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STICKMEN

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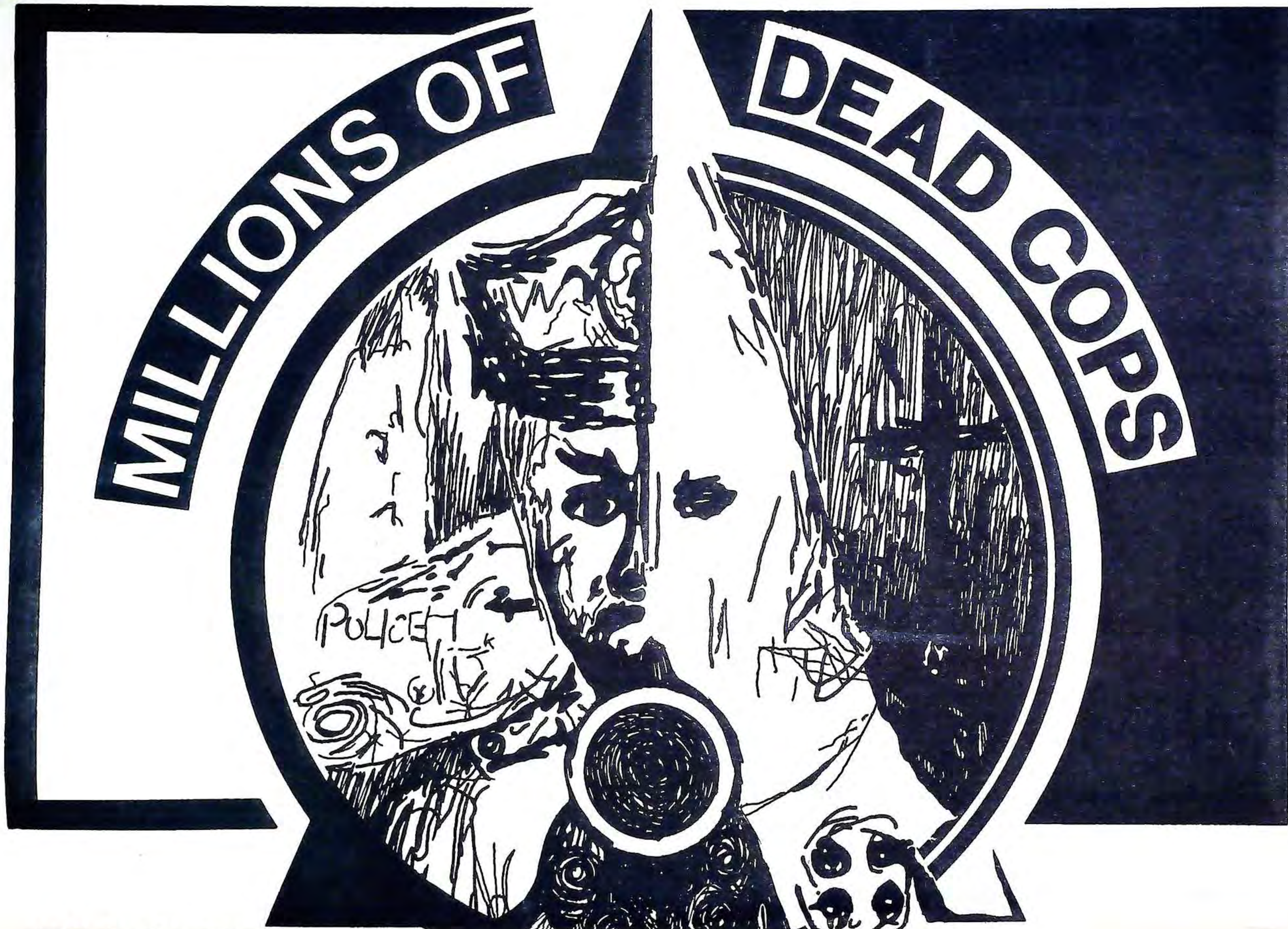
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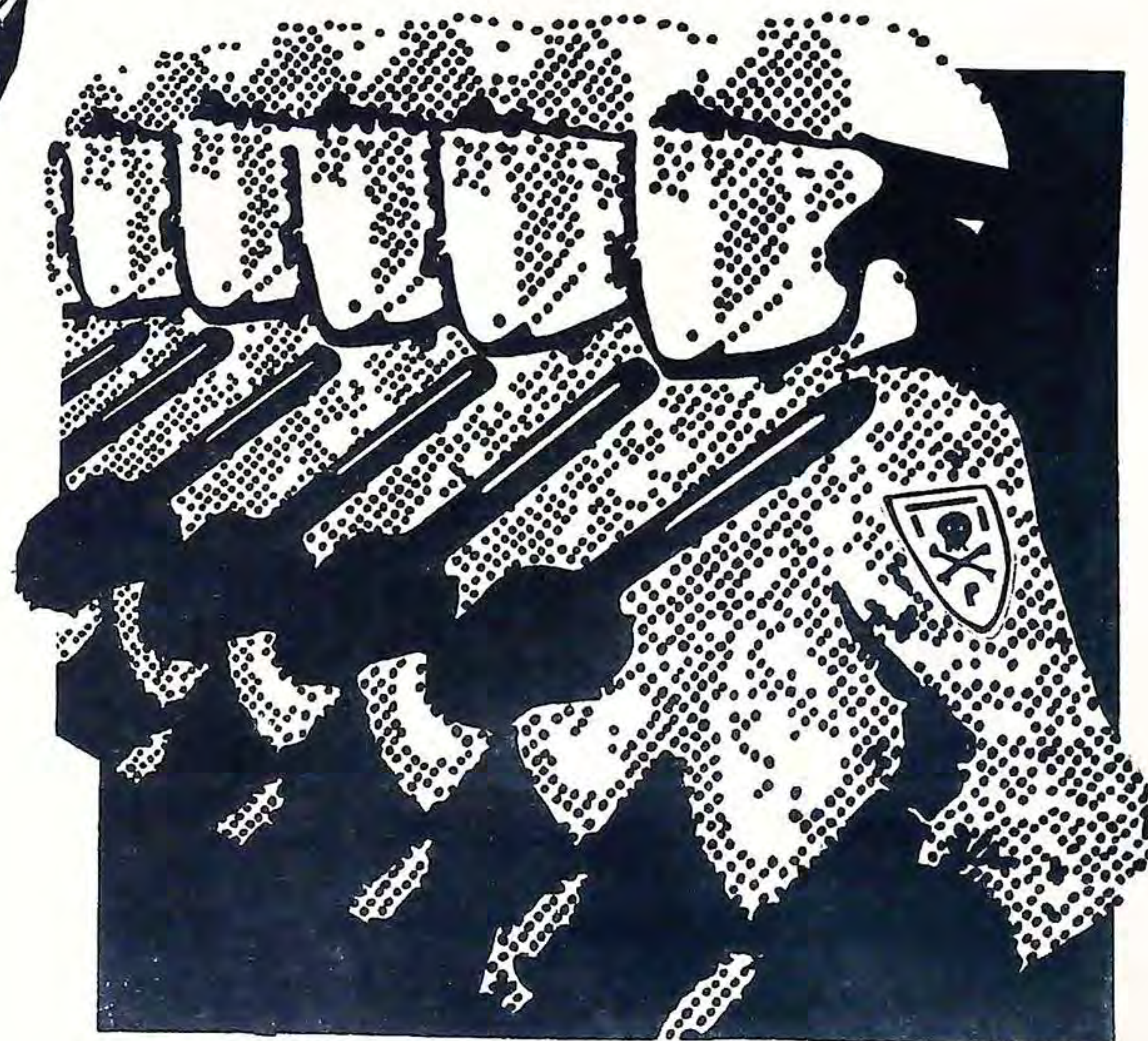


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we haven't printed WIRED!, or letter
section for the last 2 issues, we
still would like to here from you, and
hopefully WIRED! will return for our
next issue (we just got tired of read-
ing too many hand scrawled letters).

technological dirty tricks.

Disinformation

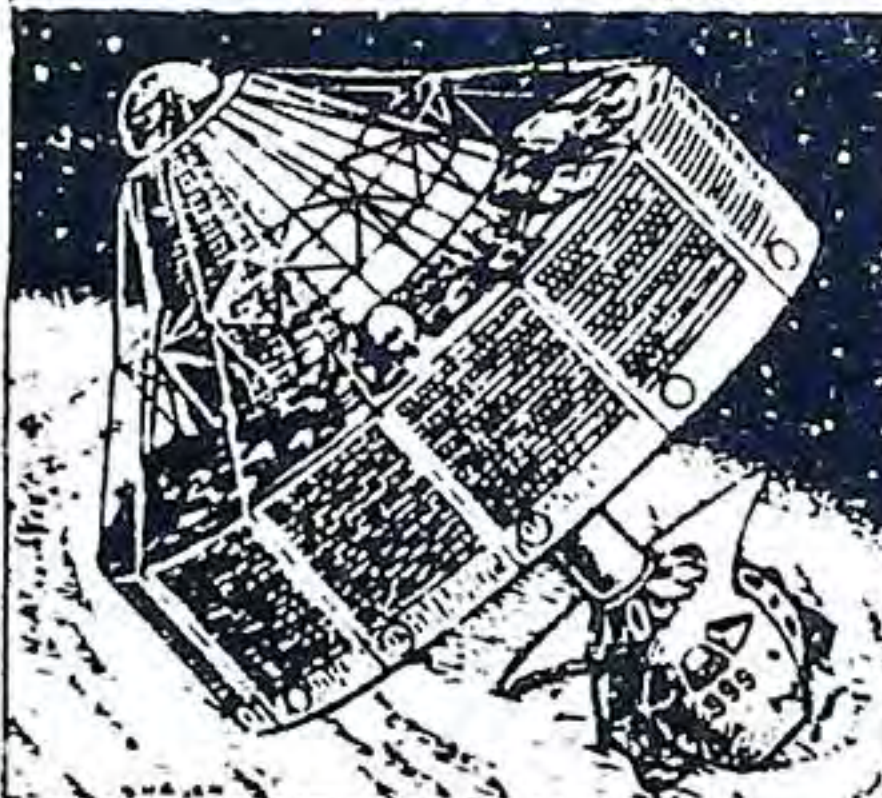
THIS ISSUE
DEDICATED
TO
STAPHERS

DAN KINNEY
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God.
[heehahohee]



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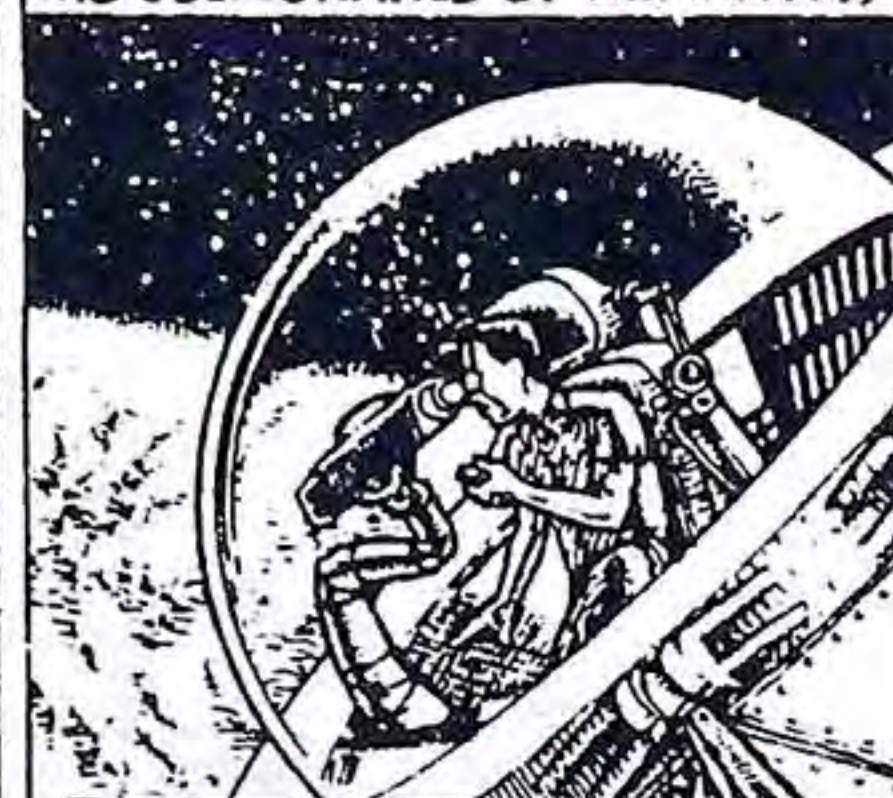


John Hagen

THE GUARDIAN MOUNTS AN
ATTITUDE OF AWARENESS.



SHOULDERING HIS SOLEMN BURDEN:
THE DELIVERANCE OF HUMANITY,



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS EMERGES FROM
HIS HIGH HOLY TRANCE WATCH...



ARTICLES

EARS
CHUCKO/SHOTNEWS
STICKMEN
AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR
BLACK FLAG
R.HELL/ LEE
MAXIMUM JOY
REDS
DEADKENNEDYS
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WKDU DJ's SPINNING



-by Bruce McClelland

When I persuaded the Terminal! powers that be to allow me to do this column it was ostensibly so I could write about how the so-called punk scene and its associated music was being viewed in the mass media, primarily TV and daily papers.

Well, three columns hence, and although I've railed about popular and massmed stances vis a vis contemporary popular and underground music, I haven't written one word on how the lords of the glass teat view you, the bizzaros who get more out of Flipper or Fear than in the Oak Ridge Boys or Chuck Mangione.

But I'm going to say it now so listen: YOU ARE MAKING NO MEANINGFUL IMPRESSION ON THEM. THEY DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOU THINK OR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY. THEY ARE ONLY CONCERNED WITH HOW YOU LOOK SINCE IT ISN'T LIKE THEM, AND BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU HANDY TO TROT OUT AND EXHIBIT AS FREAKS EVERY ONCE AND A WHILE.

And that's it. You're different, for God's sake. And different is difficult. Basically, nobody wants to accept different. And you don't look like most people, and you like music that most people, if they'd hear it, would hate. Your interests are minority interests. There is something wrong with you. Most especially because you appear THREATENING to people (which is good for TV, though) and don't mind if someone says 'fuck' in a song.

As a rule people judge other people by such things as the way they look or the words they use--by surfaces. Not because they're evil or anything but because it's easy. A person who has very short hair (remember when it was long hair that got you into trouble?), wears some kind of studded bracelet and thinks Black Flag is the ultimate looks like a menace. Sitting and listening to that person is too time consuming and too bewildering. "You don't like violence? But the way you look! And the dance that you do!" No, easier to assume that the person is a menace and leave it at that. Acceptance and tolerance are too much of a bother.

(There is a Catch-22 here that compounds the issue. Punks ARE menacing, but philosophically rather than physically. They mean to destroy dead and complacent modes of thought. But what bugs the public (when they're bugged at all; basically remember they don't care), and what they can not get past is that a punk looks like he wants to beat them up. It's this that TV exploits.)

Note that I've referred to acceptance of punks rather than understanding. I'm sick of efforts to 'understand' punks. They're pointless in essence and insincere in practise. Television doesn't want to understand but to only to take advantage of punk's public image (aha) in order to put on a show.

A show like Tom Snyder's PiL interview forever branded 'notorious' for the wrong reasons. Snots though they were, Lydon and Levene said much that made sense, like downing pop hero worship and articulating the basic punk ethos "there should be no difference between the people on stage and those in the audience". But how they said it deafened Snyder, who was too put off by their tone (which his ignorance encouraged) to hear their words. Yet it has entered legend that the blame for the 'failure' of this interview was all Lydon and Levene's. This despite the fact that Snyder showed in his questioning that he DIDN'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT PiL WAS. He actually didn't know. He had done no research at all and knew nothing of his interviewees beyond the ominous name 'the Sex Pistols'.



HINCKLEY SCHOOL SUMMER PROGRAM AND IT ONLY COST A FEW Hours of Freedom Every Day!

Ignorance and poor research are typical of television examinations of punk.

Snyder's show also once featured Rona Barret's idiotic punk expose, which featured lots of Plasmatic footage and Rona's misconstruing some punk shouts of "Seig Heil" which were meant to taunt cops who had closed a Black Flag concert.

Then there was Phil Donahue's punk-meet-the-housewives fun fest, in which a woman, horrified by sights like spiked hair and leather jackets (a fear that goes back to The Wild One) proclaimed "I'd rather have my daughter come home on drugs than look like that!" She meant it, too. Need any more proof that it's surface and not substance that concerns people?

All the punk buzzwords were hauled out on Donahue: drugs, violence, Nazis, self-mutilation. And further illustrating the ignorance of the hosts on these programs Donahue quoted from song lyrics, I suppose in an effort to demonstrate how scary punks were. He quoted the first verse of "Nazi Punks Fuck Off"; apparently without grasping its obvious message. Donahue read the song's title as "Nazi Punk" which brought a correction from the guest Chicago punk contingent. 'That word' was said and the punks lost the hausfrau contingent for good. ('Fuck really bothers some people, who can't understand that to other people it doesn't mean anything at all.)

Humor high point of the show was when Donahue introduced a clip of the Circle Jerks from the DECLINE...film by saying, "These are the Penelope Spheeris" (!)

Another show did what Donahue did not, had some people from actual bands on. A chance for some articulate conversation, right? Wrong, because the program took these good people and typically fucked them over in order to create the desired circus atmosphere. What show was this? Why Philadelphia's own PEOPLE ARE TALKING, hosted by that junior league Phil Donahue, Morry Povitch. Members of Informed Sources, Pretty Poison and other bands were carted out for all to gawk at. The ignorance factor again: If you look a certain way you're a punk. You're of one mind too. TV certainly doesn't want to bother its viewers with distinctions, either musical, philosophical or stylistic. These programs I've mentioned are there to ENTERTAIN, you know. They merely POSE as information shows, and they feel that real information would bore and confuse their viewers.

So as was, PEOPLE ARE TALKING never got beyond the "Why do you look like that?" stage. There was a lot of shouting, people tlaking at once, (hey, it's the name of the show), parents singing the praises of those 'clean-cut kids' on DANCIN' ON AIR (surfaces) and Povitch suggesting that radio doesn't play New Music because it isn't any good.

Oh, brother. People are talking but they sure are not listening.

It was sideshow time, which was all it was meant to be. The bands were duped. The people were duped (So what else is new?) The freaks were paraded --a good hours worth of entertainment between the soaps. "Well, we've tried to understand you" concluded Povitch with a verbal shake of the head.

"We've tried to understand you!"
Yeah, right.

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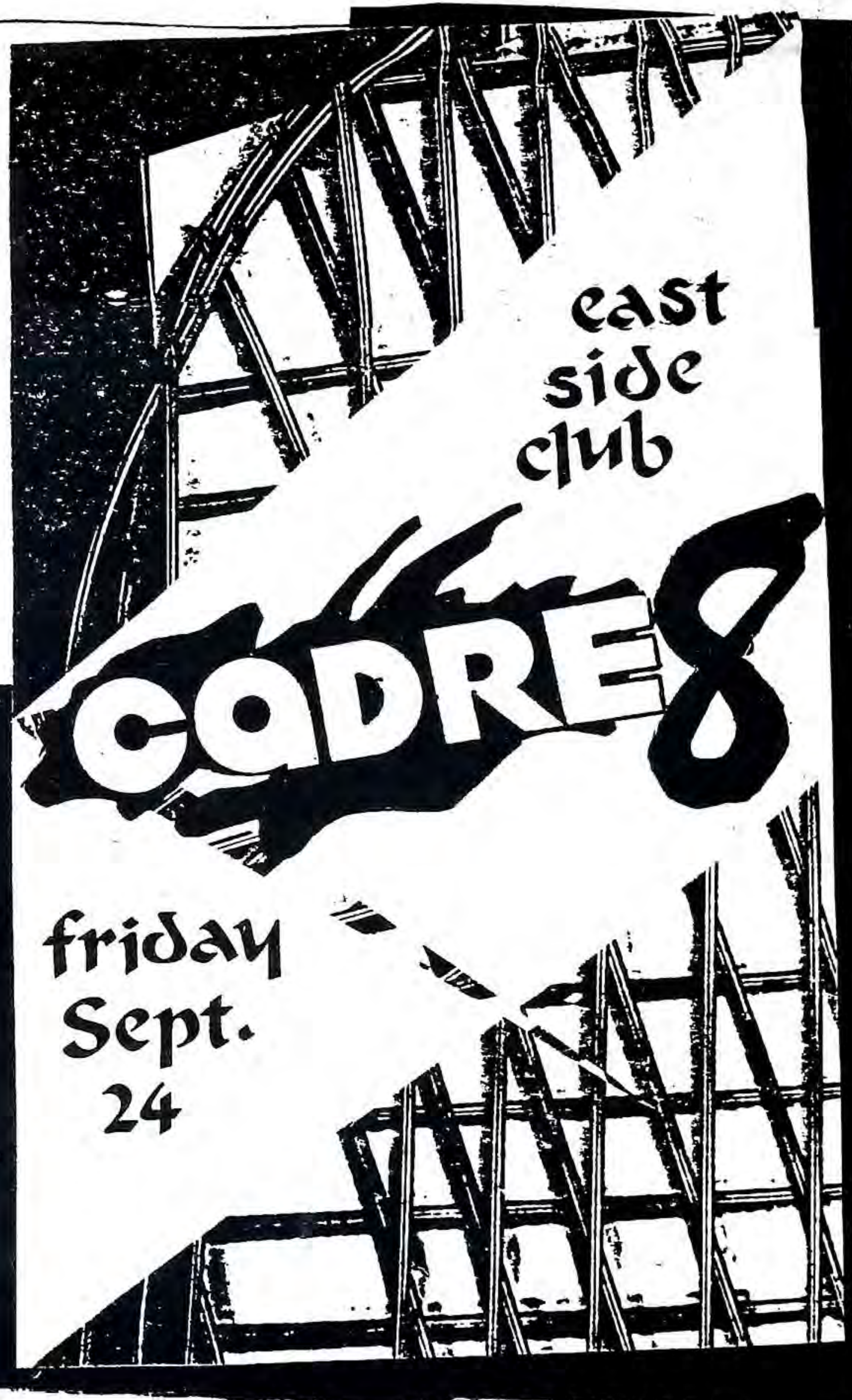
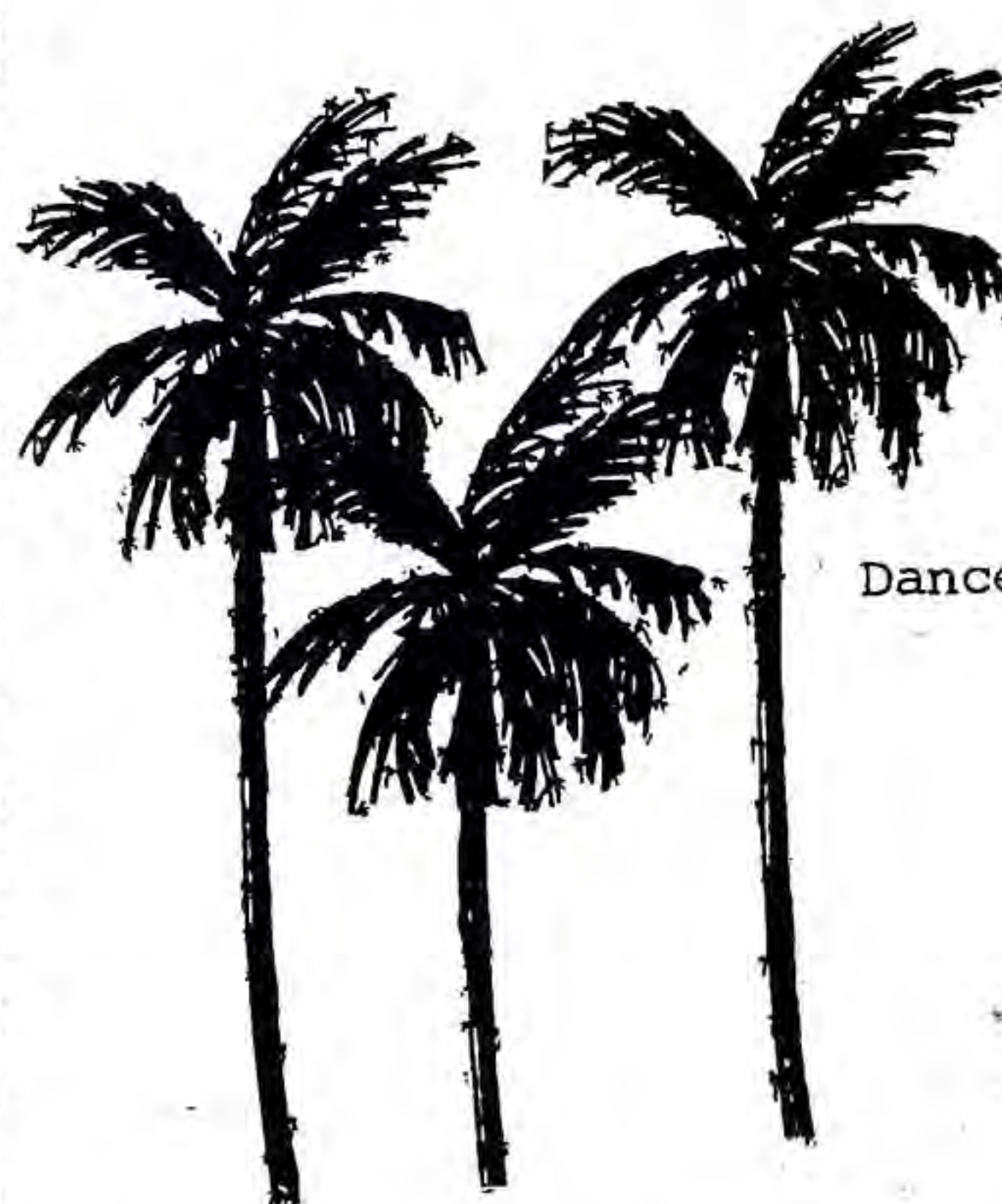
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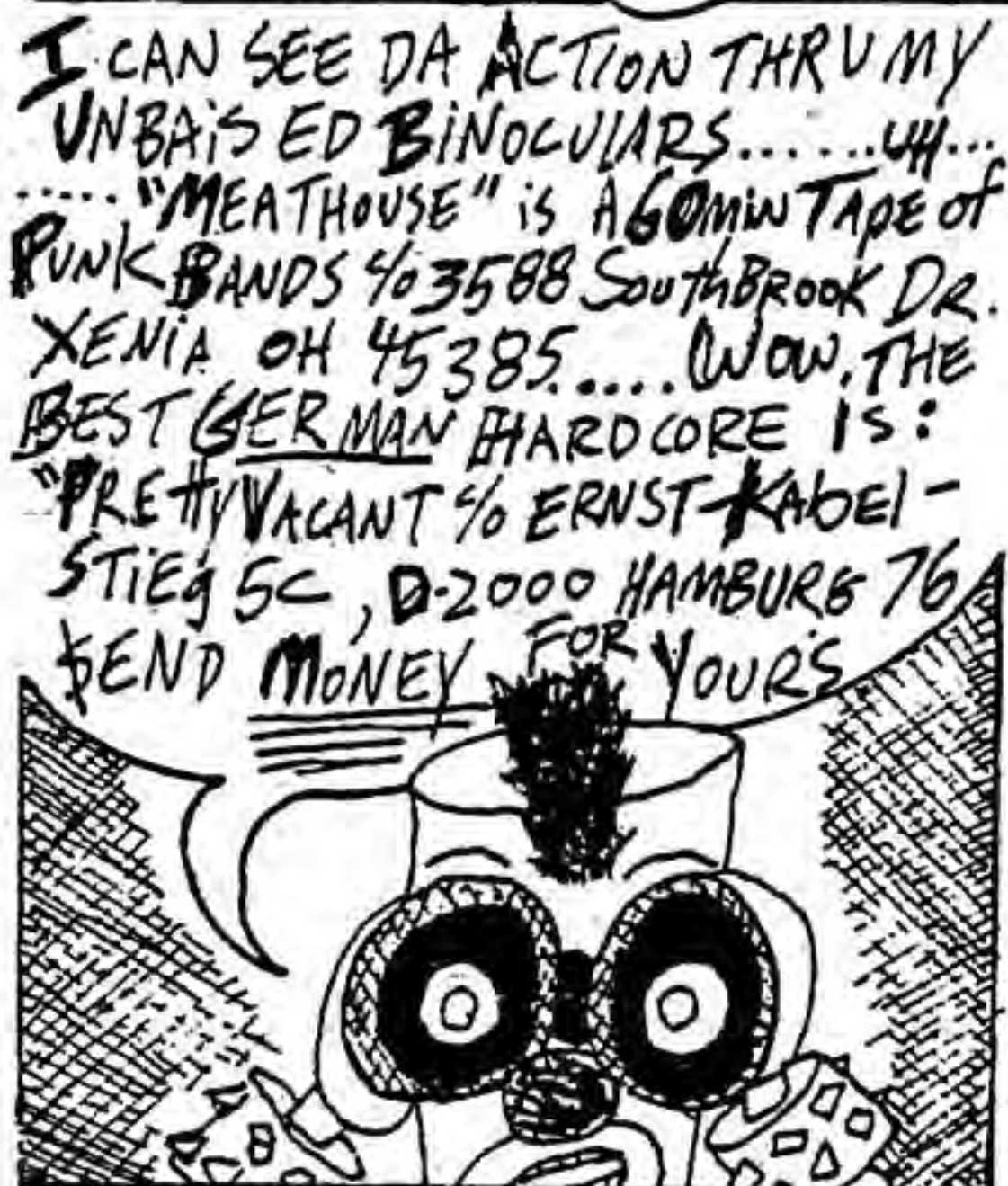
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BIG NEWS OF THE MONTH: THE RESIDENTS ARE COMING! There first ever national tour will primarily concern the Mole Trilogy and some new material called "Intermission Music". The date is set for Nov. 8 at Ripleys....Derf Scratch kicked out of Fear for bad habits... **MINISTRY** has signed to Arista records and will releasing new LP before year's end. New member of the band is Vince Eli, formerly of the Psychedelic Furs....L.A. band to watch out for: **Dream Syndicate**...**BAUHAUS** have definately signed to A&M and will be releasing third LP between Oct. & Nov.; tour in the works...**PIL** also now on Stiff with Lydon and Levine definately being rejoined by Martin Atkins as well as new member Kevin Locke (formerly **COWBOYS INT'L.**)...**DISCHORD** Records soon releasing **VOID/FAITH LP**, **SS DECONTROL**, & **Iron Cross 45**...**NEW LABEL** to watch out for: **ANIMAL** (Subsidiary of Chrysalis). First three LP's to be **IGGY POP: Zombie Birdcage, GUN CLUB: MIAMI, and JAMES CHANCE: Sax Maniac; DEAD KENNEDY'S LP** due in October on Alternative Tentacles as well as **MAXIMUM ROCK 'N ROLL**...**CAPTAIN BEEFHEART** has released his first single in 10 years with unreleased B-Side on Epic. He's also released his first LP in 2 yrs. with **ICE CREAM FOR CROW**.

LOCAL NEWS: Jacy Webster, former Terminal! cartoonist as well as vocalist of King Of Siam has suddenly resurfaced in Berkeley, CA where he's joined a Quaker Juggling Troupe (no kidding)...meanwhile King Of Siam has added two new members in Alice Cohen (Morroccos, The Vels) on vocals and keyboards and Dan Kelly on guitar and vocals...**TRANSFACTOR EP** due out in October...**INFORMED SOURCES & AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR LP & EP** are near completion...**COSMETIC** to release third single end of Sept/early Oct. "My Heart Spoke to You" a guaranteed WDAS hit...**SADISTIC EXPLOITS** working on second 45...**CADRE 8** working on first 45...**BUNNYDRUMS LP** due anyday...**KING OF SIAM LP** will happen when it does...**STEPHAN SPERA** to release solo EP...**WET SPOT** to Reopen this month with improvised music schedule still intact...**MAGAZINE FRONT: FLIGHT 90** getting bigger every issue and somehow is the only monthly in this town...Rumor of second **ATD** on the streets...**POSEUR** in limbo until the Doctor decides to release his next salvo...**WKDU** hopefully planning more shows at Pagano's...

Rasta culture

THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY THE GO

No More Herocratic Repatriation:

No More Herocratic Repatriation... De I happens to be a man know say Babylon is every-where. On de face of de Earth. Everywhere you an yu passport go. An de I happens to be a man nuh want to be like no one else but de I sell. Seen? When it come to Tribu now is either de I join de whole a dem or else de I nuh join none a dem whatsoever. Seen? Dunt falla leaders. Neither watch parkin meters. Fa both is a waste of time. Which is A valuable commodity. Now when I land I want to see two Gizeh, an few Elephant, an one or two kangaroo. An so on. Is nat any ordinary airport dat, Africa dat Papa. I nuh even know de name of commercial location whey de people dem name it. One ting I know Ah Africa dat. Suppm I see. Hear me man. I dun know say is pure Highway an Freeway an Driveway dem a gwaan wid inna certain part man. Dem ting deh reach Africa lang time I judgy. Nuh feel no way. But thru I look thru inner eyes das how I come to prophesy. **PROPHESI**. So fram I set my mind pan Gizeh, to be frank I gaan clear. It come a time, in remembrance of Marcus, dat I an I get fe see say Govanmen ave nuh interest inna Rasta works fe do w here dem suppose fe do. Jah will work it out. Nuh halfie see wha a gwaan behine nuh seen? Who ave yes, they will see. A government is a g-vernment. Nothing else. De Irit of nuff dreadlocks never partake of certain Herocratic Repatriation ceremonies. Caa suppm nuh right. There is but one way to repatriate. Love the life yu live. Nuh maita what a wickid one wazan say. He does not love the life he does not live.

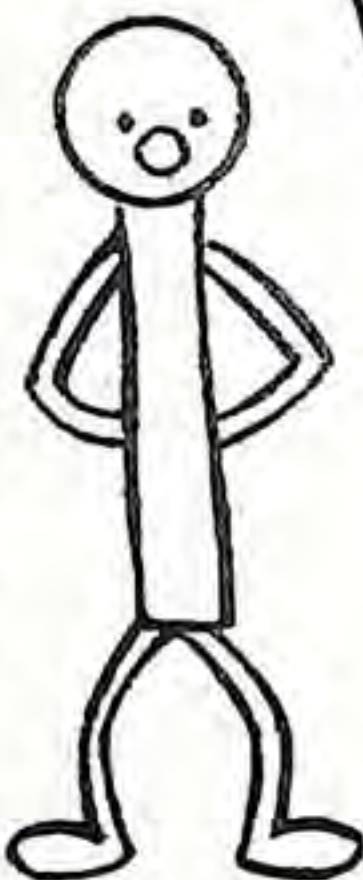
So is something within. Regardless, yu still halfie pay yu passage. An go deh. Fa dat is de price yu ha fe pay. Whosoever want to be de leader, let him first repatriate. And by his word all else who seek repatriation will follow. I know a bredrin who sing. An chu him sing, dat is de price him pay fe him passage. An him reach, caa yu see it inna him face. All ova Earth. De ting bout repatriation, when yu buy yu ticket an go ova deh so yu find say a nuh repatriation dat. Afia dat now yu start find out wha name repatriation. Then yu see say yu did know, all de time. But someone or something caust yu to forget. Thru yu new enviynment an surroundings. An de new faces of de same people. So de I nuh expect de Govanment fe help nuffin like dat. Fa de distance between I an I, an Govanment is de same distance between repatriation an slavery.

ATHENS, OH 45701

POB 701

GO ON TO THE NEXT PAGE

STICKMEN



THE STICKMEN

-by Fran Soir

What do you say about the Stickmen? Everything seems to have been said by now.

Everyone must have heard them by now.

Everyone must have seen them by now. Their supernatural soul has been spreading itself through our psyches for a long time. It took some people longer than others to get the point, but most of them finally got there.

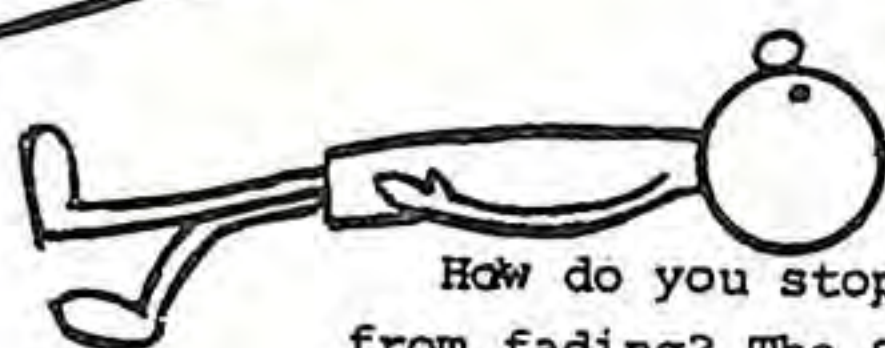
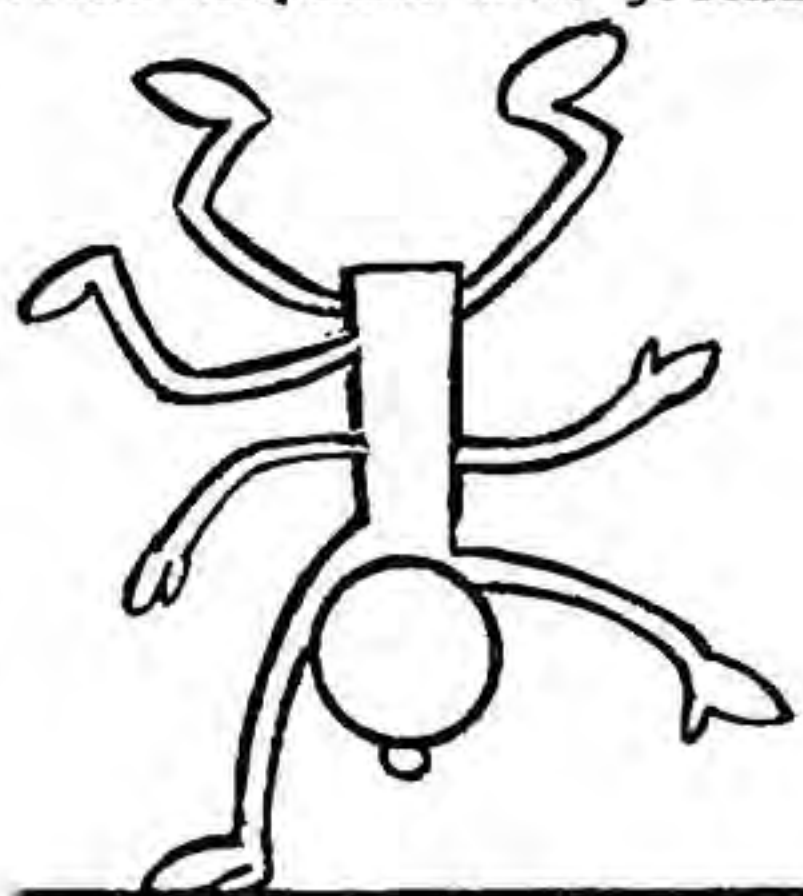
Sometime last year the Stickmen reached a critical point in their career. The right combination of music and musicians gave them a steadiness of performance. They were finally capable of capturing the hearts and feet of their audience. They discovered how to write hits (in their own fashion) and the people followed them. The Stickmen's irresistible combination of mind and motion finally grabbed those people who were afraid to let go and let themselves be taken over. They had Philly dancing away their nights to dance music with a bite.



Now after the release of their long delayed album they are ready for Step Two. THIS IS THE MASTER BREW, although flawed in the sound department, is still a good record. The poor mix unfortunately prevents the disc from being an accurate representation of

the Stickmen sound. Luckily the idiosyncrasies of the band give the record a uniqueness which makes it stand out immediately above the rest.

Pete Baker's vision of a "psycho-soul" is at last seeing fruition. The soul got your feet moving and slowly the psycho is being injected. Have you listened to any of their newer songs? The funk is disappearing. The sound is becoming free of its more obvious moorings and can move along lines of its own. It stretches here, it snaps back there...the whiplash will getcha every time.

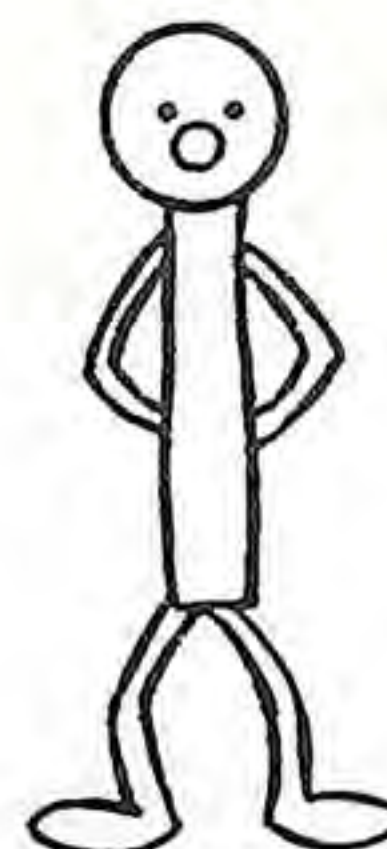
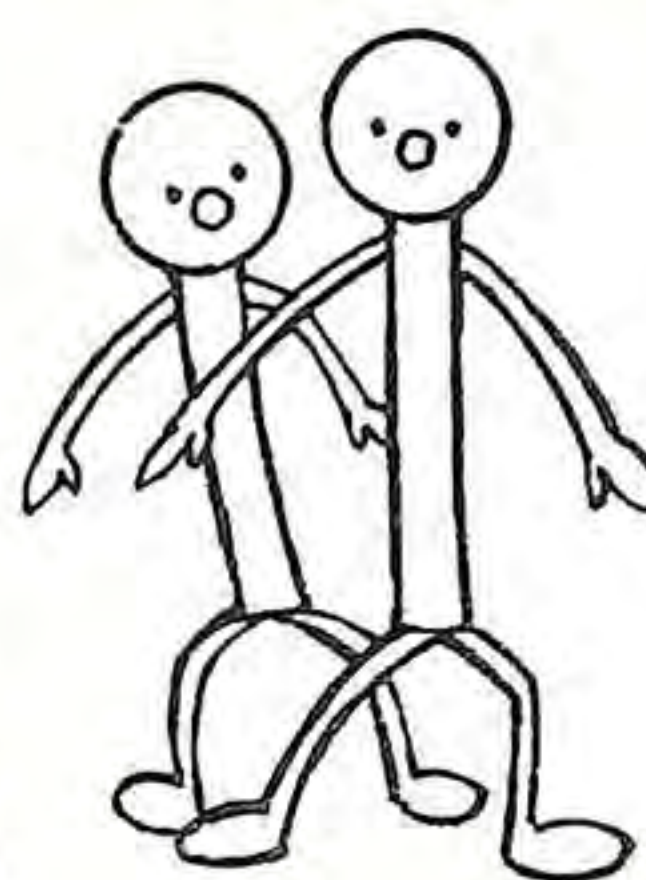


How do you stop a vision like this from fading? The Stickmen's history is almost an object lesson in survival. Their earlier days (5 years?) were spent experimenting, learning, finding

the right textures, musicians, instrumentation, movements. Trial and error. What Pete wanted has never really changed. The core of Pete and B.A. Lejman has always been the center of this particular universe. Finding people sympathetic to this stuff took more than a little while. Chuck Matern's horn's were added for some irregularity in a few songs and now without his presence there wouldn't be a loss which most people couldn't even imagine. Jim Meneses' drums and Bill Bradfield's bass are maybe the perfect Stickmen rhythm section. They have been called "the center of the earth" by someone who would know.

When you get to this place, performances can become boring carbon copies of each other. The Stickmen have managed to keep their freshness by constantly including new songs, surprising arrangements. Their consistency of performance is staggering. They are never bad, sometimes they're shattering.

A plethora of outside projects keep this band alive. Pete's Disco Seance, with its varying personnel (including some Executive Slacks) play occasion-



ally. This music is a rhythm too extreme for most but it is amazing what fans will put up with.

B.A. has the Heathens with some of King Of Siam. Short, sharp, hardcore, avant punches of sound with a sense of humor that completely bypasses most. She also has the Wild Women Of Wongo. This ritual must be seen to be believed (sorry for the cliché, but...). Loincloth clad men beating drums and girls worshipping a Queen. It's no use, I can't describe it.

Jim Meneses' long standing interest in improvisational music assures his frequent performances and involvement with the Wet Spot, a space devoted to this kind of performance.

These projects aren't for everyone but with the Stickmen at the point of take off, they are a necessary diversion. Once can easily become disenchanted as a member of a band in which the element of chance is kept under strict control.

Well, everyone in Philly likes them anyway. It's a puzzle to most why they can't gig regularly outside the city. A scheduled small tour with Pigbag this Spring fell apart. They did break ice though with the powers that be with an Electric Factory gig opening for Gang Of Four. Now they plan a small min-tour of the South covering D.C., the Carolinas, Virginia and maybe Atlanta the end of August. The record will, if anything, lead to bigger and better things.

And just in time too, Just in time to stop them from becoming a fixture. Fixtures get taken for granted and this band is too good for that fate.

Success, of course, seems to make people hate bands. Fortunately for all of us and them, their intensity and quirkiness will prevent them from ever being huge (Blondie is a ridiculously removed example of this principle at work). The Stickmen will never be boring enough for WCAU or Muzak versions of "Do Get Down".

The Stickmen are poised on the brink of becoming "the next big thing". Once this passes, they have enough creativity and sense of purpose to keep their momentum going and survive in this faddish scene. The Funk is already passing but the Stickmen won't pass with it. They know you have to grab those feet first and the rest will follow. Survival will no longer be a problem.

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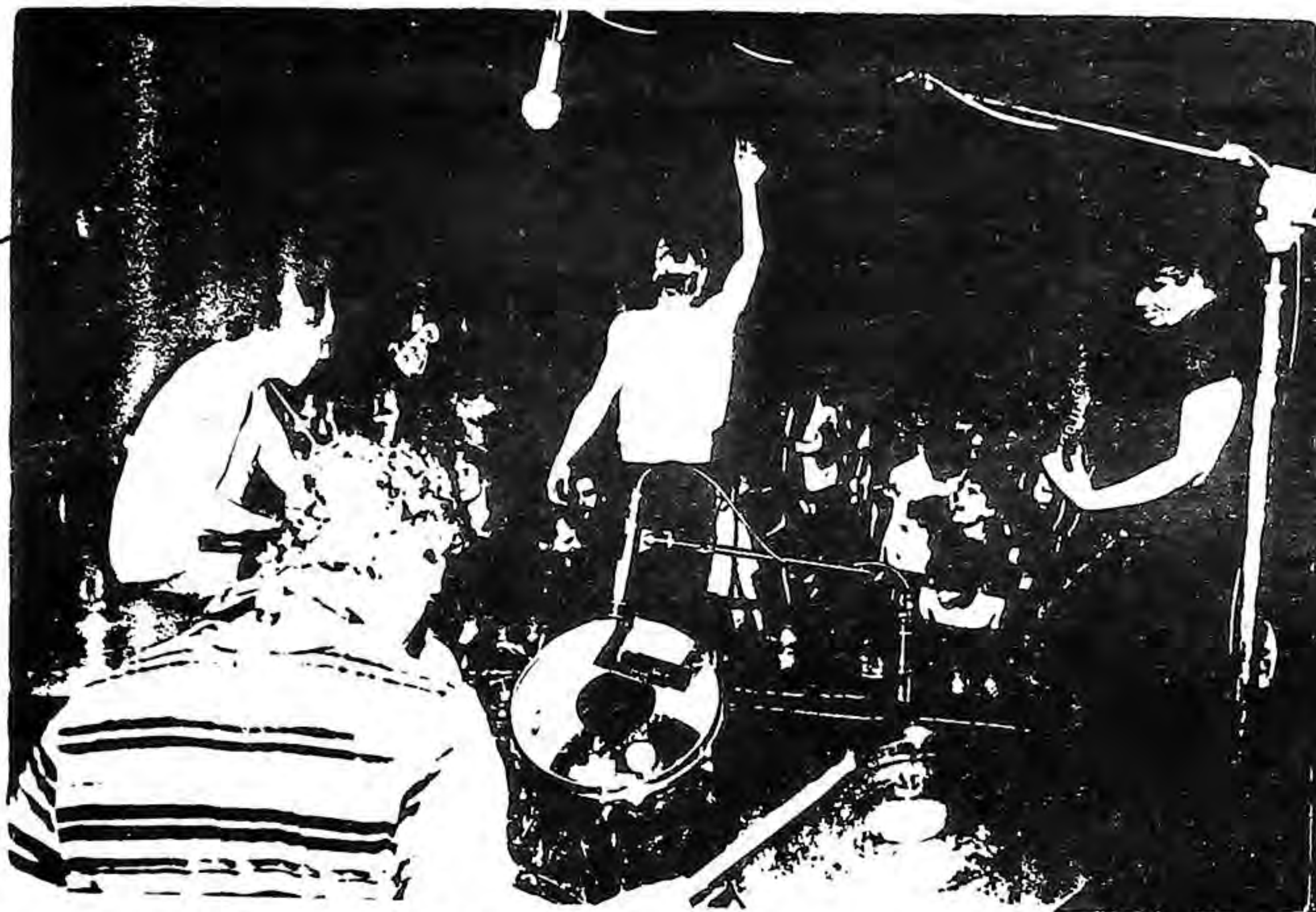
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Autistic Behavior

-by Steven Eye

Autistic Behavior, a concept determined to break down the barriers of conformity, and programed allegiances in the youth of today. It's war cries are: individuality, diversity, intensity, obscurity and compassion. The message is brought to the youth in the form of the music. Four different identities compose this musical force. Their destinies were fused in the Summer of '80 in a small town in Central Jersey called Jackson. The rebellious music of punk ideology served as inspiration and motivation for them to stand up and make their own voices heard.. Spreading their message has been a long and rough journey, but has only served to strengthen their convictions. As they continue to expand their directions they discover new doorways to untapped energy. Autistic Behavior is a vital and explosive experience that brings "temporary music" to the world today. Don't miss them if they're in your town.

The following AB views have been conducted individually. All answers can not be included because of space.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST START PLAYING MUSIC?
John B: I started in fourth grade playing snare drums for school and then in eighth grade I got my drum set.

John S: The first time I sang seriously was when I joined the band. I had wanted to sing with a band for a long time but no one would give me the chance.

Craig S: About five or six years ago I started playing electric guitar.

Wayne R: 3 years ago I started playing electric guitar.

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO START A BAND?

WR: The Sex Pistols music because I felt there was a good feeling of individuality in it, and I was inspired to stand up and give people my ideas and beliefs on individuality. Their music totally psyched me up to get out and do something and participate.

HOW DID YOU GUYS GET TOGETHER?

WR: At first it was only John B. and I because we were the only punks in high school. Then John B. met John S. when they were both working at Great Adventure. Craig was introduced to us later.

WHAT IS THE CONCEPT BEHIND YOUR NAME?

CS: I thought of the name because of the way people reacted to us.

WR: A lot of people think that are name is negative, like we are making fun of Autistic kids. We don't intend to make fun of those kids. We think that in a way we are like them. because we are weird, different and in our own world.

HOW DID PEOPLE REACT TO YOUR MUSIC AT FIRST?

WR: Before people knew about thrashing they would do some sort of wild pogo extravaganza.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR FIRST MAJOR GIG.

WR: That was with Delta 5 at City Gardens, where we played in front of 500 Disco Funkadelics, and there we were playing this radical music.

JB: I wasn't scared, I loved it. I looked out and saw all those people and said, yeah!! they all came to see us, but I knew it wasn't true.

JS: It was a real big rush for me, because I was expecting one thing and the other happened. I went out there, real nervous, but as soon as I walked on stage I lost the nervous feeling. From that experience I learned to be more confident with myself.

HOW DOES THRASH MUSIC AFFECT YOUNG KIDS?

CS: I think a lot of times it misleads them, and I wish it didn't. It's great to have intense music to get your point across, but a lot of people don't listen to the lyrics, or don't try to understand them, and that's where people get mislead.
JB: It fucking motivates them.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF KIDS CLONING PUNK FASHION?

JS: It's like everything else people clone, they'll grow out of it when they realize cloning is for robots.

CS: I think it's pretty silly, it defeats the purpose of what we're all talking about.

WHAT WORDS WOULD YOU USE TO DESCRIBE THE IDEAS YOU TRY TO EXPRESS IN YOUR MUSIC?

JS: Agression, mystery.

CS: Strange, different, haunting, serious.

WR: Individuality, youth, energy, participation, originality, musicality.

WHO ARE YOUR MUSICAL INFLUENCES?

JB: Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, PiL, DK's Germs.

JS: Yes, Lou Reed, and a lot of the new thrash and dance music.

WR: King Crimson, Black Flag, T.S.O.L

CS: Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Magazine, Ramones, Wire, PiL Stranglers Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys.

HOW DO YOUR SONGS COME ABOUT?

WR: Sometimes the words come first and sometimes the music.

CS: It's always different. I never know how it will come about.



WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCE?

WR: Playing the music right and getting a good reaction from the audience.

CS: If we're into it, and we like what we're doing.

JS: Having a good time and leaving the performance with a good feeling.

JB: If you send the people home wanting more, than you are successful. If the people go away saying, glad that was over, then you've failed.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PHILADELPHIA SCENE?

JS: It's a little slow, but it's coming around. There's not really a whole lot of places to play and most of them require you to be 21 to get in.

JB: In Philly people thrash to have fun.

CS: I like to play there, and I have a lot of friends in Phila.

WR: It's a lot better than people think. There's a lot more going on here than people realize.

WHAT PART DOES RADIO PLAY IN THE SCENE?

CS: The radio is doing us a lot of good. Many people hear us for the first time on the radio.

WR: WKDU is a major gear in the machine. They are one part that is really trying to help.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE COUNTRY?

JB: If you listen to the news it seems like we're on the verge of destruction but I just follow the sports so I couldn't say for sure.

JS: It's the greatest country. I would not live anywhere else.

CS: It's shaped wrong.

WR: I am pro American. I don't think the country is the way it should be but it's the best we have.

45. I do not always tell the truth.

30. At times I feel like swearing.

13. I work under a great deal of tension.

39. At times I feel like smashing things.

5. I am easily awakened by noise.

24. No one seems to understand me.

9. I am about as able to work as I ever was.

252. No one cares much what happens to you.

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BLACK FLAG

-by Stevie Mercy

BLACK FLAG. Perhaps the most maligned, misunderstood and controversial band of the past six years. As leaders --but only from the standpoint of creating the archetypal and oft copied sound--of the So. Cal. hardcore movement, they've received an awful slagging from non-afficiandos for the violence and havoc that has tainted the genre. They've refused responsibility for the actions of their followers and have disassociated themselves from all movements: they want only to communicate their own ideas. Black Flag stands for individualism. Should they bear the burden of anyone else's actions? Would you? Would I? Fucking right we wouldn't.

On the recording front, B.F. has met with resistance from both critics and zits alike. Harking back to their second e.p. "Jealous Again" one tune, "White Minority" had them branded as bigots. Satire is often missed. Even on the brilliant **DAMAGED**, assholes like **CREEM's** Billy Altman are unable to separate what is said from the actual meaning conveyed. MCA refused distribution of the lp. On the record reads a sticker "as a parent, I found it an anti-parent record!" It might have said, "as an asshole, I found it an anti-asshole record!" This was after Black Flag issued it themselves, keeping to their DIY ethic. Again, their strong commitment to their individualism, the recurring theme of what this band stands for. Doesn't Anarchy mean individualism? And the black flag stand for anarchy?

On a horrible rainy Friday evening in early June, myself and another stapher (who due to fugitive status has requested anonymity--which I'll gladly break if you send me \$5 c/o this rag's address) piled into the band's trusty van and drove off to a local pig-sty for din-din and an interview. Bassist Chuck Dukowski expounded on many ideas, and Greg Ginn spent most of his time on the phone--which limited his comments. We also chatted with vocalist Henry Rollins and guitarist, Dez Cadena, while drummer Emile (ex-Descendents, see the Chunks ep) took it all in.

TI: Did you expect to be spearheading a movement? It seems some people have set you up to be leaders.

CHUCK DUKOWSKI: I didn't expect to be head of a movement and all that, in the sense of what you're saying. At the same time I did try to set an example and that's what people are following.

TI: I hear a definite sound from this band that others are trying to copy.

CD: Well it seems like that because you're coming from the outside but for us, it's coming from the inside. The influences are many and varied. There's no real limitations that know of. When bands attempt to emulate us, if they're good at it they can come close to what's been done, but you can never do what we're trying to do. It's the same in literature and painting and all other arts. As well as sports and anything else in life. It's good that kids try and sound like the band but they should try and get their own thing done. Sometimes that's hard, but when you open up that door in your head and it's like you find this big black empty room in there. You're scared to go inside because it's dark.

TI: The extra hair and beards, was that done on purpose?

HENRY ROLLINS: It's just there, it grows. You cut your hair and it grows.

CD: There's a couple of people who think it's hypocritical. Some persons idea of what the New Order should look like. Or being a thing like all of the things we're not.

TI: When I was on the West Coast I noticed a difference in people's attitudes in reacting to others. Here it seems to be "Wow, I'm hardcore" and missing the boat.

CD: I don't get into that.

TI: In all things it seems some get things right and others wrong.

CD: Well, what's right or wrong? Right and wrong is not the way things are.

In terms of music you get into something stylistic. In terms of attitude you've got something there, but that comes in terms of culture, it covers what people feel is important. I think everybody has their own capabilities of doing their own ideas. The tendencies of the environment are to follow the accepted and close the door for people who want to work it their own way. That's something to be worked against. The ones that play by the rules are the ones that get all the gigs, that get the poontang, the whole thing. We're not into that for ourselves. All you can really say is what rules? All I know with my music is I have enough trouble with my own rules. I'm not going to live with other people trying to give me theirs.

TI: What did you think of England?

HR: I thought the people were real cold. The weather was cold, the people were cold. the whole thing was cold.

People just don't have the guts to stand up and follow their own instincts or emotions. But if you talk to some of these kids alone, they'll be real cool, but once they get into a group, they'd be staring at you and spitting at you and telling you to go home. Then backstage they'll be going you guys are great and la-de-da. While five minutes before the ones saying this are the same ones that are spitting at me. People in the press have started to like us because the Punk Audience has OK'd it.

D: You see in England music is at a standstill, at least stylistically and probably mentally. It's like bands are screaming that we're this or we're that and because of the way we look or that we don't play the correct sounds, or at least what is correct for them. Most people would come and stare and then they would get caught up with it. They're afraid to try to think for themselves. But the record is getting out there and it's doing well. We're setting up our own office over there and we already have a record out there on Alternative Tentacles.

It reminded me of when I first started playing in Hollywood, somewhere around '77-'78. People were telling me to go get my Devo glasses and leopard skin together. C'mon, you know? Fuck that.

TI: What changes is the band going through musically and stylistically?

CD: I'd really say that we're always trying to challenge ourselves. There's never been two songs that sound exactly alike. There's always a great number of input into every song. It's basically input, integration and final dissemination.

TI: Are you going through any major influences now?

CD: It's like so varied. It's incredibly varied. Iggy for overtly what a guy should do. Then there's also like AM radio.

TI: How does a new member (Emile) affect changes within the band?

HR: Well for changes within the band it broadens the whole style. Everybody in the band likes a lot of different styles of music. Chuck is into everything from AM radio to the Stooges. Then I like a lot of the stuff that he likes and then the Kook boy (Emile) is a fucking Hendrix head while Dez is into things like Black Sabbath and all the way to freak out like Yardbird Parker, things like that and Greg...

(ED NOTE: Since this article, news has to us that Emile has now also left the band. A new drummer has been found, as yet who is unknown).

BLACK FLAG

Much of the time over.

CD: It doesn't stop with the music. The most important thing I bring into music is the way I think, when I write my songs it has a lot to do with what I'm thinking musically and what I try to do with the music. Everything affects you and sooner or later it all comes out.

TI: Does Black Flag have intentional goals?

CD: The art itself. And at different times, different ideas. Different things at different times are important. Like right now, the tendency stylistically and geographically to block out certain things I feel is important. The tendency to define and conform is prevalent and forces other people to do the same thing is something I work against. There you got a goal--but then there are a million other goals, both personal and other. The biggest thing is to be ourselves. To have the right to expression. That's almost my life, almost to the point of it becoming a cause. I mean we're trying to get up there and trying to shake and when you don't, you wonder backstage whether you are doing something wrong.

TI: You seem to draw a young audience.

CD: We want to be able to play to people like that, generally they are more open to something new. But that's not a necessary thing.

GREG GINN: That's what I feel is one of the major exceptions of the band. People nowadays just want to make a living and like that's what I run into from all the bands all the time. We just thought if we had to work to play we have to work (jobs) to play. Finally we are in the position to where we don't have to. The band in itself is work. It's like this punk rock stuff isn't really making a living so kids just go back to the heavy metal or whatever that's conservative so that they can make a living. I can understand it, but it makes for bad art. When you start out, the thing is not to make a career out of it, although that's part of it, but to let the wildness carry yourself away from all that. Death or just burnout is just part of it.

HR: You're riding on something that hellbent on destruction.

GG: It's just not a point though of being self-destructive or writing nice little love songs.

CD: It's all expression on a personal level and you can extrapolate from there.

RICHARD HELL

Title: Meet The Man w/...

RICHARD HELL

-by S. Fritz

Richard Hell sits down to face a BLT and begins wolfing it down with gusto. As he gobbles down the sandwich w/beer chaser, he gives a sigh of pleasure. "I don't eat to much all day" he explains, "Because I'm working so hard!"

Feels good working, then?

"It does, it does," he agrees.

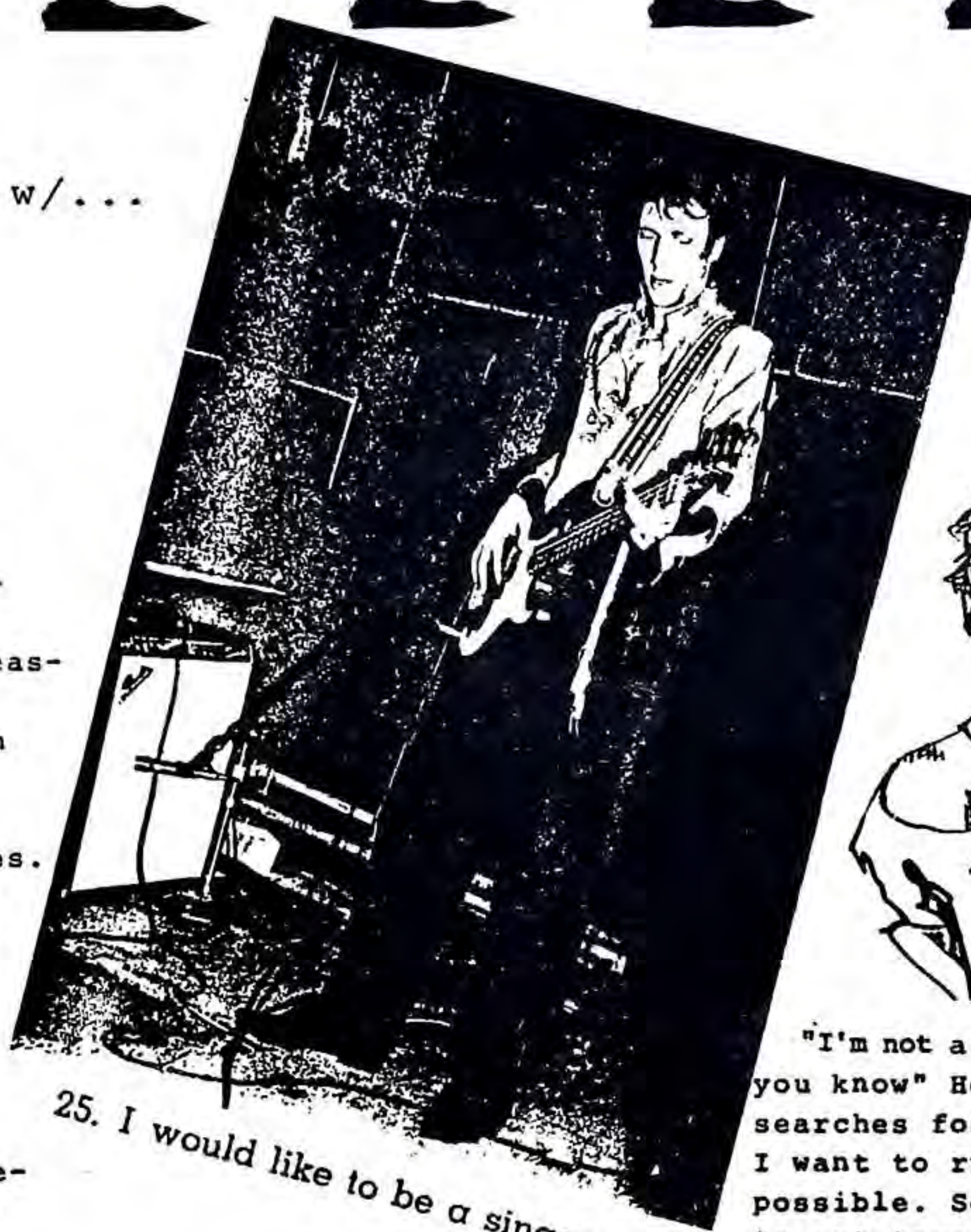
"I usually put off working as long as I can, but this feels good!" He continues eating.

People seem to be caught

off guard that Hell is at it again. It's been three years since he's released anything (the single "Boy w/the Replaceable Head") and two years before that since he shook both continents with BLANK GENERATION. It's been a long time.

Then, from what appeared to be out of nowhere, came his second album, DESTINY STREET, and he's touring again. With him comes former Void-Oid guitarist Ivan Julian and Julian's new band, the Outsets, and for me, it's like he never went away.

"Oh, I've been working," says Hell, "but you really had to be in New York and then it's maybe one or two gigs a year. I mean, I don't wanna make a living just playing every night. It gets too..." and he stalls for a minute, then switches track. "You can't be in top form every night, know what I mean? It gets to be a routine and I don't want my songs to be routine?"



25. I would like to be a singer.

His glasses are off and I check his eyes while he's talking. They're not dilated and all the animation on his part, the stalls and stutters in speaking and his constant checking of everything that is going around him, aren't due to anything being consumed but the mayonaisse. So I prod him a little.

Why did he disappear for so long?

"Yeah," he says at first, like he was expecting that. "Mostly legal problems," he continues. "It took me a year to get out of the contract and after the experience of that first record and doing some touring to support that and dealing with the record company I realized..." he stops again "it's sick?"

11. A person should try to understand his dreams and be guided by or take warning from them.

RICHARD HELL



15. Once in a while I think of things too bad to talk about.

He also appeared in movies. The one to watch out for is "Smitherens," the debut of a young former NYU grad named Susan Sondermann. Hell admits that he's real proud of being in that movie. It even succeeded to be invited to the Cannes, where it stands as the lowest budget movie to ever get that honor. The movie placed tenth out of 27.

He also did a movie called "Blank Generation." Not to be confused with Amos Poe's home documentary of CB's of the same name. The movie Hell was in he described as a half-million dollar 35mm affair that you'll probably never see because Hell says "wasn't that good?"

But Hell is touring right now. The show itself wasn't in as he would put it "top form." With a sloppy start with "Love Comes In Spurts" and then establishing pace with "Boy," Hell came in and out of the mike, not so much due to the sound system, but him running out of breath. The Outsets maintained the Void-Oid method of tuning to expected levels (i.e. tuneless, but tight and somehow...honest). Hell intersperses past glories "You Gotta Lose," "Blank Generation," "Walking On Water" with new material (although "Destiny St." is suspiciously missing). Somehow, the noise the Void-Oid generated that night didn't rival the '77-'79 period, but he did have...my turn to stall...well, charm.

But back to the interview. Hell and I had finished our brews. He looks at me and tells me "I'm happy now. There's many things I can do, and that's what the ideal is. I have enough reputation as a musician, writer and actor that I can do what I want. You get a lot more leeway that way, a lot more possibilities?"

"The point is being able to do what you want to do, to find the people who'll give you the money to do what you want to do. The more areas you work in, the better your chances are?"

I ask him about future plans. He goes "I dunno. I've been thinking about going to Europe." Tour?

"No, it's just something in the back of my mind."

Any other plans?

"I'm not planing anything, but it won't surprise me that I do something?"

He begins to drift, and I ask him if he would just live his life as it goes.

"Yeah," he says, the New York whine having not changed in the half decade since I first saw him play. Then we head back to the East Side for another night.



20. My sex life is satisfactory.

Through off-center house p.a., between electro-pop vinyl, the Club DJ announces Maximum Joy's imminent arrival. "A great group from Birm-ing-HAM" quoth he.

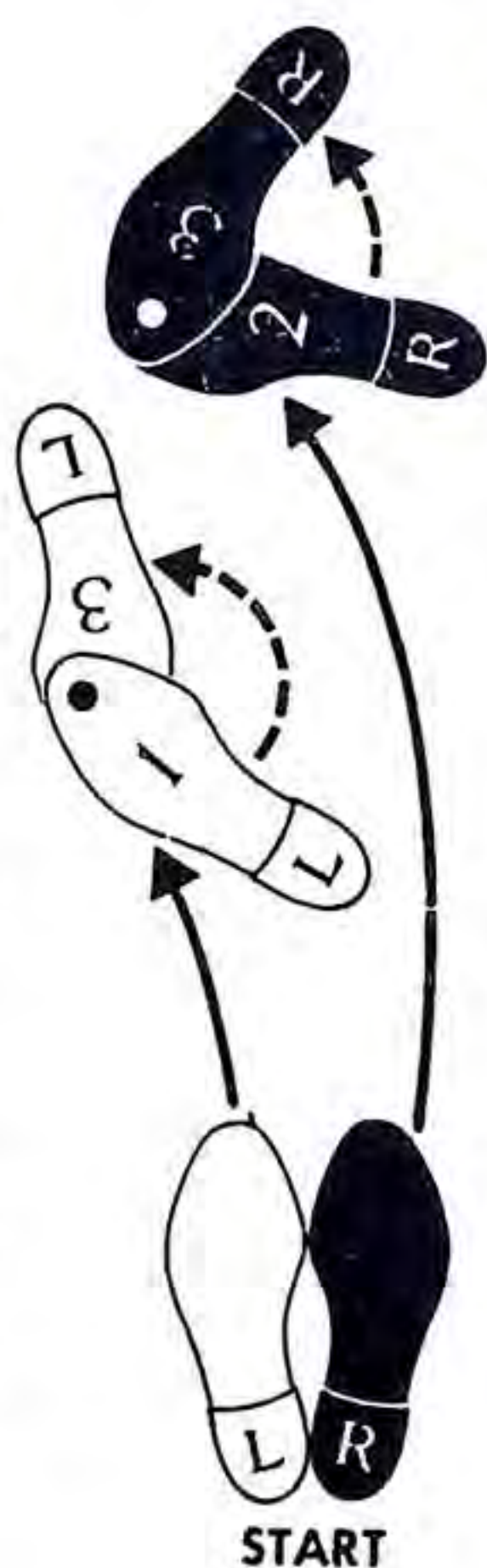
But the bouncer, a huge amiable West Indian with the look of a shirt-sleeved Otis Redding ain't fooled. He knows better. Accosting drummer Sharlie Llewellyn midway between dressing room and bar--"Hey mon, you from Bristol, yeah?" Charlie nods all conciliatory. "Wonner if you know my sister...?" And Charlie now fist supporting his chin cogitatively, goes through the motions of memory search an

ory search with all the motions of the appropriate expressions of concentration, nodding and head shaking as required.

Watching, I think of my earlier verbal free jamming. Max Joy is a band heavy on rhythms so the drum technician seems the logical point of access, and I'd asked Charlie the inevitable racial mix question--did the high immigrant population of Bristol's St. Pauls district contribute to the Funk Jazz cross-overs of their set? He chewed it over slightly, but came down on the side of "No. I know more black people now than I ever did then!" A grin. Seems like he's itemising to the bouncer each and every one of 500,000 Bristolians...

The set the 4-piece eventually deliver at the Starsbar is every bit as good as I expected, a steaming concoction of hi-dancibility beat zigzagged all over with furious extemporised sax and horn runs, cast into all manner of shades and peaks by Janine Rainforth's high clear twine-time vocals and unamped violin. Musically it's streets ahead, Tony Wrafter's well-sussed reeds alternately floating or burning ragged and aggressive, fish-tailing vigorously through solid bass and drum roar, John Waddington's guitar either peeling off concise and accurate solo's or two-facing into the rhythm section to churn funk-chords fit to make the legless dance. Music for all senses, head and all the way down. It ain't no sin/to take off your skin/and dance around in your bones...

MAXIMUM JOY by Andy Darrington



MAXIMUM JOY



And geographically/geneologically it's well into the strong vein of Rip Rig and Panic's beatnik jazz, Pigbag's Stax-Funk, and Pop Group's reggae spiked blue-eyed soul out of which they grew; musical formulations mak-

ing Bristol just as strong a regional sound-centre as Sheffield or London. They've got a single taster on most Indie charts, "Stretch/Silent Street" which comes around midway in their soundtrack tonight. It'll be followed by another seven inch and the album's gonna switch all kinds of attention their way. Commercial potential's another game, but the pundits surprised Pigbag with all manner of no-go labels, over-esoteric, too sophisticated, cliquish, et al; and they went Top Five...even if it took them 15 months to do it!

Up a short crawl of wooden steps behind the DJ rostrum is the phone-booth sized dressing room, like a cell an ascetic retreat with high bare walls. And there's Llewellyn sat hunched up all alone hermit-like on a stool reading an alternative-culture magazine, all post-modern lay-out with slabs of blaring color over dense wedges of type and treated photos of wires, sockets and diagrams of dance. He ditches the zine and we talk. Allegedly an interview but it rapidly up-ends into conversation of shared enthusiasms and obsessions. Like dropping in at random, they've been playing Blegian dates, good audiences?

"Very good. There's tribalism over there, people of all ages just turn up to check us out, they dance and they react without having to conform to ideas about what's hip and what isn't. But they knew about us. One of the Belgian magazines did a full family tree of Rip Rig and Panic, G*la-xo Babies, Slits, Pop Group, amazingly detailed. We played to large audiences, Government sponsored things. Personally I relate more to Clubs where it's more...intimate, where the audience can see you having fun, but yes, it was good!"

He talks fast, perhaps nervous fast, but he articulates clear and he's well genned. Early 20's, blonde hair over-greasily spilling down over his eyes. Ruff of his shirt where it comes out of the top of his sleeveless jumper is a bit grubby. He does not make eye contact which could be explained by space limitations in the cell which has us lined side by side;

or again, it could be his over-concentration on picking dead skin off a drum hand callous at the base of his thumb. Anyway, I get him sidetracked on the Govt. angle. I mean, in the U.K. you and get grants (grudgingly) or Arts Assoc. sponsorship for Jazz but not...

"...for Pop" he completes. I would have said 'Rock' but before we get into terminology he's explaining "overt there the people talk and the Government listens, it's that simple. Pop Group played Italy where the Communist Party organize tours. It's not unusual!"

How much of Maximum's Joy is improvised?

"A lot of people ask us that" he says. "We're getting more structured. We started out playing very free, and we usually save space in the encore for some improvisation where everyone just goes where they want to go. But we are getting tighter and working more towards songs!"

Do you lose the audience if you go too far out?

He thinks hard, like the concept's not one that's really bothered him. He prides an area of dead white skin from his blister the size of a coin, and considers. "It's down to balance. Rip Rig & Panic can play totally free, they're really good musicians and they can do it!" He side-steps, stoking up Rip Rig as the best band around--present company excluded? And we drift off again, did I see Miles Davis on the tube Sunday? Sure I did. He shakes his head slow. "My friend in Pigbag saw him play live in London. Said he was disappointing. Miles use to be so good around his "In A Silent Way" period!" Perhaps people expect too much of him I suggest, like he's got to revolutionize Jazz every decade on the decade. He's been around since the Forties, he deserves a break to synthesize his past. To breathe a little. Who would you listen to now? "Me? I've been listening to a lot of Ornette Coleman. An amazing player!"

He laughs and rolls the detached skin into a ball between thumb and fore-finger. There's a fleshy red patch on the heel of his hand whence it came...the price of multi-dimensional power drumming. The results of "a-bandoned indulgence in improvised honking and hankering for solid-gone states" opined the NME (Dave Hill--16 Jan '82) about their ICA Rock Week stint alongside such bands as Buzz and Haircut 100.

But how did the record come about? "We've been together about nine months we've done studio sessions for Radio" he points out. "The record came naturally. Y-Records is run by Dick O'Dell who used to be Pop Group's manager, so he knew us already. The record got a good response, upwards of 100,000 with reactivation!"

This is where the racial mix question comes in. The Starsbar is deep in Huddersfield's West Indian area, which is an analogy to Bristol's riot epicentre St. Pauls. In fact I'd been warned against coming to this gig for fear of getting mugged. "I got mugged once" he adds conversationally, flicking the ball of tightly rolled dead skin across the cell. "They didn't get much," shrug, "and it wasn't really important that they happened to be black!" He probably didn't mean that as a quote, but I think it slots in neatly. It came back at me with a grin when I saw his look of concerned enquiry talking to the bouncer.

Max Joy is a good, valuable, credible band. I like them.

THE REDS INTERVIEW

-by Griffin

A smiling Rick Shaffer is leaning back on the couch, twisting the cap back onto a near-empty bottle of Jack Daniels.

On the table in the tiny East Side office, next to one of Bruce Cohen's mini-keyboards, is another full, unopened bottle.

Manager Theresa Levy, having entered first to ask "Who wants to do the Terminal interview?" has ushered me in saying "here's the band and you're talking to Rick".

Around the room, strategically placed between the guitar stands, sit other members of Philadelphia's most famous and much maligned rock 'n roll exiles--The Reds.

Like all good exiles they occasionally return home.

"Actually, we don't like playing Philadelphia," vocalist/guitarist Rick Shaffer tells me, and you can't blame them.

Surely there isn't any other Philly band in the process of recording their third album who are more ignored than the Reds.

The reason why is a mystery of some proportion, though people who dislike them will be inclined to say "because they suck" and stop reading here, the actual truth says more about Philadelphia and less about the Reds in particular; it represents an indictment of that mockery we call the "Philly music scene".

The Reds first "big break" was opening for a virtually unknown British band on their first tour of the U.S. The tour was small-scale (Grendel's Lair was the Philadelphia venue), but A&M records was interested in the headliners, and likewise became interested in the Red-. Since that British band has met with some "marginal" success since then, you may have heard their name. They're called the Police.

"We used to sit around and drink beer with those guys, night after night," Shaffer remembers, "they thought we were one of the best American bands they had seen. They used to tell us 'you ought to do more of a pop thing with this or that and it could be really big.'"

The Police experience left the Reds with many things. One is a deep self-confidence in what they're doing something from watching another band that believed in themselves go to the top.

Shaffer: "Some of those early shows we had nights we did better than them--blew them off the stage. And they were doing those same early songs that broke them."

"Some nights we'd have 150 people and they'd love us, and by the time they went on there would be 20 people left and the people would boo. Now they sell out Madison Square Garden. So where's the rub?"

Another thing the Reds were left with was an A&M record contract, which resulted in their 1979 green vinyl debut album. In an act of loyalty, they recorded at Veritable studios, which, as any real Ardmore punk would know, is deep in the heart of their hometown. In my act of loyalty I bought it on Lancaster Avenue, three blocks from where it was recorded. Yes, I'm actually from Ardmore. And Red's bassist Jim Peters is from Havertown, just like Brian Exploit.

Sorry for slipping off the track, but the "clique mentality" is part of what the article is about.

For instance, an August '79 New York Rocker piece quotes Shaffer as follows:

"I think a lot of the other younger (local) bands are really competitive...we can really help other bands, but they have a real strange attitude."

I don't know what it is, but it's real fucked up."

Meanwhile, the album was busy receiving good reviews (Rolling Stone--"solid simplicity"; "classic grabbiness" "a lot of people will soon be seeing red"; Trouser Press--"chilling" Penthouse--"the best of the batch" (rated over the B-52's, Inmates, Knack Only Ones, Yachts, A's, Members and Sinceros), NME--"probably the best U.S. hard rock since Aerosmith's 'Rocks') but commercial airplay was coming hard, particularly in "progressive" Philadelphia. (Shaffer, Imagine Magazine, circa '79: "They won't even fuckin' play our record at HOME!").

Today, three years and two albums later, Shaffer is certainly more cynical and at the same time, less concerned about the state of Philadelphia radio. We laugh at WMMR's strange allegiance to Robert Hazzard demos and Hooters' singles.

"You know how that works don't you?" he says. "The bands do gigs for the station and the station gives them airplay."

Does he want to say that on record?

"Sure, I don't care," he says with a smile, "they're not gonna play our records anyway."

No radio support wasn't helping A&M's optimism and the Reds' insistence on staying true to their sound ended relationship.

"Signing with A&M was our biggest mistake," says Shaffer. "We took an awful lot of advance money and that made it even tougher."

"Our first manager wasn't helping either. We found out later he was telling the record company 'sure, they'll do anything you want.'"

"A&M was getting real heavy. They wanted us to do songs with just me singing and Bruce playing acoustic piano, things that were all wrong for this band"

Bruce chimes in: "They 'suggested' we use acoustic guitars."

Shaffer: "They didn't really understand what the band was about. David Kershenbaum (who produced the first album) believed in us, though. He'd say 'people will look back on what you're doing now and realize it's great'."

Bruce laughs.

"Of course David Kershenbaum is no longer at A&M; he says."

The band was left disillusioned after their major label/commercial radio experience and Shaffer speaks his mind freely and bitterly.

"The fucking music business is going down the toilet anyway. Tell me, if they're doing everything right, why are they doing so bad? I mean, you can only keep putting out the same old shit for so long."

"Everything on the radio sounds like Foreigner to me. I can't tell them apart. It's like one Foreigner after the other."

We talk about the Philly scene. If you have to be Robert Hazzard to get on commercial FM, you have to be hardcore or ultra-avant-garde to get noticed in the underground.

Bruce says "Things like hardcore and avant-garde stuff will come and go and last a few months. But real classic rock lasts and lasts!"

So ends the sad tale of the Reds. If you think I'm trying to make you feel sorry for them, I'm not. I'm trying to make you feel sorry for yourselves, for the music scene you don't have and the cliques and poses and stone age radio programming that keeps it that way.

The Reds are doing just fine, thank you.

The show, met with mild enthusiasm by the Friday night audience, was a powerhouse romp through the new "Fatal Slide" tracks with the inclusion of some Reds favorites like "Victims", "Luxury", "Play The Game" (the strongest track from "Stronger Silence"), and "Self-Reduction". The new tracks might be groove-oriented but they sounded like classic Reds to me.

Live the drumming of Tom Geddes is more a factor than on record, because his pounding is the key to driving the songs along. Everything else, by design, creates a giant drone effect over which Shaffer screams his lyrics.

It's Bruce Cohen's keyboards that actually give the Reds their thick, distinctive wall-of-sound trademark by filling-in the tonal area between Shaffer's guitar and Jim Peters rich bass notes. Cohen's decision to play in the middle of the music, but not on top, turns something that might have been very different into "almost heavy metal".

They're actually the kind of thing I suspect kids in Port Richmond and Upper Darby to like, except they'll never hear the records.

Lyricaly, they're not a simple minded band, but they're by no means intellectual. Shaffer is not above beating phrases like "Fatal Slide", "no way, baby, no way" and "tell me what can you do" until they're practically etched on your brain. Since Shaffer's onstage image is that of 'angry young man', it's all very effective and evokes a sense of urgency and terror. This is probably the reason critics feel obliged to admire the band and radio seems hesitant to program their music. If you like your bands to smile a lot onstage, however, go see someone else.

All in all, for Philadelphia, the Reds are kind of like an old girlfriend and one that we've lost for good.

The Reds worry about their record sales in France and Japan, while we sit here with Robert Hazzard, the East Side Club and an old A&M record. In the case of the REDs, she was probably a girl we should have married.



"Last time there was one of them concerts here, the vocalist of one of those bands, I forget their names, jumped off the stage and hit square into the girlfriend of one of the leaders of the Lots. Now the Lots just came that night to drink and have a good time, and the girl got hurt bad. Then the whole band jumped off the stage with their wrist bracelets flying and one of the Lots got his arm torn up bad. Now the Lots don't take that from nobody, so when they heard that there was going to be another one of them concerts, they just smiled and said 'It's Party Time'."

This was the report I got from one of the local kids who lives around the Starlite Ballroom. So here we all are sitting at the ticket window as the festivities begin. An M-80 filled with shrapnel had just been flung into the crowd waiting outside for the Kennedys show...and I was assured that everything was going to be all right.

Pocket incidents continue before the first band comes on. Bottles fly out of no where. Kensington locals hurl abuse and the punks begin to hurl them back.

I can't tell what's going on inside the theatre, the ticket window is under the stage. The cops do show up on several occasions, break things up, and then leave...despite requests to stick around. Upon leaving, the locals return. Inside, someone tells me that one smacked up local smashes a bottle over someone's head. The local gets the bottle returned to him, point first, several times over. I hear more stories along this line. All I can tell from the window is that the natives are restless.

Inside, the punks are paranoid. One person's getting on stage and saying "We may have to stay here overnight..." doesn't make the mood any easier.

The DK's management and I count over the gate. Only half the tickets necessary sold, making the entire night a perfect loss. It's steaming hot in the Starlite, and the management of the place forget to get any other things for the night. So I go out and get some brew for the DK's. Outside, a local stops me with two cases in my arms.

"You a punk?" I see that he's about three inches taller than me, and the Kensington kid (who, fortunately, liked me) had warned me about this guy...one hell of a drugged animal. A huffer.

My answer? Huh?

"You're neck broke?" (Sometimes being in a neck brace has its advantages).

"Nah. Been in a car accident?"

"OK, you're cool. You with them?"

"I work there."

He lets me by.

I bring the brew to the management and we then take half the rack upstairs to the band. As I'm heading back to the ticket window, the locals stage a massive foray at the front doors. They break in and me and about seven extras make a dash under the stage. Several of the extras stand outside the door of the ticket window and watch the goings on. I make an announcement that if they want to watch they can do so with the window door shut. They all hustle in.

Somehow the confrontation ends with the locals being driven out. NOBODY is allowed outside for the remainder of the show.

DK's



As it turns out, the locals are not involved anymore, it's gangs from far south of the Starlite (in Fishtown) that are at it. The locals, out on the street, are keeping an eye on the entire situation, as if they had nothing better to do.

I'm now in the dressing room, which has a malfunctioning air conditioner, a window and about a dozen very overheated, anxious people in it.

Jello Biafra appears calm throughout it all. His main comment is "Normally it's the cops who do the head-cracking!" He's downright friendly. He's primed to play Philadelphia again.

When the Kennedys take the stage, Jello begins with a mighty FUCK YOU to someone we all know and the audience appears to agree with his sentiments. The band rips into one of their new songs ("Government Flu") and the Kennedys come back as awesome as ever.

Without wasting much time, the band follows in with "Kepona Factory" and then more new material. The new songs, unlike IN GOD WE TRUST, INC., are a continuation along the lines started with all their previous work, only now Biafra's dramatic element is brought up to the hilt. The only song from their last EP aside from "Kepona Factory" is "Hyperactive Child." The musicianship of the band is better than ever, hard and sleek like a two edged razor, and cuts the audience to shreds.

With the Kennedys on, nothing else outside occurs. The audience up front is thrashing obliviously to the goings on outside and when "Police Truck" is played, a full slam is in progress. Biafra dedicates "Too Drunk To Fuck" to all those outside, climaxes with "Holiday In Cambodia" and then leaves the stage. For an encore, the band does an impromptu version of "Rumble" (ha-ha-ha), sometimes I'll swear bands have a real sick sense of humor.

Jello's still in a damn good mood after the show is over. He jokes with the lookers on, rests up and asks-if any other magazines aside my own want to do the interview. The Savage Pinks show up and it's quickly decided that after all is wrapped up that we should meet again at the DK's hotel. I hang around until everything seems to be going all right and leave about 30 or so minutes after the show. (I find out afterwards that if I had gone South down Kensington instead of North, I would have seen firsthand more from the locals...who wouldn't let the punks near the bus stop, and were using bottles and anything else to make sure.)

We meet up at the hotel lobby. Jello is in his socks and still smiling. Off stage, he's wearing glasses (lost one of his contacts) and I get to see a human being underneath all the legend and the broo-ha-ha. We agree to go to a friend's apartment around the corner (Biafra is still in his socks) and meet up with Klaus Flouride and East Bay Ray.

We take over the bedroom that's the quietest and plug in our machines...

Q: How did you wind up being the only American band on WARGASM?

JB: We're the only American band they asked. They said they might be doing another volume of it and they want to hear more American bands because they want a more united world listed record although I think they're going to want to extend it to like folk people, regular Rock 'n Roll...the Holly Nears and the Bonnie Raitts as well.

Q: Is it going to be domestically released?

JB: It's just mail-order out of Sheffield in England. I made a deal for hacking with everybody's favorite record label, Cherry Red Records and got in trouble with them because they

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EBR:...they're a whole different operation.

JB: Like many one person labels, or two to three person labels (we should talk), are fairly disorganized. I am surprised that the record made it over here as much as it did. I was wondering if we're ever going to be able to see one.

Q: Most of them made it over here without the poster with the lyrics.

JB: Ours came in kind of late so they didn't print the lyrics to it plus we made the lyrics up off the top of our heads, so it wasn't nothing to worry about.

Q: Was it spontaneous?

JB: Yeah. It was kind of a "Witch Trials" approach. We made a dub version of "Bleed For Me" which you heard tonight...the anti-political torture song. We took an outtake of that, from the second album, included the dub mix of it and then plugged in a telephone directly into the board of the studio and then did the phone conversation.

EBR: (Pointing to Klaus) His Margaret was done live.

JB: This is Margaret himself! (Klaus blushes).

Q: You're Margaret...

JB: Yeah. And I'm Alexander. I couldn't get a good Haig imitation so I just faked it. Now that he's resigned I'm glad that I didn't mention any names. Do you know where Schultz comes from anyway?

Q: Bechtel.

JB: Yeah, Bechtel Corp, which owns and operates San Francisco. The largest builder of nuclear reactors in the Third World. Which means now that they have both the Defense Dept. with Weinberger AND the Secretary of State to go overseas and say 'Hey, stop shooting each other and do you wanna buy a nuclear reactor?' It's so openly perverse I can't believe how sick the the people are in Reagan's administration are.

Q: I think Weinberger was from there.

JB: Yeah, yeah. Like Schultz, Weinberger and there's another one who's second in command to something else and I believe there's a third one for a while, but he never got in.



DEAD KENNEDYS

Q: Just because you never mentioned it, are you Anarchists?

JB: Anarchy of the Mind. In other words, I think that if suddenly there is no government and there is no law enforcement tomorrow in America, then suddenly all those people who were out there in front of the Starlite with baseball bats would start playing King of the Neighborhood. Meaning to say that in order to truly change the American society over to an Anarchist society would take hundreds of years. So we believe in it, but...

KF: You should take responsibility for yourselves.

EBR: Anarchy in America, they've put a lot of bad connotations to it. They have all these little drawings of the character with little cherry bombs. Anarchy, the way it really works is everybody is aware of what's going on around him and takes responsibility for their actions. They also take responsibility of other's peoples actions. Like if we came into a intersection, instead of having stoplights (which is a government thing), Anarchy means you pay attention to the other person...

KF: You look for the other road...

EBR: And then you wouldn't have any crashes.

JB: The Italians do that. They've got to be the most skilled drivers in the world, because there's no rule of the road out there...

KF: That's right. They've got to be the most skilled drivers I've ever seen. They drive through a town at 60 miles per hour and there's not hardly any accidents you ever see because people are totally aware of their driving and they go through stop signs if they don't see anybody because what's the point of stopping? But then the thing is you mention the name Anarchy to them and they look at you like you're speaking some foreign language. All they understand is Communism and Fascism, you got to be one camp or another, yet they live Anarchy in a certain way. So it's not really a side.

EBR: They live under the best conditions for Anarchy because each takes responsibility individually.

JB: A train could arrive two days late and in Italy people will shrug their shoulders because they're so used to it.

KF: Here, if it's 5 minutes late, you get all hot under the collar like what's going on?

JB: Of course, ol' Frank Rizzo will make them run on time.

Q: Well, it's wild, because now that Green's been mayor, the crime rate of Philadelphia has gone down without the records being fixed.

DKS: Huh?

Q: Yeah. Came out in the Inquirer a while ago.

DKS: What's Green like.

Q: Well the first thing he did was cut the cop squad down by a quarter.

JB: Mayor Feinstein has increased hers by about a significant amount and hired a bully police chief so like Millions of Dead Cops (who moved from Austin to San Francisco and have experience with the Houston cops) say that as far as the SF Police, the people are even worse.

Q: Yeah, but one thing that really got me when I was out there was seeing - real Nazi Punks and finally finding out what that song was really about.

JB: Listen, we first encountered that in Philadelphia. But they weren't really punks though.

KF: They were real Nazis though, that was true.

Q: What happened?

KF: Lee had booked some Nazi band with swastikas all over the place. This guy came up to me at the club and he had a swastika all over his chest, tattooed on to his chest. So the guy, you know, he's asking me about this and that and I ask him why he did that and he goes 'Why, does it bother you?' I said sure, pal. And he said why does it bother you? And I said 6 million killed for beginners. And he goes 'You got me wrong!' and then he goes it stands for White Power (makes a fist). So I said OK and we carry on a great conversation, we're really communicating and he realizes that our drummer's black. Then he goes 'Well, that's different!'

JB: Africans have rhythm, you understand. A real brilliant guy. And then afterwards, Lee Salmon was conveniently away at an EST camp that weekend. So I called up the next day and he goes in his Lee voice 'Well they have a right to their art statement just like you have a right to yours,' ignoring the fact that if - people like that were in control, that he wouldn't be alive.

Back to anarchy as applied currently. Anarchy of the mind is very important and with true anarchy means a hell of a lot of responsibility and that's what a lot of people are not willing to take. Like doing things for yourself instead of expecting other people to do it and looking out for your fellow human being. Interpreting anarchy as to go around and bash heads at punk shows or to go around and bash black people with clubs from your pick-up truck is red neck mentality in disguise and we're fighting that tooth and nail.



EBR: Anarchy has nothing to do with violence at all.

JB: It implies how to avoid physical violence but most people who have tried anarchist societies with human beings have found the human greed factor, which I think is animal instinct in a way, undermines it sooner or later. That's why I think Anarchy won't happen in this country for years. It's due to our animal instincts ...GREED!

KF: This kid once came up to me asking about the same stuff and he says 'Well OK, you can't have Anarchy then what are you going to do?' And he asked me like I'm suppose to have the answers. And I literally say all we're trying to do is to get people just to think for themselves.

JB: Do what you feel but think about it first!

Q: You emphasized it in the Anarchist in America film that...

JB: THAT ACTUALLY CAME OUT! That was shot in Georgio Gormelski's house.

Q: And he showed 'We Got Bigger Problems Now' One thing that got me was when you put out IN GOD WE TRUST INC. was a rapid reversal and now here's the new material and it's more towards the lines of the material before IN GOD WE TRUST. Was IN GOD... just a nod towards the Loud/Fast?

JB: Yeah. We just decided to put all that on one record, because the second album, when it eventually comes out and I think it will, is going to be more like psycho songs. Real dark songs like 'Bleed For Me', 'I Am The Owl' (the long one in the middle) it's about Watergate criminals coming back to life and legitimacy. Again based on a composite of real incidents that happened at various times and people. You'll see it when you see lyrics. It's quite an evil song. So then I didn't want to mar the second album by sticking a bunch of thrash tunes in the middle, just like 'I Am The Owl' would mar IN GOD WE TRUST because the feels would glitch each other. IN GOD WE TRUST was spewed out kind of quickly because we'd just come back from the East and been really growing fond of the DC scene, which was reinstating life into LA and San Francisco style hardcore, which was starting to grow a little stale.

425. I dream frequently.

But then they turned it a few steps more extreme. We got into it and out comes 'Hyperactive Child' and the gut reaction to the really ugly fighting on the West Coast, which has calmed down a little bit by the way, was 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off'! What was really interesting was the first time we played 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off' was in a hall in San Francisco that was known to have some real bad goon squadding going on like one older surfer from Santa Cruz would stand on the edge of the stage and wait for somebody to turn his back and then dive on him and punch him on the back of the head. Real coward in a way.

KF: Actually it was going on tonight too. Maybe there was a bunch of cowboys that really get into that stuff, and also there was a bunch of assholes too.

Q: That happened when Black Flag played here too.

JB: It's really sad because half those people would probably get into it, into the emotional outlet that hardcore provides.

(We discuss my conversation with the Kensington kids)

KF: It's a shame, because it's a great hall in a bad neighborhood.

Q: Essentially.

JB: It was really funny what I flashed on. It wasn't funny then but it is now. There was so much steam in the room, that with all those phoney ship portholes and it getting very hazy I thought 'Oh my God, we're playing on the Titanic and it's sinking!' Here we are, the band getting everybody to disco dance as they drown. It's the state of the treatment of the American people today.

AND we'll leave it there.

There was a lot more, but basically my tape recorder (in making the night perfect) began to fade (as, to be honest, so was I)...even my batteries were exhausted.

The interview went on for about another hour. Subjects included more information on the record (which should be out the end of September), Europe, violence in general, Savage Republic and MDC (Jello's latest fave bands), the infamous mayoral campaign and a lot more.

After the interview was over, I talked quite a while with Ray (who had a lot to say during the interview, but I guess you'll have to read Savage Pink interview for that) and found him to be as well informed as anyone else in this town.

We decide that it's getting particularly late in the morning, and decide that our beds would be the best places to be. So much for another evening.

So now I sit, a few weeks later, setting this issue. One thing a person said to me was that if the concert provided one lesson, is that the punk scene should be united. The only question I have going now is this how that had to be learned, and was this the price necessary? Somehow, I don't feel anything has changed at all...

CARSICKNESS

CARSICKNESS

-by R. Emmett



Pittsburgh has an inferiority complex (as opposed to Philadelphia's paranoid elitism). Live there a while and you begin to look beyond its varied attractions to face a constricting, defensive parochialism that rejects both outsiders and locals who defy the status quo. Just another small town masquerading as an urban center.

Carsickness has been at the heart of that scene since they got together about two years ago, during which time they formed their own label (TMI Records) and released a five song EP, an album (SHOOTING ABOVE THE GARBAGE, 12/80) and last year a single ("For You/They Came Crawling"), all of which has provided increasing, if marginal, regional success. Various allied with and pitted against other comrades in the local new music front line, Carsickness have applied an effective remedy against the insularity that breeds factionalism and self-absorption: they play out of town more often than most bands with their limited finances.

They stopped off to do some recording and mixing on a new repertoire that will some day make a second album. Judging from a casual listen, the new songs ("Invisible Man," "You'll Never Walk Alone," featuring two deadly female guest vocalists, and a moving, organ-dominated ode to their city with the line "I say someday you'll see victory") show a remarkable sense of development from the rambunctious, often cluttered sound of the earlier songs. Don (sax), Steve (synth, violin), Hans (organ, guitar), Joe (guitar, vocals), Dennis (percussion), and Chris (bass) are getting a feel for balancing their six-piece attack, featuring different sounds to suit particular songs, as well as refining technique.



"Bob"

The SubGenius Foundation
Box 14034, Dallas TX 75214

It's "Bob."
J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the Master of Mystical Sales Ability, Bridge between Heaven and Earth, and Hell, trance medium and Sole True Prophet for JHVH-1 the God of Wrath (He who is WOTAN, monster space entity from some Greed Galaxy who plots and manipulates Man's fate and destiny for His own incomprehensible ends), DOBBS is the ONE TRUE WAY "Bob" brings a NEW DESTINY FOR AMERICA - a time of CATAclysmic ECONOMIC CHANGE which will offer UNTOLD RICHES AND POWER to those "in the know," while BILLIONS of DESERVING CONSPIRACY DUPES "FRY" in HELL-ON-EARTH... a SPIRITUAL REBIRTH and cascade of ASTOUNDING MYSTERIES and SUPERNATURAL MIRACLES with a RESTORATION OF LOST PSYCHIC ABILITIES that will TOTALLY TRANSFORM THE LIVES of those who DARE to SEEK them and PAY for them. For this is the TIME OF PE of which the ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS, PROPHETS and PHILOSOPHERS SPOKE.

TI: How's TMI doing?

Joe: Dismal.

Hans: Well, it's just starting again. We wasted about six months. We used to have a big problem trying to keep Carsickness out of TMI to encourage other bands to get in, so they would not think we were just pushing ourselves, and we got an outsider to do it. But it didn't work out, so we are just going to say 'Well we're going to run it, and if you want to be on it, fine'.

J: It's terrible. You try to do this democratically, and it actually turns out there's only a couple people have got the energy, the time, the commitment to get up at 8 AM and make all the calls. It ain't democratic at all...What we have proved to ourselves and other bands is that in less than two years we've put out as many products as 99 Records, without the attention. We have gotten some people are aware that in this midwestern provincial town someone's putting out records.



TI: How many bands are affiliated with your label?

H: Carsickness, the F-Models (from Kent, Ohio), the Cold Warrior, Harry Wagner's Identity Crisis (a local DJ) the Morroccos (from Philly), their record is out now. There's other bands peripherally associated with TMI who have since done other things that don't want to work with TMI or understand what the concept is...

J: I think TMI is basically about... if every band in town said to themselves 'We'll stick together and do something together' everything in in Pittsburgh would've happened a lot quicker. And it still hasn't happened. What we've got is like our band and a couple of others, and to them TMI is like the local equivalent to Rough Trade, but that's not reality is it?

H: We're starting to throw records to the right people. We're gonna start getting reviewed in the big magazines...We've made our mistakes, you just can't send something to NY Rocker.

J: We took out the ad for the first record and they sent back a letter "Oh the office loves our record!" We sent them \$50, we got one reply from a guy that lives about 45 minutes away, so we could have paid his air fare, GIVEN him the single, and made money on it.

H: So what happened was the ad guy took the album, liked it, wrote us a nice letter, we sent him the ad. The record never got to any of the reviewers because we just sent it to NYR. You have to send it "Attention: Andy Schwartz or Ira Kaplan"...But now we've been talking to specific people, establishing personal contacts so you can call up in a week and say 'Did you get the record?' and it won't be 'Well someone around here's got it,' cause that way it never gets reviewed.

D: It's a learning process. Like the first place we went into a 16-track studio for the first album? Christ, we just went crazy. We woulda had that guy plugging things left and right.

J: Any sound they had, we amplified it. (Toilets and water pipes feature on the album.) And we got one review. It was like, 'Great! Someone's listening to us that isn't a personal friend'...And from out of 1000 copies of the album we got replies

Steve: But we have so much stuff backlogged still.

J: But isn't it a horrible predicament? Making a record or a film or anything, as soon's you do something it takes at least a year for an audience to get on to what yer doin'; and by that time you're bored with it and on to something else. And every time you play, all they want to hear is that. We still get people that wants to hear "Bill Wilkinson" all night, nothing else. (That's a song from the first EP with the rabble-rousing chorus "Whatya say to the KKK/Fuck You")

TI: You're hardcore following.

S: We lost them a long time ago.

J: They dropped us like hotcakes. So we'll play it the odd time, if someone asks for it.

D: We play it a lot cleaner now, so even when the old crowd comes around...they liked it when it was brand new and no one could play it...

J: ...being so scared and unused to it, with shitty amplifiers...And now with good amps and not being scared and being more rehearsed, you just can't duplicate that sound. Not that I'd want to.

S: Luckily we got it on vinyl, just the raw thing.

D: We walked in, it took a couple of hours, and look what we do now.

H: One month to get the drums...

D: And we still don't know it that the sound we want, because we haven't had the experience. Eventually we'll have a sound where we can say, "That is exactly what I want on my instrument"

H: (We listen as one of the newly recorded tracks comes out on the stereo) This is an example, these two songs cost us \$360 to mix, just the two songs. We spent \$800 just RECORDING all the other songs (in the session). So if we wanted to get this kind of quality on the record we're gonna have to fork out another, oh, \$1500. Which we COULD use to just to press the damn thing...Or we can get a two-color cover (laughter).

J: It gets ridiculous, doesn't it? It's like selling fuckin potatoes.

D: Like bubblegum. The one in the bright red wrapper is the one they're gonna buy.

H: I have a lot of hope.

D: A lot of hope and no money.

H: I talked to Systematic and Rough Trade last week, they all know us: 'Oh yeah, Carsickness, we haven't heard from you for a while'. So they are looking for the new album.

TI: As long as you stay current.

J: You mean current musically?

TI: No, just having product.

D: Keep throwing product at 'em; let 'em know we're alive.

J: That's why we've released so much.

But it's all so disposable you know there's no illusions that no matter what we make in the next three years ain't gonna be the classic album of any era, but it'll be a damn good little one to listen to.

So can they achieve the American dream, selling themselves without selling out? They've already experienced their first turbulence in that regard, though nothing like what they're bound to come up against further on. You've got to admire their attitude though, struggling, laughing, with very few illusions. They know they started at the bottom, have made a lot of progress, and have a lot of work to do for any bit more they want to make. All we can do is hope that they carry on.

Glenn Gregory scrapes back slurry oil-slicks of thick blond hair, cups the microphone and, eyes on the light-booms, light-crawling ceiling, roof, sky (heaven?) orates Alice Cooper's "Hello, Hooray--I'M READY" to the depopulated Warehouse like he's out and out and out! The shamble-on begins. Martyn Ware and Ian Marsh slot on either side while sound balances are balanced and volume meters are metered. A perfect accapella version of "Banana Boat Song" in three-wise harmony sluices round the club--my ITT portable slurping it up greedily into coils of tape.

"You want echo flange or fuzz box? Chinese on the microphone?"

"No" from Gregory. "We're REAL!"

My subterfuge motive is Back to the Future. My cover a TERMINAL! confrontation with Heaven 17. We're now caromed into an alcove wading turbid stabs at select Disco's to shove "Pavement and Penthouse". Glenn spiels "we virtually has to cancel Manchester and Liverpool. We just did personal appearances because Martyn and Ian both lost their voices, with three dates on the first day--two in Glasgow and one in Edinburgh--and we didn't finish until past five in the morning!" Voice drops to a rasp as hoarse as sand and glue. "We were wrecked. Terribly sorry Manchester."

I cat-stalk histories intent on lineage penetration. Turn to Glenn. "The Human League angle has been exhaustively covered, but were you in a band prior to Heaven17?"

"In fact you're the only person in all these interviews who even asked me that! Which shows how fucking ignorant they are!" This comes humorous, not beligerant. "Yes I was. I was in a band, it wasn't particularly good band and that's why we split up. We just played gigs round London. We played the Marquee and all those places, the pubs and that. They were called 57 Men. They're now called Hwang Chung!"

"So you're not part of the Sheffield Mafia?"

Ian is unshaven, oft sitting quiet, playing irritably (or bored) with some handcuffs. Every occasion he ignites he comes forward, right over the cassette machine, and words splurge like they've whooshed from a soda-siphon. "He came from Sheffield but went down to London at an early age..."

Glenn cuts back. "I tell you something. If I'd have been in Sheffield when the Human League was formed I would've been singing lead--not Phillip (Oakey). That's an honest opinion. Because I was in bands with Martyn and Ian before the League started, and we were getting it together in the Future, and just at the time before Human League started I left and went to London!"

Martyn seconds that emotion in the background. Lift-off! So I stake out some directions. Point up that around '76 Clock DVA vocalist Adi Newton was in a band called Future alongside Marsh and Ware. That Future were one fountainhead of the

whole Sheffield/Industrial electro-diaspora, and that I'd heard tapes existed of said legendary band.

"I'll tell you something" confides Martyn. "Don't know if you know it yet. Jud--the Clock DVA bass player died last Saturday!"

I didn't, and for a moment talk don't come. Instead, drinks arrive, threads get lost and get lost and get frayed. Glenn, golioping Bloody Mary, makes eye-contact on my glass of beer. "I could do with a pint of bitter but I never think of it because you can't drink the bitter in London at all. It's foul. So you forget about it when you come back!" Conversational parameters split wide into piss take. "I'm only on 15 pounds a week, me" grins Glenn.

Back To The Future HEAVEN 17

Andy Darlington

Once the Days of Future Passed, paths bifurcated. Marsh and Ware erected Human League which unleashed "Being Boiled" through Fast in '78, then shifted to Virgin for the "Reproduction" album a year later. As well as spawning the near hit "Empire State Human" its ten black bands established the League as a blueprint for a plethora of plagiarists. "Zero As A Limit," "Blind Youth," and their gargantuan retreat of Spector's "Lovin' Feeling" placed them full square on every trendies music center.

Adi Newton and Jud Turner, same timefix, evolved Clock DVA, a group who's history--due largely to much personnel incoming and outgoing--failed to commercially capitalize on what was, arguably, an even greater potential. Thru 1980 I saw Clock DVA more frequently than any other band--and they were never less than startlingly incandescent, an achievement level that their "Thirst" album, although mesmerising, failed to snare onto vinyl. They built gradually, developing a distinct identity, a psychotic barrage, well outside the Sheffield 'package' promoted by the pop comics. A visual/audial storm of stunning intensity. A spectacle they eventually unveiled to eyeshocked London at a 3-night YMCA 'Final Solution', prefacing the set with their 'Prior To Intercourse', films and slide. ABC's Neutron label meantime, launched a co-operative EP in late '79 featuring DVA's "Brigade", a hard metallic anti-war diatribe that remains my prime listening input for the year. It was later separated out as a single for Neutron backdropped with "Blue Tone". The line-up was then Adi on voice and occasional violin, Turner on bass, recently recruited Roger Quayle on drums, guitarist Paul Widger, and brilliant bearded saxist Charlie Collins who ged solos as brittle and dangerous as walking barefoot on broken glass.

Rockburgh was compiling its "Hicks From The Sticks" anthology of NE bands and DVA bagged track-time for their darkly dense "You're without Sound" but this period is better documented by a 4-track cassette--"Group Fragments"--from Dvation, recorded at Cabaret Voltaire's 'Western Works' studio, and a further Neutron

tape called "Deep Floor". Despite a favourable mention for the EP in "Melody Maker" (Chris Bohn called "Brigade" 'disturbing electronically touched-up rebel music'), they unfairly dumped on their slot at the September '80 Leeds Futurama a few months later. Only fanzines like Martin Fry's "Modern Drugs" and "Stabmental" provided an enlightened counterweight; and I shoved DVA through "Wool Coty Rocker" and my own "Ludd's Mill". They probably peaked locally with a Sheffield City Hall concert in liason with Vice Versa, and then quit for a London orientation with additional momentum from Genesis P. Orridge's Fetish label. An early DVA piece--"Le Viola"--had emerged on an Industrial cassette album; DVA had played the Leeds 'P' Club with Throbbing Gristle, and they'd cameo'd Genesis in their home-movie "Genitals and Genosis"; so the roots for "Thirst and its "Four Hours" single, ran deep.

But throughout this evolution the band was shot through with instabilities--they at times listed tape-coaxer Eliot Kemp, bassist Steve Jameson and David Tyme; and just as--finally--"Sounds" and "NME's" Paul Morely began sniffing for two-pagers, DVA split, and plans now seem vague. They leave probably the most effectively explicit example of what Morley tagged their 'bitter erotic music' on the hour-long Industrial cassette "White Souls In Black Suits".

Not so the Human League. Still based largely in Sheffield, their "Travelogue" was recorded and mixed at Monumental Pictures therein, adding "Black Hits of Space", "Life Kills" and "Dreams Of Leaving" to "Toyota City" to ride their second album neatly into the chart. Commercially THEIR split was a healthy one. Following the "Holiday 80" EP into the Forty came "Sound Of The Crowd" and as Marsh and Ware (with business associate Bob Last) were laying routes to Heaven 17, Oakey and Adrian Wirhgt, fleshed out with Suzanne and Joanne, were delivering "Boys and Girls" then "Love Action" into a million cash registers.

So, for Family Tree reason, Future was important, and these people sitting in front of me have the tapes to crystalize that importance! To divulge what exactly the taproots of Human League, Clock DVA and Heaven 17 sounded like as they formulated and coagulated their styles as early as 1977...

I recommence. Have these Future tapes got Adi Newton vocal? "Yes, they have" from Glenn. No details. What period ore they--I hazard '77? "Summer of '77" informs Martin. Non-committal.

What type of sound was Future making? Straight for the jugular.

"Like a less adventurous version of early Human League?"

Martyn's pronouncement brings howls of protest. "Not LESS adventurous!" opines Glenn. Martyn adjusts his verdict to "more adventurous but less commercial" which seems to be the consensus view.

We talk more about DVA. "They're all good friends of ours" claims Glenn. "We're all pals."

So what about the tapes, I'd like to hear them. "You will" says Martyn "as soon as Philip Oakey decides to lift his ban on releasing some of the tracks". Oakey was not in Future, but the band "used to perform to backing tapes" and the first tour they did as Human League was "like a small tour, and we used some of the old tapes. We used some of the stuff we'd done before Philip joined as backing tapes for certain songs. And he's using

that as a legal argument to try and stop us putting them out..."

This hits a nerve and Ian starts to spiel with no space or pause between words "...For no good reason. It's just his being stropky because recently he's been slagging off "Reproduction" and "Travelogue"--saying they're a load of shit and that he doesn't want to be associated with them. Saying how their complete crap and how the only worthwhile album he's done is the new Human League album ("Dare"), and things since we left! But for the Future tapes they don't intend crediting Oakey with "any past work which he didn't actually take part in. But since he thinks he was involved--for some reason--he's stopping them. I don't know. It's weird. Like if he thinks they're crap surely it's fine that we're not associating him with them anyway! It's just him trying to cause trouble. It's not actually legal trouble, it's trouble within the Company--because we're on the same label and it's just a matter of them earning more Bucks than we are, and the people at the top don't want to upset them too much. But it's not as though he has any solid legal arguments at all. So it's quite difficult. He's just being a pain in the neck for no reason?"

Didn't Oakey lyric for the Human League?

"That's a big myth" erupts Ian. "He wrote perhaps half of them" concedes Martyn. "Perhaps not even that much?"

And then he said. And then he said. And then he said... "more like a third. People automatically think singers write lyrics. Which isn't the case?"

"Everybody wrote. One of the main reasons Human League split up was because of the fact that I wasn't prepared to tolerate it any longer--we'll have the writing credits as they should be, individuals credits rather than having everything credited to the Human League, as before." Martyn claims that the old blanket credit system suited "Oakey down to the ground. And he took exception to any change. That was one of the contributory factors to the split!"

One thing uniting the post and pre-split phases is the 'Boys From Buddha' motif. They get liner-notes on "Penthouse and Pavement". "That's just me and Ian playing synthetic horns. We like the idea of having different names for things! But they also appeared on "Being Boiled" on Travelogue?" That evolved from "the automatic show we set up with the Talking Heads" explains Ian. "We were down in London setting up slides for that, and the engineer was listening to the tracks. He said he played in a Jazz band and didn't like all the electronic stuff much--but he did like the one "The Boys From Buddha". He just misinterpreted it ('listen to the voice of Buddha'), and we thought 'great name!' So when he did the electronic horns on "Travelogue" we called them the "Boys From Buddha". Then, to emphasise the continuity "we thought we'd make them reappear again for "Play To Win" to make sure people knew who was involved. And it wasn't Philip or Adrian. It was myself and Martyn!"

Other topics drift in and out of focus. Anthony Bugess's epic novel "Clockwork Orange" left-wing politician Tony Benn, and Heaven 17. Eventually Ian looks down at the ITT before they snake out for their next set. "You got more on here than NME got in four days" he snipes.

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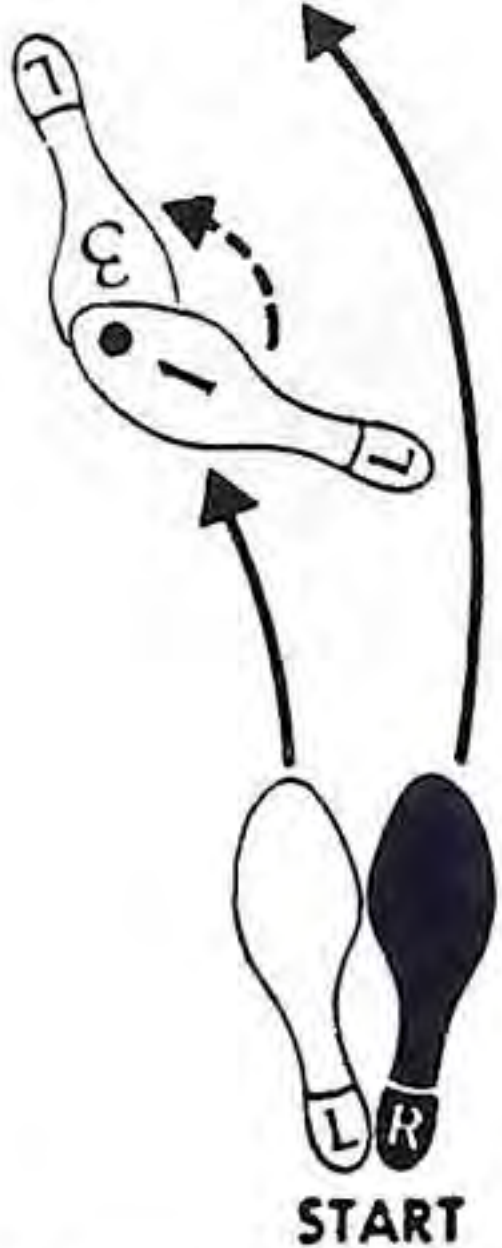
Live!

T.S.O.L.

TSOL

Title: True Sounds

-by Sean Dunhill



What's this? The band is at some sleazy dive halfway on the borderline of this metropolitan cesspool called Center City Philadelphia although the situation could really be anywhere. Three young white kids back some old black dude in a freshly pressed (on the streets and vents) suit jamming away to the old blues chestnut "Let's Go." Shaven heads, chi-chi types and general straights and other assorted color mix about and stomp their feet to the good timin' on stage. A party atmosphere ensues, and this is only soundcheck. This could be the 60's for all we know.

Then to make things even more authentic, a wildly dressed...uh, uh... person in electric green pajama bottoms, shocking pink top and sunglasses (couldn't tell if he was wearing sandals or not) thanks the old man (who toddles off to the bar two doors down), and takes the mike. After six months, T.S.O.L. return to Philly.

As Mike, their bass player, will tell you, T.S.O.L. stands for anything you want it to. The accepted definition is "True Sounds Of Liberty." I, personally prefer the old army acronym, Tough Shit Outta Luck. I've also heard two or three others. But you really want to know what it stands for, dontcha?

Diversity.

T.S.O.L., that is Jack Lagoda (vocals and wierd get-ups), Mike Roche, Todd Emory (guitar) and Francis Emory (drums), are not your everyday three chord wonders. In the period of two years and three releases (one LP and two EP's), they have released a wide variety of styles on an unsuspecting public. From the straight-ahead of their first release, to the early ghou-rock of DANCE WITH ME (with the immortal "Code Blue") to the recently released "Weathered Statues" EP, TSOL have changed musical direction as often as they change their names (Jack is now "James Harrison") and you change your underwear...about once a month.

Their show that night displayed thier variety and depth to the max. Songs slid through the half blown P.A. with mastery and ease. The new material sounded much better live than on record (especially the title track and the powerhouse "Man & Machine").

As for the band, I spoke to Jack after his return to LA. It was after July 5, and he was recuperating from their "secret" gig with the Kennedys at the Whiskey.

"It was wild" he started. "We and Black Flag are not allowed to play there. For what reasons, I don't know. So when the Kennedys came down here to play and asked for us, they got a line about why we're not allowed in their. It's not like we're a violent band, but the management is afraid of our audience. So in order to play, we had to use the name of the band before we became T.S.O.L."

The gig was a gigantic success, and the name change didn't fool anybody. So now back to the name of T.S.O.L., I asked about future plans.

"Oh, we changed again" Jack laughs.

When I ask, he laughs more and starts teasing with "It's a secret." I probe a bit and he informs me "it's still in the same lines of "Weathered Statues" but it's more direct" and then he clams up.

So we talk abt about everybody elses subject, being broke. "No one's going to give you a job when you have to take time off to rehearse and suddenly leave for a month or two to tour?" he informs me. So he sits around at home and writes a lot. He starts opening up, I get him into a serious mood, a very rare thing I'm told later, when his brother picks up the phone and it's time to hang up.



COSMETIC LIVE

In April, New York's Danceteria presented a party for NY Rocker featuring, among others, rapper Jimmy Spivley, The Bongos, Karen Bahari, Marshall Crenshaw, Curtis A., and Cosmetic, a new band featuring Jamaladeen Tacuma, bassist with Ornette Coleman's Prime Time ensemble. Most of the evening was disappointing. Spivley was entertaining, but

tadious, the Bongos sounded like fugitives from the 60's British Invasion, and Bahari's brand of South St. camp left me cold.

Crenshaw was better but even his spirited rockabilly seemed grounded in nostalgic innocence, embodying a studied rock and roll stereotype, the bespectacles ninety pound weakling, more dream than reality. To top it all off, NYR's Roy Trakin and Andy Schwartz insulted the audience and cracked dumb jokes in between sets, and I wondered why I payed ten dollars to get in. I should have been upstairs watching videos.

When Cosmetic launched into their first number, all of this was forgotten. Their entire set, dominated by hard, lean, uptempo funk, devoid of cliches, left the audience of college students with their mouths open. While the preceeding acts capitalized on familiar rock and roll images and styles, Cosmetic's contemporary funk cut through the poses speaking today's language, a language foreign to the other bands.

-by Devon Leonard

"Cosmetic", on Rough Trade records is the first release by this dazzling new Philadelphia band. On "Cosmetic" Transfactor guitarist Timothy Murphy, drummer Rick McClary and guest saxophonist James Watkins complement Tacuma's driving bass work splendidly, producing the most danceable record. Tacuma and McClary, who are next door neighbors, nail down a powerful groove, while Murphy adds sparse ringing chords and texture on top. Watkins possesses a beautifully passionate tone, contrasting the James Chance school of danceband sax players who rely for the most part on rudimentary squawking.

Jamaladeen Tacuma is the best electric bass player in the world today, and one of the most interesting musicians to come along in quite sometime.

His contributions to Prime Time have never been less than excellent and it is wonderful to see him stepping out on his own. His bass lines are accented in strange places in contrast to McClary's straight ahead time keeping, and his melodic sensibility is refreshing after a generation of Larry Graham influenced thumb slappers. While the majority of dance groups base their styles on stiffly cynical adaptations of sixties R&B, Tacuma is creating a new form of funk, urgently serious, but filled with a bright optimism found only in art that is truly innovative.



JESUS' CRITTERS



405. I have no trouble swallowing.

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STRAY CATS

-by Carol Schutzbank

It was the event of the month, according to my East Side calendar. With a miniature caricature at the top, a double booking and the special event asterisk beside the name, how could anyone fail to be impressed by the fact that the Stray Cats were coming?

Buy tickets early, everyone said. Beat the crowds. (Sounds like Spectrum hype to me) Pretty soon WMMR started hyping the show, replete with an 'MMR afternoon matinee, which brought the number of shows to three (are we going for a Guinness Record?) The catch to the matinee was that only winners from the station could attend. The rest of us poor slobbs had to rely on our own instincts to get to the show. Shades of Electric Factory. Pretty soon we'd be seeing Stray Cat jackets, souvenirs and underwear if this kept up.

Despite the fact that I hate crowds, I decided to go to the show. The Stray Cats have a unique sound that's all their own, and they have not really compromised it too much in the past few years as they've trekked the road to success.

But could they fill the club in three consecutive shows?

Yup, and then some. Spies--er--friends, told me that the Saturday show was a madhouse, crowds packed sardine style into the club, reminiscent of Flock Of Seagulls where everyone had to breathe at the same time or else risk suffocating.

I had chosen Sunday night, hoping to avoid that kind of problem. After all, normal people work Mondays. Who would go out on a Sunday night when they could go Saturday night? Apparently everyone and their mother, that's who. The crowd was packed into the club Sunday night, and I was hard put to believe people who told me that it was worse on Saturday.

But the crowd was actually the least of my worries as the night wore on. I was on a mission from God (or Steve Fritz, depending on how you looked at it)...here to interview the Stray Cats for the paper. And most of the time I can get interviews with ease. But then there's always that one time...

Like Sunday night. Everything that could go wrong, did. But if nothing else it makes for interesting reading, so kick off your shoes, lean back, and get ready (either to sleep or to read, your choice, but don't tell me if you sleep, my ego bruises easily).

11 PM--Major crisis! My trusty photographer is suffering from a severe case of sunburn. Looking more like an entree from Seafood Shanty than a Photographer, he alternately shivers and sweats as we go to the club. His shoulders are so sore he can barely hold the straps for his equipment case. But he perseveres. After all, we are on a mission.

11:15 PM--Well, they don't have underwear, but they do have Stray Cats jackets, t-shirts and bandanas. Is this the Spectrum? Where's the general admission seats?

11:20 PM--I give the backstage door a shot. No luck. The guy at the door has never heard of Terminal, and looks like he never cares if he does. I stomp off, determined to try again.

11:30 PM--What a crowd! Who let the Mormon Tabernacle Choir loose? Send these people home...their cramping my style.



12:00 AM--or thereabouts, I begin to lose track in the heat and the crowd and the growing futility of my getting an interview. Nu Este is on and the crowd seems to like them well enough. First time I saw them (at the Ripley Music Hall opening for the Comsat Angels) I had thought they weren't together, but they remedied that tonight. They sound solid and entertaining.

1:00 AM--I try the backstage door again. New person, old story, no go. Not even Lady Di could get backstage tonight. Rumour had it that Brian Setzer had his own personal bodyguard. The way the crowd was out front I should have borrowed him for a bit--or brought my own. These rock n roll animals are sitting on the bar and on top of the pinball machines as they wait for the Stray Cats to come on.

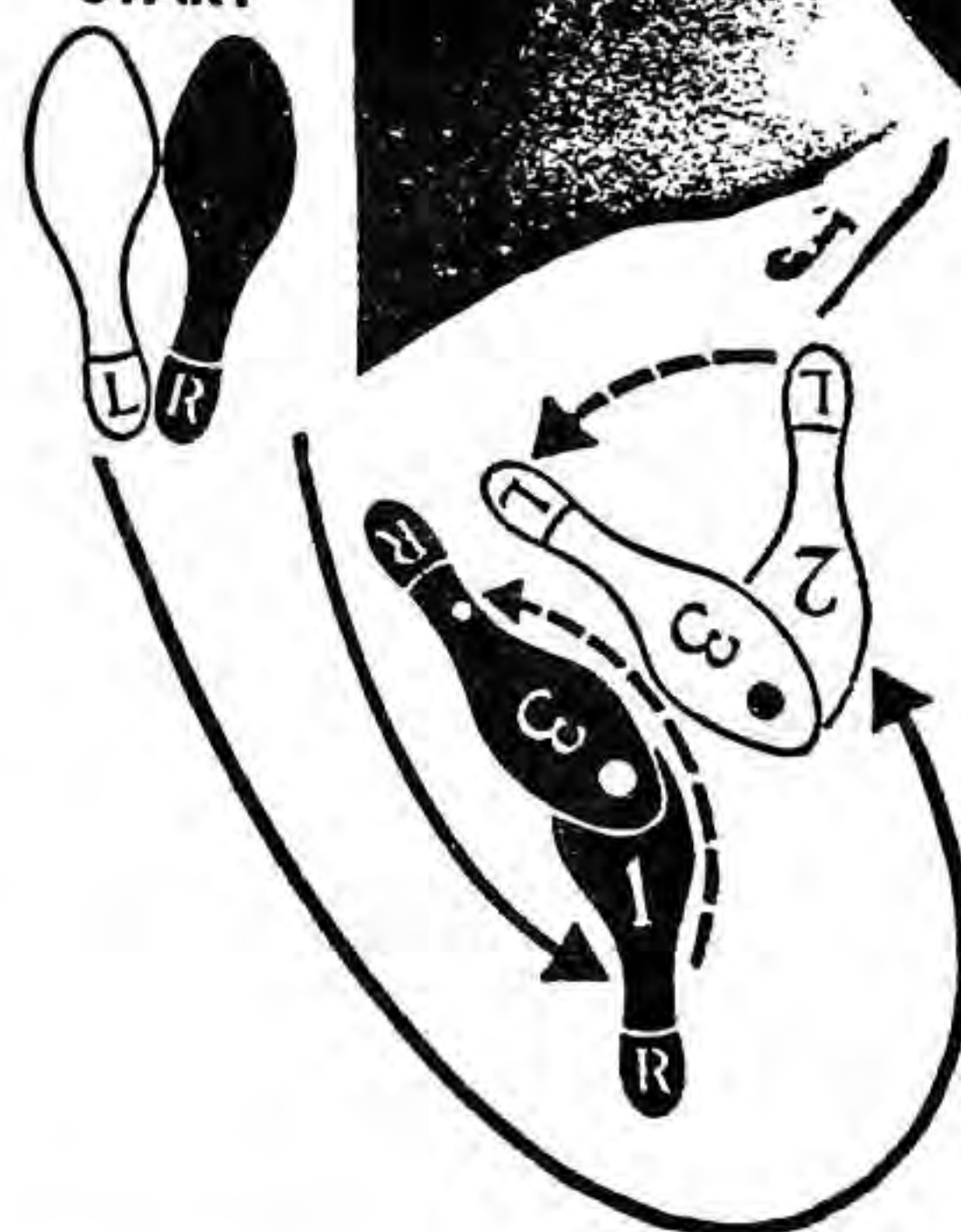
1:30 AM--Yup...I am at the Spectrum. It is a nightmare and any minute I will wake up. The crowd is screaming for the Stray Cats to appear. (Next thing you know they'll be flicking their Bics for an encore).

2:00 AM--Good heavens. Not only do they scream for the group, but they sing with the group. Have I walked into a Sing Along With Mitch show by mistake? One idiot hugs me, his beer breath washing over my face in nauseous waves, kissing my cheek. Between dribble lips, here, and the crowd I am disgusted. I seek refuge in the back with a couple of friends. Also in the back is my poor photographer, who was nearly beaten to death in his attempt to get photos. The Stray Cats' roadie grabbed his camera bellowing "NO PICTURES!" Fortunately he managed to escape, with himself and the camera intact. But if he was red before he is positively neon now. He could make a fortune directing traffic.

TIME UNKNOWN--Suddenly I hear it. The strains to "Stray Cat Strut." And is it ever good. With that one song I venture the nerve to go out and see the band again. Steamy chords and sultry beats flow through the air...this song crackles with electricity. I am impressed. Too bad the rest of the audience is still acting like an animal. I go back to my friends after the song is over.

At the end of the show the crowd goes crazy. They love the band. They want more. Someone gets into a fight and has to be carried out. Others are ready to pass out. Slowly the crowd disperses. It has been one hell of a night. No interview, bruises from being shoved, a bruised photographer and dribble on my cheek from old slobber lips. Was it worth it? I'm still not sure.

START



ORNETTE COLEMAN

-by Devon Leonard

For the past five years, certain members of the New York Press have showered Ornette Coleman and Prime Time with praise bordering on worship, hailing him as the savior of modern improvised music. Their fervent adoration has had both good and bad results. Ornette finally has a record out capturing the true spirit of Prime Time and plays frequently outside of New York for the first time in 25 years. On the other hand, he must live up to his reviews each night or be labeled a press hype.

Ornette's new band, Prime Time, and the application of harmolodics to electronic instruments are still developing. Before the start of the concert at the Zellerbach, he instructed the audience to "try and listen to all the instruments at the same time." When one closed one's eyes and listened without trying to see who was playing what or watch someone's fingers, the music became clear and logical. Everyone soloed at once but without visual distractions lines that sounded dissonant at first were revealed to be beautifully polytonal melodies.

After seeing the Prime Time at Bryn Mawr College in March, my expectations were high. At Bryn Mawr, Prime Time surpassed the press hype leaving no room for doubt that everything written about the band was true. Due to James Johnson's powerful drumming and the band's personal sound system, the music literally flew off the stage and into the audience's heads and pelvises. Dazzlingly orchestrated breaks were so tight and precise they invoked

applause after each repetition. The concert climaxed with "Compute" in which Cenardo Coleman relinquished his drums for Albert McDowell's bass, squaring off across the stage from Jamaaladeen Tacuma while his father's violin flew off into space.

The first set at the Zellerbach was dismal. A rented sound system and a different sound crew buried the drummers, making it hard to feel the beat. An inconsistent mix created the impression that some instruments were more equal than others and it was impossible to listen to the whole band at once. No matter how hard Ornette played, the band could not gel.

During the intermission, the sound crew solved some of their problems, and the second set was far better. As usual, the stars of the band, Ornette and Jamaaladeen Tacuma, were stunning. Tacuma is playing more electric bass than anyone alive and his interplay with Ornette is living proof of telepathy.

The music was not as loud as at Bryn Mawr and one could hear the guitar work hear clearly. Bern Nix and Charles Ellerbee switched back forth from lead to rhythm with fantastic results. Ellerbee, who used to function primarily as a rhythm player, cranked out some distorted leads on a tiny guitar establishing himself as one of the most underrated guitarist playing today. Nix was a trifle out of tune but played beautifully. Overall, the concert revealed a more subtle and reflective side of Coleman's music, filled with quiet menace and fun.

Ornette Coleman takes chances. His music is always changing and the emphasis on collective improvisation insures a disappointing set from time to time. Skeptics use these moments as proof that Ornette is overrated. But one thing about the Prime Time is consistent; the music is always filled with surprises absent in the sets of bands whose limited repertoire is repeated verbatim from one night to another. While other bands fossilize on stage, Ornette Coleman and Prime Time are alive, evolving and maturing, paving the way for a new improvised music.

Albums

262. It does not bother me that I am not better looking.
 414. I am apt to take disappointments so keenly that I can't put them out of my mind.
 408. I am apt to hide my feelings in some things, to the point that people may hurt me without their knowing about it.
 403. It is great to be living in these times when so much is going on.
 413. I deserve severe punishment for my sins.

THE CURE

Pornography (A&M)

There's a chance you might have read a review of this album in another area magazine that implied that the Cure are unfashionable because their songs deal with depression. That's unfashionable as "the new romantics and U.S. hardcore gave us something to live for!"

So now you know why you're alive, right? Just listen to Visage and Black Flag once a day and everything is going to be OK and since I get to play guitar in a so-called "hardcore" band (Informed Sources--ED) my life must be more fun than a barrel of monkeys...But it's not...and I bet yours isn't either.

In the span of eight songs PORNOGRAPHY sums up the darker side of our meager existence without wallowing in self-pity. The key to PORNOGRAPHY is the acceptance of the fact that life is usually an extremely depressing state of affairs. And just as the best punk music is an explosion of raw emotion that creates a direct link from band to listener, the Cure's ability to transfer emotions and feelings into something tangible that can be communicated is similar. The lyrics create images--"a sound like a tiger thrashing in the water" may mean nothing to you, but in the context of the song the line sends out strong feelings.

The production on PORNOGRAPHY is one of the best I've heard--the drum sound alone is awesome. Laurence Tolhurst is a direct and powerful drummer. The melodies of the songs are established by Simon Gallup's bass, with the textures added by Robert Smith's guitar (one of the few guitarists with a totally unique style). All three Cure people contribute keyboards, usually an ominous wash of synthesizer that frames the core.

Smith's vocals are the perfect vehicle for pain and confusion, but there's a quality to his vocals that suggest a vague hope, something that never surfaced in Depression Masters Joy Division (Ian Curtis always sounded to me like he gave up a long time ago).

There's never been more reason to be depressed than life in the 80's, and with PORNOGRAPHY you know you're not alone.



GANG OF 4

Songs Of The Free (Warner Bros.)

Recently I heard one hip college radio DJ tell his partner that the new Go4 record is a "disco album" and his hipster and flipper buddy replied that hardcore fans wouldn't like it.

Well, there we go again. It's just as much a waste of breath and print to point out the problem of camps and trendiness as it is to try to weed them out. I'm glad Gang Of Four haven't given up in the race of that nonsense, as the new disc shows.

Now three guys and a gal (Sara Lee, on bass), Go4 expand their style a bit with slow, steady, mostly non-DOR songs bent on informing us that there is a war on. The jagged guitar break in "It Is Not Enough" may be standard, but Jon King's closing unaccompanied vocals are startlingly and genuinely expressive. The band means it all the way through the album, from the opening toe-tappers like "I Love A Man In female backup vocals to the last grim groove of "Of The Last Instant" which tells the familiar story of Love's inability to shut out the real world. This band knows what's going on, and I'd listen to them if they had shaved heads or hair down to their butts. Get the point? Now get the record!

-J. Roberts

400. If given the chance I could do some things that would be of great benefit to the world.



(Independent Arts)

The sound of thrash cans in underground utility stations, that's the best definition I can come up for Savage Republic. Biafra described them as industrial music with a punk edge. So true. This band is made of four people who do record underground music (in utility stations...think I was kidding?), constantly exchange instruments (including trash cans and other bits of metal refuse) and in general have come up with the third groundbreaking punk album of the year (the others being Flipper's GENERIC ALBUM & MDC). This is originality with menace and a 4/4 beat. If you think you know anything...get this album.

-Steve Fritz

406. I have often met people who were supposed to be experts who were no better than I.

252. I can be friendly with people who do things which I consider wrong.

THE DANCE

Soul Force (Statik)

After the disappointment of the Dance's first LP, they come back with their second more focused, sharp and (well) funky. The biggest improvement with SOUL FORCE is the production, which is a lot closer to the live, fragile brilliance. The lead off track, "Stay Down" is worth the price of admission. -Steve Fritz

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Wargasm (Pax)

The message is obvious: War is worse than hell. The execution is what makes this one of the best compiles this year: that this many bands could say the same message eloquently and so diversely. From the hair-raising synthetics of Danse Soceity, the social outrage of Poison Girls, the pointed dub-satire of the DK's and the jazz-tinged reflectiveness of Rat Scabies (of the Damned...surprise of the month), this is a beautiful record and a must have for anyone who plays the Socail Con. -Steve Fritz

232. I have been inspired to a program of life based on duty which I have since carefully followed.

231. I like to talk about sex.

LOVE TRACTOR

THE ALBUM

Available now at your favorite record store

ON DB RECORDS

LOVE TRACTOR (DB)

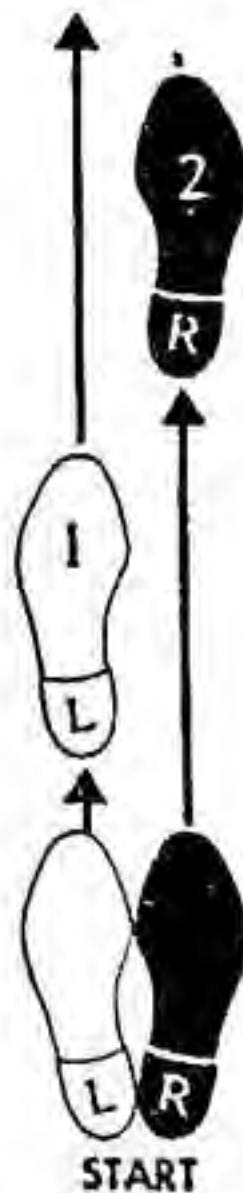
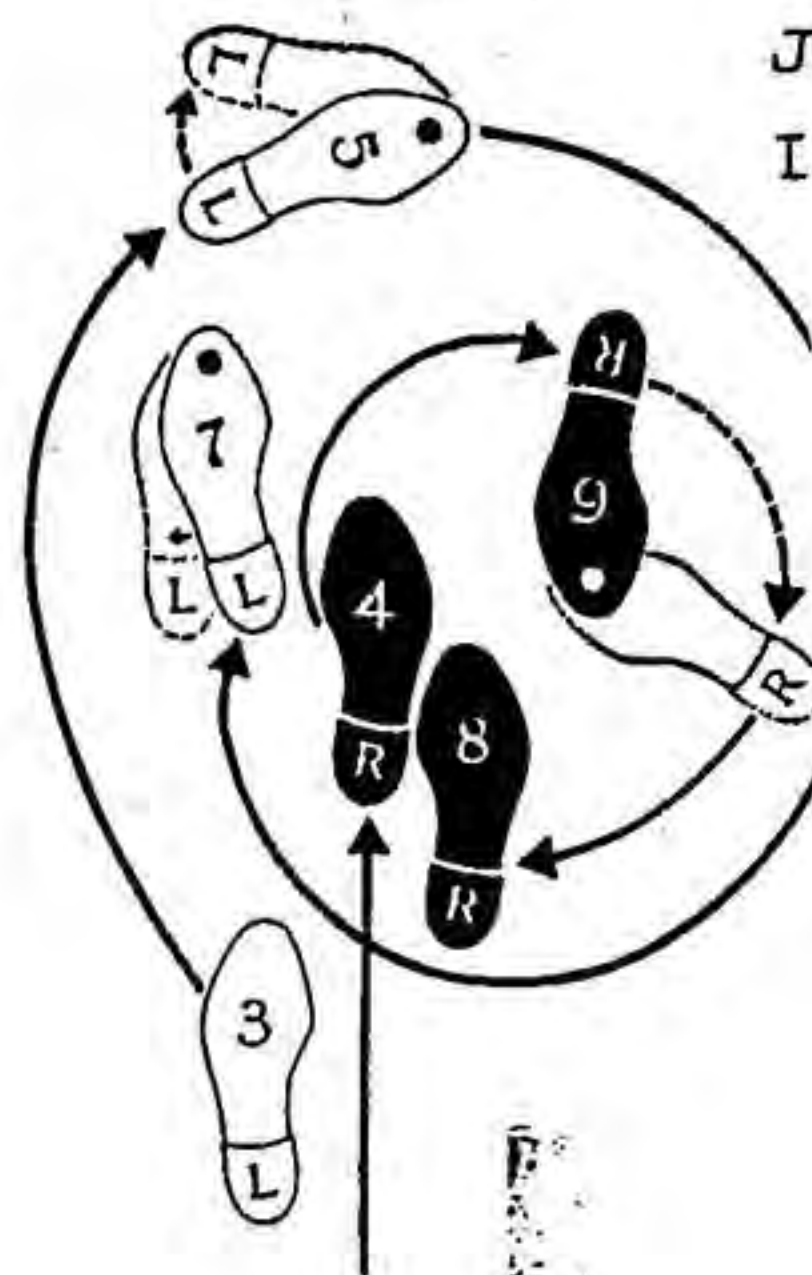
JODY HARRIS

It Happened One Night (Press)

A guitar band and a guitar man equals two guitar albums, right? Right. Jody Harris is best known for his Dick Dale (King of Surf guitar he was)/ Duane Eddy stuff with his band the Raybeats, while most people don't recall his work with the No New Yuck crew or his brainscorching duet with Bob Quine, ESCAPE. Meanwhile Love Tractor is from the home of all those damn fine pop bands, Athens GA (show me a bad one from there, c'mon), and they're a treat.

Now Mr. Harris takes his chance to stretch out like most solo artists tend to, and also like most solo projects, he blows a couple. Face it Jody, your voice (in the words of a reknown folk guitarist/instrumentalist when he once described his own set of tonsils) "is the sound of a goose farting on a foggy day." If your voice don't sound one step worse than Steve Howe of Yes (ever hear a cow w/gastritis?) then your lyrics and they just ain't funny. Fortunately this screed is reserved for only three of the trax on side one. The other two tracks and all of side two show that the man can play that axe of his, if not in the most brilliant of ways, in a darn satisfying one. Tape this one.

Now Love Tractor know one vital lesson, they keep their mouths shut, and let the guitars do the talking. They've developed a hybrid style of 60's surf instrumental style that's downright pleasing to the ear and all. No one track stands out because they're all excellent. Watch the Love Tractor get my vote for Sleeper of the Year. -Sean Dunhill



433. I used to have imaginary companions.

236. I brood a great deal.

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH (IRS)

Well this is not a supergroup--it's a dynamic duo. On paper, if not in aural life, the teaming of Stiv Bators & Brian James along with various personnel unknown seems like a natural. Compare the two and their past accomplishments: Bators--the snotty, nasty, punk hall of famer. His Dead Boys exploits are still legendary: Some say (and they have a strong case) that the Cleveland clowns with their "fuck it all, let's get fucked up" attitude defined American punk circa the mid-late '70's. And of course, B. James, musical genius behind the first two hell-bent-for-hell albs of The Damned. In a way these guys' respective bands were transatlantic parallels of each other. D. Boys, goons from the midwest with absolutely no manners and tones of ideas on what to do with your sister--RAW, FUNNY, DANGEROUS. The Damned, 4 yobboes pissed to the gills and performing acts of the truly demented and chaotic--OUTRAGEOUS, LUDICROUS, MAYHEM. Does seem natural eh--R/F/D + O/L/M. Even the name Dead Boys/Damned, stylistically the same, right? Nah, let's not push our luck.

Anyway, this is not the case, but it could have been. Lords Of The New Church are slick and refined, actually kind of boring. Whereas, Stiv Bators used to know he couldn't sing and proved it didn't matter, here he tries to croon and fails. On "New Church" he does manage to dig up a funny Alice Cooper imitation, but that's about it. Brian James plays second fiddle to wanky keyboards and that's an insult. B.J. I think you got a B.J. here. The old James fire is missing--this could be anyone. Throughout the album, songs also maintain a soppy midtempo groove that seems to take forever to get from verse to chorus to get it over with. "Eat Your Heart Out" with its chorus of "Rich bitch eat your heart out," should have been one these guys could have tackled blindfolded and still knocked your ears off. But the fury and general balls to your rouseability factor is nowhere in evidence. "Portobello" has its paced ruined by a hokey mid section talkover. Rest of the tunes don't even inspire enough rage to slag them off, except their song about the New York Doll which is just embarrassing. The Bators/James team have cleaned up their act but I don't know. I think of what this album could have been and what it is. No, I won't cry sell out because the bad joke of the matter is this still won't sell.

-Stevie Mercy

THE FAN CLUB

15:20 (Rude)

Grab a blender. Toss in the Boomtown Rats, Ramones, Blondie, GoGo's a dash of Joan Jett and a pinch of Chrissie Hynde. Mix at high speed. Serve loud. What this is is a bouncy album in the pop/new wave style that 'MMR listeners love. It's fun. It's harmless. Not for serious new music fans--but for people who don't give a damn and just like the beat.

-Carol Schutzbank

PIGBAG

Dr. Jeckle & Mr. Jive (Stiff)

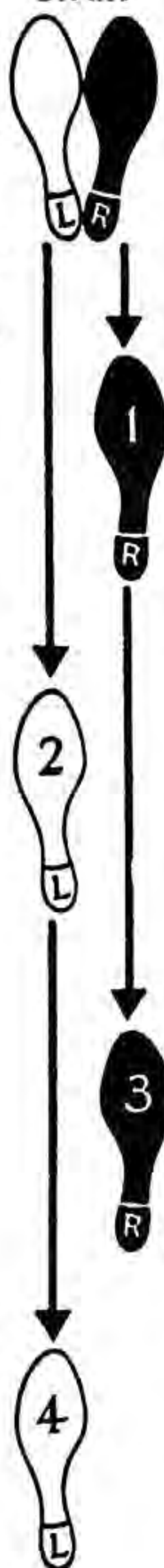
Stupid idiots will want to know why there are no lyrics (duh, how can I sing along?). Those of us who are more intelligent will appreciate the music for the music's sake. This is a lively, danceable album.

-Carol Schutzbank



401. I have no fear of water.

START



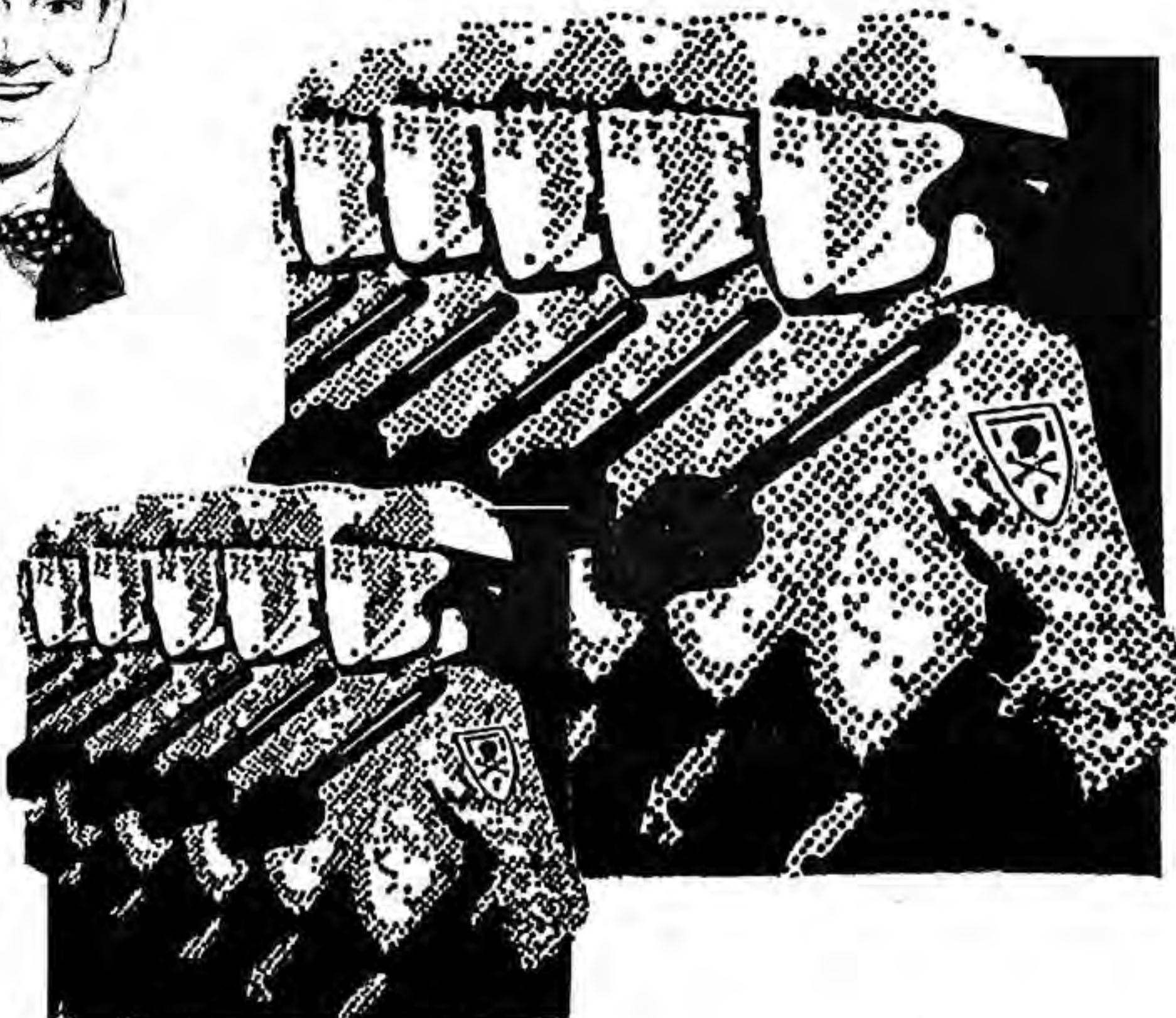
397. I have sometimes felt that difficulties were piling up so high that I could not overcome them.

ERASERHEAD

The Original Soundtrack (IRS)

GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE. Otherwise you'll never understand three quarters of this album, especially side two, which is really called Sounds Of Silence--hardly anything is heard through the whole side. The only thing that makes this worthwhile is the 8 1/2 by 11 glossy of the infamous baby--suitable for framing.

-Carol Schutzbank



MDC

(R Radical)

Originally the Stains from Austin, TX; MDC are now located in San Francisco. Their debut album brings some new light to the darkening cloud of conformity growing over the hardcore scene. Amid a sea of raspy vocals,

hunta-hunta drum beats and Jr. High School lyrics; MDC stands out like a lighthouse in a storm. The vocals are clear and distinguishable, and the lyrics are angry, intelligent statements that call for the death of the Moral Majority. The music is tight, superspeed thrash with a heavy metal flavor. Superb production makes the sound quality superior to many records in the scene.

When it comes to Social Con, these guys are not afraid to bear their souls. Their lyrics give us a tour through the inside of their minds--How they perceive life in our society is documented in songs like "Kill The Light" and "American Achievements" and their runaway hit "John Wayne Was A Nazi." These songs are powerful concepts that rip right for the throat of the Moral Majority. In the world we live today, we must be aggressive and cunning or else we be programmed to conform. MDC is fighting back with musical energy, I hope you join the fight too.

-Steven Eye

420. I have had some very unusual religious experiences.



WOZ (Red)

What hurts about this album is that I have seen Woz do his thing on stage, and he was one person who named his back up band (called Melting Planet) very appropriately. So how come with this record he hits us with two sides of mellow pap? I mean, c'mon...I've consumed better pablum out of Gerber's, and I don't plan to make this wreckord a steady diet.

-S. Dunhill

ITAL

Ital (Ites Rec.)

Hey! Here is some stuff mon! Jah Bet. These Amerikan Boyz are da real thing. Who says Reggae can't rock? Well this OHIO!! band will sear yer ears with some of the hottest bass and guitar breaks on vinyl. Each cut could be a killer EP. Put them all together ya get a record that practically lives on your turntable. Jah, try it!

-Chucko the Rockin' Robot.

431. I worry quite a bit over possible mistortunes.

418. At times I think I am no good at all.

45
rpm's

COSMETIC (Rough Trade)

There's good, better and the best. This definately is the best. Jamaladeen Tacuma, Timothy Murphy, Rick McClary and James Watkins put together a steamy, sizzling jazz arrangement that literally throbs with life. Watkin's sax moves in and out of the other's parts more sinuously than a python on the loose (How's that for a pompous metaphor?) This is HOT stuff. -C. Schutzbank

DIE KRUPPS

Goldfinger/Zwei Herzen, Ein Rhythmus

Well gee, now that you poor electropop types missed the boat and only caught on to D.A.F. after they broke up (bet you didn't know that, did you?), here comes the latest Tuetonic wonders that you'll miss. Die Krupps have released 2 EP's and an LP of truly adventurous synthetic music, and this is their latest aural meisterwerk. OK, OK you'll blow it again...you might as well keep up your steady diet of Brit Wonderbread fake foot muzak. -S. Dunhill

G.G. ALLIN

Public Animal #1/You Hate Me and I Hate You (US)

So the lyrics aren't the most profound. Big Deal. What looked like a mundane, do-it-yourself single kit offering turns out to have a lot of potential. The music is hard and driving, the beat is forceful. Who says good things can't come in small packages? To top it off, this is from New Hampshire--yes, there is life in the Great North Besides New York, as this single proves. -Carol Schutzbank

CONFLICT

The House That Man Built (Crass)

I like their signature tune adn the rest weren't bad either. But c'mon now, how many times can you discuss anti-war songs? Are there no other ideas these days other than anti-war and anti-nuke music? By the sound of this pile, no, and that's too bad.

RELIGIOUS OVERDOSE

25 Minutes/Control Addict

Yes, yes, electronics with balls meeting real instruments in head on walls of sound. R.O., eery, distorted, so slow it hurts and bet your head--this is effective music.

And some others....

THE QUEER PILLS

Stupid Jerk/Time To Fuck/The Todd Killings/They Saved Hitler's Cock (Homophobic)

Dogs and dildos...presenting the one and only QUEER PILLS alias the Angry Samoans. For true Americans. Aural equivalent of sex dolls.

CULT HEROES

Amerikan Story/Don't Like It (Maverick)

Detroit does it again. C.H. lays down a hard 2 conjuring up visions of the best of the Motown traditions (white boys division). Get this: Murder City is your friend.

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SAVIORS?
Capitalist Doom & Gloom
boys got you in a Spin?
Now you no longer need
fear the End of the World.
"Bob" brings a
NEW DESTINY
FOR AMERICA

What's Coming Up?
Glaciers Melt, 5th Civil
War, Sex Riots, Gravity
Rays, U.S. 73%
Alcoholic, Hitler & JFK
Cloned....

And then on July 5,
1998, at 7:00 A.M.
THE X-ISTS LAND
Will you be ready?
Don't you feel responsible for
trying to help this endangered
planet? NO?
Good.
The fact is, it's too late. There
isn't a god-damned thing you as
an individual can do. When the
end comes
Only "Bob" has
all the answers.

Muminatoids, Masons, Counselors
on Foreign Relations, Nazi
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Hollow Earth, any and all Rocket-
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241. I dream frequently about things that
are best kept to myself.

BAUHAUS

Spirit/Terror Couple Kills
(Beggars Banquet) Colonel

Experimentation and change: the true definition of the band, Bauhaus. Their latest project is a more "commercial" outing with lead track being a semi-acoustic invitation to celebrate the night, the flip an amphetimed 3 minutes of life. And as always, the experimentation pays off. Second best 45 yet from this finally recognized band (Personal #1: "Passion Of Lovers")

-S. Fritz



LOS REACTORS

Dead In The Suburbs/Culture Shock/
Pregnant Girls (Fast Noise)

"Dead" is neither good nor bad to tell the truth. "Culture" is the catchiest tune here and OK. "Pregnant" I can't remember this one, but it's academic. This EP is 1 for 3!

LOS REACTORS

Laboratory Baby/Be A Zombie (Cynkykyl)

I'm not sure, but I think I just reviewed another record by these zitz. Well read that one again. I hate doing these goddamn things anyway.

THE NOBODYS

Sex Is A Bottomless Pit/Boiling The
Melting Pot (Whatever)

Real nothing from the Nobodys. Two tunes here features two types of material: sucky and suckier.

SUBHUMANS

Big City/Peroxide/Reason For Existence/
Cancer (Spiderleg)

Subhumans (UK Branch) offer four very basic, very hard punk tunes. The catch is they're catchy adn loud and fast and to make a long story short--great.

THE SYSTEM

The Warfare EP (Spiderleg)

Spiderleg coughs up its second winner in this column. The System--anti-war, anti-government, anti-system. Here's 3 blistering tracks that say FUCK YOU. Yes, this is recommended.

THE MOB

No Doves Fly Here/I Hear You Laughing
(Crass)

Well, I like the sentiments and the politics, but I don't like boring songs. So I wouldn't buy this but if sentiments and politics are enough for you, well be my guest.

DISLOCATION DANCE

Rosemary/Chant (New Hormones)

The record this band always had the potential of doing. Dislocation Dance have dropped the trebly, light touch for a record with more punch and it's a pop masterpiece. Get it or get out. -S. Dunhill

THE WINNING RECORD REVIEWS!!!!!!!!!!

Remember in issue #8 we offered away albums and a chance to join the Staff to the persons who sent the best reviews of records in the Philadelphia area. Well, surprise...we had two winners and one is from North Carolina! So to settle the situation as to who amongst the the ten or so who did try, the winners are:

1) Kurt Brenneman
240 Epping Rd.
Clemmons, NC 27012

2) J. Roberts
2519 Vista St.
Phila., PA 19152

Expect something in the mail...and after you do please send us your phone numbers so we could discuss your future careers as T! staff (and God have mercy on your souls). - Steve

261. If I were an artist I would like to draw

CASSETTES



ELECTRONIC:

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS
Load & Go! (ROIR)

The Sci-Ams, so the promo sheet proclaims (therefore be forewarned) are the East Coast answer to the Residents. Hardly the case, they can't lick the Fab Four's boots! Rather, if you want a West Coast comparison, try a goofy version of Chrome...without the edge. If anything, they emulate another West Coast outfit, Devo. No redeeming value. -Sean.

«SPK»
THE LAST ATTEMPT
AT PARADISE

28 APRIL 1982

SPK

The Last Attempt At Paradise (Fresh)

The cassette to get for all plugged in types. A mental assault squad, they attack YOU. Their music is a disquieting, primitive electronic rhythm hiding as noise. Steady pulse from real drums maintains one's attention while the synths play disturbingly organic sound (with plenty of feedback and distortion) and very synthetic vocals. Recommended, but not for the weak of heart. -Sean

ATOMIC THINKERS

Nuclear War Tactics (AtoMusic)

Out of the 3 cassette EP's by this E music local band, the latest is the most stable. Using structural and improvisational elements, a flowing freshness is found. Guitars-vocals-synths-and rhythm machines add a new edge to the high energy of the Thinkers. -Chucko

INKEY\$

This cassette mag is a collection of electronic musics unparalleled. Jean Philippe Rykel is interviewed and his work featured. A tape that any synthesizer music fan can not do without. -Chucko

For More info on these tapes; write:

ROIR: 611 Broadway/Suite 214/NY, NY 10011

FRESH: P.O. BOX 36/Lawrence KS 66044

CONSTANT CAUSE: 679 Arbor Lane/ Warminster, PA 18974

INKEY\$: 50 Durhill Rd./Dagenham/Essex RM9 5XU ENGLAND



FURRY COUCH

60 Minutes of Madness (Unpleasant)

Heck, the music is hardly unpleasant enough if you ask me (I did-ED.) Some bits like "Your Family!" "Your Gone," and "96 Tears" are almost listenable. If it weren't for the fact that he uses electronic toys this would no nearly be as good as odd. A foolish mixture of noise, rhythms and melodies that will live up to its name, and still be enjoyable.

FUNK

ALFONIA TIMS

Future Funk/Uncut! (ROIR)

This is a box rocket for the Fall. Harmolodic composition shot through a double barrel of Punk/Funk energy. A new standard, wave it proudly. -Sean



unpleasant music

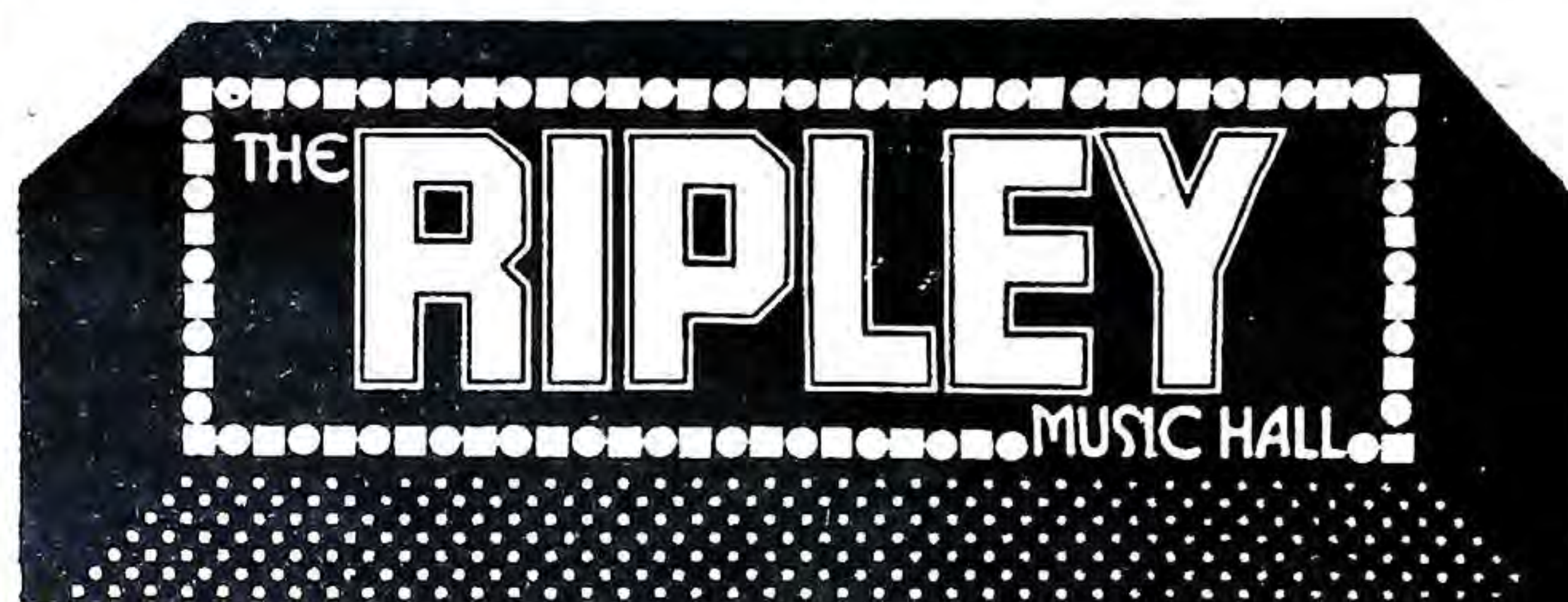
THE HUMAN SWITCHBOARD
Coffee Break (ROIR)

A live concert wherein the vocalist how he feels and he responds "nervous" This summates the Switchboard brand of rock 'n roll better than anything I could have thought of. The band is a shiny example of adolescent angst with Velvet trap-pings and constantly sharp observations of Midwest America at its worst. Now this band has been kicking around for half a decade, and they've always been a critic's fave...though I doubt this cassette will get them much needed airtime, THEY SHOULD BE HEARD. -Sean Dunhill

VARIOUS ARTISTS

New York Thrash (ROIR)

Comprised of bands from the Rat Cage/171-A troupe of punk, this cassette fills two purposes: documentation and entertainment. The Mad and several other bands don't exist anymore, and the Bad Brains ain't what they use to be, but the quality of the tracks is great and bands like the Un-dead, Kraut and Adrenalin OD really kick. Now New York Thrash probably is too mellow for some tastes, but it does balance itself smoothly and really pretty good. -Sean



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w/Stiv Batör & Brian JamesSept. 22: **KID CREOLE** & the CoconutsOct. 1: **THE A's**Nov. 8: **THE RESIDENTS!!!**
AT THE TOWERSept. 17: **JIMMY CLIFF & PETER TOSH**



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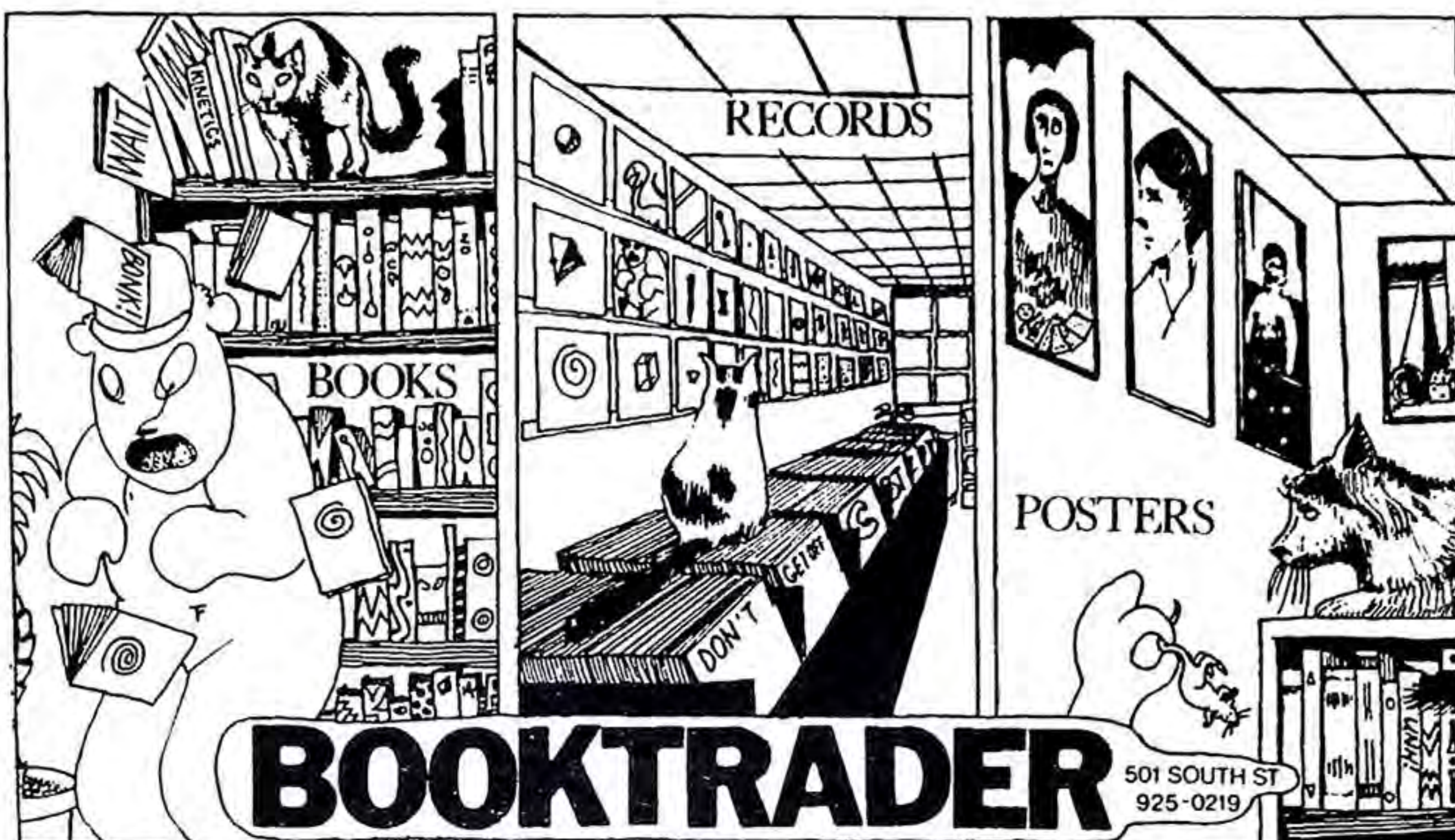
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FORTUNE: PREVENT POVERTY OF THE MIND

71. I think a great many people exaggerate their misfortunes in order to gain the sympathy and help of others.

SKANKY THE SKULL HEAD COMICS

SKANKY DECIDES TO KILL HIMSELF. ©1982 SHAWN KERRI

CALL ME A WIMP... BUT I'M TAKING THE EASY WAY OUT!

BUT HOW? I GOT NO VEINS TO SLASH OR INJECT ANYTHING FATAL INTO.

I GOT IT! I'LL O.D. ON PILLS!

THAT'S NO GOOD. I'LL JUST BLOW MY BRAINS OUT!

CLICK CLICK CLICK

FORGOT... NO BRAINS!

AH! THE 'OL HIGH-RISE HIGH-DIVE! THIS CAN'T FAIL!

CRASH!

BOY... DO I FEEL DUMB!

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BY PETER BAGGE AND KEN WEINER

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ZIPPY

"LIFE AS WE KNEW IT" ©1981 BILL GRIFFITH

GRIFFY!! WHY ARE YOU SLEEPING IN A PUDDLE?!

GDMNGOOD BLZTRFX..

IT'S REAGAN!! HE'S WREAKING HAVOC WITH TH' PLANET!!

IS HAVOC BAD??

ZIPPY!! SODN THERE WILL BE NO MORE AMTRAK!!

AMTRAK IS A POLISH SUBURB OF CHICAGO. IT WILL ALWAYS EXIST.

IT WILL?

YES.. CASPER WEINBERGER BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED.. EVERYTHING IS OKAY..

SNIFE.

GEE.. NOW I FEEL.. MUCH BETTER....

256. The only interesting part of newspapers is the "funnies."

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INTRODUCING THE STRANGE, HORRIBLE, BORING LIFE OF...

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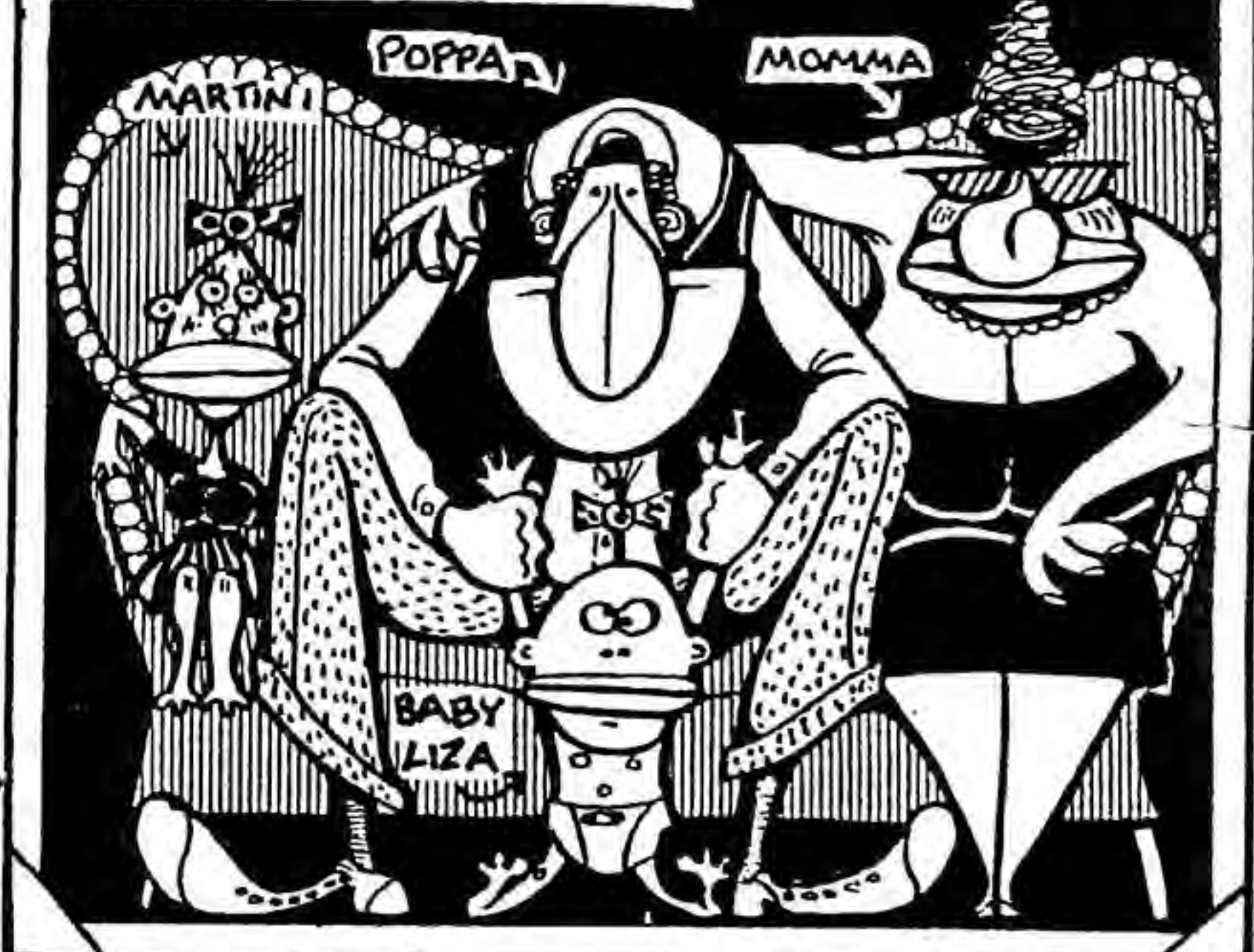
DAT BRAT FROM BROOKLYN!

P. BAGGE + D. GARRINO

SHE'S FULL OF LIFE! SHE'S FULL OF SPUNK! SHE'S FULL OF... NO, I WON'T SAY IT!



SHE'S THE SPOILED OFFSPRING OF AN OBNOXIOUS, LOUD-MOUTHED JEWISH FAMILY. THEY LIVED ON AVENUE X IN BROOKLYN.



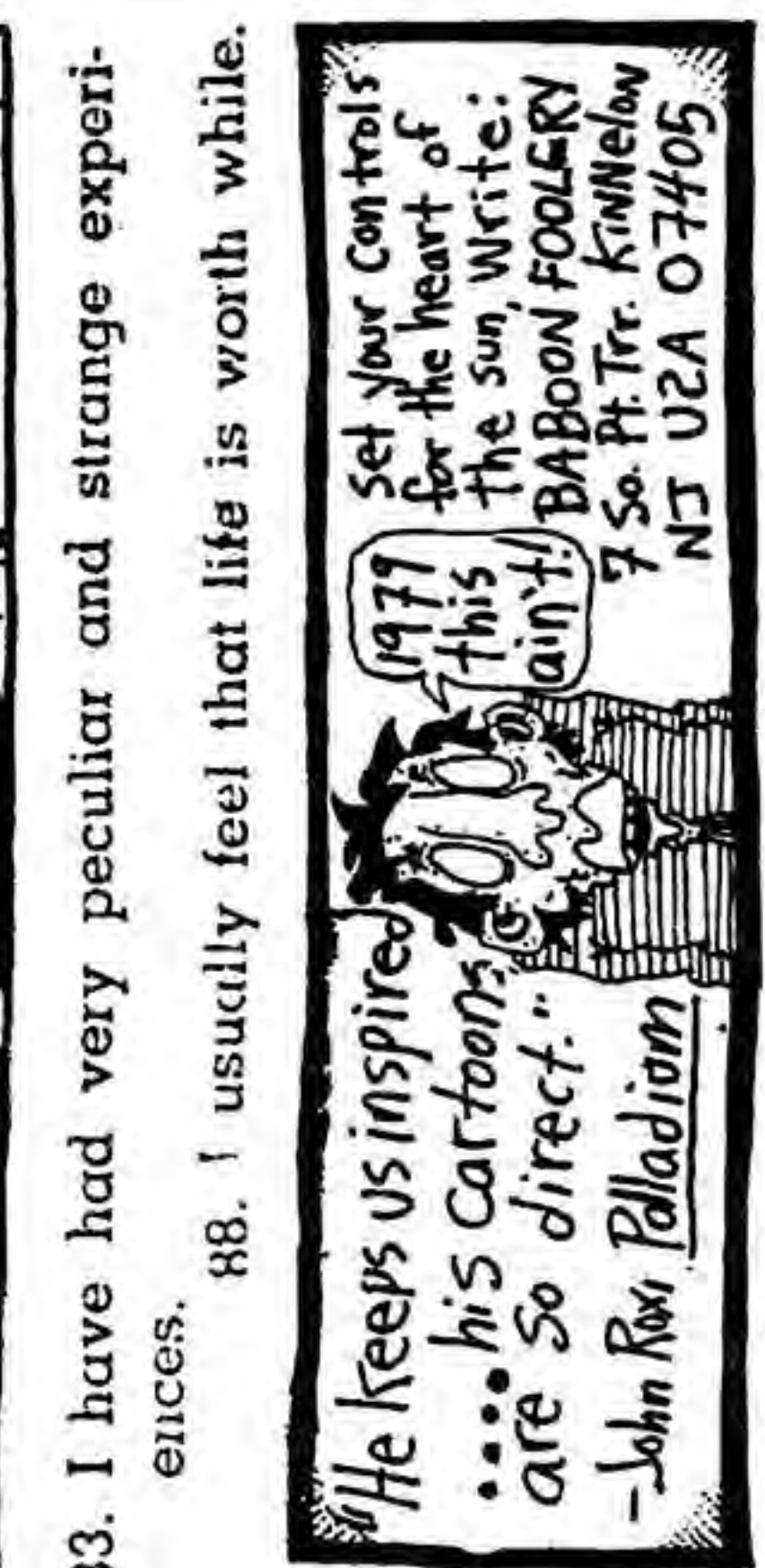
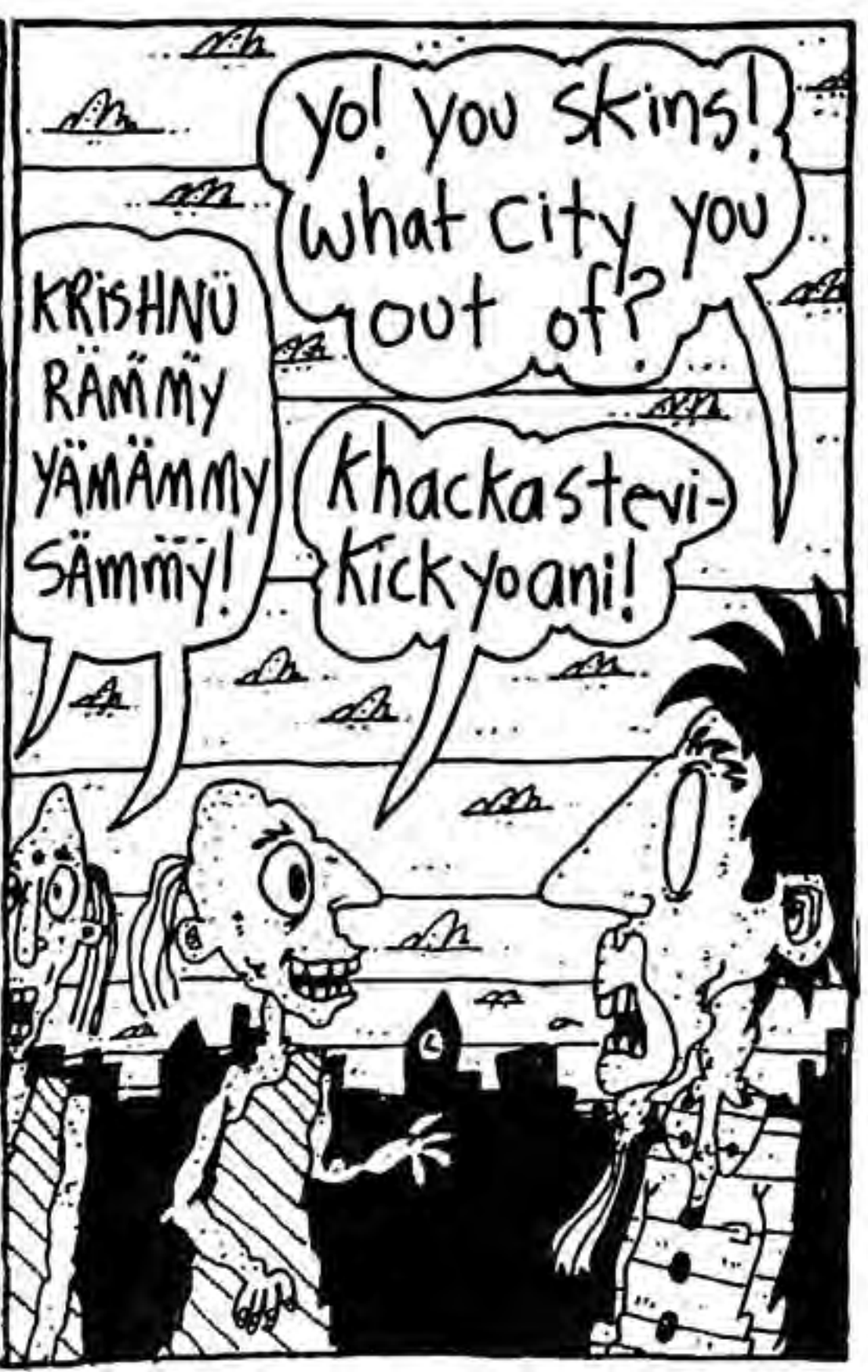
MARTINI WAS THE KIND OF GIRL THAT TOLD EVERYONE THAT SHE HAD E.S.P.



MARTINI HAD A BAD REPUTATION. THE GYM TEACHER RAPED HER.



SHE HOPED SHE WOULD GET PREGNANT AND DROP OUT AND GET WELFARE AND WATCH CHANNEL 11 ALL DAY. BUT SHE DIDN'T.



89. It takes a lot of argument to convince most people of the truth.

67. I wish I could be as happy as others seem to be.





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