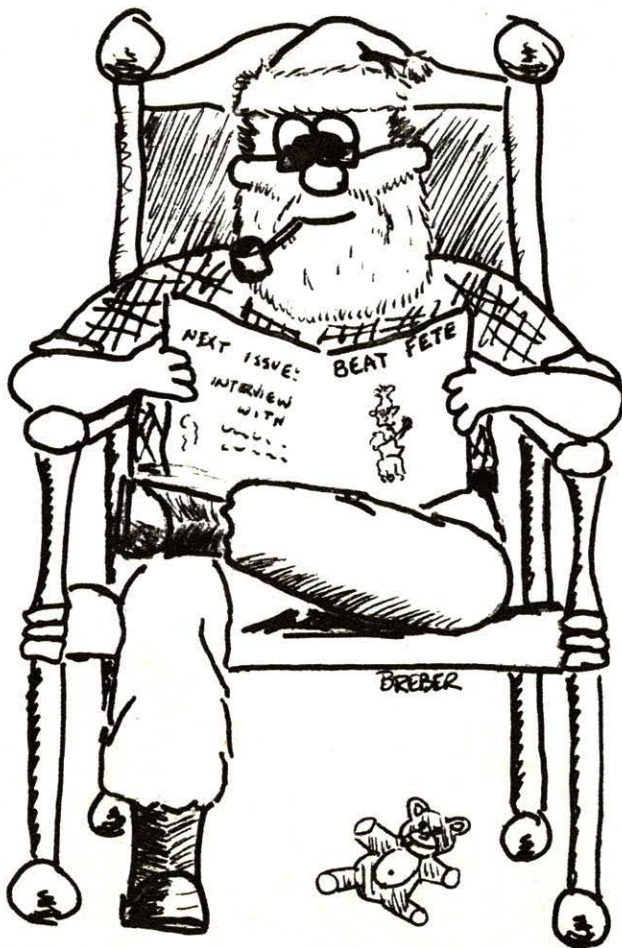


Beat Fête

"A SIZZLER!"



December 1983

Beat Fête

Faze 5 Communications

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InComing

Dear Friend,

Could you please tell me the price of a sample copy of your mag?

Thanks!

Bob

Dear Bob,

Beat Fete is free at various locations around the Delaware Valley. But, you can receive copies by mail for rate of \$3/six issues; a sample copy can be had for a remittance of 50 cents.

Mr. or Mrs. Beat Fete,

I picked up your Nov. issue and a yeah, yeah, yeah, well done is order for you. I caught your premier issue (the one with the schitzoid Bowie photo on it).

Anyway the reason for this note is in answer to your Ed. note in *Fiasco Fiasco*. YES I AM IN A BAND IT IS CALLED THE DEADMILKMEN. We played in a barn in upstate Pa. 4 weeks ago, lots of fun & I still have hay in my bass case. We got our tape reviewed in the last Terminal and played outside the Pine St. Beverage. Were tentively scheduled to play ESC Dec. 5. Our members are Rodney Anonymous, Jack Talcum, Dean Clean, Dave Blood, and our songs include *Taking Retards To The Zoo*, *Watching Scotty Die*, and *Guns For Tots*. I told you all the stuff so give me a call, don't shout, at 555-7649. We made a few tapes but we can't find them cause....

-Dave Blood, He plays bass and likes blue sweaters.

Well Dave, now you've got a plug from BF. Sorry about the video benefit, it seems we were sick on sour dairy products. -ed

Thanks For Giving

by Christopher Holden

Once upon a time there was a group of middle class shopkeepers who decided that since they had never had fun in their lives neither would their children. These people were known as Puritans.

They were such spoil sports nobody wanted them at their parties. When nobody took them seriously they got mad and sold their businesses. With that money and a few pounds they

picked up in a bake sale, they bought boats and sailed to a land where they could make people take them seriously. This country was not really a country at all, but a resort area where people fished and hunted and didn't have to worry about mundane things like mortgages. Later to named after a vagabond known as America, who nobody remembers.

At any rate, they landed at a place where it was hard to get a job. Since they didn't know a

whole hell of a lot about fishing or hunting and even less about farming. They were in a bind. The one thing they had going for them was their skills, at getting people to do what they really didn't want to do. Remember, they were shopkeepers. "Well we don't have wool but how about a little chintz." Well you know the scene.

After building a few drafty shacks and having a couple of meetings, to guarantee that if anyone had fun a neighbor with a notepad would report them, they set off to the shopping center with a hand full of IOU's. The IOU's were in Shakespearean English which even kids studying English can't understand. BUT, they were shopkeepers.

The vacationers weren't fooled, but they did show this silly group of prudes how to hunt and fish.

"Hey! Let's have a party and celebrate," the one named Miles Standish said. "Ha ha what a funny name, sure we're game for a party," the spokesman for the vacationers said. Boy, they thought privately, these prudes must be loosening up. And there was the downfall. The shopkeepers then took them to the proverbial cleaners for the next couple of hundred years.

As a matter of fact, the nation that they formed was so thankful to this boring bunch that they dedicated the first day of a shopping season to them. The downfall of the vacationers is known as Thanksgiving. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.



CASH FOR RECORDS

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Psych -OH!

by DMS

All the area club owners turned this package down as unviable, in retrospect they do have a point. It seemed that about 80% of the audience was under 21, and we all know how strict our clubs are about "carding" people. But, while I don't think Jay Schwartz, the promoter (and manager of The Impossible Years), is about to give the Dr. Winston O'Boogie oligarchy a run for your money, I would say that all concerned considered the evening a success and might even look upon it as an auspicious start to something new.

A certain amount of care was taken to create the publicized psychedelic atmosphere. Sugar cubes were passed out at the door (though it was a bring your own acid nite). In place of the usual battery of spots, an old fashioned "psychedelic" light show was used to illuminate the bands. Inbetween sets, a print of *SMASHING TIME* was shown, with its soundtrack replaced by a mix of the original era's bands and those that have been pushed under that umbrella today. While some of this effort enhanced the evening, mostly the lights and the tunes, the lack of subtlety in the general presentation tended to diminish the humour that should have been inherent in the evening.

But, while some of the trappings of the evening left me a bit indifferent, there was very little doubt about the reason for being of the evening, the bands.

The first band up were The Del Feugos, hailing from Boston, they rivaled the audience for youth. Probably because of that and the attendant lack of experience, they did show spots of immaturity. As we were informed by all the press previews, The Del Feugos are more of a garage band than anything psychedelic. Actually, within the framework of that sub-genre, they are very close to the border that adjoins those referred to as R 'n' B Bar bands, a hazy line at the least. They played a mix of originals and classic covers, like Bo Diddley's "I'm A Man"; reminded me of The Sonics, one of those legendary sixties bands hardly anyone has heard, from the Northwest Territory. Their presentation was a bit loose and directionless (I'm sure after a couple of pitchers they'd be great), but with the right producer their forthcoming *Slash* album could be quite good.

Philly's own, The Impossible Years, were next and gave what was probably their finest performance of the year. They played all their airplayless hits, from "She's No Fun" to "Her Father Suspects", showing a pop sensibility and tunesmithing unknown in the local scene since the heyday of The Shades, '78 - '79. With their new non-static style, they are now finding in-

teraction with the audience easier. Crowd reaction was very positive, especially considering that very few of them had ever even heard of the band before that evening. It was enough, so that they could show-off the latest in encore fashions, covers of Violent Femme's tunes ("Blister In The Sun").

The headliner of the event, The Three O'Clock, came from out of the west. A four piece aggregation, of your basic garage band configuration: guitar, bass, drums, and cheesy organ (this one might have been a synth; sacrilege?). In trying to describe the band to inquiring people before the weekend, I had used the term pristine pop band. Sort of like The Left Banke. Their new album, *Sixteen Tambourines*, is a good collection of tunes, though their lyrics tend towards the vacuous.

But live, that evening, to use an olde cliché, they rocked out! The audience took an immediate likening to them, still cruising on the euphoria instilled by The Impossible Years' set. From the American rock of "Sorry" to the epitome of their psychedelia, "With A Cantaloupe Girlfriend", they displayed a verve that evening not usual in today's image conscious generation of bands. Everyone was dancing and bopping about. It was like that scene in *RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP*, with The Standells playing in this club where no liquor or drugs were allowed, yet everyone was still grooving along. But, this was for real, man, not some mock up for a camera.

IMMOBILIZED

*The cool breath of cynicism
Has softly and subtly
Rolled over the lobe of my ear,
Like a wave broken, splashes
Its foam into and around
The gray globe of my mind.
My thoughts appear and dissipate,
Like so many telling apparitions
In the height of a blind man's
darkness.*

Christopher Holden

A PORCELAIN EXISTENCE

*I got older. Contact grew biting.
I slowly moved into
my porcelain house.
Surrounding me are my decorations
black and white
rare porcelain dolls I collect and
never dare play with.
my hands are so swollen and offen-
sive.
They swerve and collide,
run drivers off the road.
Somehow the rag dolls seemed
safer,
but rag dolls can never be exquisite.
I tiptoe (while my dolls strut in their
glass enclosures to pout), and softly
close the door enroute to the institu-
tion of fragile art.*

-Tom Sinclair

Untitled

*Starving hysterical naked angels,
their shoes full of blood;
who bared their brains to streets,
with their pushcarts full of
Mohamadan angels. Rolling over
lofty incantations in waste baskets.
Who let themselves be fucked in
movies. Who balled in the grass of
public parks, their shoes full of
blood.
Naked angels came to pierce the
wartime blue floodlight of the moon
winks out of the rivers of the Bowery
who copulate estatic and in the
darkness is love
the hand moves under
the center
of solitude
of the flesh
he's the son of a bench
and he imagines and rides the hay
on a
highway.*

Michael McHugh

by Myrna Gewurtz

This film may in future years be referred to as a record of New York clubland in the 1980's, as seen by an outsider. The creator of *Liquid Sky* is a Russian immigrant. With knowledge of this orgasmic background one could expand on his vision of the New York won't.

"scene" as a depiction of Capitalism's effect on American youth. One could draw parallels between the film-maker and the film's main character (although

The alien's main conduit is an aspiring, unaware actress named Margaret, who spends most of her time changing her clothes. She is a character one can have positive feelings about, unlike any others in the film. At one point she talks wistfully about the apple pies mom used to make. Margaret talks tough, but it's understood that she really isn't. Every character in the film takes advantage of her; they beat and rape her and treat her like shit. She puts up with it all because she wants fame.

Jimmy (played handily enough by the same actress as Margaret) is quite the opposite. He approaches life as a freeloader, his only question being "What kind of drugs do you have?" He is outdone in nastiness by Adrian, a monotonal "singer", smack dealer, and Margarets' sometime lover. She possesses a disturbingly innocent face and no morals or inhibitions whatsoever. Throughout the feature several subplots comment further on the fashion, drugs, and art world of New York.

A word must be said about the special effects. They're not quite on a scale with what Ken Russell or George Lucas could afford, but color is used beautifully and several scenes are phenomenal.

Anyone interested in seeing this film will probably have to go to the Waverly in New York, as it was screened only one night at the totally groovy new Kennel Club, to a sparse but totally groovy crowd. But it is available on video cassette.

LIQUIDSKY



by Michael Hopkins



PART ONE: WHY DON'T I REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP?

The government uses the value of the dollar in Europe, the inflation rate and similar indices to gauge the health of the USA. Me? I use music to measure my well-being.

More specifically: at any given point in my existence, my personal awareness of what I consider to be the truth is reflected in the type of music I enjoy or consider to be a worthwhile attempt at creativity.

A few weeks ago I was thumbing my record collection trying to find something to listen to. It was one of those times comparable to the experience of being very hungry and staring into a full refrigerator, but seeing nothing to eat.

My eye caught a familiar cover, *With Friends Like These*, by Fred Frith and Henry Kaiser. Halfway through the song "Third Rail" I lifted the needle from the groove and instantly felt a sense of relief wash over my body.

"What junk!", I thought to myself. The words reverberated in my head and rapidly rose to a crescendo. I came to, lying on my back, veins throbbing in my head. I sat up and wiped perspiration from my brow, trying to locate what had hit me.

I remembered the thought. Could I have really felt that the music of Fred Frith -- guitar *improvisatore extraordinarie*, god -- was junk?

My hands shook as I grabbed fistfuls of discs, flinging them over my shoulder until I located another of his records.

Ahhh...his first guitar solo album: a classic, always one of my favorites. I put it on.

Some muscles in my face twitched spasms of revulsion. Not only did I feel indifferent to it, it bothered me. Saliva dripped over my lip. I tried to swallow but could not.

What was once lucid fruit of an artistic technician, was now muddled dissonance. I checked for dust on the needle; there was none. Over the years, the record had not changed, but could I have? And that much?

The Art Bears! Yes! Frith's solo stuff had always been a little difficult to enjoy if I wasn't in the right mood. But the Art Bears offered a milder dose of Frith. I could reaffirm my liberal view of the world with one of their records.

For a moment I panicked, there was no Art Bears' record to be found. On my hands and knees I frantically searched. Had I lent them out? Then a stroke of luck. Peeking out from under Zappa's *Freak Out*, I saw *Hopes And Fears*, the Art Bears first and most listenable effort.

I was feeling feint, so I wasted no time and went right to "In Two Minds". That song was practically a Top 40 hit. My breathing started to come more evenly; I was sure that this song would put me at ease.

I told myself to relax. I was still open minded. Yes I must be, hell, I had just purchased an album of beehive recordings produced by Eno, and I thought that was great.

I listened. Yeah, yeah...play it Fred. My foot was tapping and my face smiled, but inside I knew the truth. I started to shake. I could not suppress it. I was lying to myself; I thought it was awful.

I turned off the stereo and sat in silence. And thought.

That was when I started to realize that my musical tastes were leaning toward the mainstream. My ideas were becoming those of middle class America's.

Was I really saving for a house in the suburbs? Not only did I think that a tie was nice, I thought that it was important.

I cheered when the USA 'kicked ass' in Grenada and I often found myself wondering if maybe the minorities in this country weren't getting a little cocky.

I reached for my drink and froze. Just beyond my fingers sat a scotch and water. A **scotch and water!**? Not a beer?

I...I wanted wealth and middle class evenness. Christ! Do I really listen to talk radio? And enjoy it?

Confessions Of A Failed Hack

by Dr.G

I first got the fever in college in those days when I was poor. Scraping up enough money to pay for tuition, a rat car, the EI, and general living expenses did not leave all that much for indulging my artistic senses. I was always into writing, and music and the arts were the only areas I cared enough about to write for my college newspaper, never really being interested in "food sucks, Dean blows" journalism. Besides, newspapers are usually good places to meet interesting people: available women, people with connections, strange beings lurking on the fringes of society. So I became a music writer.

I started out writing jazz because that's where my interest was. I'd go out to a club with some friends, maybe get in for free, maybe not, check out some sets, then write a good, long article on the place and the band. I loved the music and I loved writing about it. However, two things quickly became apparent with this approach. First of all, by the time my finely reasoned article hit the streets on Friday, it was virtually unrecognizable. "Editing" and typographical errors had usually reduced it to jerky, confused prose that read like a high school essay written on the bus before first period while on drugs. Secondly, I found that no one gave a shit

anyway, the editor or the people reading it. I started feeling bitter and disillusioned. There were two choices left: quit or become the music editor. So I became the editor.

This is where my eyes were opened. I soon discovered that Music Editor was the most powerful and lucrative position on the paper. Fuck Editor-In-Chief: too much effort and no rewards unless you were a masochist or into embezzlement, both of which were a little too heavy for me. Fuck News Editor: all you did was suck around the President's secretaries and the Deans, and get treated like a skulking leper after they saw all kinds of vile slurs on themselves and their jobs in print on Fridays. Fuck Sports: no need to elaborate on that.

Music had one thing everybody wanted, free press tickets. Almost everyone in the area was very obliging. At the height of my tenure, I could call up any of the major or minor clubs around and get first class seats for any show: Spectrum, Tower, Valley Forge, Main Point, Bijou, Emerald City, etc, etc. There were press box tickets, 7th row center, 2nd row center. They all loved me, the promoters and the writers, because I always came through. In my eighteen month reign, I figure that I alone saw in the neighborhood of fifty concerts. At two tickets per show and a mean price of about \$8 per ticket, that works out to \$800 in free entertainment. I was riding the high wave of success.

Then, as always happens



when you reach the top, ennui set in. At first, I had been writing two or three articles a week, then one or two, then one, then every other week or so for a cheap date I'd grab a couple of tickets off my desk and go. My palate became jaded; I only did the concerts that I absolutely had to see. I became a power junkie. I got off to tossing my unwanted tickets to groveling writers like pennies to scraping coolies. I still loved the concerts I went to see, but churning out the inevitable article became harder and harder. I fell into decadence, into kink, to make it through an article. I made them into outlandish stories rather than reviews, anything to avoid trying to think up Thesaurus-like phrases for endless variations on "the band was tight" and "the tune cooked". I couldn't seem to be able to capture the excitement of the show in print to my satisfaction, no matter what I tried. I had elevated music reviews to sublime art, but it had nowhere else to go. I slipped into excesses of every kind to maintain the high. . . and then, right at the peak of the frenzy. . . I graduated.

I went cold turkey. I cleaned myself up. I swore I would never do music writing again. I was through, burnt out. I started a novel, short stories, grocery lists, everything. I didn't even go to concerts anymore, just an occasional jazz club or small funk and meaningful with my writing.



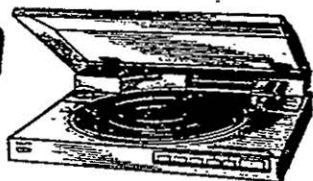
rock gig, but nothing serious. I But I could never finish anything borrowed some lofty ideals. I without the spectre of a deadline looming out there somewhere.

I was beginning to despair again when Beat Fete was born and JC began hounding me for copy. I didn't have to do music, I could write anything that appealed to me. What the hell, they didn't even have any press connections to speak of. I had some good ideas which translated pretty easily into articles I was happy with and which meant something to me. Then I hit a dry spell. The deadline was rolling around and I had nothing. I started to become desparate. My palms itched constantly; my gums bled. I started looking in the newspaper for ideas. I found a concert I was dying to see. I bought tickets, saw the show, and—the temptation was too much—wrote the review. Like the reformed drunk who takes just one drink out of an uncontrollable urge to prove to himself that he can handle it, I ran back to my old bottle one more time, but I swear never again.

Like one who has eaten and drunk too much and vomits painfully and then feels better; so did the restless man wish he could rid himself with one terrific heave. . . of these habits of this entirely senseless life.

-Hermann Hesse
Siddhartha

mel's poop jar



by Melvaneous Taylor

Season's Greetings, all avid Poopjar Fans, time once again to spend all your bucks and have a grand ole time doing it. So here's a shopping hint for all you yule tide consumers. Buy lots of records and tapes. You'll be helping a needy needy cause; the music industry. For the past few years this once flourishing business couldn't sell music if their life depended on it. The problem you ask?

First and foremost is the product. Why must these record labels hang onto all those dinosaur bands? They have long hair, minimal style, can't sing and are downright ugly. My favorite example is the amazing band ZZ Top. Geez.

Cut It In Mellow

Alright, all you Mix-Masters, it's time for live mixing of records on the air instead of just the club scene. Keep your ears open for the likes of Yamen, Joey Marini, Melvaneous, and Frank Cerami to be spinnin and scratchin live on your favorite radio station (if you have one).

Kool Klubs

Philly nitelife comes to life!! With the birth of the Kennel Club at 1215 Walnut and another newcomer at 20th & Sansom sometime in January, we'll finally have a decent variety of atmosphere and entertainment at our fingertips. But don't forget about our traditional favorites like the East Side Club, Black Banana, Filly's and Love Hall.

ON DA BOX

Taking the place of the now defunkt I-92 is a mass appeal radio station by name of 92 WX-TU. Playing a conservative blend of Top 40 and Urban Contemporary, they have quite an uphill battle in the tough Philadelphia market trailing the likes of Power 99 and WWSH. My only problem is, you mean we still need another general audience radio outlet? WXTU consists of veteran WFIL Boss jock Dangerous Doug Weldon; whom I consider almost as silly, and WCAU's Terry Young. Then comes Steve Brown, Mike Brophy and last but not least, one of Philly's finest, the main Boom Shaker, Dr. Perry Johnson.

Toxic Tidbits

To keep you up to date, yes I'm still in love with Kate Fartayzee. My favorite ruff-ruff, Annabella, has split from Bow-Wow-Wow to become a plastic slipcover installer. 96.5 WWDB to be sold and format change? We'll soon see. What ever happened to radio stations that were in touch with the street and considered "hip"? Is it possible to have a favorite radio station or a favorite radio station? Well, gotta split the scene for now...LATER.

'TOXIC 10'

Malcom McLaren	D'ya Like Scratchin
The Cure	The Love Cats
George Clinton	Nubian Nut
ABC	That Was Then
Trio	Boom Boom
Thompson Twins	Hold Me Now
Deele	Body Talk
Will Powers	Smile
Gap Band	Jam The Motha
Billy Idol	Rebel Yell

revolution

by M.A. Lerario

X

More Fun In The New World

Although X is one of California's hottest bands, this group has hardly received the airplay that they deserve. The underlying premise of *More Fun In The New World* is how we fool one another, whether it be people, businesses or how radio tricks its audience.

In "I Must Not Think Bad Thoughts", lead singer John Doe sighs:

I hear the radio is finally gonna play new music. You know, the 'British invasion'. But what about the minutemen, Flesh Eaters, DOA, Big Boys, and the Black Flag? Will the last American band to get on radio please bring the flag? Please bring the flag!

As in previous albums, Ray (Lord Door) Manzarek does a fine job. Tracks like "Devil Doll", "The New World," and "Breathless" posses the most blasting, electrifying guitar and bass, Billy Zoom on the former and the aforementioned John Doe on the latter. Exene Cervenka, the other vocalist, sounds better than ever, especially on "We're Having More Fun." D.J. Bonebrake, the skinsman, keeps tight time and adds to X's driving sound. This band sounds tighter with every album and I highly recommend *More Fun In The New World* to all.

by Coffey

Nick Heyward North Of A Miracle

Purely pop indeed but I like it! Something Paul McCartney might have written in the seventies. Though a bit overproduced with all the works this former *Haircut 100* seems to have found a natural groove on several of the cuts. As for a general assumption, look for this to follow the footsteps of other dance bands that drift to easy listening audiences, the WIOQ kind.

by Coffey

Re-Flex The Politics Of Dancing

And so the evolution of dance music (disco) meets R&R (rock) to form another musical production, this time in the guise of *Re-Flex*. We all know what to expect from these bands by now and the only thing that will separate the good from the bad will be how catchy the tunes are. *The Politics of Dancing*, which also the title of their new (pick one: radio or video) rates *fair-good* for an average spin. Nothing to crack open the piggy for but not bad just a single.

by DMS

Let's Active a foot

It's hard to find, but if you look real carefully you'll find that the title of this mini-lp is *a foot*. Hey! You're guess is as good as mine.

Let's Active is the main musical venture of up and coming producer Mitch Easter. Probably his best known work to date is with R.E.M., but one of his longest associations is with Chris Stamey, formerly of The dB's. And one of the first things that hits you upon putting this platter on, is it's uncanny resemblance to that band, particularly their first album.

This record is chocked full of sprite little pop tunes. The kind that burrow deep into your head, and rise recuringly at the most unexpected times. Songs like "Every Word Means No" and "Room With A View" epitomise the nagging melodies favored by Easter.

Since this was recorded the band has expanded to four, by the addition of a keyboard player. (Easter has a predilection for female band members, he's the only male.) Whether this will have an adverse effect on the progress of the band is still open, hopefully she wasn't brought in at the bequest of the record company in order to be more modern.

I'll make this simple and sweet for you. Get your younger sister to buy this record, then you'll have an excuse if anyone finds out. In it's own, unpretentious way, it is one of the better finds of '83.

Down 'n Dirty

by Doc

See this band-*Initial Attack*. These guys (actually 3 guys and 2 ladies) play some very intense dance music thats very hard to describe; sorta post-punk hyper funk, *Black Flag* meet *Stickmen*, see em.. And speaking of the *Stickmen*, it's bye after four years, you'll be missed... Hope you caught *URGGH* at the TLA cause it won't be around again till the spring... Event of last month 'besides our bash that is); Skinz fashion show at the Kennel Klub. Real Cool, but where was Betsy?

Wonder when the other guys at their third anniversary. Alot of 4th & South will do people didn't think you'd make it theirs?... Who sez nu-music (like me, Flight 90, Forward, doesn't have a sence of humor? Public Address, Savage Pink Ha Ha Hardcore; *Ruin* is working etc.)... Hottest couple in town is on an album... Hottest local rumored to be WKDU's Margot Hardcore band is *Better* Rosenblatt & Willie Connor *Living* (but why do they live in Jr... And Jazz Connor is starting Fishtown)? Love Hall is back in to look like a couple by herself. action and the Menagerie in NJ Hope its a human girl... New Club aint... *Autistic Behavior* has lived supposedly around 20th & San-to their name-they split... Note to som... Last issue I said that some of you novice thrashers, Madonna's had one of the hot-diving etc. is not a substitute for test dance albums; this time the football and take off those god- Lady's got one of the hottest damn wrist-bands before you vidoes "Burning Up (I take somebody's eye out. Get it? Was)... John Boy C sez I can't cut Or you might... Congrats to Steve up fellow staffers, so DMS and Fritz and the Terminal crew on Mel you safe for now... Bye Ya'll

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Aloha Gonzo

by Philip Birk

The Curse of Lono written by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson and illustrated by his longtime sidekick, Ralph Steadman, is an annoying new book. Thompson's gonzo journalism opened literary doors for both writers and readers. When HST was called upon to cover an event (such as the Super Bowl, Kentucky Derby, or Jimmy Carters Law Day Speech), he would be the focus of the event...everything became secondary.

This type of "Z became the event" reporting established the Dr. as a public figure (Uncle Duke in Doonesbury, for starters). Readers eagerly await each new piece of published work. Regardless of where the



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work is published...i.e. publication source matters not...his writing has appeal. We do not want to know about the Superbowl-We want to know what HST did at the Bowl!

For several years, HST disappeared, no articles and no books; until now. HST covered the Honolulu marathon for *Running* magazine back in 80-81, at least he was supposed to cover the marathon. Unfortunately, *Lono* dissappointed me and several of my friends, who are HST aficionados. Perhaps we wanted to see something new. After as much of his material (a good of his writings appear in the *The Great Shark Hunt*, Vol. I) as we could find, *Lono* slips into the collection as an extension of ten different HST stories. The main

points of several HST classics, including the actual Great Shark Hunt story, have been twisted, shuffled, and rewritten with a tropical flair. This is fine for new readers. The book is wild-alarge, soft-cover volume, profusely illustrated by Steadman. His art is wierd, yet his work somehow compliments Thompsons writing. Seriously consider buying the book on the merits of the artwork. Otherwise, you will have a hard time justifying the book purchase. Thompson fans will sadly admit that "it's been done before".



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Nick Cucci On Hunters & Collectors...

Hunters and Collectors are a nine piece band that hails from Melbourne, Australia, and like the size of that huge island, their music is immense in reflection. Multiple layers of rhythm counteract eerie synthesizers and scratchy guitars. The thick basslines are the gelling agent. The combination equals one word: POWER. Their music is an ever-expanding forceful journey through the roadways and towns of Australia.

Hunters and Collectors are a live band first and foremost. It's a job of great difficulty to capture all their sound on vinyl. Singer Mark Seymour explains: "Our records don't give any indication to what we're like live, simply because there's a lot of spectacle in what we do and physical power because there's so many people".

Their self titled debut Lp that has recently been released domestically on A & M Records (and contains the single "Talking to a Stranger") is actually a compilation of a Ep and Lp that saw a light of day only in their home turf. After touring extensively in Australia for over a

year, the routine became too much. Beside that, the group was facing the problems of internal stress. They moved to London. "There was a lot of tension in the group itself", Seymour responds, "which had been going on prior to London, but the problems crystalized by the time we hit London. To continue (touring Australia) would have been a complete waste of time. We had to move some where else, anywhere else. The opportunity arose to move to England because of Virgin Records.

Their songs are personal look into the microcosm which is Hunters and Collectors. Seymour, who is also the band's lyricist, is concerned with the world, his world, the one that effects him. "As far as I'm concerned, it really doesn't matter if people understand the nuances or subtleties of what I'm writing or not. I have a personal language which I use and a personal approach to the kinds of words that I'm hearing. I just collect words and distill images out of the chaos of what we're doing at any given time

& Alien Sex Fiend

It's unfortunate when a group of bands get lumped together for purposes of describing the sound of a certain underground movement. London's Batcave and the bands that have emerged from that club face this homogenizing effect. Alien Sex Fiend is one of those bands. They did get their start at the Batcave and appreciate what the early days of that scene had given them, yet despise what's become of it since. Singer Nik Fiend explains: "Anywhere a lot of bands come from the underground, they're going to socialize together, right, because it's generally a feeling. What is described as the 'Batcave sound' is only a record company term for an outlet."

That record company is London Records. They released the Batcave compilation Lp, *Numb Hymns for Young Limbs*, which Nik says "the Batcave album was done by a major label, but drawn up as though it was underground. That's when the Batcave finished."

It's obvious the feeling Mr. Fiend describes above, also obvious is how different these bands sound. He continues: "The Batcave did us a lot of good in the way we got quite a few things in perspective. We met lots of different people, and that sparked us. We don't rely on

the Batcave anymore. What we're trying to do now is push it a bit further."

That push is their first single, "Ignore The Machine," which has already made its mark on college radio and clubs. "That was done more or less live," says Nik, taking a hit off a passing pipe that looks more like a piece of kitchen plumbing than a smoking utensil. "We put it down; we heard the tape back, and it doesn't sound a lot different from the record."

On stage, their intensity can make you dizzy. It's an invigorating mixture of electronics and heavy metal, good heavy

metal that is. And their dress, a ragmuffin combination of leather, lace and torn T-shirts, is an outlet for them. "It's for us to escape," Nik defends. Keyboardist Chris (known as Mrs. Fiend), gets a bit more down to earth about their ghoulish get up. "It's atmosphere for us all as well as for the audience. If we enjoy it, then the audience will enjoy it. But if we don't enjoy it, then there's no point in doing it."

Besides the single "Ignore The Machine", also available from Alien Sex Fiend is a new twelve inch called "Lips Can't Go", and their debut album *Who's Been Sleeping In My Brain*.



EAST SIDE CLUB

DECEMBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
12 29 CHESTNUT				1 THE CHANT + THE MAYTAGS	2 LA DICKIES + RUIN	3 DANCE NITE
4 FREE DANCE NITE	5 NY THE OUTSETS	6 SF 84 ROOMS + DEAD MILKMEN	7 FREE DANCE NITE	8 GIRLS DOWNSTAIRS + ACCENT ON TRAVEL	9 UK THE SPECIMEN + BLACKOUTS SEATTLE	10 DANCE NITE
11 FREE DANCE NITE	12 JONES BOYS + WESTWIND	13 BALTIMORE FREEDOM FIGHTERS REGGAE	14 FREE DANCE NITE	15 NOMADIC TOOLS + URBAN GORILLAS MINNESOTA	16 UK 999 + MISSION BALTIMORE	17 DANCE NITE
18 FREE DANCE NITE	19 LIFE AFTER BOB + INCURABLES	20 AKIMBO SLACK	21 FREE DANCE NITE	22 DANCE FACTOR + MODERN CITIES	23 AUSTRALIA GO BETWEEN + THE FAD	24 DANCE NITE
25 FREE DANCE NITE	26 GUNG HO + STEVE STRANGE	27 LITTLE GLASS FIGURES + MINOR MODE + LUAU'S	28 FREE DANCE NITE	29 T'DOCHID + EXPERIMENTAL PRODUCTS	30 DC NY SHE + FLOOR KISS NY	31 SCOTLAND COCTEAU TWINS + EXECUTIVE SLACKS