Malcolm (know him?), so we got to hear stuff like "Identify" by Strictly Limerance and the Hidden Combo's "Music From A Sophomore" (that was a fave among our little circle of friends at Baldwin High School). But all of my friends have moved away to college and I've been left here alone, a sad little senior.

Also, I'm getting a band together and was wondering how it is getting gigs in your city? I really like the music I've heard from you folks, and I'd love to play with some of your local bands!

Thank You,  
S.W. Heineman

P.S. How can I get a copy of Stricly Limerance flexideisc here?

Dear S.W.:

With the publishing of this letter I'll be passing the word on to the few people I know of who have strong lines w/Pittsburgh. Do write. Heard alot of your town & I would like a field report.

-Steve

Terminal!:

Albrechtina Durer? Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw!!!  
Who is J. Mayakov and when can I marry him?

Pedantically Yours  
Hieronymussetta Bosch

## WOODEN SHOE

ROCKS & RECORDS

A

**narchist/Socialist/**

**Feminist Literature**

**Unusual New And Used**

**Records**

**112 S. 20th Street**  
(between Chestnut and Walnut)

**569-2477**

WE WILL SELL YOUR  
USED RECORDS ON CONSIGNMENT



# KILLING JOKE

## Jay, 3, shoots mother with .357 Magnum

Associated Press

MOUNT AIRY, Md. — "Do I pull this?" the 3-year-old boy asked his mother as he fired a .357-caliber Magnum revolver at her. The mother, Judy McC... chest by the b... hospitalized in... day at the... ck Tra

Mid-August. The sky clear blue, the pressure high, the breeze like autumn. All is not as it seems. A perfect day for the last, the killing joke.

Jaz, Geordie, Youth and Paul are from the Notting Hill Gate section of London from which vantage point they watched (just watched? -ed) the weeks of street violence which came like a confirmation from another plane of the message they've relentlessly meted out over their two LPs and handful of singles. If they stand for nothing else, it's as intimators of armageddon.

We knew before hand of the KJ's reputation as close mouthed interviewees, so it was decided to hit them en masse at the Drake. Three of us marched into the lobby, called their room to let them know of our intentions and were summoned upstairs. We spent the next half an hour pounding on the wrong door of the wrong floor convinced that they were inside avoiding us. We got it sorted out and found ourselves with blonde and benign in black Geordie and Youth, who seldom looked from Speed Racer on TV or the magazine he was defacing. Jaz came in toward the end.

We began by talking a bit about the Land of the Free. This was their second tour of duty in the States, just down from NYC. How was it?

Geordie: Ah, it's unique, isn't it... We did two gigs at this club called the Underground, and we did the Ritz. They went down well. It surprised me, people were telling me it was quite a good reaction for New York afterwards. That's not what were used to, you know (a reference to last New Year's Eve at Bond's).

## KILLING JOKE ON THE ROOF Rollicking Robert Price

People have their entertainment laid on them so easily here, they just accept anything, where in England the audience gets really sort of worked up - it's a two way thing. Where over here it's just like entertainment still.

T!: Have you talked to many of your fans here?

G: Not a lot, no.

T!: Just wondering if you could make that distinction between your British and American fans.

G: They're a lot more desperate in England is all. You know, it's alot more real to them. They (fans) relate the band to their paranoia here, it's more real over there. At the moment, anyway. We're still getting used to it over here. You got to get completely lost in it before you get paranoid about how far it's gone to.

There are some people who do relate to us here. Mostly it's just rock and roll to them, though.

T!: Where were you during the riots?

G: We were in Holland. Jaz saw a bit of it. They live right on the main black street, All Saint's Road.

There were some nice scenes there with the police.

There is an ensuing discussion about how the USA seems to lag around two years behind England in both musical and political terms. One of our members predicts, given the high number of weapons in the hands of the people, there will be bloody street warfare around the summer of 1983 (this actually causes Youth to look us and go Yeah!). Someone else considers the British rehearsals unique. Geordie straightens us out:

"Yeah. England, the Land of Reason. It's just a matter of time everywhere. I think it will start up again in England. But a lot more organized this time. It won't be just kids."

Later Jaz was to amplify the feeling of impending doom by saying the riots were just a preliminary drop in the bucket... he perceives some dark, undefined cataclysm looming on the horizon. "I can see radical fucking changes."

This line of questioning is bringing us into murky waters. T!: Do you get any British Movement or National Front crowds following you? G: Ah Christ, yeah, in some places, these stone fucking nut cases. Mindless, most of them. I was scared at

one point we were going to be another replacement for Sham '69.

T!: We understand you don't get on too well with the English music press. They associated you with Oi type stuff.

G: Agh, they're so... don't know how to classify us... heavy metal to oi oi punk (scoffs).

T!: But you guys celebrate violence (oh Christ why did I say...) er, to a degree...

G: Celebrate violence! (Youth looks up) T!: (Visions of leaping from tall buildings) Bad choice of words, but umm... given that violence is reality, you can see that type gravitating to Killing Joke without any thought. The lyrics are mixed back so far you don't have to think about them. Songs like Psyche, Requiem - don't you put value on the words?

G: Well, no, the music is just as important because it breaks down barriers. Bloodsport is one of the best songs we do, right. And that sums up the sound. There's no lyrics at all on it. It's barrierless, anyone in the world can relate to it.

T!: You don't think there's a condition on which the listener is to approach you, don't you have terms that you expect from the listener at all? Skinheads could have a great time with Bloodsport, that's where it's at with them.

G: No, it's good to see them dance, but when they start getting silly, start getting... lost. They don't know what

continued on 22

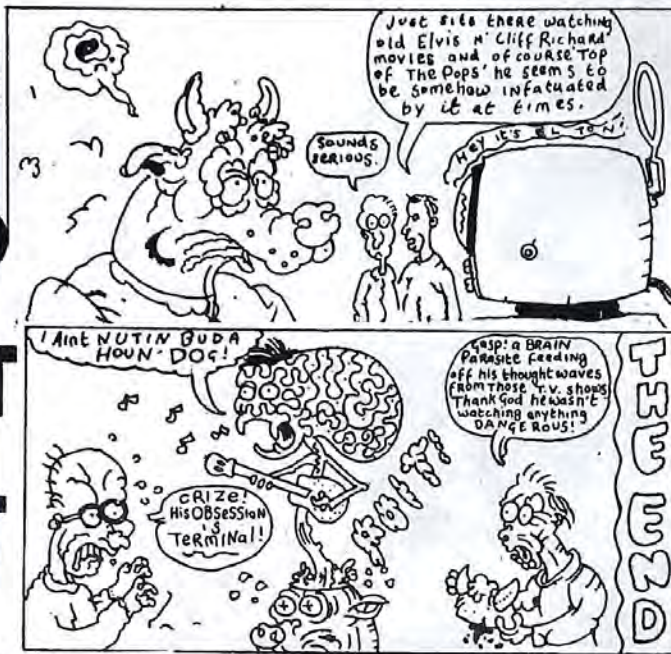


Filki Ercoli



# THE PROMOTERS

-by S. Fritz



This is the start of a series of articles on the people on the "inside" of the Philadelphia music industry (there's no better word. I will not bore you with the bullshit of the major corporate elements. Instead the series will be devoted to the independents in this city).

The first set is from two of the better known promoters in the areas, Lee Paris & Bobby Startup. They've been around long enough that anyone in the area should have an idea who they are (besides, I provide some biography on them). Their opinions help define the tastes of this city. They should be heard, or rather be in print for all. I won't bore you with any more of this spiel, as both men do have a lot to say. -S/F

## lee paris

If I could type as quickly as he could speak, I'd be making a good career as a top male secretary. But Lee is also a friendly (believe or not) intelligent and generally helpful human being who is also the most listened to: DJ in the new music scene in Philadelphia. He is also well known for his independent promotion (remember the Milk Bar?), the Swingerz Weekend, Omni's (RIP), Ripley's and now Rainbows. With the end of his tenure at Ripley's, he will be slowly pulling out of promotion except for occasional events, but when the Hot Club was no more, and The Starlite was in one of its dormant periods, he was always doing something.

Clones & others: Lee Paris.

TERMINAL: Well what is the history of Lee Paris?

LEE: Well I started the radio show in the Spring of '78 and before that I was a writer for a magazine called Search & Destroy in San Francisco.

TI: Well how would you say things have changed since you started the radio show?

LEE: I just can't believe it. I use to be real rude to people on the phone and hang up on them and now I'm such a nice guy. It's really changed alot.

When we started the show, there was no one else in Philadelphia doing that stuff so we felt obligated to play all that wierdo stuff. Now there's WKDU and the Import-Export show so we don't do that. I mean we never truly felt responsible our audiences, but we felt responsible ourselves to provide entertainment. always viewed the show as always more of

an entertainment piece than a showcase for new music.

TI: Then how did you get started in promotion?

LEE: Well, because of my contacts through the radio show and the magazine, bands from California would call me up before they came to Philadelphia and ask for where they could play, or where there was a place they could stay. At that time, there was only the Hot Club. It eventually got to the point where they would say, why don't you call up the Hot Club and arrange it? Still there were times where there wasn't a place they could play so I would be sitting back and wondering what I would do.

Suicide was the first show I ever produced in Philly, at the Milk Bar. We just did it as a fun thing for WXPB. That was it. I never did a money making venture until August of last year with Omni's. Before I was always a promoter, but it was always for benefits.

TI: OK, now here we sit in the 4th largest city in the U.S.. It has radio stations playing the music yet the audience is really small. What stops it?

LEE: I think there are two points. One is that the people in Philadelphia are really neighborhoody. The people from Center City won't go into the Northeast and New Jersey or the people in West Philly won't go to the Starlite in Kensington, when I found it easier to get there when I lived in West Philly than when I had to go to Center City.

And I also noticed that people in Philadelphia would rather let other people do it for them. I've noticed other that people always complain about Electric Factory. They say that they have a monopoly in this town, but actually, they are letting Electric Factory have the monopoly. Then they say that it takes so much money to put on a show, but I tell them that I've put on ten shows without any money. You can rent out a space or borrow money and put on a show.

Also, I might add that commercial radio is not the most supportive to new music. When I first moved here, they would play Patti Smith & Lou Reed and I would say that was just great. But now it takes them six months to add on U2 or the Psychedelic Furs, which after all this time, they just added in July.

TI: What is the arrangement with Rainbows? LEE: We (Lee & Roid) were the first "New Wave" DJ's on radio, but we were also the first in the clubs. When Rainbows first opened up at first they were nothing more than an after hours juice bar. Two years ago, a friend of ours called up and said that Rainbows was really interested in do-

ing new music. So after DJ'ing for them we remained friends and then a friend of mine, David (Wildperson) wanted to have Bunnydrums there and asked me if I could turn Rainbows into a Rock 'n Roll club for one night. It was a big success.

Rainbows, by the way, will not be used as a regular venue, but as a party place. They've been really supportive to what I've been doing and anyone can get in. Yet all it is for events. It will not be for regular shows.

TI: What do you think of the Exploits actually trying to promote a show for themselves?

LEE: Yeah! That's the first independently produced show that I haven't done. I just think that it's really great.

TI: Do you think Philly could break. Does it have potential?

LEE: If there's a good band.

TI: You don't think there's any?

LEE: No, but what I'm saying is that if there's a good band, people will notice them. They've got to handle their publicity right and they've got to gig right. Also, they should not have a Philly outlook, but a world one.

TI: So how do you get to bigger than just being in Philly?

LEE: Well, my belief is that if you hold the belief that you are an important band, that you are known in other parts of the country, you will be. You'll just get known.

TI: Is there any bands that you feel are up and coming?

LEE: I'm not going to talk about No Milk, Bunnydrums, or Transfactor because they've been around. But I think that Physical Push Mother May I and the new Stickmen are the new bands that deserve attention. I really liked one band called Executive Slacks, but they did one gig and disappeared, it was the last we saw of them in Philadelphia.

TI: Would you work for a commercial radio station?

LEE: Sure. If someone were to call me up and say, Lee would you work for a Commercial Radio station. I'd say sure.

TI: What about format?

LEE: If someone were to tell me, Lee, we want you to be a Prog Rock DJ, I'd honestly say I have to think about it. It's not that I don't like prog rock. I like Van Halen, I like Foreigner, I like Led Zeppelin, Donna Summer, Busta Jones and Gang of Four. The only thing that I would make sure that I wouldn't do is that I don't like the Outlaws, I don't like Marshall Tucker and the Allmann Bros or any other Southern Boogie band. What it comes down to is that I like so much of the shit (his emphasis) that they play. I'm just a child of the masses.

TI: Is there anything I left out that you feel is important?

LEE: Well I wish that people would realize that Lee Paris is this little wind up clone figure that just puts his name to some radio shows and promotion. Actually, the real Lee just doesn't want to get around, that is all.

TI: That's not the public figure.

LEE: That's right. I wish people would realize that when I walk into the East Side, they would leave me alone and stop going "that's Lee Paris, that's Lee Paris" Also, a lot of people take my show too seriously. It's not meant as seriousness at all. People should take my show as just a performance piece and that it's made to be real fun.

By me making fun of Punk rock, the Sex Pistols, the Ramones, the Clash or Black Flag they think I'm making fun of the whole genre. I thought that this music was never supposed to be taken too seriously. Johnny Lydon said that he can't stand the new punk bands any more because they have no humor. He was making fun of all of that when he was in the Pistols. Look at the Dead Boys, they were one of the funniest things I'd ever seen. So I feel that we are taking over where a lot of bands have left.

Finally, if people don't like what I'm doing on the show...they can always (extends his arm and twists his wrist) turn me off. It's real simple.



# bobby startup

Bobby is the quiet one. He also promotes and books the only (I'm getting sick of the term) club that books new music in Philadelphia. Let's put it this way. The very first night the Hot Club opened I met two really friendly people waiting at the door to be let in, this was Lee Paris and Roid Kafka. Once inside though I was confronted by a tall, lean character wearing a leather with the insignia "Leopard Man" (if I remember correctly)--That was Bobby. The whole story goes on from there.

**TERMINAL:** Well it's like you haven't just appeared out of no where. There's traces of you all through for years...

**BOBBY:** Well, I use to work for Electric Factory around '67. I was the Stage Manager. Before that I worked this summer festival with the Who, Pink Floyd, all sorts of music. I was going to photography school at the time and working for a clothing store.

**T:** Then the Hot Club opened up...

**BOBBY:** Well David had this club that played jazz, and one day a friend and I walked up to him and said that there was this new form of music called Punk Rock and he should try it. So we started putting Punk Rock on Monday and Tuesday nights when normally he was closed.

**T:** Did you work there?

Not until the last year. The first year, I didn't work there, I just helped put it on. I did spin records the first night it was opened. But David didn't have a regular DJ's record player and so it was one turntable on this board and people kept bumping into it and I had to play one record at a time, with pauses for every time there was a need to put a new record on. One thing though, at the time you could buy every record that was out for \$200.

**T:** What were you doing with the Stray Cats?

**BOBBY:** Well a friend of mine saw them as the Bloodless Pharaohs at their first gig. He told me that I would like them. So I got them to play the Hot Club. Before they even got on stage, there was this something about them that said, these guys are great; and Brian's guitar playing was the best I'd ever seen, and I'd seen just about them all.

**T:** So what did you do when you went over there to England with them?

**BOBBY:** Well I was the aide to their manager, Tony. They called me up one night and I just packed my bags and went.

**T:** What brought you back?

**BOBBY:** London was boring. Everything closes at 11.

**T:** So how'd you hook up with the East Side?

**BOBBY:** They were going from a disco to a Rock Place. I first met the owner way back in '67. So I talked to him, and we were both leaning in the right directions.

**They're Out To Get You.**



|   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| E | A | S | T |
| S | I | D | E |
| C | L | U | B |

**T:** What about booking local bands?

**BOBBY:** I usually pay the most for local bands, but I find they just don't draw except for certain ones.

to be the main exception.

**T:** What do you think is the main reason why people don't support them?

**BOBBY:** Philly was always like that. That's why Todd Rundgren left. I mean I saw the Nazz's first gig when they opened up for the Doors, and people would just not go to all these little clubs that supported them.

**T:** But you still book the bands.

**BOBBY:** Yeah. The thing is that you don't have to leave Philadelphia. You just have to play elsewhere. You just shouldn't play Philadelphia. Robert Hazard is a good example. He had a good following, but he never left and now he's just slogging around.

**T:** Well here's a city that should be able to support several clubs, why can't it?

**BOBBY:** Well the main reason is FM radio. They only play dull music.

**T:** Even the college stations?

**BOBBY:** They're not on everyday, all the time. WKPN only has one show a week. What good is that? Unless you have a big station playing a lot of good music, the attitude will be, who cares? Also, I see it from the point of a club owner. Unless a music fills the club up every night, there's something wrong. The people here, they have to understand that they have it pretty good. Like when we raised our prices up to \$7; if we didn't, we'd only get substandard bands. In New York, they'd have to pay \$10-15, sometimes more to see the same band.

**T:** You had a band for a while with the Autistics, so you've seen it from both sides. What do you feel about the bands themselves? What do they have to do to be able to break outside?

**BOBBY:** I feel that the bands should put out their own records. They should put out something that is fairly dance oriented and send it to Rockpool. Also, just take the time to put together a good promotion kit and send it to the English press. Also, the American press like the Rocker, Trouser Press, where over people read about new music. Then also send the kit to Rockpool, because Rockpool has a list of all the clubs that subscribe to them. If that doesn't get gigs, that means people don't like it and you should think about what you're doing.

**T:** Time to reevaluate?

**BOBBY:** Either that, or slog around until people realize that you are good. Sometimes you're right and sometimes you never win. You see in England, if you have one or two good songs, the English press will jump right on you because the competition is so intense that they always have to jump on something new. This is good, because in a new band it helps get the bands exposure and that builds up their confidence. Here,

most American bands lack self-confidence. **T:** Would you say the new wave market is different from the rest of the recording industry?

**BOBBY:** Yeah. It's become sort of a breeding ground for new groups. Before that, everything came out of recording studios. This is more of a live situation. Rather than a closed atmosphere.

**T:** What kind of music do you listen to?

**BOBBY:** Killing Joke, Joy Division, the Clash...all the Clash, I never believed they sold out. That's all garbage. Joe Strummer lives in a squat. They signed a deal for ten albums for half the money that the Stray Cats did for five.

**T:** Do you think there's any chance for a local band to make it?

**BOBBY:** The Hooters might because they're bland enough. Bunnydrums won't, they just can't seem to break out of the local level.

**T:** They have to go out?

**BOBBY:** I'd say the Bunnydrums made a big mistake by not following the success of their first single with a tour of the East Coast. The first week their single hit the Rockpool charts, the should have started touring.

**T:** What about the Reds? They never seem to stay in Philly too long.

**BOBBY:** They don't get radio play.

**T:** Any future plans for the East Side?

**BOBBY:** I'd say that's up to the owner. I'd like to see video in there, but I don't know. All I do is the booking, and all I hope is that the people keep coming out. If they don't, then the clubs like the East Side are going to have to change and that could be pretty boring. All the local bands would dry up and be no more.

**T:** Any bands on an international level that you think are going to break?

**BOBBY:** In what way?

**T:** A mass level.

**BOBBY:** American? The Stray Cats. Brian Setzer is going to be around for the next 20 years. They finished their second album and it will be released as a compile in the U.S. with the first. Also they have another single ready for release. Once they play this country, it will help rockabilly in a way, but they are going more to rhythm & blues.

**T:** You mean like "Wild Saxophone"?

**BOBBY:** Sort of. Get away from Rockabilly. The Stray Cats have something...there's Brian with this little Fender, Lee with an upright bass that's as big if not bigger than him and then there's Jim with just his snare, bass drum and insignia. That's it. They put out as much sound as anybody, with more energy than anybody has. I've seen the Rolling Stones in '65, so I ought to know. The only bands that compare to the Stray Cats were the original Who and the Clash. There's nothing like them.

**T:** Anything that should break, but not massive?

**BOBBY:** Killing Joke, New Order, Orange Juice. Comsat Angels...you never know with them... they just might make it.

**T:** Any local bands?

**BOBBY:** No Milk. Definitely an underrated band. They're a classic example of what happens in Philly. They first come out and everybody says Yeah, because they're kids off the street. Then it becomes hip to hate them. So all the people decide to hate them. Like, I'll probably get accused of favoring some bands, and it's true, I'll favor some bands, but they got the best songs. This includes bands like Transfactor, No Milk and Physical Push...I'll give them good dates because I think they deserve the exposure. There's a couple of others, and I think it's tough shit if people think I'm favoring bands, because I think they're better. Or I think they have the better attitude.

**T:** Anything I didn't talk about that you might feel is important?

**BOBBY:** Not unless there's something else you have to ask.

**T:** OK, then let's turn the tape off....





Dan Perry

# KRAFTWERK

-by Chicko The Rockin' Robot

"We want to become friends with machines" says Kraftwerk co-founder Ralf Hutter, "to resolve alienation. There will soon be a machine revolution because we have made them into slaves. Just like the serfs of Europe rebelled...so the 20th Century slaves will rebel. Already you can see it. Pollution may be the machines' way of revolting against their mistreatment. They are refusing to do the dirty work while man sits in his bars and drinks cognac. We are the musical technicians trying to start the healing process!"



Dan Perry

"Kling Klang is a laboratory where we do the work of scientists," Hutter, "We have ideas of sounds that have never been heard before and we work with engineers to produce them? (Taken from Warner Bros. fact sheet).

For 3 years the Kraftwerk Krew were working 6 days per week in the Kling Klang Studios and composing and getting their equipment to the point of mobility. Finally, with the release of Computerworld their studio is now their touring set up. Pretty cool, having the ability to record or play as perfect as possible in concert situations is a new twist, you bet.

The audiences on the tour were quite taken (and confused) by the lack of dance muzak before the gigs...a premeditated plot to lull us unaware. Finally, when the music starts, it's loud and it's the beginning of the show.

But what is this, there's no one on stage? Just synths and da computer running amok. After about 5 minutes of non-accompanied cyborgs, our heroes immerse, and take their places behind the cool looking keyboards. The rhythm section (keyboard, bass & drums) was great, not dull, empty Human League type blitz, but down right beguiling stuff. And volume--boy did they ever blow the socks off us at Emerald City. NYC was a lot quieter, but EC is known for 3 or 4 times as much sound equipment than they needed. Running through a tight set of everybody's favorites, the Kling Klang Gang got cheers of joy from most people present. The punks was trashin' and the geeks was dancin' and the little kids was happy as can be...Different tunes were high lights for different people each done well and yet with a new slant. The biggest response came at the end when each member did a solo and leaving his machine to play the rest of "It's So Much Better To Compute" until only the machines were playing. Even those cruising for a butt got excited at this site. A joyful joust of our synthesized preconceptions.





## NASH THE SLASH

Dear Terminal Case:

Just recently arrived in town and I couldn't help but notice that you've taken to publishing my (alleged) activities with Nash the Slash in serial form in your magazine. So far I've only been able to locate your P.O. Box...but I observed you at Nash's show in Philly, but unlike my friends the Post Bros., I prefer to work alone. Until I find you again--and I will --you're living on borrowed time...so I hope you enjoyed the show.

I certainly did.

In fact, despite the seemingly confidential advertising for his local shows--in a NYC hotel lobby, at a bowling alley (no comment) in New Jersey and at the loft at Rainbow's--I was able to make it to the shows. The last was indeed the better. Aside from the four obvious reasons (four bars), the film *Frankenstein* was shown beforehand, adding just the right touch to an evening with Nash, complimenting his distinctive appearance and general demeanor on stage...creating a comfortable atmosphere of subtle menace.

Nash led off with a high spirited adaptation from "Peter & the Wolf" in which case, the Wolf wins. This, along with others of his pieces, reminded me a lot of Ash Ra Temple--only much more melodic and much less laid back. Flying notes chasing each other across well-synopated, catchy simple percussions...sometimes it seemed incongruous to see this bandaged man shuffling about, stomping on his devices and sawing away madly on a violin or mandolin. NO guitars--NO synthesizers.

This is no gentle German though, this became perfectly obvious as the material became more dissonant and oppressive as his particularly grisly humor asserted itself. The music twisted and became a more solid, crunching drive, backed up with an ominous background welter of noises, made even more compelling by Nash's strong delivery. It made a swell background for skullduggery of any kind; like trapdoors in the dance floor.

"Baba O'Reilly" was too much a rock-show type, but it connected. Anyway, Nash can't go too far wrong on violin solos, and the power chords were unexpected from a violin. Besides, he takes up a lot less room than the Who.

"Swing Shift" was especially effective. The thudding, lurching beat and insistent nasal delivery quickly got under the skin. Crashing right along, he continued his sonic assault with "Children Of The Night," a bristly, dire-sounding rocker treated to a howling delivery at high volume.

(Interestingly, Nash considers his second album, *Children Of The Night*, his experimental album. Whereas most musicians will first create "commercial" sounds while professing to later creating more "experimental" work. Nash chose to play the game in reverse. His second album is experimental in its commercial accessibility; whereas his first, *Dreams & Nightmares*, is his preferred sound, good, clean, nasty fun).

This sentiment was evident in his handling of how he turned around and loosed himself on other peoples' unsuspecting material. Jan & Dean's "Dead Man's Curve" was injected with a wee bit of dememnted humor; accent on car accident noises. A festive atmosphere prevailed on his version of *19th Nervous Breakdown*, making it sound fresher than that of all the 90,000 beer cans left after a Stones concert.

He broke away on occasion to do some somber stuff, as yet unreleased, full of subterranean threat and eerie overdrone, making a good change of pace. The few visually static moments, during which he just stood and tormented his various devices, were more than offset by some jarring noises at appropriate moments while white light blinded the eyes of the audience: guaranteed to subdue any rambunctious crowd. Also, this allowed one to order more drinks at the bars in the before the next onslaught. These showcased his understanding of mood, pacing and the needs of the drinking concert goer. Very important stuff.

He never stayed still for long though, and always slipped back into an uptempo mode of performance. The key, I believe. The beat, I feel, like a strong pulse rate, is danced around and hurried along by Nash for a swirling, hypnotic effect with a tense, frenetic edge that blends well with the semi-darkness.

Not only was I royally entertained, but I was deeply inspired in many ways.

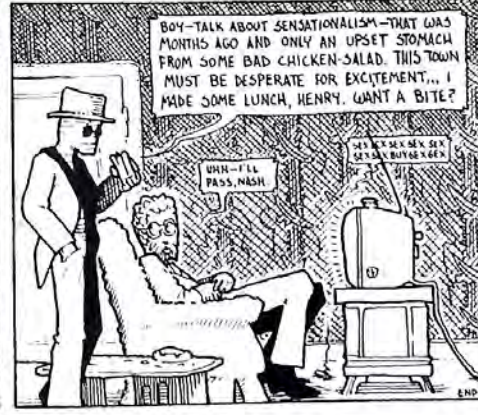
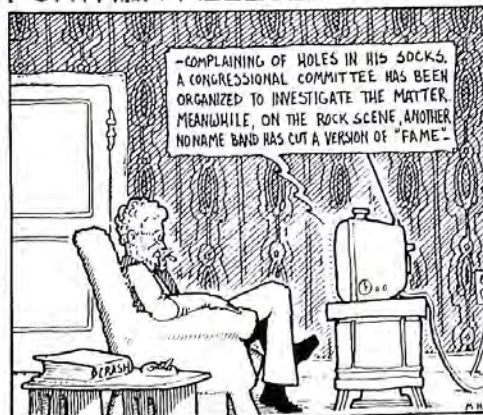
Regards,

Savage Henry



## FURTHER ALLEGED TRAVELS WITH HENRY

@1981 matt howarth





# Fun in the Sun



Hey, man, it was really basically pretty fucking weird, you know? A huge fucking concert out in the middle of, I guess it was, nowhere, right? At a fucking race track, Keystone Liberty Bell or something.

So anyway the Police, I mean the Police was there, and the Go-Go's, and the Specials, and, uh, Oingo Boingo, and someone else too I'm pretty sure.

Anyway when I got there, you know, when I got through this fucking race track building and down to the field the Go-Go's was playing good. I was amazed that they got a decent sound system into a fucking race track, but they did, I admit it. There were about twenty thou there. People, that is. So anyway, the Go-Go's were real sharp and did stuff like "Don't Stop Your Love" and "This Town Is My Town" that sounded like Marianne Faithfull only it cooed. And those girls, I mean the Go-Go's ain't weird and horrible like some bitches like the Slits, either, man, you know? They wore dresses and looked real cute and played real neat. They even got the crowd, some of, dancing, and listen, that crowd was so full of fucking zombies it was all scary and horrible man. All these assholes walking around in circles bumping into each other and tripping over beer cans and I swear half of them looked like they'd probably been pretty fucking crisp since the sixties, whenever that was, y'know? Jesus. But then it was a goddam race track, anyway.

Anyway when then, the Go-Go's, were over I got bored and decided to hustle my way back stage. You had to go this this huge cyclone fence and gate and I swear, man, there were a few fucking machine gun nests around. And all these dumb fucks with back-stage passes were parading around like, I don't know man, they can eat shit and die. I mean, wasn't this supposed to be at least sort of a hip concert? At \$17 a head it seemed a little more like a slaughter of the innocent, man.

Anyway I found a friend and got back anyway, stage I mean. And of course it was more boring back there than up front except there were some beautiful women around. The groupies hanging on the fence outside were some of the worst skanks I ever saw. Mostly people with passes just walked in and out the gate so the people who God hated and didn't give passes could watch them and reflect on why they were failures.

Anyway the Specials came on and they were pretty good too but alot of the people in the crowd would have been better off staying home and listening to Specials records unless they get off on flea shows. But the Specs put on a decent show, all solid pop if you like that sort of thing and at least they seem to get off on stage. Rhonda, the one about sexual violence, Tell Me Why, black/white unity, and Enjoy Yourself It's Later Than You Think came off as the best tunes.

I dunno. This is just a real conservative town or something. Not much fire. I caught myself staring at peoples earlobes and stuff alot.

I'm not gonna say too much about the Police. You just know Sting wakes up every morning thinking 'I'm a pop star'. They gave us a good long wait before they came on, so we could all catch up on our sleep, I guess, man. I mean if I'm drunk in a bar late at night and someone puts on a Police single I might tap my foot maybe. But where do they get off with this sort of horrible shit? Isn't that over yet, for God sake. Why do the crowd take it? Why am I here? I dunno, man.

Old Sting actually puts on a thing about "Let's hear it for Philly!" (cheercheer) "Let's hear it for New Yawk!" (CheerCheer) "Let's hear it for New JERSEY!" (CHEERCHEERCHEER) "Let's hear it for THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!" (We all assend to heaven).

I mean... I don't have the slightest idea what I mean. I mean I was depress on the way home, and I didn't even pay. If only it wasn't all so...obvious, or something.



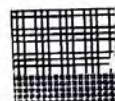
## THE SPECIALS

## GO • GO'S

## BOINGO







1

2

3

4

5

Dan Perry

# TRANSFACTOR TRANSITION

-Sean Dunhill

It's dress down for Blitz time. Members of the band are running about in jeans and sweaters. I'm in my usual (i.e. I'll never get on the cover of GQ). When the audience comes in all ready for Classix Nu Vogue, they missed the point entirely and could outshine a Xmas tree (and look twice as tacky). It makes you feel glad that the East Side believes in very low lighting. The band quickly changes into more appropriate gear, no use alienating anybody.

As the headlines took about 5 hours to go through their soundcheck, it comes as no surprise that the band does a quick run through with about 100 people already in the audience. The set, in turn, is not one of their best, but it ain't bad wither and better than the stars, that's for sure.

The band is called Transfactor. They are three musicians (Tim Murphy: guitar, Bill Broecker: synth, and Mark Laureck: bass) and a light man (Jody). Of all the bands currently on the local circuit, they are probably the ones most likely to make it. The reasons are manifold.

"Our credibility?" Tim begins after the set, "is that we get on stage and make people dance! What they are is a band with limited technical ability (they admit it) playing extremely well within their bounds. They play dance music, they play it without the funk beat that is on, so in vogue at the moment. They also have a sharp visual persona that helps define their music, which is bright, happy, and believe it or not, pop. Transfactor also have the unusual distinction of having more problems on the outside than they do from within (really unusual).

"The audience is really fucking cold!" Tim explains. "We're not fucking great, we don't blow people away, but the audience in Philly don't actually physically get into the music and I don't understand that!"

"I just don't tell people we're from anywhere" continues Mark, "I just don't feel it's relevant. If it's anything, we are from the U.S. of A., or it's from no where!"

"Playing outside is a treat," goes Tim. "It's such a novelty to play outside!" They have, mainly Jersey on South to D.C. which most other local bands can't really own up to. Audience reaction also has warranted the club owners to invite Transfactor back as well.

"People around here just eat it up so fast," Bill states, "that they always must have something new. There's no time for a band to establish!" The band should know. When they started their first gig with the Delta 5 way back when (it was also just Tim & Bill with Bob Dickie of King of Siam on bass) in Sept. '80, they were the talk of the town. Since then they have gone through one phase where everybody loved them, and then everybody hated them, now they seem back on the audiences good side. Yet as Bill puts it, "I'd rather be hated than have nothing at all!"

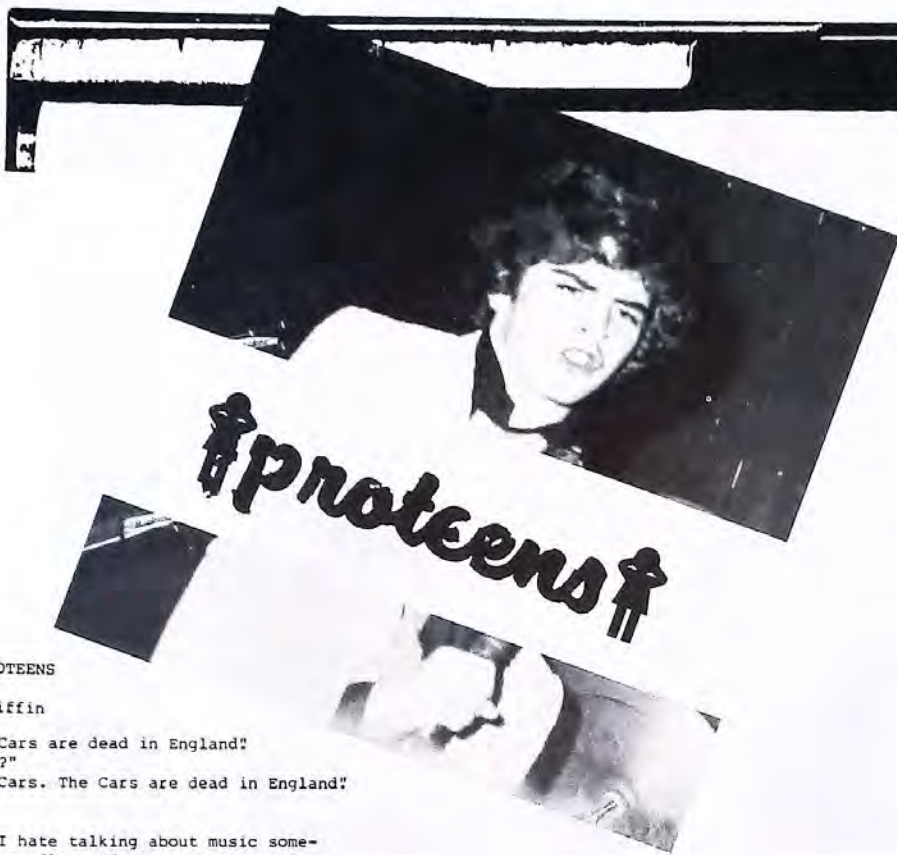
"What also amazes me?" Tim shoots out now "us that the bands making it are more heavy metal. People don't want to see anything like us or something more avant-garde!" He then gets emphatic. "Also, people will go see a band from New York (his hands start flying as he makes this point) and I don't think there are too many good bands, especially from New York!"

We stare at each other. We are getting way off the subject and Tim goes back on to the band. "One thing I can say is that I'm happy about our agility. We can move within the band and not get caught in a groove!" And they don't. Mark doesn't per say lay down a riff, rather he lets the rhythm machine do that, he is more prone to help carry the melody line with Tim and Bill who do the bulk of the vocals. Tim's guitar is spare and economical; often taking back seat. So does Bill's keyboard work. In fact, one could call their compositions a mosaic, with no instrument really taking the lead.

At the moment, their plans are simple. They have an EP ready for release. For those who have been following the band, the three tracks should come as no surprise. The first two tracks "Killing Pop" (and version) and "Dan Safari" are older pieces that fall into the TF vein of electropop. The last piece, "Young Conquerors" is a treat. The melody owes more to Bowie than to any other of their manifold influences and it shows that Tim could eventually make it as a singer.

"What the audience wants?" Tim puts it, "is something to remember. Not only should they be able to enjoy it at a club, but at home as well!" From the sounds of the record, they just might be able to pull it off. And despite the fact that they've only been playing for a year, and the local audience, they just might be the first band to break.





THE PROTEENS

-by Griffin

"The Cars are dead in England!"  
 "What?"  
 "The Cars. The Cars are dead in England!"  
 "Oh."

God, I hate talking about music sometimes. Regardless of your own personal feelings, everything seems to be a constant stream of acts whose status changes domino-like, from unknown to cult status to very hip to uncool. Remember our friends' the Clash? Gary Numan? How about the Psychedelic Furs?

Well then. The worst aspect of this progression to unimportance is that most of the fans of any given artist or band did not support the artist or band during their creative peak-when loyalty matters more than money and all the material sounds fresher than anything else out at the time.

Most listeners who are lucky enough to catch someone in their creative prime are fiercely loyal (I was firmly on the Springsteen bandwagon with Wild and the Innocent) and feel deeply confused and cheated at the artist's commercial sellout/success (I hated "Born To Run" and everything after).

The trouble with covering the local scene is that most of the bands sound as if they'll never have a creative peak or their material is so unfocused that you can't tell what will happen to them. And not making money, local bands are likely to split up at any second (look at how much column space has been devoted on such ever-mutating or simply defunct units like King Of Siam or Science Fiction).

And that's what makes the Proteens interesting.

Sure they sound a lot like the early clash, but so what? Their singer, Tom Gallagher, is the oldest member of the band at age 18. So as long as their "creative peak" is down the line their hearts are right down where they should be--they know how to dress, how to wear their hair compensate for every lack of technical skill with boundless energy and intense loyalty. It's a formula that's worked before.

Their recent demo tape was dropped off at WKDU and caused the biggest reaction since the Head Cheese tapes or the Ben-Wah's "Ayatollah" on which Tom himself handled the lead vocals, during an early stint as the Torpedos' lead vocalist.

Guitarist Micheal Condi, the Mick Jones/Steve Jones of the Proteens says he "doesn't know" the direction of the band--and why should he?

At this point the band is all instinct. The material, in general, tends to deal a lot with violence, both institutional and of plain old street variety. Though they take a political stance against war, particularly in a track called "Boy's Talk," they seem even more critical of the social process that creates or simply coexists with it.

School, and the various pressures put on the young males in out society, are obvious targets: "You better study, memorize you books/so I can grow-up to be a first class jerk--no way!"

The Proteens total vision of the world is compacted in the reggae rocker "What Future?"--

I feel unknown  
 My existence questioned  
 What can I do?  
 My life is ending  
 What Future?  
 Nowhere for me to go  
 Nowhere to go...

Though the band has not played extensively in the city, they actually did gig at the Hot Club and the East Side once, and plan to play in the city "a lot" as soon as they have a newly-added saxophone fully worked into the act.

So remember--The Proteens. They're young, local, raw, and exciting; and most of all, well, hey, they say it themselves:

## PROTEENS

It's up to us  
 how we act  
 what we say and do  
 to each other  
 How can I show this crazy,  
 mixed up world  
 how I feel?

SUPPORT OUR  
 ADVERTIZERS

## RED ZONE RECORDS

411s.40 th

\$9 imports  
 music for moderns.....  
 we buy GOOD used LP's



mon-thurs  
 12-7  
 fri-sat  
 12-7

\* BEATLES HEADQUARTERS \*

RECORD  
 CELLAR



6830 BUSTLETON AVENUE  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA 19149  
 (215) 624-1650

CASH FOR YOUR RECORDS





The Dance  
Tom Duke

## THE DANCE

It's showtime again at the East Side and with the various factions having taken their respective corners, the bill tonight should prove to be interesting. This time around it's the Dance (darlings of New York's contemporary art-rock scene) and the Neurotics (a lightweight, almost-power-pop band from southwest Philly). Standing around backstage, from what I can gather the Neurotics seem pretty green as to what they're faced with.

SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY:

# NO MILK



PLUS from LIVERPOOL....

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN...

THURSDAY! **OCT. 15!** THURSDAY

...EAST SIDE CLUB...  
1229 CHESTNUT

I wish them luck, neither I nor they know how much they'll need it. They weren't even through the third number when the first bottle glided to the stage. Ah, what a shame it is that people don't seem to know how to have fun anymore. A couple more bottles and heckling from the rear as these vulnerable kids try to play it through...Zombie-like leatherheads are huddled next to the stage, unmoving, directing ominous stares toward the band. Hell, I couldn't help but wish that these cretins could've been transposed with some 15 years-old

kids who hear nothing except For-iegner, Foghat or Freebird. Pop music, after all, is for the young and good garage-band pop today is so rare.

After the ordeal, I run backstage to escape the chaos, and hopefully run into a few members of the Dance. Eventually, I run into guitarist Steve Alexander who tells me that the band has just returned from England where they had just been recording their debut album at Strawberry Studios for Statik records. We chat for a bit and the rest of the band appear and begin eleventh hour discussions of the why's and wherefores of their set. I leave them to their de-

vices and go in further search of amiable conversation. I get into a musical discussion with a leather-clad individual and ask him what he thinks of the Dance. He says that they are coming from too many directions and can't pull it off like James Chance. I ask him what he's doing here. No Reply. Strange. Fortunately, the show is about to begin. By the time they come on stage, the almost capacity audience is tightly meshed against the wooden framework. I manage to squeeze myself through as the band begin their first number.

Melodic, polyrhythmic percussion seems the order of the day. Everyone plays skins of some kind except for bassist Lewis Watterson, who holds it all down with his funky, dextrous rums. As the set progresses, I notice an unusual rapport between rhythm guitarist Alexander and lead guitarist Texas Doncher whose fluid leads are an antithesis to Alexander's steel-edged churning. They compliment each other quite well. Regular drummer Rebej Newsome provides a strong backbeat with the sounds reminiscent of mid-period Bill Bruford, although he is the character in this band whom I find the most room for development.

Last, but not least, we have sultry-voiced Eugenie Deserie whose sensual phrasing and stage presence are probably the groups most commercial hook. Her organ and violin, along with her steel drums add the precise amount of color at many of the right moments. With her musical prowess she has solved one of the age old problems of the rock vocalist: keeping (or at least appearing) busy inbetween verses.

All in all, I found the Dance to be one of the most inspirational new bands on the scene today. If they would feature themselves a bit more, perhaps be a bit less technical and more economical in places, I'm sure we can expect some refreshingly original music from them in the future.





# CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

"It's better to do a live report anyway" says BP, Classix Nouveaux's drummer after I found that I had the unexpected chance to interview the band with no tape recorder, paper or pencil. So much for journalists always being prepared. But in the end he was right, because the only way to appreciate the crystalline Classix attack is to let the eyes feast it in, as well as the ears.

Classix' master of ceremonies in that Roman orgy sense of "Show" is Sal Solo, Mosferatu-esque lead singer. Before the show, he could be spied moving majestically through the East Side, cane in hand, head slowly turning from side to side; lord of all he surveyed. This icy demeanor is the perfect vehicle for his total image; a distant vision; apart, beyond and above. On stage, as if one is watching the pages of Genesis unfold, he stands as the first visible marker in a haze of dry ice smoke; back turned to the audience, dressed in black coat, trousers and hat. While the smoke clears, the other members of the band become open to view: bright perky bass player Mik Sweeney (who writes most of the material with Solo); Gary Steadman slight, Steady on the upward riffs, propelling and pushing the sound along (formerly of seminal punk band Eater) and the aforementioned BP, a sure, steady taut drummer who was in X-Ray Spex before and after Poly struck on her own.

The dry ice clears to the cadences of "Forward". The opener builds slowly to reveal Solo is now a warlock dressed in fishnet and ballooning pants, with an almost frighteningly controlled menace. The band launch into one of their early singles, "Little Green Men". The extraterrestrial is perfectly suited to the air of remote invasion, distant, but right there.

It is Sweeney who gives the greatest feeling of being part of the swaying crowd. His stage persona is the complete antithesis of Solo's: jumpy, smiling and above all, warm. It is he who announces the songs and makes the stage banter. Solo says nothing, only opening his mouth for that ear-shattering and quite beautiful falsetto. On tunes like the mechanistic "Robot's Dance" a delicate percussive sound lays down the background, while the strobes fiercely attack the eyes. "Every Home", another paean to the techno age gone wild; is one of the most arresting songs around-wise, along with "Tokyo". When Solo launches his falsetto on this one, it puts you in mind of languid geishas swaying to the rhythm of the assembly line at the Panasonic factory. The personal favorite of mine was "Guilty", a techno-pop pure masterpiece.

During the bands' much screamed for encore, Mik Sweeney said, "The thing that brings us together is that you're young and we're young". That says it all for this particular communion.

*Sandie Salvucci*



# liquid liquid and esg

-S. Dunhill



--Lisa Haun

I'm having a hard time talking about this. Talk involves thought and thought, well....

What you have is two different bands, two different concepts, tied together by similar approach to instrumentation and one man. The cast of characters for tonight's entertainment are:

**Liquid Liquid:** once, way back when, known as Liquid Idiot. Two playing nothing but percussion, one bass, one vocals and misc.

**ESG:** a.k.a. the Scroggin Sisters and Tito Four women given to percussion/bass/guitar to keep them off the street and a friend.

**Ed Bahlman:** Producer, arranger, proprietor of 99 records and denmother. Oh, yeah, he's the soundman for the live show.



No matter how extravagant the guitar solo, fine the vocal, elaborate the stage set-up; modern music is based on one primary element: the beat. How many bands are nothing without that rhythm section is a list to long to even bother with.

Big deal. Except that beat is spelled out B-A-S-S A-N-D D-R-U-M-S. When you strip the excess off and leave it down to basics, you come up with pure body music. These two bands make you react with your hips, not with your feet, not with your head. They thrust: You react.

"We were always into body music" explains Liquid Liquid's Rich McGuire (bass) "It was always the thing that got you to move." For example, he points out Fela Kuti and Reggae master Augustus Pablo. Percussionist Dennis Young also adds Pierre Moulen's Gong and Magma into the mix. Then add A Certain Ratio for some more reference and you get a general idea of the etherial/physical mix that results in something...unique. While Young provides most of the technical flair to the band, McGuire and trap artist Scott Hartley lay down the basic riff. Over this, vocalist Sal Principato strains the english language into an indecipherable wail.

"The sound is supposed to evoke the subconscious," furthers Sal. "The words are totally for impact, they're not the end in themselves. the lyrics are intentionally vague so that you put your own words into the music. Just so long as they deliver the emotion desired!" In fact, that describes the whole sound.

Meanwhile, ESG are direct. The influences are '60's Soul like James Brown, Aretha Franklin and the Supremes. The sound is that without floos, meant for the dance floor, in a fashion that is crystal sharp, cool and minimal.

"We're just trying to let each instrument be heard," Renee smiles, which means there isn't too much room for explanation. But try this:

"I was feeling very mellow" Renee sings "walking down that street/You see I've just gone to see my baby/and it makes me feel moody...like this" The congas move up in the mix. You get the feeling. No need for reason.

No spectacle, precision and simplicity rule. Also, Renee is blessed with a high, clear contralto that is recorded too rarely. Something you thought went away ten years ago & never see again.

The music on the dance floor like the crass Bow Wow Wow & Spandau Ballet to the ersatz A Certain Ratio seems to point to additional percussion is on the rise. When I bring this up to Bahlman, he goes, "It's just the instinctual feeling in the drums. It brings the fever out in people!" He should know, he has bouth bands on his label, and he produced all the live tracks on both records. When recording he just hears what sounds right. he doesn't pay any attention to the dials. Also, when he's mixing it for a live show, he pays more attention to the audience and the band itself while his ears are raised high enough to hit the ceiling. He's enraptured by the music, and so is the audience...

So I sit and babble on. Music is getting so sophisticated and intellectualized that it's losing touch with itself. Then in comes these two bands to contradict every trend out now. Something's up, & I'm not sure what.

I'm just not going to think about it anymore.



Lisa Haun



X



by Dan Kinney

So who is this person, anyway? She stands outside the crowded door of Ripley's, and doesn't look a whole lot different than anybody else hanging out... not in her leathers over a white dress, two or three ties, Cleopatra make up...

And she says she's a member of the band, yet...

Nobody can believe it. Here's Exene out on the sidewalk, radiating disorientation and rage, and this fat bouncer from the Rip won't let her the hell in. Beautiful, right? Just like at home. Welcome to Philadelphia.

(In fact, just about nobody can get in. It's real bad PR for the Rip, and if they want to make bucks out of the new music in this town, they better get their act together.)

So X, the band from the city of movie stars and crummy, expensive apartments, Ronald Reagan and endless bus rides, have hit town, finally. Although they are one of the most successful (relatively) new bands in the country they've stayed true to the world of their origins, and hopefully Exene won't be able to get in when they play Carnegie Hall. It's impossible to picture any of them, as one of the Ramones once did, have a roadie clear out a bathroom "So Joey can comb his hair".

Philly is the first stop on a fairly limited east coast tour and the band is fairly anxious about it going well. The dressing rooms are, of course, pandemonium. Billy Zoom wants to talk about motor-scooters and cars, the road crew wants to talk about monitors, mostly everyone else wants to talk about pharmaceuticals and there's more black leather to be seen than in the entire Chicago Police Force.

After the show's over, there's an interview with John Doe that seems good enough to print straight almost in its entirety. About the show itself, later.

T!: How's Wild Gift selling?  
John Doe: Fine, it's selling more than the first one did.

T!: What's happening with the Blasters?

D: Their recording for Slash now. It sounds great. I mean, you're talking to a guy who loves them anyway. They're like our best friends--so it's not the most objective opinion, but it's fucking great.

T!: Yeah, for such a sprawling city, LA seems to have a really closely knit scene.

D: Yeah, even right from the beginning, bands have helped each other out. It's not nearly as cutthroat as some other cities.

T!: That you could mention.

D: Yeah, it's good. Like I've known the Bugs since they started out, the Logos, the Alley Cats...

- From somewhere appears religious literature (as I said, it's a pretty crowded scene) - Bible pamphlets! You ever see those things? Oh, man! We had a bunch of them on the wall. You get these things, they're color on the front and black and white on the inside. They tell us like all these moralistic stores, pictures of everybody rising from the graveyard... Voice in background: My god's better than your god!

D: My dick's bigger than your dick!

T!: Will we ever see Slash magazine again?

D: No, they were losing money all the time, their concentrating on the record label. They got their hands full. It's like, even the best papers stay alive by advertising. Capitol records puts in a full page ad...

T!: And it's Christmas...

D: And then you trash three Capitol albums in the issue and oops! no more ads.

T!: You wanna talk some about your new material?

D: Well, there's one song called



# STREET LEVEL

"How I Learned My Lesson" and the next line is "I didn't - but I kept on trying. The other is called "Real Child of Hell" --

T!: I really liked that...

D: Thanks, that's about this sort of... You know when you're in some place and you sense this trouble or like or hear things... and it's like somevil kind of thing is coming back on you. And you look around and it's like you sort of think you might see who's doing it, and they're like... gone. And that's like a real child of hell. (mocking himself) Anyway I like the way it sound err err Real Child of Hell. "L's", it's got lots of "L's".

And the other is called "Riding With Mary" which is about Exene's sister... there's not much to on about there, she's Exene's sister and she's dead and it's a really sad thing.

T!: Speaking of dead people, I don't know if you want to, uhh...

D: Darby Crash.

T!: Right.

D: Well, uhh, Exene and me and some other people gave Darby his first drink of gin, first drink of alcohol...

T!: How old was he?

D: Oh, I dunno. Eighteen, seventeen. And he was a friend of ours since he first moved to Los Angeles and he was real good guy. He just, basically, committed suicide.

Anybody who does that, they feel like they're at the end of their rope, and don't see any way out. So they do it, and it's a shame because I liked the guy... and just before he died he was depressed and despondent and melancholy and stuff.

T!: About anything in particular?

D: Oh, just about everything, you know. The state of the world to the state of his, The Germs career to his personal life and everything. I was with him a week before, two days before, and he was telling me sad he was and... I gave him this present, one of these things, this black thing around my wrist, and he wore it to his grave, it was sad, man. He was a real fun loving guy and it doesn't really come across in the movie because he always felt alot of pressure from people and media and stuff like that. He was real creative, he was one of the best lyricsists I've ever run across.

T!: I could never make out his lyrics--

D: Well, you have to read them. But he did some really great shit.

(Some bitching in the crowd about over-heavy security precautions that were the order of the day.)

D: He thinks he's getting paid to harrass people. All he's getting paid to do is to stop fights. They get really out of hand. He doesn't know what the hell he's doing.

(Somebody offers Dee a blow job.)

D: (laughs) Well, I'm sorry, I'm a married man. (Some more sinister hilarity.) I'm sorry, I gotta finish this interview.

T!: Hey, this is big time journalism here, stand back!

D: This is low time magazine, instead of High Time. Ha ha little funny joke there.

T!: How long has your and Exene's partnership been going on?

D: About four years now. We're still happy.

T!: You see D.O.A.?

D: Yeah, they're great, they've been...

T!: I mean the movie.

D: Oh, oh --- no, I...

Voice in Crowd: You see Gone With the Wind?

D: Yeah, I thought it was...

V.I.C.: No, I mean the band.

D: Urg...

T!: How'd you hear about the Kensington thing? (Skinheads vs. Punks at the Starlite)

D: That was the news, man, the first thing we got into town, man, that was what they were talking about. I thought that was so great, I mean I love these revenge stories. One of the local boys in Kensington, I forgot who told me this, got beat on and then he stands across the street and goes, "C'mon fuckin' pussy shit, c'mon over here, D.C.



Billy Zoom's lookin' for more on the next page











©1981 Ray the Knave

## HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

by Doctor D.

Every year I flee my Corporate surroundings by Renewing/Destroying myself at the Seashore. This usually means, sun, fun, various potions and an occasional shot of penicillin. The only problem-music-unless I wanted to see a Who-Zeppelin-Doors show played by some glitter clods who saved "all their clothes from 1975."

Small wonder I became proficient at pinball and pool-at least you can play your tapes on the boardwalk and in the arcades. Until this year...

In Margate and Wildwood there are now two clubs that feature now music; Ivories and Club Casba respectively. Don't scoff at these places as they are as good as you're gonna find at the S. Jersey Shore. There's probably other clubs in other resorts, but the thoughts of meeting any more preppies, greasers, gamblers and (gasp!) Canadians makes finding these two fine, and can make even a denizen of 11 & Market want to sober up pronto, so he can get drunk again.

Hey, Hey, Hey! I'm drunk (amongst other things) and someone else is driving. I can even get wasted. About three cassettes and a Fifth later, I barely get out of a shit load of trouble at Great Adventure and running down to Margate for Marcy's Haven near Ivory's.

It is Margate. Beach tags, no Boardwalk to hide under (even Avalon has a friggin' Boardwalk). That's what I get for not driving. At least there's enough liquor stores.

Ivory's saved the day--sort of. Every day, the club at the shore is a circus & Ivory's is no exception. This is a rowdy place, the crowds like rowdy bands (They loved the Circle Jerks so much, that the club won't ever book another band like them again, or face finding themselves un-insurable). They've also have had the dB's and the Bongos from New York, and Bunny-drums, the Impossible Years and Transfactor in from Philly-the crowds didn't like them so much--no riots. If the DJ plays what the audience wants--they let him live. In spite of this, he plays a lot of current stuff that you can even dance to. It is a nice place to visit, but then again, I'm glad I don't have to live there.

The best thing about Wildwood is that they have something for everybody, even the now music contingent. The Gang is proof of that.

I'm glad I'm not in the Gang. I could not be able to take the pressure. The trendies hate their cover tunes and the clubowners don't want to hear their originals, just the hits. So it goes.

The Gang plays at Club Casba (which is a pretty neat place for a Jersey hang-out, even has a vidiot system and the DJ does play the hits). The group is made of Donna (singer) George (guitar), Earl (drums) Steve (guitar) and Paul (bass). I succeeded in speaking to three of them.

On playing covers Earl puts it as being able to pay the bills while Donna states that it beats being a waitress. "And you can also take a week off to work on your own material," George laconically adds on, "Did you hear it?" Uh, no.

Earl tells me to pay attention, next set. I did. Between the covers (has it come to this? U2, Clash, Gen X covers?) they had a few songs. A couple of drivers, not bad stuff. Slick though. But hey, they've been playing the same songs for six nights a week. I just wonder if people will accept songs like that from a cover band. If not, their loss.

This is all I can remember.

P.S. Don't wear purple in your hair--the bozos don't like it down on the and the pizzarias can't handle it.

P.S.S. Fritz!!!!!!

It's been fucking two months. Please send me the rest of the bail money or we'll never get Dunhill and me out of here, and the guard is beginning to look like Chrissie Hynde.

PSSSIF the Canadian consulate calls, tell them I'm sorry, when that girl from Quebec said I beg your chardon, thought she meant.....



©1981 EL Spunko



**Live!****SLITS****STICKMEN**

-by Tom Duke

It seems that of late audiences have been inundated with some of the most mismatched bills that have ever been assembled. An opening act should set the mood for what's to come. So much for show business tradition. The Stickmen take the stage and from beginning to end the air is charged with frenetic energy. Not a moment's peace. The rhythm section is the driving force of the band and at least attempt to hold together the disjoint waves of sound spewing from the amplifiers. The audience seems dumfounded and rightly so. Rigid percussion, indecipherable vocals and synthetic squeals don't mix with the hedonistic desire to lay back, dance and have a good time. In theory at least, the two things it takes to make good music are rhythm and melody. While quite proficient at the first, melody seems to be of a totally foreign nature to the "Men".

For those of you who the pretentious art for art's sake ramblings of bands such as Henry Cow, Heldon and the like, the Stickmen could come as a breath of fresh air. There definately is talent to be found here, and I can't help think that if they'd loosen up a bit - concentrate more on songs and diversification - there could be something uniquely powerful in the offing.

The Stickmen leave stage and it's crash landing time. Let's try to contain our nerves and settle back into a more relaxing. Five... ten... twenty minutes and I realize I'm going to be listening to straight reggae for about an hour and a half at best. (Some more bourbon, barkeep, if you please!)

It's around two when the Slits begin their set and an anxious audience is anticipating something special. The debut album (Slits, Antilles) contained some of the most omnidirectional music heard in recent memory. Blending a reggae derived feel with a more uplifting tempo and virtuoso drumming from session player Budgie, it is a rare waxing indeed. How unfortunate that we are not to hear a single track from it tonight. Instead, we're faced with a self-serving, uninspired performance of white English reggae. Judging from the attitude on stage it would seem that the

band paid six bucks a head to see us. The seemed to suggest that we should perform for them with remarks such as "We don't like to say there's such a thing as a bad audience, but if an audience can be not very good, you're not very good". Neither are you, Slit! The only recorded songs the generously performed for us were "In the Beginning, There was Rhythm" from the Slits/Pop Group single on Rough Trade and Marvin Gayes "I Heard It Through the Grapevine", B side of the "Typical Girls" single. If you want an audience to respond, one would think you would use common sense methods such as pacing a set, variety and overall pop sensibility. Since this was only the second night of the tour perhaps they should be given some consideration. It takes some acts up to a week to attain a level of tightness. But it would be much easier to give them the benefit of a doubt had they not shown so much arrogance.

Ricki Brooli

**"HEY, SQUARE!"  
BUYING RECORDS  
IS FUN AGAIN!**

**all the latest NOW SOUND**

**L.P.'s • 45's • E.P.'s**

**thousands of used albums**

**THE BOOK TRADER**

**501 SOUTH STREET**

**925 • 0219**

**open late every day • 10 a.m. til mid.!**







## PSYCHEDELIC FURS

-by The Doctor

The Furs are one band I didn't flash on immediately. Last year they were just one more English Band in contention for the "This Years Model" Award. 1981 is here though and they have put out another album and after all the hype, I'm even getting used to their sound.

This was Furs night. In the eyes of their audience, they could do no wrong. It showed in their performance: they gave the hits, only better. Live their Wall Of Sound is enhanced by the lighting effects and their constant movement—particularly singer Butler Rep.

You're dancing, feeling, listening, to all that's going on—like all the other idiots that are up front. I was completely absorbed by what the Furs were producing. Sensory overload was never this good before. I guess I'm a Furs fan now.

Opening for the Furs were local faves Pretty Poison—an unenviable situation considering the locals. But I know these popsters can do and did draw a crowd. Not that many people went running to the lobby or to the bars when they got on stage.

Pretty Poison are fun to watch., Particularly Jade Starling, and her vocals are as wild as she is. The band is tight and they know it. You might have heard some of their riffs before but the way they play them is really great. At the beginning of their set they played their first single "Autograph/Kill You? Foolish? Not quite, because this gave them the chance to display their newer material, of which "Druid Sex" ought to be the next single (Hint).

Oh yeah, New Math did open up the show but I was too late to make it (Thanks, GiGi). Too bad I heard.

/-/-/-/-/-/-/-



## THE ROCKATS

-by Stephen Myers

Rockabilly. Either you love the shit out of it or you hate the shit or you don't give a shit. I myself have personally gone from love to disdain to a yawn (sounds like love, don't it?). Right now I'm on a pro-billy swing, thanks mostly to the Ripleys appearance of the Rockats.

The Rockats are a half-English, half-American ensemble who pick up on the original wild, hell-bent-for-destruction premises of this unique-dare we call it-art, but (and what a crucial but it is beanbag) they also give a decisive nod to modern raw power and advance. No slavish, sluggish, slaggish, note for rote lay outs of the vintage classics. In fact, the only covers (except for "Around & Around") were from pre-billy and post-billy periods—Creedence's "Bad Moon Rising" and Hank Williams "You Win Again".

Yes, these songs were influenced and were themselves an influence by/on rockabilly. Figure out which one did what, scumbra. But again, the attitude is there.

Listen, I got to go make some old fat broad who lives in a luxury center city high rise apartment (hey, at a bill a wad you can't beat it—it buys dope too) so I'm not gonna waste your time, or mine. The Rockats are a good, danceable, entertaining night out no matter what frame of mind you are in. GO!





killing joke  
ON THE ROOF  
Rollicking Robert  
Price



Youth

T!: What do you think about the American version of punk?

G: Not alot. I've been told there are a couple of good bands... New York, LA. They all play well, it's just nothing very original.

(They did swear they knew Black Flag - "There's an English geezer in them isn't there?" - but Youth decided it was Kick-boy Face of Catholic Discipline.) Youth: Cunt. I met him once at the Clar. endon, we had a battle, a big drinking proposition with a bottle of whiskey and a bottle of rum and he never turned up for it.

It came up time for the sound check, but Youth refused to budge until Scooby Doo was over. We chatted with a surprisingly relaxed Jaz, one of the most insanely intense looking figures you'll ever encounter. He talked about parents ("his is a teacher, his - Youth - is in nick, mines a chippy - carpenter), reading matter (Icelandic sagas), the occult ("Don't deal with that much. Just more appreciate the use of it.")

That night they seemed a little chagrined as No Milk warmed up the eye make up and headband set. Once they got on their set went hard and fast, slumped a bit in the middle (Bloodsport, Primitive) but coming on dead center at the end (Requiem, Follow the Leaders). Good and dangerous, but you felt that they should be playing in front of 40,000 at a soccer stadium prior to a rally in front of the European Parliament. Something seemed missing.

Playtime was kept to an hour as they were off to the Coast to complete another phase of the Five Year Plan.

"Then what?"

"It's a secret."

"Where to from here?"

"No idea actually."

"BANG!"

propaganda propaganda  
Propaganda conspiracy  
propaganda propa

# PUNK FESTIVAL



-by S. Fritz

Bands work best under pressure, and God knows, the Exploits created enough for themselves this time. The idea of a band creating a place for themselves to play, financing itself, back (originally) four other bands, promote and (in general) all that occurs before, during and after the show should be enough. Yet, like all true events, when the deadline draws near and everything should be running smoothly, that's when the shit hits the fan. We won't go into it, you can read about it elsewhere.

Yet the fact of the matter stands that the whole thing did come off, was a smash ing success (sold out 700 tickets and man, a face of never seen before and age bracket ranging from 7 to where they don't want to talk about it). The whole show came off with hardly a hitch except for the usual of no soundcheck (but that doesn't effect us, does it?). strange mix, (typical), a blown monitor or two to this anyway). I repeat again, it was an amazing success and one hell of a good time. But let's go to the blow by blow.

Opening up when I walked in were Autistic Behavior. Started only one year previously, their first gig was in the Spring of this year when they opened for the Delta 5. Led by John Smith (vocals) and Craig Sturgeon (bass), they mix a large sound of H. Beach strut-leiden with the wider influences of PIL & Magazine. Banging on a small kit is John Blanda and axe hero for their 30 minutes (which went on for nearly an hour) is Wayne Risher.

They opened the show in high style. First, they are a potentially great band. John moves like that certain J. Lydon and looks like a healthier (OK, try this, Californiad) Howard DeVeto. His voice is a mix of the two. Craig's pieces (the more art-oriented) are fucking magnificent, with John's thrash pieces keeping the show rolling in high gear.

The audience itself was speeding full throttle. Aside the front keeping the stage lined with bodies, immediat-



## What do

THE SIC KIDZ  
BUNNYDRUMS  
TRANSFACTOR

and HEAD CHEESE

## all have in common?

- a) sprinkle percodans on their Wheaties
- b) types of primitive tools
- c) Acts of mindless violence
- d) Bedwetting
- e) Made records at Third Story Recording

for the correct answer call

## THIRD STORY RECORDING

3436 Sansom

FLASH:

CALL ABOUT OUR

OCTOBER STUDENT DISCOUNTS

at 386-5998





Judy Rosario

ly behind them were a horde of at least 30 to 40 slamming, strutting bodies. At various moments, the strutters succeeded in surmounting the living wall before them and flaunt their stuff on the stage. Usually this immediately followed with them being hurled face forward into the floor. Egos, more than bodies, were hurt during this, but security, more punks, kept it under control.

Before they were finished, the A.B.'s saw one exiled California Kid get up there and succeed in taking a monitor with him as he flew back down, but this was repaired, although it took several songs off the band's set to make up for lost time.

With the openers now down and the follow-ups getting their gear ready for action, I had the time to finally case the scene and see who was what and where. A wild mix, from old Hot Club originals who hadn't seen the dark of a hall since the loss of the beloved ashtray to week-end posers all made up for the evening (I know who they are, I know what they would be under ordinary conditions). Yet the biggest influx was of kids. You got me, people to short and with acne. I.D.'s they could pawn off of their elder sibs. Great sight that. Chalk up one point for the X-Flouts.

Next up were Decontrol. A trio, with bass & guitar exchanging vox to suit the piece. They were more raw and loose than the A.B.'s, and in fact, a bit of a let down, but they weren't bad either. At least their set moved without a hitch & had a guest vocalist in for one shot. So they ended in the grand cliché of smashing their cool in my book. The Physical Push were the only no show of the night. Their loss. They were supposed to have this slot, but this is the last mention they get for this article.

Filling the void between the past & the headliners was the stage debut of Informed Sources. Led by Frank Blank on guitar, the band is further flanked by Brian Lee on bass, Joe(vocals) and Doug on drums.

The P.A. did the best to shoot them on a fast train to hell, but in true spirit, they played on. Well sort of. The first number, one evil killer, called "chains" was blown due to Frank's cord removing itself from his amp. Discouraging, but nothing to fret too long about. Frank just corrected the situation and the band ripped into the next number, "Pretenders." No paeon to a very famous studio band, this is an angry answer to some of the members of the audience. The rest of the set was real good. Highlights included another ripper called "political" and "Ugly American." They got the audience loyal on their side to the point where they were on the first band of the night to get an encore. Once done, they earned up and had a beer or four, they packed up and when the Sadistic Exploits came on the stage, they had a lot to prove. First that, in certain eyes, they were still a force to contend with. Second, they could pull the set off with a new drummer only grafted in one week prev-

iously. Finally, after all this shit, they just could pull it off without a hitch. They did, in spades. Named J.R., The new drummer is not, the best they've gotten this year. (No shit, he has the right attitude from Robbie, just taking the coaching from Robbie, when he was blowing the beat). Further, he can play. Meanwhile, Robbie, sporting his new mohawk(fashionable, ain't he?) just jumped and did his bass work with panache. Red did his usual blank-face-into-the-audience-while-pouring-out-hot-riffs stances.

But vocalist Bryan was what everyone had their eyes on. Moving like he was in command, spitting out the words, he was in control and acting like he never had a problem in the world (and he had plenty). By the time the band tore into "Anti-Union Jack" I stopped worrying about taking notes and charged into the floor. Don't bother me with what the rest of their set, I wasn't paying that close attention. Of course, the Sads got called for an encore. They ended it with "Deathtrap" now a standard. Of course, the audience were soaked with sweat (well what did you want, Blood? I new some of you were). The thing was a fucking party. So I walked home that night. I didn't feel no pain boy, you bet. This was the first gig within Philly limits that was successfully pulled off. I understan there will be a lot more. I can't wait.



29

 anghor  
 Levtn

 pts Cro  
 nwhsHts  
 Av Moss  
 teRd Ar  
 skeDr Hi

 dRd Cor  
 ASSOC

 rme --  
 nbora --  
 16 RedCe  
 JeffersAt

 rawthmRd  
 17 Centri  
 326 Wood  
 531 Mour

 stol-Oxford  
 23 Rainbo  
 CarriageSt

 1C 1014 Br  
 n E Jr 73 GabHlRd

 n E Jr 159 NeshmnyRd Pendt  
 John W 1265 DennisRd FairlessHls

 John W 1265 DennisRd FairlessHls  
 Jos J 141 RocksvleRd Holnd

 Jos J 141 RocksvleRd Holnd  
 s Kurt 112 ThunderCir CornwlsHt

 s Kurt 112 ThunderCir CornwlsHt  
 rs L W 611 KingsRd Yrdly

 rs L W 611 KingsRd Yrdly  
 ers Leonard

 ers Leonard  
 NeshamnyVlyApts Cornwl

 NeshamnyVlyApts Cornwl  
 Myers Leroy B

 Myers Leroy B  
 2517 DunksfryRd Corn

 2517 DunksfryRd Corn  
 Myers Linn M 645 LexingtonRd W

 Myers Linn M 645 LexingtonRd W  
 Myers Louis W 515 DrexelRd F

 Myers Louis W 515 DrexelRd F  
 Myers Lucian D

 Myers Lucian D  
 140 LincolnHwy

 140 LincolnHwy  
 Myers M 225 ForsythiaDr S

 Myers M 225 ForsythiaDr S  
 Myers Margaret 410 Forsy

 Myers Margaret 410 Forsy  
 Myers Marshall 15 Junpr

 Myers Marshall 15 Junpr  
 Myers Norman 19 Nutm

 Myers Norman 19 Nutm  
 Myers Paul W 34 Holow

 Myers Paul W 34 Holow  
 Myers Raymond 7 Almv

 Myers Raymond 7 Almv  
 Myers Richd L

 Myers Richd L  
 1570 Winn

 Myers Richd L  
 1570 Winn

 Myers Richd L  
 1570 Winn

 Myers Richd L  
 1570 Winn

 Myers Richd L  
 1570 Winn

This is a fragment of an unpublished novel, "Broken Bones - diary, '72-'77" by Lou Yellen. It describes a point of time in NYC '74. Lou died in Cleveland last year of a heroin overdose. His friends will remember him.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN closing in on 9 o'clock. The cars had thinned out some. I hadn't eaten anything for about a month, but I didn't really care. Central Park West in the summer. The streetlights, with the night coming so softly, made the trees in the park look shy and overwhelmed, like they didn't really believe they were allowed to be where they were. They looked like they were afraid a cop might come along and bust them for something.

Central Park West in the summer. Every night half the goddam gay blades in the city line up and hang around on the Park wall from the 70's almost all the way down to the fifties. Usually they just stay in their own little social circles and probably sharpen up their character assassination techniques on each other, but once in a while someone gets out of hand.

I wasn't even half a block down from where I had left the park before this particularly obnoxious faggot was beside me. I just started walking faster, but this dude wasn't too big on subtle hints. He just kept pace with me. He was a big motherfucker, about six two or something and a big build, but he had an air of disease around him. He had a face like a boxer who's been KO'd too many times and he smelled like he had just poured a bottle of gin on his head. I hate the smell of gin. I felt my stomach tighten up in anger.

"How ur you dune, sweehard?" he said to me. He really said that. I couldn't believe it. It would have been funny if I hadn't been feeling so pissed off at everything.

I just told him to get lost.

Then he put his arm around me and asked me how I was doing again. I remember seeing the headlights of a red Volkswagen passing, and I remember seeing this old man with a cane and his wife slowly shuffling, walking up towards me on the sidewalk.

First I elbowed the guy as hard as I could, going for his stomach but getting my arm caught in his ribs. Then I threw a right jab to his nose. He staggered back a few steps, his face turning white. I saw his teeth, and I remember seeing this old man with a cane and his wife slowly shuffling, walking up towards me on the sidewalk.

The guy had backed away from me about five feet and was staring at me with eyes of glass. His mouth was open. I was sort of in a half crouch. I would have gone for him again but I had enough sanity left to realize he could kick the shit out of me. So I just screamed at him.

"I said, FUCK OFF, ASSWHOLE! Can't you fucking HEAR?" My heart was pounding, my fists were clenched incredibly tightly, held beside my hips. I was shaking a little.

The faggot muttered something under his breath and started coming at me. I knew my best chance would be to either kick him in the balls or give him a rabbit punch. and I moved my left foot forward to be in a position to do it. I had a fleeting thought about hospitals and cops. The streetlights made some little pieces of broken glass laying on the sidewalk look like diamonds.

On his second step toward me the dude backed off. He muttered again, gave me a split second glance, then quickly turned, crossed the street, and disappeared down 71st.

I stayed stone still for what seemed a bunch of guys who had been leaning against the Park wall were laughing, and the old lady were nowhere to be seen.

I was still shaking a little as I started walking south again, but I calmed down pretty fast. My stomach still felt incredibly hollow, everything was moving in slow motion. And then I started feeling sad. I thought about Jody and Liz. How Liz would be talking softly one minute, light brown eyes, dark brown hair, Mexican almost, and the pug nose she said she hated but really loved, and the next minute her eyes were flashing black, you never knew why, and she'd just walk away from you, and you felt that she'd put something very heavy on your back, and that you'd have to carry it around with you on your fucking futile voyage to some glacier in Alaska.

She was broken in pieces, didn't know where she wanted to go but thought she'd kill the first person who tried to stop her.

And Jody. His sad eyes. And really wanting just to be a pro baseball player, he told me. Or maybe a fisherman. And so in love with Liz it scared him. Stretched so far and thin that he was almost invisible. Like a ghost.

I was walking south pretty fast. I was really seeing anything. The world had faded a little. I felt a long way away from home.

One Friday night when I was a kid in some school they showed us a black and white French film starring Jean-Paul Belmondo. It was the first French film I had ever seen and it knocked pure hell out of me. I breezed around for days smoking sinister cigarettes, blazing through the Riviera in a hot Citroen, sneering at women and waiting for Interpol to shoot me down beautifully so I could give one last snarl at the world while writhing in a pool of my red, red blood.

I was down at the park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park.

I was down at the park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park.

I was down at the park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park.

I was down at the park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park. At least they'd be music walking down on Park.



at Washington La 6800 Market  
Sat 10-6, closed Sunday 10-9

A typical Sunday night. The station smelled like ten guys with syphilis and terminal cancer had just thrown up. The only people around were old - or looked old, anyway - and they all projected an air of permanent, petty, hopeless pain. I didn't really give a fuck about them. I just wanted them to stay away so I wouldn't have to look at them. After a minute or two the train roared in.

I sat by the sliding doors and stared at a Juicy Fruit gum wrapper on the floor. I was remembering too much, all of a sudden. My walls had cracked a little.

The train jerked and started rolling out of the station. When I was around seven years old, there was this harmless old butterball man who lived across a cow pasture from my parent's house. His ears stuck out. I didn't like the way he walked. He had horrible hairs

sticking out of his nose and he smelled like bacon. I really hated that old bastard and I wanted him to go the fuck away. So I launched a terrorist campaign against him.

I still remember what he looked like. Fat and yellow, and he always wore the same pair of green pants, and he was always out in his garden watering the plants and talking to himself. He was a retired farmer, lived alone. Everything had been taken from him but his dingy little wooden house and his garden and his apple tree. He had every reason to hate dogs and kids, but he didn't. He wasn't bitter. He was nice to me every time he saw me. Patted my dog, winked at me, gave me nickels now and then. Looked the other way when I stole an apple off his tree. He lived for that apple tree and that garden. I hated his guts: he had to go.

First I started a bombing strategy. I'd light a cigarette and stick the fuse of a cherry bomb in the other end, stick it around his house or in his garage and it around his house or in his garage and run like hell. Ten minutes later smirk- ing in my room I'd hear a tremendous boom and then an echo and then silence. I'd be scared a minute in the silence, then I felt a strange fearsome elect- ricity running up and down my back.

A couple of times a day I'd call up his house and when he answered I'd wait a few seconds, listening to him go hello? hello? in a choked breathed, frightened voice, an old, tired voice, and then I'd hang up.

I broke windows. I ripped his garden up. God knows why I wasn't caught, he must have been too scared or tired or I don't know to tell anyone what was happening. For some reason I wasn't afraid of getting caught. There was alot I was afraid of though.

It went on two, three weeks. Then I end the war because I was getting bored.

A couple days after I had quit tor- menting the butterball man I was walk- ing by his place and noticed his car had disappeared. A few days later a truck pulled up and some guys went into the old guys house and pulled out all kinds of junk, chairs, sofas, even the refrigerator. They loaded the stuff into the truck and took off. The came the next day and did it again. The next day they didn't show up.

Noise reduction plus  
scan peak level display  
built-in phono  
T-20 Cass



PARASON  
REC-5500  
19  
27

I was scared, then, that something was going to happen to me, that I'd be un- covered. Since the day the old man's car had disappeared my parents had been act- ing weird. They were paying alot more attention to me than they had for awhile. My pop pretended to be interest- ed in everything I was interested in. My mother hugged me more than usual. It was a drag.

The old mans house scared me, now, too. About three times a day I creep over to look at it. Stare at it. It seemed barren, stricken. But I always felt, watching that house, a mild cur- rent of that strange electricity I had felt before.

Finally I asked my mom where the old man went. The train stopped at some station and a few people got off and a few people got on. It smelled like dirty steam. My hands were ice cold, even though it was sweating hot. I lit a Camel Filter. I smoked it as absently and intently as you do in a movie theatre.

My mother was cooking supper and she stopped did. She made me sit down at the kitchen table and sat down facing me. The table cloth was blue check. She said life was a big thing and you couldn't tell why some things happened or why some people did what they did.

She stared at me. Then she told me "my friend" Mr. Greenly had walked to the farm he used to own, a few miles away, and blown his head off. His name was Greenly. My mother always thought we were "friends". I got up and told my mom I was going out to mess around. She watched me. I walked out the door and into the yard. I started picking up speed in the driveway. When I hit the street, I was at full bore.

The electricity was a storm burning like a black sun through my veins. A couple weeks passed. Rabbits and bugs got to the old man's garden and killed it. Some kind of blight hit the apple tree, and that died too. It took a long time for me to real- ize how much I missed the old man. Something yanked me up about five feet, pulling me by the hair. It was a subway cop. I was completely blank. I

wondered why they painted the inside of subway cars puke green. "Okay, asshole, you like trouble?" the IRT cop had his stick out. I was still blank. He jerked my hair again. "Okay, slime." I don't think he knew what to do either. I must of confused hell out of him. Dead pale and eyes of complete incomprehension. He clubbed my hand with the nightstick. I hadn't remembered I had even had it until I dropped it. My fingers hurt like hell.

"I'm not from New York," I told him. He glared. Kill. Then he let me go. "You don't smoke on the subway, ass- hole."



Color  
Diag.  
1

Color  
Diag.  
25

Color  
Diag.  
29

TIME 29



## Reviews!

45  
rpm'sSOUNDTRACK  
Shock Treatment/Overture

Wow! Rich O'Brien (Riff Raff from Rocky Horror) has not gone far enough. Try to imagine a muzak 50's C&W big band shock cover version of "Time-warp!" The flipside is a bit better with rolling drums and glitter/Mott type backing and Buddy Holly vocals. Look soon for the R. Horror sequel that this is taken from. You heard the music, now go see the movie.

-Chucko the Rockin' Robot



It takes some people from Cincinnati to restore your faith in ska when all the locals and Brits (the Beat excepted, of course) turn into a pack of posers, losers and polka bands. The Erector Set don't even look over 18! And their musical ability is rather good, especially vocalist Rick Beatty and bass John Schmidt. The flip is even more impressive with it's smooth, almost reggae flow. These kids got it, now you get it.

-S. Fritz

THE FIVE  
Napalm Beach/Excite Me

Pittsburgh has a truly vital music scene going for it. First I hear Carsickness and now I receive this single from the Five. They are deeply embedded in garage tradition with strong influences of early Ubu and the Velvet Underground (that figures) coming out. Also, "Excite Me" has a guitar solo that should go down in the annals of basement classics. Contact: The Five/P.O. Box 7558/Pittsburgh 15213

-S. Dunhill

HEAD CHEESE (Burn Potential)

This 3 song release by Head Cheese should prove that they are not an Art School joke (no, just a joke--Steve). Produced by David Javalose of Los Microwaves & Baby Buddha; their detractors will be surprised, they can play.

-The Doctor

ERIC RANDOM  
DOW/Skin Deep (New Hormones)

Industrial song about one of the major chemical manufacturers in the world (appropriate). Ex-Swell Map Random does all the work, with some friends adding their two bits in and come up with a sound that would make you miss Throbbing Gristle; but until then, this will do.

-S. Dunhill

PETE SHELLEY  
Homosapien/Keat's Song (Island)

Pete Shelley returns with his first pop release since the demise of the Buzzcocks. It still has his spare, biting pop lyricism, but the melody line is a direct lift of the old Buzzcock 45, "Something's Gone Wrong Again? I feel ripped-off, especially when the flip is nothing to consider. I expect better from him.

-S. Dunhill

DAVE STEWERT & BARBARA GASKINS  
It's My Party (Stiff)

A cymbal crash, some squeaky synths and swooning vocals open this novelty of the month which sees Dave Stewart reunited with ex-northettes Barbara Gaskins and Amanda Parson (doing back-up vocals). A heavy drum break packed with tympani booms and as the record goes in and out of the chorus, sounds like the pop ballad ala the original. A dreamy symphonic ending caps the original and it's nice to know that the old school can still come up with something fresh: Well worth it!

-Tom Duke

IL Y A VOLKSWAGEN  
Kill Myself/American Dream (Mechanical)

"I'm gonna kile myself and watch it on television" he sings. I don't know who this guy is but he has a truly warped/sick sense of humor that I just can't help but like. Also the band play with enough competence to make this a truly fun (I like killing pup-pies, myself) little ditty to go see Johnny Carson by.

-S. Dunhill

TEARDROP EXPLODES  
Passionate Friend/Christ v. Warhol(Zoo)

Don't tell me you haven't gone psychedelic, Mr. Cope. This is one of the lame things that killed that movement like Spanky & Our Gang or the Mamas & The Papas. I just want to know one thing, where is the "passion" that was showing in your first album, eh?

-S. Dunhill

LUDUS  
Patient/Mother's Hour (New Hormones)

This has got to be one of the most distinctive bands around. Like their previous cassette release, the Ludus mix jazz style guitar with good drumming and vocalist Linder's airy soprano. Lyrically, they still lack something, but musically, they've definately have something going.

-S. Dunhill

THE FLESHTONES  
All Around The World/The World Has Changed (I.R.S.)

The Fleshtones hit it right on the button with this hard-assed R&B work-out. Great back-up singing, hot harp solo, solid performance all around makes this one a killer. A rave-up by anyone's standards.

-S. Dunhill

My Baby Does Her Hairdo Long  
Kimberley Rew

A straight snare snaps this fucking monster single on its way. Kimberley (ex-Soft Boy) Rew (currently putting together his first LP) goes into an amphetamine 60's pop work out that would make Karen Anne Quinlin get out of bed and dance. Except for Kimberley not getting off on girls with crew cuts, I have no idea what this is about, but who fucking cares?

-Dan Kinney

ROBERT WYATT  
Grass (Rough Trade)

The return of the magnificent tenor finds him covering arch eccentric Ivor Cutler's "Grass." A peason to zen teaching, it humorously, gently leads you on, but if you pay attention to what Wyatt is singing about, you find he's talking about a student getting whacked in the head for his education. The teacher even invites him, and you.

-S. Fritz

SCRITTI POLITI  
The Sweetest Girl/Lion In Slumber (Rough Trade)

Sleepy, infectious and melodic bass; sweet, ironic vocals, dreamy keyboards (provided by Robert Wyatt) This single is a sleeper. It will soon be forgotten by qualund saturated American ears. Shame

This record is one of the most (surprisingly) wonderful pop records out today. I find it mesmerizing. Pleasant Dreams.

-S. Dunhill



**JOHN FOXI**  
Europe After The Rain (Metal Beat)  
ULTRAVOX  
The Thin Wall (Chrysalis)

I guess when you have the same roots (Foxi was the vocalist for Ultravox), there has to be some overlap. After the split, Foxi went to more frigid doamin with his Metalma-tic while Ultravox stunned the pop world with Vienna. But looky here. Foxi has the ballad that's warm & tender with acoustic guitar, piano and drum (with a human behind it), it ain't bad either. Meanwhile, Ultravox have gone Eurodisco with this android stomper that in the end run is just boring. Schitzzy world isn't it? Just have to wait and see what they do next.

-S. Dunhill

**THE SCARS**  
Authory Author (Stiff)

I fail to find one iota of originality in these guys. Their tedious drone and dragnet sound has been squeezed dry. Too many effects, especially on the vocals and I get the idea they're trying to hide something. Take one song that could have been redeeming, "All About You" it fails because it's just too long. Stiff comes up with another quartet that should have just been left in the pubs.

-Tom Duke

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
Chunks (New Alliance)  
Crack In The Sidewalks (New Alliance)

Both these compilations are 12" 45's featuring some of the most obscure L.A. punk bnaas. Crack is just basically wanking it and can be discarded. But Chunks is a wow. 12 fuckin' songs, ranging from the epic head-banger to some of the avantest garde heard in some time. Highlights: Stains Slivers & Sacharine Trust and the new kings of the garage: Nig-Heist.

-Stephen Myers

**MEN W/O HATS**  
Folk In The 80's (Stiff)

Four kind of samey sounding electronic oriented songs from Canadians with strange names. That just about says it all, doesn't it? Not that bad, but not that good either, just kind of who gives a flying? Funny name & logo though. I must admit.

-Stephen Myers

**OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING**  
Digital Cowboy (EMI)

This is it. P'real electroPOP. Our Daughters Wedding write syntheditties that have real pretty melodies, you can't help but dance to them, like the track "Lawnchairs" which won't leave your head.

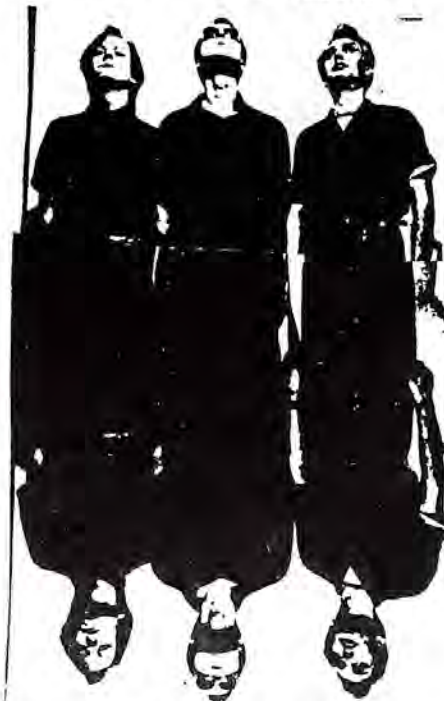
An added plus to this is that they are now in a full studio where not only can they get the full treatment, but can have a flesh & blood drummer (Simon Phillips; ex-801 & Roxy); giving them the full sound their earlier releases lacked.

-S. Dunhill

**THE SMASHCHORDS (Smash Trade)**

I've got it now, these guys rip off all those great trash classics from garagedom like "Hawaii 5-0" & "Rumble" (Remember Link Wray, do you wanna?) and call it their own. A pair of closet rockers, I have every reason in the world to hate them, yet I can't. I even like them. I just dunno.

-S. Dunhill



**CABARET VOLTAIRE**  
Sluggin' For Jesus (Rough Trade)

With this, Cabaret Voltaire fool you with very rhythmic, progressive and yes, danceable backdrop over found tapes of TV ministers. Preacher after preacher cry out how they are the way of the lord, then tell you to write out another check so they can stay on the tube and preach they are the way...you get it. No more need be said.

-S. Fritz

**DIE HAUSFRAUEN (Cachalot)**

Yeah, yeah, yeah, another all female band. So what? Actually, this keyboard-based band might do something if they play their cards right. Though nothing outstanding, the little psych-dramas like "Bellevue Affair" and "Suburban Incest" are not that bad, though I find their subject matter a little corny. Suggest they take in some more reference material (try Hitchcock) and keep at it. I'll be waiting, in a dark corner, by the alley.

-Sean Dunhill

**MEDIUM MEDIUM (Cachalot)**

"Hungry, So Angry" was a deserved dance club hit. Hard driving bass and funky hooks: if was good stuff. This and the follow-up single, also included, show that this band's on to something. I especially like the new cut "Furtnr Than A Funk Dream" which finds Medium-2 getting some of the bite of the old Pop Group. Definately get this one.

-S. Dunhill

## CASSETTES

**THE DICTATORS**  
Fuck 'Em If They Cant Take A Joke  
SUICIDE  
1/2 Alive (R.O.I.R.)

Two more hot cassettes showing off the finest in NY rock from Reach Out Int'l. We'll take this one blow-by-blow.

The primal forces of punk were in ebb when the Dictators came into existence. Led by bass playing, song-toting Adny Shernoff and armed with "secret weapon" Handsome Dick Mani-oba, for the years of '75-'76 and people kind of forgot them.

Their continual break-ups, line changes and bad luck didn't stop the 'Tators from being one thing: ROCK N ROLL, and if you didn't know about them, go cash in your leather for something more appropriate like a job as a hair stylist.

Included in this tape is many of their seminal classics (but if you want them all you'll just have to buy all three albums, chuckle) like "Two Tub Man" and "Next Big Thing". Also you get two never before recorded toons "New York, New York" & "Loyola" as well as some of their nifty covers like "Search & Destroy" and a beautiful version of the Velvets "What Goes On".

Classic, that's what it is, Class

Next up: Suicide.

Unlike most syntheduos, Suicide are distinguished by not only being experimental, but down on the street as well. Check out "Harlem II" if you don't believe me. Whereas, the version of "Harlem" on their second album is funk sublime, this is raw a nd nasty, like coming up against the wrong dude or really living in there.

Even the stuff from their own studio has this raw feeling to it. Then when you listen to the live stuff, whew...Alan Vega's boass vox is in primo form and Martin Rev does what he always does: play.

Summation: Two Classix.

-S. Dunhill

**C.P. LEE**  
Radio Sweat (New Hormones)

What kind of joke is this anyway? C.P. Lee was a former Alberto & I never found them too original, but their delivery was always really good. Now parodying a radio station has been done before, the thing is it's been done much better. This is a joke all right, a bad one.

-S. Fritz

Unleash Your Weirdness!  
The SubGenius Foundation  
heals ruined members of  
a crumbling society!

Screwed up suburbanite with sex, drug, or social problems? The SubGenius Foundation may not "help" much, but it will make you proud to be insane.

Be ready for strong language.

The SubGenius Foundation  
P.O. Box 140306  
Dallas, Texas 75214

Self-Help through scuffling, mockery, and the Casting Out of False Prophets.  
The scorn-church for strange people.  
\$1 for morbid but hilarious and thought-provoking intro booklet. Nothing like it anywhere.



# Albums



**TOM VERLAINE**  
Dreamtime (Warner Bros.)

I hate to say it, but try though he may, and he's made some pretty good efforts, Tom Verlaine has yet to achieve the energy of Television. Although his was the driving vision of the group, apparently without TV he's lost his fire.

The man is a poet with both guitar and his word, and you can't ask for more or a man. I mean, really, I like this record, but the best of it called to mind old Television. Perhaps getting out of his self-imposed studio isolation and back on the road with his current tour will wake him up. I hope so. -Dan Kinney

**SOCIAL CLIMBERS**  
Hoboken Rex

Like, hey--I've been waiting for a band like this. Progressive punk (please, what a term--ED.). Mix National Health/John Cale/T. Heads/P. Gabriel with a helping of originality and the only possible term is great. Urgent and new, yet controlled and extremely well done. Their guitarist is the sound engineer for MX-80 Sound & has enough true life stories to fill up half this magazine. When this appears in the stores, snatch it up 'cause someone else will.

-Chucko, the Rockin' Robot

**Henry Badowski**  
Life Is A... (A&M)

What ever happened to whimsical, self-deprecating pop? Gone with Kevin Ayers (who?), I guess.

Then here comes Henry Badowski (huh) and he sings those witty, light-hearted tunes that you thought were gone forever. Just listen to "Henry's In Love" and you see that he takes himself as lightly as his ballads. Hope he doesn't disappear also. -S. Fritz

**THE REDS**  
Stronger Silence (Stormy Plains)

Like music that will upset you enough to smash your head against the wall? If so, the long awaited second Reds album (two years) is for you.

They've expanded their strident sound in to something extremely its own. The recording quality too is improved over the last issue, which ought to win them fans in the U.S. finally, as they deserve. -The Doc

**SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES**  
Ju Ju (PVC)

JuJu is one great album. It once again establishes the Banshees reputation as one of the most powerful and stimulating bands in existence. JUJU establishes an impeccable wall of sonic textures and never lets up.

This record works from the ground up. Drummer Budgie lays down a beat which enralls, hits hard and then shifts radically but always works. Off this undercurrent, guitarist John McGeough and bassist Steve Severin glide, crash and scrape tossing out an almost unlimited arsenal of sounds and colors. Through it all is the inspiring voice of Siouxsie cutting through the swirling mix like an emotional knife. This record has authority and conviction.

In a time where most albums are throwaway crappers with maybe one of two cuts buried in all the dogshit, JUJU shows that the group searches for quality and meaning. For starts, "Spellbound" and "Arabian Nights" lead off the album proper with the listener being sucked deep into the Banshees philosophy. Songs like that and "Monitor" are haunting, the overall sound of the record is sad--but not depressing. It's not depressing because there's spirit, action and a sense of the mystical to the songs.

-Stephen Myers

**RIP, RIG & PANIC**  
God (Uh-Huh)

The latest in the line of Pop Group spin-offs is probably the one which is most true to the direction of the motherband. From the obvious Funkadelic influence, the opening track for example, to the sometimes simplistic, Keith Tippettish piano tinkling that prevails on the rest of that side, African tribal rhythms for the backdrop, lending a third world air.

The third (green) side begins with a primitive chant and the next cut, "HOWL Caged Bird" features some of the most superb drumming from Bruce Smith. This track is also the most jazziest, sounding similar to later Miles Davis. This is followed by the most primeval rap tune in existence, "Those Eskimo Women Speak Frankly" with some of the most twisted sax work by main influencer, I wouldn't call him leader Garth Sager. The final track, "The Blue, Blue Third" closes this side in a classical mood by Sean Oliver's piano. It's beautiful and leaving me wanting more.

The last (blue) side begins promisingly enough with some of the best vocal work Ari Up has done since the first Slits album. The track that ensue are a bit redundant and that's unfortunate as if they took a little more care, despite the fine self-production, this could have ended with a bang instead of fizzling out. -Tom Duke

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
Dobbs Live 1980 (Livingroom Artists)

For Philadelphia historians especially this is an interesting little item. It contains entirely live cuts recorded at Dobbs. Featuring George Thoroughgood, Alan Mann, Don Von Winkle, Jim Six and Jerry Heally--pretty much the whole of the Dobbs "scene" at the time. As is not unusual with efforts of this nature, it suffers from self-indulgence and poor production. Still, it is probably the only existing record from that scene at that time.

-Dan Kinney.

**WALL OF VOODOO**  
Dark Continent (IRS)

Continuing along the lines of the 5 song EP they released last year, Wall Of Voodoo make more dark, brittle cartoon rock. Although they hate comparison, the obvious one here is Dewo. Gimmicks don't run as rampant, but the cynicism does. Yup, it's all here; assembly lines, morning alarm clocks, domestic non-bliss, insecurities, etc.; all delivered in the same deadpan style. Manic drum machines, jangly reverb guitar and Son Of Mel Blanc vocals. The sound is paranoid and tense; falling somewhere between nerve-racking and extremely catchy. Wall of Voodoo can best be called big black bugs crawling out of the sweet piece of candy you just put in your mouth. -Doug Ellmore



**COMATEENS** (Cachalot)

There use to be this hot little combo that were always opening up for everyone else at the Hot Club. They managed to even get on Marty Thau's "2 x 5" compile last year and show off some neat little pop ditties.

Well folks, the Comateens return with an album of their own. The Coma side (cute guys, real cute) will have you bop 'til you drop, specially termianl cases like their version of "The Munster's Theme (that great TV trash classic) and their own "Strangler! Meanwhile the Teen side (c'mon...) will just put you to sleep. Another cool cover on this side though in "Summer In The City" -Dunnill





## WIN A DATE WITH QUADRAFFI!

The IRA did! The Red  
Brigades did! The PLO  
did! Sadat didn't!  
**BUT YOU CAN!** Simply  
send one lousy atomic  
warhead to:

Dream Date Contest  
666 God's Messenger St  
Tripoli, Libya

of wounds by the adjacent healthy tissue.  
**anarch** (an'ark), n. an instigator or abettor of anarchy.  
**anarchic** (an'ar'kik), **anarchical** (-al);  
adj. of or pertaining to anarchy.  
**anarchism** (an'ar'kizim), n. lawlessness;  
confusion; anarchy; the doctrines of  
the anarchists.  
**anarchist** (an'ar'kist), n. one who sup-  
ports or promotes a scheme for anarchy,  
or upholds anarchy as a social theory.  
**anarchy** (an'ar'ki), n. non-existence or  
incapability of governmental rule; a  
lawless condition of society; the theory  
of individual liberty.  
**anathrous** (an'ar'thrus), adj.



THE ALLEY CATS  
Nightmare City (Time Zone)

## THROBBING GRISTLE Greatest Hits (Industrial)

The pop band that couldn't help but  
burn up the charts for the last 4 years  
have called it quits. Read this and weep.  
All you poor teenyboppers are just going  
to face that the Throbs have folded.

But fear not, lost souls, as the Fab  
Four have left this parting token of  
synthetic marvels and inventions. Their  
Greatest Hits compile includes such in-  
ternational standars as "United?" "Sub-  
human" and "Hamburger Lady" (though  
strangely missing is their biggest hit  
of all, "We Hate You Little Girls"). No  
one has ever topped them in their origi-  
nality and it will be a long time when  
someone else nears.

Oh, such is life. Meanwhile, let's  
discuss what ever happened to those dar-  
lings of the obscure set, Fleetwood Mac.  
-Sean Dunhill



OK, OK. We have here an unqualified  
rave here. Or only slightly qualified.  
The Cats are part of the seemingly  
endless L.A. explosion. The most obvious  
comparison is to X--but this is largely  
on a lyrical level. Musical comparison  
could be, uh, restrained punk? Possibly  
on speedy acid? It doesn't matter, they're  
a tight, functioning and subtly original  
mindbusting machine. My only argument is  
with production, which seems to tone  
everything down. Diane Chai's singing is  
pure feline midnite wail. While Randy  
Stodatta's are I guess the word's upsetting.  
The lyrics are the best in years.

Sample: "Methadrine city/everybody's las-  
ing their heads/Dancind with the Devil/  
Waltzing with the Dead/The rich kids are  
zombies/They wonder around/Lobotomy morose  
in the lost & found? And you get a lyrics  
sheet too. Obviously, highly recommended  
-Dan Kinney

## CLOCK DVA Thirst (Petan)

A lot of this electronic existens  
music to lull, and the liner notes here  
are by Genesis P. Orridge just so every-  
body knows where the feet are planted.  
What they do on their own time is their  
business, but what they do with mine is  
on Blue Tone and the chilling "Four Hours  
a n anthem for all 9-to-5'ers: I must go  
to work/ I know where it is..."  
-Rbt. Emmett

## GHOST WRITERS Objects In Mirrors (Red)

I'm going to say a dirty word: Prog-  
ressive. Remember when it wasn't?

Anyway, the Ghostwriters are two  
musicians who make anyone who sneez at  
the word progressive, take a hike home.  
Similar to german duo Gluster, they are  
Charles Cohen on Bucla synth and Jeff  
Cain of Electrocop 500, noise boxes &  
madness. The combination of the two  
creates something really sublime, esp-  
ecially masterpieces like "Swizzle" an  
electronic rondo that will blow away

anyone else in the medium. -S. Dunhill

## THE RESIDENTS Mark Of The Mole (Ralph)

The 2nd major epic by the Residents  
has begun, and won't be over until some  
time in 1985. This, the first part, find  
the Residents continuing their epic man  
v. technology theme but add nature in  
as well (tough odds, I'sure).

Ambitious, what? Meanwhile, they are  
treading ground musically. But that's OK  
Face it, who's caught up with them yet?  
-S. Dunhill

## Contender RECORDS "The Better Label"

at 3rd St Jazz & Plastic Fantastic

Outsets

I'm searchin for you

Fever



Ivan Julian (ex-Void-Oid)  
Vin DeNunzio (ex-Richard Lloyd)

no deal-no sleep



CONTENDER RECORDS Rich Wolff

P.O. BOX 776-PHILA., PA. 19105



# THE DECLINE

of western civilization



-D. Kinney

LEE VING - "FEAR" "THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION"

This documentary by Penelope Speeris takes a wide shot angle at a very closed world, the L.A. punkerama. *Decline* is very well made-good cinematography, great sound. Features the Germs, Alice Bag Band, Circle Jerks, Black Flag, X, Catholic Discipline, Fear & a cast of thousands. There's cozy domestic scenes with Black Flag, Darby Crash, and X thrown in, too. Exene looks a lot better live than on film, by the by. A trip to *Slash* mag (RIP) is interesting, conversations with club owners are hilarious, full faced interviews with local street kids are, uh, intense. Kickboy Face is boring, but what the hell. Of the bands, Fear and X are far away the standouts (the Jerks ain't bad either). If given a chance, see this.

-Vague Conspiracy

JESUS! THIS MOVIE IS GREAT! I THINK! ANYWAY IT'S HONEST! SORT OF! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO WONDER! JESUS! WHAT STARTED AS AN EXPLOSION OF HEAT! ANGER! FEELING! FOR GOD'S SAKE! LO! THOSE MANY YEARS AGO! HAS DEGENERATED INTO A FUCKING SPIRAL DIVE! INTO YELLOW EYES! BEER BOTTLES! AND BODIES! THAT'S COOL, RIGHT! FUCK YOU! IT'S REAL! SO WHAT! SO'S CANCER!

JUST SO YOU KNOW! THIS IS A DOC ABOUT PUNK! CIRCA EIGHTY! CIRCA LOS ANGELES! IT'S TECHNICALLY EXCELLENT! SO WHAT! L. A.! RIGHT-O! BLACK FLAG! CIRCLE JERKS! X! GERMS! FLYING BEER BOTTLES! FLYING SPIT! BORED PSYCHOTICS! LET'S FIGHT! WHY NOT! FUCK YOU! THERE'S PIECES OF GLASS ALL OVER MY TYPEWRITER! WARM BEER! ON THE PAPER! HAVEN'T WE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE! WHAT'S THE POINT! WHO CARES! FUCK YOU! AT LEAST! IN ENGLAND! THEIR FIGHTING! FOR SOMETHING! HOW MANY PUNKS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHTBULB! TWENTY! ONE TO SCREW IT IN ONE TO HOLD THE LADDER! EIGHTEEN ON THE GUEST LIST! HA! HA! I THINK THAT'S FUNNY! DARBY CRASH O.D.ED AFTER THIS FILM! JUST LIKE SID! AFTER D.O.A.! NOW THEY'RE MOMMIES ARE COLLECTING THE ROYALTIES! HARDY! HARI! HARI! YOU'KNOW WHAT ELSE I THIN

(at this point the writer was put to bed snarling and bleeding from the ears).

TOWER

352-0313

69th & LUDLOW

THE DECLINE

of western civilization

ERASERHEAD

BLANK  
GENERATION

RUDE  
BOY

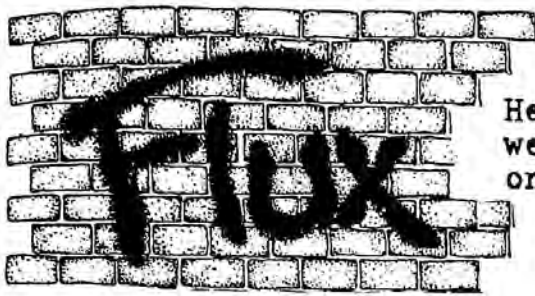
SCUM  
JUBILEE

coming  
soon



CALL FOR OUR NEW FALL PROGRAM



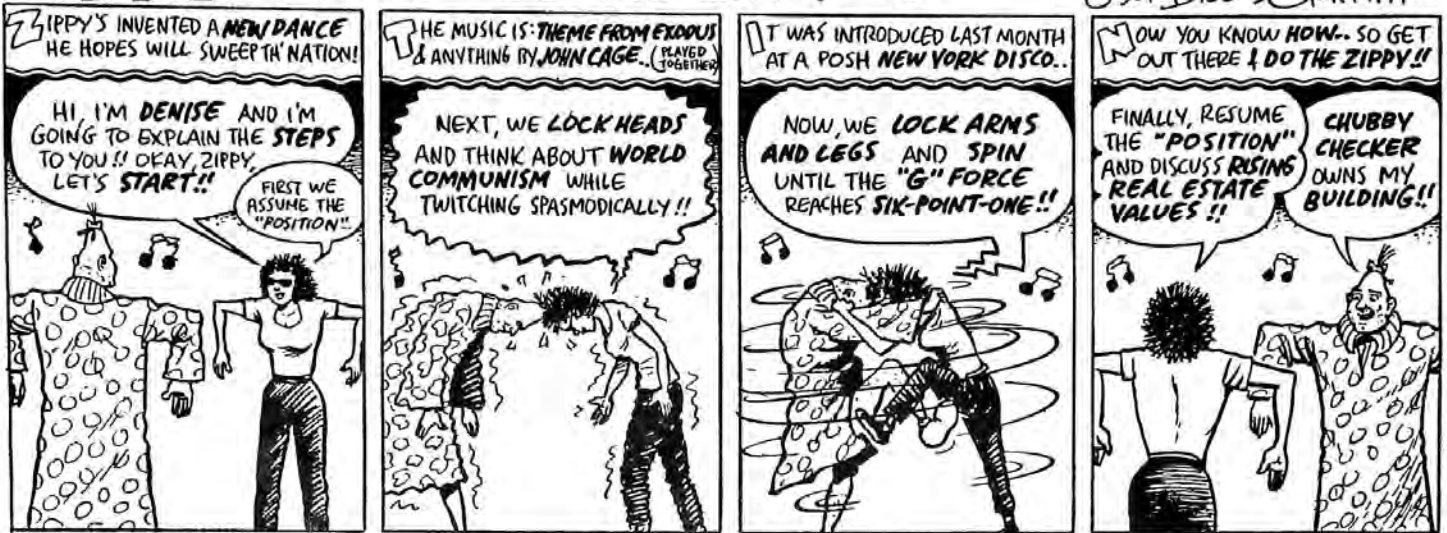


Here's your yuks dosage, gang. In case you think we rip these off somewhere, no way. Youse can only see 'em here.

## ZIPPY

## ♫ "DO THE ZIPPY" ♫

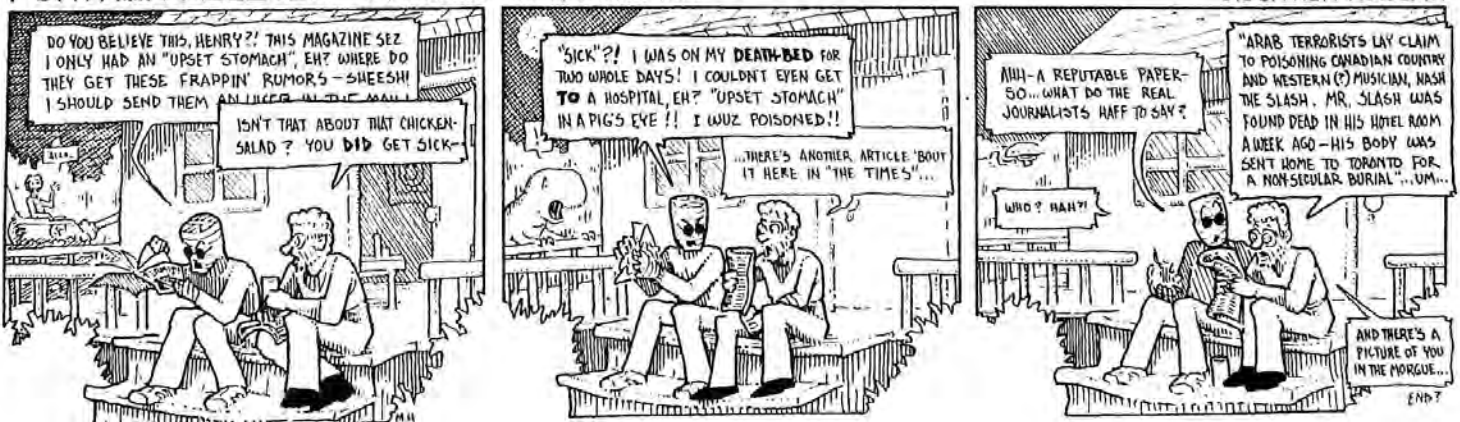
©1981 Bill Griffith



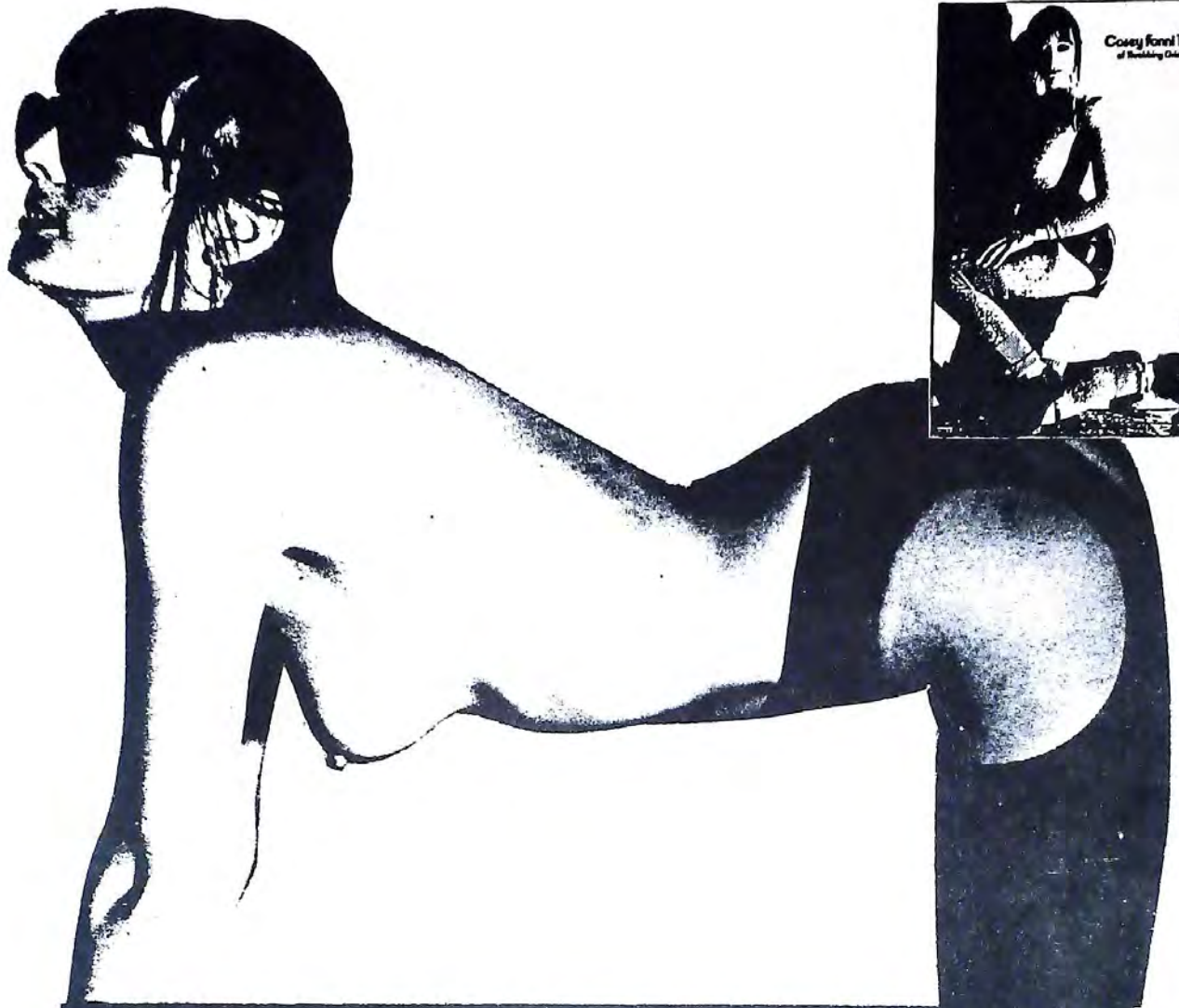
Jacy Webster '81

## FURTHER ALLEGED TRAVELS WITH HENRY

©1981 matt howarth







*Throbbing Gristle:  
The Mission is Terminated*