



number 6
PHILADELPHIA'S
NEW MUSIC
MAGAZINE

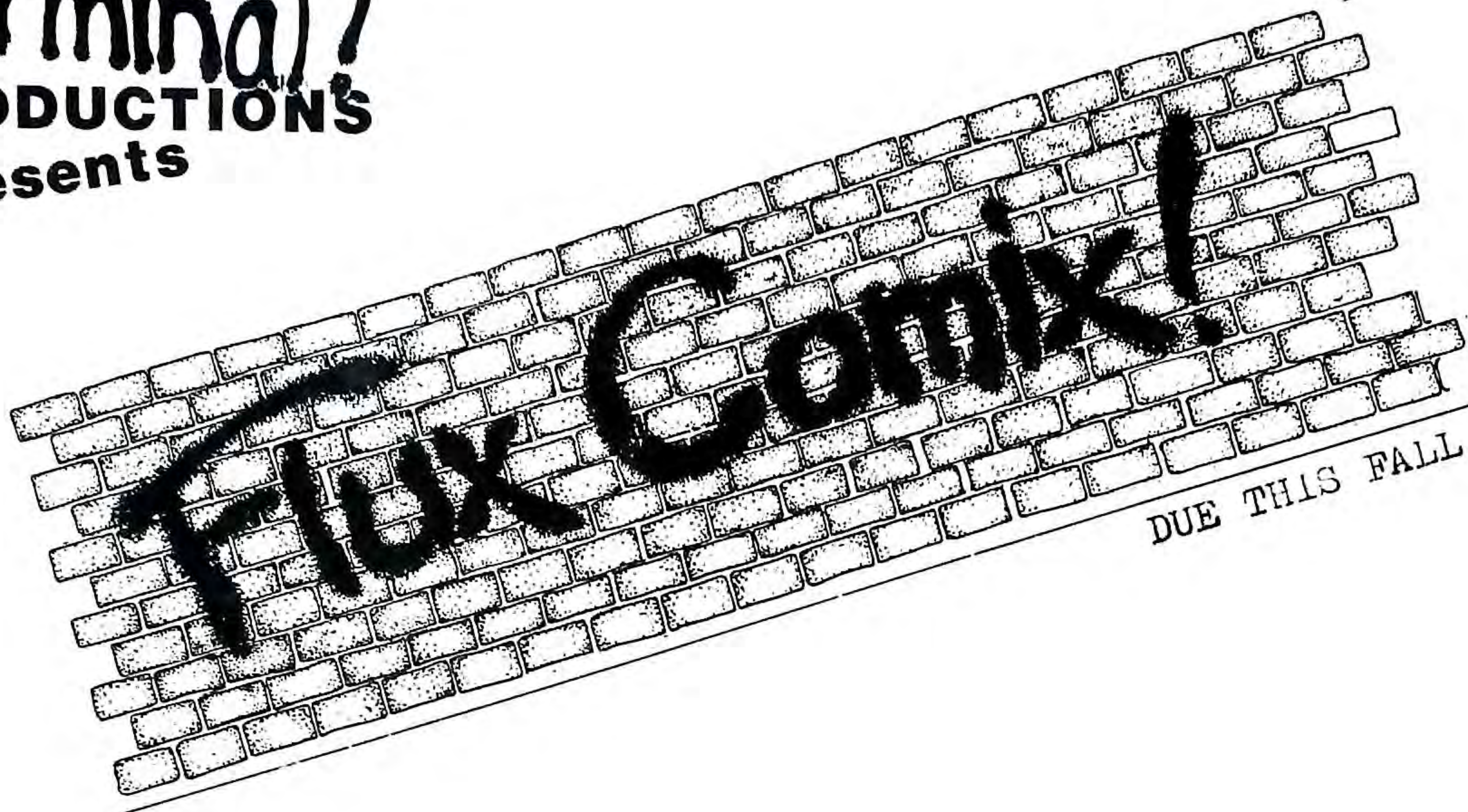
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Terminal!



The Fall
CLASH
ALAN MANN
THE CRAMPS
SADISTIC EXPLOITS
Circle Jerks

Terminal!
PRODUCTIONS
 presents



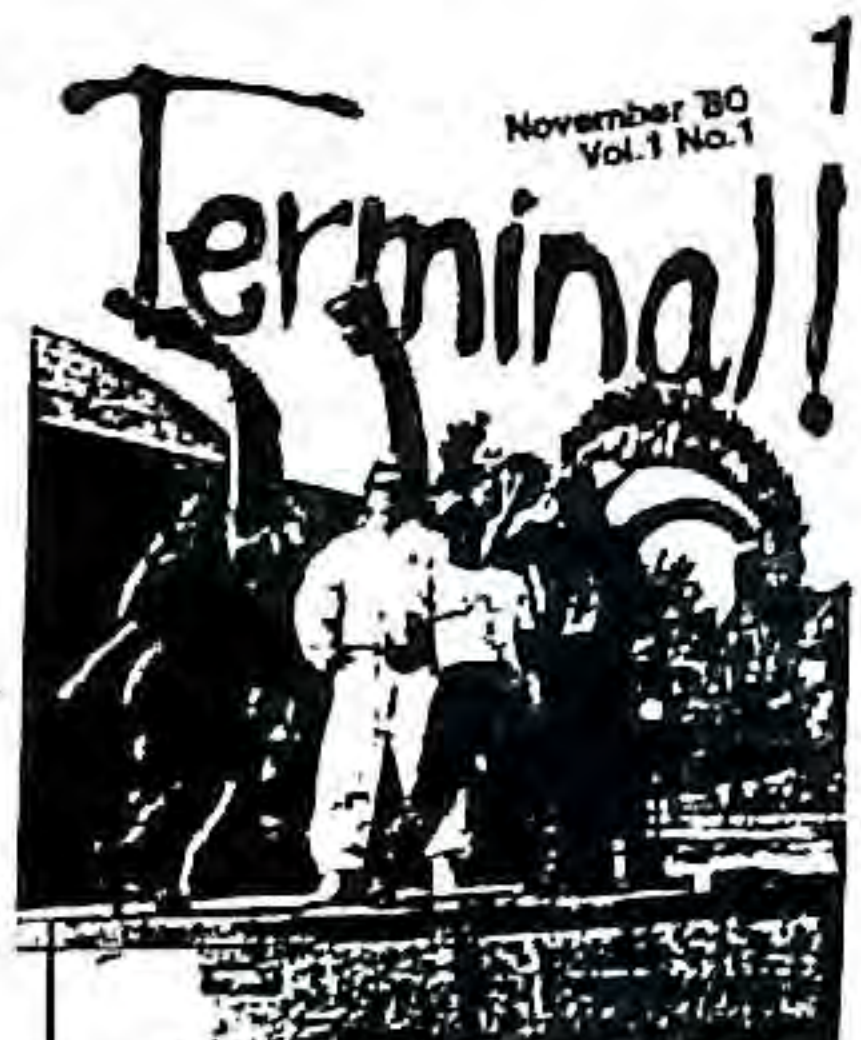
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BAUHAUS
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EDITORIAL:
THE STORY OF

Terminal!

SO FAR...

- #1 nearly didn't make it.
- #2 nearly didn't either.
- #3 Ditto.
- #4 & 5, I'm repeating myself...
- #6.....

Well at least we're consistent.

July is known in Philadelphia for its heat, and this has been one HOT month, just look at Omni's. Not only that, but the Starlight (covered more thoroughly in this issue), various misc. events in England and at home to keep KYW busy. Shit, even Reagan got his enema (of disguised fascism rammed down our fucking throats). July is definately known for the Heat.

But here we are again. We've had our share of fun too. I came down with an excellent little inconvenience called Salmonella, Dan was thrown in jail for not looking right, the Doctor is now happily sedated in a local hospital after having his throat cut. Julian was seen

hiding in his room declaring it was a conspiracy, and our former managing editor, well let's not talk about her...

Now it's August, and things are only going to get worse both locally and abroad. But we intend to keep on coming out. You see I just finished typing everything else but this. Dan & Julian are busy playing "Anarchy In The UK" (did that come true) real loud. And the Doctor is like I said, happily sedated.

So we're late, and we're planning our next issue. But we intend to keep coming out come hell or high water (I put my faith in the former). Hope you intend to keep coming out also. Keep the stance.

-Steve

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● TERMINAL!

P.O. Box 2141 B
 Philadelphia, PA 19103
 Attn: Steve Fritz



FRONT COVER:
 Mark Smith of THE FALL
 by Stephen Spera

The Scene!

Unfortunately, the Doctor had come under unfortunate circumstances in having his throat cut by some jealous compatriot. Not to worry, he is happily under sedation at a, for the dreadibility of the hospital, nameless location. And as it take more than a scapel to shut that yap up, the new and improved DIRTY will appear in Sept.

Meanwhile, we at Terminal!, enjoying the absence of the above and his infamous cohort, Sean Dunhill, bring you this months bilge commonly referred to as:

HOT DRECK: Jere, fashion columnist for Terminal! will be in New York for the bulk of August to appear in his first film. A SF piece, rumor has it that certain other locals will also be signed to play aliens...Social announcement of the month: Kerry Fritsch & Jim of the Bobaloes are pleased to announce that they are defying the tenants of the three greatest religions by living and sleeping in sin together...Meanwhile, Animal X has left Xerox and has formed a new band with seven similar sirens called Animal X and the Amazons...Bad Actor are presently touring the West Coast, and doing well...We wish to welcome S.P.K. to Philadelphia. The band is from Austin and hopefully they will give us plenty of news and music of the Texas scene...Expect a major fashion show from Zipperhead to be held at a yet unannounced club..The show will be put together by Margarita Passion and Jillian Merle...WKDU has gotten approval for their power boost...Was ex-Program Director David Snyder right about WKDU, could be...

In The Studios: THIRD STORY: Sic Kidz, The Imports, Mother May I, Transfactor LINDEN: King Of Siam

Local Releases: On Phantom Plaything: Stickmen: Mystery Party/Master Brew & Steel Tips...On Red: Ghostwriters Objects In Mirrors & new Yoch'ko Seffer and Francios Caher + Woz by Paul Woznicki (Devastating!) 12"

CLUBS: East Side Club...Killing Joke, The Reds, Oingo Boingo, R.O.R., The Bongoes, No Milk, King Of Siam Ripley's... Begins booking a hot mix of progressive black/white new music beginning with ESG/Liquid Liquid on Mon., August 10. Future confirmed dates are August 17 with Nona Hendryx and Aug 31 with the Revillos

Band Of the Month: No Milk, young loud and great.

NASHIONAL SCENE: Aside definately returning to Philadelphia, Canadian One Man Mobile Unit, Nash the Slash has released the following...On Cut Throat: a remixed version of his first album, Dreams & Nightmares and the Canadian version of his Dead Man's Curve b/w an extended version of Metropolis on Virgin/DinDisc...Also on Cut Throat is a new band, Drastic Measures with their first single "It Wont Last Long/Modern Heart"...Throbbing Gristle have terminated...Members of the upcoming King Crimson album is definately Robert Fripp & Bill Bruford. Other members could include any of the following: Adrian Belew, Tony Levip, Greg Lake, Ian McDonald, or Peter Hamill. The album is definately caled Discipline. You figure it out...Coming out: IRS: Henry Badowski, Wall Of Voodoo, Alternative TV & Alternative TV...CBS: Lene Lovich & Orchestral Manouvres...Warner Bros/Sire: Pretenders II, New Funkedelic...

Ralph: Mark Of The Mole by the Residents and new Yello...A&M: Double record Cure and Urgh...Rook War w. Cramps, Ubu, Magazine and your mom...Jem PVC: Ju Ju by Siouxsie & the Banshees...Stiff: A new line of records called Baby Stiffs first release, the Scars...And last but not least...ROUGH TRADE: David Thomas (Ubu) solo album, Cabaret Voltaire Red Mecca, Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits, New This Heat, Wire 2LP set, Grass by Robert Wyatt, Bunny Wailer & Solomonic "Riding/Rise & Shine" and new Lora Logic and Prats

TERMINAL!

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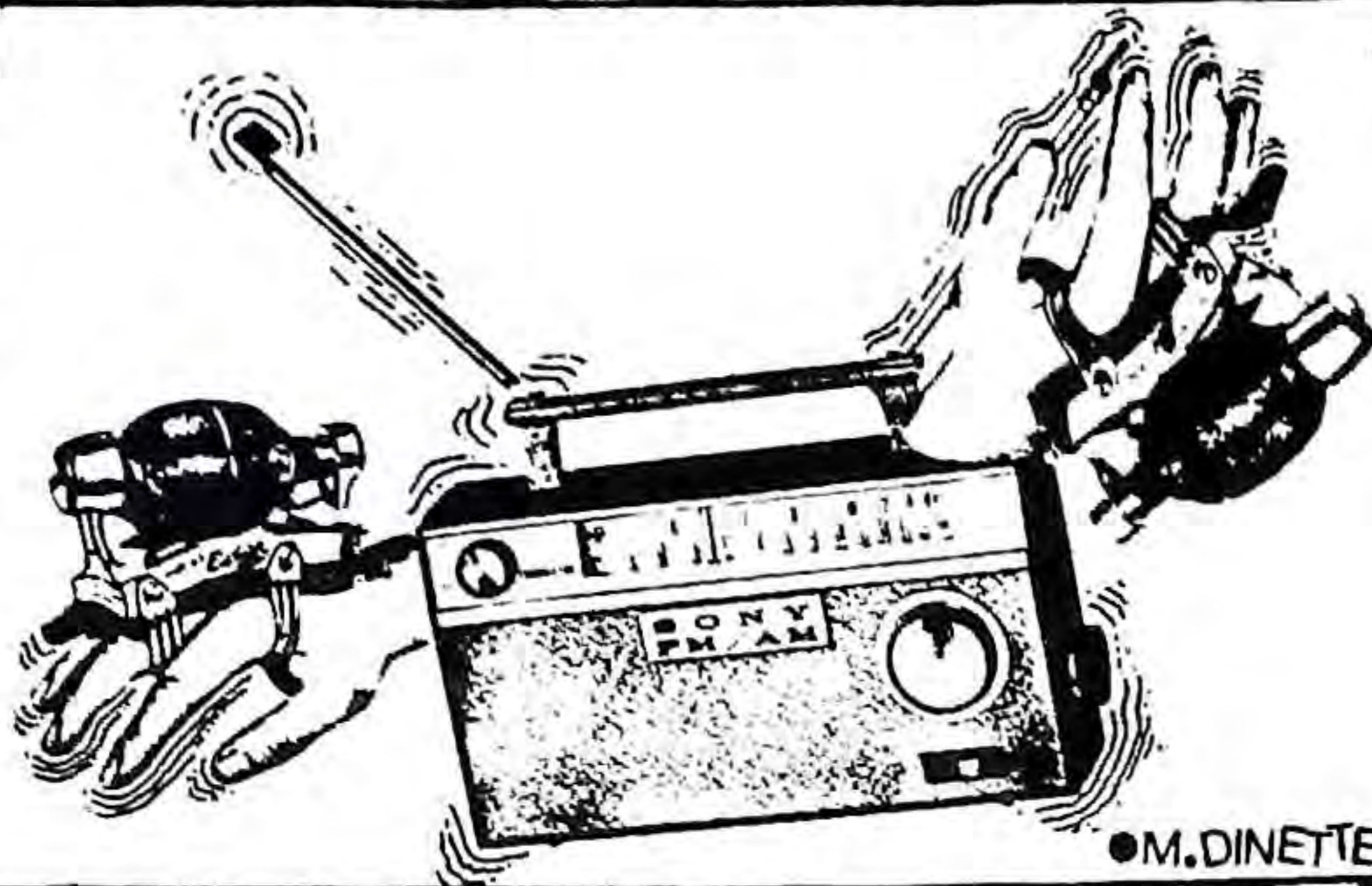
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WRITE!

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

● TERMINAL!

P.O. Box 2141 B

Philadelphia, PA 19103

Attn: Steve Fritz

Dear Terminal:

Rock Stars have halitosis, too.
First Ladies have yeast infections, too.

-Signed
Nancy Reagan's
Gynecologist

Gee, we had our tooth brushes re-strung, and got our shots last month.
Sean & Stephen

The Killing Jokes experienced a surge of fresh disasters to keep them busy for the first half of 1981.

"On January 1, Killing Joke enjoyed great heights of illusion when they played New York's Rock Lounge. Killing Joke was seen celebrating the coming of office of the new president in style and, like everyone else, were feeling safe and comfortable with the prospect of a rosy future. A certain member (after cutting himself with a razor blade) was asked his opinion of his stay in the states and replied: 'Fantastic! Everything's great, the people over here, even the younger people, have a stronger sense of patriotism than at home. They care for their country.'

"In February, a member of Killing Joke took residence in Springfield Mental Hospital after experiencing some fine psychedelic comestibles and a complete character change. Three months later this was followed by the notorious 'we can build him tour with some of the most moving journalism yet and laughs all around.

"The second and most devastating recording of Killing Joke was completed in late May, early April and was aptly titled, Wot's THIS For.....! After this six thousand pounds of equipment was stolen and another tour arranged."
JAZ

Dear Steve:

I saw your Nov. '80 issue and I'm wondering how I can get your paper here in Lancaster. I haven't seen it so far and I'd like to know what's happening in there. Probably others would too. Harrisburg, a closer city, is mainly a void.

Also, I see a reggae column was upcoming. I'm very interested in "the Hooters"—I'd appreciate knowing where they play, etc.

Is any ska happening in Phila? I'm in a ska band—I play rhythm/bass (npt at the same time). We are almost ready to book jobs. We've been getting this together about 1 yr. but we've had 3 lead guitarists so far! We've played a benefit party and a local bar as a favor—their band stood them up. We're playing an anti-nuke benefit in Harrisburg on June 20.

We cover English ska and play many originals—out true motive. Anyway what I really need is info. Any help would be appreciated.

Patricia DeFrance
Mt. Joy, PA

The Hooters, eh?

OK, Pat, this I can tell you. I find

most modern ska to be white boys Polka. They don't know how to play bass. If you are interested though in this form two things:

- 1) There is a magazine in Upper Darby called Top Ranking. Don't know much else, but you can check around
- 2) If you ever come down to Philly again (Jesus, we put out #1 nearly a year ago, and it feels longer) check out the following three local outfits for some real roots: The Rock stones, Roots Vibrations and, of course, House Of Assembly.

Keep in touch, and by the way, the band she's in is called the Skamatics.

Terminal!

First off—I want to disagree with the review of the Ramones. I saw them in various parts of the country for years. Last time I saw them (Emerald City), they lacked the punch and excitement I've loved them for. Boston was also a disappointment and bland. Granted these guys have put out enough energy to light up Philadelphia, but isn't that what the Ramones are all about?

Secondly—After listening to friends enemies, radio, Terminal!—I found a common element in our malnourished scene. Each of us are separatists and can't stand the leathers, trendies, NJ suburbanites and so on. We have got to put aside our prejudices and get together because together we all have a common bond—our music—and isn't our music our main reason for being separatists. We must appreciate our scene & tolerate the jerks in the clubs because at least they are there and supporting our music. When of if we get a scene as rich as Boston, NY, LA or London we will have the right to criticise. All we can do now is support it, start bands (and stay w/ them) & have faith.

—Good Luck
Space

Hieronymussetta Bosch? C'mon now, who are you kidding, Miss Art History? Howzabout Albrechtina Durer, it's almost as stupid! You win the award for most obnoxious, silliest and most pedantic name!

—J. Mayakov

And speaking of Hieronymussetta, (drum roll, please)...

Dear Terminal!

Wow! You shoulda seen the neat weenie roast they had down at 9th and Walnut the other day! That was the biggest bonfire I ever cooked weenies in! It was great! But people there sure were strange. They kept mumbling stuff about the Hot Club and Jewish Lightning and stuff like that and this one guy named Lee Harris or France or something like that kept playing this song called "Disco Inferno" and crying. Boy, he sure is odd. All these people with stick-up 1977 hair and prom dresses kept hurling themselves into the flames, screaming "There's nothing left to live for anymore!" They must have dropped their weenies into

the fire, I guess. I never saw people get so upset over lost weenies before. It was wierd!!! After everyone was full the firemen came and put the fire out, and everybody went home. It sure was fun I hope they have another one this weekend, 'cause I think there is gonna be a lot of people with stick-up 1977 hair and prom dresses with nothing to do. Oh well. maybe they're having a fashion show at the East Side Club or smething. But you can't beat that bonfire I was at the other day. Those were the best weenies I ever ate! I just love summer fun!!

Be Prepared
Hieronymussetta Bosch

Dear Letter Dept.

I did not submit an article for fear it would seem like self-advertisement. However, I hope those acquainted with me are not so thick as to not see this as mine.

Last night's concert provided me with an occasion worthy of response. How ugly.

The opening band are geniuses, I'm certain. At least they have everyone thinking they are. I recognize the shells of some inspired moments from previous gigs except now they were stuffed with tissue paper. It resembled video. When will we see the last of these types? That became tiresome before Gary Numan, even. The drummer is exempt from these comments.

To the between set music, certain members of the featured band performed what appeared a preparatory ritual. To assist them, some local clown ran up to the mike and loudly started in on some pseudo-rasta rally cry to the audience. The lengths people will go for momentary stardom. Those performing the rights shrugged and giggled at this gesture and left. After a time, rites were resumed, this time with a variety of noisemakers. It was clear Philadelphia wanted a circus.

I won't bore anyone with my interpretations of the songs. There's a chance I could be miles away from the intended meanings. I'll say this; it was one of the most inspirational and intelligent concerts I've ever seen. Unfortunately, from what I detect, the audience was oblivious to it. Generally speaking, they missed out. It's a shame. It must have been very frustrating for the band.

It was over soon. From the standpoint of the band it must have been futile to continue. The same joker came to lead the audience in a spirited round of applause for an encore, after they had been insulted by the band I couldn't bear anymore and left.

It is sad that such a wonderful means of expression is dying as it is becoming more accessible. It has been said that the artists of today may do well to go underground. My hope is that this new underground will have some means of connecting.

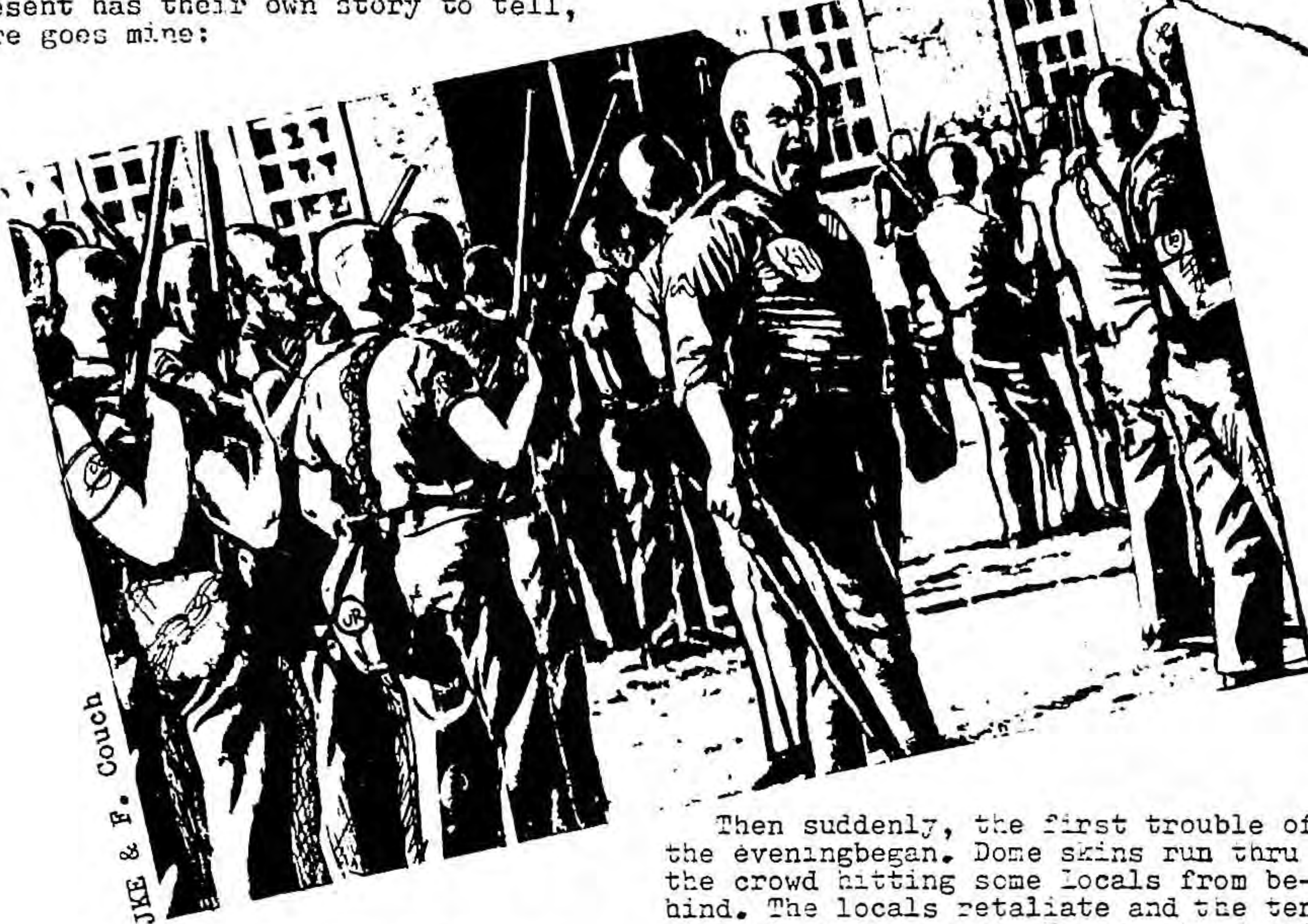
Name Withheld

-by Stephen Myers



By the time you read this it won't matter. Word of the violence at the Starlite Ballroom spread as quickly as the burning of Omni's. It is hard to separate fact from fiction over this incident, so much happened so fast and as it often does about matters of a controversial nature, becomes distorted. Some examples: Two people were killed (pure bullshit); two people were hospitalized and might die (unconfirmed, but possibly true). Everyone who was present has their own story to tell, here goes mine:

RIOT on spandex strip



In the back, a group of skins have taken their chains off. B.F. is playing "Louie, Louie" I notice everyone climbing up on stage. Smart guy that I am I go up on stage and get to play drums. I hop off when it is over and witness a mob of people all running to the exit.

Outside, bottles are being thrown and insults are being hurled. Finally, a skinhead runs across the street at some Kensington kids. He gets cracked over the head with a bottle, goes down then gets up and tears away. Some more neighborhood youth (a bit intoxicated, ha-ha) come over and then it starts. An evening's worth of hostility erupts like a powder keg and a flurry of kicking and punching starts. I think everyone has gone too far. The Washington kids were over aggressive with people who don't stand for that sort of shit. Some people not even at the show take it upon themselves to defend their turf.

Fairly soon the Pigs arrive in classic Nazi fashion and begin clubbing anyone near the scene of the fracas with nightsticks and unleash the dogs. The skinheads flee in their cars and everyone else scatters. Several people are arrested and several more have the daylights out of them. A cop pounding his nightstick into his fist tells me to "Get Lost!" When I don't move fast enough, the jerked off defender of big business says, "Can't you fucking hear me?"

I leave.



When I first arrive I notice a group of people I never seen at any local show before. For good reason, they are from out of town--specifically Washington D.C. The group of cretins from our nations capitol average out in age at about 16. They are identifiable by their heavy boots, tattered T's, chains and that distinctive mark of cultured gentlemen everywhere--the snarven head. These dear reader, are the enigma of the punk age, the skinheads. The skins are milling around their vehicles in groups of 3 and 5, they seem sullen and withdrawn and hostile to themselves and their surroundings.

After a set by Autistic Behavior, up was S.O.A. who are the leaders of the headbanging set from D.C. I don't know what the initials stand for--Such On Anus? Shit Of Aggro? Stupidity Oriented Asswipes? Your guess is as good as mine. During S.O.A., the real battle lines for combat are drawn. The headbanging contingent act out slam dancing and the H.B. Strut up the stage the locals are content to watch. Except for a few pushes and shoves among the skins and cohorts this is pretty funny so far. Don't ask me what S.O.A. sounded like, I was too busy watching what looked like hockey without the sticks or a wrestling battle royal. I'm beginning to think they might have a roller derby match race or something to accompany Black Flag.

Then suddenly, the first trouble of the evening began. Some skins run thru the crowd hitting some locals from behind. The locals retaliate and the tension starts to mount. In search of audience participation, I move down front. Things are hell, it's hot, smelly, and it hurts when some 250 lb. lunkhead rams into you at full force while another idiot gives you an elbow in the ribs. No wonder people in the back are pissed off. I mean I'm getting into the mayhem on purpose just so I can get a perspective on this story and I think it sucks.

Before I retreat, a mob of Philly punks start chasing a skin out of the club. The baldheaded motherfucker grabs on to my shirt and tries to hurl me towards his attackers. I give him a two hander as hard as I can to the back and he flees the club. Over in another corner, some skins are kicking the shit out of someone who has fallen. They are challenging people to come on and fight but nothing happens.

The respite between S.O.A. and the appearance of Black Flag does little to cool things off. Hanging back in the record room, some asshole tells me these gigs are cool and not at all fascists. Bullshit I tell the sperm licker who is proudly wearing an "I torched Omni's" t-shirt. People into this type of crap are the same people who go to auto races to see car crashes, if your wearing aggressive attitude to match your aggressive looks and believe in a tribal form of gang violence you're a fucking fascist in my book.

Outside the club again, things are getting hotter. Philadelphians are lined up on one side and the DCer's are lined up on the other. No one talks to each other, just hard glares. Black Flag comes and suddenly there are skirmishes, people are squaring off all over the floor. There is pushing and punching. Black Flag continues to blurt I tell David Carroll he might have a riot on his hands. He tells me that that would be "wonderful!"



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CASH FOR YOUR RECORDS

This is a review of the Cramps. That was important for me to mention because I'm typing this in my neighborhood bar, working on bummed uppers, cadged drinks and stolen smokes. Like, it's pretty noisy and smelly and distracting in here, every now and then when I'm getting ready to start this mo'fuckin' thang I got to remind myself what I'm doing in a real piss hole of a joint with a Sears Electric (\$69.50--with twin reverb, \$99.95) sitting in front of me. And I am burnt beyond all recognition. Anyway, the only way I can remember everything is to start at the beginning and work up to the end...Yes I know that's bo-fucking-ring and you want guts, eh? Here it is:

RETURN ^{OF THE} SON ^{OF THE} NIGHT OF THE LIVING CRAMPS

-by Stephen Myers

I'm tooling down route 70, with my wife, my sister-in-law and the publisher of this rag of your current choice of interest (Sidenote: Wife leaves town the very next day). We get to Emerald City, and of course, my name is left off the guest list. That figures--but Fritz works things out. We enter to find that we missed the Sic Kidz, which dissappoints us. We do see Joe Ely, but shortly into his set leave to:

- get stoned (more)
- play some pinball
- form a new political party
- take assorted pisses and shits
- all of the above

All right now, that was exciting, then came the big, big exciting part of the evening. The purveyors of a swirling, droning, hypnotic blend of r-billy/psychedelia/surf/voodoo music: the one and only CRAMPS.

The C's are in sharp form--visually and musically. Being a critic and thus expected to be an observer (pretentious arsewipe, aren't I?), I focus on the newest member of the Night Gallery, guitarist Kid Congo. Some may miss the pure death-knocked-on-my-door-and-I-lost presence of the departed (well, it's better late than never) Bryan "Maggots chewed my face for breakfast" Gregory, but I do not. I think the Kid is right kool for youngster. Kid Congo is fliipant and arrogant and, most important of all, angry enough to make

his guitar shoot bricks and, believe it daddio, they knock you on your spilt beer. Julien H. was so forgettable I forgot to mention she replaced the unforgettable Gregory before Kid Congo replaced her. I also forget to forget, ahh, fuck it. Suffice to say unlike Julien H., Kid Congo is a CRAMP!!

Of course we must pay homage to the man who is possessed. Possessed by all that is dark and evil and disturbing, deadly--but goddamn you pussyheads, not fattening. The one, the only ever awe inspiring, riot provoking Lux F.T.W. Interior. Believe me, he's in his 30's. Could you young putrid excuses for hard ass punks do what he does? You bet your ass your flabby old drunk crapped out old man couldn't. You know when he was your age he ate turkeys like you before he pumped down his first Lucky Strike in the morning. So you think you could? Lux just proves any one who says old people are boring is a faggot, because no one will fuck them when they are old. Knowing he could take so many drugs and still rock 'n roll like 20 amphetimed Stiv Bators (another oldster) couldn't even hope to achieve, makes me pretty damn happy too.

But Lux is not just another pretty face. Not only does he look and act heroically with no regard to life and limb, he also sings that way, or some stupid analogy along those lines. Interior howls and does wild cries and deep, grave throbbing baritones. A



voice that is unschooled and surely unruled. Interior proves that when you muster up the gusto the world cheers with you, when you cry, you cry alone. No, I mean when you give it, it shows. Attitude+Movement=Lux Interior. A nifty way of getting on to talking about his dives a d climbs up on the P.A. Or did I say that already. If I did, it bears repeating.

And hey Romeo, if your chick was half the hot lead guitarist Ivy Roscharch is, you couldn't touch her. Some females look sexy, but few play sexy. Ivy's guitar reeks of sex--it's hard, dripping hot, thrusts and bites and builds to a climactic fury of sonic orgasm. Then explodes once more for complete satisfaction.

The Cramps rolled through several new songs from Psychedelic Jungle like "Goo Goo Muck", "Life is Short" and "Don't Eat Stuff Off The Sidewalk" And also old favorites like "Human Fly", "Domino" and "Drug Train" are doled out. They still sound fresh and intimidating. Of course, the Cramps fuck up here and there and everything can get a bit muddy, but what the hey. This Jack, is a rock 'n roll show. You guys out there in fandom already know if it's your cup of strychnine or not. To me, it's powerful and seductive. The Cramps are growing (no joke) and moving and more people ought to start listening quick. Bottom line: I'm blown out by their even stronger intensity. Dig it.

Epilogue: It's 4 AM. I'm in the bus station (don't ask) and I just wanna hear more Cramps.



Rikki Ercoli

You couldn't blame people for thinking punk is dead. What with clubs importing acts, the radio playing likewise, the magazines have nothing to write about, and most important of all, no local bands. The punk bands of old are either no more, arted out or worse. Well, actually, the remaining bands you could count on an amputee's stumps, namely the HB bands, the DK's, Crass, Cramps and the Ramones. But still in Philly, there were no punk bands left.

Then, about five months ago, this grafitti begins appearing on the sidewalk (where everyone who mattered could see it), posters appeared where we use to look for the latest news from the Hot Club, and a buzz starts happening. Only now it's for March 26, 1981. What's this I think, latecomers? Bunch of burnouts? I skip the gig.

Then a friend of mine sees me on the street and tells me he's just joined a band. Great, I tell him, who? He tells me and I keep my thoughts to myself, but promise him to see this bands second gig.

SADISTIC EXPLOITS

I get there and have my thoughts shoved up my ass. Miguel, my friend, is stiff, but in true tradition, he's only started playing a week before. The rest of the band is phenomenal. It's an honest to god f' real punk band.

They age 17, 17, 19 & 24 and they are blowing the shit out of the place with one of the worst mixes heard. They call themselves the Sadistic Exploits.

I sit back and wait, five months on, and they are still gigging. Good sign. They've done four more gigs, one in City Gardens in Trenton. Better sign. The audience is growing and average about 18 in age. After a two year dry haul, a punk band has shown its face in Philly.

OK, OK; we've taken care of the current events, now for the past. Ped (guitar) is fed up with being in the Excuses. About three years before he met this fourteen year old kid and had kept in touch with him. One day he asks the kid, Bryan, if he wants to sing. Bryan says yeah. The Exploits are born.

Ped then meets this kid by the trains. The kid tells him of a bass player. Ped calls the bass, Robbie, up and finds out that he's seen him at the same gigs and parties. Guess what.

The first gig is the drummer's last. Miguel is there and asks if he can audition. Ped tells him he can if he can get a drum kit. Miguel does & you figure out the rest.

To the present. "This has to be more than a band" Bryan tells me in my apartment one hot July night as he passes me the wine. "You got to be dedicated. No 'See you at the next practise'"

"It's more of a family," Ped adds in, "You'll always see us hanging out together"

They aren't snotty or full of shit like to many bands I don't care to remember. Believe it or not, they're friendly, proud, got a good idea of where they want to be and honest about it. Being a journalist though, I see if I can get a rise out of them.

The music is nothing but a retread of '77. "It's the best fucking punk music ever(Ped)"

Then what about the anti-Union Jack symbol? "Because we're trying to say that there's punk music in the over here and not just in the U.K."

Judy Rosario



They write stuff like this:

Bewildered confessions
Give the wrong impressions
They'll end you as well.
Have you fighting and killing
In a real living hell.

It's about the draft. the song is caaled "Deathtrap! Not exactly poetry, but it's fluid and direct. The song has become the song everyone remembers. It got to the point where it has to be the closer. Raw, powerful (expect anything less?) with Ped

throwing enough feedback into the guitar that you feel death. It slays the audience. Funny thing they never rehearse it, Bryan says that that would ruin it.

Other songs include "Rejection" (being different), "False Character" (posing) and then there's "Godsend! Seems the band was going by City Hall to get an amp when some maniac starts screaming at them that his god is better than theirs. "Glory to Christ on high/They'll take your money 'til you die/and stun young minds and take their homes" sprung out of that.

"Kids are the future" Ped. "Most people over 21 are tired! So they are planning a set of gigs in theatres, no drinks, but anyone can get in.

Also, Trenton is the first of hopefully a series of gigs outside of here. At present the band is doing the usual 9 to 5 in hopes of saving for that necessity, a van.

Finally, look out, there should hopefully be a record rearing its head in a year.

Meanwhile, they gig. They do at least two in August. Which is double the original average. Meanwhile, I keep my eyes on the walls.

Bryan shoots back, "and we're sick of their attitude that everything in the U.S. isshit!"

"When the Ramones came over to the U.K. in '76," Ped point at me when Bryan's over, "they were it!"

Then are you for anarchy? We're for anarchy as a form of personal freedom, not like the British bands, who were only out to destroy!"

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FRANK JOHNSON'S FAVORITES

featuring

THE RESIDENTS

SNAKEFINGER

TUXEDOMOON

MX-80 SOUND

YELLO

FRED FRITH

ART BEARS

RENALDO and the LOAF

Frank Johnson is the Ralph Records computer.

A long time ago there was another Frank Johnson. He was the imaginary housemate of The Residents. Frank was smarter than The Residents in a sort of stupid logical way. The original Frank died in 1970.

A short time ago when the Ralph computer first arrived, everybody was a little afraid of it. Afraid in the way that The Residents used to fear Frank.

No reason to resist the obvious (reincarnation being what it is, and all). Frank Johnson is the Ralph Records computer.

Frank was asked to select songs for an LP from all the material in the vault. Frank thought for about four seconds and selected the cuts you find on this record.

Frank also selected two additional tracks which are not on this album. There is no record of the songs ever having existed.

It is just like Frank to peek and poke at the future

RALPH



"I'm a man that's cracked,
and everything's spilling out," he says.

And has been for a while. Alan Mann has been paying dues for the best part of a decade, spilling out here, in Amsterdam, France, Germany, New York City (and Allentown, too, don't forget). The kid had a mission.

SCENE: Cabrini (or really, any) college nine or ten years ago. In a coffee house named the Eternal Infinite or something. Alan comes out with a twelve string and plays a set of extremely literate and well composed songs. A lot of them indefinable but none-the-less tragic loss. If you remember '73 you'll remember why. Of course, Lou Reed raises his ugly head from time to time.

SCENE: Amsterdam. The Paradiso, let's say. A weird assemblage of international pilgrims perform whatever seems right at the moment. Alan's in there somewhere. He looks more or less like the focal point Instrumental additions on any given night may include anything from piccolo to kazoo.

SCENE: Berlin. Wait, let's not get into this one.

But it seems all this international skufflin is, for the time being, over. Alan Mann, one of Philadelphia's prodigal sons is starting to move out in an impressive way. His EP, "No Deal, No Sleep" is near or by this time likely way over the 3000 mark. It's selling well on the Coast and in England (picked up by Rough Trade). Same with the single, "City Lights/You Can't Talk To Her," both locally available on Contender. (Try 3rd St. or Red Zone first) He's beginning to headline around all over the place. The big companies are looming.

You get the picture, but if you haven't heard him yet you don't know why.



Over the past couple of years it's been interesting to note the changes coming over Mann's career. He has progressed from from basically a singer songwriter until, "I realized it was show biz, and then it developed into a bass player and a drummer. We used to do art galleries--D'tage whatever--and from there it went into a band with electric violin player, bass drummer and other guitar players That was called A. Mann!"

"We then recorded the first album in '76, called Free Arts, Fine Enterprise. So we then got a new band. Jerry Healy was in the band, and he's still with me. That was called the Free Arts Band, and that stayed together for three years. Lots of changes in personnel.

At the end of three years, because of all the confusion--we were getting all the comparisons to Springsteen, a problem we had to overcome. (While developing) we both listened to the same people, and I had a saxophone, which I used for years and years and Springsteen was in the forefront of everybody's mind at the time--1975. he was all over the place. It was a natural thing.

And the name Free Arts Band was just--nobody knew what to expect. New Wave was just coming in. Was it jazz or what?

So I changed it to the Alan Mann Band, and it's been like that for about two years now.

And if you haven't heard by now, that's how long the band lasted. Now it's R.O.R. (Police acronym for "Released on Your Own Recognisance. If you don't know, you haven't lived.") However, the band still remain the same. You know, like ESSO into EXXON.

The name change reflects the real change of Alan from a writer with a guitar, an artiste if you will, to a fucking rip this joint performer. In Philly, that wasn't by any means an easy thing to do. Reflecting on Philly in the mid-70's.

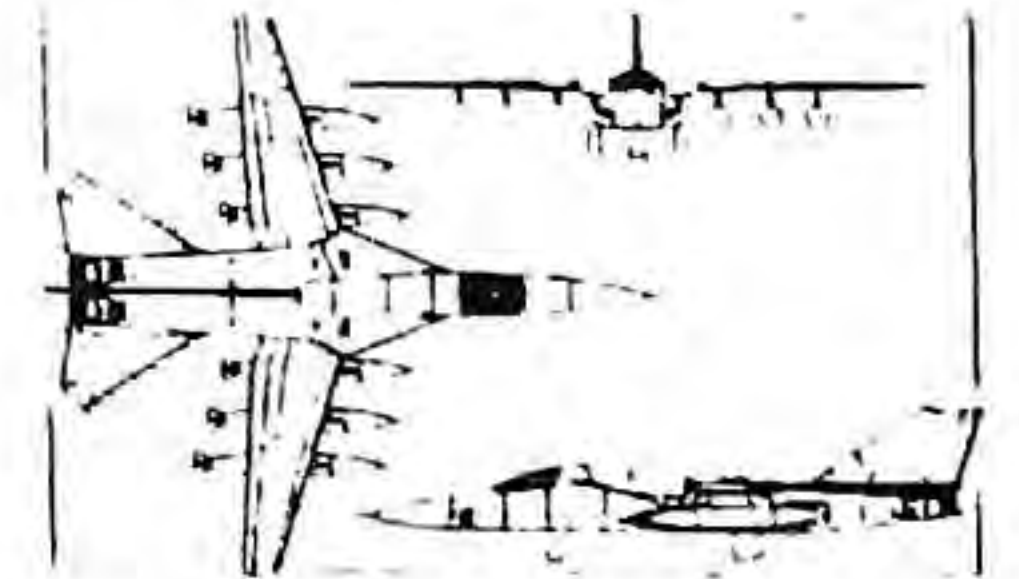
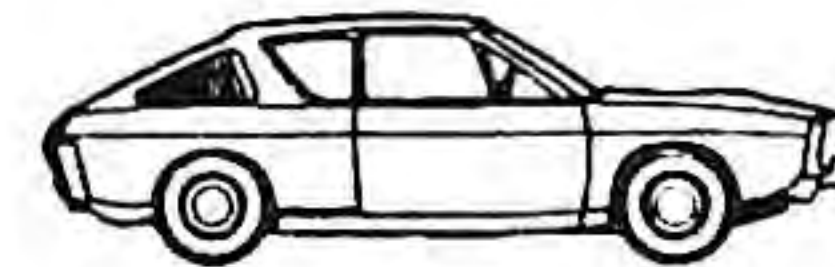
"At the time, I was wondering what kind of music I really should play, because unlike now, there's wasn't an open attitude. You really felt alienated if you played something different. You always were searching for the break. It's not like now, I know how I want to play, I'd just like to perfect it, and get better and better.

SCENE: Kajem Studios, Gladwynne. ROR is recording a demo (although the quality of the tape is so far above your average "demo" that it fairly defies belief). It's around 1 AM. Everyone's been in for about five hours. It's work. Tired faces. Randy sulks. Jerry sulks. One more fucking take. Work, Work. Afterward, listening to the playback, everyone realizes: Damn, that's it!

Oh hell, everyone decides as we crawl into the van, it was worth it.

Say hey, Alan. If you could put yourself across in four pictures, do you have any idea what they would be?

A car, an airplane, a field of wheat and an old beat up Fender amp.



* And then I got a completely new band because, uh, the last band were (laugh) nice guys.

no deal-no sleep





RENALDO and the LOAF

Who? Great name that. A collective feeling of perverse humor, honest dil-
lidentantism and a Residential obscurism
arise when you say Renaldo & The Loaf.
Mention them to any average blue den-
imed clone and watch the weird look
you get or some commentary about how
they sound like their Cryptic Counter-
parts, the Residents. Well they do,
sort of, and they are on the Residents
label, Ralph, but aside these and
their refusal to tour, that's where
the similarities end.

First off, Renaldo M. and Ted the
Loaf are the chosen other names of
an architect (Brian Poole) and a chem-
ist (David Janssen) respectively. No
secrets with these boys like their
Porno Patrons. These boys work 9 to
5 to support their habit. They hail

from Portsmouth, UK; home of such mem-
orable bands like the original Mann-
fred Mann (remember "Do Wah Diddy?"
then you're older than me, bub) and
Gentle Giant. Both shared a liking
for dead pop icons T. Rex many, many
a moon ago and a friendship developed.
Soon, wanting to create their own mu-
sic, they combined their rather tech-
nical backgrounds with their sick hum-
or and mutated into this rather ear-
bending band.

Their sound (I wouldn't call it
anything else) can best be described
as doctored music. If you look at the
back of the LP (called Songs For Swin-
ging Larvae for all you pontial pur-
chasers) you'll see Renaldo plays 11
instruments including Ted's metal comb
while Ted plays about ten including
clarinet and hacksaw. Listening to the
album though makes you wonder where
they are playing these things, because
(aside drums) these sound remotely like
anything. The answer is simple: they
really are playing the tape recorder
and the studio board.

For instance their vocals; they
are always treated in one of the most
different fashions around. They sing
into the tape phonetically backwards.
The results, when the tape in return
is reversed is a wild, almost-Scottish
accent that can only be called Doc-
tored. In fact, the two have built
their own studio in Ted's home in a
room adjacent to Ted's bedroom which
they refer to as Sneff's Surgery.

Doctors themselves are only one of
the fixations running rampant through
the album. Also to be found are Kil-
boton Gnomes and the Dice Man concept.
The medical man concept should be
fairly obvious, aside the easy access
our men in white have to such party

favorites as nitrous oxide and scapels,
Renaldo and the Loaf are sonic sur-
geons and doctors in their own respec-
tive daylight professions. Suffice
that the gnomes can only be best de-
scribed by listening to the record and
waiting for when they do pop up.

The Dice Man concept though is an
actually recognized and published set
of principles available at your local
paperback emporium. It is a logic sys-
tem they work under. One should under-
stand that this band takes months to
produce one finished piece. When they
reach a stalemate, when they decide on
which piece of tape stays in the final
mix or fall into the scrap pile, they
role a pair of dice. This maintains a
random factor to the music. Listening
to the results always keeps one on
one toes.

The X factors aren't the only ele-
ment in their sound. It's funny as
hell in the wacked way the Bonzos or
Monty Python were. The mutated clari-
nets make you feel like you just seen
cartoons while under a headful of et-
her; nothing sounded quite right, but
you laughed your head off during the
show; especially the cowboys and ind-
ians in the middle of I Love Lucy.

Band plans? They'll keep recording.
Renaldo & the Loaf did try performing
once, running the tapes while sitting
in the audience, but even though the
audience either liked it or gave them
weird looks, the band was hardly sat-
isfied with the results. But the album
is made of tapes over a year old, and
naturally they feel that they have done
better since then. So who knows, Renal-
do & the Loaf might become as respected
as their better known labelmates, the
Residents. ■

Pretty Poison

-by Lisa Cortez

Pretty Poison are not a trash pop
band anymore. They realized that Jade
has one hell of a nice voice that can
swoop and dive in a crazy fashion like
Lene, that the rest of the band are
really good musicians. All they've got
to do now is turn Whey's guitar up.

Seeing them at the East Side at the
press party they threw was pleasant to
say the least. Also it showed the band
in transition. New songs like "Druid
Sex" with its primal drums and taped
accompaniment show that this is one
band that is reaching a very surprising
maturity. Yet also, they keep their
sense of fun with songs like "Autograph"
and others.

Anyway, Pretty Poison are:

Jade Starling-vox, synare & percussion
Whey Cooler-guitars, vocals
Micheal Sparx-bass
Bobby Correy-drums
Dave Ex-Keyboards

T!: How long have you been together?

WC: For roughly one year and after sev-
eral personnel changes our sound
established.

T!: Why were "Gimme Gimme Your Autograph
/Kill You" chosen as the single?

JS: We thought those two pop tunes were
a good way to introduce ourselves
to radio. With the use of vocoders
and electronic percussion we were
able to intensify the arrangement.

WC: We found recording a learning exp-
erience. After hearing it played in
the clubs and on the radio we've
become more critical of ourselves.
This is not to say we are dissatis-
fied with what we are doing, we
just think the next one will be a
killer.



T!: When do you expect your next record?

JS: If we record locally, you can ex-
pect one by the end of the year. We
may be recording down in Florida
though, which will set back the re-
lease somewhat.

T!: Where in Florida?

WC: A studio in Miami owned by 3 fam-
ous brothers, but we don't want
to get into that right now. If

these sessions occur, they will be
engineered by Bob Hirsh, the man
credited for improving Omni's sound
100%

T!: Whose responsible for most of the
songwriting?

JS: We all have a hand in the writing,
but I do most of it.

T!: Can you explain that further?

WC: We've taken off the last six weeks
to write new material and to incor-
porate some form of video into our
set. The new songs are rhythmically

stronger with a more avante garde
flavor.

T!: Getting back to the record, how do
you distribute?

JS: So far we've done most of it our-
selves but we are currently getting
help from Red Zone and Constant
Cause and we are also negotiating
with I.R.S. for a major distribution
deal.

T!: So what about some more about the
future?

WC: Let's stay elusive about that point.

✕ Addenda: ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕

In closing we pay special tribute
to the memory of Omni's. The only club
until recently that supported new mu-
sic and bands. In fact, the first club
that played, paid and received us en-
thusiastically. They'll be missed.

-Pretty Poison ■

THE CLASH

-by Frank Blank

It's early afternoon on a hot May as I stagger down Broadway towards Bonds at 45th St. for my first attempt at seeing the Clash in New York. Since CBS had decided that the Clash were unworthy of tour support, the band had elected to do a week's worth of shows at this cavernous ex-disco. Clash fans from all over had been flocking to this "only American appearance" that in Joe Strummer's words "the mountain coming to Mohammed".

I was apprehensive about seeing the Clash again--it had been well over a year since I'd last seen them during a night filled with horrific thunderstorms in Passaic, NJ, and a lot had changed since then. The singles released after the London Calling tour were more and more reggae and dub oriented, and rumors of the band's imminent breakup due to managerial hassles, personality differences, and record company problems were everywhere. When Sandinista was released, a sprawling 3-record set, it made everyone uncomfortable at first and then later divided Clash fans into those who accepted it and those who wrote off the band as sellouts.

Outside of Bonds, about 4000 people were lined up behind police barricades waiting to get in, although it was well past the announced opening of the doors. There was a strange feeling in the air, added by the looks of grim panic on the faces of the Bonds employees running around outside the building. Then the police made their announcement--no show today, go back where you came from. The crowd was justifiably angry, and the police showed their expertise at crowd control by sending in cops on horses to attack people with nightsticks. Who was responsible for this outrage? There was only one way to find out--track down and interrogate Joe Strummer.

He was standing at the front desk in the crowded hotel lobby, as tourists, various members of the Blits, U2 and a large wedding party milled about. Joe was attempting to get another key to his room as he had locked himself out. I've always found it difficult to talk with Strummer, as he is probably the person I respect the most of any "punk rock" musicians. This was no exception. Joe explained that the show had been cancelled by New York city officials, and that the Clash were attempting to get a court injunction before 6PM that night in order to allow the Saturday night show to go on.

Later I found out that the shows earlier in the week had averaged almost 4000 people, with Bond's legal capacity being 1800. In addition, the fire exits were judged to be inadequate and poorly marked. When questioned as to how it was possible to oversell the shows by such a drastic amount, a Bond's official said that "there were a lot of gatecrashers".



Lisa Haun

Before returning to Philadelphia, I took a picture of Joe and his companion Gabriella, an incident that Strummer mentioned during the Clash's appearance on Tomorrow Coast to Coast the following week.

After a call to Bonds revealed that the Clash would double the number of shows scheduled, I made plans to return for a second try. Now half of the shows were to be for Ticketron holders and the other half for the Bonds ticket holders.

And so on the afternoon of June 6, I finally was inside of Bonds, watching a band consisting of small children called the Bratles covering the Ramones "I Just Wanna Have Something To Do". After their set and a set by England's "Funkapolitan", it was time for the Clash.

My nightmare visions of an appearance by Mikey Dread and other "guest artists" on Sandinista were wiped away when the band opened with "London Calling" and then went into "Safe European Home". It was just the four of them, with no keyboards or "dub toasters", and they sounded better than they ever had. The sound system was excellent, and it was surprising how good a live band they are--it was sound and vision that made the show, not just a sonic overload like all the other times I'd seen the Clash. The material from Sandinista was more powerful even though the instrumentation was sparser as the songs themselves became the focus rather than the layers of extraneous instruments and sound effects. The show was long and each stage of the Clash's development was well documented. Highlights included "Complete Control", "Janie Jones", "Clamp down", and a hypnotic and harder edged version of "The CallUp", and an extended "Police and Thieves".

After the show, I was able to get a copy of the previously mentioned picture of Strummer and mate to Joe courtesy of Clash gentleman in waiting, Baker. Much to my surprise, Joe and Gabriella came down to say thanks, but my Strummerphobia set in after a too brief conversation.

Although I'd planned on seeing the Clash only once this time, I had to go again. The Fall opened this time, but the crowd paid little attention to them. The Clash played another tremendous performance, and reaffirmed the impressions I had from the Saturday show. A chance encounter with Gabriella in the lobby led to a trip behind the scenes to meet the stars!

continued on pg. 17 ▶

A FOUR.40 AT THE EAST SIDE CLUB TUES. JULY 28.

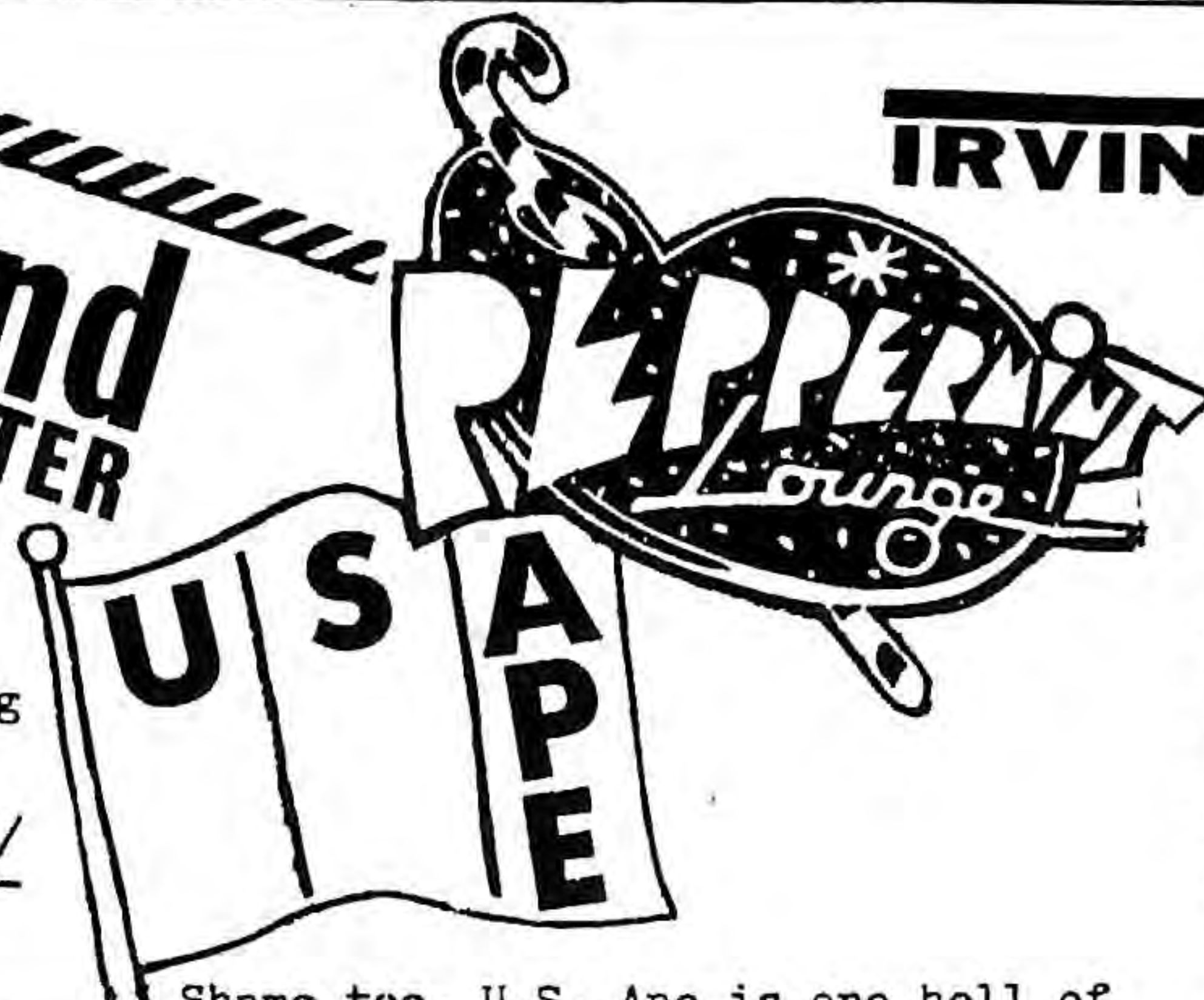
1229 CHESTNUT STREET 564-3342.

rcds 81

tom goodkind

MUSICIAN
PROMOTER

IRVING PLAZA



I called Tom up and the first thing he asks me: "Is it true what I heard about Omni's, did it burn to the ground?" And I realize that this love/hated club did have one hell of a reputation in not only the local area, but nationally as well.

Tom Goodkind, a renaissance man in the New York scene. Not only is he the principle songwriter and bass for survivors U.S. Ape, but he, along with partner Frank Roccio, is proprietor of one of the most successful clubs in NY called the Peppermint Lounge. What he has to say has quite a bit of relevance to this, our local scene.

First a bit of history. At one time, there were only two divisions in the rock 'n roll world: Jocks and Freaks. Tom was a freak. A kid who got his first guitar and joined his first band at age 7. He was in bands from that point on.

By the time he entered college, he was learning to master poetry and studying marketing. He had found himself a place to live at Bleeker and MacDougal and living below him was a certain Beat poet, Patti Smith. As he explains; "At that time (1974), no one knew who she was...and she use to come up to my apartment and play records. Among them was her own, "Piss Factory". Basically I got turned on through her.

He soon started going to St. Marks Church where the whole Beat movement was revitalising, but in a mass market way. From there, CBGB's opened as a rock club, you know the rest. "I remember the first few concerts I attended", he recalls, "Seeing Richard Hell with short hair and looking like he should not be playing rock at all!"

Once free from college, Tom and a friend formed their own band and by March '78 christened it U.S. Ape. "I could see that in two years", Tom furthered, "New York would be pop...all the music of several years was going down the wash. We were trying to do something a little innovative!"

After forming the group, and taking the luck that goes with it, Tom noticed that promoting was something that interested him. Disco was gigantic at the time, and this meant real hard times for a fledgling band like the Ape. So in February '79, Goodkind took the initiative and promoted his own uptown with 4 NY bands that no one had heard of (among them was Nervous Rex). It drew 900 people. A guy from the Irving Plaza saw it and soon took Tom on as a partner. The Irving flourished. Thus began Tom's second career as a promoter.

While at the Irving, Tom joined forces with Frank Roccio and now they sit on one of the top clubs in NY. Tom, as main booker, is providing one of the most balanced sets of shows available. It's a successful club.

But being a successful promoter has put him on a real fix where U.S. Ape is concerned. He states, "Even though other clubs will stick their own bands in and I know a lot of writers that secretly write about themselves, but for me it's just too sticky. It's just in bad taste!"

Shame too. U.S. Ape is one hell of a good band. Maybe not so innovative in the instrumental sense, but in the lyrical vein, Tom's Beat element shine. The lyrics of the last single go:

"I throw out my knife and my French gown
I won't part no space, I won't move around
Another blank face moving through town
Caught in a meaningless discovery
I feel just like Neil Armstrong"

For Tom, there is no alternative society. Most punks you meet will, in six months time, put on the three piece suit and/or the pretty dress. "There's no real thought behind this scene", he tells plainly. "The emptiness is coming. It's like the single before "Ignorance Is Bliss" I walk into clubs and see nothing but blank faces!"

Most of their material is backlash to the void. One of their key songs, "Rhodesia" is about archeologist who go to Africa and discover a 5 million year old woman. They take her back to Chicago and have sex with her to understand their very own existence. Tom is thinking of making that the cornerstone to their album.

That's right, album. An attempt to wake people up and get them thinking. Signed to Stiff, the ideal is to not

only be able to dance to it, but be able to bring it home and enjoy it. Otherwise the record will have no personal value.

So what does this have to do with Omni's and Philadelphia? "The Seed has been planted", gives Tom, "Omni's was the first club in Philadelphia to be recognized for steadily booking music, paying the bands and making a living at it. What Philadelphia now needs is several clubs, the East Side is too new on the national scene yet, a record label that's putting out local bands that get recognition on a national level like Slash, 99 or Db in Athens, and several bands to break from inside the Philadelphia area. Bunnydrums, so far, has done some work in that direction and only by gigging a lot in New York. In fact, the Philly scene has one thing going for it that other cities lack, radio stations that play the music. Even New York doesn't have that!"

He goes on. "The Philly scene is very odd. We did the same kind of promotional push in Philly as we did in D.C., and we packed the 9:30 Club. In Philly, we hardly pulled. In Philly, all the efforts of people like Lee Paris don't seem to tie in yet!"

"It's a hard scene to conquer, I don't think it won't happen for another 6 to 9 months. We're hoping, because I see a lot of value in Philly!"

An honest outside appraisal from someone who can be called an unbiased observer, with the credentials to back it up. So far, I've heard it quite a bit from the inside. I found it refreshing to hear from elsewhere.

As for Tom himself, he and U. S. Ape are busy putting an album out and if it's anything like their live material, ought to be excellent. They are working on something they want to be proud of, not a million seller. Also, something that will get people to think.



Pretty Poison

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The Fall

Nothern & Western: An Interview with Mark E. Smith.
Folk Artist Mark

-by J. Mayakov



The Fall hail from Manchester, not London. Their music is so deeply rooted in the everyday life of England's Industrial North that it resembles "pop" or "rock" not so much as it resembles "folk" culture form (which doesn't mean they have long hair and play acoustic guitars; in fact, they are a noisy lot who kick up more racket than most punk bands). The Fall's music is as deeply rooted in Manchester as Martin Scorsese's films are in New York City. The Fall are the least "cosmopolitan" band one could imagine, which is one reason why they are so good. Saying they belong to categories like punk or New Wave is hardly relevant, since their idiosyncrasies far outweigh any such categorical similarities.

The Fall are not derivative, they are primary; one would have to look to comparisons such as the early Velvet Underground or perhaps Captain Beefheart. They certainly have little in common musically with bands like Cockney Rejects or for that matter, Joy Division or Magazine (who also hail from Manchester).

The Fall, you see, are nobody's clones. Their music is difficult and rewarding. One day they were way back upon as a band that were way "ahead of their time". As with any other era or movement, only a small percentage of Punk/New Wave will remain seminal and stand the test of time. The Fall's music will.

I interviewed Mark E. Smith for several hours and many pitchers of beer at a nearby pub. After grabbing some dinner at a place where they refused to serve Smith, since he lacked proof of age, we then went drinking at a nearby bar for a few hours. Then Smith rushed back to the hotel and then rushed back to Omni's for the show. Still in the same clothes that they had been wearing all day, the Fall ascended the stage & proceeded to play an awesome set, reminiscent of an early Velvet gig in its sheer intensity and sense of purpose. No pandering to the audience here, no rock clichés or posing or sneering,

just the indescribably brilliant music of The Fall. By the time they finished the second ten minute version of "No Christmas For John Quays", about half of the audience had left, stepped outside, or just generally retreated for the rear of the club, apparently waiting for some easier music to bite their teeth into (you know the type, the kind full of musical and fashion clichés). For the half of the audience who appreciated the Fall, it was a special night; an aesthetic experience, not just another night out posing.

There is nothing easy about appreciating the music of the Fall; the first time I heard Dragnet, it sounded like the noisiest, most irritating mess one could imagine. That's what I thought more than ten years ago, the first time I heard White Light/White Heat. They just happen to be two of the greatest works of art ever produced by young men/women playing that form of music commonly known as Rock. The following is a more or less verbatim excerpt from my conversation with Smith:

TI: First off, why the hell are you here? Did you just come to the country to annoy us?

MS: "We wanted to get out of Britain. We did quite a few British gigs in the early part of the year; it was sickening because it was just people coming to see if we were as good as they had heard. We played Britain 3 years and had no recognition. I'm a bit vengeful really that now suddenly all those people are coming to see us. It's like, 'you didn't want us then, so you are not going to get us now!'"

Last time you were in Philadelphia you played with your back to the audience...
"I'd only been in America 2 or 3 hours"

Are the Fall fans any different from other pop music fans? Are they any "Better?"

"Most of the ones we meet don't like much else. It's like, 'I like a bit of reggae, and I like you' and I haven't been to one club in Manchester

in the past 3 years. Since the Fall started we've seen so many trends come and go. We used to play a lot of punk gigs and like now punk is so fucking dead...a lot of fans are like the dregs of society; the schizos, the lunatics. ...you know about that, right!"
When I listen to the Fall, I can almost here Manchester come alive around me...

"That's what bands should sound like they come from somewhere. A lot of the English bands sound like they could have come from anywhere, you know. I think it's awful!"
Sometimes I think the music could be better described as a form of folk music rather than pop.

"Yeah. It's amazing how many sorts of normal people, like policemen for instance, we get to our gigs in Manchester. We, to them, are like "Mancunians" ...in Manchester we get no trendies at our gigs!"

So you remain unaffected by trends such as ska or blitz...
"Well it's a matter of aesthetics really. These trends are usually really offensive to the palette. Like ska, what I hate about that is I was a big Prince Buster fan and now I can't even listen to that music anymore, it's been so dirtied for me, and I hate them for doing that. It's just like 'Cabaret Cabarean' anyway...bands in Manchester were playing it ten years ago. The main appeal of original ska is that it was real...it was a documentation of what was going on at the time. Now it's just become redundant."



A lot of British bands make it a point to slag off Americans as fat, rich and stupid; which obviously isn't true. How do you feel about that?

"I've been slagged off in Britain for defending America. These British bands and their hypocrisy. I mean to go right out of control. I still can't conceive of why anybody from the North east of the U.S. would want to pay money to go see a British New Wave band. This is where the Velvet Underground... the Ramones, the Velvet Underground... any British band worth it's salt, like us or Echo & the Bunnymen are ripping the Velvet Underground off. When I was like 16, the only band I listened to was the Velvet Underground for hours on end. I'm always very conscious of selling coal back to the people who produce it. That's why I like Americans because they don't put up with that crap. Like this guy in L.A. comes up to me and says 'why don't you fuckin' Limey bastards fucking come over here and you play cheap Velvet Underground licks and Seeds stuff and expect us to buy it?' What could I say? I said your fucking right man!"

Being from Manchester and not London is important to you. Doesn't London tend to suck in all the talent and musicians from the smaller cities?

"That's why the rest of the country is beraff. Most of the culture of England comes from the North. I mean the writers the painters, the musicians, but London makes the munny off of it. It was important for the Fall to stay in Manchester. Besides, I do like the North of England. it's much preferable to

anywhere else. The water is great. It depends on what you like. I'm not into going out to clubs anyway, you know, and never have been. I can get the best beer in the world! I mean that genuinely! It's true y'know! The water is good and the life is cheap, but it is boring as hell and also there is a big glorification of misery. People in the North love to wallow in the petty and in other people's misery. Everybody likes to see everybody else fail. We get quite a lot of that, like when we came to America everyone is saying 'have a good time' and all that but they don't really mean it!"

Is the British working class opposed to upward mobility as compared to the U.S.?

"People like to see you fail. I can see the reason why the Beatles got the hell out of Liverpool as soon as they could. But I won't let them push me out of my town, despite the resentment they might have for my success. I like being taken down a peg or two though!"

It's pretty good for you...

"Yeah, it is. We can come home from a gig in London, and I'm on top or the world, and I can step into the pub and no one even noticed that we were gone or if they did, they won't say anything!"

What about the use of repeated themes, characters and images (such as the Totales—ED) in your songs; is it supposed to be like some sort of mythology? Is it something bigger than the sum of the parts?

"Yes! But it's not good for me to think about it or it becomes too self-conscious!"

Your records have a dark, murky sound to them instead of the usual ultra-clean production. Is this intentional?

"Yes, they sound just as they should. I get really enraged by people who say 'why don't you get a good producer' or 'you like rough production don't you?' We've always played as well as we can. As for production, that's why most rock music is so bad, because its all produced the same. I think the production on Dragnet is just great. More albums should sound like that!"

What do you think of the British rock press? It seems like they always ignore you.

"Actually, they've been giving us a lot of bad reviews lately, which is great, because it's like we're the fucking proletariat for once. Besides everything they slag off in the English press is usually really good!"

It's so hard to talk about music with words.

"That's why it exists...to express what words can't!"



Stephen Spera



John Webber





Judy Roser '0

CIRCLE JERKS

-By S. Dunhill & S. Myers

Charlie (from the Plugz—regular drummer Lucky Lehrer lived up to his name by breaking his wrist in a fight before the tour) just sat around and got pissed with the rest of us.

"We're not violent," shoots Keith, "we're just totally aggressive." But what about the fights? "Oh yeah," he agrees, "there's a lot of them, but it's just people blowing off a lot of steam! But aren't there a lot of people going just for the fights? "Of course," philosophises Dr. Morris, "there are alot of people who are going to be into the violence whether there's supposed to be or not! Don't some of the bands contribute? "Some of them! Well what do you do when there's a fight? "Well I'd get off the stage," says Greg, waking up, "go off to the bar and watch the boxing match! Which sounds straight enough for a guy wearing a flannel shirt.

Although we were extremely intrigued at the prospect of conducting the entire interview on the various aspects of violence (what a great concept), we didn't. To serve you—our dear reader—we turned newsworthy. Like what is Huntington Beach like? Said Keith, while riding a pony around the dressing cubicle, "It was a bunch of kids who were bored, sick and tired of what they heard on the radio!" Added Senor Hetson, "They were bored. They could have spent a lot of money on drugs or speed!" Protests Keith, "We don't do drugs!" Everyone then looked at everyone else, they were startled, including Greg. Most especially us as our worst fears were coming true

California's Circle Jerks, a leading outfit in the Beach Wave, washed up at the opening of the Starlite Ballroom. We witnessed their vintage loud and furious 120 mph crunch and were to say the least—stunned. The Jerks were one hell of a clobbering blur documenting the pace of a world going down hill fast. If the world's imminent destruction occurs as quickly as the C.J.'s played, we'd all be just by the time you read the first sentence (even if you're a fast reader). Point taken? The Jerks are PUNK asit was supposed to be punked. No room for pussy assed ballads.

A historical reference: some hip people (even if they were fatsos) waved the black flag high and began the grand coast tradition of bopping up on stage and diving into the audience. This caused shaking and tumbling and general mayhem, which only added to the totally confusing atmosphere. I mean you get git with 200 decibels and watch some fat shit almost fall on top of you and tell me you wouldn't feel confused. Well I am, still.

After the Circle Jerks assault, we retreated to their room to steal beer and chat about life in general. We spoke to diminutive lead vocalist Keith Morris and seemingly lost (or just dopey) guitarist Greg Hutson. Bass Roger Rogerson and drummer

"It's a combination of everybody going to see the Cramps," said what was first thought to be a very reliable source, but turned out to be Greg, "It's real crowded, everybody is into the music, on drugs and fucked up (our eyes light up in anticipation, we might get high after all). The clubs always let too many people in and you always have some people who want to jump off the stage. Then somebody will accidentally hit somebody and it's bound to happen!"

Oh yeah, before we forget it, let's mention the contest that is now open to each and every reader of this magazine (Terminal! you dildoes) who has ever attended UCLA. Get some of your ex-classmates together and the first one of youse to finish off five bowls of granola will have to give us five bucks. Simple, isn't it? Speaking of California, the conversation turns to the recent frolicking of the new bands on the left coast.

"The average age of the bands in L.A. is 17-18" reports Greg. Oh yeah, we retort, spitting on the floor and lighting up stiff ones, when we saw Black Flag (all right, on TV) they didn't look that young. "Well most of Black Flag are old," says Greg while calling in some of the roadies, "But they've been kicking around longer and some of them are our friends! We suddenly find out that we are surrounded.

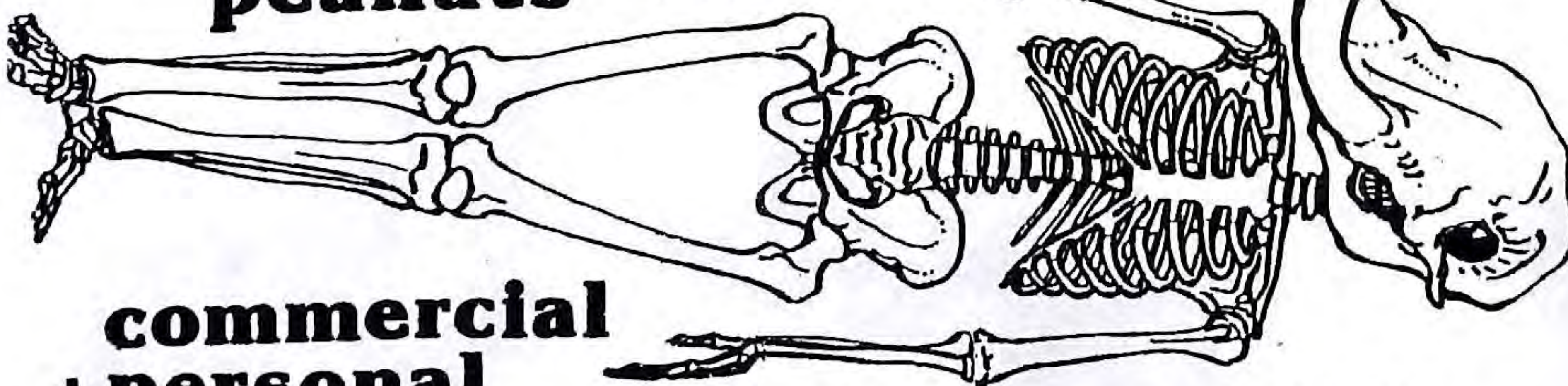
Quickly changing the subject, we politely ask about the Germs. "Well Pat is now playing guitar for the Adolescents (first release out now—Ed.); Greg continues while giving the road crew signals that mean kill us, "John, the drummer, is playing in a band called 45 Ways. Them and Fear..." Aren't they the considered to be in the vanguard of California rock, we hurriedly interject. "Yeah," says Greg smiling and telling his compadres to give us some room. "But most of the bands are like the Adolescents and T.S.O.L. (True Sounds Of Liberty, he later informs us) are about 17-18!"

Risking our luck again, we ask Keith about their write-up in Orange Co's fave and msot widely read pub, Rolling Stone. He states that it helps and that it got to a lot of people who never heard of the band before. Then, looking disgusted, he announces that he has to take a piss and leaves us with only an empty cooler once containing several cases of beer.

Realising that we are still in the Starlite, we get up and pilfer several hot dogs from the vender. David Carrol catches us and makes us talk to Jay Schwartz. Cruel and unusual punishment we cry. Later across town a man is shot.....

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"What a lot of people are following MIGHT NOT BE JESUS."

—"Bob"



JOHN LENNON WAS SILENCED. About a week before his death he told "Bob" of his plans to reveal on network TV that the real Paul McCartney IS dead, having been replaced in '69 by the simpering clone now whining out Conspiracy disco-propaganda to mindless tepidity-addicts. Chapman, Lennon's killer, was a classic UFO dupe. The Men In Black started beaming predictions into this sap's head in 1978. The predictions, of course, came true, convincing Chapman that he'd been singled out by the 'Space Brothers' as a messenger. The MIBs then instructed him to shoot his former hero, and, like any good "Contactee," Chapman obliged.

Don't be totally disheartened, though—technically, the Conspiracy DIDN'T get Lennon. He had actually JUST DIED from a DRUG OVERDOSE moments prior to being shot. So, in the end, Chapman's bullets were wasted.

Besides, look at it this way. Lennon is now 'getting down' with fellow Aetherguides Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Sid Vicious, Lenny Bruce, J.S. Bach, John Coltrane, Jim Jones and others in a cosmic jam session the likes of which NO LIVING MAN BUT "BOB" will ever hear.

God has been misquoted for 5,000 years! His actual words may disturb you.

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Opening night (for the third time) at the Starlight. I come in and find that not that much has changed. There is still that elderly, rustic (to put it mildly) decor; the million and a half people (and their mothers) on the guest list and the Three Stooges of our time: David, Jay and Stanley.

After a very long break from the Circle Jerks, the reason why I came down here finally on stage.



the stranglers

-by Steve Fritz

It's pitch black, the spotlight pops on Hugh Cornwell who quickly announces what he feels about being here and immediately launches into "Down In The Sewer! God Damn! The Stranglers sure know how to make a person feel right at home.

Now mind you, this is June, and the Stranglers were last here in March No, they haven't been in the studio on their next album, they've been touring Amerika for the last three months an average 5 nights a week. That isn't workaholicism, that's just fucking insanity...or heavy commitment. The Stranglers aren't touring for the pleasure of it, they're trying to break this wonderful country of ours. They played like they meant it.

After their wonderful intro, the band gives us a quick history of themselves with one track off each of their succeeding albums, to wit: "Wog", "Threatened", "Baroque Bordello", and (Cornwell commenting on this venue again) "Just Like Nothing On Earth". The band's pacing is fast, tight and assertive. They know the audience knows all the material by heart, so they go full bore.

After our history lesson, the Stangs give us a course in current events with a series of pieces from their last album, Meninblack. The difference of the live material is remarkable, weak pieces like "Thrown Away" are lively as hell by comparison to their vinyl counterparts. Then there are the recorded killers like "Who Wants The World" to deal with. Live, their merciless.

The band has achieved one hell of a balance of phenomenal musicianship (Burnell has to be one of the best bass players in existence, period) and '77 force.

At the end of the set, the audience was a twisted, exhausted horde, who were screaming for more. The Stranglers again took their time in obliging but did return with sledgehammer versions of "Nubiles" and "Peasant In The Big Shitty", then shot the hell out of there.



Warped, from the volume, the heat and the beer plus; I run upstairs to see what the band's plans are. The are on the second to last gig of their trapeze through the U.S. Then it's finally back to the studio for the next album and some solo projects. The next album should have nothing to do with the Meninblack, they feeling the thing now into the hands of the public. I heard talk of another of Burnell's Euroman's projects and Greenfield is thinking of a solo. They are exhausted, and I quickly leave.

Back amongst the audience I find a fellow member of the audience wondering about like some survivor of Dresden. He's twisted from speed, beer and dancing his ass off. Spotting him as an old friend of mine, I walk over and inquire loudly over the P.A. how's he doing. "Fine", he retorts while he hands me a quart, "I feel like I'm right at home!" We walk out together. It takes one hell of a band to make anyone feel like that, especially in the Starlight.



Lisa Cortez

M: We just keep working and working--the words change--the music changes but then we have to put it together real quick.
 A: It's like homework--term paper time the day before. Sometimes we write four songs in 5 minutes.
 T: I remember seeing "Mr. Ray" at the Milk Bar when you first did it and now it sounds totally different.
 M: Songs sart piling up and we forget about them.
 T: What do you think about all the new two person bands?
 A: I like a lot. Are ther really a lot of two person bands? I'm glad they are doing it.
 T: Mechanical Servants. Orchestral Manouvres...
 M: Orchestral Manouvres is two people? They're good!
 A: They're great! See waat we started?
 M: They use to put us down.
 A: My next band is gonna be called the Alan Vega Big Band. It's gonna have three people or one person. I'll get fat! But really, I like Orchestral Manouvres...and Motorhead.
 T: How about Crash Course In Science?
 A: Yeah! I heard about them and I like them and Tuxedomoon
 T: Transfactor warmed up for you once.
 A: They're all right. One's got a black Strat. I remember that. They have a nice light thing.
 T: How about your audiences?
 A: It's always different. We never know what to expect. It just keeps growing. I went to Paris for my solo record and expected about 500 people, 4000 showed up.
 T: What about always playing the clubs?
 A: Well it makes it easier for us because we've been around longer so it's easier to get gigs, but for the new bands it creates a situation where like...when we played Max's and CBGB's, you had to wait 3 or 4 months to get your ass in there,

but now even though there's more clubs, there's so many new bands, it's actually worse. It's harder for new bands to get a gig now than ever before. It's rough.
 T: But some bands do make it.
 A: I really feel lousy for some bands The Stray Cats, they're booked for the next year and a half and they are not making one red cent. Those guys work every night and their not making one penny. Real nice feeling.
 T: So what were you doing before Suicide?
 M: Free electronics and some jazz.
 A: I was an artist. I still am in my spare time. It seems like art is a luxury. Only for the select few. Basically, there's no room for art anymore. It's a shame, it got too hip. There's nothing you can do vi-serally anymore.
 T: Like it lost something?
 A: It lost its presence. Somebody will will have to come up with another form. It'll happen, not now but it will happen.



Lisa Cortez

SUICIDE

-by Lisa Cortez

T!: What are you up to now?
 Alan Vega: Planning another release.
 T!: Same Label?
 Martin Rev: We're on Ze.
 T!: Who's gonna produce it?
 A: Maybe us--maybe Ric (Ocasek) will do another one.
 T!: What was it like working with him?
 I liked what he was doing--getting you on TV.
 A: He's cool--He got Iggy on there too.
 On Midnight Special with Lene Lovich
 T!: How do you write your songs?

THE RUMOUR

-by Tom Duke
& Steve Goldberg

The Rumour are on the road again & their melodic guitarist Brinsley Schwartz greets us amiably in the closet-sized no-frills dressing room backstage. The boys, rapidly becoming the world's most versatile backing band, find themselves this time opening the show with their own set, followed by supporting singer/songwriter Garland Jeffries.

T!: How did you hook up with Garland?

BS: We hooked up through Steve (Goldring) and Andrew (Belmont) (drums & bass respectively) who played on his album last year. He needed a band for the road and he asked us to do it.

T!: Is this just going to be a one-off then?

BS: Well, we're already toured Europe and we're doing America now. So we're going up to the end of this tour and after this we don't really know what the situation is.

T!: So there really isn't any tangible prospect for the future?

BS: Well we've got our new album out in America and we've only got a record deal in the states now. So when the tour's finished we're sort of back to square one.

T!: What led to the dissolution with Stiff?

BS: I don't really know how much I can say without being libelous. You know about Stiff, it's run by Dave Robinson and when you got one guy running something that means that all the other people have to OK by that one guy. That's one thing. Secondly, I feel that Stiff is a really good label for breaking a new act because they have a sort of intimacy and the sort of lunacy and get up and go that's required. I mean, Dave has got loads of ideas but when he wants something done he's always on the case.

T!: How did Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs & Krauts sell in England?

BS: It did quite well. The problem was that when we should be there, we're never around to promote. When Frogs came out, we were in Australia backing Graham.

T!: The new album is called Purity Of Essence. Any connection?

BS: That's what General Jack Ripper said he wanted to guard for in Dr. Strangelove against the Communist plot to overthrow the Western world. So he sent his bombers to attack Russia.

T!: Do you derive a lot of your ideas from film?

BS: No. Purity of Essence was done while we watching films alot. We write when the mood takes, in sort of flashes.

T!: Are you happy with the production of the album?

BS: Well, I'M never happy with a record. There was a kind of mix up. It got kind of choppy and once again we weren't there. To me, Frogs is a very well produced album. That sounded almost exactly like I thought we should. The first album (Max) was peanuts by comparison. That was a very American sounding album and we never intended to sound like that.



T!: When you go into the studio, do you think about how the record is going to sound on the radio?

BS: To an extent, yeah. I think everybody does. If some guy got's some money behind it, it'll be marvelous, but an awful lot of records don't sell because they sound good, they sell because they are good.

T!: You think it's all down to hype then?

BS: No, it's not all hype. It can be. It can be down to the fact that you released it two days early. You've heard of Sheena Easton? The record out here "9 to 5" she's put out years ago and it died a death. Then she had a hit with the next one and now it's a hit. They sound exactly the same. When she originally put it out it was not the right time.

T!: Do you think you're going to produce yourself more?

BS: I'd love to, but it's something you just can't easily do. I want to find a guy that's more imaginative than we are and I haven't yet. Of all the producers, I think Nick Lowe is the most imaginative, but he's also the laziest (laughs)

T!: You're more of a perfectionist?

BS: Yes. But you see, I've always had more going for me on stage than I had on record except Frogs, where I sat in front of the desk.

T!: What's Graham Parker up to now?

BS: Doing his next album.

T!: Who's producing?

BS: Can't get it out of my mouth, but it's someone you won't believe.

T!: Oh, come on, what is this, clue time?

BS: I'm not going to say. (Grins)

T!: OK, OK. So what are you drinking?

BS: Champagne and Orange juice. Like some?

We turned the tape off.

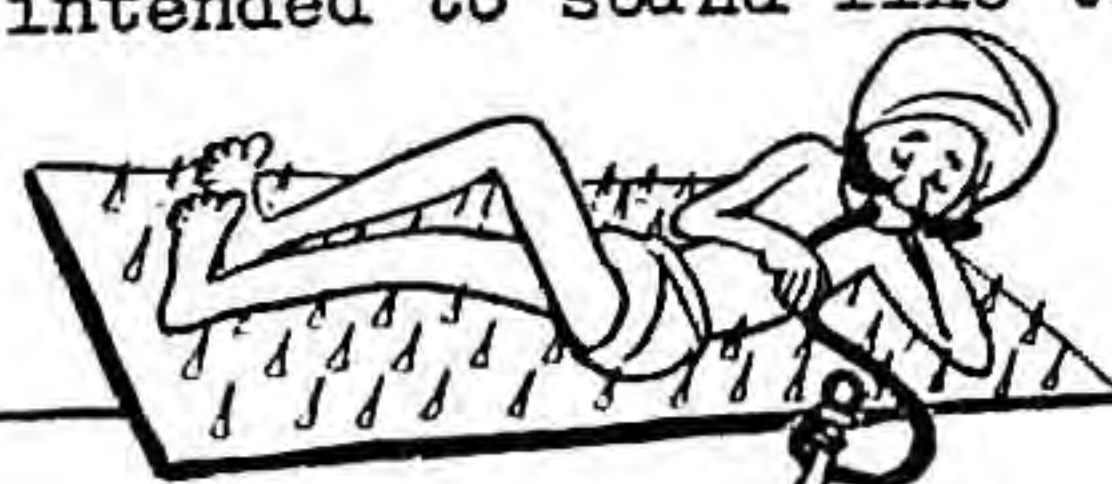


TSR

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CLASH

▶ continued from pg. 10



Lisa Haun

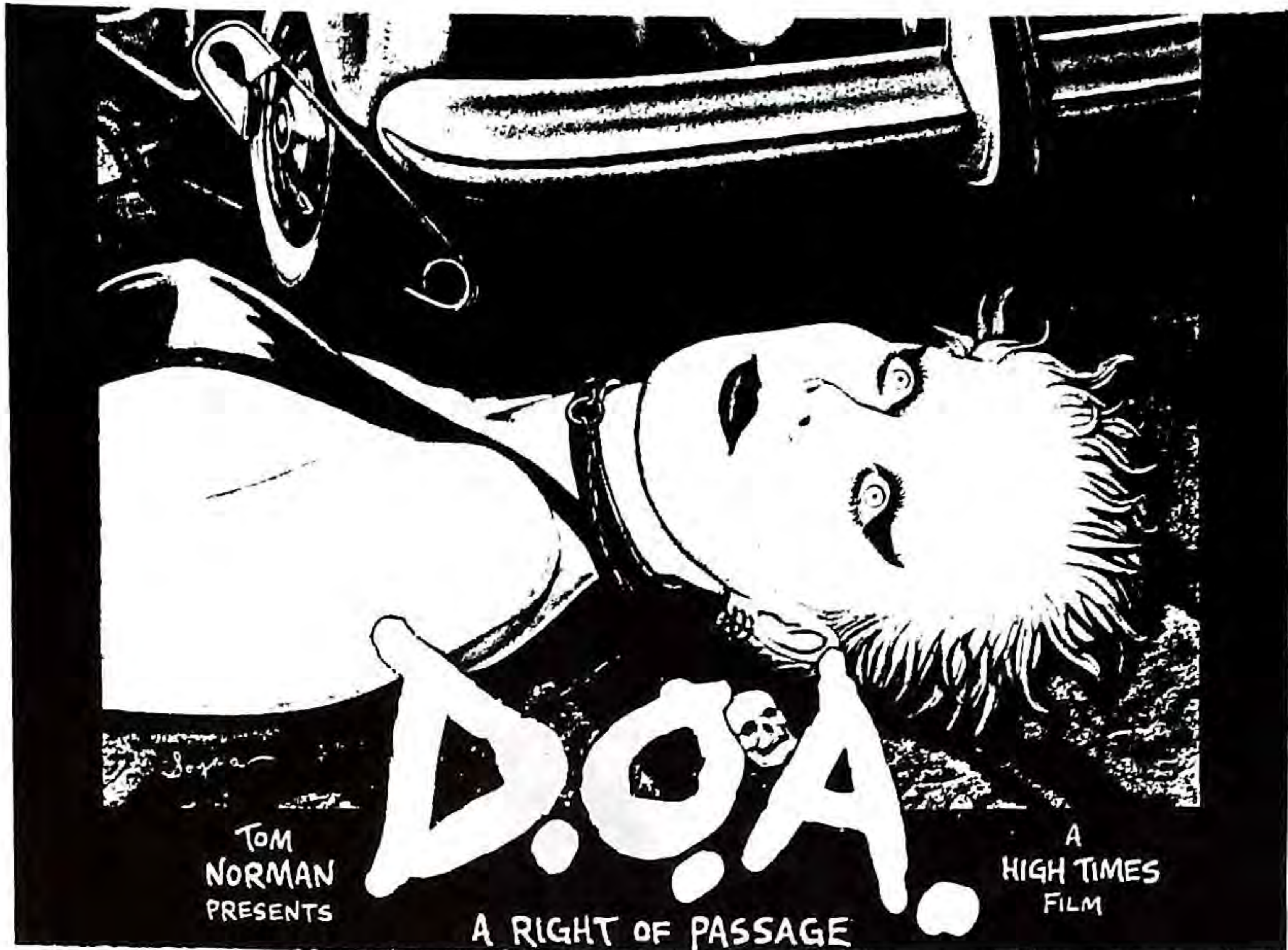
Encouraged by the fact that Joe remembered my name, I conquered Strummerphobia as Mick Jones did magic tricks with a coathanger in the background. The filming being done during the shows by Don Letts will be used for a short feature as opposed to a full length movie, as the Clash are wary of getting involved in another situation like the one which happened with Rude Boy. Strummer also indicated an interest in doing different versions of songs live such as the "hard acoustic" version of "English Civil War" they played on the Clash Take the Fifth tour.

The Clash still believe that rock can be used as a medium of change, music that should make you think while your dancing as Strummer says. In addition, having control over how they are represented and what is released is of utmost importance to Strummer. This ideal has led to constant battles with CBS, over prices, tour support, and release of Clash material. Since the Clash insisted on Sandinista having an exceptionally low list price, UK CBS decided that the band would see no royalties until 200,000 copies had been sold.

Management has also been a near constant headache, with original manager Bernie Rhodes once again attempting to "manage the impossible" following a long string of attempts by people ranging from Paul Simonon's ex-girlfriend and 1988 author Caroline Coon to Clash chief assistant Kosmo Vinyl.

As Tuesday night turned into Wednesday morning, Kosmo eventually succeeded in rounding up the band for the trip to the hotel. Joe said goodnight and departed, trailed by Gabriella who picked up the various personal effects Joe had forgotten. Mick Jones was well looped after numerous servings of the odd combination of vodka and Pepsi.

As always, the Clash's future is uncertain. The only known fact is that "Radio Clash" will be the next release a song, previewed at Bond's and on Tom Snyder's show. For a band that is constantly accused of having sold out, they remain true to the values they had in 1977. Joe Strummer's description of the band is probably the best, "I wouldn't say we preach, but we are committed! I'm glad someone still is."



-by Dan Kinney & Bill Kenny

DOA is a failure of a movie that you'll probably want to see if you haven't already done so. But I doubt you'll want to see it twice.

Purporting to--as much as it purports--be a documentary, it is, instead, a panorama of clips: mostly boring, some sublime. Of course the Pistols sad (in retrospect) "tour" of the South and West Coast is the main drive of the film. There is some fine footage here--the San Antonio concert is well nigh unforgettable. To see the first, and probably only, "real" punk band in action, in front of real damn Texas androids no less, is truly something of a thrill. Or Something. Another moment of the film, "No Future" being played over shots of a bunch of English tots playing in the park, is quite effective. Not a dry eye in the house.

Filling out the rest of the assemblage are slightly embarrassing interviews with American kids at the concerts and a melange of other bands in their salad days. Iggy, the Clash, & X-Ray Spex stand out.

Then of course, there is the infamous interview with Sid and Nancy (the Dagwood and Blondie of the age?).

Sid Viscious descended to the level of the beast, he's awake and aware only at times of necessity. When he's playing he's another man. Johnny Rotten, on film or live, comes off as the most sincere person on Earth. A contrast between the two, an examination of why Sid had to die and why Johnny reigns on, could have made this a very serious and important film (assuming JR would consent to be filmed off screen, a major assumption).

What we're left with is the burning question: Does Sid realize he's dead yet?

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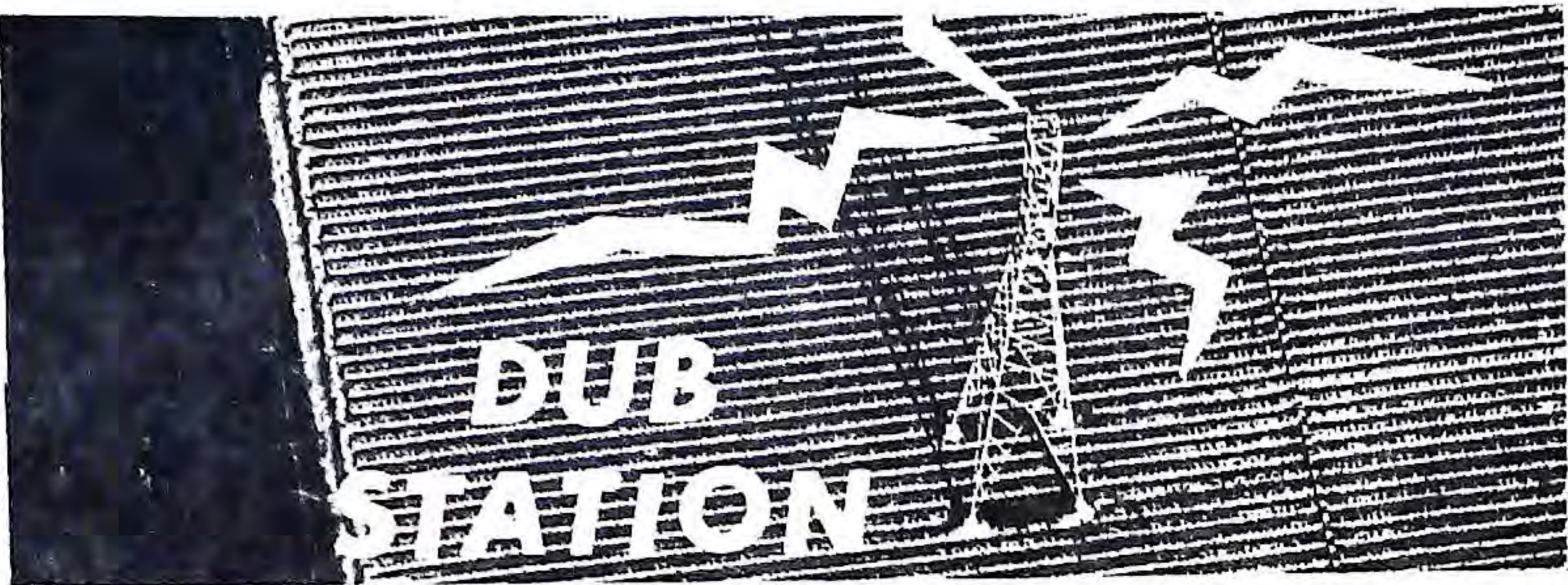
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THE DECLINE

of western civilization



Although the rumored Black Uhuru gig has failed to materialize so far, Ripley's does have some big shows scheduled so far. Toots and the Maytals and Peter Tosh will headline respective shows in the coming month. Hopefully, now that Black Uhuru's new album *Red* has been released in America on Mango, a tour will be forthcoming. *Red*, by the way, is a highly recommended album. Like their previous album, *Sinsimellia*, it is very roots reggae, yet quite accessible, even potentially "commercial".

Uhuru will never again reach the magnificent peak of *Showcase* of several years ago still remains to be seen. They seem to be ever moving toward a fuller, more complex and ornamental sound; whereas the ultimate beauty of *Showcase* lay in its sparse and darkly minimal sound. Nevertheless, they are such a good band that anything they do towers above the competition. Surely, they are the hardest vocal trio in all of reggae and when backed by the Revolutionaries, the results near perfection.

Two good compilation albums released recently by Island are the *King Kong Compilation*, which is truly excellent, and the *Taxi Compilation* (all tracks from Sly and Robbie's Taxi label), which is merely good. The *Kong Compilation* includes tracks produced by Leslie Kong in the years 1968-70. It has a heavy rocksteady flavor, spanning the transition from ska to early reggae, and it is uniformly excellent. It includes such tracks by Toots and the Maytals and Desmond Decker, along with numbers of more obscure gems by the likes of the Melodians and Tyrone Evans. A must for all fans of gospel- and -soul flavoured reggae, rocksteady, and ska. This is the real thing, not revivalism or inferior imitations of the original stuff.

Till next month, hang in there and hope for Black Uhuru. In the dark age of Thatcher and Reagan, we all need something to make us smile occasionally.

Your Dub-Incindiary,

Lenin



NEWS OF



COVER UPS

* There was a nuclear storage accident in New Mexico last February which killed over 1,300 workers. Also, a germ-bomb goof in Montana turned 2,000 soldiers into mutant lunatics. Don't even bother looking for mention of these in the controlled media.

* There were 8,000 unexplained livestock mutilations last year, not 800. About 400 of these, however, were part of SubGenius initiation tests. Another 750 or so, mostly in Latin America, have been attributed to "El Toro Grande" or "El Diablo," the 400-foot-tall devil bull of legend now known to be companion to the 900-foot "Jesus" seen by Oral Roberts. The giant Jesus, by the way, is a clever fake perpetrated by Vanuana.

This probably sounds like so much bullshit to you. FINE. Have it your way.

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CASSETTES

LUDUS

Pickpocket (New Hormones)

I love it when I receive something that defies categorization. The Ludus are a trio of drums/vocals and guitar. The main sound is not Blitz, punk or any thing remotely like any usual sound... it's jazz. Guitarist Ian Devine is an heir to the Gracie/Montgomery school and vocalist Linder has a very tight soprano. The songs are only for those who might try something unique and they might find it worth the price. -S. Dunhill

ATOMIC THINKERS

The War Game



A guy with a red rubber nose held a seltzer bottle at my face and told me to buy this or else. So I bought it. He grinned at me and ran off laughing hysterically.

I opened it up, Atomic Thinkers, huh? I put it on and immediately begin reading all the stuff they put on the inside. Oh! I wasn't paying attention to the tape! I flip it over. The music is industrial with some rock beat. Lotsa synthesizers, side two especially. The tape ends with a volcanic eruption changing into a Doppler effect on the highway. I don't think I'll see them on Bandstand, but I'd recommend it anyway. -Julian Kernes



JAMES CHANCE & THE CONTORTIONS

Live In New York (Reach Out)

EIGHT-EYED SPY

Live (Reach Out)

Finally an American label doing for cassette only releases. Reach Out is a New York label centering their first series of releases on such bands. Their first two are a mixed bag. The details:

To call the Chance tape a documentary is kind. This is Chance backed w/ his funkstra. Members include Defunkt, (Joe Bowie), the Discolitas, and what not. Pin it to the last track on side one, James Brown's "King Heroin". It gives the impression that we won't have James to kick about anymore, real soon. All I feel is pity.

The Eight Eyed Spy though is raw, hot and primal. Lydia Lunch has made a hell of a transition from Teenage Jesus to torch siren and she has one hell of a band behind her. The late Scott (bass) and now Raybeats Christensen and Irwin are a killer combo, and guitarist is great. You just have to hear their version of "Diddy Wah Diddy" to wish you were in a steamy bar with a mug and a half-pack of cigarettes.

Reach Out's next release is the Dictators. With releases like the Eight Eyed Spy, I hope they keep on it.

-S. Dunhill

45
rpm's



**GIMME
GIMME YOUR AUTOGRAPH/
KILL YOU**

PRETTY POISON

Gimme Gimme Your Autograph/Kill You

This band has put out a slab of vinyl that Blondie wish they could have put out. Trashy pop like the best of "X Offender" only now synthesized yet with up front guitar. Also, vocalist Jade Sterling shows a vocal range that is up to Lovich levels. Best of all, it's fun and local as well!

-Sean Dunhill

THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS

Baby, Baby/She's No Fun

One of the best pop records to ever come out of Philadelphia ever. Buy it or get the hell out this city.

-The Doctor

BAUHAUS

Passion Of Lovers/1 2 3 4 (Beggars (Beggars Banquet)

Insect love has its drawbacks, the female tends to eat her mate alive; and he loves it with a passion. Cliche of the month down the tubes, Bauhaus follow the weaker "Kick In The Eye" with one of their strongest releases ever. The stark instrumentation is replaced with a fuller more powerful orchestration. The lyrics, about love obviously, is some of their most concise. Bauhaus stated that they were growing, experimenting more, this release makes me hope they keep on doing just that.

-S. Dunhill

THE UNDERTONES

Julie Ocean/Kiss In The Dark (Ardeck)

I just can't believe it! These guys keep getting better and better, while their contemporaries go further and further down the ladder of creativity. A totally remixed version of one of the better tracks from the Positive Touch LP; "Ocean" features surprisingly strong production from the Teardrop people—Baffe & Jones. New flip positively shines. Imagine 2 great tracks for the price of a single. Makes you wonder don't it.

-Steve Goldberg



TYMON DOGG

Lose This Skin/Indestructable (Ghost Dance)

Tymon debuts his own label with this track from the Clash LP Sandinista. But the real surprise is the flip, his original version of his song "Indestructable", from the all to soon forgotten Ellen Foley album Spirit Of St. Louis. Most of you probably don't even remember, but Tyman did this song at the Starlite when he opened for the Pop Group last year. So if you're in the mood for some dancing and jiggling, by all means check this out. -S. Goldberg

KATE BUSH

Sat In Your Lap/Lord Of The Reedy River (EMI)

I wish you would! Seriously folks, our dear Kate is back with us again and is much more aggressive in her ways this time out. With a melody and production not too far removed from XTC's "Paper & Iron", Kate tells us that she's unhappy with being a dunce and wants to learn about the world around her. Well without sounding sexist I would like to state for the record that I am available for consultation at your earliest convenience. Are you listening Kate?

-Steve Goldberg.

THE VAPORS

Jimmie Jones(UA)

From seemingly already forgotten Magnets LP comes what is easily the best track. A record the Who would give their entire newly acquired contract to make. To think of it, it's better than the last Jam too.

-S. Goldberg

THE JAM

Funeral Pyre (Polydor)

Speaking of the Jam, they've come back with one of the strongest records of their entire career. Dismissed by NME as being heavy metal and that the Jam have lost their abilities to write melodies, believe me, if the world reaches the point Weller points to, no one will be singing pretty melodies, I can assure you.

Steve G.

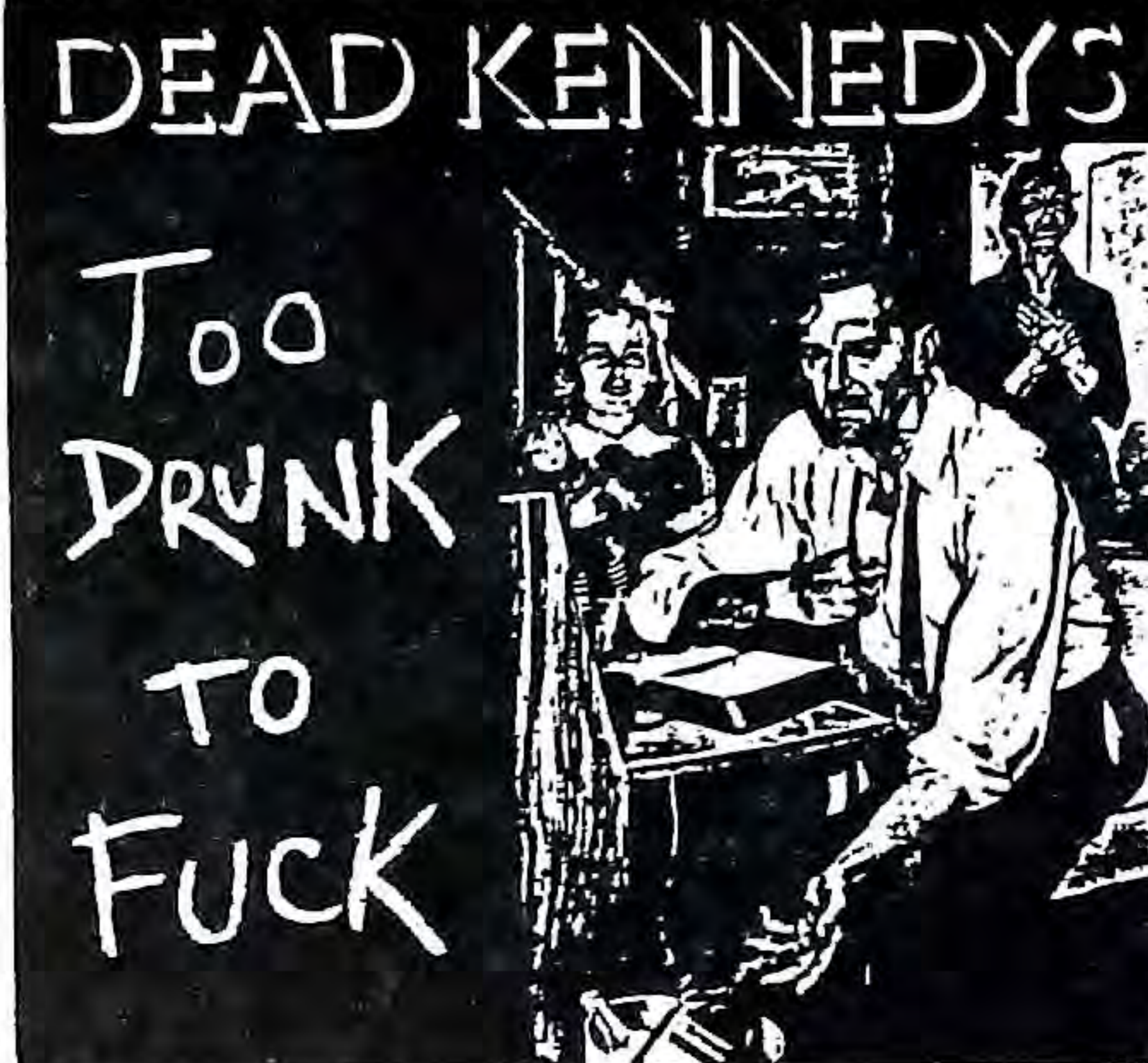


GANG OF FOUR

To Hell With Poverty (EMI)

GoF totally eclipse their Solid Gold album with this paeon to the welfare state. Believe it or not, Jon King sings. He doesn't grunt or spit out words, he vocalizes like a normal singer. All in all, this is a great rock 'n think piece for these fucked up times.

-S. Goldberg



DEAD KENNEDYS

To Drunk To Fuck/The Prey (Faulty)

Ohhh...shit...glurg...

We've all been there, right? And now we have a song to sing like "My Way" and "Stars and Stripes Forever"

"Too Drunk To Fuck" is tight as a god damn suspended walkway about to fall on your innocent head. The guitar riff would penetrate Ronald Reagan's heart. Jello Biafra's voice is starting to show some truly demented range.

It's fucking #12 in England & Holland (the whole countries!). Does that explain the rioting?

-Dan Kinney

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EP's

MATERIAL
American Songs (Red)

Deeper and deeper, the Material sound heads for Steely Dance music. I guess they have the pulse of the NY beat down pat; mix funk with found sound and spice with guitar lead from Bob Quine and you come with the lead track, "Ciguri". The second piece, "Detached" cooks more, with drummer Fred Maher providing one hell of a solid 4/4 rock beat. Quine does quiet wonders in the background.

The flip is from their only single from last year. Remixed slightly to keep with the times, I'd say get it.

JAH WOBBLE
JAKI LIEBEZEIT
HOLGER CZUKAY



WOBBLE, LIEBEZEIT & CZUKAY (Island)

Never thought I'd see the day when punks would be dancing to Can, much less playing with them. That's right, Jah Wobble, PiL kickout and taxi driver, working with two of the originators of Duetschen rock.

Ready mix, too. Czukay dubs Wobble and drummer Liebezeit into one different mix of Continental/Jamaican. Dark, gloomy, it doesn't really hit you until you listen to the last track "Twilight World" and then realize that the dedication to Ian Curtis is the only fit one on vinyl. -S. Dunhill

STRICTLY LIMERANCE(Graptt)

I don't play this record too much. It's not that I don't like it, it's just that these damn flexi's don't last to long that way and neither are they too hot on your stylus.

It's a shame too, Strictly Limerance have developed a real find sound. Ernie is one of the best bass players in the city, having a style that carries the melody very much like the Modettes & the old Delta 5.

I know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna run down and steal a tape deck, and tape this. That way I can play it as often as I want. -S. Dunhill

VIVIEN GOLDMAN
Dirty Washing (99)

Following the grand tradition of Lenny Kaye, Lester Bangs, Nick Kent and Bob Geldorf comes another rock scribe turned recording artist. Put emphasis on the word artist for this one though.

Goldman, from NME, has assembled a sharp ensemble behind her including Keith Levene, Robert Wyatt and Vicky Aspinall (or the Raincoats). The dub treatment is handled by her, Levene and John Lydon. Goldman's voice is pretty (if unspectacular) and the clean treatment make a wonderful little piece of white rasta. "Launderette" is particularly fine for its jazzy backdrop. Good music, something all those other wish they could do, excepting Lenny. -S. Dunhill

LIQUID LIQUID (99)

Don't know anything about this band, but I wish I did. The four members play primarily nothing but percussion, and on tracks like "Bellhead" offer a steamy, hypnotic slice of funk. Especially recommended on the dance floor, check 'em out. -S. Dunhill

ROBERT WILLIAMS
Buy My Record (A&M)

Williams is formerly of the Magic Band and a co-conspirator, with Strangler Hugh Cornwell, of that monster soundtrack, *Nosferatu*. He is also one of the best drummers on this side of the Atlantic. With this, his first solo release, he collects members of the Magic Band, Zappa's back-up and two member's of Devo to come up with a surprisingly fresh slice of...pop. Just give the title track a spin and see how a Beefheart shuffle can sound commercial or the last track is one bouncy peice of Devo Surf music. Follow the advice of the title. -S. Dunhill

THE METHOD ACTORS
Rhythms of You (Armedgeddon)

How can only two guys with only a guitar and drum kit come up with such a good rock 'n roll 10! Their second release find them without all the overdubs of the first, *This Is It*, giving them a more strained, nervous tension. The songs are shorter too, which is fine. "Distortion" especially drives it home, this is a fine band. I'll be playing this a lot. -S. Dunhill

Albums

CARSICKNESS '80
Shooting Above The Garbage

A close-up view of the Pittsburgh scene. Carsickness has been part/cause of that town's thriving alternative scene for some three years, a scene by the way that (given the relative infrequencies of stopovers by big-name bands like you get here) puts Philadelphia to shame. *Garbage* was recorded on a shoestring, there's lots of seems showing (if that's your concern) but there are no concessions. What's left is frantic, careening tempo frequently altered and broken in mid-stride and always on the verge of collapse. The sound is organ heavy, with Steve Sciulli's synth threatening but never quite breaking in to Velvet Underground chaos. Joe Soaps vocals are Strummerish in texture, his songs aimed at the urban desolation and the effects of oppression. So while you're scowling over your Fall and Crass records, try to remember that discontent is the sound to be found underground. -Bob Price

JUDY MOWATT
Black Woman (Island)

Black/white/man/woman, how you gonna live without this record? What Mowatt gives here are 3 Marley covers, a Freddie McGregor, and 6 of her own, is so depressing and uplifting it's addictive. You're cauterized by the likes of "Many Are Called", one of the first true classics of the decade, a hymn of warning against those who wear righteousness like a badge, Rasta or otherwise: "Many are called/but few are chosen/you got to beware of wolf in sheep's clothin'". This is a must. Also included is 'song Joseph for brother Bob Marley' a tribute all the more moving for being written a year before his death. *Bob Price

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KILLING JOKE

KILLING JOKE
what's THIS for...! (EG)

More music to march to. The second Killing Joke is even more relentless than the last. The drums pound up on top, replacing the guitar as focus, giving the listener no relief to get an idea of each track until "Who Told You," a very tribal instrumental. Because of this, the following, and last, track, "Exit" hits you with full impact, and it's awesome. -S. Dunhill

KRAFTWERK

Computerworld (WB)

Our reggae writer, Lenin, gives me dirty looks whenever I compare Kraftwerk to dub. One of the main appeals of dub, and Kraftwerk, is not what they do, but what they leave out. You connect the dots and get the picture. On the title track, I don't believe the band would sing about time, travel, communication and entertainment, then switch to money for no small reason. Especially when they then tie in Interpol, Scotland Yard, FBI & the DeutscheBank.

The music is the same. Listen to "Numbers" or "It's More Fun To Compute" and find out how little they actually do. It's hard, you're too busy bopping to the tunes to notice.

Kraftwerk has perfected a very unique, and as far as any Futurist is concerned, uncopyable form of music. This is just the latest installment in what should be a very long series. -S. Fritz

MAGAZINE
Magic, Murder & the Weather (IRS)

Damn, this album is bewildering. Maybe it's just as well that DeVoto did break up the band. What basically confuses and dismays is that nothing seems to gel of this one.

Tracks like "The Honeymoon Killers" has one of the best lyrics he's ever written, but the band goes into this damn waltz pace that is infuriating. Other tracks like "Vigilance", the band is phenomenal, but DeVoto isn't. A confusing album, by a confused band. Hate to see them go, but maybe it's for the better. -S. Dunhill



PETER HAMMILL
Sitting Targets (PVC)

Hammill can still sing. After 14 years at it, his half-operatic, half-scream tenor is still balsting at lyrics like: "To feel the finger grow/ on the trigger/still the visitor clocks us/waiting for the breakthrough/with time on our hands!"

Sitting Targets, his first Virgin release, now available domestically, isn't better than his private release of last year, Black Box, but who cares? Very few true singers around today, I can think of five. Hammill is one of them. Cited as an influence on a certain J. Lydon, Peter Hammill is one thing for sure, consistently excellent

Sitting Targets finds Hamill relaxing the non-stop singing approach of his last several efforts to let more of the instrumental elements of his work show through. This is especially great for the fine work of his long time accomplice, reedman David Jackson. -Steve Fritz

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
Heaven Up Here (Sire)

The Bunnymen's second album is a darker, more passionate (not they ever weren't) follow-up to their first, Crocodiles. From the first track, to the last, one is wrapped up in their melancholy and emotion. Yet, like the Velvet Underground's third album, you can't get away from it, you just keep playing it. -Steve Fritz

PSYCHEDELIC FURS
Talk, Talk, Talk (CBS)

The band I couldn't listen to gives me one back. The Furs's second album shows them finally using, not ripping off, their 60's influences (though Rep should be a little more discreet with his Dylan). Also Rep has learned not to write the word "stupid" into every song which only makes them look better.

Tracks like "Mr. Jones" and "Dumb Waiters" are radio hits, and deserve it. Now I hope they can keep up this way. -S. Dunhill

ROBYN
HITCHCOCK
BLACK SNAKE
DIAMOND ROLE



ROBYN HITCHCOCK
Black Snake Diamond Role (Armedgeddon)

The first solo by the ex-Soft Boy finds Robyn teaming up with his old mates, some Psychedelic Furs and Knox Once you get past the first track, a flowery piece of pop, you get real sharp guitar with loads of acid drenched, bitter lyrics

Hitchcock is all eyes and teeth on this one. He bites back and draws blood at what he sees. He spares no one, and tracks like "I Watch The Cars" "Do Policemen Sing?" or "City Of Shame" spit real venom. File under malicious. -S. Dunhill

FRANK JOHNSONS FAVORITES (Ralph)

Wow! This is one of the most fun compiles of international talent ever pressed on two sides of vinyl. Besides selected B-sides from singles and unreleased tracks by Snakefinger, Fred Frith, Tuxedomoon and many more, included is the very rare "Flying" from the Residents Play The Beatles Play The Residents EP that you just can't find anywhere. All lovingly collected by the Resident's computer, Frank. -Dunhill

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SPLIT ENZ
THE HAIR FIRM

Before I start on the local scene, I'd like to make a big apology to Lisa Dutra aka Lisa Lightning for the not mentioning of her in the issue. Her help and most of all the usage of her clothing (leather garments, etc. was used in the First In Your Block Import Show) was gladly appreciated. Look out for her Fall Line later this year at FOYB and Zipperhead

In NY:

Last month was highlighted by Youthanasia's premier weekend.

The opening night featured a small pantomime fashion show as a band(ESG) The clothing shown were styles selected from various periods starting with the Roaring Twenties up to the Free Spirited Sixties. One model wore a pale pink flapper dress, that had accessories which included a pale head band and feather, a long strand pearl necklace with matching earrings. Also accompanying the outfit, she wore a pair of low heeled white shoes with matching purse.

F A S H I O N

P A S S I O N

*Jere



New Additions:
These are small stores in NYC that might be fun to check out. Their prices are reasonable and have a wide variety to choose from:

- 1) Civilian Clothing
164 9 Ave at 20 St.
(212) 243-9160
- 2) Clinics
on St. Marks.
- 3) Canal St. Flea Market
Canal St. At West Broadway



The Local Scene:

Metropolis
Located on 141 S. 20th, Metropolis has been in existence for almost 2 years, has a large selection of various styles from Clamdiggers and Mimi skirts to two piece silk and wool suits. They have also a variety of sneakers, boots and shoes for men and women.

Amacorde
Which is carrying a new line of summer wear in men's pant, swim wear and dresses is having an Anniversary sale. 10% off on regular stock if you clip this column and present it to either Anita or Alex.



Taxi
Known for its innovative style held a mid-season fashion show at Cafe Za Za at the Black Banana. The theme of the show was Leather Loves Lace.

Setting the mood of the show was the loud thundering of drumbeats to give a tribal setting. The music sopped and again Pirate and Blitz were again hitting Philadelphia with color and style. Lace blouses paired with metallic colored skirts, oversize cotton tops over wide pants that taper down at the leg were the styles shown with or without a hat throughout the show.

Airo

Located on South St. between 3rd & 4th carries a large quantity of pants, shirts, swimwear, and other summer ensembles in a wide range of colors. Airo also features clothing designers, one in particular is Kansai Yamamoto. Known for his exotic designs on padded shouldered bomber jackets, sweaters, and shirts, his raincoats and matching pants stand out in styling.

FOYB & Zipperhead

The arrivals at FOYBI and Zipperhead this month are striped tee-shirts padded at the shoulders with matching mimi skirts and also an assortment of tights.



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Albums

(Continued)



THE RAMONES

Pleasant Dreams(Sire)

They want the airwaves. They deserve it. The Brudders are back from Spectorization with a new producer (Graham Goldman:10 CC) much stronger material, and a real hell of an excellent album.

The Ramones are still the Ramones, but they are little more accomplished after putting out vinyl for 5 years now. It doesn't harm them one bit either. Joey can sing with a bit wider range, he and Dee Dee are coming up with much more interesting songs, not three chord bashers anymore, maybe six. The sound is sharp, Goldman makes them sound the most direct they've ever had since their first. I love it, a summer hit if ever there was one. -S. Dunhill



BILL NELSON

Quit Dreamin & Get On the Beam (Mercury)

Remember John Foxx? The latest in one man bands now, after a year or two wait now gets his turn. Nelson is best known for his work with Be-Bop Deluxe & Red Noise, now releases his own heavily electronic pop album. Like Foxx, this is a one man show. Unlike Foxx, Nelson is a much stronger instrumentalist, though his lyrics are one step to near cliché. Still, the tracks he has released as singles (3 of'em) are hot and Nelson has the potential to finally break to the masses, the same as Foxx does. -S. Dunhill

Zipperhead



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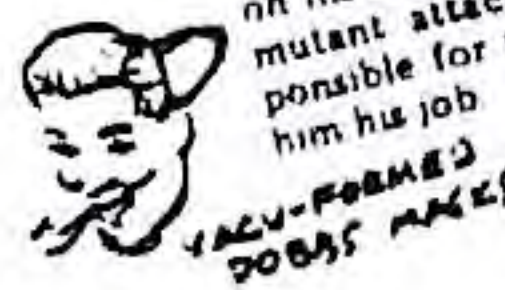
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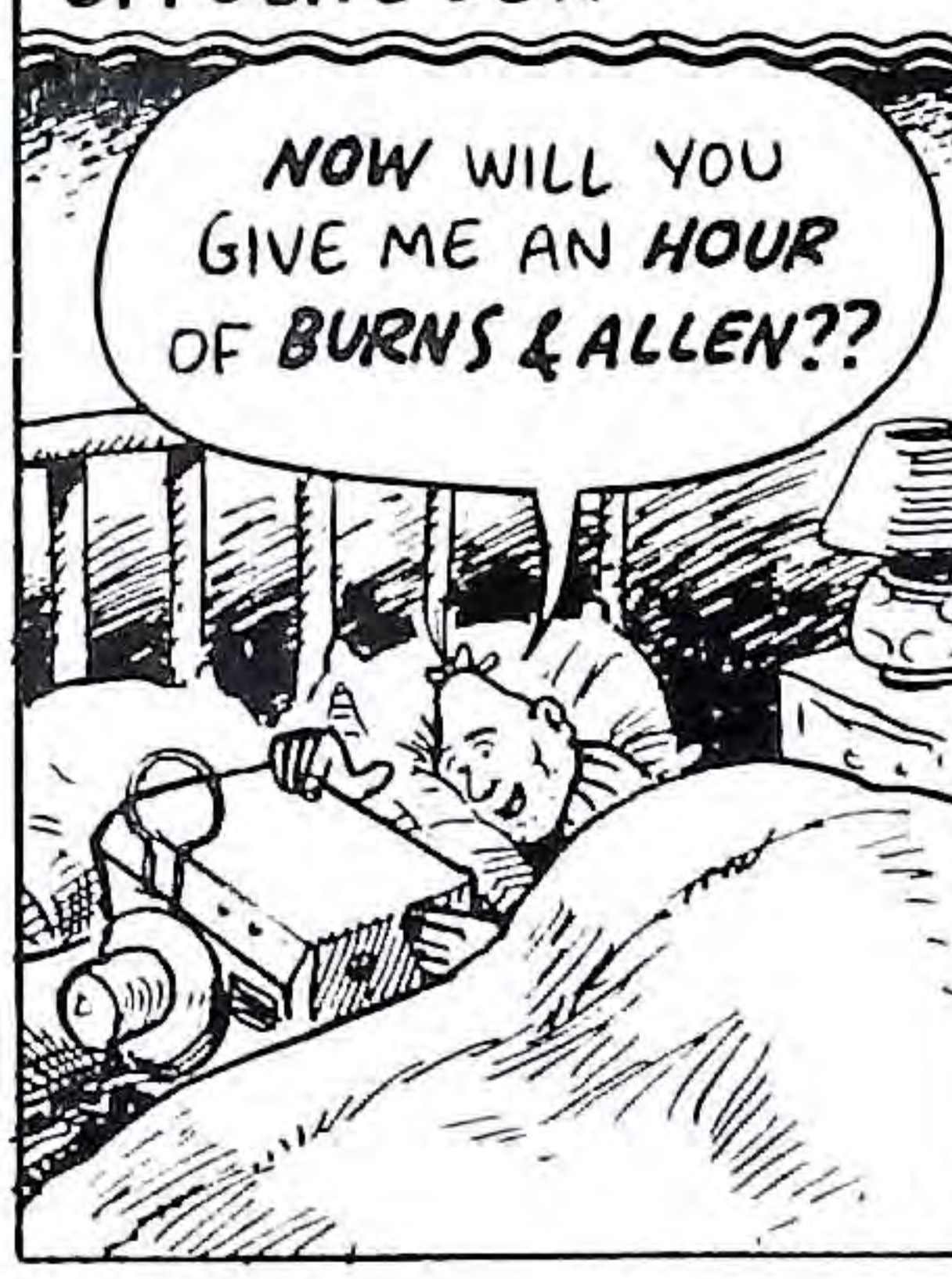
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LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY HE
IS ASKED HOW HE LIKES HIS TOYOTA..



Judy Webster



Johnny Lydon on the Baseball Strike



H*gh T*m*s: How do you stay sane?

Lydon: I drink permanently.

H*gh T*m*s: Is that the only way?

Lydon: It lets me stay asleep alot. What's wrong with being asleep on and off? I suppose there's not too much to get up for, is there?