

No.9

Terminal!

75¢



**Informed
Sources.....**



In This Issue ...

**alan
vega**

bow

**brian
brain**

wowow

BUZZZ

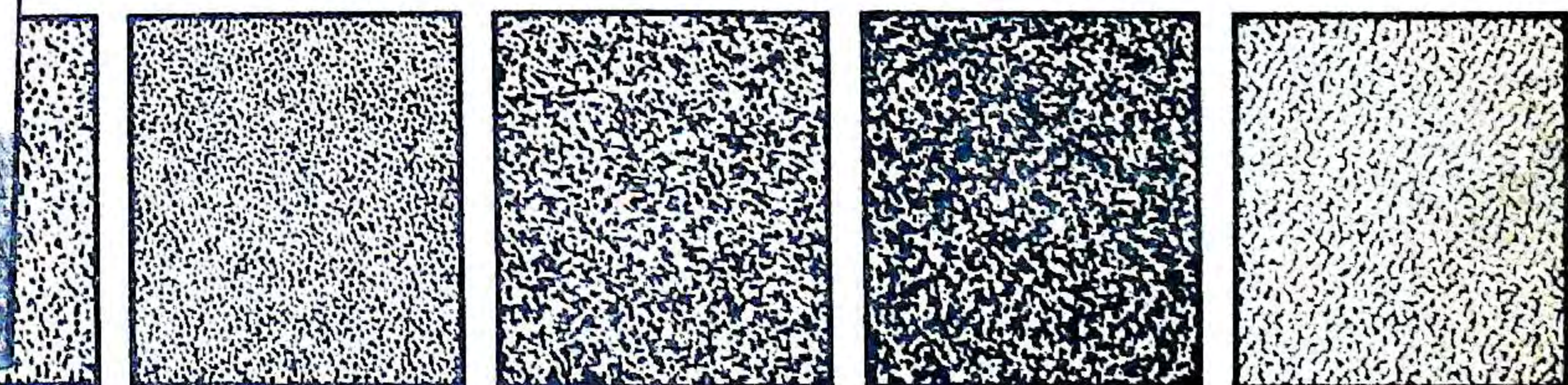
Johnny Thunders

COMICS

pere
ubu

the angst of adolescence.

Pretty Poison





THE STICK MEN

T H I S I S T H E

M A S T E R B R E W



Fran Soir

The STICK MEN
12" Record "THIS IS THE MASTER BREW"

Distributed in Europe by:
Flying Disc, Delft, Holland

Red Records International, Ltd.
810 Longfield Road
Philadelphia, PA 19118
(215) 233-5669

STICKMANJAMS (The Stick Men)
P.O. Box 561
Mpl. Shd., NJ 08052
Chuck Mattern at U.C.P.
(215) 387-0600



Is Also available in Philadelphia at:
Beat Per Minute, 411 S. 40th St.
The Book Trader, 501 South St.
Third St. Jazz, 10 N. 3rd St.
Gola Electronics, 1001 Chestnut St.

Available in New York at:
99 Records, 99 MacDougal Street
Bleeker Bob's

Distributed in the U.S. by:
Performance
J.C.O.A./N.M.D.S.
Rounder
Jem
Wayside Music
and other independant distributors.



Nice work America. You've taken one of your greatest (and only) native musical forms and systematically squeezed it virtually out of existence. Rock and Roll, hybrid wellspring of all of today's popular music, and itself the most exciting and vital popular music ever, you've turned into something for only cultists to appreciate. Way to go.

But you've always hated rock and roll haven't you? God knows you never understood it; could never deal with the fact that what drove you crazy about it was the very essence of its greatness. You condemned it for its truths and its glories. It was music for kids. It was too loud, too simple, too frenetic. It couldn't be worth anything.

Music for kids. Of course it is! And damned if it isn't simple, loud and frenetic. So what? Can't different styles of music have different yardsticks of achievement? Or can't different styles of music even exist together? Anti-rock and roll crusaders have always felt that rock and roll was a threat, that it would displace all the nice harmless stuff that comforts the masses. And now they gloat at rock and roll's popular demise as if a great social enemy had been put down.

Kid's music. That's the big rap. As if it were a given music by and for people under 21 couldn't be good. How could an adult listen to kid's music? Rock and roll was something that a person grew out of, like reading comic books. And all that thinking has guilt-trapped a lot of intelligent people. One's liking of rock and pop bands suddenly needs justification. This can be pretty funny in itself, for example hearing a Human League fan pretend that the band is something other than a melodic pop band using synths instead of guitars. He feels he HAS to think that they are.

Wait a minute, you say. The Human League? They're more than just a pop band. Welcome to the trap, friend. The conditioning has worked on you. In a few years you probably WILL outgrow the music you like now because you already believe that if a band is worth listening to it must be because they're MORE THAN JUST A ROCK AND ROLL BAND.

You don't think that the 'more' and 'just' are present in the New Music minds reading this? Then tell me why the the on-airs at WKDU feel they have to apologize every time they play the Ramones? Can't be because the Ramones are simply a rock and roll band, one without an envelope of relevance or coolness to justify them, can it?

The answer to this stifling mindness, if it isn't too late, is acceptance; simply accepting music on its own terms and appreciating the best of each form for what it offers. Rock and roll (and pop, which I see as rock and roll's brother), in it's loud, simple, frenetic, kid appeal from is worthwhile, without having to be anything else. It's good music and can still be an important cultural force.

It was too much of a cultural force in the 50's. It stirred people up too much. Could we see that as just a by-product of the high-energy fun it created. Not on your life. We like our kids placid, even (or especially?)

"America Destroys It's Own"

-by Bruce McClelland

SMURF NAZI

when they're out having fun. And rock and roll was the great subverter of youth; not something to accept but something to fight. And when direct confrontation was exhausted as a tactic we found a new approach, a more effective, more Byzantine approach--assimilation. Very neat. In short, you FEIGN acceptance/ You take the force that threatens to reshape the culture and reshape it instead. You turn it into something you can control and unleash it, still under the same name, upon the sheep populace. You take lovely music and you co-opt and coerce it until the moneymass junk that you persist in CALLING rock and roll is unlistenable to anybody who loves the real stuff, and the real stuff is ridiculed back into the musical underground. The work of 30 years.

Thirty years. In all that time there hasn't been one rock and roll artist that's been acclaimed FOR MAKING ROCK AND ROLL. Elvis Presley only affirmed his legendary status, via a vis the masspop, by going Vegas. From the content of all the 'tribute' shows and record offers you'd think that the Presley that meant something, the pre-Army Presley never existed. (Or more to the point, that there was NO DISTINCTION between the Presley who recorded "Hound Dog" and the one who fumbled his way through performances of "My Way") And the rock and roll Beatles of 1964, the Beatles of "She Loves You" and "A Hard Days Night" were never looked upon as anything other than a teen fad (as if intrinsically bad). It took ballads like "Michelle" and "Yesterday" for the Beatles to prove that they could write 'real music.' Rock and roll, hell. TV remembrances of John Lennon frequently featured as illustration of his talent those same (McCartney!) ballads, and certainly no

songs like "Cold Turkey" or "Revolution" The media whitewashed him; turned him into a wimp. Well there was a thousand times more honor done to Lennon by Generation X's having recorded his "Gimme Gimme Some Truth" in 1978 than all such weepy, hypocritical posthumous critical devotions.

Devotions whose nature was dictated by a press and public who, openly or not, persist in seeing rock and roll or any of it high-powered youth-targeted descendents, as adolescent crap; as the enemy. The hypnotizer. The seducer. The harbinger of doom. Quick. Stamp out hardcore bands before they poison any more young minds; before they destroy civilization as we know it. Such thinking. Such astute judgement. Now THAT'S adolescent crap.

Meanwhile, since we've kicked our child out, leaving it to foreigners to adopt it, we stand mired in cultural sterility. Extremes are dead. True popularity is for those who don't try, who don't challenge. If you're the Blasters the Bush Tetras or X, you go no where because your way is blocked by Journey, and Billy Squier, and REO Speedwagon. And that's what America has done to rock and roll; turned it from catharsis into an anesthetic. So wake me up when it's over, will you?

RIP-OFF OF THE MONTH: The Charlie Daniels band "Still In Saigon" which sound suspiciously like Blondie's "Call Me" Jeez, they don't wait long these days do they?

WE (IN CONTINUING TO REMEMBER DEAD) HUMBLY DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO LESTER BANGS. HE WAS A MODEL FOR US ALL.

At Armageddon there will be no refuge for the wicked

Terminal!

CONTENTS.....



3	EARS 3
4	SHOTNEWS/LOWLIFE
5	BLASTERS
6	BRIANBRAIN
7	BOWOWOW
8	INFORMED SOURCES
9	PRETTY POISON
10	ALAN VEGA

PAGE	
11	BUZZZ
12	J THUNDERS
14	DISLOCATION DANCE
15	UBU
16	LIVE
17	M. WATT
18	45 S
19	EPS/LOCAL
20	L P S
21	OUTFITS/BOOKS
22	CHUCKO
23	FLUX COMIX



THE TERMINAL! STAPH:

Publisher: Steven Fritz
Religious Editor: Dan Kinney
Editor: Carol Shutzbank
ART DIRECTION: FURRY COUCH
Business Manager: Mitch Feldstein
MOVIE ADS: puzzling evidence
WRITERS: Sean Dunhill, Doug Ellmore, Robt. Emmett, Griffin, Bruce McClelland, Stephen Myers, Nadja, & David Wynter & Chucko, the Rockin' Robot.

SF CORRESPONDENCE: Ava Lake
UK CORRESPONDENCE: Andrew Darlington

PHOTOGRAPHY: John Coward, Rikki Ercoli, Jim Graham, Lisa Haun, Dan Perry, H. Rumph, Jr., Lori S. & Bruce Silcox
Cover photos by Bruce Silcox & Jim Graham.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: I WISH TO HEARTFULLY COMMEND THE PERSON WHO ATTEMPTED TO SIMULATE ME FOR DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB. BUT NEXT TIME, GET YOUR FACTS STRAIGHT. RICH BASTARD THAT I AM, I ALREADY BOUGHT THE ENTIRE BULLERIN BUILDING AND WILL CONVERT THE HELICOPTER LANDING ROOF INTO A GIANT OPEN AIR THEATRE TO PLAY NICE, QUIET FOLK BANDS LIKE THE DEAD KENNEDYS AND I'LL TAKE DOWN THE MOVING FLASH BOARD DOWN TO REPLACE IT WITH 20 FOOT TARGETS OF PEOPLE LIKE LEE PARIS, BOBBY STARTUP, AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO TRIES TO ANYTHING GOOD OF BAD IN THE SCENE AND LET ANYBODY TAKE POT SHOTS AT THEM WITH ONE OF SEVERAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS THAT WILL BE SCATTERED AROUND THE PARKING LOT. ALSO, I WILL START JONESTOWN II IN UNIVERA CITY CITY...NO ONE WILL NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE.

THURSDAY
JUNE 24

CADRE 8
«FORMERLY THE SKP's»

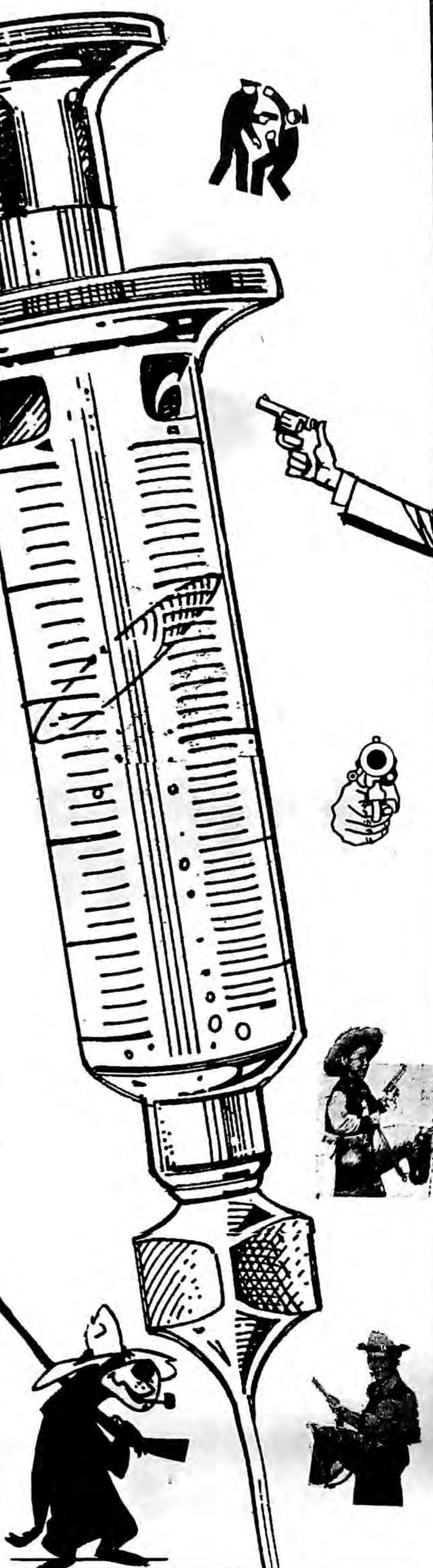
EAST SIDE CLUB

Shot News



Anyway, on to other things. The Red/TERMINAL cassette sampler is definately go. All bands should have their tapes finished by June 30 of this month. Release date for the tape will be July 31, 1982. All bands selected should get in touch with me IMMEDIATELY to set up interviews, info, etc...band to watch out for: Fox In Sox (rising from the ashes of Physical Push)...Philly releases for the next several months: AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR EP w/ "TV Messiah/Power Head/Hell Away From Hell/Perfect Order/Eye Of The Beholder/ABScam"...Reds album (it's their 3rd) FATAL SLIDE...INFORMED SOURCES LP...Paul Woznicki LP on Red...EXECUTIVE SLACKS (?)...MOTHER MAY I EP...NEW TRANSFACTOR...the Cosmetics (featuring Tim Murphy of Transfactor)...fate of RED BUCKETS 45 in limbo...KING OF SIAM in the studio recording with both Bruce Glider and Mike McDonnell...TRENDS OF THE MONTH: Impending Fatherhood (and unwanted...ever hear of contraceptives guys...never leave home without 'em) and appendicitis in far-away places. Kudos to Linda Landmark for getting that in San Francisco (never thought of doing THAT when I was there)...MAGAZINES:...The Bob planning to come out hopefully in the end of June (learning what it's really like, eh Doug?)...SAVAGE 'PINK out with usual coverage of you know who and Brit punk. What about FLIPPER, eh?...Also nearly forgot, the BOB is lowering their price to \$1, but with no Flexi...FLIGHT 90 is taking off with hard cover and more pages. Last issue is definately the best...also brand new is AID to the TOTALLY DISABLED from Madge Dinette & Monica Vidi...and finally, is the world ready for POSEUR #2? It still may or may not be a Terminal! production...

NATIONAL NEWS: R.E.M. on IRS? Coming to town for June and July: EAST SIDE CLUB: CIRCLE JERKS & CHELSEA, NEW MATH, ALANVEGA, ALTERED IMAGES, RICHARD HELL!!!!, PROFESSIONALS, and STRAY CATS (tickets on sale now...\$9 in advance)...X coming to Long March (SE corner of Broad & South) July 7 & 8...DEAD KENNEDYS in July!!!! The return of FLIPPER in July...UPCOMING RELEASES:...A&M: Joe Jackson (Night Vein), Squeeze, Oingo Boingo...CBS: Boomtown Rats mini, Peter Bauman LP...CHRYSLIS: Billy Idol...DB Records: Swimming Pools Q's, oh OK, XXOO (4 parts of Half Japanese)...FAULTY: DEAD KENNEDYS 45 & LP!!! Jellybeans reissue, Chrome, D.O.A., Reissue of GROUP SEX BY the C. Jerks, anti-Nowhere League...415 Records have signed a complete deal with CBS and first releases are LP's by TRANSLATORS (heartbeats & Triggers), UNITS LP (Produced by Bill Nelson) and Romeo Void have fin-



ished their new LP (Prod. by Ric Ocasek) and should be out in the Summer IRS:Chelsea, Tom Robinson, Eraserhead Soundtrack, Lords Of The New Church (w/Stiv Bators and Brian James)...ISLAND: have signed distribution deal w/Atlantic and will be releasing Adrian Belew solo (Lone Rhino) as well as released their first movie with COUNTRY BOY with accompanying heavy roots soundtrack...ROUGH TRADE: IKE YARD, PERE UBU (Song of the Bailing Man w/ Anton Fier), THE FALL (There in a Part Of America) and MAUREEN TUCKER LP (formerly of the Velvet)...SST: New Black Flag with remake of TV Party +2 new tracks, as well as long awaited Meat Puppets LP...STIFF: UNDEAD w/9 Toes Gone, MADNESS & PIGBAG...WARNERS: Soft Cell, Donna Summer, Positive Noise and new K. Crimson (Heartbeat)...ZE:Christina, Alan Vega, Was (Not Was) and John Cale solo Violin LP...

WKDU POWER UPPAGE DELAYED BY FUCK-UPS...No, no, no...Not the DJ's. But let's give it to the people who sold them a ton of broken parts then sent them back after repair in even worse shape. To add insult to injury, the FCC wouldn't clear them to start broadcasting again and shut them down when they tried...and finally when they get permission, their transmitter blows sky high...So it goes. The station we all hold so dear should be back on the air by the time you read this.

I COVER THE LOWLIFE

-By Ava Lake



I COVER THE LOWLIFE

-By Ava Lake

Having lived in San Francisco for only 6 months, I am not one to relate the live performance scene with a historical perspective. To add onto that, with ears blown out from years of gigs, I'm not one to review all the hardcore extravaganzas of today. I can assure you they are taking place and no one needs to tell you how strong hardcore is on the West Coast. The Bad Brains cassette, the albums of Flipper, Black Flag as well as the compilations FLEX YOUR HEAD, PUNK AND DISORDERLY and HELL COMES TO YOUR HOUSE have all been enthusiastically received.

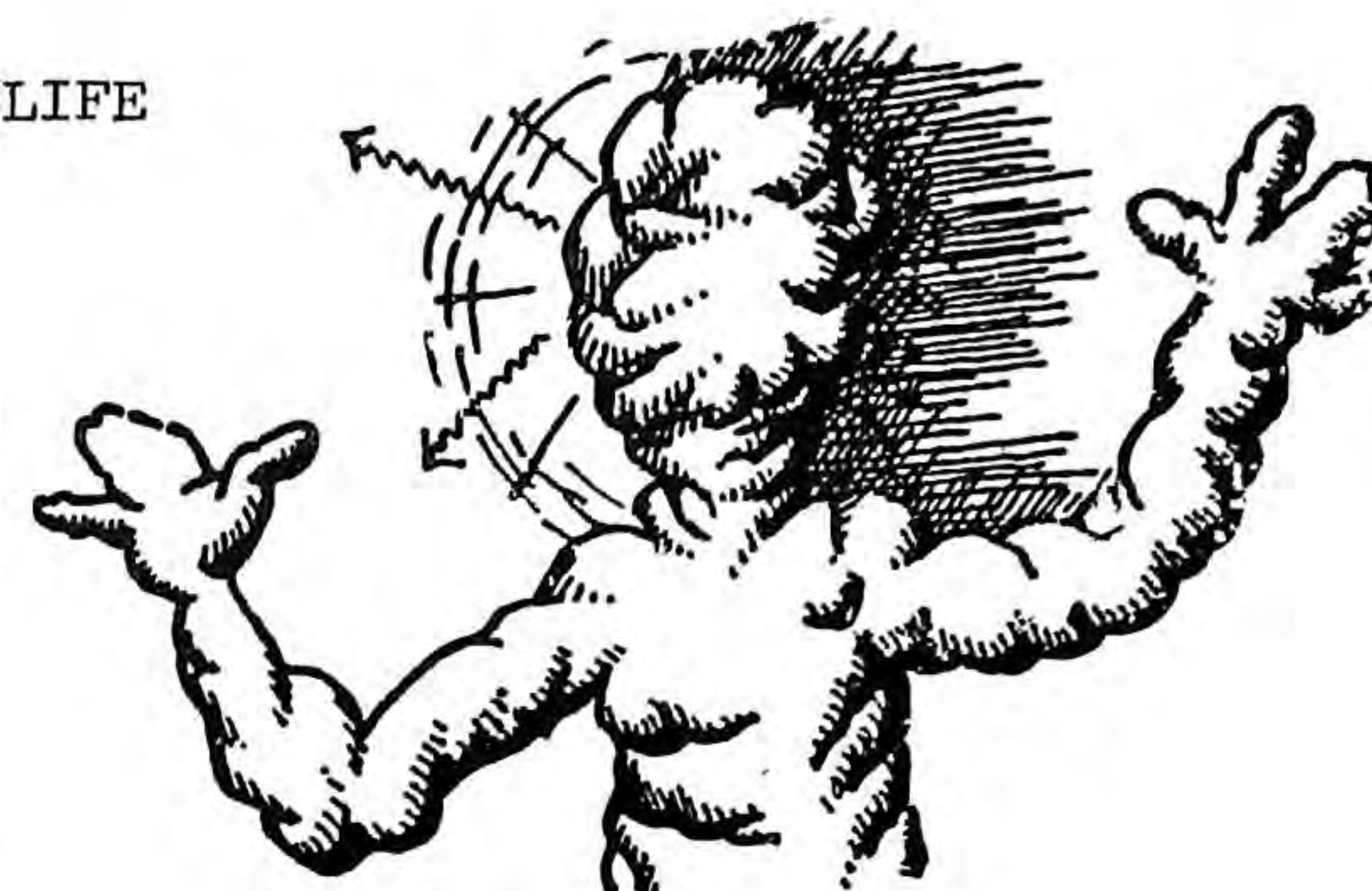
As far as popular English bands are concerned, it is hoped that the bidding wars of last autumn will not repeat themselves. Last Fall saw the opening and closing of several clubs who fought each other over the bands and ended up shelling out more than they were worth. Rumors and announcements no fly of great European bands on the way and a wonder lurks of how much we will have to fork over this time. Certain big promoters are getting in on this, creating the situation where the band plays only once at a large hall and the price is high.

The college radio station KUSF familiarizes the public with music it would otherwise be ignorant of. No doubt KUSF aides in selling out concerts. It also sells records and if a band gets a DJ on their side the record stores will definately see the result. It has almost gotten to the point that a band MUST charm a DJ because there is too much stuff coming out. It is easy to get lost in the shuffle and people only have so much cash to spend on records. They generally want to buy what has already received a stamp of approval. The only negative criticism I have of the station is that they tend to overplay certain kinds of music to where it becomes trendy in some people's mentality.

To be truthful, I rather reluctantly joined the ranks of Californians. My notions of the action here are in a constant flux. Would I be grossly disloyal in stating the best thing for me are all the foreigners, not necessarily the residents themselves? The stereotypical idea of drug-induced friendliness IS here and if it's not friendly, it's still drug-induced. And friendliness can take on some very hateful forms: there's more VD here than anywhere else in the nation. Yes, out-of-towners are high on my list.

I present those negatives right away, for I actually see all kinds of curious artifacts--admittedly not direct products of my own world.

Intensely alive and divided cultures like those found in the Mission or Castro, of which I could barely call myself a part, make developments of their own. They are not necessarily of the negative sort some in fact are very scary. However, I'm of the belief that the positive and negative work together and that's important. Surely one can find all kinds of backwards treatments in the Mission, where Spanish first settled. This area still carries heavy Catholic/babymaking attitudes. But we also find entire centers on Cuba, Nicara-



gua, El Salvador, alternative education and women's centers.

Or Castro can be downright repulsive, cluttered with those who insist they are gay and not queer--"pretty, well adjusted and upwardly mobile." On the other hand, there are those who cruise down Castro who earnestly support creative music and have done so for a long time. Another factor I'll never forget is that years ago before the nuevo wavo stormed america and it's boutiques many yankee men interpreted females like me as a lunatic or prostitute, while a certain other male factor might love the look, girl.

Also it's no secret that some of the most popular hangouts are managed by this sector of San Franciscan society. On particular nights various clubs spin decent records or host live music. When this happens the crowd is fairly mixed and never completely predictable. One never knows which way an individual swings. I rather like the idea that I don't know. It most certainly is not a necessity of "boy meets girl" as Nick Heyward and Mark Frye suggest. Things aren't taken for granted as much.

This town has a reputation for celebration and decadence. If there's an inkling of an excuse, let's go have a drink. The longer I'm here the more I see how great work and great decadence are intertwined. Like North Beach is a colorful part of town but I meet more artists from the art institutes than determined workers. Yet the sleazy 'miracle mile' of Folsom and South-of-Market, where at every corner stands a leather bar, houses many of the best artists, galleries, and warehouse spaces. Extremes in work and play share the same sidewalk often to be laughing at each other without exploring the connection.

Considering the perverse set-up of this world, it's beginning to make sense. I'm not shaking my head so much. Being white and adding paint that makes myself more so, my neighbors don't like to view me as a part of the Mission. Yet I live here, me and a slew of other weirdos possessing little money.

This part of town houses a culture highly insistent on god, food and babies. One relief is the young adolescent years between 10 and 16, when the boys wear black in the Forties style, form gangs, and talk about the sinful things...while the girls just look pathetic.

One neighborhood gang established a clubhouse in my deteriorating backyard. It will be remembered as the spring break they took over the Honkies' barn for a week of partying for it caught on fire the final day. It was a wild week. A lot of bang-bang smash-smash reached my ears but they're all from good families and the whole thing is done around 10 o'clock at night.

If I slipped some Heaven 17 into their ghetto blasters, nobody would have noticed. The same muffled smash-smash would reach my ears. Most of the time the gang is sullen, smoking and drinking their energy away. Occasionally one will make a point of shaking their booty as tho' to remind themselves they are alive. It really is no different to the action at the rock clubs.

Pure Music

THE BLASTERS

-By Sean Dunhill



Of course you've now heard of them, but you're all toooooo cool to like them. I mean when you think of L.A. rock you think of undeniably great bands like Black Flag, T.S.O.L., Circle Jerks and X (if you're an old fart). But the Blasters, uh-uhhh...right, right they're toooooo commercial. They're even now distributed by Warner Bros, fer chrissakes.

Let me say I had seen the Blasters once before their night at the East Side one cold miserable night at Grendel's Lair. That's right, the same place where all those old hippie/junkie types to go get drunk and die. And I'll tell you, I never saw such a pure, all the way out and out American rock 'n roll band since my mommy took me and my swaddling clothes to see the immortal Credence Clearwater Revival. Not that they sound like CCR at all. The Blasters are led by the Brothers Alvin, Dave and Phil, and they sound as different from John forgerty as can be. But their spirit is the same.

Now the Blasters are making it big. And they deserve it. The Blasters have no pretense of wearing the exaggerated konks, the fancy leathers or eye make up. No way. These boys came out for their night at the East Side in blue denims and work shirts. Or as Big Man Dave Alvin says:

"There's so many bands, especially the new ones, that try to do rockabilly. Thing is they have a tendency to do either: One) not write material but cover Eddie Cochran or Gene Vincent songs or Two) just change a couple of words and do the same old 'I got the pink pedal pushers' routine. All I say is no you don't man! NO YOU DON'T!"

You see, as Mr. Alvin explained to me, he and his Big Brother Phil (the one with the golden voice and the blinding teeth) come from a part of L.A. (Downey to be exact) where the Okies and the Chollas still rool. These gangs hold on to their rebel roots. So if you walk down the street, what you hear is pure C&W and R&B, nothing too moderne for these beings. And it stays pure down there, because to these knife-wielding denizens of the corners, the musics mean a hell of a lot in their day to day lives.

"So it's like, when I write songs" explains Dave, "I write about the people I know and the things I see, which is what original rock and roll was all about!"

There's also the thing about being a 50's band. When brought up, Mr. Alvin gives a stern look and a flat no. When ask to explain, I get:

"We're an American based band, from right here in the U.S. of A. I don't look at us as being based in the 50's. We do songs based from the 20's to the 50's and I write them in the 1980's. Everything's there but the kitchen sink!"

But, historian that I am, I then bring up that with the small label he's on (they got a distribution deal with Warners, but they're still signed to Slash and they like it that way), how if most kids still want to listen to them they still have to listen to the college radio and how the Blasters still have to rely on local markets for their main support; couldn't we be living, or rock 'n roll for the matter, the 50's again?

"This is where we get down to semantics," he turns and says to me. "Now I have no love for the way Eisenhower ran things, but the music of that day was real good. You look at the social things and they were real Wham-Bam-Zing! They were happening, man!"

"These days when you look at it, it was much like America in the 50's. The New Wave scene is very much like the Beats, they're apathetic and apolitical. Nobody's really doing anything, except having their snobby little wars!"

"And another thing I don't believe in that these New Wavers do is that I don't believe in any sort of cult. It was the greatest with Elvis or Jerry Lee Lewis. These were not cult things. It was BIG. And it was wild. It was a whole big country going wild. That's what the Blasters are trying to do. I don't like people who are trying to make it little, like this is our little army and this is our band. I'm trying to get a whole country to go wild!"

As for the radio, Dave told me; "I can't say a giant number of kids are, but a lot of kids are turning to more authentic music that the college or non-commercial stations have to offer, instead of your typical AOR controlled radio stations. So that's what's happening that's like the 50's, where kids were turning to the black R&B stations. So we saw what happened in the late 50's. Let's see what happens in the early 80's. You never can tell!"

"What it is," says the big man's Big Brother Phil (who use to teach math fer chrissakes), is an erogodic cycle.

It says that if you have certain restrictions, you either a stable cycle or a constant evolution. Then it picks up after a while. So when it comes to the return to musical styles, it's like that. Like when there was a whole 50's revival in the late 60's, we all laughed. But we had the records being sold on TV and it never really went away. It's been going on for ten years now. It's nothing new."

"Yeah," agrees Dave. "In L.A. the thing right now is to be real roots conscious. The thing is that we've been across this country twice. We've been to the South and the East Coast for the first tour and now we've done places like Lawrence KS and Madison WI and everywhere we go there's kids out there just dying to have a good time. So it's happening all over the place whether it's more traditional wildness like us or the more abstract wildness like Gun Club!"

Then what about this thing about being an American band. Like what about English bands?

"Now the good ones are good," goes Dave, and the good English bands like the Clash, the Jam and the Specials write songs about the lives they live in. Now the American bands that think those bands are good don't have to ape them. There's very few bands I know of that ape X, though they're English influenced. But X write about the part of L.A. where they come from and the English bands, asides the ones I've mentioned and a few others I've forgotten about, aren't making any great statements!"

Yet there are a lot of English bands who are covering the Blasters. It's well documented fact that Shakin' Stevens had his first international hit with the D. Alvin penned song "Marie Marie." Not that Dave didn't mind, that, he'll be the first to tell you that it helped financially and it got their reputation out that he was a damn good writer. But...

"Now I have to stop a lot of other bands from recording our material!" he exclaims. "Like when we were having the last album was being mixed, somebody heard the tapes and next thing I knew 'I Love You So' was being covered by this really good band in England. Like I mean I'm flattered and all that but GIVE ME A FUCKING BREAK! If that song had been recorded and released it would have only furthered the reputation we were getting that I'm a writer and that the band is only a vehicle for my songs and unable to stand on its own. I mean, give us a hit now and then, we had to dig up a real wierd legal loophole to prevent that song from being released!"

So what makes the Blasters so great you ask, huh? Well if the above ain't enough, you should definately see them live. Like many of the bands that last for years and years, they are a no pretense, strip to the bones rock 'n roll band. Dave makes his guitar sing, while Phil has a pair of golden tonsils that no man has heard in years (He'll tell you that what he is is a singer, not a songwriter and that there's a hell of a difference). Meanwhile behind them is Bill Bateman on drums and John Bazz on bass keeping perfect time. And now they've added the tinkling ivorys of Gene Taylor who's pedigree included legendary bands like Ronnie Hawkins & The Hawks. And Gene don't play no synthesizer, no sir. He's a piano player and always will be one. What the Blasters are is a breath of fresh air in this smelly new music stew. Or as Dave puts it.

"What we're trying to say is here's five guys who's doing what they know best to do. They're not lying about it or trying to put on airs and say that they're a new wave band!"

"Face it," he says and gives me a wink, "if we tried to be a new wave band, we'd be phony!"

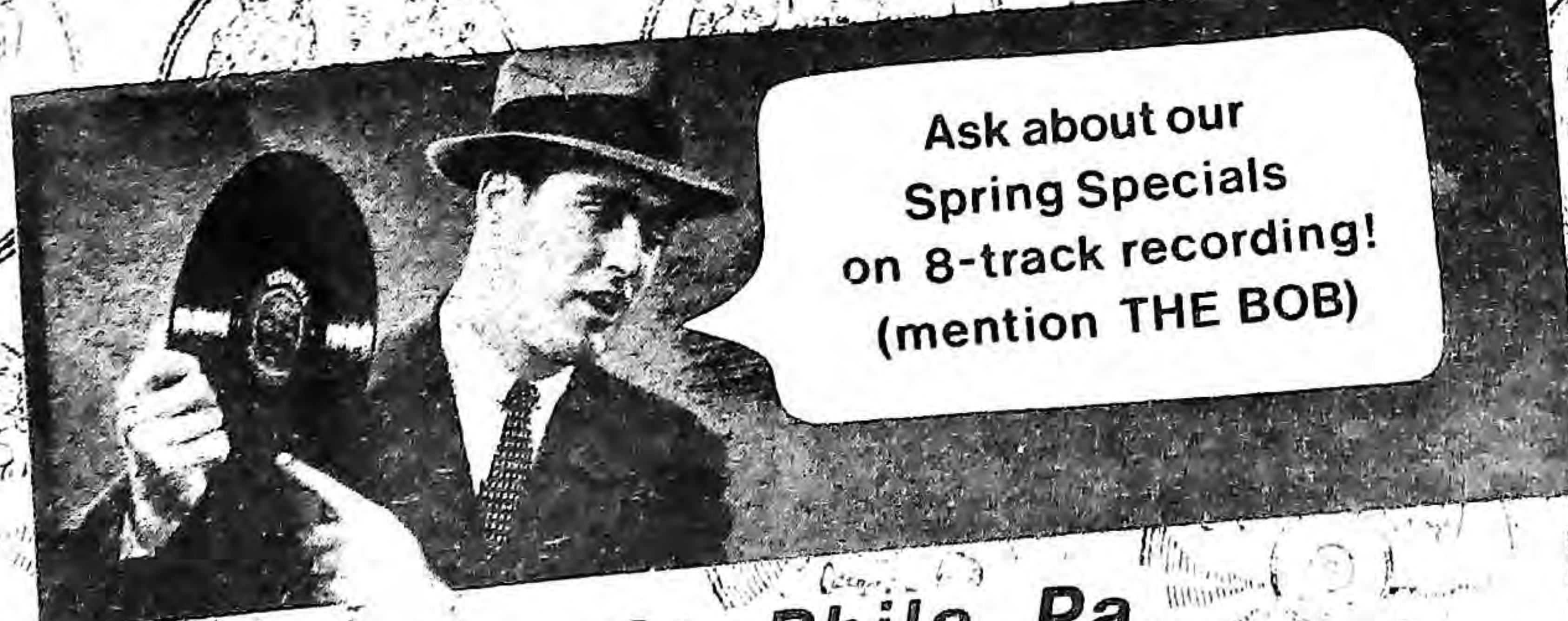
ATTENTION INDEPENDENTS!

THIRD STORY RECORDING

OFFERS YOU PROFESSIONAL STUDIO AND PRODUCTION SERVICES FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF BUDGETS.

FROM FLEXI DISCS AND DEMO CASSETTES TO 45's AND LP's.

WE CAN HELP YOU DO IT RIGHT.



Ask about our Spring Specials on 8-track recording! (mention THE BOB)

3434 Sansom St. Phila., Pa.

(215) 386-5998

Brian Brain



H. Rumph, Jr.



John Coward

-By Sean Dunhill

It only figures. I sit down, plug in the tape recorder, and in walks the help from the East Side Club with a trash can loaded with beer.

Pete Jones and I were talking about the Great Plains of the American heartlands at that moment (the band had driven across it to arrive here) and when Martin sees the booze, his eyes light up and he gives an almost religious "Ohhh..." and we dive for the liquid of life.

Thing is, they forgot the bottle openers.

Bob Surgeoner begins chewing at the top of his bottle, while Martin begins to idustriously tried his luck on the door knob. Then Martin takes a look around.

"Oh my God!" he exclaims. "Bobby's gums are bleeding!"

Pete enjoins their wanton guitarist, in obvious need of an alcohol fix, that poor Bobby will do himself serious damage if he keeps it up. Bob appears to pay attention.

"Now he's using his guitar machine heads to that bottle" Martin states dumbfounded. "It just doesn't matter to him anymore!"

But the ever resourceful Pete starts frisking his pockets and then looks at me. "Got a quarter?" he asks.

Wierd time to be asking for a two bit is all I think, but I comply. I can tell this is a crisis.

"It's really very simple" Pete explains, "just place your hand here on the table and hold the quarter with your thumb! The edge of the two bit is hanging just over the lip of the table and Pete places the cap of Bobby's bottle over the quarter. He bangs down and liberates the cap from the brew.

Three more bottles and some badgering for my quarter back and we sit down again for the interview.

There are two main objectives to a Brian Brain gig. First, have a good time (obviously). Second, see how drunk anyone who is back there with the band can get before the sun rises.

"The drunkest I've been" Martin confides, "is in Detroit. After the gig, we go to this Polish suburb. Now we'd been up until 6 in the morning, so by the time we get there, we were so drunk we challenged the people in this bar to a bowling contest. We lost, hopelessly, and I mean we bowled from 7PM until they closed the lanes down at 2 in the morning!"

"When we woke up the next afternoon" he continues, "I thought, 'Oh my god, I'm going to die!' and two hours later we're in another bar and we polished off another five pitchers, eh?"

"That's right," agrees Pete, taking his cue. "We learned that day when we went

to a friend's house. We were hung over like hell and his first remark is 'you want another beer?' They just start going 'ohhh' and acting really sick but for some reason I said yes, just habit I suppose. So he puts this glass of beer down and I tried to just taste it and it went whoosh, and I felt so much better! So that's how we started this whole sad state of affairs!"

We all then say here, here and raid the blood barrel for another round.

Life just seems full of adventure I venture.

"No kidding," agrees Martin. "Just getting here was something. I was in court yesterday!"

Wha?

"We got this maniac policeman. Pete tends to drive a little fast, and the first time he stopped us in Indiana, we told him we're from England and that we were a half hour late for a gig in Chicago. So he said all right and let us go. Yesterday, he was in an unmarked car and clocked us at 79 mph on his radar. Then this bastard, dropped of the car, changed into his uniform and got into his police car. An hour later he caught up to us and carted us off for speeding on his strip of highway.

"Chased us all through Indiana, he did," adds in Pete. "I mean Martin can't drive, so he's in the back with the ghetto blaster going full bore and I'm driving again and all I hear is this whining noise going on in the back. I happen to look out the window and see this light blaring at me. We couldn't even hear him!"

"As soon as we pulled over, the exact same cop looks at us and says 'Well being you're from the U.K...' and I'm thinking, oh good, were off ...he finishes with 'being you're from the U.K., you'll go to court right now!"

"Rather than going to jail right now. Nice of him" concedes Martin. "So everybody goes to the courthouse and fortunately the judge isn't there, because we had to drive until 1AM to get there. A deputy drove in a half hour later, so she just fined us \$80 and told us to get out...slowly!"

This is the fourth tour for Brian Brain in two years. On their first tour alone, Martin spent three visits to the hospital. His last stay was in D.C. and he didn't realize until he woke up (as he was konked on the head with a bottle) that he was sharing the same building with a certain Mr. Reagan who had his own chance encounter with a certain Mr. Hinkley. Check the back cover of their last single, "Jive Jive" at least two of the hospitals are listed there.

But honestly, the first thing that hists you when you meet them is their friendliness. All three of them. They almost coerce people to sit down and talk to them, while one is busy digging a bottle of beer and forcing it into your hands.

"I'll tell you something about this business," Martin goes. There's something wrong when most of the people in it tell you 'I'm the singer of this band' and therefore he's got the right to be a shit to everyone he meets. Then there's the type who says that he's in a record company and has got to screw anything that walks on two legs!"

"Everybody in this business is naving a good time!" he exclaims. "And they don't want the world to know it! Now there's ups and down, but for the most part, there's nothing but good times. So why can't everybody just be nice to everybody?"

The barrel is near empty by this time and the ever efficient ESC management return with a fresh barrel. Martin puts in a request for Vodka. Upon being told that he can't have any until after the show, he grabs my tape recorder and begins shouting:

"We're being disciplined! We're being disciplined by the management! I want to make a personal statement of protest and appeal to all those out there reading this that all right, I know this won't come out for several weeks after, but if you got any spir-its out there...y'know?" He then smiles impishly and pats the tape recorder as he places it back on the table.

It's just strange that so many people come up to us," says Pete, "and say 'you know, you're all right'. A lot go 'your in a band and we hate you for it' and we go what for? We're just surprised that people won't talk to others. When we were younger, we idolized groups and the bands we followed did not act like that. If they did we'd have called them wankers and stopped listening to them!"

So how's things doing back in England?

"They're not," says Martin. "We played about 50 gigs there and decided to ..." he shrugs. "It puts us in a difficult position because we wanted to slug away and work. That's what we do in America. We get rewards for working here as well as getting respected. "Jive Jive" is doing well here, we've even seen it on a couple of commercial charts. But back there, we're still staggering. We're on our fourth tour of America and we can command a decent guarantee anywhere we go!"

Then what happened to "Jive Jive" in England?

"'Jive Jive' dive dived" says Pete. "Still it did well in France, Germany, Holland and here!"

"We were going to do an album," adds Martin, "but instead we're working on a 12" and 7" version of "Funky Zoo" with a disco mix of "Funky Zoo" and a

different song "Flies" on the 7" record. We got half the tracks recorded for the album recorded for the album, but we decided to do the singles first.

"You see," he continues, "halfway through the last tour we underwent a change. First time here we were very intense. So the last time around we decided that we wanted to have fun. So now instead of funnelling our energy into a more aggressive kind of angle, we want to channel ourselves so that everyone has fun!"

It struck me though that Brian Brain always was a good band to drink to.

"We always were" says Martin.

It also seems that every place you play is not your home.

"We like it that way" he goes.

"I'd really like to do well in England" says Pete, "if only to get my mother off my back. Whenever she sees me, it's because theres no tours and I'm broke. I sit around all day doing nothing, although I think we can do something there right now. The trades tend to give good reviews!"

"It's just that they don't know what to make of us over there" states Martin. "We state to them that we're here and all we want to do is have fun and they start thinking we're antoher Splodgeness Abounds. We have nothing to do with that! I don't want to stand there and watch the audience and I don't want to stand there and watch the audience watching me!"

Then what about your songs?

"If you can't dance to it, throw it

That's a lot of difference from his days in PiL, I state. If anything, his public image seems to be a thing of the past...

"And we're the Phoenix rising from the ashes" goes Pete elaborately. Over there, PiL didn't really get a rise out of the British at all. It didn't register despite all the press hype. Then here we come and in Britain all the press are going 'Oh dear, what do we make of that?'"

"That's another thing," goes Martin, "we don't want or need a front page in the NME with a two page centerfold so that when we play over there we can command triple what we're asking for. We're quite happy to come here like we did the first time and play Omni's to only 60 people. We're not trying to get a free ride, we're content to work our way and it's paying off" (this time there was about 400 at the East Side).

At this time, roving Frenchman Vic Tiscious roams in with camera in hand as we chat about this and that. More stories fly about Martin giving Frank Infante the heave-ho out of his hotel room in Paris, and how he can't walk into the bar of the Palace there. Seems he started buying the rounds there not realizing that each bottle of Heiniken costs about 40 francs (about \$15-20). So to get out of it he promised half the people there an autographed METAL BOX. There's about 10 or so people (including the bar personnel) who are still wondering when their METAL BOX's are coming.

"I got kicked out of PiL soon afterwards anyway" he concluded. "It was like I had joined PiL about a week before the METAL BOX was completed anyway. Kieth Levene had walked up to me and said why don't I come up to the the Townhouse (their then studio). So here I am expecting to walk into a rehearsal room and there's this huge studio the size of a football field. Kieth goes, 'well here's the drum kit' and I think I might as well. So we sit down and do some rhythms and then sort them out. Next thing I know it's "Bad Baby!"

Then Vic asks about the FLOWERS OF ROMANCE album.

"Well if he hadn't have gone into the studio, they wouldn't have come out

with the album" states Pete. "Those two (Levene and Lydon) had been in the studio for over two weeks and had spent thousands of pounds and they hadn't done anything!"

Then what four tracks did you do, Vic asks Martin.

"I did 'Four Enclosed Walls; Banging The Door' and 'Under The House' Martin says and for the first time, I see him angry. "I did 50 to 75% and I barely got credit for them unless you have a microscope. You'd see the songs are credited to Levene/Lydon/Atkins. You see they sacked me. But then they called me up to ask if I'd do that for them, and I enjoyed it. Then I left for the second Brain Brain tour. While I was away, and I got 20 interviews that they did at the time, I did not get one mention!"

"Like people would ask Kieth how'd he get that wierd sound that intros 'Four Enclosed Walls' and it was my Mickey Mouse watch. It was my idea. I have all these toys and I place them against my ear and listen to them and go yeah, yeah, and then me and Mick Lerner, who also didn't get the credit he deserved for that album, would tape them and fix it up!"

What's wrong with Levene and Lydon then?

"They just don't care anymore," goes Martin downcastedly. "I'd never work with them again on a professional level!"

But we get off the subject, and after a while, the tape runs out and we totter out to see the show. The party spirit soon comes back and by the end of the show we're all drunk as hell.

They're more a band than ever, that's for sure. And although the sound was a bit, flat, the spirit of the band and the audience wasn't. The new material is exactly what he said it would be...fun and easy to dance to.

After the show, Martin goes up to me and asks if I want another beer? I didn't need much coaxing.

The party doesn't die until well after 5AM, at least it stopped for me. Since the last time they'd been here I had learned my limits, and it was definately less than theirs. Though on second thought, as I leave the East Side to walk home, all I here is Martin sitting in the back room giving me his last words. Something to the effect of:

"Down The Wibly Wobly Way The Diddly Doddly Howled!"

Then again it seemed an appropriate way to greet the morning.



BRIAN BRAIN

John Coward

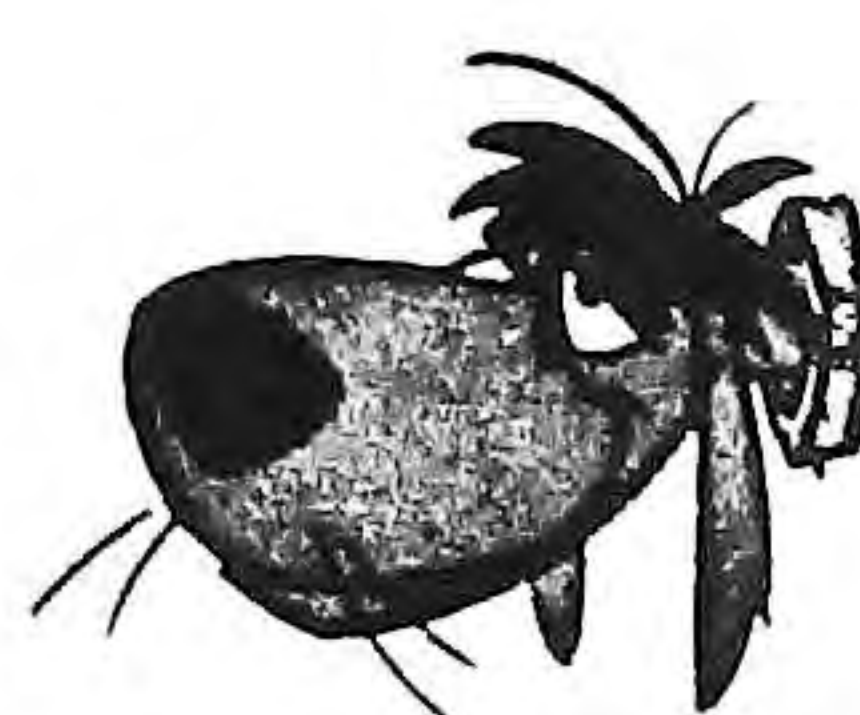
Doctors for
WEIRDOS:

Feel smarter than those around you, but constantly
stomped back? CUT LOOSE with the insane
SubGenius Foundation, cynisardigion and
a society for the bizarre
Unbelievable booklets, \$1
P.O. Box 140366
Dallas, Texas 75214

"Bob"

Matthew Ashman of...

BOW WOW WOW



-By Stephen Myers

Bow Wow Wow have made quite an impact on the English music scene in the past year. Their singles and EP's -- "C30/C60/C90/Go", "Your Cassette Pet" and "W.O.R.K." have risen them to the higher echelons of the charts. Their connections with ex-Pistols svengali, Malcolm McLaren, three quarters of the bands old role as the old Ants and the obvious appeal of a nubile 15 year old vocalist--one Annabella Lu Win--have attracted them loads of speculative print. Their relatively few gigs have been performed before packed crowds. Bow Wow Wow are pop stars. Whether they get only 15 minutes or not is too early to tell.

With their first album--"See Jungle! See Jungle! Join Your Gang! City All Over! Go Ape Crazy!"--(whew) just out, the Wow-wows have finished their process of touring America. Will their drum heavy, hard rhythmsound go down well with our nation's youth? The fuck if I know, which is not a cop out but an honest answer. Anyway I chatted by phone with B.W.W.'s guitarist, Matthew Ashman, he seemed tired ("Haven't slept in 38 hours") possibly drunk, cocky and generally out for a piss of a time (yeah, my kind of guy). Talk is mainly about

the 3 essentials--sex, drugs and money and alternately money, drugs and sex. Below are random highlights of a printable nature:

Ashman: It's mad in New York, I went walking down 42nd St. and got molested. It's strange over here, the land of the fat asses. I'm from East London--tougher anyplace in New York.

T!: Have you been to Harlem or the South Bronx?

MA: No I couldn't bother to go there. (Readers, draw your own conclusions, I couldn't)

MA: (totally unsolicited remark) We're not new romantics. I hate that shit. Their all queers, you can quote me on that.

T!: GREAT!

MA: Anymore questions mate? What about McLaren, right? He's a good bloke. We get on well, sometimes we don't/He's got hairy balls.

T!: How did Bow Wow Wow come about?

MA: Well we kicked out Adam Ant because he wasn't very good. Then we got McLaren in to manage and he found Annabella in a laudramat. You should see the picture of here in the paper today, very provocative.

T!: She's only 15, huh?

MA: Now she's 16. (On BWW's initial--now abandoned--plan for cassette only release) That was just a gimmick, cassettes are portable. It was a marketing thing which everybody has. We've nothing against records.

T!: Where do you expect to be in 5 years?

MA: In the Bahamas rolling in money, loads of money and birds. Where do you expect to be in 5 years?

T!: Probably dead.

MA: Junkie, huh?

T!: No, alcoholic and heavy glue sniffer.

MA: Got any cocaine?

T!: No, do you?

MA: Got any grass?

T!: (trying to sober up and get serious) How many interviews have you done today?

MA: How many groupies have I had today? Three, they give good head over here. I've got hairy balls. As a group we've got the hairiest ball, you can quote me on that mate.

T!: Gee, thanks.

MA: Any more questions mate?

T!: What is the Bow Wow Wow Philosophy on life?

MA: Big hairy, knack knacks.



buy Lisa Haun

J.S.O.L.

new

4 Song EP.

on Alternative Tentacles/
Faulty Products

Weathered
Statues



informed sources

-by Carol Shutzbank & David Wynter



By now everybody should have heard of Informed Sources. They've played a number of gig, including two of the punkfests, and in March they headlined the East Side Club on a weekend night, a sure sign that they were on their way.

But even though everyone knows the name Informed Sources (who could miss all those stickers plastered to the walls a while back?), few people know the faces behind the name. The four who make up the band are better known collectively than as individuals.

Although the band has been around for a while, little has been written about them outside of an occasional review and one short piece back in September. This is the first in-depth interview the band has given:

The band members are: Frank Blank, Joe Stack, Doug Mosko and Dave.

T!: How did you guys meet, bandwise?

FB: Originally the band was going to be me and Joe, Lisa and Becky of the Excuses and Chuck Mehan on bass. Chuck left the band and Becky and Lisa went back to the Excuses, so we got Bruce Silcox on drums and Brian Lee on bass. Bruce couldn't be in the band, so we got Doug. Then things didn't work out with Brian after the first punkfest, so we got Dave. And here we are...

T!: Where did you get the name for the band?

JS: Frank was reading the paper, and it had informed sources in it.

FB: People are always asking informed sources all these questions and they always had the answers. So, we have the answers for everything, so we're Informed Sources.

T!: Any meaning to the name Frank Blank?

FB: It came from Eno, except it's Blank Frank (in the album) who's the messenger of your doom and destruction.

T!: What kind of band would you classify yourselves as?

JS: Rock 'n roll.

T!: Really?

JS: There's no other name for it.

FB: We're not a punk band.

T!: When you guys started, how did you want to sound?

FB: We didn't really think about it--we just played what we did.

T!: Do you worry about being cast into a stereotype? Do you think you have been?

FB: Yeah. I'm real pissed off about that. I'm sick of all that shit. They think we're a hardcore band, and we're not. We're not a hardcore punk band. We do hardcore songs. We do all kinds of songs. But I don't like being stereotyped as something. JS: I just don't like being classified at all.

T!: Are you guys in the recording studio?

FB: Yeah. Well not right now. We're sitting here talking to you...

T!: Do you have an album due out soon?

FB: Probably in two months or so.

T!: I've heard you have some new fast songs.

JS: Yeah. We have some new fast songs and some slow ones too. It all comes out in the music. Whatever is best for the song.

FB: We don't care if we do slow songs. We don't worry if people don't like it. We're not going to change to meet people's expectations.

T!: Do you think your last gig was your best? (East Side in March)

JS: I think our best sound was at the gig before, but at this one we played our best, got the best reaction and had more fun.

FB: We were getting a lot back from the audience. Especially compared to Christmas with the Bad Brains, where there was no movement at all. I don't know if it was because of Christmas or what.

JS: I'm doing what I'm doing for fun. If you're not getting any fun from the audience then what's the use?

FB: We don't have any restrictions on what we do. Like the last time, we brought Jade (Starling, of Pretty Poison) and John Koo to play saxophone.

JS: And the fact is they liked it. If they didn't we couldn't care, but they did like it, because it turned out good. It was strange, because they thought we'd never do things like that.

DM: That's one thing we're trying to break. She works in a completely different kind of band.

FB: Pretty Poison is not a punk band, but we don't care. Bands are bands.

T!: Local bands especially.

FB: A lot of local bands and people especially get down on different bands because they don't play a certain kind of music.

T!: Which is really stupid.

FB:

Yeah. it's a real negative sort of thing that Philadelphia is suffering from. Everyone is always insulting each other.

T!: Is Jade going to be on the record you're doing?

JS: Yeah, on the one track we performed. FB: And Koo will be on the other. We're planning for it to be a 12" with 11 songs on it. It's nearly all recorded --we just have to finish it up and do a couple of mixes on it.

T!: How did you come up with the idea of using Jade on the album?

JS: Cause we did it live.

T!: But why choose her?

JS: Because we think she has an amazing voice.

FB: We didn't think there was any reason to be concerned because they (Pretty Poison) do a different kind of music. I don't care if someone is gonna say Informed Sources is selling out because Jade is on one track. If they want to think that, then fine, but that's really stupid.

T!: Black Flag opened for the Blasters once.

FB: Yeah. So Jade had a good time. We had a good time. We all had a good time.

T!: What songs will be on the album?

FB: "Suntan/Desperation/Zoo/Imagined Fears (which features Jade--ED)/Horror Passion/Final War/Situation Tragedy/Don't Know/Guess Who's Coming to Dinner/Why Should I?"

T!: Any more gigs lined up?

FB: Nah. We're going to wait until the record is out. There's no real hurry for it. We've gotten a lot of support in the past, like from Jello Biafra who's gotten our tapes played out on the West Coast.

JS: And from Bobby Startup here--he's given us a lot of help.

FB: And from Bobby Steele (of the NY Undead) in New York. That's the way it should work, bands helping each other out. Once we get the record out we'll begin to work on other things.

T!: Any plans for touring out west?

FB: We've got to wait for the record to come out before we start working on stuff like that. We've gotten airplay on the west due to Biafra. We've gotten airplay in Paris.

T!: How do you compare your music to the British music that's out?

JS: We still use the same A-D-E chords.

DG: Not really. Frank's changed that a bit.

FB: Yeah. I try to write songs with all the chords in different keys. It takes a while to find out combinations that work. But a lot of English bands do use the standard progressions. That's like Steve Jones pretty much set the path as far as punk moves. It's standard everything in key and it's a real traditional sound. And all those bands over there are really still doing it. You don't hear anything about Black Flag over there, The English scene is screwed up not only because of the trends that come and go, like everybody's into this for six months, they're into mods for six months, and they're into ska for six months, then maybe futurism. As far as the punk bands go they are caught up in this whole uniform thing and I think that's kind of negative.

I think that American bands are much more relaxed about the way they dress--about not fitting into the mold. The best example of that is the Anti-Nowhere League. They're like clones of '77. And a lot of those bands are still like that.

T!: Don't you think that has something to do with the fact that Britain has an unstable economy and their entire youth has an unstable future? While things may not be as bad here they are a hell of a lot better than there. We can afford to play around and experiment, but music for them is a unifying thing.

FB: Yeah. Things here are more relaxed. You look at Black Flag. You have got one guy dressed in hardcore LA band look, while the other guy may be wearing a tennis shirt.

T!: How well do you think you guys would be received in England?

JS: I think we'd be received better over there than in say, LA.

T!: Why?

DM: Cause our style fits.

DG: I don't know...maybe not.

FB: I don't think so. I think English kids would come out to see an American band, but they're gonna hold back a little.

DG: They think we're all rich kids.

FB: They look at us, because we're confronting them with something they're not familiar with. Like, I'll come on stage wearing whatever the hell I'm wearing. I'm not wearing a leather jacket and studded bracelets, which all the British punks are wearing. And they look at that like what is this? It's something they're not comfortable with--at least not visually, I think.

DG: They judge by appearance.

T!: You guys mention Black Flag alot. Are they your favorite band?

DM: I like them, but there's other stuff I like.

T!: What's your favorite band, locally or overseas?

FB: Simple Minds, Joy Division, Bunny-drums, Pretty Poison, Black Flag, Van Halen, Fear, Dead Kennedys and...the Minimalistics.

DG: I like Joy Division, T.S.O.L., Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Exploited, ...stuff like that.

DM: Fear, AC/DC, Van Halen, Joy Division.

JS: I can't say. Whatever I like at the time.

T!: How do you like working with other bands, like out of town bands?

FB: We really haven't had any problems with anybody. We really don't have that much contact with them. No one has screwed us as far as soundchecks or anything. Like I've seen Anti-Pasti screw over the Undead, but we've never had anything like that happen to us. Flipper have a real bad reputation, but was real great to work with.

DM: Like they're supposed to be real hard to work with. So were the Bush Tetras.

T!: Any bands you'd particularly like to play with?

FB: I'd like to play with God.

T!: You can't--he plays with himself.

FB: The Kennedys.

DG: Frank would like to play with the Clash.

continued on p.14

pretty poison

Pretty Poison is one of those bands that's hard to define. It's not that their music is hard to figure out or appreciate. It's just they're a multi-faceted band. So maybe it's better that they define themselves.

"There's basically two sides to Pretty Poison," Whey Cooler begins. "There's a rhythmic side and there'll still be a synth dominated side. If I have to approach a song with three actual inputs of instrumentation and 13 inputs of tapes, I guess I'll have to do that."

"But now we're moving to a more guitar dominated thing with Whey having to come out and play" says their lead vocalist, Jade Sterling.

Do they have a definition for themselves?

"Well I spoke of ourselves as a mutant disco band," Whey volunteers, "but I regret that now that I've thought about it. I would say that we're a sinister sounding band... a lot of the stuff we do has a sinister feel to it when it's pulled off."

"I'm sitting in one of their homes in all places, Camden NJ. Never thought anything would come out of that city. But they have. And it's not been a sudden thing."

"I use to be in a cover band," Jade states, "and I renegaded. I mean I use to make good money but I got very unhappy with that because I wanted to do originals and done of those people wanted to take the chance, or even help me write the songs. Then there was these three guys (meaning Whey, his brother and drummer Bobby and their bass player Mike) who've always played together. So I quit the other band I was working with and came with them!"

"When I went into cahoots with Jade!" Whey continues, "we didn't know what we wanted to do. It was like I had fair ideas but we were busy trying to get everybody else in the band into what was happening with the 'New Wave' so to speak."

"So we did the Jersey Circuit," Jade adds, "doing half originals and half covers. Then we soon dropped all the covers and started doing all originals and played some real crap gigs. Places where people with long hair were pulling the urinals out of the walls (and you thought only punks did that did you?) and throwing them at us."

"We've built up a following since then" finishes Jade.

"Which shows thing can change" I conclude.

"Not much" says Whey.

So the first single "Gimme Gimme Your Autograph/You Kill Me" comes out and as the band will tell you, the style it was in wasn't exactly in vogue. It was 1980, and Blondie had just blown the pop scene to shreds with "One Way Or Another." Although "Autograph" is a pretty pleasing slice of pop, people were already pretty inured to the whole pop sound. P. Poison, although showing themselves to be no slouches in the field, weren't going to get too well noticed with a half a million other bands with bigger hype machines behind them doing similar stuff.

"But it opened the door for our second single ('Expiration/Realm Of Existence')." Whey counters. "People were actually familiar with the band after they had heard the record and actually gave us a listen."

They are now into the second pressing of the new release. They might have a third depending on how import sales do (and they've actually have them). Also its brought them negotiations with another label, one a bit bigger than their own.

Pretty Poison

-By S. Fritz



And you can see why. Although I still say "Expiration" sounds too much like Our Daughters Wedding for comfort, the flip "Realm" is one of the best local releases of last year. There was little use of synthetics on that track, relying instead on phasing of the bass and guitar to the point where they take on a very wicked edge. Over this, the lyrics praise the Creator. Strange mix and easily misconstrued.

"Well some people take it as a sarcastic view," Jade explains, "but I'm talking about God. I just mean it's the truth 'the king of the Universe/sits on his pedestal'. It's like bigger than all of us. Ever since I turned to praying it makes a difference. The band started to take off, a lot. All of a sudden everybody knows us and recognizes us. The two singles have been popular. So I wrote 'Realm' because God means a lot to me. It's just having somebody to lean on, and just get it off your shoulders."

"I don't believe in one particular faith" she adds. "I just believe that there's this one big control over us. I'm not a very religious person in the regular sense of the word if that is what you mean."

The supernatural is more like it. Take one of the main standouts of their show, "Druid Hex."

"That's one of our more political songs" Whey starts.

"Whey and I wrote the words to it," Jade continues. "It was about the mis- sions between the Catholics and the Protestants in Ireland. We made it our most politically oriented song yet adding some sort of mystery to it because the Irish/British thing has been going on for centuries."

"The idea is," goes the usually reticent Bobby, "that the Brits screwed the Druids and they cursed the land. It brings up some neat conjectures."

"The legends of magic are real heavy there," Whey states.

"Also I was trying to convey," Jade adds, "that if you keep projecting paranoia, all you'll create is bad luck!"

"She was directing that at me" Whey explains. "Because I was real paranoid at the time the song was written. We were coming up with nothing. We had to force ourselves to do it quick, force it out or something. I made a tape. We did some things that sounded real garbled so we fit some words to it, those words. After we started, it came out real easy. It just flowed."

"And then what direction is the newer material heading to?" I ask.

"God knows" says Bobby, though not that piously. "Really...god knows"

"It's going to come more percussive" Whey says, "but without becoming real trendy or anything. We added a percussionist (Dave Pryor...the rumor is that he's Richard's cousin. I dunno) and dropped our keyboard player as the need for keyboards became real minimal."



Jim Graham

"The funny thing is," Whey states, "when people thought of us as a fun pop band, our songs were about mental illness. That's a lot of fun" he adds sarcastically.

"Where we come from," he continues, "you have bands like Quincy, Robert Hazard and the A's which are not into the underground at all and saw the new wave as something to get onto commercial radio. Meanwhile we went more for the roots of the things. So we're creating music that doesn't really follow any trends. Besides, what's newwave, we're not!"

"Another thing," goes Jade, "is how bands of different styles can work together. Informed Sources is putting out this album and I'm guesting on it. We did this one track live at their last gig at the East Side and it went over really well. So now I'll be down in the recording studio with them."

"I want to tell you also" she concludes as the tape begins to run out. "about one thing that happened over the last month and a half. I take this aerobic dance class and me and the woman in charge were using 'Expiration' as one of the dance numbers. There was one catch though, and that was the class were not to know that it was me on the record!"

"Then finally the instructress told everyone that the class was going to be videoed doing that number, and it dawned on all of them that it was me!"

"So now all the girls there want to be my friend" she says and smiles, "when before I was just this jerk. It was a real boost to the ego to have all the girls dancing to the record and liking it!"

Pretty Poison



Jim Graham

ALAN VEGA



ALAN VEGA: -by Dan Kinney

T!: How's the tour doind so far?

AV: Well we've only done one date so far. We were up in Harrisburg last night.

T!: Yeah, they told us you were driving in from Harrisburg.

AV: Yeah. We just got it all shipped.

T!: How's the album been doing?

AV: Seems like it's doing real good.

T!: It seemed like "Outlaw" was the theme running through the whole thing

AV: Yeah, well you hit it right on the head. That's beautiful man, that you caught it, because no one else had. It is.

T!: Can you expand on it?

AV: Expand on it? It's essentially the idea that the whole thing is like a movie. In that the character, the outlaw, maybe I myself identify with him. We all are outlaws anyway, that's it essentially. It's all about the same character, and the album is the soundtrack. Like I always wanted to make a movie in my life, and a million times I sat down and tried to write a script, but I can't do it. Like I can write songs which are more in poetry form, but I try to get more than three words on one line, I'm bummed, finished. I can't do it. I'm not too bright.

T!: Well it takes more discipline.

AV: It's a different style. Fiction writers can not write poetry and I think, vice versa. I guess I'm stuck into that poetry form. So like I said, I was going to write this fucking movie and all these years I tried and it couldn't happen. So the album was happenning and I was prodicing it. And I said 'Hey, there's the movie! The whole script is there!' So I started listening to all the words to all the songs and the character was there that I knew. I was really always writing about one character, could be myself, that I dunno, probably is, well...that's just where it's coming from. Being like any other jerk in the world, that's about all there is, yknow? So there it was, there was the movie.

I'll give you the whole theme of the story cause it's real beautiful, y'know? It starts with "Magdalena" cause she shoots him down, that was his first girl friend. He meets her in Atlantic City. If I start acting weird it's because I'm speeding...I'm playing accounts manager, and tour manager.

T!: Sounds like your juggling too many balls in the air.

AV: Ahhhh, man...then they put me on stage adn they say GO! And I say 'What! What am I supposed to be doing up here, I'm supposed to be the tour manager and the accountant!' I got these little pills here and I'm signing this and that.

T!: I'm still really interested in hearing the rest of the plot to this movie.

AV: It's so simple. Well let's take this guy who's about 21-22, John Travolta could be playing the lead. He's this hot shot kid from Brooklyn and he lands in this Atlantic City casino and runs into this chick named Magdalena, and they get together and he starts rolling people while she's out in the halls making what ever they're making, and they're making all kinds of things. One day she just decides to take all the money and pops him in the hotel room. He doesn't get killed though. Next thing he's out on the road and he's crazed you know? From the experience of the thing. And he runs into the Raver on the road, a religious fanatic in a sense. Christ can't survive, the old lawman is coming, and if you put on a show, the old lawman will survive.

Well he transforms and becomes the Ghost Rider. A creature, goes over from that to preaching and that's when he meets Be-Bop-A-Lula. She convinces him to be a Rock 'n Roll star because he can reach more people, it's more direct, it's more an ego trip and everything. It's kind of like Elvis Presley cause, OK, that happened. Becomes a Rock 'n Roll rebel. With Be-Bop-A-Lula and the government catches him, with the shooting incident. He's a big star by now and the government says do your two years in the army otherwise you blow your whole trip. Which was what happened to Elvis who threw two years in the Army and blew his whole life. You know, kill your life and kill your vitality. And that's the whole Viet Vet story, where it all ends. Shot up to shit, loses a whole arm and



ALAN VEGA

just loses it. And she gets killed in a car thing, and he gets blamed for it and when they catch up to him he saying 'Don't shoot, don't shoot. You owe me a debt!'

T!: How do people like the old Suicide fans take this stuff?

AV: It doesn't seem like such a sharp change. The most arrogant intellectual types took it hard at first. Selling Out! Selling Out! I sold ten records, and I'm selling out, man. You know it was disappointing cause I was doing it for those old fans of mine from Suicide. I felt as an artist, Suicide was going into one particular direction while Martin Rev & I each feel other things. We're all human beings. So it became, well Suicide, we give our thing to that, but when we feel like doing other things we'll do 'em. And they've arisen. I always felt that Suicide was Country & Western and Rockabilly anyway. 1990 perhaps, I dunno, there's also something about an artist showing a responsibility to his fans, to show all his insides, to take chances. It's like with Suicide, for all they say how far out it is, or that's what they say, I don't hear it that way at all, it's common music. To me it's like...uhhh...it's like one thing, one direction. It has it's limitations, it has it's ends. It's boxed into it's thing. It's finite

T!: Infinite possibilities...

AV: Within a finite system, yeah. It is boxed, everything has an end. But an artist has to show responsibility to his fans to show that he'll take chances. Even if his last record was a total fucking bummer, and my first album had its faults. I didn't have enough time, I didn't have enough money and then again it might have come out overdone, but I'm glad it came out as it did. It's fine, yeah, it's fine and I love it for not having enough money and coming out with what I did. I love it when other artists take chances, even my favorite artists, even when they fucked up totally.

T!: I keep thinking of little Suzie buying a copy of SUICIDE and taking it home and going, Wha?

AV: No, don't go after 12-year olds! They call me up and tell me how much they love "Frankie Teardrop" and I can't even listen to that song any more. I just go oooooorhhhh...and they just love Frankie! And every time I just scream on a record, like I did on "Bye Bye Bayou" they love it. And now they go "Ah, you're getting terrible, you're really nothing. You don't scream any more. You don't yell!" It's like any time I so one little yelp on a record, they'll buy it for that one yelp. I mean there's all these little kids listening to "Frankie Teardrop" It's like they listen to it the whole time, it's their party music or something, I swear.

T!: I don't know what you think, but something sort of has gone stale.

AV: In the music you mean?

T!: Yeah.

AV: Well probably in life it's gone too. Everything's gone stale. Has been for a while. When you think about it, the only thing that's keeping it alive is there was something bubbling in New York, but that's not even happening in New York no more. It's not happening anywhere. So we're just stuck.

There's so many near things that could be...I know a lot of people. I've been in there for 10-11 years now and I know everybody, in New York especially. I knew Debbie Harry when she was singing as an unknown at CBGB's. I know the whole trip cause I've watched it from the outside and it's happening to me. After the last record with "Juke Box Baby" got all over New York, it's getting bigger. This record is going to take me right over. I feel the pressures myself. I mean I've been outside for so long with Suicide that I've watched my friends...the Cars with Ric (Ocasek). I knew the Cars when they were just getting a little airplay in Boston. I knew 'em then and they are multi-millionaires now with baubles and valuables, and I don't need valiums yet,man. I know what it is man. I need to run things. I need to be tour manager just to keep me straight, just so I don't have someone there to tell me to come here, come there, wind me up and say go. This is one way to keep me straight.

T!: That's good then. If you make it big, you'll probably know how to stay big without becoming a prisoner of your own needs.

AV: Yeah, yeah. I will be but none the less, I can see it coming. I mean you saw it outside...here comes the gorillas and the sharks and the chinese warlocks.

T!: Do you know much of what's happening in LA?

AV: The Balck Flags and the...uh...punk? Yeah I know about it.

T!: What do you think?

AV: I like it only in the sense that I've been to this club, the A-7 in New York, and there was the few punk things happening at Max's before it closed for the final time. I like it cause it's like walking back in when

it was back in '77 I guess. It's good in that it's in rough shape, this is the musicians of the future. You see the big chunk of the music population is in the 30-45 age, and that's why you've got the music you've got and the radio you've got. It's catering to that audience. You still got 60's music and it's gonna be that way for 20 years. Cause that 30-45 bracket is gonna get older and the next thing you know it's going to be 40-55 then 50-65 and then you're gonna have some guy smoking reefer in the White House calling up the Kremlin smoking Afghani hash saying "Oh wow, do you think we should bother blowing it up today man? (Whooosh) What a rush...now I don't want you to bother putting those Russian guys in Iran or I'll bomb it!" I can see it happening man. Like why do you think the Russians are so interested in Afghanistan man? It's smack and hash over there. They could sell it to the rest of the world. You don't have to use guns to kill America. Just keep sending it smack. Get everybody on it.

T!: Just like Viet Nam.

AV: Yeah. Keep the people down. Give 'em downers. Keep 'em mellow.

T!: Didn't you do smack?

AV: Who me? Smack? I never did smack.

T!: You got the rep.

AV: Yeah. People tell all the world that I'm a big junkie.

T!: You get grouped with Johnny Thunders and all that.

AV: I was his friend, man. I was the guy that got him off smack. I had to sit him for 24 hours a day for a month of my life. I never had any time for myself. I got him off the stuff so I can do that cover of NY Rocker. After that it was, oh man, I was definately a junkie then.

T!: You got a bad rep man. You better clear it up.

AV: I can't clear that up. Even the reviews I get in NY Rocker says I don't do heroin. I've been out there singing anti-heroin songs. The first move is to call somebody else a junkie. First off I could never afford it.

T!: It's strange. New York has such a reputation for balck leather and heroin as cool.

AV: Well New York has changed man. I sing a lot of anti-junk songs. Actually I'm considered very square there But these guys man, I've e never done it. Smart-headed people around the scene, teh real musicians, they don't do it. They've seen too much. If they see a young musician doing it they go "Ah, junk. Get out of here. Bullshit!" I mean I've seen Johnny Thunders for too many years to be a snob like that to be a vegetable like that.

T!: I heard the Pretenders asked for you real fast.

AV: Yeah. it was amazing. Ironically, I was sitting up in Ze Records talking to the two record execs I got, Ze and Celluloid. I told them about what I had to do in terms of work. I've got to get these guys I have work. I mean one lost his job and the other has a wife and kids. So I had to get things rolling. So I was telling these guys to get me an agency and get thing going on some gigs. So that day I get a call from the manager of the Pretenders and he says you wanna play for us and for how much? So I told him a figure and he gets back and naturally they cut it in half. So I didn't hear from him for two weeks and I thought it's over, y'know? Then all of a sudden he calls and it's on. So I'm just finding out now who's doing the damn thing. It's very weird. There's a lot of things behind it I can tell you. This is my audition for Warner Bros, man.



I HOLD IN MY HAND FIVE LETTERS--B-U-Z-Z-Z! A band who, even now, are either finalizing at the club or are chasing the city-centre one-way drag strips through Leeds to here; they're due up for words, and all I've got to do is wait in all this hissing silence and resonating amplification backwash. Time enough to get the "Gig Review" down; but it seems that Buzzz are pure joy to write about, but a hard band to analyze. First impressions take in a Funk sophistication with a smoothly choreographed topping. But no, that's not strictly accurate, try jazz-rock with sweet three-wise vocals charting call and response dialogue, and don't miss out on the dance rhythms from solid Soul to Lovers Rock and all points inbetween. But no... that's inadequate too...Enthusiasm is easy to convey in words, adjectives storm and demand attention, and they are deserved, Buzzz are a band well worth seeing, but precision is more difficult to attain. Indeed, the conscientious critic need his vocabulary re-lagging to even consider describing what they proclaim Buzzzrock.

Their aim, brought clear down to the basics, is to "make things POSITIVE!" Keiling, the saxist and guitarist, with a little side-order of harmonica to boot--all delivered in a red baseball cap--divulges that it's "something we put through our music--try to be positive. We've been going quite a while. There have been times when it seemed, y'know, like we were not going to get this thing off the ground. And we've had our problems.

But all the time we sat back and thought, no, keep on trying. It's like a pingpong ball underwater, it's gonna float to the top. That's where we're going. To the top!"

I second that emotion.

Buzzz are relatively a new phenomenon, but that's deceptive. Individually and collectively they've played their dues in various line-ups at various times with the likes of Eddie Grant, Rico, Hi Tension, and Linx. Junior once played with Osibisa. Keiling, the only white member of the band, went to school with Mike (Monsieur Barso) Barson of Madness. Dee Sharp, the agent Double-O Soul vocalist featured on a couple of Reggae chart #1's. The band came together some two years back, all London based, their paths crossed and stayed crossed. Dee, the stage hips-ter, the Charlie Parker Beebop Monk oozing cat-cool got liasoned with Junior 'Pops'; and Keiling; they got that underlaid with David Barra's bass, tall, quiet, slight oriental slant off-stage, pulsing impatient persistent dancebeats on; and drummer Tony, intimidacingly fit, built like a boxer who floats like a butterfly and buzzes like a...you know the rest! There was a few line-up changes but this basci nucleus stuck.

"About a year and half ago we were running around looking for deals and no-one wanted to know" recalls Junior. "Reasons being our music was so diverse by comparison with what was going down, which was the usual jazz-funk/pop. They snubbed our music, saying 'who do dese guys thing they are actually labelling their music Buzzzrock?' So for the first six months of that year and a half it was very difficult! But elements came together like the perfect punch-line to the perfect anecdote. The foxy ladies Dotty Patterson and Jeeny Evans came into Buzzz from Hotshot, a disco cabaret group with lucrative bookings clear across the European nightclubland, and as far as distant Israel. Their contrubution is major," they add another dimension. Dorothy plays keyboards as well as singing back-up harmonies. What she's playing now is only a hint, not even a hint of her abilities. In time to come we'll be utilising her talents a

lot more. There's a lot in store! A future that, apparently, incorporates some independent duo shots. The girls slick sensual reggae single "You Never Told Me (Love Hurts)" came out this month, by-lined Dorothy and Jennifer, on the PRE label.

Another in-comer was Gary Blackburn in Managers garb and fast-spelling. "He set up a gig at a place called the Embassy in London, which is supposed to be the 'in' place, and he invited all the recording companies down and the whole vibes changed. Like, all of a sudden they thought 'Hey, this band's really good.' The place was packed out and everybody was just having a ball and wanted to sign us up then. But it was RCA we went to at the end of the day. Basically the reason is that so far they are actually genuine. A lot of A&R men are only, like, going with the tide if you understand what I mean, but with RCA they just came upfront and said 'Yeah, I'm into the band'. That's why we're into them!"

Have they proved to be a good label to work with.

"Early days, early days hedges Junior.

"We've only signed with them a couple of months, we can't really make a reply on that at the moment" Keiling fences. Then switches the attack to me, "what do you tink as an outsider?" Now it's my turn to be taken well of guard. Answers come. Promotions-wise the general atmosphere is good, and so much of that has got to be the result of the infectious single, "Sorry, My Dear"

b/w "Buzzy"--courtesy of RCA-which has been eating up huge chunks of radio time both locally and national. It's generated a kit if gard interest in the press, so for the band it's gotta be good. But, at the same time, "Sorry, My Dear" ain't the best thing in the set, although perhaps their most immediately commercial? Junior goes along with that. "Obviously if we were to release anything different at the present time it would be very 'apart' from everything else 'cos our music is very diverse. It's just the tip of the iceberg. There's much, much more material just sitting there waiting to be...LAUNCHED!"

Punters who watched the launches at Dingwalls, The Venue, Heaven, Legenda the Baracuda, Edinburgh's Valentinos and--wait for it--Ronnie Scott's--will know what he means. They also played the prestigious ICA Rock Week where Buzzz "supported Haircut 100. The crowd came to see Haircut 100 and were very astounded when they heard Buzzz. It was recorded for Capital Radio, the feedback was very good. We went down very well!"

Now they've found that since the single and the gigs they've "been interviewed by very different press, but unlike other bands who would be channeled into one little area that with Buzzz the Rock audiences wanna know, the Funk audiences wanna know, the Reggae audiences wanna know--it's just everybody. Which is great, WE DON'T WANT TO BE LABELED!"

I know you reject the funk label, I persist, but obviously there's going to be some cross-overs? "No. We don't reject it. We don't reject any form of music. We're a very eclectic band. We don't refer to catagories either musically or verbally--but we don't reject ANY form of music!" Keiling expands the theme. "We don't want to be pinned down into any one mould. As far as we're concerned music is music and there's a whole lot of it to enjoy, and we're not falling in with anyone's prejudices. You've only got to look at the letters page of the Music Papers to see how stupid people are about music. There's no people more snobbish than those who consider themselves Specialists or Connoisseurs of their music!"



Buzzz Buzzz-A-Diddley

"As far as we're concerned we're into, from John Lee Hooker to John Cage" chases Junior with a logic so sensible it hurts. Each member comes from a different background musically, but when pressed they extend to a healthy spectrum of aural inputs from Police, Stones, Quo, Zeppelin to Marley and Earth Wind & Fire--as well as a heavy jazz angle. Keiling identifies an unreasonable prejudice against jazz redolent in both press and public. "I saw Anthony Braxton at the Roundhouse" he recalls. "I thought it would be packed out, but about 40 people were there. Amazing. In a way it's also heartbreaking!" He contrasts that kind of conservatism with the States and Sun Ra playing open-air concerts in the park. But there are some promising signs of health in the state of the art. I retalliate with tales of recent magnificent, and very well received U.K. tours by Mike Westbrook's innovative 'Cartege' and by John Surman, Britains leading improvising sax player. Junior agrees, argues that technically American musicians long held a dominance over their European counterparts, but that's no longer so.

Buzzz are a case in point. Junior and Dee largely write the material, and it's well-crafted, "not just slung together!" A lot of thought goes into song construction both lyrically and melodically. "All the songs are well thought out" confirms Junior. They are well planned and the format's there. All the colouring and everything is there. Lots of the actual theatrics you see on stage are spontaneous, but basically the songs are well sussed."

Buzzz

-by
ANDY
DARLINGTON

Published with permission
of HOT PRESS
Dublin, Ireland.

Buzzz is a high energy band, Dee in particular urges, galvanizes, cajoles, and even demands the crowd to participate. They don't compromise, even their slow number--"Love You"--is a brave song to field in the Club atmosphere where funk rhythms are demanded. "That comes midway through the set. You've got to give people--and our music--a chance to breathe" explains Keiling.

"You refer to the intensity of the show" adds Junior. We don't aim to make it intensified, it just happens that way. To have "Love You" in the set like plonked in the middle, is ideal. Because after that intensity everyone needs to sit back, collect their thoughts--then we hit them again!" But it also emphasises that Buzzz ain't going to take the easy route. "That's the only way to do it" he concedes. "The records I heard being played at the Club tonight gave me a good idea of the music everyone was into. And we are representing something totally different. So we've got to be forceful in that respect with the music!"

We don't wind up until well into Saturday morning, when I'm conducted down through the dead Hotel, silent but for the sub-aural ululation of air conditioning, and out into the soft trip-lighted foyer. I offer 'Is there anything you want me to particularly mention about the band?' as a parting shot.

"Our phone numbers for the women" Keiling suggests. "Donations to the cause?"

So what IS the cause. To achieve riches and fame?

"No. Just to make things positive. Most of the things that happen in the world today are beyond our control. Ordinary people have no say over the things that govern their lives--and 99.9% of us are ordinary people. But we can lessen the burden by thinking positive. Push hard enough and we'll get there in the end."

MODA

35 N. 3rd.
old city
12. 6
tues-sat



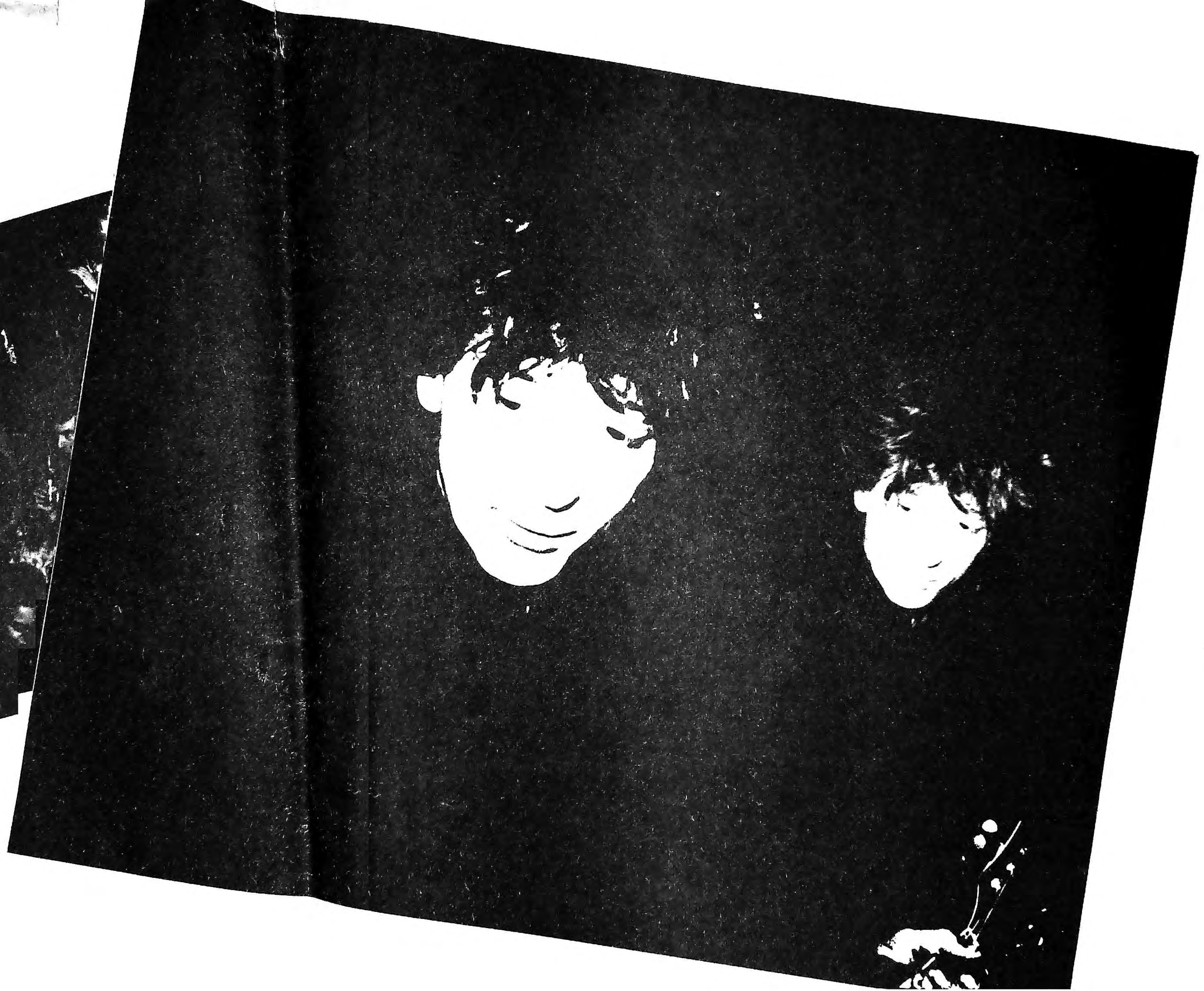
FASHIONS
FOR
MEN & WOMEN

NEW CLOTHING
FROM THE 40's
50's 60's

JOHNNY THUNDERS



he's



-Photos by Daniel Perry



JOHNNY THUNDERS



Ladies and Gentlemen, here's...you know who. Notice his professional demeanor on stage, his backstage finesse and presence. Notice there's a sucker born every minute. We know what Johnny Thunders was, his guitar powered one of the classic bands of the last 10 years. Now you get a mild idea of what he is now. It was a sorry sight. The tape of our "interview" with him was illegible, not because of noise or poor machinery, but because Thunders could barely utter more than a few words. His back up band treated him like dirt. Fortunately for him, the photos of him crawling around on all fours or him being supported by two people didn't develop properly.

We have no sympathy. For more insight, check out the Vega interview...we have that on real clear tape.





dislocation dance



DISLOCATION DANCE
-by Griffin

But Dislocation Dance are romantic in the sense that they are both serious and silly in the same moment, and their jazz structures often lay in-between sections of song that are pure pop. After all, they've listed among influences both Frank Sinatra and the Monkees.

Emmerson: "We're very conscious of moving from jazz into more pop. We don't want to be known as a jazz band"

"We're attempting to crossover. Bands have been very successful crossing over in England. People like Altered Images have Mums and Dads buying their records"

Dislocation Dance's album MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC is a very representative work featuring all the trademarks of the live show, plus keyboards, which the band, at least for the moment, are not using live. Drummer Dick Harrison said the band was pleased with the record, and thought it was a good mirror image of the band "when it was recorded"

The album is light (what else?) and fast moving, and a couple of the catchier tunes are "Stand Me Up," a signature instrumental that you'll leave their show humming, and "Take A Chance (On Romance)", another memorable piece.

Harrison was quick to admit that the new single "Rosemary" which ended the show, is an example of their poppier new direction.

So if you're a leather-bound hardcore and all new music means to you is violence and upheaval, then Dislocation Dance is probably not for you.

If you are however, someone who occasionally wakes up in an inexplicably good mood, then maybe you should check them out.

At the show I asked a late-coming Micheal Tearson if the band might not have gone better at someplace like the Chestnut Cabaret.

"Sure" he said, "but they wouldn't have drown there"

Poor Dislocation Dance. A troupe of happy musicians trapped in the decadent underground, playing for audiences full of society's malcontents.

"I'll play for anybody with an open mind," says bassist Paul Emmerson.

Hey--we're glad to have them.

A few Fridays ago, a trumpet-led quartet from Manchester, England known as Dislocation Dance headlined at the East Side Club.

A clear majority of the crowd either hated them or weren't the least bit interested in what they were doing.

A much smaller portion of the crowd, however, stood and cheered each song, reacting as if they were long standing fans of the band--which is very unlikely.

If YOU see them, you will probably find yourself in one of the two categories rather quickly.

So if you want to get an inkling whether you'll think Dislocation Dance is the freshest, most innovative thing you've heard in a while or not, read on.

The key to the band is melody. Beautiful, lilting melodies and even some sad whimsical ones, but melodies.

No chunk-o-funk rhythm sections here, in fact, the live show comes off rather bottomless, with none of the usual throb that people feel on the dancefloor.

"I'm not concerned with riffing around on the bass," said Paul Emmerson, "I'm much more interested in playing melodies." And you thought I was kidding.

Instead of being rhythm heavy, Dislocation Dance is at once brash and breezy, dynamic and syncopated, shifting rhythms and cruising along to Ian Runacres' biting jazzy guitar and Andy Diagram's trumpet and scat singing.

Emmerson tells me "For you to tell me the show tonight sounded 'light' is a compliment to us"

"If you wanted to hear heavy music you can listen to New Order or someone. It's not what we're interested in playing. We're consciously trying to do something that's 'up'."

The next thing you should know about Dislocation Dance is that they sound very romantic. Not "New Romantic" mind you, and if any of those had one stringful of the musical talent this band has, THAT movement might not be so easy to ignore.



Lisa Haun



Informed Sources Bruce Silcox

INFORMED SOURCES

PART TWO



watching TV...

JS: I watch the walls.

FB: I watch TV to find out what real life is all about.

TI: Do you think the audience responds or is it just a ritualized thing?

JS: I use to think that it was ritualized up until our last show.

TI: Do you care?

JS: Yeah, I do. Otherwise it's just a waste of time. Why are they there? I'd rather play by myself.

FB: Christmas night we weren't getting anything back from the audience. They were just standing there.

JS: I'd rather play in my garage.

FB: That's the best thing about the Elks Center. You have a lot of kids who are real enthusiastic about the music and they're excited about seeing a show since they can't get into the clubs.

TI: What do you think of Philly fans as compared to NYC, LA or DC?

FB: It has the potential to be as good if people would stop fighting. What do you think would make the Philly scene better?

FB: There should be more clubs. The best time Philadelphia ever had was when both the East Side Club and Omni's were open. Both had a band every night and you could go back and forth.

JS: Not only that, but when Omni's closed you could still go over to the East Side for another show.

DM: It gives you a choice.

FB: But now everybody falls into little cliques and stuff. That's real unhealthy and almost as stupid as heavy metal kids who hate punk without listening to it. People are just real intolerant. You have to sit down and force them to listen to something.

TI: What did you think of the episode of People Are Talking that you were on?

JS: It was a real waste of time. As far as I'm concerned, it just made matter worse.

FB: It was supposed to have been done so that each band would get their say and there would be a semblance of order.

TI: Well, some bands were afraid they wouldn't get their say.

FB: Right, and because of them the whole thing fell apart. You had people yelling at people on the other side. It just served to reinforce the stereotype.

DG: If Maury Povitch had known what he was talking about he would have kept things under schedule.

TI: What do you hope to achieve with your music?

DM: Popularity.

JS: To have fun.

DM: To have people listening to you and still have fun.

TI: Here's a serious question: are you guys rich yet?

FB: I'm morally bankrupt.

DM: We aren't political in that we write songs offering how to change things.

JS: We just tell people to do whatever they're doing. If you're pissed off why not tell the world about it?

FB: And we say this is the way we look at it. We're not going to preach.

DG: Nobody should do that--people should make their own choices.

TI: What do you think of Reagan's policies?

FB: Ahh, now that's a funny question.

DM: In a way it's funny, but in a way it's scary.

FB: Well, things are band and they're getting worse. I don't know what will turn it around. Basically I think Ronnie has a very unreal viewpoint of the way the economy works. A real simplistic viewpoint of the world. Things are much more complicated than he makes them out to be, what with Haig running around and

and all the world leaders in disagreement. Things are a real fiasco. So we're all going to get a suntan, y'know?

TI: That's what that song is all about?

JS: It's also about the nuclear bomb.

TI: What about the song "Paycheck?"

What inspired those words?

FB: That's Dave's.

JS: It's just he was poor. He didn't have enough money to feed the cows.

DG: Yeah. I live on a farm. No, really I don't know why I wrote it. I guess I was out of money. I had a lot of time on my hands, so I just started writing a song about it.

DM: He didn't have enough gas for the limosine.

FB: Not enough gas for the tractor.

DG: I didn't have enough money to get to practise.

TI: What about "Ugly American?" What's that all about?

JS: Look at yourself.

FB: I don't know...just that if you have a feeling about something you should express your opinion,

JS: Morality.

FB: At the time that I wrote it the moral majority...Reagan...were just starting to lay their power base down. These people were saying all this stuff about TV, like the violence on it and all that crap and it didn't seem like anyone was saying anything in rebuttal.

TI: Do you write lyrics for the audience?

JS: I write lyrics for myself AND the audience.

DG: Myself, that's who I write them for.

FB: I don't write for the audience, I write for myself. I write words that have meaning for me. All I'm doing when I write is expressing something that I'm feeling at that time or how I look at something.

TI: What do you do for inspiration?

FB: I never know when I'm going to write a song. I'll be sitting there

The Sleepy Giant

Ubu's tour manager, Mark, takes me into the back bar of the East Side. Sleeping sitting up, is the giant (in fact he uses to call himself Crocus Be-hemoth when he was just a struggling musician/writer & poet in his home Cleveland, a long time ago).

He wakes up and we shake hands, start relaxing and he apologizes for not being to alert at the moment.

"I don't go on for another 6 hours" David Thomas tells us. "So if I seem I'm sleeping, it's because I am!"

If anything, he's a very ordinary, if very intelligent man. "I love doing taxes" he tells us. "I really do. I wish I made more money so I could get into bigger tax brackets. I could make use of more tax things."

of more things. I'd one day like to have one income return that everything is filled up on. It's really frustrating when you can only be allowed to use certain bases and I want to get into the farm bracket. You know, tractor depreciation and things. I'm serious, taxes are my hobby!"

Well, for a man just woken up, he wasn't exactly crotchety. If anything, he was rather jovial. He apologized again for being sleepy and then took off his shoes (which he apologized again for) "sweat through these things, you know" I guess this was his way of making himself comfortable, and Thomas is known for never being too happy about doing these.

What about writing I asked. Does he like doing that?

"No" he says. "I can't write unless there's some goal in sight. I don't write for pleasure. I don't make music for pleasure, which may sound really crass and all that." He pauses and stutters, you can see him looking for words.

"I admire a lot of people who write for pleasure, but I can't. I need to achieve. In this particular field, the goal is, y'know, records and touring. When ideas occur, I note it down until the time to work on it comes. Then I try to make sense of it, but I really need to be motivated to finish something. This doesn't mean I do things by chance, because I don't. You have to maintain discipline!"

"I really don't want to tell you everything" he then goes. "It's like a game. I'll give you the information if you ask for it. I don't like volunteering information." But he says it in such a friendly way, we don't feel put off by that.

And we get him talking easily again.

"I don't like reggae, you know. I don't like punk. I don't like anything with..." A label I volunteer. "Well that's it I suppose" he answers.

"The worse thing that ever happened to Cleveland" he explains "is the New Wave, because before there was nothing to imitate. So the groups that were going on before were a totally different thing. Now they all have got something to copy, like they do all around the world"

Then what do you listen to?

"The stuff I listen to at home right now is Richard Thompson. Off and on I listen to Chinese stuff. I listen to the Pedestrians now all the time, just cause I like it so much"



Dan Perry

PERE UBU

-by Doug Ellmore



"I usually do that anyway. I listen to something until I dislike it and then I'll put it away. But the music I usually listen to is something I'm on or somebody I know is on."

If you get the idea that he's not the biggest of music fans, you're right.

"I don't like the premises its built on. I like it less since I've been at it. It's always the same. They always start, have a middle, and they end"

But you do it too, I counter. You get on stage like anybody else.

"Yeah" he agrees, "but the stage is different. Whatever you see tonight, however good or bad it is, is gone. So I much prefer performances than most ways. Except touring makes it difficult you know" he says. Then he goes "I'm awake now!" and smiles. I get the feeling he's actually enjoying himself.

We then start talking about Richard Thompson. For all you archivists, he's best known for his work with the folk/rock outfit Fairport Convention. He also played the bulk of the guitar on Thomas's solo album.

"Well, I was at the offices of Rough Trade" Thomas tells us, "and Geoff Travis and I are discussing the solo project. He asks me what guitarist I would really like to use and I say him. So he goes 'OK, let's call him up' and I go 'Ohhhh, noooo'. Then I go to London where he lives and meet him and his wife. His little daughter loves the Ants. And he says he'll do it"

"Richard is an unbelievable guitar player, just unbelievable. The ending of 'Man's Best Friend' is just wonderful from a guitar standpoint. We had gone through it once in the studio, and the next time we did it, it was a take. He was brilliant. Never a bad take

"You know he's been dropped by his label in England" he then adds. "Of all the the people who are noble failures I feel sorriest for him. He really is just superb, just wonderful!"

We talk a bit more about the album. We talk about the very different mix of people he has on it. Aside himself and Thompson, the main Pedestrians were Philip Moxom (ex-Young Marble Giants) and Anton Fier (a very early Ubu, then Feelie and now ex-Lounge Lizard). In fact, Fier was on the tour with him and the other Ubus, and will be on the upcoming Ubu album. It readily becomes apparent that the solo album was done as Thomas said, "it was something to do!"

We then go on to other things and return to performing. Thomas tells us that no matter what he's just an entertainer.

"You know people think that music as being some great art. But it's just entertainment. Picasso was a great entertainer and any other artist is just an entertainer, not that I'm classifying myself with Picasso"

But wouldn't he say that Picasso was a great artist who did more than entertain?

"What else is there?" he returns. "What other function would an artist have? Isn't a chess player an entertainer?"

If you like chess I return. "Well if you like music...you know..." he answers.

But chess doesn't go out to people like music does, I begin to say.

"It goes out to people who like chess" Thomas answers back.

"In the countries around Russia it's a very popular sport. So does entertainment have to be a mindless sort of vacuum? Or is real entertainment something that encourages you to use your mind and to consider things and think about? I see a lot of my songs as puzzles and puzzles are entertaining. Some songs are pictures or emotions that are pleasing to consider. They have a purpose to them"

"Where do people get this stuff that musicians are demigods or that have perceptions that other people don't? We're notvaluable commodities. It leads to an unrealistic and shallow sort of life that a lot a lot of people fall into. Then things become like the elite and the masses. Then you fall into thinking of yourself as a big shot and that your visions are there to enlighten the world. It doesn't work that way. So that's what I mean when I say things like that"

"I was reading this book" he goes on, "and one thing that really impressed me was this book was the history of this bluesman. People would identify with him, be fans of this old blues guy for decades and they would follow his life, get to know him and be a friend of his through his music. That was the most impressive thing I ever read about music. That's something that's always been at the heart of Ubu, a personality of the band that people could identify with over time. That's really shaped a lot of the things that I try to do today"

"99.9% of the musicians today are not...it's just a persona that really has nothing to do with reality. Everything I write I always live"

Not that we didn't discuss a lot of other things, mind you. But space left me with only the room for so much. In general, it can be summated though that there are at least two more Ubu albums in the works. The first is all new material and should be out in June. The second is called ALTERED FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE and is the follow up to last years 390 DEGREES IN SIMULATED STEREO and will continue the history of Ubu up to their second album DUB HOUSING.

We then start looking at the clock. Thomas and I had been talking for well onto an hour. He then looks out the door of the back bar and starts putting his shoes on. "I think I had better get out there" he says.

I then thank him for the time (throughout the entire interview, he was always the polite gentleman).

"I'm sorry I was so scatterbrained" he apologizes again.

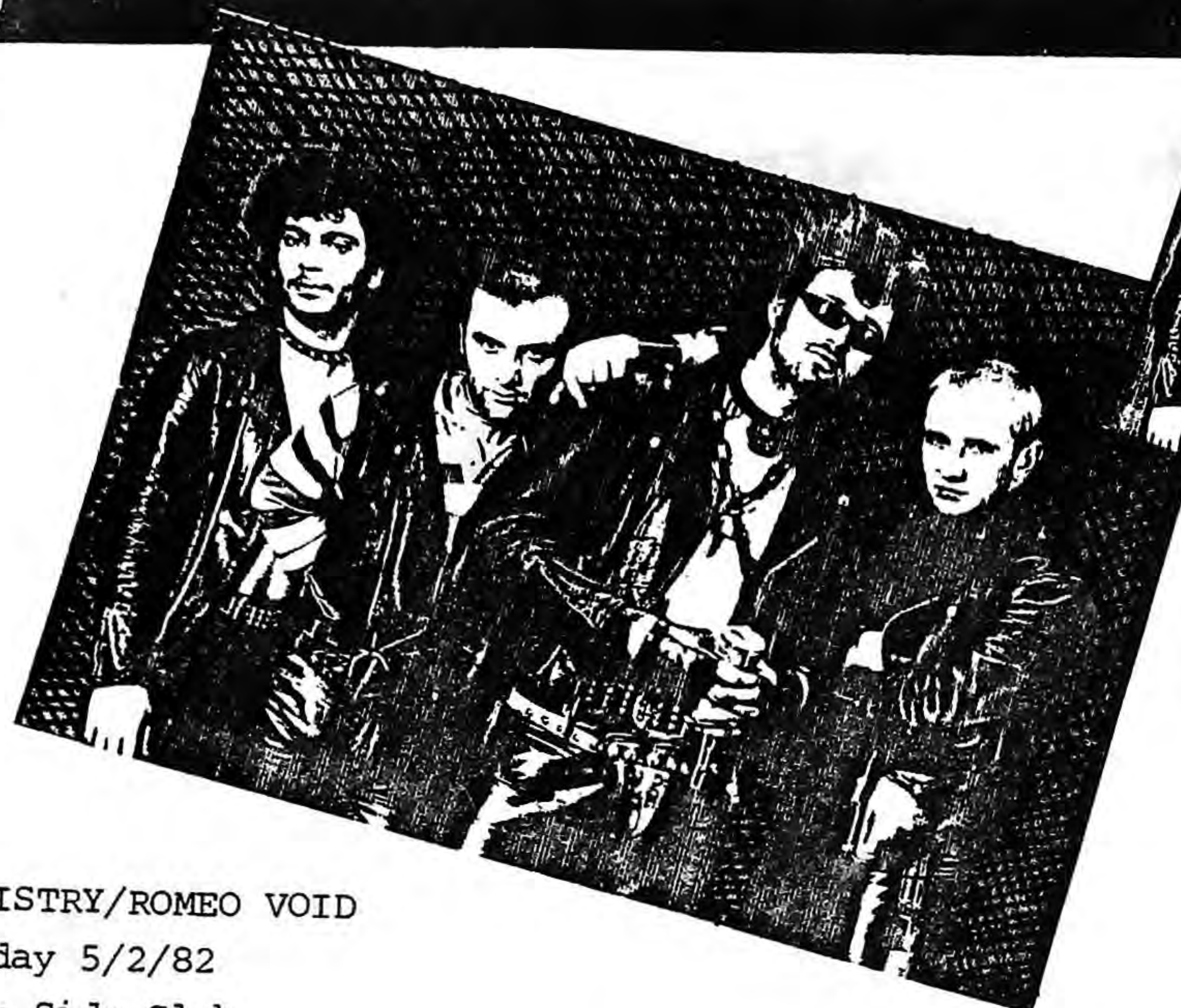
I tell him, not to worry, he was one of the more lucid interviewees I've had.

"I know" he says. "That's what frightens me. Here I am, half asleep and not making all that great sense and I'm probably sounding more intelligent than 99.9% of the people I've interviewed. I did that you know"

"That always bugs me" he concludes. "It always seemed to me that every band should be absolutely unique, utterly different from any other band unto itself"

But as long as there's money, I say, you're not going to get that.

"Yeah, I guess so" he agrees. I haven't quite figured it out yet, but I don't think that's necessarily all"



MINISTRY/ROMEO VOID

Sunday 5/2/82

East Side Club

-by S. Fritz

This Sunday night appeared to be the night for the opening bands. Not that I'm going to put down the Human League or Romeo Void. The word came to me that the League were all right (although I didn't make that show), and to be honest the Void didn't do a bad job either. Praises should definitely be sung for their sax man, Ben Bossi...he has some fine lines.

But the word came back to me that A Flock Of Seagulls stole the show from the Human League, and the East Side deserve all the kudos they can get for teaming Ministry with Romeo Void. At this time only a four piece, they intend to add a fifth member after this tour, Ministry gave a tight, powerful show that one never expects from a band on their first tour.

They began their show with several songs I never heard before. The first, "Same Old Madness" displayed one of their main influences: Medium. A sinewy hybrid of rock/jazz/funk that is apparent from the band's first release.

By the time they had reached what I was told will be their next single, "Never Asked" they had dropped the guitar/bass/keyboards approach for three synth banks, leaving only the drummer in his original position. A good thing too, his work on the bridge of that song was the highlight of the show. The sound now had mutated to a similarity of Our Daughters Wedding, with a flesh and blood drummer. And like ODW, it sounded amazingly fresh.

From there on they performed two tracks from their record ("Primal" & "I'm Falling") and then several more songs. All I can say is that, oddly enough, I feel that the recorded songs are weaker than anything else.

The audience loved them. I can see why. Although the pop and funk influences are great, their sound is not of the usual "get down" variety which, while it's played, sounds great but leaves you drained afterwards. No, Ministry are one of the few non-reggae bands I know of that leave you uplifted after their show is over.

Anyway, the audience managed to call them back for an encore...very unusual for an opening band. The band complied with the hit from their disc "Cold Life" and left the stage again. And going back stage to talk to them imagine my surprise to hear front man Al Jourgeson call Philadelphia people some of the most open minded people and the best audience he'd met in his life. Strange.

They promise to definitely come back, as soon as they can. If I were you, I'd go see them.

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

GIRLSCHOOL

East Side Club

-by David Wynter

The Girlschool show at the East Side Club came off extremely well. Considering they:

- A) Played for a mostly punk crowd (contrary to what that asshole wrote in the Inquirer the next day)
- B) Were a heavy metal band.

Normally I don't listen to heavy metal because of the usual uninspired guitar screams (which make me wretch) but this band captured my attention with their thunderous numbers and powerful vocals. Another contributing factor in the success of the show was their fun-loving, sex-spiked stage presence, which kept the audience alive and responsive.

Their set was hard and fast-paced as they tore through originals injected with revamped covers of "Live With Me" (Stones), "Tush" (Z.Z. Top) and "Emergency" (Motorhead) as their encore.

The opening band, Shrapnel, was totally blown off the stage by Girlschool. The all-female, all-British Girlschool consists of Kelly Johnson (Lead Guitar), Denise Dufort (drums), Kim McAuliffe (rhythm guitar) and new addition Gil Weston (Hot!) on bass. Gil replaced Enid Williams, one of the founding members of the band. Gil, who was in a punk band called the Killjoys, fit right into the ranks of Girlschool after being recommended by Lemmy of counterpart Motorhead.

With their new bass player, the Girls finished their last album HIT AND RUN (Stiff) which unfortunately only represents part of what they're like on stage. However, they'll be back in June/July. And if they can keep away from the corporate cash-suckers who'll make them into H.M. rock stars i.e. Rush and AC/DC, they'll still have my respect.

MACHINE SEX
GENUINE ORGS-GROUPS
EROTICA
WELL-OILED PARTS! \$1
CHECK ONE: ☐ SOLID STATE ☐ MECHANICAL
Mrs. G. Hughes: Box SLAYER/HOLLYWOOD CALIF 90000



UK SUBS

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

The Bijou: Tues. 3/19/82

-by Stephen Myers.

The UK Subs act surpasses their album easily. It must be because there's something to watch and who can slam in their living room? But the album isn't bad, the Subs have tightened their act and added many solid hooks to their ravings which actually amount to fast, efficient heavy metal more so than outright punk-in' around. If you were at the show you might want to miss the album. If you missed the show, you should get the album since you can't get the show.

Anti-Nowhere League looks like an Oi! version of Judas Priest. I heard one song they did, "Fuck Around The Clock" and that was enough for me. (Contest: Each and everyone of youse readers of Terminal! guess which old rock 'n roll song "Fuck Around The Clock" is based on. Send us your answers along with \$5. Up

THE HUMAN LEAGUE/A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

The Tower: Sunday 5/2/82

-by Bruce McClelland

People have told me that the League sounded like synthesized Abba, as if that were some great insult. The way I see it is that if you've got the guts enough to admit that pop music is valid in its own right, and can sour or suck like any other music, they you've also got to admit that the Human League are masters of the form. The time for apologies is past. You can like the Human League and the Fall too. Honest.

The League at the Tower were maximally fun (which is all they meant to be, so let's not quibble); and featuring an incredible slide show (now I understand what the DARE credits mean) of images ranging from Joseph McCarthy and Alfred Hitchcock to Captain Scarlett and Doctor Who (and the Daleks too). Very 60's what with the 'visuals' and the peace and love ethos of the new stuff, but who cares? It was great stuff to let go to--and they still played "Circus Of Death" anyway. And all of DARE, and "Empire State Human" and "Destination Venus". They were great. (They featured an added bass player, too. What's that mean to the 'all synth' ethos I wonder? Also the texture of the recordings was absent. I quibble. Still fine stuff.)

Finer than A Flock Of Seagulls, who opened. Oh, the F of S are a more than decent electro-sf-pop band. They just haven't been around long enough to produce enough first class material. Hell, their LP features 4 out of 5 songs from their EP! They spent most of their 40-minute set imploring people to dance (At the Tower? C'mon. The security won't even let you stand.--ED.), which most people did by the time they got to their pick hits, "I Ran" and "Telecommunication". Worth checking again in a couple of years maybe.



STEPHEN SPERA

The Wet Spot: 5/1/82

-by Nadja

Stephen Spera's recent performance at Philadelphia's Wet Spot marks another step in the novel approach Stephen takes in regards to his work. Spera is one of the first of a new breed of composer/performer. Working in slow, steady steps, he develops his already formidable power as a performer by appearing alone or with various ensembles in a multitude of dif-



ferent situations. Whether he plays solo guitar with tape loops (as in this year's F.O.P.P.E.M.) or with full ensemble (with Greg Baxter, Jim Meneses, and Geo Kuetmeyer at Oscillation Zone) Spera's shows are events, and he never fails to surprise and delight.

At the Wet Spot, Spera's first set consisted of duets with his new synthesist, Rick De Rio. Ranging from floaty, textural washes of electronics to full-on barrages of sound. The set was varied and compelling. The use of pre-recorded "found" sounds (voices from the TV, radio, nature) is a technique Stephen uses to great advantage. One piece near the end of the set consists of a tape of airport landing talk while Spera wrings pure sound in staccato bursts from the guitar. A not on Spera's guitar technique: he plays EVERY part of the instrument. At the set's end, Spera used guitar and amp to create great waves of sound, to produce an effect I found chilling.

For the second set, Spera was joined by drummer Jim Meneses, bassist Greg Baxter and again, Rick De Rio. A good deal of this set was improvisation between carefully metered pieces. Teh band was as strong as any I've ever seen in a "rock" or "fusion" format, though this music fits neither of these categories. The best example of what IS in this music may lie in the crowds that come to see Stephen play (and this was the Wet Spot's best house yet). Hardcore sit with space music freaks--in short, Spera attracts them all. And the whole crowd was pleased.

Spera is at work at his first album and despite a few delays,

he says it's going well. Hopefully he'll be playing more than his rare gigs. When Spera plays, listen.

MARTY WATT!

MARTY WATT---

THE ICE AGE HAD ITS MOMENTS

(Chorus)

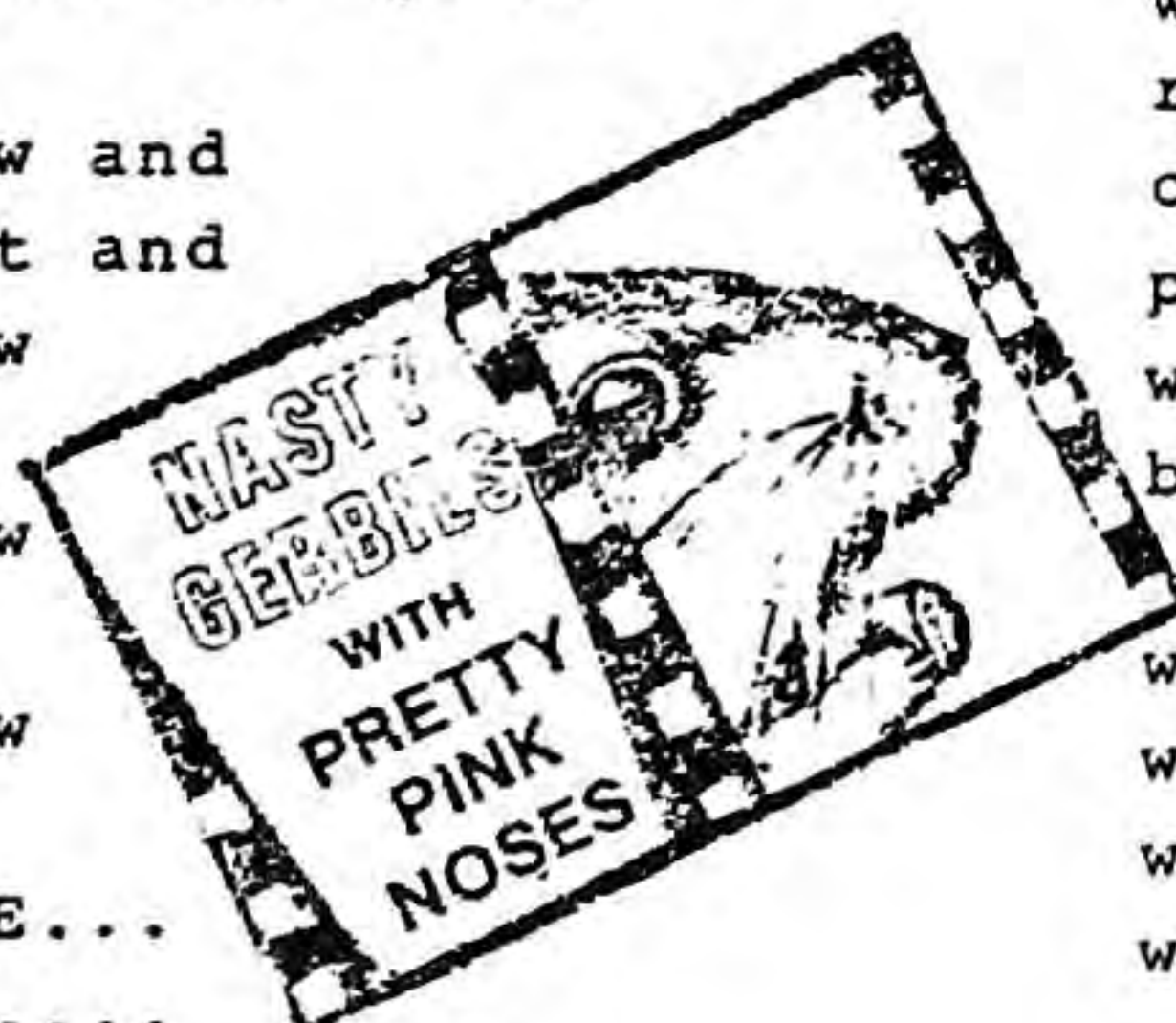
The ice age had its moments
and its going to have some more
it's going to have the renaissance

that everybody wants
BUT GIVE OF TAKE A MILLION YEARS
FOREVER AGAIN JUST LIKE BEFORE
now it's now
and now it's not
and now it's now
some more
now it's now and
now it's not and
not it's now
before...



BUT I'M ON YOUR FIRE
I'M ON YOUR FIRE
(here come the gone)
(here come the gone)
I'M ON YOUR FIRE
I'M ON YOUR FIRE
(here come the gone)
(here come the gone)

BUT
now it's now and
now it's not and
now it's now
again
now it's now
again and
now it's now
again
SOME DARLOSE...
SOME DARWIN....
some dark ages somewhere
have to just begin
(End chorus)



The people who made fossils
were the coolest of them all
the dinosaurs were boring
until they made them tall
we didn't call it art
'cause we wanted it to last
we never thought about our
future
working on your past...

the future was so noisy
all those atomic tests
we said "keep it down up there"
we're trying to get some rest
rest were little creatures
creatures was a place
place was what we called a song
we had word for everything
but all our words were wrong...

wrong meant eating
wrong meant rock
when we said "eating rock"
what we said was "wrong"

let's go call a tree a bird
but only if it's WRONG

future



let's go call a cave a dog
but only if it's WRONG
let's go call a stone a girl
but only if it's WRONG
we have words for everything
but all our words are WRONG...

CHORUS CHORUS CHORUS

The number ice was fast
the number fast was blue
heat instead of time
cold instead of now
NOT AHEAD NOT A FOOT
NECK AND NECK WITH OUR TIME

Back when clara bow
backwhen ghengis khan
the back of elvis presley
the back of napoleon
THERE THEY GO THEY'RE GOING BACK
ASHES TO ASHES ICE TO ICE
DUST TO DUST TO BACK TO BACK
NOT AHEAD NOT A FOOT
NECK AND NECK WITH THEIR TIME

put on all your clothes
everything you own
a hundred pants
a thousand coats
nothing naked
no one nude
show no skin
show no bone



NOT AHEAD NOT A FOOT
NECK AND NECK WITH YOUR TIME
NECK AND NECK WITH YOUR TIME
NECK AND NECK WITH YOUR TIME
CHORUS CHORUS CHORUS

Time isn't hot and
time isn't cold
time isn't young
and time isn't old
time is something has to be told
time isn't anything that you
can hold

or quarter of the floor
the ice age had its moments
and it's
going to have some more

BUT I'M ON YOUR FIRE
I'M ON YOUR FIRE
(here come the gone)
(here come the gone)
I'M ON YOUR FIRE
I'M ON YOUR FIRE
(here come the gone)
(here come the gone)
the ice age had its moments
but.... NOW
..... they're

HERE COME THE GONE!

AVAILABLE THROUGH MAIL FROM:

constant-cause

MAGS/lines/ART and small press lit records, tapes, flexi discs

MAGS MUSIC

503MAG, an Italian mag carrying a single, sketches and cool graphics \$7

ARNEGEDON PUBLISHING, david facts kids book BECKY THE MONKEY \$2p.p.

FALL GUIDE, a guide to fascist fashion 15¢

"OKUP", a guide to fascist fashion 15¢

FEAR MAG, philas gothic, comic mag, with gold ovals and more \$5

THE WASH TONAL ENQUIRER official news and info sheet of nash the slash \$1 reprint of rockdiaz \$5 \$2 \$2 nash meets water bunny\$5

O.P. MAG, the independent INFO mag, an approach to usefulness, great. 40 many listings and articles you'll flip. B, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, and newer issues \$1.50 postpaid

BIKINI GIRL MAG, nyc art, lit and bondage line by LISA S. a great patron of lost arts \$2 street talk \$3 \$3 BSLA cut outs \$3 \$4 Futura Flexi\$3 \$5 with space glasses\$3 \$6 with occult chemistry flexi\$3 \$7 sex and interviews \$3

SUBURBAN RELAPSE MAG, florida new music zine the cover rages of local andpro acts \$2, 400, 400 \$2 \$3BadBains \$01 \$4 never lasts\$504

SHADES MAG, canadian newwave news \$17 nash, graphics \$11 jam \$2app \$1 \$19/20 double issue \$2 \$21 4999, nash, \$1

TERMINAL MAG, philas new music pub. display of talent and info. \$1 \$1Baudou, bunnydrama \$1 \$2 Anilip, TuxMoon\$1 \$3 Buzzcocks, Police, N. Achina, \$1 \$4 ut Ultravox, chandra\$1 \$5 nana h. O.K., material \$1 \$6, fall, zippycomix\$1 \$7 X, zippy and DOOLEYcomix\$1

SCIENCE PATROL E.P. "BANDIT DUCKS FROM OUTER SPACE" ON ZERO RISK RECS \$3.00 POST CODE C GREAT OUT/POP IN A HUMOROUS TUX-MOON STYLE SUB POP MAG'S cassette issue \$5

SOCIAL CLIMBERS L.P. \$6 enough can not be said about this nyc troupe of talents, buy this or miss the best new record of this year on next.

ANONYMOUS "anake attack/comprate food" \$5 \$3 **BEST SIDE LOCKERS** "jusscha rayon "dance\$5 \$3 **LIFE ELSEWHERE E.P.** 12 inches of dub and digital electronics and ubiastic rock with John Foster, SteveFisk, and theBeaters \$4 **HEAD CHEESE**, philas all got loony band "non medelac/teen adol" E.P. \$3

HAPPY SQUID RECS, PHLEBDEL "bells on ice" \$3

ALIVE RECS, new rock/jazz/music label offers: **NORIAN SALANT** "accidents" (never happen) club out jazz version e.p. with 8 tenor sax on it \$3 pp

FRESH SOUNDS, DOUBLE CASSETTE SAMPLER of midwestern punk bands, getomant, and others 2 hours of sound \$10 post

S-MRECS, s. f. label, like lovely music and Monte cazaza in a locked room. **THE OPPIAN SHEPARDS E.P.** \$1

NEOTERIC MUSIC LABEL, independent label featuring the Neo classically avant music of JeanMarte, great stuff.

THE PILLOW E.P. of vicy modern music features Eddie Jobson, andRuth Underwood on a very orchestral and inte nse l.p. \$5

please make payment to:

Constant Cause
679 ARBOR LANE
WARMINSTER PA 18974

Postage on
MAGS \$1.50 / 25¢
L.P.s / 75¢

DULL PROD. Dept OXO
2001 Terminal Way, Atlanta, Ca. 0210



era, Yes

Klan child being
indoctrinated
with racial hatred.

KKK, no

Pretty Poison



Expiration The Realm of Existence

SVENGALI RECORDS
3024 Waldorf Ave.
Camden N.J. 08105
(609)365-2448



Reviews!

45
rpm's



They're absolutely
up-to-the minute!



B TEAM

What Is This?/The Kill/Caught

I saw these guys in San Francisco and the first impression they left me with is that at the front of the stage about 30 or so girls lined up and would keep their eyes fixed on this band. Now the men don't seem to wanna know them, but the little girls...they seem to understand.

Actually, B Team are an exceedingly tight trio who will bring up an American answer to the Gang of 4's and early Cure's (circa "Someone Else's Train" period) pop. Unlike their Brit counterparts though, they don't concern themselves with great social statements, rather their's is more a matter of sexual politics. "What Is This?" and "Caught" are good, grating pop. "The Kill" doesn't measure up to the other two, but hey, ain't bad either. This is B Team's first release and it isn't perfect (is anything?) but underneath one senses potential, a lot of potential. Watch out for these guys. (Write: B Team/2642 22 St./San Francisco, CA 94116) -S. Fritz



R.E.M.

Radio Free Europe/Sitting Still
(Hib Tone)

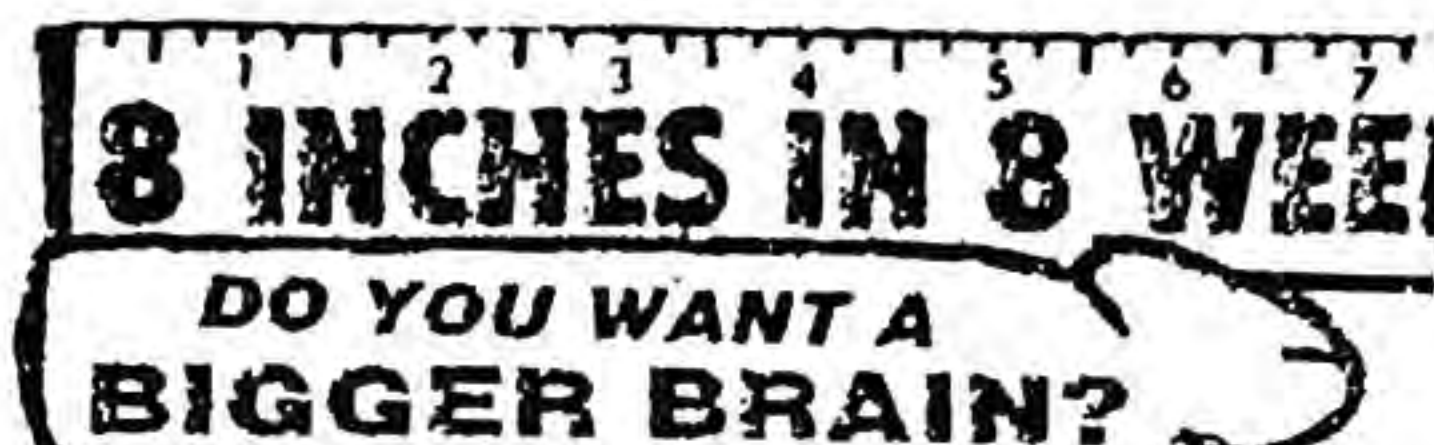
From Athens, GA; this is a four-piece outfit whose vocalist is firmly planted in the shadows of love. "RFE" is sort of a soft march-chant with a sad bridge that somehow brings back your past lost days, building a brilliant tender/tough chorus that's achingly brief. It's probably a bonus that you can't make out the lyrics, I don't know; can it be good? The flip maintains the emotional nuance, the tune more straightforward but with the same quiet professionalism. This is the kind of dark lover's rock that should be hugely popular but will never be heard unless you buy it yourself. (Write: HIB TONE/Box 8032/Athens GA 30601) -Robt. Emmett



WEEKEND

The View From Her Room/Leaves Of Spring (Rough Trade)

With this record, we find ex-Young Marble Giant Allison Statton leaving her more stark elements of that past band for a full band with percussion and horns. I can honestly hear "The View" being played after a Holiday Inn type act does their de rigueur version of "Girl From Impenema" while "Leaves" is a bit more sprightly. In general, the playing is excellent, professional and safe enough for your mother. Not quite my bag of tea. -S. Fritz



OCTOBER DAYS

West Coast/Don't Give Yourself Away

This band hails from New Haven, CT and they deliver solid Detroit rock on the A-Side. Oddly enough, the flip has the same riff as "Up Against The Wall" by the Circle Jerks until the bridge, which opens into a moody, open counterpoint. Boring? Nah. Quite the contrary. This is one band who uses the old riffs (which almost all bands do anyway) and make them sound fresh. That's rock 'n roll, ain't it? (Write: October Days/Robin Cornell/100 York St/Apt. 3D/New Haven, CT 06511) -Sean Dunhill



ROBIN HITCHCOCK

America/What Do You Do With That Thing? (Albion)

And in this episode, we find our hero, Robin, standing on the 58th floorwindow ledge of a 57 story skyscraper. Life has not been kind to the boy; stranded in New York, bands like the Psychotic Pfurs robbing his title of being the true heir of 60's brain scorching music leaving his 4 Soft Boys and 2 solo albums totally unheeded. Also, the local rock pundits pay strange praise to him, by doing very weird side commentaries when this man needs exposure.

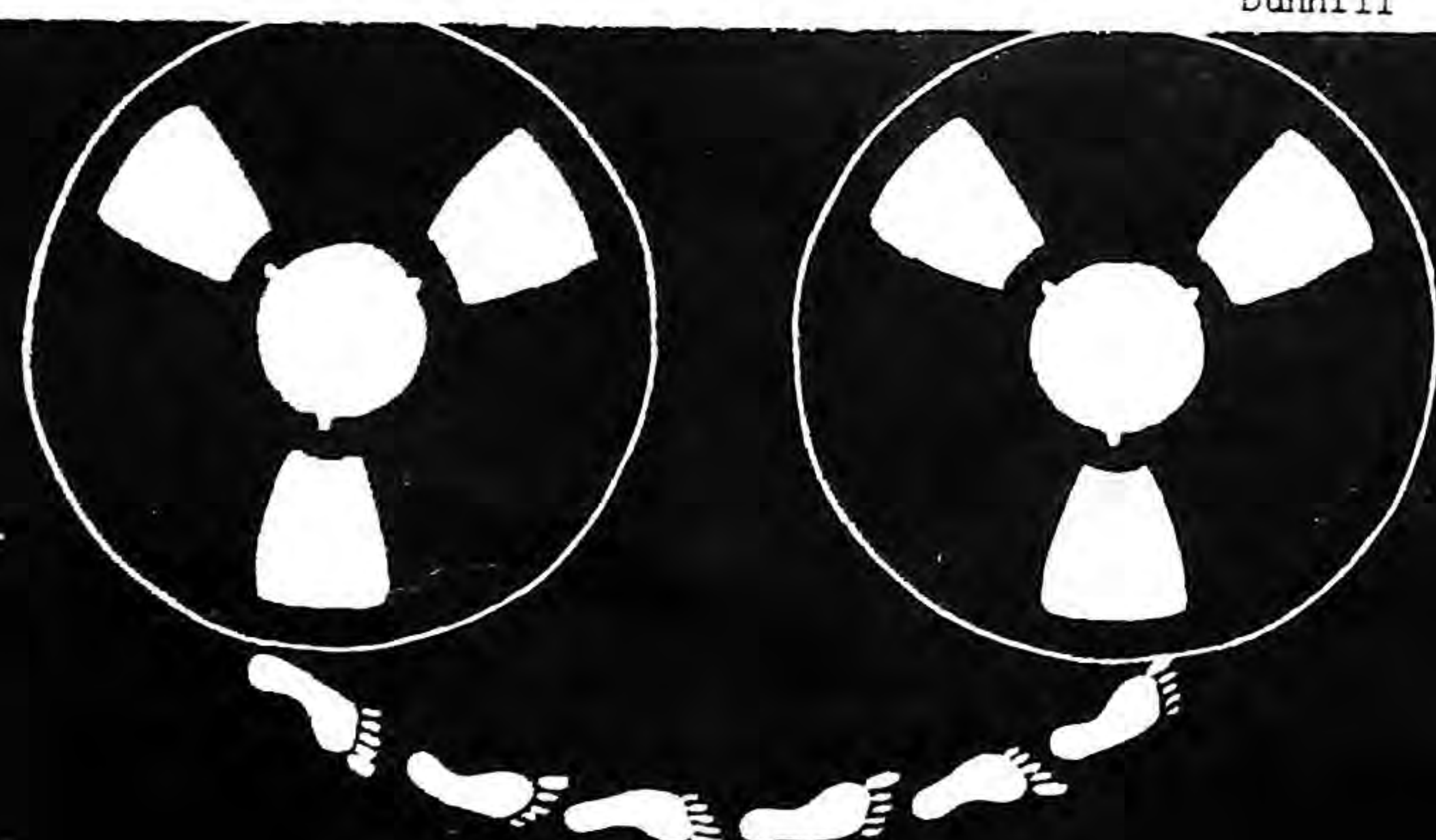
So he takes a moment to think, conjurs up that wily spacehead Steve Hillage, and gives America a slow, somber kiss off that it so rightly deserves. Then on the flip he asks those overly popular rock critics what do they do with the female dancers of Shox Lumania, aside have them sell advertising on the local markets. Then back on the roof, he looks down and sees a certain Mssrs. Schwartz and Kaplan briskly jog down the Midtown alleyways as dawn approaches. Grinning, he pulls down his fly and hopes that they forgot to bring their umbrellas. -Steve Fritz

45's

F-MODELS

Nobody Loves Me (But My Mom)/Russia Rocks (TMI)

From Ohio, on Pittsburgh's TMI label. "Nobody Loves Me" is a thrilling, relentless rocker (with addictive A-C#-F#-D progression), solid and humorous. The flip starts like "Roxanne"; plays like a poor pastiche, and finishes like the Pistols but by then it's too late. But that's what A-Sides are for. Ask for it. (Write: TMI/6030 Penn Circle South/Pittsburgh PA 15206) -Robt. Emmett



When you listen to the radio and hear Informed Sources, Pretty Poison, Alice Cohen and Executive Slackx, you hear us. We are the finest in recording professionals offering the best in recording technology and engineering advice from your first demo to your latest hit release. Why not give us a call?

Fresh Tracks

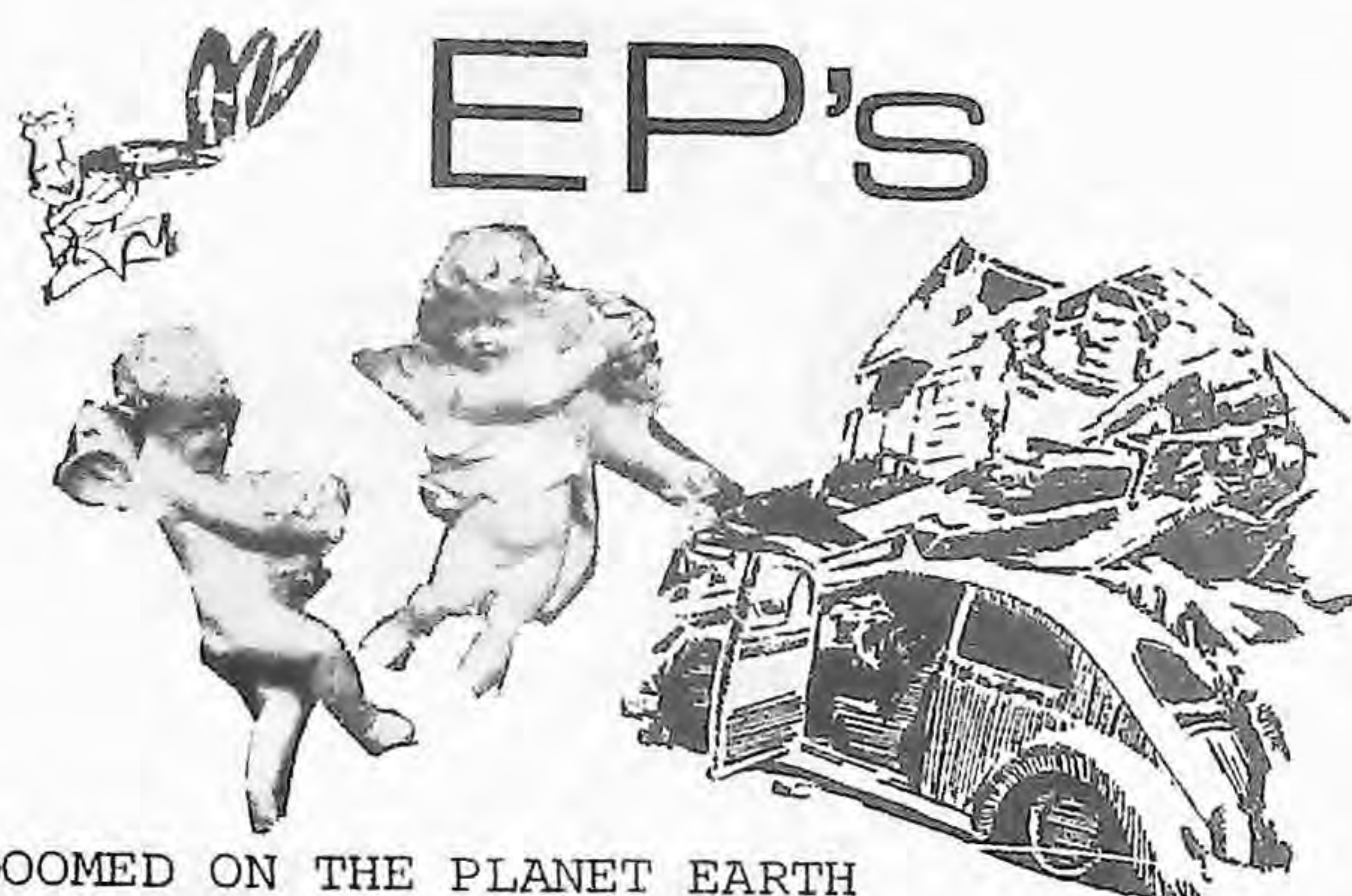
Recording Studio

215-635-5500

A STEP FORWARD.....

We Offer:

*8 or 16 Track Recording Facilities & Vast Array of Studio Effects
*Keyboards/Drums & Amps Available (At NO Extra Charge!)



DOOMED ON THE PLANET EARTH

Mercenaries/Heart Attack (BTCP)

Keeping the BTCP tradition (for Bands That Can't Play) comes their latest discovery. The Doomed sound like the psychedelia that most of your older brothers and sisters want to forget, stuff like the Green Fuzz Sunday Funnies and the soundtrack to Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls, all recorded in the latest of the cheapest 80's technology. In other words, they sound like when those great garage bands of the mid 60's dropped them funny lookin' sugar cubes. Now my only question is, when are they gonna bring back nehru jackets?

-Sean Dunhill

SONIC YOUTH

(Neutral)

Surprise record of the issue. Sonic Youth's two guitars spearhead a deep, sombre, yet hypnotic rock record that deserves kudos for their reliance on musicianship instead of cheap synthetics. I mean, how they got some of the sounds out of their guitars without the aid of hardly anything except touches of brilliance is not anything to sneeze at.

Led by guitarists Thurston Moore and Lee Renaldo, who also work with Glenn Branca's big (try 6 guitars) band, the personnel is fledged out by bassist Kim Gordon and drummer and sometime Konk Richard Edson. Standout tracks are the very well named "I Dreamed I Dream" and the dynamic "The Good And The Bad," which uses dynamics better than I've heard in a long time.

-Steve Fritz

SACCHARINE TRUST

Pagan Icons (SST)

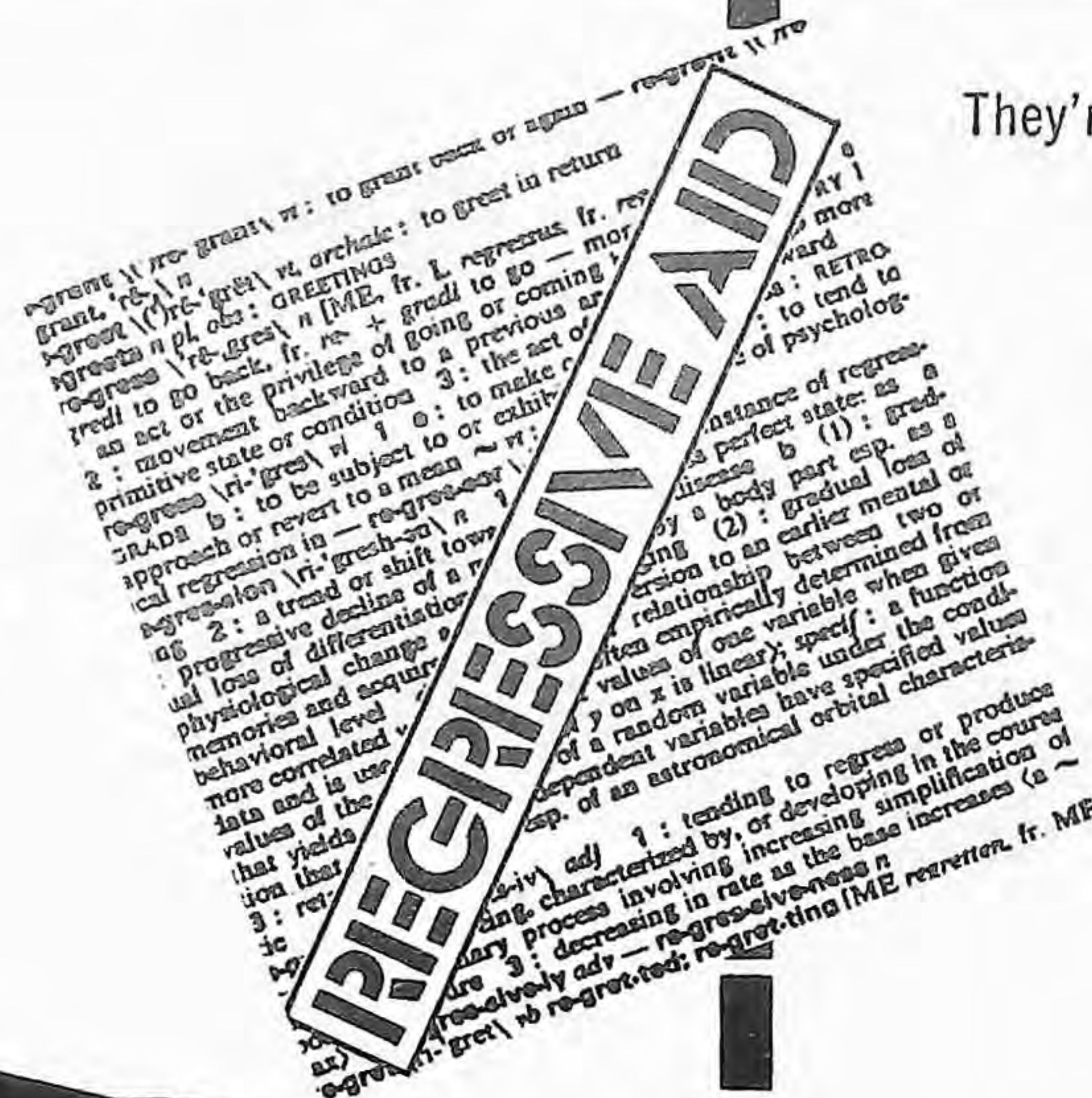
Another Hermosa Beach Outfit who offer more proof that all is not slamming out there in those parts. The Trust is led by Joaquin Brewer a very distinctive vocalist and lyricist and perhaps the only lead vocalist today with a Q in his first name. "Pagan Icons" scream at you: hate, rebellion, disgust, change. Doesn't that explain everything? Lesson for today: Saccharine Trust is a must. (Also recommended: "Hearts and Barbarians" and "This Is Christmas" on the compilation ep's CHUNKS and CRACKS IN THE SIDEWALK) (Write: SST/ P.O. Box 1/Lawndale CA 90260) -Stephen Myers.



Mail to: Zepher Film, C.I.A., 7, MD. 8436219

MULTI-MEDIA CAT. ALWAYS INCLUDED.

EP's



TSOL

Weathered Statues

TSOL have changed again. Gone is the ghoulish rock that made "Dance With Me" the record the Misfits wished they'd made. Instead, they act a little older, a little wiser and a lot more commercial. Not that being commercial sounds that bad, if anything, maybe this record could serve as the one that will break hardcore to a larger audience (and that could be damn good).

Still "Man & Machine" is fast enough to keep people slamming for a good pace. And the rest of the tracks are damn good. Maybe I like this phase of their the best yet. -S. Fritz



der mond

MINUTEMEN

The Punch Line (SST)

Historical reference: The Minutemen's songs run about a minute long, thus there name (pretty clever, eh?) Anyway, this left coast bunch spew forth stream of consciousness lyrics over top of thrashy, psychotic funk or is that thrashy, psychotic consciousness over streams of spew funk? Anyway (again) here is the punchline, 18 songs, ten minutes and the rest is up to you.

-Stephen Myers.

They're Smart!

Local

REGRESSIVE AID

(Rhesus)

Being an instrumental band has never been easy. Especially being the pressing quality of the record isn't the hottest. But give Regressive Aid credit, their sound is deeply influenced by King Crimson (particularly the RED period) yet they manage to maintain the discipline necessary from turning this into a pretty intriguing first release.

Although Regressive Aid don't pull any punches, they don't connect until their last song "Someone Down There" which builds bolero-like to a metallic KO. If you're not careful, these guys might make it. They're contenders. (Write: Rhesus/383 Lawrenceville Rd./Lawrenceville NJ 08648) -Steve Fritz

CRASH COURSE IN SCIENCE

Signals From Pier 13 (Press)

After a year plus wait, Crash Course's second release is available.

Now they've expanded their whole concept of their industrial music quite a bit, the standout track "Cardboard Lamb" has a snaky sequencer motif that keeps your foot tapping. The rest of their tracks, although definitely interesting, doesn't quite measure up to that track. It's two-step white noise for little girls and boys, and I think what hurts is the recording...live all the tracks sound a hell of a lot better. I still say get this record. (Write: Press Records/432 Moreland Ave/Atlanta, GA 30307) -S. Fritz



THE STICK MEN

This Is The Master Brew (Phantom Plaything)

The Stickmen are Sir Jam Pete Baker (guitar and vocals), Beth Ann Lejman (cheesy organ, back up vocals and hot steps), Chuck Mattern (reeds horns, and vocals), Bill Bradfield (bass) and Jim Meneses (Earth-shattering rhythm).

Now for everybody. Although the production of the album is a bit flat (most first projects are), the material is flaming hot. Aside the straight ahead funk of "Mystery Party" and the pounding dancefloor beat of "Do Get Down" (where Jim really shows his stuff), their non-stop motion, savage repertoire and twisted keyboard/guitar/horn work is what makes the Stickmen one of the most physical bands on this or any other universe.

DER MOND

Tanz (Ohrmuzik)

As my mother told me as she kicked me down two flights of steps one bright and sunny day, nice guys finish last. Der Mond can if they're not careful.

They can go somewhere if they cut their preoccupation with funny little foreign phrases, it's out and out preppy. Also, everything that they've done on this record has been done before. Only the lead track, "Out Of My Head" a non-stop rifferama has any power to it. "You Are French" comes in a decent second. The only other thing I can say on the plus side is that all the tracks don't go over 2+ minutes each. Keep trying guys. (Write: Ohrmuzik/8515 Patton Rd./Wyndmoor, PA 19118) -S. Fritz



THE RESIDENTS

The Tunes Of TwoCities (Ralph)

SNAKEFINGER

Manual Of Errors (Ralph)

The Residence come up for air long enough to give us another slice of their Mole trilogy. All instrumental, it compares the Machinemen cultures ideas of beat and rhythm to the Moles. It leaves you with the feeling that the MM's are vapid clods who you could see selling you dental floss while the Hole-Workers are evil little mothers that would think nothing of biting you hand off and spitting it back at you. The music reminds of both the Cryptic Corps. THIRD REICH & NCT AVAILABLE albums, and that's the only fair comparisons I can come up with.

Meanwhile, Mr. Finger has countered back with his threatened album fronting his own band. With the able assistance of sometime Magic Bander Eric Feldman, this cooks. A definite treat to all us sugar eaters is his inclusion of "The Garden Of Earthly Delights" from the long lost horror drug band U.S. of A. Definately good and different, even if you have the Snake's past albums. -S. Fritz

HEX ENDUCTION HOUR BY THE FALL

Hex Enduction Hour (Kam Era)

The further didactic discourses of Joe Totale, picking up where GROTESQUE left off last summer. Rather more singing than ranting this time. How integral to this collection the recent single "The Lie Dream Of The Casino Soul" is I can only guess, but that's the basic tone here. "The Classical" where culture rhymes with vulture and classical with gas, is a great rollicking number. "Hey there fuckface" with the singalong "I've never felt better in my life", hereby my favorite Fall number of all time. Jawbone And The Air Rifle" another infectious football cheer, gleaned from the terraces at Manchester's home grounds? "The Hip Priest" himself only wanted to be loved (Mark E. himself: "All the young groups know/They can imitate, but I can teach/cause I'm...") Fortress/Deer Park, Mere Pseud Mag Ed incomprehensible steamroller attacks on various people and places. "Winter" is a tender cityscape, concluded on side 2. Why?! "Just Step S'Way" stomps along paving the way for "Who Makes The Nazis" "I'll Tell you who makes the Nazis" and then I lose him again. Exasperated? "Iceland" is great, atmospheric even: "Witness the last of the god-men" (like Killing Joke, right?). And then "And This Day" which may as well be in Dutch for all I get out of it. The production is excellent by Fall standards, though the vocals tend to peep out coyly from behind the drums at times. A lyric sheet would be cheating I suppose.

Well this is demanding, intelligent music, Mark Smith has developed his own language and imagery to communicate his cares and concerns. Sentences stop and start at random, there's generous doses of barroom singalong. The musicianship has improved to the point where a subtlety of touch not much evident prior is consistently maintained (Iceland, Winter) Anyhow, that's my impression. You tell me yours. -Robt. Emmett



TOILING MIDGETS
Sea of Unrest (Rough Trade)

The legend of Ricky Wilson lives on. After his various works with a very nascent Flipper, Tuxedomoon, and his best known band, the Sleepers, he hooks up with some of his old cohorts and members of the now gone Negative Trend to lead the T. Midgets.

And a strange album it is too. Mix Wilson's low croon with a band that meets somewhere in the middle of them tuna eaters and Black Sabbath and you begin to get the idea. It's a very strange record, and can alienate you without much difficulty. But like the best of horror, which appears to be a main theme, it fascinates. -S. Fritz

DURAN DURAN
Rio (Capitol)

And you thought that these guys were nothing more than a one joke band. Duran have partially dropped their dance stance and have decided to do a bit of experimenting on it. Their Roxy influence is super evident at times (check out "New Religion" "The Chauffeur" and the title cut). This is a growing band with a substantial future ahead of them. -Hy Feigh

MILES DAVIS
We Want Miles (CBS)

After MAN WITH A HORN, this is a breath of fresh air. I've always believed that the live context is when Miles' playing is at it's peak and this new 2 LP set is absolute proof. -Hy Feigh



IT RECLINES



IT LOUNGES



IT ROCKS



LESTER BANGS (R.I.P.) & THE DELINQUENTS

Jook Savages On The Brazos (Live Wire)

THE DELINQUENTS (Live Wire)

The Delinquents LP is the Texas version of the B52's, excuse me and let's move on. Lester Bangs was the greatest rock critic in the history of the sport (2. Robert A. Hull, 3. R. Meltzer, last and least, Greil Marcus). Bangs is demented and brilliant and face it was the fucking best which doesn't have anything to do with this LP but had to be said. On JOOK SAVAGES, Lester squares off with punk, folk, country, psychedelia and what all in what evolves into a musical arm wrestling match with you mom as the loser. The Delinquents play wilder than on their own album but really can't muster up to Lester's inspired (don't wanna call him tuneless) ravings which leads to some duff cuts, but really what the fuck, you couldn't do any better. Hey the good ones are good ones and this is for all you people who have read Lester to get your chance to hear his last words. -Stephen Myers



FEAR

The Record (Slash)

When you're as ugly as these guys, you're either funny, weird or down right mean. Fear are all three. Listen to Lee Ving's Edgar Winter imitation on "Beef Bologna" is you want a damn good belly yuck. And Derf Scratch puts his two cents in on the Freaks brigade with his number and sax bit on "New York's All Right"

But Fear's best when they rip it up with cuts like "Let's Have A War" and their anthmic "I Don't Care About You" and whatever mood Fear is in, THE RECORDS all right. -S. Dunhill

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Flex Your Head (Dischord)

Fast, powerful and lyrically threatening, make this the best hardCore compilation. To come from one of the most abused and misunderstood scenes in America. Most of the cuts on the album are in rapid fire tradition of a DC band. But the rest of the material is made of slower, creative bands. A booklet also comes with the record (Unless you deal with a fucked up record store) containing lyrics and pics of the bands. So go straight for the throat on all major issues, stop bitching about skinheads assholes and buy the album and read the lyrics and find out what DC is all about. -David Wynter.

SINGERS AND PLAYERS

War Of Words (99)

This is classic hard dub. Singers and Players reaches the depths of dread and it's great. I don't know exactly who the players are with the exception of PiL's Keith Levene (most of the names have quote marks around them--Ari "Stepper"--if you know what I mean) but these guys have their shit together. Toke up some spliff to this one and you won't care if you get to heaven when you die. -Jah Stephan





OUTFITS AND ATTITUDES

Title: Fashion For The Fallout
by Jill Martin

"What are you wearing, Janet?"
"Well Jill, I'm not really sure."
"What do you suggest?"

Such a dilemma, an outfit for that big day. The problem lies not so much in what to wear, but when to wear it. So I say, better wear it today. Maximize the moment. Take stock in a 'no future' kind of present.

Plastics are hot, the right accessories could make or break your outfit for that Big Day. With a good pair of virgin vinyl vamps, you needn't worry that your shoes will be left unfilled. Mine are so dear to me I can't imagine going without them.

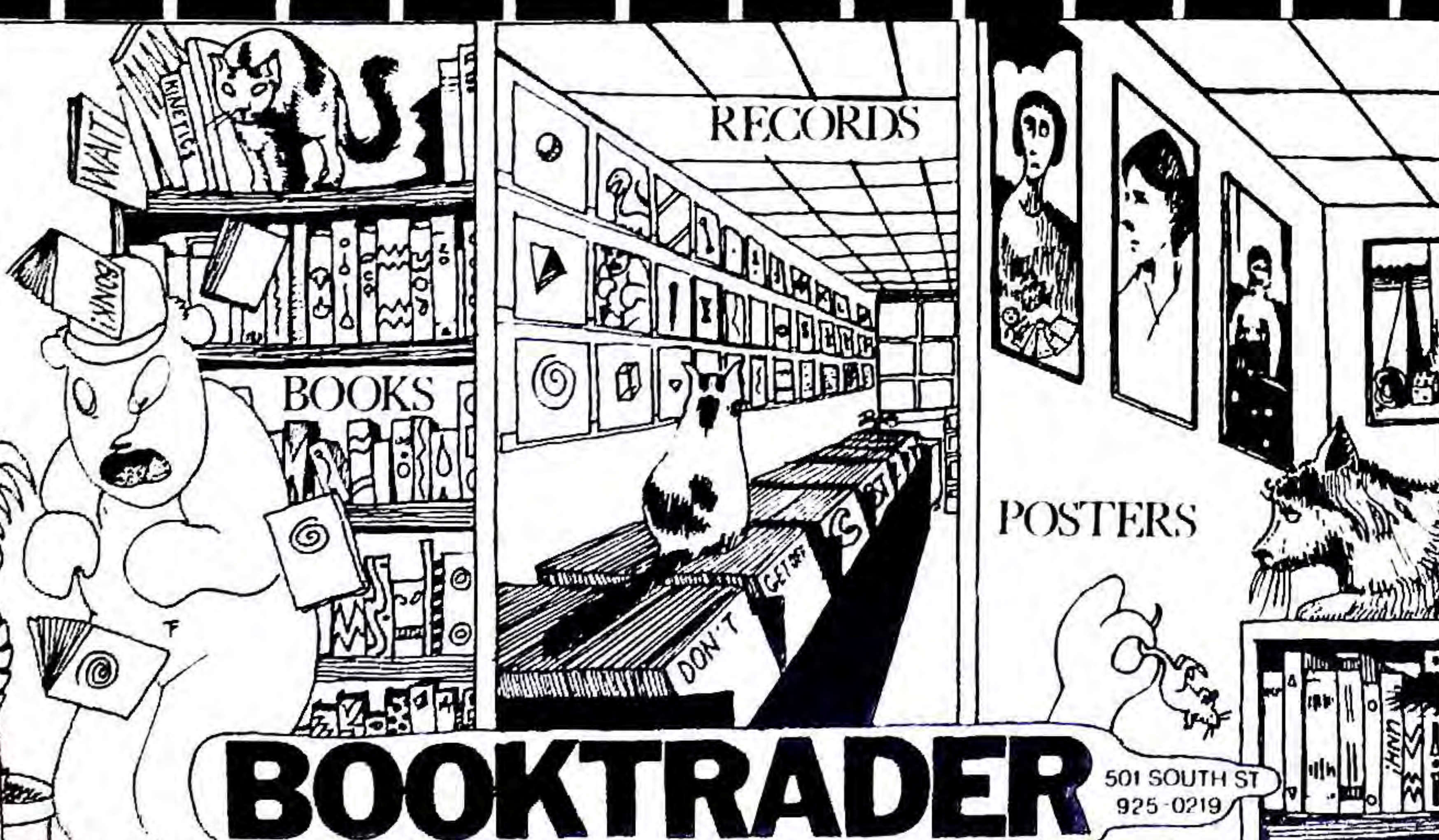
Your fashion is a political statement. Your style of adornment can say more as a social statement than any vote at the ballot box. Care or not, your fate has been placed in someone else's hands and can't be returned.

Well, no returns no exchanges. Be sure to make the right decision. Layaways are, of course, out of the question. So don't delay. The sensation will be pretty straightforward and so should your fashion for the fallout.



Dan Perry

Jill Martin



BOOK REVIEWS

JIM MORRISON--AN HOUR FOR MAGIC

A Photojournal
By: Frank Lisciandro
A Delilah Book
(c) 1982
Reviewed by Carol Shutzbank

Jim Morrison is alive and well. Never mind that the lead singer of the sixties psychedelic group was rumored to have died nearly a decade ago.

His albums still sell better than many contemporary releases. Last year two more albums were released, both greatest hits compilations, which immediately became the hottest hits of the season. Radios play Doors songs as frequently as they do new ones. Posters fill bedroom walls, eliminating a need for wallpaper. People still discuss the eternal question: Is Jim Morrison REALLY dead?

And then there is the book. "No One Gets Out Alive" Part fact, part fiction, a lot of speculation, it gave us a glimpse of the private Morrison. What went on behind the scenes. It quickly became the ultimate gospel--a Doors bible for fans. Everyone who was anyone read the book. It sold like wildfire.

But while the book was long on words, it was short on pictures. And, like they say, every picture tells a story. Sometimes better than words.

Frank Lisciandro must have had that thought in mind when he compiled a

journal of Morrison. It's called "Jim Morrison--An Hour For Magic" (the title is an excerpt from one of his poems). The book is jam-packed with pictures, many of which have never before been released.

Lisciandro had attended UCLA Film School with Morrison. The two became friendly while working on a documentary on the Doors called "A Feast Of Friends". Lisciandro became a member of the intimate circle of friends around the Doors, sharing many an adventure with them, which he recounts in the book.

The text is interesting. Short and sweet, and interspersed with many of Morrison's poems. The stories are illuminating and amusing. Morrison is not elevated to godlike stature, nor is he the moody intellect in "No One Here Gets Out Alive". The reader is told what happened and where--and can draw his own conclusions about the whys and wherefores.

The poetry is flowing and melodic. Morrison considered himself a poet first and foremost, and it shows in his words. Ideas and phrases which might seem stupid and trite take on a new meaning when he twists them around. It is a great supplement to the text.

Most importantly, though, there are the photos. Lots and lots of photos. (Over one hundred previously unreleased photos, according to the book, and I believe it.) And it is these photos that make the book.

They tell the story of the enigma that was Jim Morrison better than any words could. It's all spelled out: the lean catlike Lizard King, to the heavy bearded poet. The reader need for himself the changes that Morrison went through, and can decide for himself whether Morrison really died, or if he just hid out because he was tired of the game.

Like a chameleon Morrison was able to change moods and appearance to suit the occasion, and this book chronicles



that ability. It was part of his immense attraction, and it is what makes this book work.

Everyone can tell a story about Jim Morrison. Fame has a funny way of doing that to people--making them instant friends with dozens of strangers. You can bet that this won't be the last book on Jim Morrison. He's hot right now. But, because of the photos, it may possibly be one of the better ones.



PLATINUM LOGIC

By: Tony Parsons

Reviewed by Steve Fritz

Speed makes people do funny things. Speed makes you gag. Speed makes you not think too clearly. Speed makes you repeat things a lot. Speed makes

you very paranoid and short-sighted.

I don't see how Tony Parsons, for all the praise and kudos he's received from the British press and his wife Julie Burchill, ever got as far as he has. For a journalistic muckraker, I found his first book, "The Boy Looked At Johnny" (done with Julie Burchill...all in the family I guess) poorly researched (check out "1988" by Caroline Coon for a more accurate story of the British Wave) and overly opinionated, if not outright full of it.

Now he comes out with his first novel and how this self-confessed U.S. hater (I believe he's never even been over the Atlantic to see our ol' U.S. of A.) writing about the New York recording industry. The book reeks of idle gossip in the guise of fiction, very transparent character assassinations in the guise of characterisation and domino plotting.

Meet Nathan, the recluse record mogul who did it on his own, his low life wife who is unloved because she had their first child when Nathan wanted her to be the biggest star in the rock galaxy, Nathan's spoiled brat speed popping anorexic daughter, and Ben, Nathan's putzy first born who perpetually never gets his father's respect. See their rags to riches American family disintegrate before your eyes. See his record label survive more crises than Job. Find out how the Arabs intend to take over the Rock industry by dominating the coke industry and overthrow the White House!

Hard to read. If I didn't find the book hilarious in a pathetic way I doubt I could have finished it. I don't see how Parsons has it in him to be a journalist and gall the intelligence of the average reader except the National Enquirer hordes. I don't see, if Parsons has any pride, how he could have written this book.

Maybe he needs the money. Speed can make you do funny things.

THE SUBGENIUS

P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214



MUST HAVE SLACK!!



\$1

SUPPORT
ADVERTIZERS
They're Exciting!



* BEATLES HEADQUARTERS *



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

CASH FOR YOUR RECORDS

WOODEN SHOE
BOOKS & RECORDS

Anarchist/Socialist/
Feminist Literature
Unusual New And Used
Records

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

569-2477
WE WILL SELL YOUR
USED RECORDS ON CONSIGNMENT

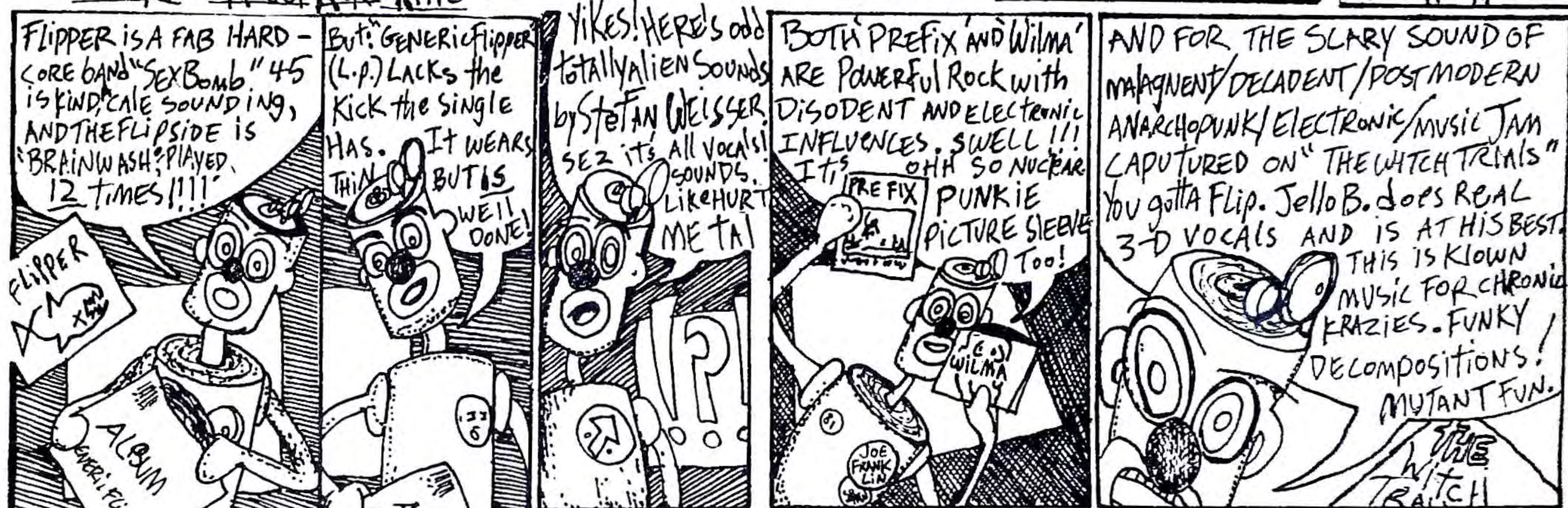
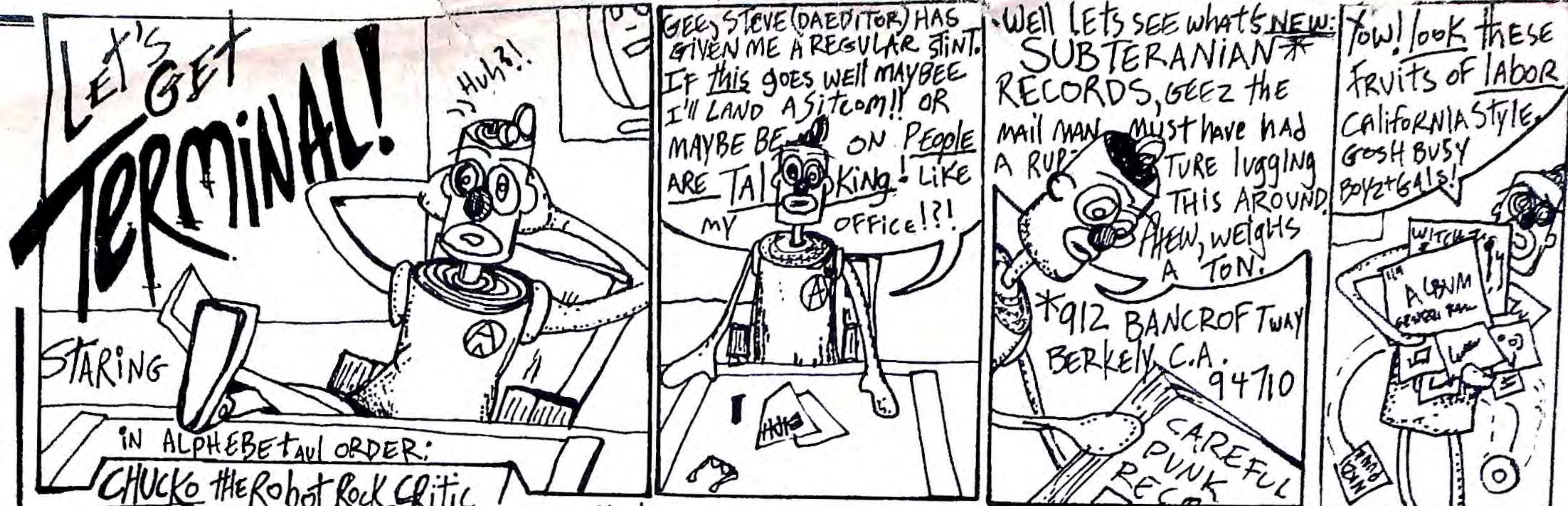
BETTER
BADGES

286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W10 0K

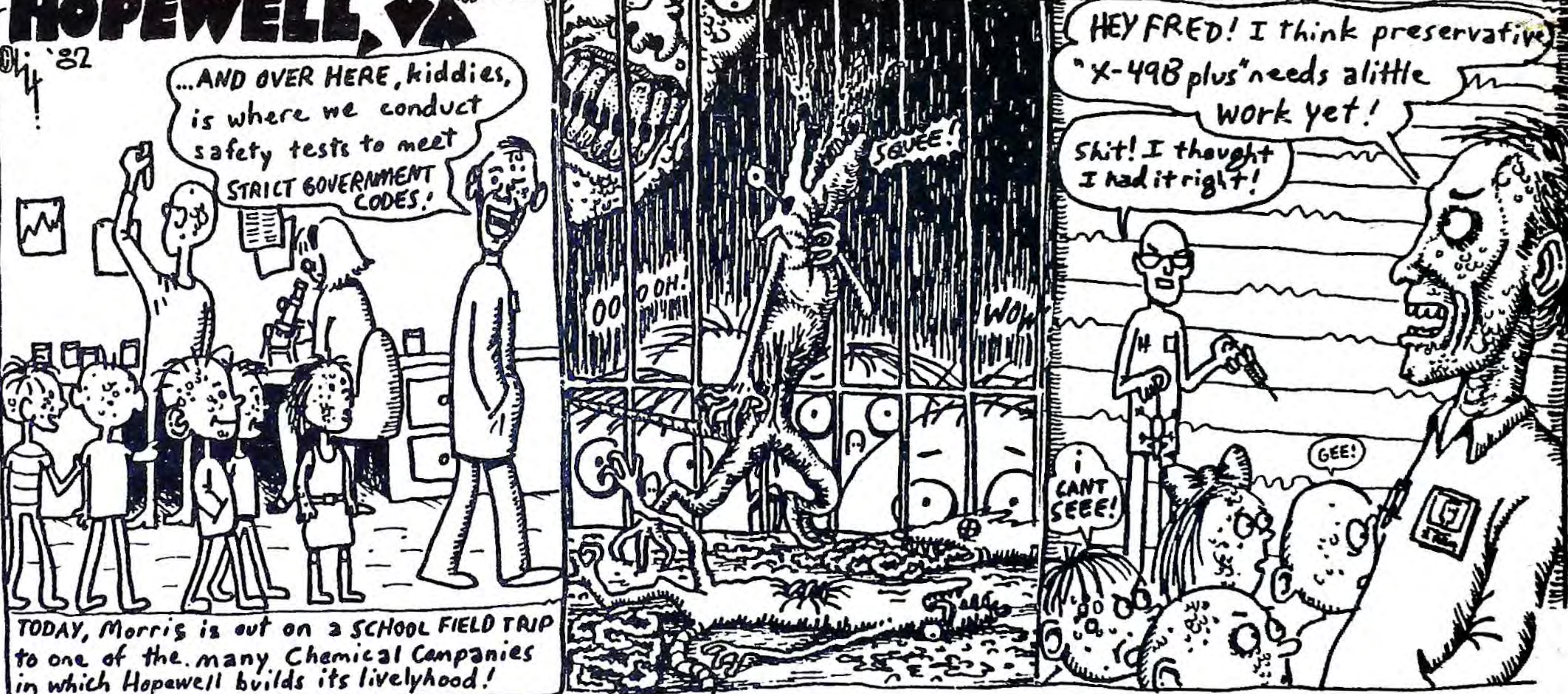


Vince Ransid
882 BANK ST.
Akron, OH 44305

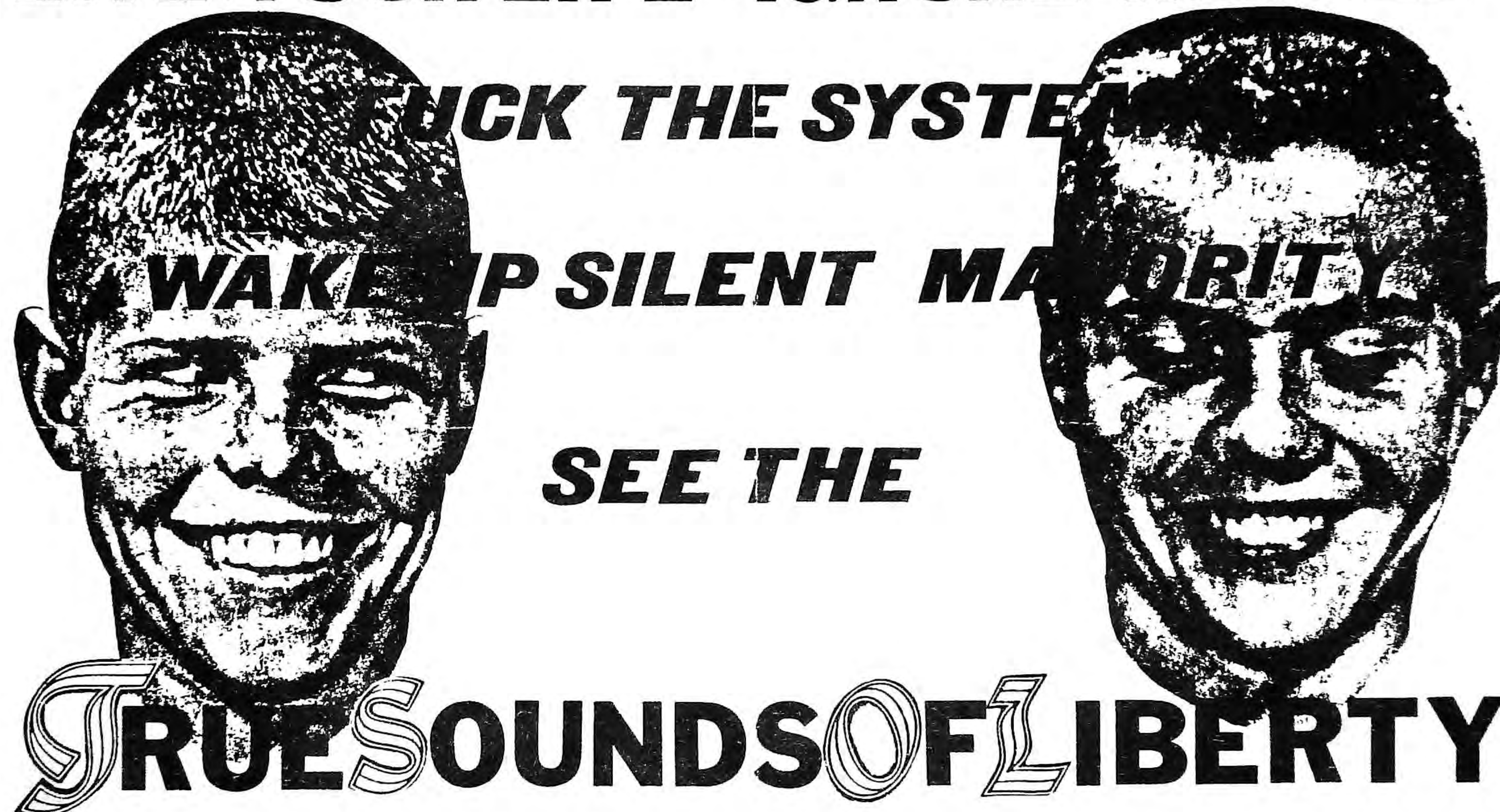
PROFESSIONAL
QUALITY ART
PASTE-UP
DESIGN FOR
BUTCHERSHOP
PRICES.....
..CALL ME.
215 672 1516
.....



WHAT HAS 100 DECIBLES OF HARDCORE D.K.'S PUNK DONE TO CHUCKO ????



LIVE YOUR LIFE • IGNORE HEROES



AT THE
STARLITE BALLROOM!

w/Autistic
Behavior

Legion Of
Decency

Little Gentlemen

SAT. June 5 '82

\$5 All Ages

A CUMTUNES PRODUCTION

ALSO AT THE BANNED/BALT. MD/SUN. JUNE 6