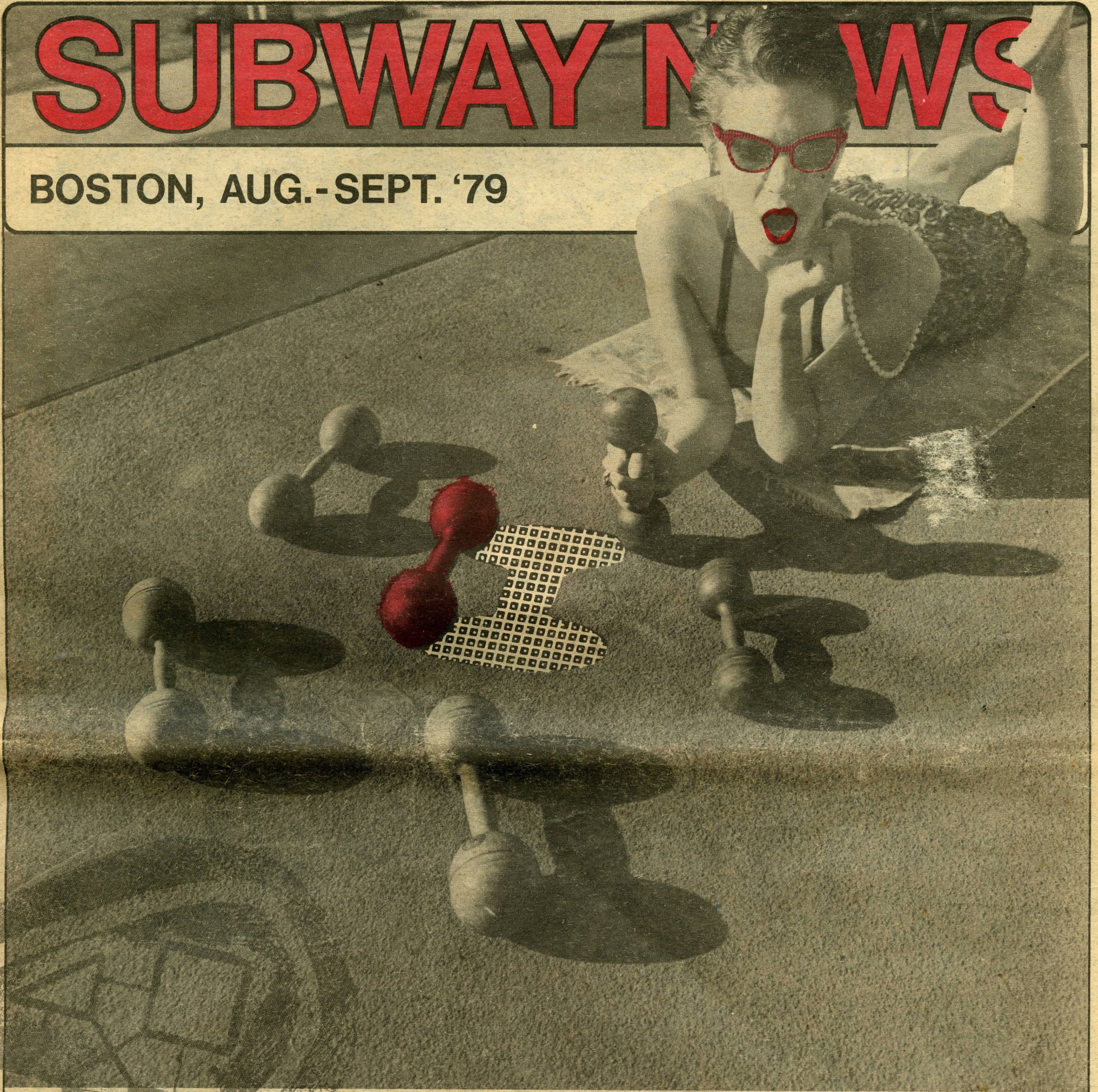


# SUBWAY NEWS

BOSTON, AUG.-SEPT. '79

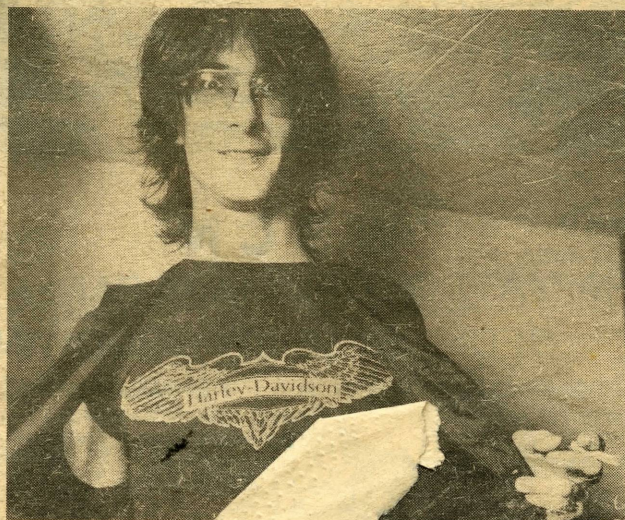


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**Beyer's back, and  
things look bleak**

**Patti Smith's Lenny Kaye  
says 'I like disco'**



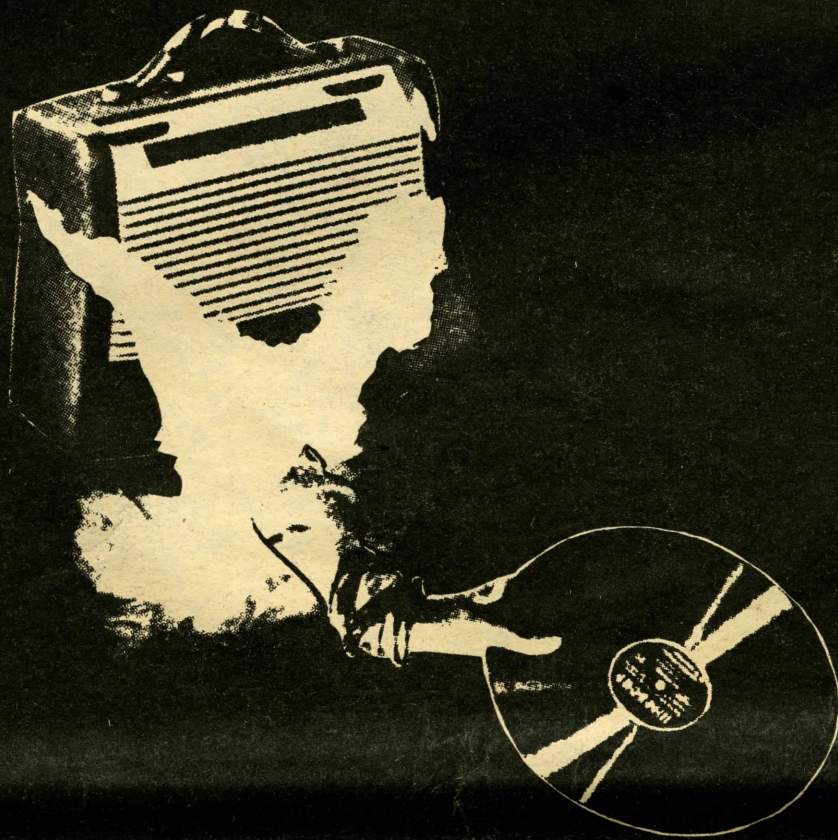
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## COVERWOMAN: CYNTHIA BABAK

Our Coverwoman from Akron, Ohio models her cool summer panty fashions.



This issue dedicated to the memory of Dr. Harvey Black

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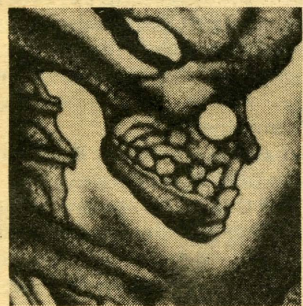
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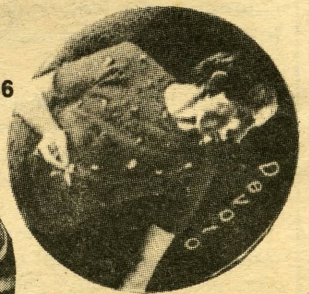
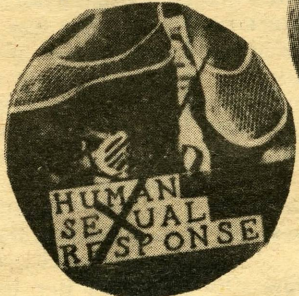
Fred Locks

PHOTO: PHIL-IN-PHLASH

Where to find Boston reggae:  
Reggae Rockers Disco, by  
(White) Ram I and Chris Rockers,  
every Friday night at Cambridge  
Custom Percussion Shop, 91 River  
St., Camb., from 9 pm.  
Porky's, once The Western  
Front, Western Ave., Camb.,  
Thursday and Friday nights.  
Boston's most popular (perhaps  
'only' is the word) reggae bands  
are the I-Tones and Zioniditation.

### BUTTONS THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE:

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Betsy Sherman  
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(617) 738-5914

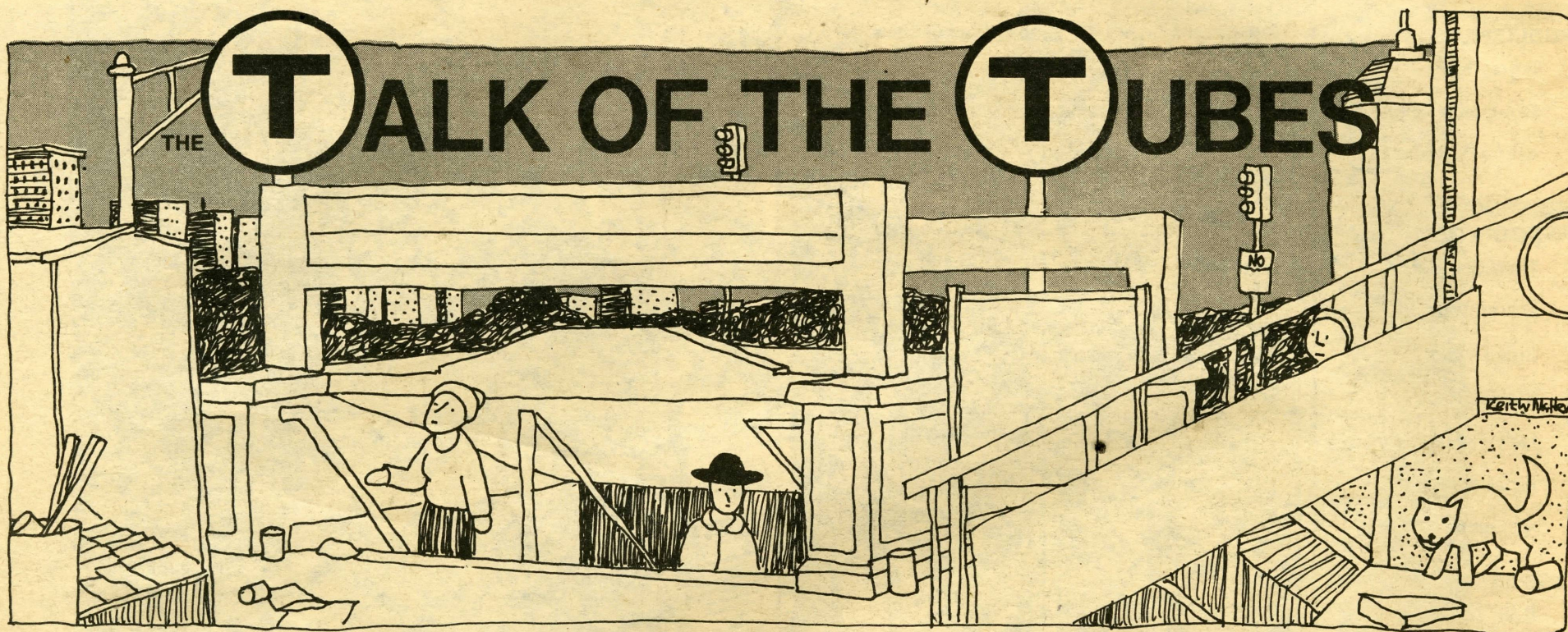


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### Suburbanite vote says, "Let those assholes walk"

**T**HERE WOULD HAVE BEEN riots if Gov. Edward J. King approved his own appointee's threats to slash MBTA service for the rest of the year.

Gov. King now says there will be no cuts in "essential services."

MBTA Chairman Robert Foster, King's lackey, had threatened to carve service after the transit authority received only \$10.9 million of the \$26.6 million in supplementary funds requested to finish the year.

The *Boston Globe* quoted sources close to Foster as saying the MBTA has two alternatives: elimination of all weekend service and laying off 544 employees or, two, shutting down the entire system from mid-November until the end of the year.

Half of any increased funding for the MBTA is paid for by cities and towns, 79 in all, in the transportation district. If it hadn't been for Boston's 25 percent of the Advisory Board vote, there would have been no increase at all.

The board's voting proves that people living outside the city don't give a shit about it. Most of them work in the city, take the money and drive to their suburban havens. But for persons living in the city, public transit is often essential.

Severe MBTA cutbacks coupled with rising fuel costs can only further aggravate tension between rich and poor, city dweller and suburbanite.

As usual, when you let the wealthy make policy, the poor suffer the first and the most.

### Limp Wimp

**B**URIED AT THE BOTTOM OF *The Pop Life*, John Rockwell's column in the *New York Times*, June 1, we found the reason some of us love rock 'n' roll.

... Dr. John Parikhal, a sociologist... told an Atlanta conference of disco station managers recently that rock was the music of young men who are afraid of sex.

The violent sex rhythm of rock reflects the frustrations of people who are afraid that they won't measure up sexually.

The doctor ought to write the liner notes for the next Ted Nugent album.

Coincidentally, a few days after reading this theory, it was con-

firmed in a letter we received at our Allston office. Our heterosexual friend wrote:

"I met her while playing pinball at Cantones. She was with a few girlfriends and there to see Pastiche. She was dressed kind of punky, short skirt and lots of makeup. She looked great. In between sets, she asked me if she could play a game of doubles.

"While we played, it seemed every guy in the place came over to talk with her. She knew everyone. I really wanted to ask her for her phone number, but I was too shy since I had just met her.

"That night when I went home alone I thought I'd never see her again. But I did, a few nights later at the Space. We talked a bit, and she gave me her number. I put it in my billfold with all the other numbers I never bother calling. Sometimes I feel like I've consummated a friendship just by putting a phone number in my pocket.

"A few days later I planned on seeing a movie with a few pals. I figured, why not give her a call? She surprised me by saying yes.

"At the movie, *The Rubber Gun*, she rested her arm against mine on the ledge between us. Just a normal contact, but the feel of her flesh startled me. I realized that I wanted to know her. That funny switch in our heads clicked in mine.

"As I watched the film, however, I realized the thought of sex with this woman terrified me. My usual method of sex is admittedly immature. I never plan it. Premeditated sex unnerves me. Sex, for me, is always a spur-of-the-moment act with a spur-of-the-moment partner, usually after the bar closes, usually for one night.

"After the movie I walked her to the subway station in Kenmore Square. I didn't kiss her goodbye. It seemed such an old-fashioned thing to do, and I'm a modern guy. I went home and jerked off, all the while thinking of her.

"I called her the next day to say hello. She was friendly, and we chatted. She invited me over to her apartment the next night to watch *Heroes*, the TV show about rock's 25-year history.

When I got to her building on Beacon Hill, I acted real cool, but actually I was still scared from my revelation at the movie. She had this dinky TV in her bedroom. We laid on her bed to watch the show. Other than the setting

there was nothing overtly sexual in the air between us.

"Then Elvis came on. He shim-mied and grinded. He sang. We were astounded and enthralled. My friend went nuts, absolutely bonkers, at the sight of him. She grabbed my arm with her left hand and loudly moaned, 'OMI-GOD.' All the while her eyes were riveted to the screen. Big E continued his writhing, and her hand gripped and clawed my arm. I realized I had become a surrogate Elvis. I couldn't stand the pressure of filling his shoes.

"A commercial came on, and she looked me in the face. I kissed her, unwittingly seizing the moment I knew was there. We were naked by the time *Heroes* made it to glitter rock, and my passionate fantasies were suddenly true. But then it happened, the moment I feared. Confronted with the real thing, my erection wilted. I turned and looked at the TV. Elvis Costello was walking on his ankles and mooning his clumsy face into the camera. I turned back to the woman who I had to have, who was there and willing. She petrified me. In her face I saw compassion and patience and a bit of frustration.

"I'm having an anxiety attack," I told her.

"I realized then that all the cock-rock braggadocio that Elvis the First unleashed is mere illusion, at least for me. In real life, I'm just a wimp walking on my ankles."



### Rocky Burns in Hell

**D**EAR BROTHER DAN, How you doing? I've been moving around a lot lately visiting different prisons. I went to Clin-

ton, Attica, Greenhaven, then back to Sing Sing where I'll stay for good. Right now I'm in a section called Tappan. It's like living in a college dorm with a bunch of crooks. There's no bars anywhere. I don't like it because anyone could get me when I sleep. I always sleep with my razor blade under my pillow. I haven't had any trouble though and the people here are doing less than 3 years so they don't want to screw up and get more time plus I'm pretty well known and have a lot of back up if anything happens. I'm known mostly because I'm the only white guy in the whole prison who plays league basketball. The blacks asked me to play so they feel responsible for any trouble I have. About 200 prisoners watch the games and they go crazy when I score. It's as if a white guy can't score against a black guy. Our team is 4-1 in first place. We have 2 guys who jam the ball, most teams have people like that so sometimes I get stuffed. I'm in better shape than High School, not big but quick. I can't get big in here because no matter what I do I lose weight.

I'm working as a bookkeeper in the mess hall. I keep track of the food and use a computer to do figures. I get 45 cents a day. I'll get more as time goes by. The most I can get is \$1.15 a day.

Guess who I talked to in Attica? David Berkowitz (son of sam). I would have never seen him but I was only staying for a day so I couldn't go into population and was placed on the block he was on. They picked me to give water out so I asked him if he wanted any. Of course I was only thinking of getting his autograph. I figured it could be worth some money. So he wanted 1 hundred 50 dollars for a note he wrote. I told him I didn't have money so I gave him a pair of sneakers for the note. It said "If you didn't catch me on Wednesday I would have killed 100 by Saturday." Signed David Berkowitz (son of sam). I thought I made a big score but when I got to Greenhaven the police made me send it back because I wasn't allowed to transfer anything from any inmate especially Berkowitz. They said I was a "sick mother-fucker." That shows how dumb the police are. If they had brains they would have kept it and sold it. Anyway now I figured I was out a pair of sneakers. Two weeks later Berkowitz sent them to Sing Sing. I was shocked, so were the

police. He wrote Son of Sam on them and drew on them.

I was glad to get back at Sing Sing without getting into trouble. It's strange though I wasn't scared upstate and now I'm not scared of any prisons. I learned a lot since I've been in here, more than I could at any college in the U.S. and the State is paying my way. I don't regret what happened to me but I do want to go home.

I don't know if you heard but the New York drug law might change this month. It will help a lot of people but I'm pretty sure I still will do a year but I'll be resentenced and the life sentence will be taken away.

I miss you guys,  
Love  
P-boy

A friend gave us the previous letter sent to him by a young man serving a life sentence for a drug offense committed in New York.

### Kill! Kill! Kill!

**"P**UBLIC EXPENDITURES ON weapons research and development now approach \$30 billion a year and mobilize the talents of half a million scientists and engineers throughout the world. That is a greater research effort than is devoted to any other activity on earth, and it consumes more public research money than is spent on the problems of energy, health, education and food combined.

"On average, one tax dollar in six is devoted to military expenditure, and that at the present levels of spending the average taxpayer can expect over his lifetime to give up three or four years' income to the arms race."

Robert S. McNamara  
Former Secretary of Defense  
University of Chicago, 5/22/79

### You Sing It, Modern Lovers

**J**ONATHAN RICHMAN played July 22 in Seabrook, N.H., at the anti-nuke demonstration and alternative energy fair, sponsored by the Clamshell Alliance. His solo acoustic performance of an original no-nuke tune and "I'm Nature's Mosquito" from his latest album charmed a crowd of 10,000, most of whom had apparently never heard of him. Due to tight scheduling, Richman couldn't answer the encore applause.



## No Shades

IAN HUNTER'S SHADES FELL off near the end of the set at his June Paradise gig. The photographers crowding the stage continued to snap, and Hunter screamed something along the lines of "No pictures." One woman disobeyed him, and he kicked her camera against her eye.

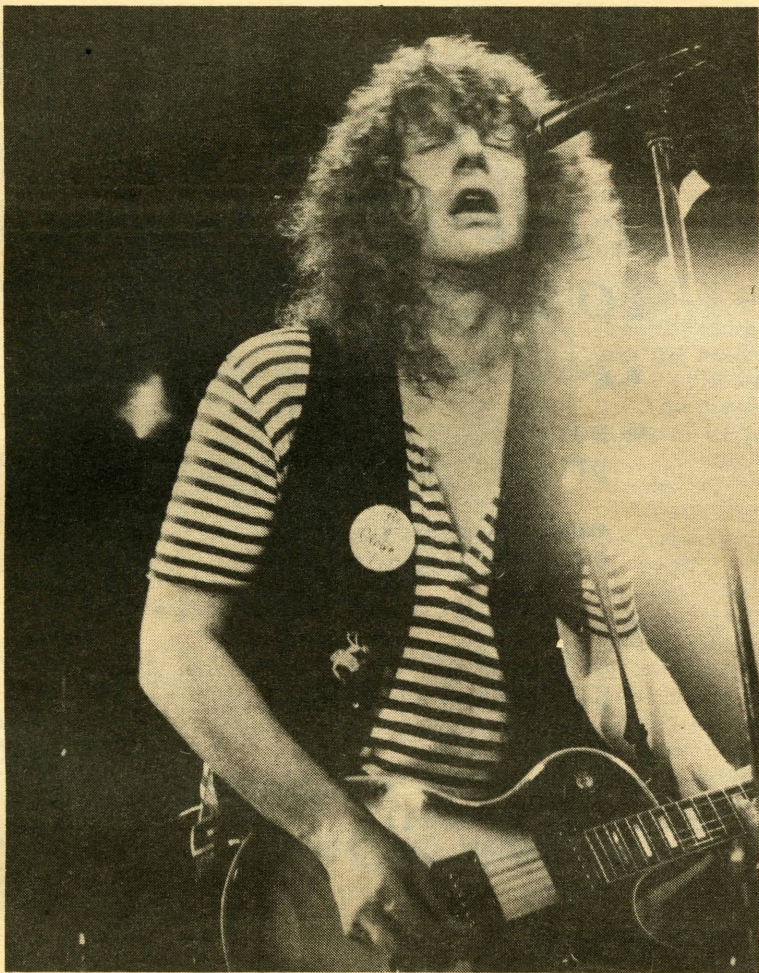
Without his shades Hunter looks ashen and older. His eyebrows and eyelashes are a very pale shade of red. His eyes look small and beady, like a pig's.

Hunter borrowed a pair of shades from his guitar player, and he later arranged to meet the kicked photographer backstage. Apparently, the only one ending up mad was the kicked photographer's escort. We're told she went over to the Fenway Motor Inn with Hunter and the guy who took her to the concert went home alone.

Incidentally, on page 333 in *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll* is a full-page picture captioned "An extremely rare photo of Ian Hunter, formerly of Mott the Hoople, without his shades, in Boston, 1974." It's actually a shot of Uriah Heep's David Byron.

## The Funk is Punk

GEILS PLAYED AT THE RAT IN early July under the name of Jimmy and the Jukejoints. The crowd looked as if it had been transplanted from Bunratty's. Peter Wolf, clean-shaven and wearing a beret with a yellow button pinned to its front, looked



Ian Hunter, Paradise

like Willie Alexander. The punk regulars seemed a bit miffed at the invasion of their seedy turf, but they obviously dug the excitement, or they would have left like they always do when a band they don't care for takes the stage. The celebrity aura attracted the tightest stagefront mass since the

Runaways. Girls hung by their arms from the crusty pipes, their thighs wrapped around beefy necks below them, while the band played eight songs, each a searing r'n'b attack. The sound was magnificent, especially J. Geils' solo during "One Last Kiss." As usual, Magic Dick's harp

solos made everyone ooh and ah. They are a sublime bar band. For one night, boogie mindlessness and punk chic stood shoulder to shoulder. The force-fed solidarity dissolved when the band left through the back door for the limos. But there weren't any fights.

## Be Nice

PRESIDENT CARTER ASKED US to say something good about our country whenever we had the chance. Here's ours:

1. We invented rock 'n' roll.
2. We have the fastest food.

## More Dead Kennedys

WHEN THE DEAD KENNEDYS from San Francisco played the Rat, lead singer Jello Biafra deliberately upset a table by the dance floor, spilling two pitchers of beer over Denny, formerly of the Stains. She now drums for Bound and Gagged, a female no-wave band. Denny, 5-foot-2, followed Biafra back on stage and clawed his body. Blood streamed down his chest and back as they wrapped up their first set.

Why'd you beat him up, Denny?  
My life was threatened.

Why did you beat up James Chance of the Contortions when they played at the Thayer St. loft?

For the same reason. He was beating up my friends, too.

Is your band any good?  
Of course.

Why do you have a chance of making it over anyone else?  
There's talent here.

How come you got kicked out of the Stains?

Personality and some certain someone not being able to handle other egos.

Why do you always wear pink?

Because it's so stupid. It's the stupidest color in the world. La-di-da.

"California Ueber Alles", the a-side of the Dead Kennedy's single, continues the punk trashing of hippie life-styles. Probably because they're from San Francisco, the song outlines a seething fantasy of a police-state headed by California's governor, Jerry Brown, whom the song portrays as a mellow despot.

Carter power will soon go away  
I will be fuehrer one day  
I will command all of you  
Your kids will meditate in school

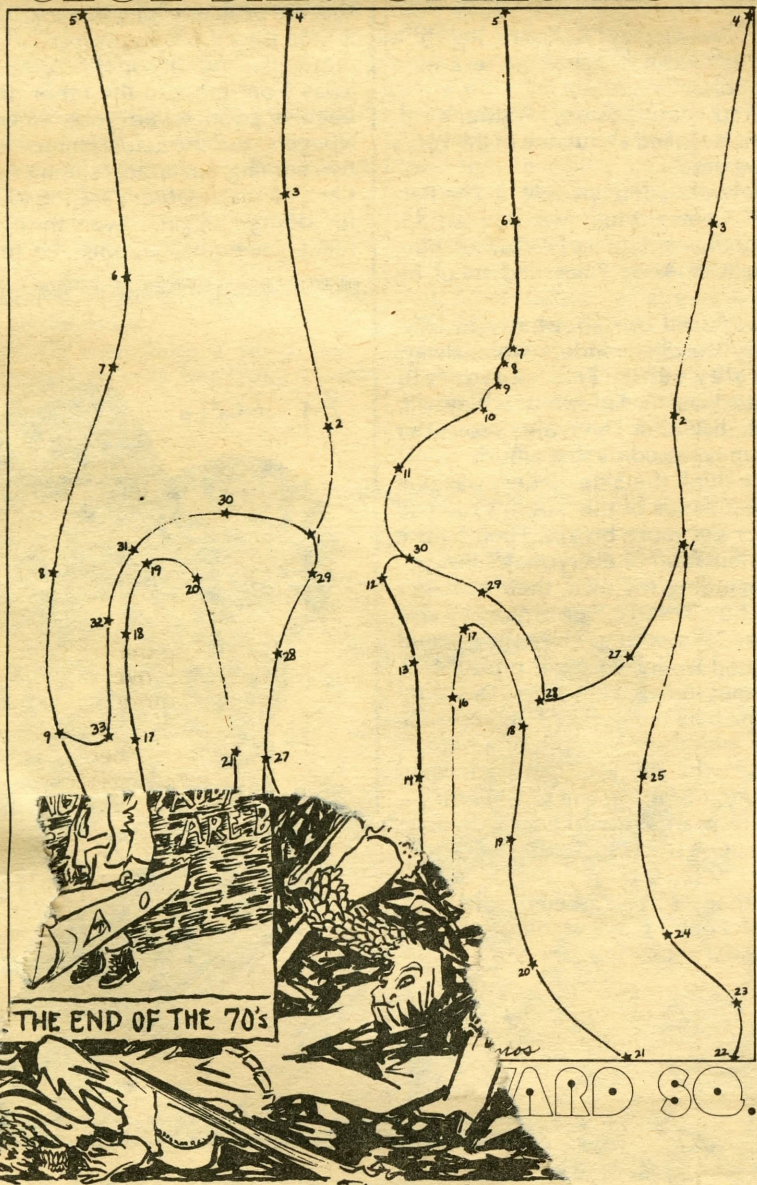
You will jog for the master race  
and always wear the happy face

The chorus is chilling. Biafra shrills the title with goose-stepping fervor. The band's solid bratwurst punk, lots of scraping noise, lots of thud.

The other side, "Man With The Dogs," is listenable, but doesn't sink in. They have another good song they did at their Rat gig called "Chemical Warfare". They were only in town for one night, a Wednesday. The first set was so bloody violent that no one went near them for the second.

You can get their single in a drastically-illustrated sleeve, lyrics included, by mailing \$2 to A.T. Records, 70 Lundys Lane, San Francisco, CA 94110.

## SHOE BIZ! OPENS AUG!



BY MAGNUS

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# Lenny Kaye

## I pledge allegiance to Patti Smith

- guitarist -- patti smith group
- mer records ltd.  
president/music of the most high  
man ah warrior  
tapper zukie
- rock 100  
w/david dalton  
grosset & dunlap  
1977
- crazy like a fox/rock me  
link cromwell  
reissue: ork records  
1977
- nuggets  
compiled by lenny kaye  
reissue: sire records  
1977
- sidewinders  
produced by lenny kaye  
rca records  
1972
- rock scene  
doc rock  
associate editor



Two weeks after the Patti Smith Group's sold-out show in May at the Orpheum Theater, I talked to Lenny Kaye in his Manhattan apartment. The evening before that show the group played the Capitol Theater in Passaic, N.J. The afternoon before it they opened in Amherst for the Grateful Dead before 30,000 people. I asked Lenny if the group had ever played three cities in 24 hours before.

"Never. New Jersey was the worst of the three, because we were the most tired, the most spaced out. We got to the Grateful Dead show without a lot of sleep, but we were alert. With the Grateful Dead, we had to do a tight hour set, which really focused us. We had to go out there, no bullshit, and knock the kids over quick. Then we came to Boston."

The Orpheum show was called, "An evening with The Patti Smith Group."

"There were no hassles in Boston. The hotel (Parker House) was really close to the hall so it wasn't a big drag to get there. We had a nice long soundcheck. The Boston show was the one that I would have paid money for. It was like the Easter of our shows, a precise statement with few loose ends. We're not a band that avoids loose ends. In fact, we usually revel in them. But we touched on Boston very cleanly. Different cities will bring out different ways we play. We're responsive, especially Patti, to moods and environments, and they often dictate what kind of show we'll do."

"In Boston I don't expect the kids to get crazy. Maybe they are, but I think that they came because we have intellectual content

in our music, and it appeals to their sense of intellectuality. Boston is a smart city, and I don't look on that as bad. I don't think rock 'n' roll has to be stupid."

The Orpheum show was nearly three hours long, including a twenty minute intermission, and it began with "So You Want to be (A Rock 'n' Roll Star)." Early in the show, after "Kimberly," Smith admitted to the crowd that her voice was shot. It was hoarse, and sometimes faltering. She offered the audience a refund, but there were no takers. She would ramble for minutes on end between songs about everything from Paul Revere ("Boston, you have a great heritage!") to Captain Kirk. At one point she jumped into the audience, strolled unmolested and sat down to watch her band perform "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Secret Agent Man."

Once she offered in the most innocent of voices, "Aren't I just the unpredictable little thing?" The next to the last song of the evening was "You Light Up My Life," the Debbie Boone hit.

"Patti loves that song," Kaye said. "God, it's a great love song. You can say, 'Ah, what a piece of schlock,' but listen to the words and the beautiful melody. Isn't that so nice to tell somebody that you light up my life?"

"We admit to ourselves that we like dippy music. I'm a big fan of disco music, for instance. I think the disco break and the reggae dub are closely affiliated with each other. It makes me laugh when people put down disco music and praise reggae. I think both are great dance musics. I like reggae as much as I like rock 'n' roll."

Was "Redondo Beach" considered reggae?

"Oh yeah. we play it a little different now because we understand reggae. I always thought "Redondo Beach," especially on the record, hears reggae the same way reggae originally heard American rhythm and blues. You know, we don't get it all right, but we get a kind of an indirectional mix-

ture of it. Now we play "Redondo Beach" a lot more Jamaican because we're a little more schooled."

We talked about Boston, his sister's college town. He joked about one of the PSG's first shows here.

"We only drew four people at The Performance Center when we opened for Holly Woodlawn (an early Warhol film) years ago with Andy Paley and six of his friends."

Kaye produced *The Sidewinders* in 1972. "To me, the Sidewinders were always Andy Paley and Eric Rosenfeld. I told him I saw the Sidewinders play with Aerosmith in 1972 at The Frolics soon after each group released its first album."

"I really think the Sidewinders was one of the great bands of the '70s. It's too bad they never got more breaks. Their failure was a combination of everybody's inexperience, including my own, their management, the record company, and themselves. If nothing else, they could have profited from a stronger producer. I don't exempt myself from any of this. But I thought the band combined FM hard-rock sensibility with the AM sense of a hook."

Was that why the PSG had performed "Secret Agent Man" at the Orpheum?

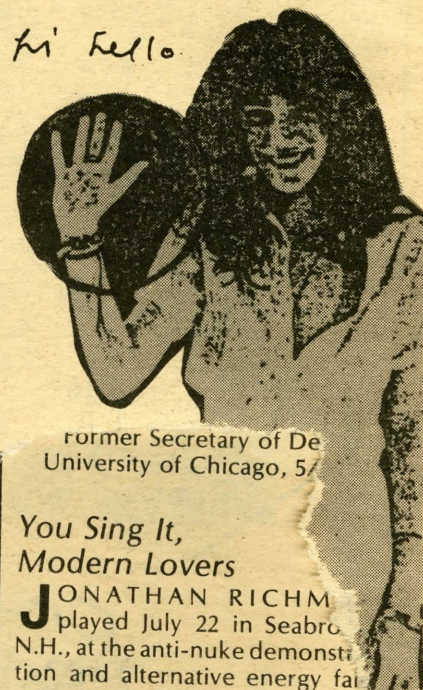
"Actually, yeah. We worked it up to do in Boston because it was such a big Sidewinders' tune."

Lenny smiled when I asked him what he thought of *Pebbles*, a new collection of David Byrne's original recordings for the first time.

"I got it when I got it. I wasn't anything from Berkowitz. It's how dumb they had brains. I kept it and sold it. I figured I was out of luck. Two weeks later I figured I was out of luck. I was shocked, so were the

roll connoisseur," of which many came from eastern Texas during the '60s acid punk movement. An Australian company released *Pebbles*, available here as an import.

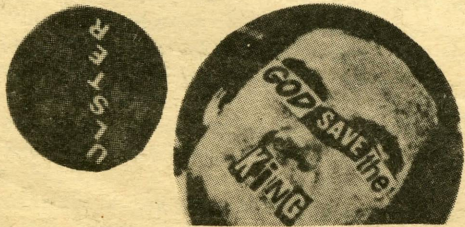
"Well, it's funny because I have to do that kind of stuff legally. I'd love to put out a second *Nuggets*. (The first, a double-record collection of '60s punk, was reissued last year by Sire Records.) But the major stumbling block to the record has been the impossibility of getting legal permissions for the songs, which belong to companies that are probably long in bankruptcy. I feel a little pissed off that something like *Pebbles* comes out. It sorta took my little baby away from me. On the other hand, it has been a good seven years since the last *Nuggets*, and the actual chances of volume two coming out appear slimmer each year. I'm glad that *Pebbles* gave me a little kudos for doing *Nuggets*, even though I don't really remember coining the term 'punk



former Secretary of De  
University of Chicago, 5/

### You Sing It, Modern Lovers

JONATHAN RICHMAN played July 22 in Seabrook, N.H., at the anti-nuke demonstration and alternative energy fair sponsored by the Clamshell Alliance. His solo acoustic performance of an original no-nuke tune and "I'm Nature's Mosquito" from his latest album charmed a crowd of 10,000, most of whom had apparently never heard of him. Due to tight scheduling, Richman couldn't answer the encore applause.



pretty soon  
you can buy  
a Dead Kennedy's single  
at your favorite store



rock,' which the record jacket claims."

I asked Kaye about the formation of the Patti Smith Group.

"Patti and I ran across each other when I worked at Village Oldies That's when we actually got friendly. She'd visit me, usually late on a Saturday night, and we'd play records that we both got off on. We're both from the same territory of the country, South Jersey. We related to a lot of the same music, but we never thought to have a band.

"Then she had this poetry reading coming up. So she asks me, 'Why don't you play guitar? I'm doin' some poems and you play guitar.' We didn't think it would be anything.

"There was little planning by the time we actually started playing regularly, which would be like once a month in some New York place. It was like a little art thing. You know how they have happenings? This was our little happening. And from there things just grew."

How did it grow into an Arista recording contract?

"We made our own record. By that time we had enough of a following to make the transition from poetry to rock 'n' roll. That's exactly what we did with *Horses*.

"The first job we played we did a song called 'Bad Boy,' with me playing electric guitar (does sound effects) dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, and going faster and faster and faster. Meanwhile, Patti would describe the story of a bad boy who had a Hudson Hornet and took it out in a race and had a crash. I would be building up to the car crash. We smashed into the wall at the same time, cooossh, there would be the crash. And I don't think it's anything different than what we do now. Essentially, what we're doing on 'Seven Ways of Going' is taking the whole band and building up everybody to a sonic car crash of sound."

In one of the PSG's songbooks was the poem 'Oath.' An introduction to the poem said it was "the beginning of a dream. in 1971 I wrote the poem oath. it was an expression of a promise. a persistence of remembrance of things future . . . we became five fingers of a hand folding in the fist that pumps for the most worthy fight of all. to raise rock n roll to its full potential." It became "Gloria." To some, it was sacrilegious. "Jesus died for somebody's sins/But not mine." It was still a promise. Was this Smith's vision or a promise that belonged to the whole band?

"We always believed to become a member of our band you have to believe in the promise, which is to believe in Patti. All of us have made a pledge of allegiance to work for the good of Patti Smith."

Was Smith the only lyricist? Did only the band write the music?

"Maybe I'll contribute a word, but I would never mess with her lyrics. I think



she's the best writer in rock 'n' roll. There's no way any of us can touch her. Patti's a poet and a musician. She also contributes to the music of the band. It's a very communal effort."

How did this translate to vinyl? Was there a songwriting process?

"There's two basic ways. One, it will start in live performance, like 'Rock 'n' Roll Nigger,' where in the space of a purposely undefined piece of music like *Radio Ethiopia* things will start developing. 'Rock 'n' Roll Nigger' came out of just a piece of *Radio Ethiopia*. We'd come back to it night after night, add a line here and there, find a new instrumental move or something. The song sorta grew organically. A lot of our early stuff is like that, like 'Gloria' and 'Land.' They were transoriented riffs we repeated until the bones of the arrangement became apparent. Other times we'll actually write music, and Patti will put words to it. Or she'll have a piece of music in her head and she'll sing it to us and we'll translate it. It's usually hashed out just like any band.

"Our musical taste encompasses every form of rock 'n' roll and music. To limit yourself to any one type of music is basically artistic suicide.

"Some people like 'Frederick.' They think it's a great dance song. Some people think it's a boring piece of disco bullshit. Some people like 'Seven Ways of Going.' They think it's great new wave art or whatever they're calling it. Other people think it's a pile of bullshit. Well, what can you do? All you can do is continue on."

What did the songs mean to the band?

"I think they are manifestations of the Patti Smith Group, what ever we are: the sum total of our five personalities with the internal logic of the band being Patti, the dominant personality. She's the brain, the vision, the central nervous system, and all of us have jobs off it, but it's all one organic body. I don't think people were into

accepting our group as a rock 'n' roll band for a while. I think that's why *Radio Ethiopia* got, ah, savaged."

How badly savaged was it?

"It certainly didn't go gold. It didn't go tin. But people kept bemoaning the fact that we turned into a heavy metal rock 'n' roll band. I think we always were. I think we always will be. But that's a very narrow way of lookin' at what we do. I mean, on *Radio Ethiopia* is also a cut which I think stands with the best of free jazz and improvisation. I think we were more of a free jazz band on that album in some ways than a heavy metal band, but, of course, that's even a little tougher to take for most people.

"I think that we're the only band I've ever seen that has the ability to transcend those kind of boundaries, and it's not because we're anything special. It's just because we chose early on not to be confined to category. And often it pisses people off because we're not any one thing, we're not classifiable. We try to function as niggers, to be outside the bounds of new wave society as much as old wave society as much as future wave society."

Jimi Hendrix was a nigger . . .

Outside of society

"I'd like to see Jimi Hendrix today. I don't care what he played, because I know he wouldn't be playing it the same way."

I mentioned that some people thought his sound was moving toward jazz.

"That's what they say. I don't know what he was starting to move toward. I'm very weary of that term jazz. What's jazz? To me, if he was moving toward jazz, he was moving toward a different, more liberal version of a form which he already mastered. Once you get out as far as Hendrix did, then you're beyond all musics, which to me is the real key of being a musician. To get to a point where you're not playing rock 'n' roll, you're not playing jazz, you're not playing reggae, you are playing sound. 'Cause when you're out there and you're just maneuvering sounds against each other, you are really indulging in the highest communication a musician can . . . no reference points, no cliches to fall into, no language, the Tower of Babel in music.

"I'm not sure the rock 'n' roll form is the best to achieve this kind of thing. But in terms of satisfying our other needs and urges, I'm a rock 'n' roll fan. I don't say it's better, I don't get off on it 'cause it's better than say jazz or classical music. The thing is I happen to get off on rock 'n' roll. I want my cake and I want to eat it too.

"What are we trying to say? What are the philosophical issues that Patti's spoken about in her work? They're the same as great novelists, the great painters. She's

concerned with humanity's place in relation to the universe. You know, the great metaphysical question of all time: man's relation to God."

I asked Kaye who God was to Patti Smith?

"The creative instinct. It just exists and so man's task is to connect himself with that volatile force, whether it's within him or without him. 'Cause once you connect, then you can sink into the belly of the universe. I know that when the band is locked together, all of a sudden there's somethin' that happens. Okay, say you're at a concert and you're playing great, the kids are great, and all of a sudden something happens where you get removed, a kind of ecstatic experience. You find yourself elevated to the point where you're in tune. Not only the guitar, but the tuning peg on top of your head, or your third eye or something. Suddenly, you're vibrating sympathetically with all the other strings of the universe."

Most people I know who have heard of Patti Smith find her very confusing and contradictory.

"From time immemorial, the human mind has tried to impose order on a basically unorderable existence. Life itself is a contradiction. Within contradiction there is tension. The tension between things moves us forward. The tension between living a comfortable life in a harsh world. I'm not saying that tension is good. I'm saying that it creates interest. The tension between a man and a woman, or a man and a man, or a dog or whatever. If you expect everything in life to fit together like a jigsaw puzzle, you're assuming a rationality that doesn't exist. Patti is connected, especially on stage, with her subconscious. She rambles a lot, because that's the way she's trained her mind to operate, so she can reach in and scoop out something quickly and as easily as possible."

Maybe she's dancing barefoot in bullshit on stage.

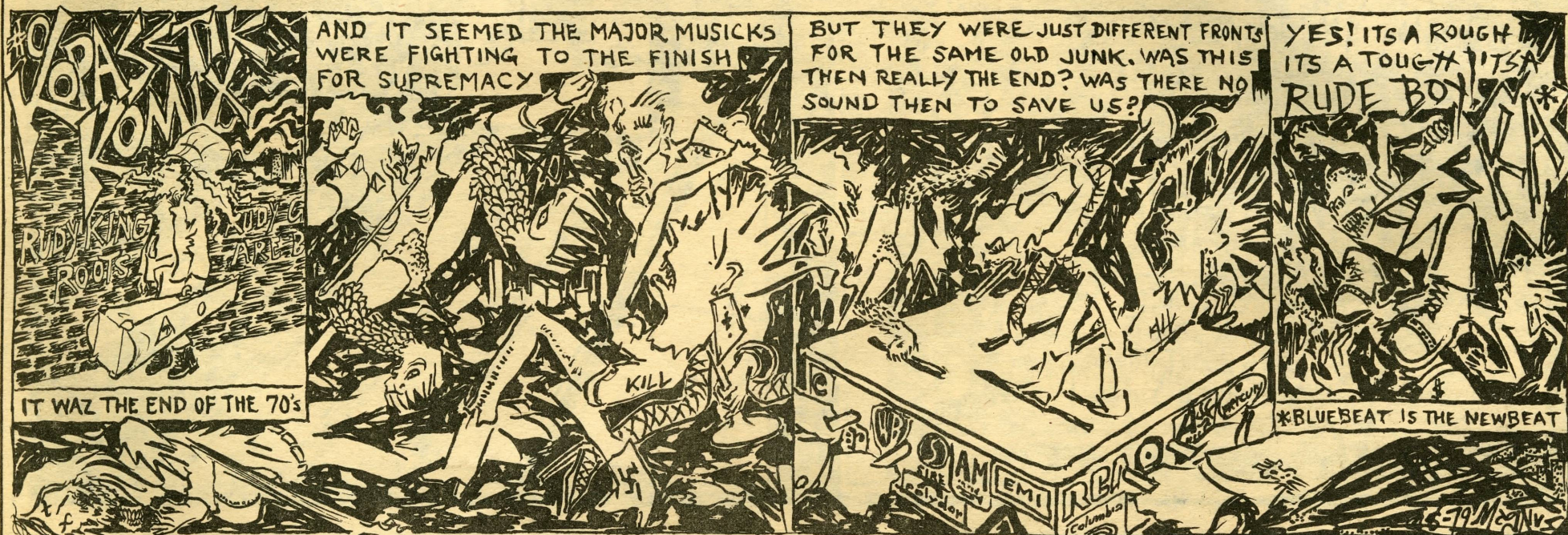
"Have patience. In the final analysis, it's not bullshit. If you listen to what she says, she's right.

"I feel like we fight all the time because people want us to be one thing or another. For years, people have been coming up to us with the one idea, the one package, that they conceive will put us over to the masses. Patti is a thirtyish chanteuse. Patti is a Suzi Quatro leather queen. The fact is that they are all one facet of a personality which is multi-faceted, and which refuses to be categorized."

Mick Jagger once said that he would rather be dead than sing "Satisfaction" at 45. How long will PSG be around?

"I'm not into death. I don't think it's romantic to off yourself even though it creates some myth around you. We're not in a hurry. We're older than most bands. We're more patient, and we've set up the band to be long-lived

—Dave Robertson



BY MAGNUS



8:00 A.M. AMY TILSDALE AND HER FRIEND JORDAN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO WORK.

# THE UNPLEASANT SUBWAY

WE'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK NOW JORDAN. WE'VE GOT JOBS. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE MONEY.

HERE'S OUR TRAIN!

OUR LIVES ARE SO BORING. SOMETIMES I HARDLY THINK IT'S WORTH THE EFFORT!

YEAH I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN JORDAN!

WELL GOODBYE AMY. THERE'S NO USE IN TALKING ABOUT THINGS ANYMORE. WHAT'S THE USE. I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF NOW!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA





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BY MARK BEYER



# GOT THE FEVER

THE FEVER AND HALLUCINATIONS HAVE PASSED. I CAN NOW SIT UP IN A WHEELCHAIR.

I AM ROLLING DOWN A FIERCELY POLISHED CORRIDOR IN A SAN DIEGO NAVAL HOSPITAL.

I had been in Vietnam five weeks. Then I got sick. The fever was mild at first, but after a few days I could hardly walk. I blacked out.

When I came to I could not talk. I slurred my words. Messages that I carefully composed came out garbled. People stopped answering my noises.

A prickling sensation began in my feet, rose through my legs and vanished. All feeling left my legs; I could no longer move them.

The doctors reached their conclusions at the foot of my bed in a field hospital.

One prodded my foot with a pin. He said I had ascending paralysis because of some tropical disease.

The other said they could do nothing for me.

They agreed to ship me out before I died. This would keep me off their death records.

I felt no sorrow. I felt no heaven or hell. I felt only the void. I had killed, and it made sense that I should die.

I had just one regret. I was eighteen and still a virgin. I did not want to die a virgin.

I thought people were profound when about to die. Not me. I felt ridiculous.

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT

at the neurology clinic.

The corpsman pushes my wheelchair into a freight elevator.

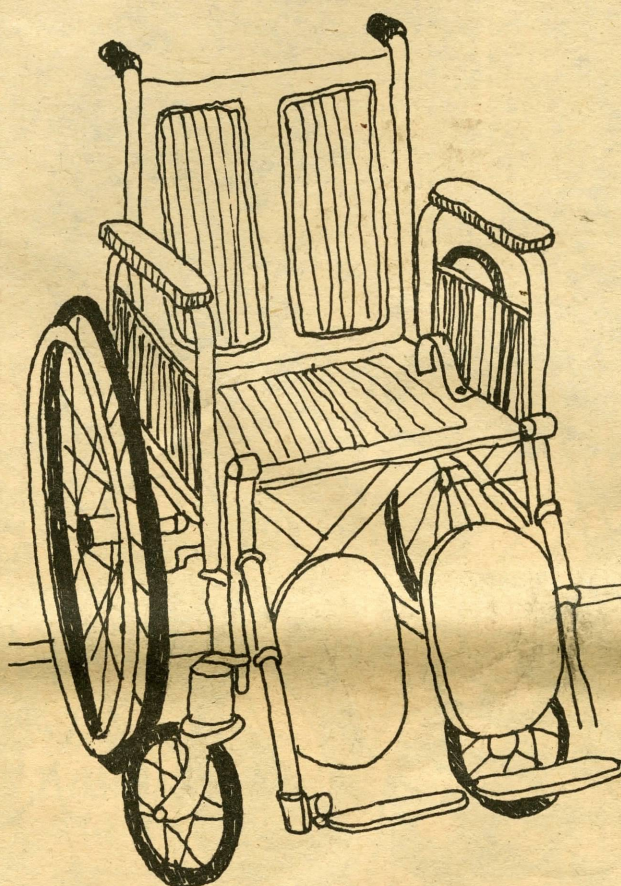
"We'll take the long way" he says. "I'll show you the hospital."

He begins his life story.

In the elevator he steps from behind the wheelchair and faces me, talking loudly, punctuating each sentence with a gesture.

I do not respond, yet he continues.

He rolls me out of the elevator and through another



hallway, past a sign that reads, "No Through Traffic, Restricted Ward."

"Where's the new nurse, Lt. Downing?" the corpsman asks at the desk.

He stops the wheelchair in the doorway of a cluttered room marked, "Isolation."

"Hi. What's up?" he asks.

"He just died," Nurse Downing answers.

She is tall. I look up to see her push her wire-rimmed glasses back up her nose. She is sweating. Strands of her blonde hair stick to her forehead under the white cap. She unties the white shapeless gown that must be worn around patients susceptible to infection. She resents the intrusion, but is too tired to protest.

"He come in last night?" the corpsman asks.

The nurse nods yes.

"Can I come in?"

He walks into the room before she answers. She steps in front of him.

"Would you please page Dr. Stinson?"

"Sure," he answers.

I wait outside the room and watch the nurse and patient. Ward gossip had quickly spread the dead man's story. On patrol, he stepped on a land mine. The explosion tore open most of his ribs, but left his vital organs intact.

Some corpsman said they could see his heart beat. They always talk about strange injuries with a certain kind of pleasure. They want to "get used to seeing bad shit."

The nurse holds a hairpin between her teeth and adjusts her cap. She stares at the dead man as if she's trying to remember something.

She attempts to pull the wrinkles from her crumpled white uniform. Methodically she turns off the breathing machine and shuts off the bottles of dripping fluid.

She smooths the sheet covering the dead patient and disentangles the tubes, the tube to the hole in his throat, the tube to the vein in his arm and the tube to his bladder.

Her mouth drops open as she tries to close the dead man's eyes. His eyes retract automatically. They don't stay shut like in the movies.

I could have told her that. She must be new here.

When people die their last emotions freeze into their eyes. In death some look peaceful, happy to be left alone. Some look surprised, and others wear a grimace that proves their last moment was their greatest pain.

The nurse steps back from the bed still staring at the corpse. Her brown eyes are wide open and watery. She is tomboyish. Her dress is a little too large, and her white stockings sag at the knee. We look at the dead man.

About ten minutes pass. A balding man in a white lab coat enters and asks when his patient died. He glances at the dead man as the nurse hands him the medical records, then frowns as he signs the required forms.

"He should have been dead long ago," he says with the tone of a prophet.

He hands the records back to the nurse and adds, "Wrap him. We need the bed." He leaves.

The nurse sighs. Maybe she spent the last eight hours cleaning the dead man's diarrhea.

"He came to die," she mutters.

She looks at my face. My face is bony, and there are dark circles under my eyes. I adjust the sheet covering my legs and notice my hands and how my skin stretches tight over my knuckles. I try to cover myself with the sheet, but I do not avoid her gaze.

The corpsman returns, and we resume our journey. Another corpsman will wrap the body.

I roll down the hall, through a door leading outside, and into a large courtyard.

"Wait here," he says and walks away.

A few sailors talk as they wait in a straggly line. Other patients in wheelchairs sit in the sun.

A young man, very young, in a wheelchair next to mine wears only pajama trousers. Pockmarks cover his face, arms and chest. Most of them are small and healing, but some still fester. He was good looking before he was hit. Now he's a monster.

"A frag, man, a frag did a job on him," someone says.

"Shut the fuck up," someone answers.

The young man's empty eyes stare at the dusty concrete. I wonder if he feels the bliss of meditation, or if he's just a moron.

A fat corpsman in white walks out into the middle of the sick, crippled group.

"You guys hafta be rescheduled. Can't fit you all in today," he says.

ON MY WARD THERE ARE

about twenty beds. Thin plywood sheets painted grey separate each bed from the others. A bed and small cabinet are crammed into each cubicle.

My cubicle is one of the few with a window.

I spend the rest of the day looking out my window into the Pacific Ocean.



## NURSES WASH ME, CHANGE

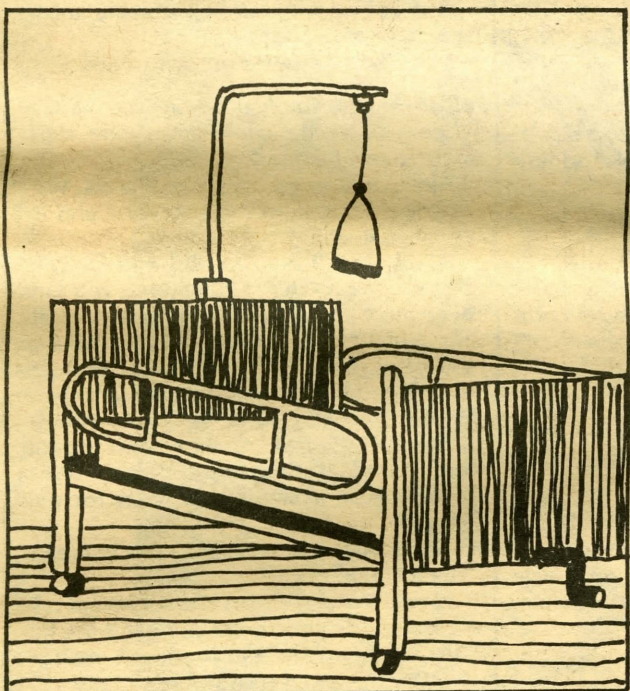
the sheets, and place trays of food before me, but I do not eat. I pour my meals into the trash bucket near my bed. No one notices.

I quietly loathe myself. They told me I will live as a cripple, and I want to die instead.

When I enlisted in the marines I didn't have a girlfriend. I was just an average student, and I wasn't good in high school sports.

I had never seen a human die.

I knew some marines wouldn't return, and some would be wounded, but I didn't think it would happen to me.



ILLUSTRATIONS: KEITH McHENRY

In boot camp I was always among those who finished first in drills and on the rifle range. It was the first thing in my life I really did well. I wanted to make PFC right away.

I had been appointed squad leader just before I twisted my knee. They sent me to a medical rehabilitation platoon and excused me from training until the knee healed.

During that time I was given a token assignment, picking up cigarette butts around the motivation platoon's quonset hut.

The motivation platoon was for another group of recruits held back from regular training, those who didn't adjust. They were draftees who said they were conscientious objectors, recruits who cried at night for mom, recruits who went AWOL, and other recruits who no longer wanted to become marines.

As I finished the work I heard screams coming from the motivation platoon's quonset hut. A drill instructor and a chaplain were shouting at a recruit. "Stop being a baby," they said, "Face training like a man." I could hear the recruit crying, "Leave me alone, leave me alone." The drill instructor and the chaplain beat the recruit into a nervous breakdown.

That recruit later drank a can of brass cleaner. He told no one what he had done. During the silence his stomach corroded. He finally told them just before he died. They say he died happy, glad it was all over.

I kept hoping I would be discharged because of my knee. But I finished boot camp.

Afterwards I had a vague plan about deserting to Canada, but like almost everyone else I went home on leave and spent my time getting drunk. And like most everyone else who returned from leave I received orders for Vietnam.

My first week in Vietnam I rode on the back of a deuce and a half (a two and one half ton truck) on my way to my

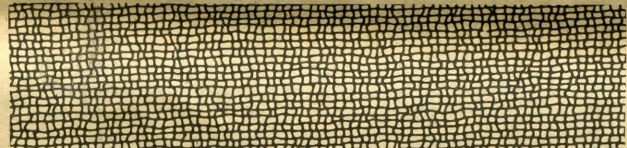
unit. The sergeant leading the replacements yelled for the truck to stop when he saw a Vietnamese woman walking alongside the road carrying a bundle on her head. The sergeant aimed his M-16, squeezed the trigger and we watched her head explode.

The fat, moist sergeant said he did it because she was a "gook". He wanted to impress us. He had over 50 confirmed kills that he'd tell you about when he got drunk, which was often. Nearly everyone looked up to him. He was a hero.

After that murder all I wanted was to serve my tour, make it go as fast as possible and get the hell out.

Like some, I didn't shoot myself in the foot, or throw down my weapon and walk into enemy fire. I didn't want to do anything because it would mean I would have to make a decision. I could not make a decision. I could not make sense out of anything I had seen. But I did rebel in small ways. I refused to take my malaria pills, and I started getting high. Dope was cheap, and it numbed the worry.

I could smoke opium. I could snort heroin. I could drive my tank. I could load the 90mm. shells. I could tell myself, "I'm not really here. I'm fucked up."



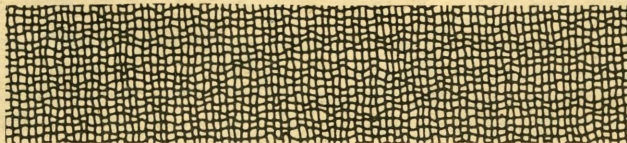
## EACH DAY THE DOCTOR

makes his rounds, pronouncing some patients well and prescribing treatment for the others. Each day the blonde-haired nurse with the wire-rimmed glasses accompanies him.

Almost every night I have the same dream.

I am driving a 52-ton M-60 A-3 tank through a field of mud. I throw the right track, and in an instant I hop out to begin repair. I fall twisting my knee, and land on my ass in the mud. I look up to see the barrel of an AK-47 rifle held by an NVA regular. He is laughing. I hold my automatic in both hands shooting-range style. I squeeze the trigger before the NVA regular can squeeze his, but my weapon is jammed. Nothing happens. He is still laughing, watching the fear in my eyes. I feel warm urine seeping down my legs. The NVA's head shatters, and I look back to see that my tank commander has shot him from the cupola. Most of the time I wake up to a wet bed.

Now I am sweating, breathing hard from the dream and smelling the vomit and the rotting flesh on the ward. The smell reminds me of Vietnam when I discovered the body of a marine three weeks dead, missing a leg and a face. That smell fills me with a revulsion of everything human. When a new patient is admitted with a crushed limb or an infected wound, the smell of green vinyl body pads arrives with him, and I will lie awake and try to ignore the smell.



## IT IS VERY QUIET NOW.

Most of the patients are out on pass. Only the very sick remain. I'm glad of that. I want to be alone. In the hospital I am rarely alone.

While staring at the ceiling I notice the blonde haired nurse standing over my bed.

I like to look at her on the ward, but have never spoken to her. With my invalid's increased power of concentration I have looked up her dress as she bent over to attend a patient. I have counted the strands of her hair as it fell from under her cap, and I have tried to penetrate the translucence of her white uniform as she stood before a window. When she would look at me I would wipe away all expression and stare blankly ahead. Like the others, I feign indif-

ference. She waits longer this time, probably hoping I'll say something.

"Are you feeling all right?"

I am silent.

"I'd like to talk. I like to get to know my patients . . . you must feel pretty bad, huh?"

I don't say a word to her, but I resolve to do so tomorrow night.

I want to kiss and touch her, yet I wonder how I can ever wish her to do that with me. I am a killer, I am ugly and I am sick.

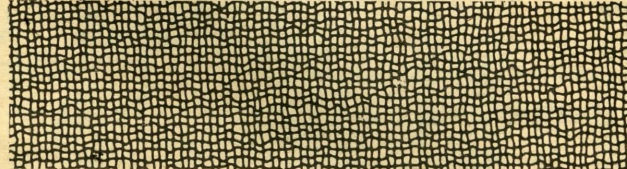


Still every night I wait for her to come and talk to me. We talk about how we both hate the war. When she sits on my hospital bed I move my hand closer to hers. What would she do if I touched her? She talks about her hometown in Michigan. She says one of her brothers was killed in Vietnam.

"The only way the Navy will discharge me is if I get pregnant," she tells me.

That embarrasses me.

I am still a virgin, and I still can't move my legs.



## I PUSH MY WHEELCHAIR

down the hall to get a glimpse of her before she signs off. I hear talk. The retired sailor who was admitted last night is dead. He died last night, and he is still sitting up hunched over his bedstand.

This morning some of the patients are cleaning the ward.

They argue about who will mop his room. They agree to let the nurses do it.

"Hey nurse, hey corpsman, somebody get the fuck over here. This guy is dead."

Down the hall I can see the nurse with the wire-rimmed glasses put on her sweater.

"Two straight shifts . . . I'm glad I'm getting transferred."

She steps into the elevator and off the ward.

I wheel myself to a window. Through the window I can see her getting into a blue Volkswagen with one of the doctors.

—Michael Mayhan



In October (1975) the Sex Pistols were put together by Malcolm McLaren in his clothing shop Let It Rock, and they began secret rehearsals . . . Bomp magazine

The Infliktors played their first gig Halloween, 1975. From there they developed a sort of high nihilism that still pervades the local scene — Unnatural Axe could be their younger brothers. In Boston and New York they attracted a significant following, but have yet to make it big. Perhaps this is because their stage antics, led by singer Lee Ritter, a captivating rodent-like creature with speed-freak eyes, have often crossed the line between bizarre fun and sadism. Ritter has attacked his audience verbally, once screaming "shithead" at a passive observer, and physically, once throwing toy boats and raw meat at an Inn Square Men's Bar crowd. He demands attention and then abuses it with childishness and intimidation. When the Infliktors were at the apex of their career, a 1977 Phoenix review predicted, "Unless they recognize the difference between violent despair and despairing violence, they will find they have no place to go either philosophically or commercially."

Well, the Infliktors' money and spirit ran out seven months ago, but two of their songs have been rescued from oblivion. Shortly before they split, Rick Harte, a local producer, recorded the Infliktors and released a single, "Cigarette"/"Survive." The band is reforming after they find another bass player. Paul Carter, who plays on the single, quit.

What were your reactions to the single?

**Gary Cook:** I'll be able to say a lot easier once I hear it over the radio, late at night, just like any other song I listen to. It was the first single we ever did, so it's really strange because we have nothing to base it on.

What was the desired effect of the additional back-up vocals?

**Lee Ritter:** Actually, we wanted a whole bunch of female singers, but none of them showed up. Arty Plummer was the only one that came.

**Cook:** We wanted it to sound like there were a lot of people there, from all walks of life. Females, truckdrivers, anything.

Who will be your bass player when you reform?

**Cook:** Dunno yet. We've always had trouble with bass players. They always seem to have attitudes, not that the Infliktors don't have attitudes, it's just a different one.

**Ritter:** The attitude from our bass players turned out negative in the end.

**J.D. Sky:** Counter-energy.

Who are your heaviest musical influences?

**Sky:** Reggae, the Police, blues, old John Mayall, r'n'b stuff.

**Cook:** Of course, the Beatles, Stones, Dylan.

**Ritter:** Kinks, Eno.

How come you rarely hang out at the local clubs?

**Ritter:** There's no one really worth seeing.

Don't you feel that you should keep in touch with what's going on?

## Oh, no! The return of The Infliktors



l-r: Lee Ritter, J.D. Sky, Gary Cook, Paul Carter

**Ritter:** You only have to see it once. It doesn't take very long to understand where it is.

Wasn't Kit Dennis your original bass player?

**Cook:** Yeah. Kit left a year ago last August.

So Carter didn't play with you all that long. Did you know him before?

**Cook:** He had been a friend all along. We played with him for a year, but we didn't have any bookings in N.Y. at all. It was a struggling process, but we did get our fans.

**Ritter:** Yeah, but we weren't going anywhere.

It's strange that many of the local bands still wear your t-shirts on stage.

**Cook:** The bands always loved us.

Did Lee write most of the material?

**Ritter:** Well, it started out that way, but it changed. Gary and I started writing stuff, Joel and I wrote some stuff, Carter and I wrote some stuff. We all wrote some stuff together. Gary and I wrote "Survive," and I wrote "Cigarette."

Almost everyone who has heard the single likes "Survive" better than "Cigarette," which surprises me.

**Ritter:** It's probably a more commercial song.

What do you think about the Moonies?

**Ritter:** I don't think anything about them.

**Sky:** Don't they try to brainwash people?

Lee, you used to have a ponytail, didn't you?

**Ritter:** No. We all had really long hair in the beginning. J.D. had a Noel Redding haircut.

Gary, you cut everyone's hair, don't you?

**Sky:** He cuts mine. I wouldn't go to anyone else.

Was there any time that you thought you might land a record contract?

**Ritter:** Of course.

No, I mean was there any time a company was really hot after you?

**Ritter:** Well, you know, when the picture came out in Time magazine . . .

What picture in Time magazine?

**Ritter:** You mean you never saw my picture in Time magazine. It was an article about punk rock, in the youth crime issue, summer of '77.

Did it lead to anything?

**Sky:** No. We waited.

**Ritter:** If we had someone to push us like a bitch right then, we probably would have hit.

Did the absence of a manager keep you back?

**Ritter:** Yeah.

Did you really want one?

**Ritter:** We did! When Steven (Tyler) from Aerosmith used to come and see us, he always used to say, "You guys just need a fucking manager. You guys are great. You are as good as we are. You're as good a songwriter as I am, as good a singer. You

guys are just as good as us, all you need is a manager."

So you never found one?

**Ritter:** We could never find anyone that we could trust.

**Sky:** We gave everyone that wanted a chance.

**Ritter:** They sucked.

What you are saying is that no one really believed in you enough?

**Ritter:** Obviously not. It was mostly temporary enthusiasm. You know how enthusiasm goes away. It's always temporary, but creativity goes on.

As things went downhill, did everything become difficult among the members of the band?

**Ritter:** Not really, with Carter maybe.

**Sky:** Of course, a few of us had to live together in the same place. No one can live and work together as far as I'm concerned. I didn't wash the dishes, and in the middle of a song, "You suck because you didn't wash the dishes."

**Cook:** [Mimicking] You suck because you don't wash dishes. I don't want to do this song because you didn't buy toilet paper.

**Sky:** We always put the band first.

Did you all know how to play your instruments when you started? (the question causes general laughter)

**Cook:** We had the same teachers the Monkees had.

**Sky:** I used to have my Mel Bay books.

**Ritter:** Two thousand chords. He knows about 603 now.

**Sky:** Then he came out with Book II.

What do you think the reactions will be when you come back? (Everyone starts spitting and hissing)

**Sky:** They can't help but like us. We'll throw chicken livers at everyone and call them ratheads.

**Cook:** It will all be for fun, and we won't expect a damn thing. Sometimes you kind of feel like you're just prostituting yourself. Some night after another gig you make six dollars or something, and you just miss getting slugged in the jaw, and then you spend \$14 on your way home for a cab. You get home and your apartments been robbed. Stuff like that, but after a couple of days of recuperation you think of ideas for new songs.

**Ritter:** The whole objective is to create, to get it out.

**Cook:** What else can you do except take what's inside your head and get it the hell out of there? It really doesn't matter whether it's liked or not.

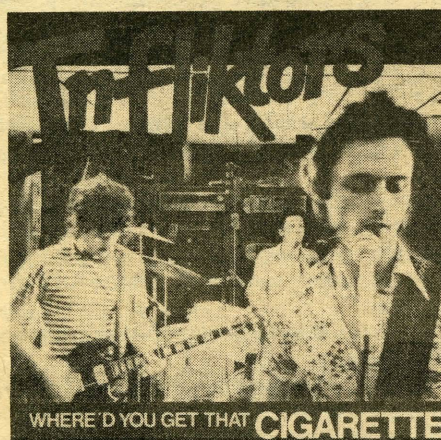
I think the crowd felt a little inhibited when Lee would jump up on the tables and scream.

**Ritter:** It did inhibit them

**Cook:** A lot of people told us that, and we used to think, well Jesus, what are we doing? They just sit there with this expression, "all right, make me move, just try." It's like almost a New York audience. They just sit there and say "Impress me."

**Sky:** If you committed suicide, they'd only ask you to do it again.

—Trude Koby



The Infliktors sing about the dregs of society, the lunatics and failures that justify their high nihilistic tone. Their first single "Cigarette"/"Survive" (Ace of Hearts Records) focuses on two losers.

"Cigarette" is about Georgie, a street creep who thrives on pot and weird parties. The song chugs on a heavy bass line with light cymbal crashes coasting on top, and then rushes ahead, slammed by J.D. Sky's bruising lead guitar. The shifting tempo creates a tension something like those few seconds before the first punch in a fight, with Sky's long bent notes suggesting something's about to snap — maybe Georgie? Leadsinger Lee Ritter's menacing delivery begins on a hiss and follows with

gutsy, prodding, sometimes unintelligible lyrics: "Where'd ya get that cigarette!" Georgie demands, eyeing you as a potential score, just like the Infliktors used to look at their audience. Georgie is hopeless.

"Survive" sounds more commercial. It opens with a stiff rhythm guitar, which is evened by Sky's fragile lead riffs. The tugs and twists in Ritter's voice evoke despair as he tells the story of Juan Romero:

Juan Romero got a job  
Working in a factory turning knobs,  
Worked fifteen years, never got a raise  
Never got nothing . . .

But he tried, yea he tried,  
Everybody wants to survive.

Juan Romero too much more  
Got himself a .44,  
He started dreamin',  
Killed 24 people in one night,  
Now he's dreamin' away his life  
He's dreamin' and dreamin'.

Ritter sings this song compassionately, a rare sentiment for him, as if he understands the hopelessness many, like Romero, feel as they go day to day.

Now I'm really biased, because I love the Infliktors. They're the first punk band I saw, and the record appeals to me just because of nostalgia. Still, the production captures them, and the performances are powerful. This record, therefore, is a worthwhile purchase.







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**"DEFENDERS OF THE MICROWORLD"**



**BY GREGORY SCOTT**

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## DIRT

BY D.A.



D.A. lounges in his Allston flat.

**W**ELCOME, MY FRIENDS, TO THE world of *Dirt*. We all see it, breathe it, eat it, live it . . . and love it. Now, here's your chance to read some.

*Dirt* is a potpourri of events, past and present, for the ever-active socialite. *Dirt* can be fun or offensive, pain or pleasure, vice or virtue. Allow *Dirt* to serve as an invitation or a warning, but always take it with a grain of salt. It goes down much easier.

As a public service to *Subway News* readers in these inflationary times, we present an item of importance to every self-respecting scenemaker: the cheap drunk. Without a doubt, the gay community offers the most complete "guide to get fried for pennies a day" in the area. One of the more popular techniques employed by the gay merchant is the always exciting "2 for 1" night. It is somehow strangely satisfying to enter a bristling nightclub, softshoe your way over to the bar, order a highlife, casually flip a Susan B. Anthony down on the Formica, and receive two tall twelve-ounce cold ones for your hard-earned coin and your poor parched palate. It instills a feeling of gratitude, along with a newly-discovered sense of generosity, and the financial contentment of realizing that you have made a sound business investment.

Just imagine — eight gin-and-tonics for a fiver on the next hot summer night when it's a day before payday. That, thrifty Americans, is capitalism in its finest hour. Not only do the drinks taste better, but so does the boy at the end of the bar. "2 for 1's" can be found every night of the week except for date nights — Fridays and Saturdays. An abbreviated schedule follows:

**Sun:** Boston Boston, 15 Lansdowne St.  
Paradise Cafe, Mass. Ave., Camb.

**Mon:** 1270, 1270 Boylston St.

**Tues:** 1270

**Wed:** The Bar, 252 Boylston St.

**Thur:** 1270

Sporters, Cambridge St., Boston

Merrimac, Merrimac St., Boston

We at *Dirt* applaud this example of crass, competitive commercialism and would

love to see it spread beyond the confines of the gay culture.

**Slazo Films** brings you *Straight to Hell*, a motion picture of epic proportions that has debuted in private screenings throughout



Boston this summer. The story of a good girl gone bad is anything but new, but the twisted treatment of this storyline refreshingly slaps the face of this tired format.



Ted DiBiase, Tito Santana

**Tontileo Lipshitz**, playing herself, heads the no-star cast of absurd eccentrics as the innocent farm girl who leaves green acres in search of glamour in the big city. Forced into a life of crime for survival, she catches the attention of Krime Czar, portrayed by **Greg Howe**, the mad glitter gangster with a feverish furniture fetish. Mr. Czar, jealous over Ms. Lipshitz's current crime wave, has her kidnapped and forced into re-upholstering an entire parlor full of antique pieces. Ransom for Tontileo is high — a new three-piece sectional couch. The diabolical Krime succeeds in planting an atomic bomb in Tontileo's cranium with the aid of an unsterilized corkscrew to make "the good name of Lipshitz synonymous with Three Mile Island." Soon



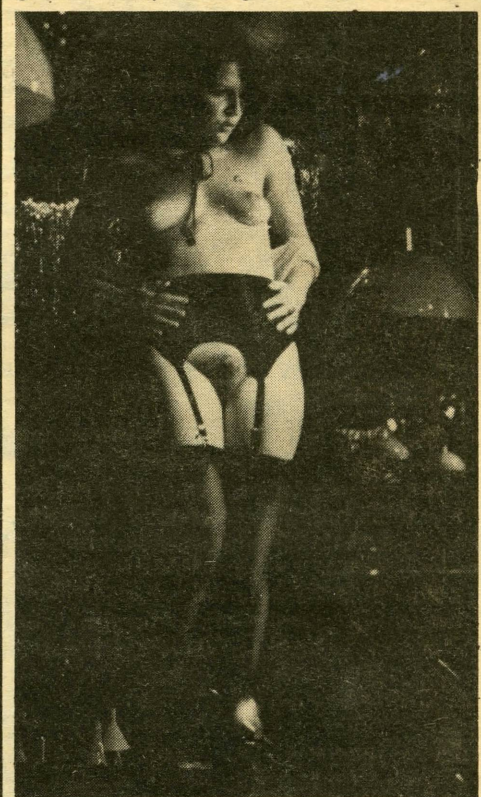
after, our heroine offs Czar and is released on an unsuspecting Jordan Marsh. Songs by **Willie Loco Alexander**, "Radio Heart" and "Beat Me to It," are featured in the wild party sequence that is a definite delight. Music by **Eno** and **Devo** along with the love theme from *Romeo and Juliet* highlight the remainder of the score. Watch for *Straight to Hell* coming soon to your living room, along with another **William Holslag** feature, *They Came From Beyond Velveeta*. And coming later this fall, Ms. Lipshitz returns to the silver screen with her own production of *I Can't Get That Monster Off My Mind*, featuring **J.D. Sky**, in a role he patented, as a corpse.

**Rocking Riki Reynolds**, popular waiter at the 1270 homo haven and part-time circus performer, was practicing his famous high-and-wired act at his Back Bay apartment while concentrating a little too hard on his hero — **Carl Wallenda**. Completing an uncanny likeness to the famous falling father Wallenda's show-stopping stunt perfected in Cuba last year, Riki fell some 35 feet onto his concrete courtyard, breaking his back. Riki immediately decided to move to **Beth Israel** for R&R. During his stay there, Mr. Reynolds has developed a new line of fashion for the '80s — plaster tank tops. A recent party of champagne and novocaine was held for Riki in the penthouse solarium of Ms. Israel's luxurious institution. The crowded observatory cleared out in minutes as Mr. Reynolds' entourage managed to offend patients and staff alike. Chilled mums, aged Thai sticks, and a breath-taking view of the Fens were served. While recuperating, Rockin' Riki posed for the Health and Hospital Association as their 1979 poster child. So be sure to

look for Riki up against the wall on your street corner. On July 8th, the 1270 held a benefit dinner for their incapacitated *maitre d'* to help pay his bills and illegal habits. In honor of Reynolds, chicken was served. Upon hearing of the surprise charitable event in his behalf, the always astute Mr. Reynolds was quoted as muttering: "No ludes are good ludes."

**Dezi Bollette**, part-time lyricist for **Human Sexual Response**, and occasional guest singer for the **Girls**, is also a puppeteer extraordinaire. The ever-responsible Monsieur Bollette is currently making final preparations for his first one-man puppet show. Set in 18th century Venice, this mystery-comedy features such superstars as **Contessa Vinagretta de Pimento** and the **Duchessa Falalalala**. Tentatively titled *The Grand Canal Murders*, the production will showcase not only the puppet wizardry, but also the outrageous sense of campy decadence that Dezi possesses. Dezi's creations are vividly brought to life by means of extravagant flowing gowns, distinctively drastic make-up, ultra-ornate hair styles and colors, and severity of countenance that hasn't seen the like since **Katherine Hepburn** played *The Mad Woman of Chaillot*. In essence, Mr. Bollette projects his characters with the same flamboyant flavor of fashion that he employs in his own excursions into psychodrag that have made him an underground oddity for years. Having penned such musical sonnets as "Beauty Brigade," "Horror Movies," and "High Temper," Dezi's last puppet performance at the Puppet Showplace in Brookline Village attracted an audience the place had never seen the likes of. Besides the million screaming rugrats that groveled about on the floor, the remaining humanoids were represented by a vast array of rock and roll luminaries, including members of **La Peste**, the **Cars**, the **Girls**, **Human Sexual Response**, as well as **Mrs. Denton** and **Carmen Monoxide**. So, for a good time, watch for *The Grand Canal Murders* in and around your neighborhood.

Don't forget those hardworking career girls that keep rocking in the Combat Zone.



The lovely **Vanessa Karess** vibrates nightly at the Intermission with her colleague in crime, **Ginger Snap**. The mysterious **Kim Moon** captivates crowds at the Pussycat, and **Miss Shirley Bliss** continues to keep everyone guessing within the intimate confines of the Caribe. Exercise your right as an American and worship in the pleasure palace of your choice.

Dream Team of the Summer Award goes to those variant gents in the squared circle, **Tito Santana** and **Ted DiBiase**. May they capture the belts as well as each other.

Thanks to **Francis Toohey** and *Hit Parade* for the plug in Homo-Side, and for continuing the legacy of "The Lone Ranger."

See you in the next subway, where it's easy to stay clean and still get all the *Dirt*.



**W**ILLIE ALEXANDER ENTERED the studio in July to record a four-song demo, all new tunes. His producer Craig Leon plans on shuffling copies around to the record companies, some of which are already interested. Since he's in between phases and not keen on showing his current hand, Willie and his girlfriend, Billie Montgomery, endured an interview over a liver dinner and cocktails about his career with the Lost. Along with the Remains, the Lost played the clubs, and the English invasion dominated the charts. Their raucous and stoned live show apparently scared Capitol Records, who dropped them after recording three singles, which were hits in Massachusetts and New York. The companies then wanted safe, clean-cut sounds

like the Beach Boys, with whom the Lost toured. The three singles now fetch \$5 and more at the r'n'r flea markets. The band formed at the end of 1964 and broke up early in '67.

Their three Capitol singles were, in order: "Maybe More Than You"/"Backdoor Blues," "Violet Gown"/"Mean Motorcycle," and a remake of the second, "Violet Gown"/"No Reason Why."

The personnel on the records were: Ted Meyers, Lee Mason, Kile Garrahan, Walter Powers, and Willie. Myers now lives in Hollywood and is a songwriter. Mason is a drummer on the Cape. Garrahan, after an acting career in the Paris theater, lives in the Caribbean and plays guitar in his brother's club. And Powers, of course, is the bassist in Marc Thor's band.

## LOCO

### THE LOST OVER LIVER

*What were you doing before the Lost?*

Willie: I was a surrealist beatnik painter. I went to college at Goddard for a few semesters. When I was at Goddard the Lost came together. Barry Tashian [Remains] produced the demo of the band that got Capitol interested in us.

*I've heard you were brought straight from the hospital to produce that demo. What's the story?*

Billie: He was put in the hospital because he wasn't eating. He was just drinking wine.

Willie: I was committing suicide at the time.

Billie: He was diagnosed as having malnutrition and acute pancreatitis.

Willie: I didn't really quit eating. There was just no food.

Billie: Also, his parathyroid glands were screwed up. That's the gland that regulates the calcium in your system. When he went to the hospital he was having fits and convulsions. He almost died.

*You almost died before the whole Lost career began?*

Willie: Yeah. It would have been alright. I didn't have that many songs written that time anyway.

*Are there any copies of the Tashian produced demo left?*

I never really heard the demo. I don't think so. Somebody stole it.

*How'd the Lost get such a big reputation off three singles?*

Probably from our live shows. They were totally stoned. We didn't look like anyone else. In those days guys had to wear short hair-cuts to keep down jobs.

*What sort of covers did you do?*

Did a couple by Mose Allison, Chuck Berry, Stones and Beatles. We started the shows off with Bo Diddly's "Who Do You Love?". We did a couple of Ronnettes tunes, like "Do I Love You." The other half were originals.

*Why didn't Capitol record an album by the Lost?*

No one had albums then. You needed two hit singles to record an album. They didn't know how to market us. They thought we were a lost cause. We were mobbed in a lot of places, like Worcester and New York, but the record company didn't know what to do with us.

*You were mobbed in Worcester?*

Yeah. We were like number three, our record, on the radio station in that town, and we did a Danny Thomas benefit for muscular dystrophy. Girls were throwing their shoes at us. The guys were really jealous. They threw things too, like bottles. After I felt the blood, I said, "Hey, man, let's get out of here." We didn't expect it. It was like a dream that we thought only happened to the Beatles.

*What was the rock 'n' roll culture like then?*

There was no rock culture. There wasn't a rock press or anything like that. Now rock is accepted as a career. Back then we were

avant garde. When the Lost started, rock 'n' roll wasn't looked at as a way to make a lot of money. It was just an alternative.

Worcester and upstate New York was where our support was. We didn't have too many fans in Boston. It was folk haven here. Jazz was phasing out. That was when people compared my voice to Dylan.

*What sort of clothes did you wear?*

We had a lot of gigs, and everyone wore what they wanted, unless somebody told us to wear something like Arthur Fiedler's gig at the country club. [It was debutante's ball for Fiedler's daughter.]

Billie: I've seen pictures of them with striped pants, real crazy stuff, like Carnaby Street.

Willie: A lot of our fans made clothes and would give them to us. We'd wear those. When we made our debut for Capitol we wore tuxedos, white shirts and ties and all that.

*Did you have a girl you were really close to during the Lost?*

Yeah. It was heavy suicidal for awhile. She was a fat beatnik who was really into politics.

*What kind of politics?*

I don't know. I never got into it. I always considered myself just a musician. I have no confidence in any political person.

*Were any of the other Lost members political?*

I don't think so. The most political we ever got was on our bass drum we had a picture of Leroi Jones. That was a heavy thing in most people's eyes. I just like Leroi Jones. He's a great poet.

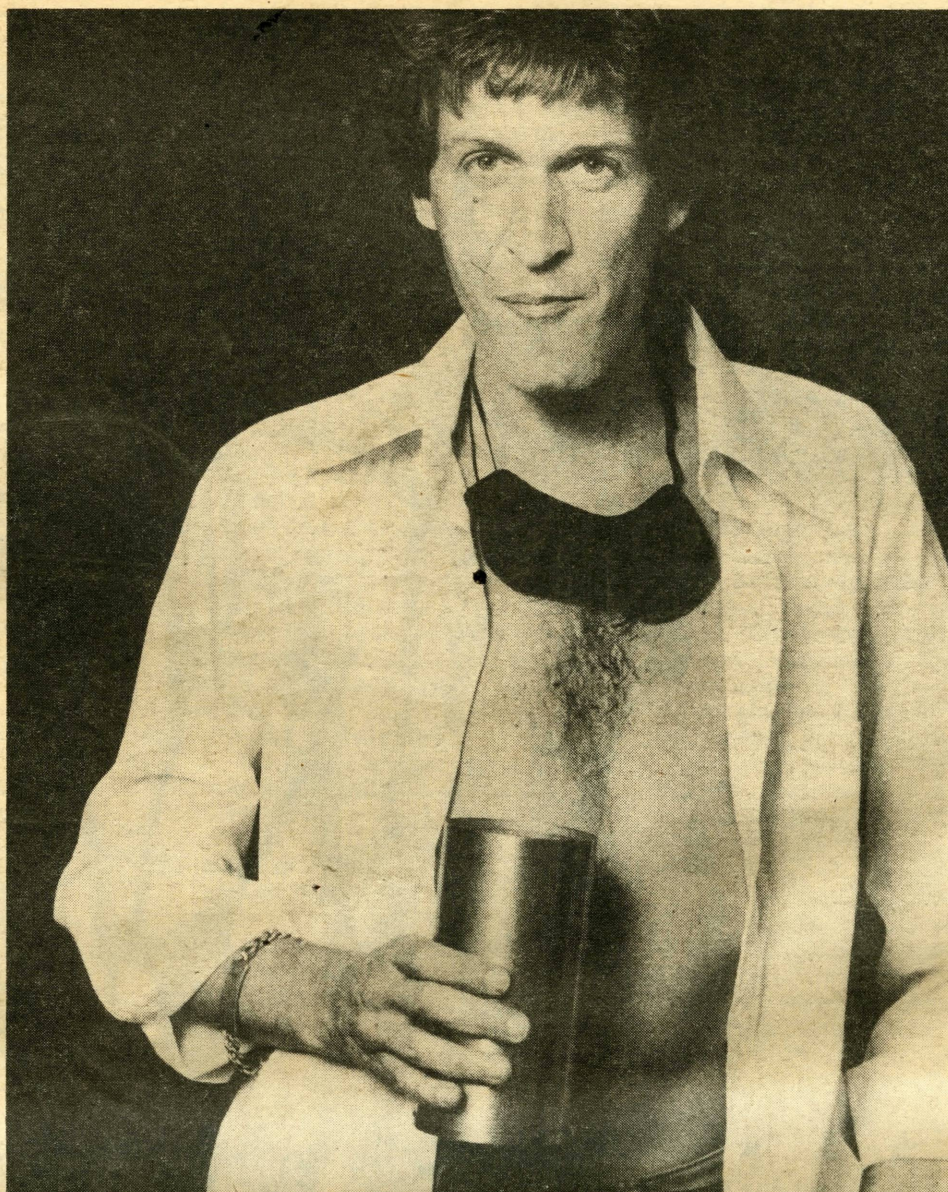
*Who was the leader of the Lost?*

We had four guys who could sing lead, so our personality was hard to pin down. It was probably Ted Myers. I was mainly doing percussion, some piano, harmonies and some lead. I was never the leader. With all the punk hype, people have made me out to be so, which is fine with me, but I wasn't.

*Why did the Lost break up?*

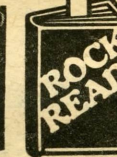
We got signed and went through the visions and dreams of glory. We kept being the Lost, and nothing was coming back. Then the drummer, Lee, got into rhythm 'n' blues, and he wanted to form a group. I wanted to be a drummer for awhile, so I drummed for a couple of groups. Then Lee invited me down to New York to join Bagatelle. But first, with Lee gone, we hired another drummer to finish the gigs we had lined up. We played at Brown University with the Yardbirds for one of them. Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page were playing with them then.

The Lost broke up right before the Boss-town Sound. That's when they tried to make Boston look like Liverpool. We were in a real underground culture then. Most of what was happening was folk culture. The Beatles and Rolling Stones had nothing to do with the scene in Boston. Most people weren't used to loud music then. We weren't that popular actually.



## Read 'em on the subway...

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*human sexual response*

PHOTO: RICHARD LA HARTE

## H. S. R. "C'EST BIEN DANS LE SAC!"

**P**HOTO BOOTHS ARE A more visual and sort of inexpensive way to keep a diary. It's really neat to compare your weight change, new do, new pimples and you can even notice psychological changes. For 50 cents you get four b/w pictures in three minutes. You can show them off, swap, Xerox, burn and color them.

From four years of photo booth experience (innumerable quarters), I can say Kresges has the best booth in town. Their pic quality is

the keenest. Kresges gives you time in between each shot to get all posie and pretty. They also have these palm trees painted in the booth for your waiting enjoyment.

Kresges is located downtown across the street from Jordan

Marsh. Then there's a Woolworths downtown, which is always broken or too crowded. They have a color photo booth, two pics for 75 cents.

Woolworths in Coolidge Corner has the stinkiest booth around, but I guess it does take

your picture. The Woolworths booth in Central Square, Cambridge, is OK, though.

That's all the booths I know of. If you have some pissah photo booth pics, send them to Subway News.

—Pia Howard

FREE click photo



## KOZMETIX

With his crew cut and pudgy face, Lou Miami, the singer of Kozmetix, the Monday night house band at Cantones, looks like an Army drill instructor, except for the two earrings in his right lobe. Like most DIs, Miami enjoys brutalizing his audience with vulgarity: "This song is about the boy who sucks my cock," is one way he introduces "Mary, Mary," the Monkees' song. "This song is about the K-Y shortage," he says before singing the Seeds punk classic "Pushin' Too Hard." He dedicates songs to the young boys cruising Greyhound, to failed transexual operations, and to girls that work the same streets he does. Sometimes Miami drinks too much, and his wit sours, and then he is like a bad Wayne (Jane) County imitation. But most of the time he's great sign-of-the-times rock 'n' roll.

A fascist lover  
Made my mother,  
Then my mother made me.

One thing's certain: he's the only thing happening in this city on Monday night (except for the Dawgs at the Rat), and usually he adds a coarse twist to his gigs. One Monday, anyone wearing a bowling shirt gets a free beer, and most everyone does. On the next, the same reward is given to anyone handing the bartender a sealed condom.

Why do you play on Mondays?  
You have enough of a following  
to play weekends.

I like Mondays. It's a challenge.

You're a real nasty band. Are you  
trying to make any sort of state-  
ment?

Of course not. We're not artists.  
You don't have to go to school to  
be in a rock 'n' roll band.

Are you a pervert?

I certainly am.

Do you want to become famous?

I'm not sure yet. I really have to  
think about it. Maybe.

The trio backing Miami have  
the raw and simple sensibility of  
the "Louie, Louie"-/"Wild Thing"  
school.

The bassist Kip Korea  
wrote two of the band's best origi-

inals: "Surfing Nazi" and "I Hate  
the Beatles." The first is a solid  
Ramonish drone. The second has  
a rigid beat that mashes the clean  
pop and melody that now croons  
from the likes of Tony Bennet.  
The song ends with guitarist Jack  
Rootoo playing a dirty version of  
the "Daytripper" solo, which  
snakes around Miami's frantic  
declamation: I HATE I HATE I  
HATE I HATE THE BEATLES. THEY  
GIVE ME PINS AND NEEDLES. The  
most mental line about the fab  
four, however, is, "Psychedelic  
relics fuck up my double helix."

Miami's songs attack straight  
society with the spitting intensity  
of Little Richard. "My Baby Wears  
Rubber Pants" rants, raves and  
whips, a tantrum of a song. "Boy  
Detective" spoofs TV dicks with  
sneers and shrieks. "Blackout"  
ends with Miami collapsing on  
stage.

A few persons try to sneak  
in Cantones through the back  
door without paying. Miami sees  
them between songs and aban-  
dons his mike stand. "Hey! You  
guys can't come in that way!" He  
escorts them back outside and  
locks the door. Job done, he  
returns and says, "We can't let  
people in for free. We have drug  
habits to support."

He also has a wife and 5-year-  
old to care for. He married one of  
his high school teachers, he says.  
The family lives in Brighton.

It's not surprising that he covers  
"Femme Fatale" because his  
voice sounds something like Lou  
Reed. The surprising covers are  
the girl-group songs. When sing-  
ing "Walking in the Sand," he  
twists the Shangri-la's version into  
cool-hot punk defiance. The  
cool-hot pattern applies cleanly  
to Kozmetix, a pattern Robert  
"Dean of Rock Critics" Christgau  
outlined that identifies two foun-  
dation attitudes in punk music:  
one, cold and aloof; two, passion-  
ate and engaged. Using the ten-  
sion between these two stances,  
Miami contorts "To Sir With  
Love," Lulu's tune, into a song  
about submission. Calmly, he  
praises Sir with the automatic  
respect of slave towards master,  
but then he completely perverts  
the original's innocence with a  
bent connotation on the line:  
"What can I give you in return?"  
he sings, rubbing his crotch. He  
ruins the wholesomeness of  
another '60s obscurity, "Come  
On Down to My Boat" by Every  
Mother's Son. He uses its chorus  
as a taunting invitation to join him  
alone, if you think that you can  
handle it. He pumps himself to  
such a frenzy that it seems doubt-  
ful many could.

Furthermore, Miami dances  
better than the go-go girls did on  
Hullabaloo. He's also trashier, but  
not by much.

★★★★★★★★

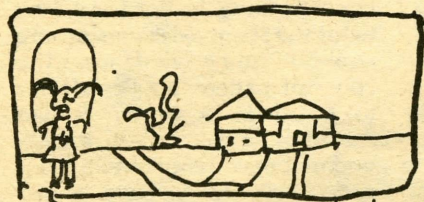
Lou Miami says people don't  
know how to dress in Boston, and  
he's out to show them. He MC'd  
while designers Eddie Kent of  
High Society, 279 Newbury  
Street; Kitty Litter, 6 Rice Circe,  
Cambridge, (661-5811); and Pene-  
lope Place, 47 Delle Avenue, Rox-  
bury, staged a 20-minute display  
of contemporary synthetic clo-  
thing. The show was held at the  
Space July 4, and another is being  
planned for October.



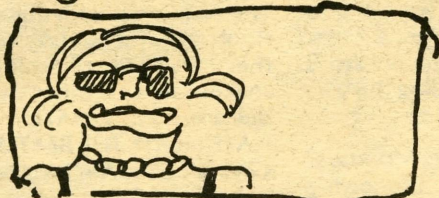


THE MORT REPORT

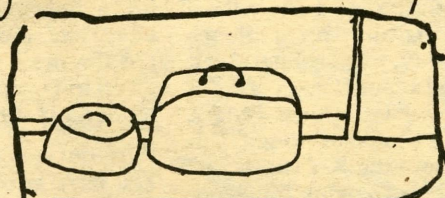
→ formica worms from Germany.



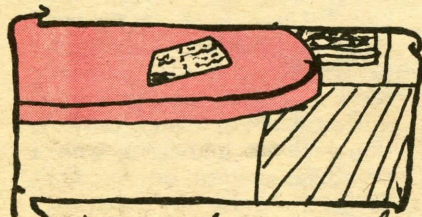
gee whiz, ever since that damn lulu record...



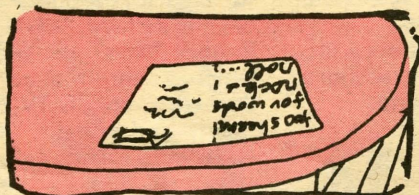
when sis left for Germany, I hardly recognized her.



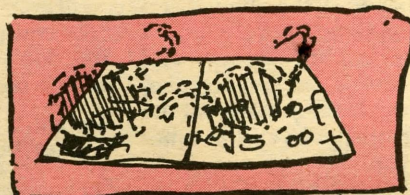
then she was home for one day, left one hat box behind



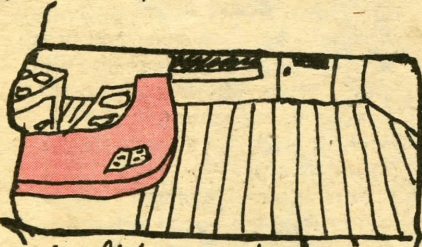
wrote one lousy card from n.y. which no one



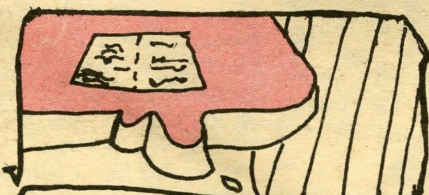
...in the family could read. mom left it on the counter



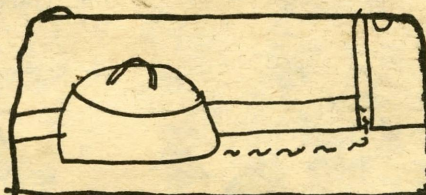
where sis had always left her glasses.



and life went on as it normally would.



about 2 months later the counter top began to rot.



I thought I should say something about the worms.



"WORMS from sis' HATBOX"

SHE SPENT TWO DAYS ON THE TELEPHONE & I COULDN'T HAVE ANYONE OVER FOR 2 WEEKS. THE BOMB SHELTER was safe.

"I wanted new boomer-ang counters anyway."



but now we have new for- mica & I'm more popular



I WAS ABOUT FIVE OR SIX. WE lived in a little suburban court with about fifteen houses in a circle. In the backyard my dad made a patio out of nun's tombstones. They had to tear out this graveyard to make room for a suburban highway and they gave the tombstones away. Dad put them face down so you couldn't see the names.

My dad would take me to the YMCA in downtown St. Louis. We drove down in a 1954 white Cadillac (the kind that you would push a button and the tail-light would flip up so you could put the gas in).

When you entered the YMCA you could smell the pool and the locker room. It was a dull green hallway and a dull green smell. I came from the antiseptic suburbs, but at the YMCA everything was old, green and slimy, so I liked it.

There were these pictures of all these men on the walls who were YMCA members, and I was always depressed that my dad's picture wasn't up. In the pictures the men had their hair cut close to the scalp, round glasses, and a look in their eyes like they were scared. They wore suits with wide lapels; they were ugly and creepy looking, but I thought they were neat because their pictures were up.

My dad would swim, play handball, run around the indoor track or work out with dumbbells.

There at the YMCA Silent George was the only person I could really relate to. He was a wrestler and a deaf mute as well. He had a black crewcut and was larger than anybody I'd ever seen. His eyes were all-knowing eyes. Since he couldn't speak, it was all left to his eyes.

He worked out with medicine balls mostly. That's where I first came into contact with medicine balls.

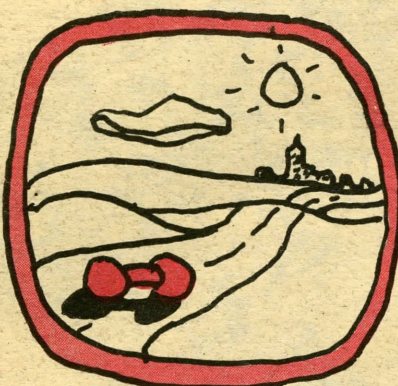
A medicine ball is round and made of leather. It is filled with sand and weighs about 10 to 15 pounds. You throw them at one another or against yourself.

Silent George was very perceptive, and he could communicate a lot. He would show you, "Mmmmmmmmm . . .," which was his way of saying "I'm gonna throw this medicine ball up in the air and let it hit against my strong stomach." He would throw it up and yell and laugh.

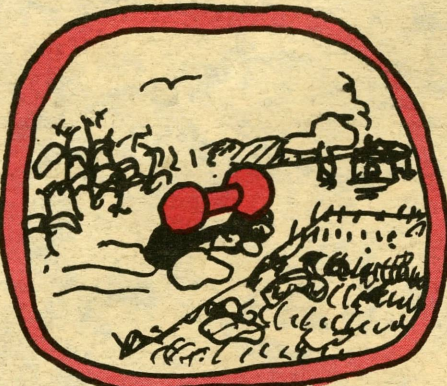
The way he dressed made me feel like I was at the circus. He would wear black wrestling trunks and a body belt to protect him from the medicine balls.

I wasn't really big enough to work out, so they didn't like little kids, but he didn't mind. I think he's still alive.

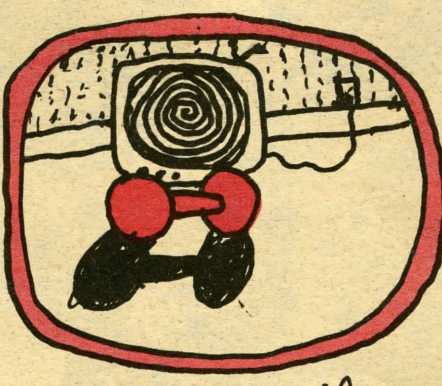
3-way immediate dilemma: should he



live in the suburbs and drive to work

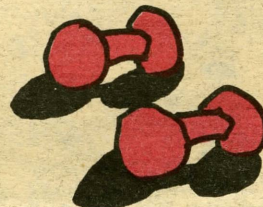


or in the country and grow veggies



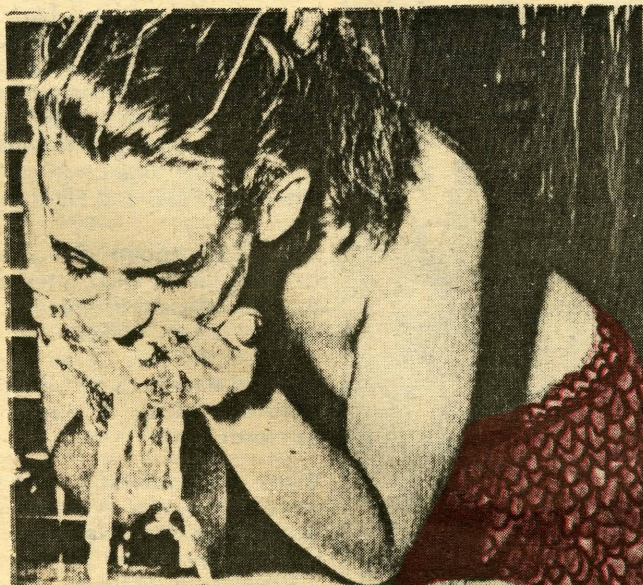
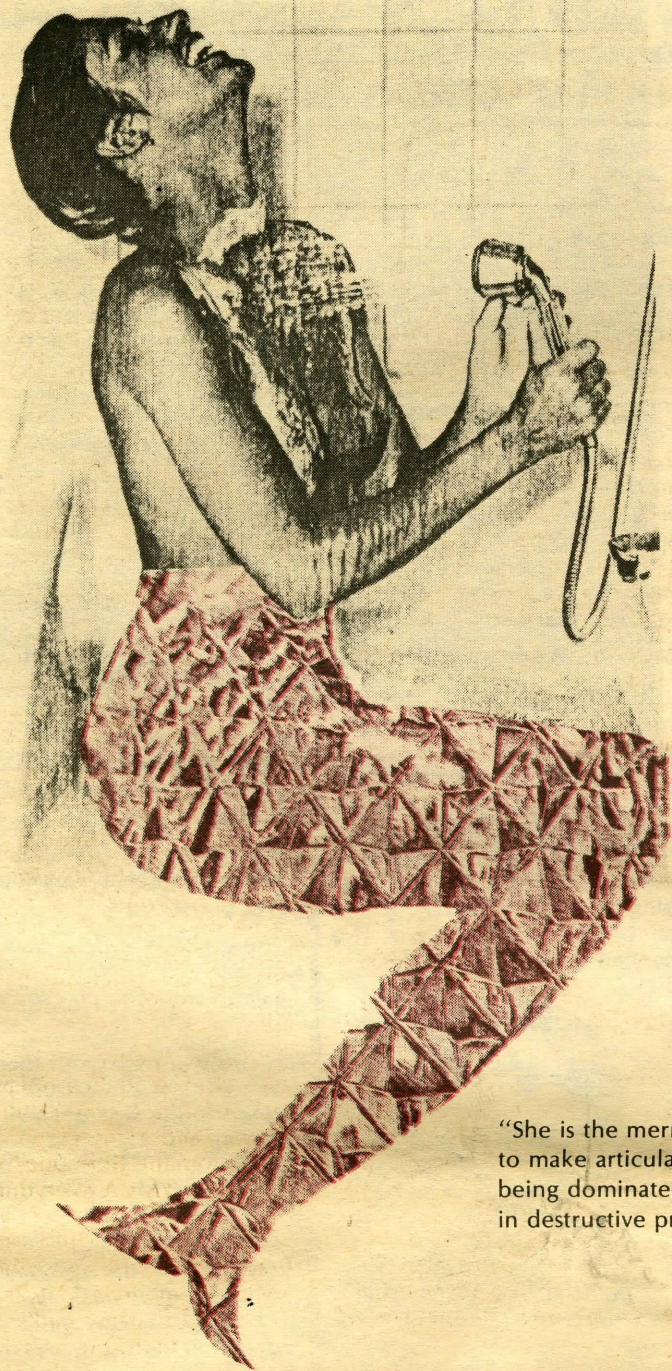
or stay inside and watch outer limits outer limits outer limits?

Q: Did you know that dumbbells are often found in pairs?



M. Blando

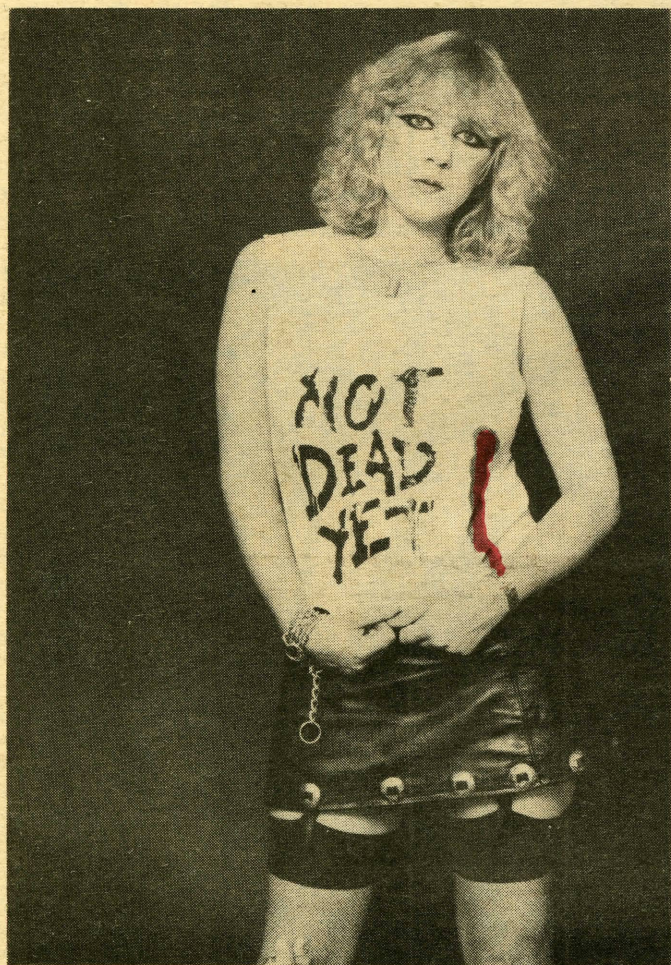




"She is the mermaid with her fish tail dipped in the unconscious. Her creation will be to make articulate this obscure world which dominates man, which he denies being dominated by, but which asserts its domination in destructive proof of its presence, madness."

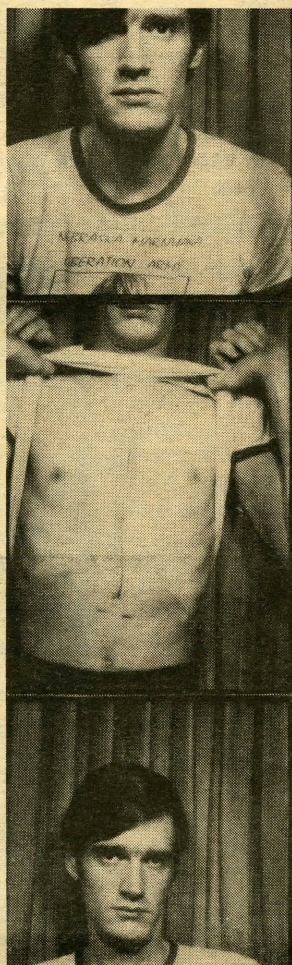
—Anais Nin

## URBAN MERMAIDS: BY AMY CHAIKAL



Theo

T-SHIRT DESIGN: DAVA Kit



Hannah



PHOTO: JUDY HERZL



## No Nazis, No Fish, Just Head

**T**HE NERVOUS EATERS will have their first album out in 1980. Until the paperwork and legalities are settled, the band can't discuss the details. There will probably be a name change, a less vulgar image and a new musician or two. The band is now performing as a trio with its original three members: Steve Cataldo, singer-songwriter-guitarist; Rob Skeen, bassist; and Jeff Wilkinson, drummer.

Earlier this year, Ric Ocasek, the Cars' main brain, produced a 10-song tape of the band. He told *New York Rocker*, "... we did a whole album's worth of stuff. It could be released as is. They're seeing if a label will get involved, which I think one will — they're getting some offers."

Many people now are wondering what happened to their second single "Get Stuffed" / "Just Head." Cataldo said, "The whole record, picture sleeve and all, is in Jim Harold's office. I don't know why it's not coming out." Harold is the Rat proprietor and president of Rat Records.

The interview below took place at the Paradise in mid-July, after Cataldo had just finished playing bass for Professor Anonymous, a local songwriter who has a deal with Bomp Records to release an album this fall.

**What's your record collection like?**

A lot of rhythm and blues. I don't buy current records. Because when I do, I play them all the time, and they influence me.

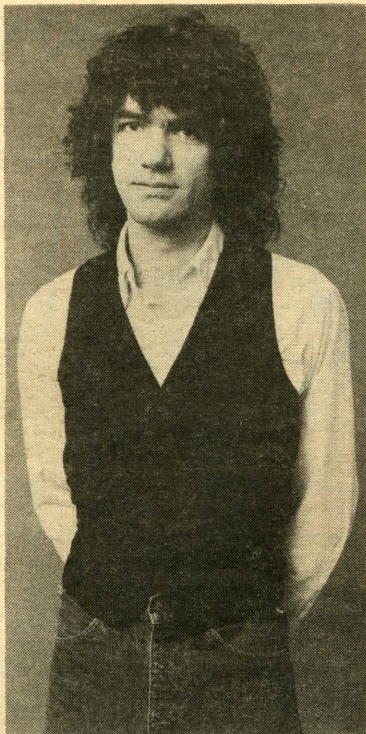
**You don't mind being influenced by r'n'b?**

No, since it's obvious that rock grew out of the blues. But I don't think white people should play the blues. I respect and love it, and there's lots to be taken, but whites don't have the right to play the blues.

**Where do the Nervous Eaters come from?**

Before they met me, Rob and Jeff were playing with this raw blues maniac. [Rob enters the room.]

Rob: He was a white Jimi Hen-



Steve Cataldo

drix freak who was clinically classified as a schizophrenic. The band was called Zoggies Doggies. The group broke up from too much drug and alcohol abuse.

**What year did the Eaters form?**

Steve: It was a year or so before the Rat, around 1974. There was just Jeff, Rob and me down in the cellar. We called ourselves the Psycho Punks. That's when we wrote "Degenerate." Later we saw Willie (Alexander) at Sandy's, and we identified with him. We asked him over to play with us in the cellar. He brought a lot of his songs down, and we all ran through them and put arrangements to 'em.

Rob: We arranged the songs on a lot of his first album and some of his second. His band took all the credit.

Steve: Let's just say they listened to our tapes and got an influence from them.

**Where did you get your name?**

Jeff's mother gave it to us. We practiced in his cellar, and she used to feed us. We would always eat in a rush and go back down to practice, and she described us as nervous eaters. We didn't use the name until a few years later.

**Where was your first gig?**

Rob: Probably the Rat. The first bands to start playing there were

DMZ and the Mezz. I was playing with the Mezz. There was mostly cover groups playing the Rat then, just like any other bar.

Steve: I've read reviews and other band's promotion, groups like Sass and Fox Pass, that claim they were original bands at the Rat, but it was really DMZ and the Mezz. At that time I was playing with Andy Paley and Elliot Murphy.

Rob: Dave Robinson (now with the Cars) joined DMZ after they lost their original drummer. The Nervous Eaters played the Rat right after that. We weren't really accepted then because we didn't come from Boston. We were from the North Shore.

**When you first hit the scene you were real surly. Weren't you doing songs like "Nazi Concentration Camp Blues?"**

Steve: Yeah. That was when we had Stanley [Clark, their first guitarist, who got kicked out of the group when he turned to thieving]. He really incited that kind of thing, and it was really good for the band. We came on real hard, but that was mainly because no one would even sit still for slow songs. They still don't, but we play them anyway. But it did make me write faster and harder songs.

**Would you say bands like the Velvet Underground and the Stooges influenced you when you began playing the Rat?**

No. By then we had our own sound. Those bands happened to us a long time ago, when we were still in the cellar. That's when we wrote songs like "Nazi Concentration Camp Blues."

**What kind of songs were you writing before the cellar?**

I came on at first like a folkie. Then I formed a group called Underground Cinema with Ian Bruce Douglas, the guy who formed Ultimate Spinach, who were part of the Bosstown sound, like Beacon Street Union.

Down in the cellar we had the Stooges in us. What got me about them was their I-don't-give-a-fuck flat-out attack. That's where they come in. Then we came in contact with the Fugs. Jeffrey had seen them, and they educated me. I thought they were great. That's where the stuff like "You Smell Like Fish" came in.

## LOTS A FUN NO FUTURE

**Do feminists ever give you shit about your lyrics?**

Oh yeah. But I really think a lot of that has to do with people not listening to the lyrics. Like in "Fish" we also sing, you know, you gotta wash your prick.

**Did you always sing it that way? When I first saw you guys, you didn't mention the prick. I thought you added the prick line for balance, to appease the women.**

Yeah. I guess it was that way. We were just pretty bitter when we wrote that song.

**Towards women?**

No. Just the world.

**Is that why you were so vulgar and nasty?**

At that particular point, I had had it. We did it just because we weren't interested in going through the motions of making it. I was telling people then that I was going to destroy myself. It was that way for a lot of years. I've changed since then.



**I'm always trying to find something political in your lyrics and never do. Am I listening hard enough?**

I used to be more political. Not so much against the corrupt government as against the greed in the capitalist system. I just don't see unemployment being solved by the capitalists.

**Do you consider yourself a socialist?**

Sure. I guess so. I never really went hard core. I just stayed to myself with my beliefs.

**Why don't you let politics creep back into your songs?**

Ah, that was the '60s.

**Weren't you friends with Lou Reed?**

Oh that. Jeffrey saw him at a concert, handed him a tape and Reed stuck it in his pocket. The next day he called Jeffrey five times trying to find me. When he got a hold of me we talked for a while. I went down to see him in New York, and we listened to his new album, *Sally Can't Dance*, which was very raw, still in cassette form. He called me later and told me he was looking for a guitar player and wanted me to come to New York. I tried to get him to take my drummer and bass player, Rob and Jeffrey. It would have been good for him to jam with us three, and I was trying to get him to agree. But he gets uptight real quick, so I kind of squashed my chances by pushing the issue.

**What will be on your album?**

Some songs that we wrote and never played out.

**Is there going to be a change in attitude?**

I guess we won't play songs like "Fish."

**How do you feel about that?**

The thing is, I just don't go out and write one type of song.

**Did someone say you would have a better chance of getting signed if you stopped doing nasty songs? Nobody said that to us.**

**Was there a little policeman in your head that might have told you to drop certain songs?**

Well, doing an underground single and doing an album for the general public are two different things.

**Do you think the band's stance has mellowed since Stanley left?**

It has. I could never stand the same stance for too long. I couldn't fill album after album with songs like "Fish." There will always be those kinds of songs on our albums. We will never be able to get away from them. It's part of us. But I want to do some slow songs too.

## Put a Phobia in your life

**I**HAVE A REFRIGERATOR IN my kitchen that looks like it belongs in a Laurel and Hardy film. It's respectable, heavy and square. It has aged with the grace of an Irish lace doily or an old whore. Scotch-taped to the icebox door is a photo of a rock 'n' roll band. The band's name is Phobia.

The color photo was taken by Lucius Michel of Framingham. An amber light illuminates four figures on a stage. I know that at the time they were mostly dressed in black and white. But in the photo this has been washed through with red.

In the foreground, to the left, there is a young woman, Melodye Chisolm. Her face is the focus of the picture. Her hair is short-cropped, it blends with the flare

of spotlights. She has a high forehead and arched brows. Her cheekbones float over delicate hollows, and her mouth is clearly etched. Her throat revels in the neckline of a dress that could have been worn by a 19th-century Victorian or a tramp. The dress shifts elusively around her ankles and black shoes.

I think she was probably singing "I've got a hot rooooood," because the band's lead guitarist, Kurt Henry, is standing next to her, legs widespread in twangy attack. His pompadour is lost in the glow from above. His profile is straight and sincere. He has just rocked back on his feet, soon to rebound in four-quarter time. His white jacket is an old prom tux, buttoned at the second hole.

Behind these two, there is a glimmer from the drummer's riser. One can barely make out the player, Robert Goldman. To the far left stands the bass player, William Norcott. His orbit to the photo is Neptunian and certainly no less important in its relation to the

center. He is boyish with British sweet looks. Little Lord Fauntleroy curls crest his flared collar, and its sleeves are puffed in peasant style. He centers his glance on the lady singing "Hot Roooooood" with the respectful attention of a caddy in the presence of landed gentry, and with the same implied potential for rebellion.

I am not sure she was singing "I've got a hot rod." It might have been "... you think you're gonna put me under glass on a memory of your past ..."

I remember that the rest of the band's material has evolved enough to put them on a good start down the road to fame and fortune. But they had the potential to become victims of their own accidentally-built booby traps. Their image might be confining, or some people might think they are Blondie imitators. I don't think so. The woman in the photo on my refrigerator doesn't look like she can be confined.

—Tuluca Lake



l-r: Kurt Henry, Melodye Chisolm, Robert Goldman, William Norcott





The Destroyed

PHOTO: JUDY HERZL

## Dawg-style

THE DAWGS ARE AS OUT of place in Boston's new wave as Creedence Clearwater Revival were in San Francisco's hippie-acid scene in the late '60s. No other American band stood as unfashionably close to the roots of rock 'n' roll as did CCR around '68. And now, in the middle of Boston's rise as a leading punk/new wave market, we have the Dawgs loyally upholding the tradition that is Chuck Berry, with a tug of the leash from the Stones, the Kinks, the Flamin' Groovies, and Dave Edmunds.

Like Berry and his litter, the Dawgs write and play simple, guitar dominated, 3-chord rock 'n' roll built on hooks that know into your memory. Like the Faces they can play a reasonably tight or a pretty sloppy set of raucous sounding good time music. The difference is often just a few beers. The Dawgs offer this sing along, dance along and drink up music while maintaining a scruffy unpretentious boy-next-door image that, in today's nihilist atmosphere, has failed to ignite the critical community, who prefer the machine-gunning bombast of the punk pantheon.

No matter: the Dawgs admit they're just "blind fools with nothing to lose screaming for a Berry song" ("Can't Rock Me No More"). And audiences accept the Dawgs' party ethos, if their enthusiastic, double-encore reception at the Rat's recent R'n'R Rumble meant anything (which to the judges I guess it didn't).

Coming from the North Shore burbs of Lynn, Peabody and Beverly, the Dawg's unsophisticated lifestyle is reflected in their music. "You're beating 'round the bushes, why don't you come on out and play," is their invitation on "Main Street, U.S.A." Guitarist-singer Phil Hahn's songs are straightforward, 3-minute gems that are concerned mostly with situations involving women. There are women who lie ("Alibis"), who cheat ("Who's on Your Mind"), who aren't home ("Time After Time"), who get caught ("Too Late to Run"), who want more ("Try Me on for Size," "Red Light St."), and even a few who are okay ("Tried and True," "Country Girl," "A Girl

Like You", "Rockin' Miss Lotti"). Except for one poignant lament to false love ("Paper Moon"), all the songs are medium to fast rockers sung by Hahn in an exuberant, breathy rasp, sounding somewhere between John Lennon and Rod Stewart. The beat is driven by the deliberate wham-bam of drummer Bobby Cashman and the sinewy throbbing of bassist Punk Larcom.



The Dawgs

Second guitarist Rick Helgason is a good player who with more consistency could be excellent. His style works well with Hahn's raunchier, more rhythm-oriented playing.

The Dawgs are still growing through countless Monday nights at the Rat playing better, more tightly-paced sets. Hahn's songwriting improves with each song, although it would be good to see him vary his subject matter occasionally and tackle some new ideas and influences. Even so, it's easy to forget that Creedence spent 5 years as the Blue Velvets and 3 years as the Goliwogs before their first album as CCR. It's the price one pays, perhaps for not being trendy. But, as the Dawgs sing, they're:

North Shore boys,  
Got nothing to lose  
North Shore boys,  
Just jackets and boots  
North Shore boys,  
Take a knife in the back.

As long as they adopt that attitude about the business and have some patience, their time will come. After all, every Dawg has his day.

—Kit Dennis

## Nolan pooh poohs the Neighborhoods

THE SADDEST THING about Richard Nolan's diatribe on the Neighborhoods is the way the *Real Paper* handled it. First, the teaser on the cover read: "Richard Nolan Razes the Neighborhoods." Second, the table of contents read: "Third Rail's Richard Nolan tells the untold story behind the making of this year's winner of the Battle of the Bands, the Neighborhoods." Finally, an editor pinned on the headline "I Created a Monster" over Nolan's byline.

Every line is dingleberries. Nolan didn't raze them, the story was already well known, including many sordid details and motives Nolan admits in the *RP* version, and he didn't create a monster. The *Real Paper's* always pulling off this sort of sensationalism to try to make its meagre product compare with the *Phoenix*.

The story itself was interesting, essentially Nolan's self-serving interpretation of the development of the Neighborhoods. He did name, groom and manage the band from its start. He got so involved that he allowed his own band to wither. After all that sacrifice, the Hoods fired him last spring. Why?

David Minehan, the singer, guitarist and songwriter for the trio, said, "His plan wouldn't have gotten off the ground. He's an honest man, a hard worker and he did help us immensely. But his plan was too surreal. I still like Richard, but there was a darker side. He was desperate for loyalty from us to the point of paranoia. We were a fetish to Nolan, and it was too weird."

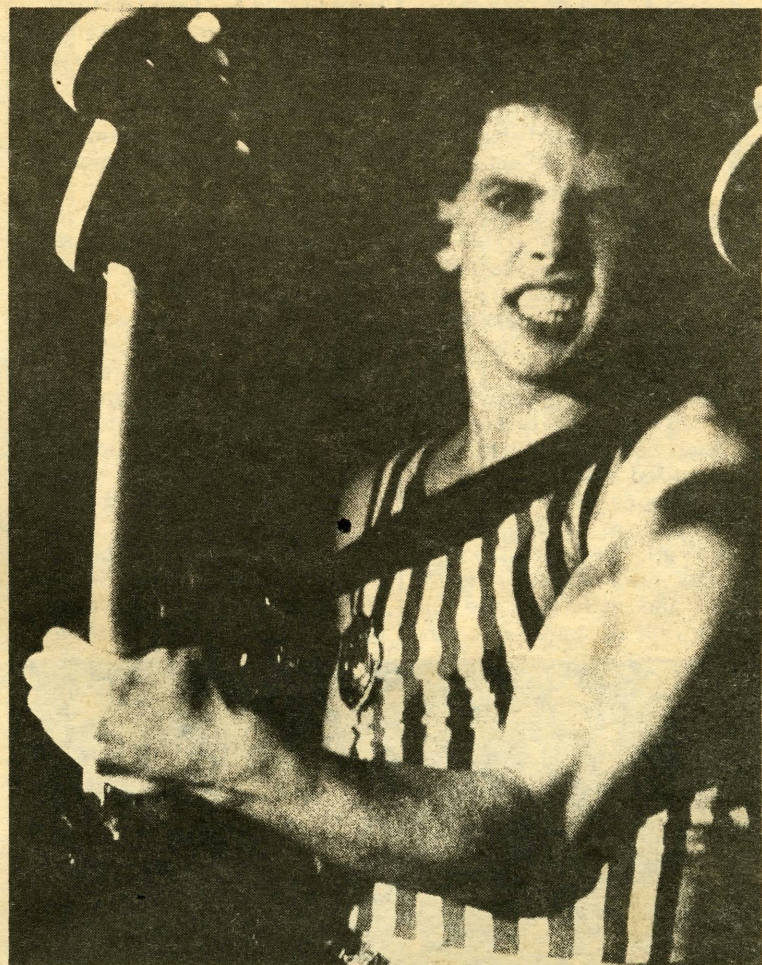
What was the plan?

"I wish I could remember it."

John Hartcorn, the Hood's bassist, who was in Third Rail briefly, added, "Richard thought in terms of Boston, which is fine, because I love this city, but I didn't see a career in just Boston."

A friend of the band said Nolan would do things like book them in Manchester, N.H., when they would have an opportunity to play Hurrah in New York.

They aren't bitter towards Nolan. In fact, they continue to praise him, as they did a while back in a letter published in *Skunk Piss* and in an interview on



David Minehan

PHOTO: TOM TIPTON

then-WTBS (now WMBR) with Carter Alan. They just didn't believe in him as a manager.

So what's up with Nolan? His story provides the answer. His feelings were deeply hurt when the band fired him, especially his loss of the friendship with the 18-year-old drummer of the Hoods, Mike Quaglia. "...Mike was my closest friend and had been for almost four years," Nolan, who is in his 30s, wrote.

So he probably had to write the story to purge himself of the relationship. Regardless of his feelings, however, it's clear the Hoods had to dump him.

The Hoods have recorded a five-song demo produced by Rick Harte that should now be in the hands of the radio folks. From this demo they plan on independently releasing a single. At press time they had decided on "Prettiest Girl" for one side, but were unsure of the flip.

Minehan told *Subway News* that he's putting a lot of time into songwriting. They perform about six ace originals in their current

show and say they have three new ones ready to go. In six months, they feel they'll be up for an album. If they keep their current momentum and the mad energy of the live act, they'll have plenty of chances to make it.



## FYI: The Maps

BOB AND DAN MET IN April of '78 at the Back Bay House of Pizza. They played at each other's apartments, later switching to Tony's Pool Room, practicing with various drummers. Finally, Jim arrived from N.Y. and Judy appeared. The Maps are now contemplating the addition of a synthesist.

We are at Music Designers recording a single. One song, "Sensory Overload," will precede the single and be given to local radio stations. We hope the 45 will be out in September.

Our fave rave gig to date was the July 4th Fashion Show at the Space (Sweet Lou!)

We would like to tour the nation playing at factory picnics and a little more often at the Rat. It has come to our attention



Judy Grunwald

that some of the lyrics are a bit indecipherable. Fine.

See you somewhere,  
The Maps

No one really knows what to make of the Maps. Musically and socially, the four members, led by singer Judy Grunwald, are allied with Mission of Burma and the Girls. They share with these two bands a sort of sci-fi vision in their lyrics and a relentless drive in their rhythms. But the Maps have more twists and turns in their sound, which has spawned the weird label punk-jazz. The band — Dan Salzmann, bass; Bob Valentine, guitar; and Jim Clements, drums — deserves the compliment the jazz label connotes about their playing. Yet their songs, like "Condominium Commandos" and "Factories in Flight," have tight rock 'n' roll structures. It's a curious fusion and fun live show. Now we need some records.



## Local reggae: Danny Tucker

**T**HE ROOT REGGAE SCENE in Boston to date has been minimal, a reflection of the small size of the West Indian community. New York has long had a sizable WI population, producing top-notch groups like Jah Malla. It's only been in the past two years that a serious reggae band, Zioniditation, has formed.

Danny Tucker is the band's lead singer. His new 45, the first release by a reggae artist living in Boston, was recorded in Jamaica at Kingston's Channel 1 studio with island musicians backing him.

The single, like Zioniditation, is orthodox rasta-reggae in form, content and style, with the flip being a dub (a spaced-out ver-

sion) of side A, "Take Us Home". Every instrument is primarily rhythmic; only Tucker's voice carries a clear melody. One gets a sense that singing and playing about repatriating to Africa isn't some schtick, but the dominant firing passion in the music.

A current critical trend is to pooh-poo any mention of rasta buzzwords like Jah, Zion or Selassie I in reggae cuts. That's shit. For better or worse, rastafarianism fuels 95 percent of reggae, especially Danny Tucker's brand.

This is a good recording start, both for Tucker and Boston. The next step should be a Zioniditation release, now that they're playing out again after their car accident last May.

The single is available for \$1.85. Send to Twize Dee Sounds, Danny Tucker, 29 Southern Ave., Boston 02124. —Bruce Stallsmith



Big Youth

Big Youth (Augustus Manley Buchanan), a Jamaican Rasta, sings in a deejay style. Before performing, he gets real stoned and thinks about what he wants to say.

PHOTO: MARCIA MAGLIONE

Deejay style is spontaneous singing to band or recorded accompaniment. "You can beat me, but you can't beat my words," he said to our reporter.



They were going to name themselves Periodic Pains

PHOTO: RICHARD BECKER

## Bound & Gagged

**B**OUND & GAGGED, BOSTON's first all women rock band, haven't played out as of this writing, but they are probably the most talked about basement band in the city.

I recently watched them rehearse at the Star Systems loft in the South End, where they borrow Ground Zero's equipment. Their high energy space-punk sounds something like Kleenex. They only do originals so far, none with sappy love themes or trashy cheesecake (Jah be praised). The *piece de resistance* is "Dawn of the Dead", based on the movie. Replete with funky breaks, the staging and singing of this piece rates with some stuff by Unnatural Axe and the Infliktors, given lead singer Barbara Britto's enthusiasm for it.

The other material could best be described as daily experiential. "Roach Motel" twists a topic familiar to all denizens of Boston's various ghettos. "Creatures of the Night" was inspired by some bats that dropped in at the Star Systems loft. "Office Slave" is about not wanting to be a secretary/serf

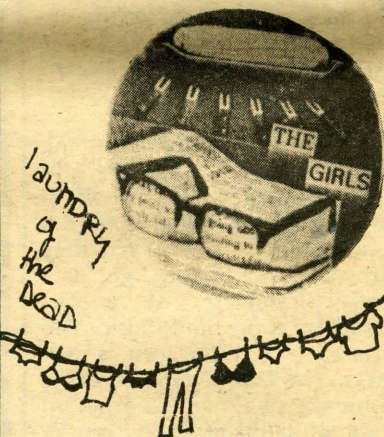
for some man.

The members of the group have varying musical experience. Wendy Stone on lead guitar has been playing for 11 years, starting out in junior high school in Reading. She's got some strong riffs down, as well as a beautiful Fender Mustang. Marcia Maglione plays nifty keyboards, and contributes some syncopated vocals. Denny Ozan was thrown out of the Stains for some arcane reason, and can: a) set up her drum set herself, b) play better than Pseudo Carol of the Rentals, c) defend herself (see Talk of the Tubes). Trude Koby plays a mean bass for someone who picked one up only three months ago (no shit!). Martha Swetoff has discovered a killer-force slide/rhythm guitar method. Britto initially started out as a roadie, but her singing talents were accidentally discovered and put up front.

Bound & Gagged feel somewhat apprehensive about playing in public, since they still don't know how an all-women band will be received. Rock 'n' roll is still extremely male identified, and most men in rock don't take women seriously as musicians. A few Boston bands have female

singers who obviously help shape the music and don't take shit from nobody — Melodye of Phobia, Barb Kitson of Thrills, Robin Lane of the Chartbusters, and Beautiful Judy of the Maps.

The big exception to date was the Ann Prim Group. I still don't know anything about Ann Prim and only saw her play twice, but she played the most torrid guitar I've seen in Boston. She was backed up by a guy named John on bass and Marlo on drums (yes, the same Marlo who used to run



Cantone's and then the Space until being deported back to Canada on some bogus rap. She just got back in town in late July.) I heard through a friend who talked to Marlo once that the band "broke up" because John felt playing in the band was destroying his sex drive. So he left town on short notice to join a Southern rock band. Marlo couldn't understand it: "Shit, when I play I cream in my pants!" Prim herself hasn't been heard from since, to my knowledge, which is a definite shame.

Rock 'n' roll has always had a democratic "any punk can play" reputation. Why don't more women play? I don't think rock 'n' roll is inherently a male thing. Women live boring, alienating lives just like most men, go through sexual traumas, can play guitar, the whole bit. Nobody's standing around stopping them — not directly. It's more of an all-pervading social thing, like why don't girls play softball? They don't because they never have.

Anyway, Bound & Gagged is guaranteed to be a pleasant surprise, because six women playing together is... well, a different energy.

—Bruce Stallsmith



2nd from right: Fred Lewis

PHOTO: B.C.KAGAN







Marc Thor and Nola Rezzo

## 10,000 MANIACS

Boston Globe Reporter  
Trying to get an interview  
He knows my mind comes and goes  
Wants to know if I know you  
Yeah I'll give you my story  
No no I won't hold back  
Boston's got 9,000 padded cells  
and 10,000 maniacs  
Now everybody's working  
Trying to become  
Leader of the pack  
Maniac Number One  
Did they give you the same old story?  
Did they put you in a Cadillac?  
Boston's got 9,000 paychecks  
and 10,000 maniacs

2 - 4 - 6 - 8 - 10,000 maniacs  
got 2 - 4 - 6 - 8 - 10,000 heart attacks  
Well hi—hello—how are you?  
Won't you come down and catch my act?  
Maybe we'll run into each other  
Down at the Rat  
Which ones are still in the running?  
Don't you dare stop to look back?  
All the King's horses and all the King's men  
and 10,000 maniacs  
(Chor.)

PHOTOS: JUDY HERZL

You can tell by the fashion magazines  
Your old friends are getting fat  
Every mother's son's in bed with the other  
Behind your back  
You could be living in a Paris hotel  
Spending all your time in the stacks  
Boston's got 9,000 ways to escape  
and 10,000 maniacs

Copyright 1979 by Nola Rezzo



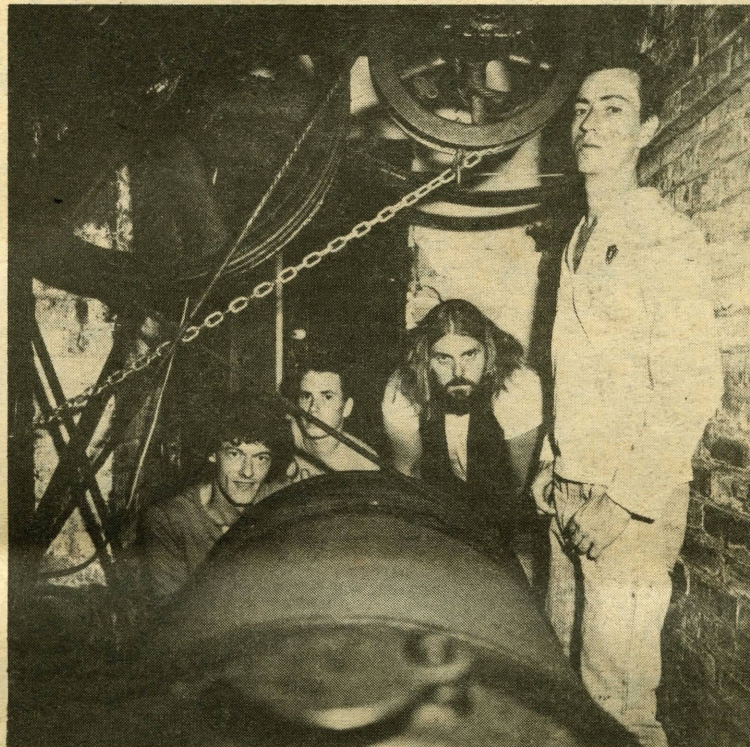
## Marc Thor lyrically speaking

WHEN MARC THOR broke his neck in 1977, he interrupted the career that was perhaps the most promising of all the bands that played on Live At The Rat. The year previous he had released "Boystown Boize" / "Holiday Fire", an independent single that still has a hard punch. Not until mid-July did Thor put together a permanent band to make another go. (He has performed intermittently before this, such as opening last winter for a Willie Alexander show at the Paradise, a few gigs at Cantones and the Rat Battle.) His band now comprises Ian Blast, guitar; Chuck

"Angel" Myra, drums; and Walter Powers, bass.

Thor sings and plays piano, often one-handed rhythms that slice through the band's fury. His voice has a romantic edge to it, which he often overwhelms with a jagged, intense delivery. Sometimes, he sings calmly, his phrasing pointed and deliberate. More often he wails and moves like a man hurt and angry, oblivious to pain. He's kind of a cross between Mono Mann and Jonathan Richman.

In September the band will release a single: "TRAK" / "Love Sucks." Thor distilled the first song from the negative utopia in William Burroughs' *The Soft Machine*. Nola Rezzo, a songwriter closely associated with the band, wrote the second. Both have angry, soulful rhythms that cut and bite like the Velvet Underground at its best.



l-r: Walter Powers, Ian Blast, Chuck Myra, Thor

## LOVE SUCKS

Love sucks.  
It isn't worth a dime.  
Just something else  
to do to pass the time.  
Young fucks  
kick up their heels

Old fucks  
get in their feels.  
Wimpy words  
and shitty times.  
Love sucks.  
it isn't worth a dime.

Copyright 1978 by Nola Rezzo

## Flak 'n' Frags

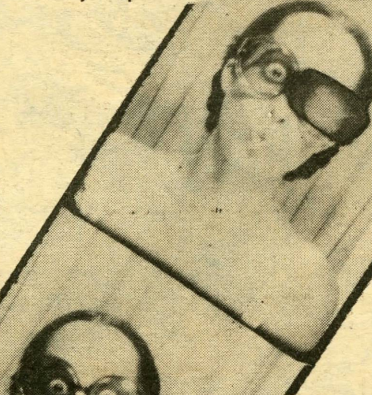
JOHNNY ANGEL, THRILLS' guitarist and songwriter, has a fairly healthy leg now. Doctors told him he just tore the cartilage in his knee a bit when Thrills opened for the Ramones at the Paradise in June. Now the group is trying to think up a new name for the band. They found out someone else already owns their present moniker.

The Lonely Boys have their first tape on the airwaves. "R.S.V.P." seems to be getting the heaviest play.

La Peste broke up again, but this time it looks real. Drummer Roger Tripp tried out for the Atlantics. "They haven't called me back," Tripp told us. Rumors have it that Tripp and Mark Karl, the bass player, will be looking to get something going together.

Elliot Easton took the Dawgs into Northern and recorded three songs, which are, contrary to published reports elsewhere: "Main Street U.S.A.," "Paper Moon," and "A Shot of Your Love," all Phil Hahn songs. Easton is carrying a

copy of the tape on the current nationwide Cars tour, and told the canines that he'll be playing it for very important ears.



Jan Crocker has returned from Maine to finish directing *The Creeper*. It should be premiering sometime in the next decade. Meanwhile, Unnatural Axe, the stars of the film, will be going into the studio for some taping under the tutelage of Oedipus, who gets his head cut off in the film. Axe bassist Frank Dehler has been writing songs for the group that might be among those recorded.

The Infliktors single "Survive" / "Cigarette" has sold 1500 copies.

Rick Harte, president of Ace of Hearts Records, a Boston label, recorded the Infliktors' single on his two-track Crown 822. He produced the 45 and manages them. Now he's producing the Neighborhoods' first single, the label's second, which will probably be "Prettiest Girl" / "Think It Over."

low rent rock

There will be a promo copy, a 12-inch 45 with three songs on it, the extra being "Monday Morning," "Flavors" or "Getting Closer." All five are David Minehan songs. It will be out soon. The label is releasing an album in the fall, an anthology of the best Boston underground bands. Harte wants to help bands get their first 45. He intends his work to be the stepping stones to the big contracts. The Ace of Hearts label does not sign bands. It deals on a song-by-song basis. Contracts are a big headache, Harte said. Inquiries may be sent to Ace of Hearts, Box 579, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215.

The Maps, who had all their equipment ripped off from their South End loft in July, had a bit of good luck, for a change. They headlined a weekend at CBGB, their first New York gig. The burglars took everything but the drums and a few odds and ends. Gone are the P.A., two basses, a cello, mucho guitars, amps and personal stuff. Some rotten bastards cleaned them out. There was a two-night benefit for them at the Space.



The I.C.s are now the Tuesday house band at Cantone's. "It will be different than anything else," member Alan Eugster promises. One plan is to use the walls to sell local art.

You're Cordially Invited to My Death, directed by Luis Aira, is in the final stages of shooting. It stars Eddie Kent, Ellen Markham, and Eddie Andino, among others from the Boston underground. The film should be completed by November, and Aira hopes to premier it in the Rat or the Space.



The Memphis Rockabilly Band's first single should be in the racks now. The songs are "Lindy Rock" / "Ducktails." Yahoo!

The Vinny Band, according to wise-guy Ralph ratello, recently turned down an offer to donate blood by claiming that 80 percent of their vital fluid is spaghetti sauce. Incidentally, labels have been sending scouts to Vinny gigs recently. Nothing firm yet, but legs will snap like twigs if ink doesn't dry on contracts soon.

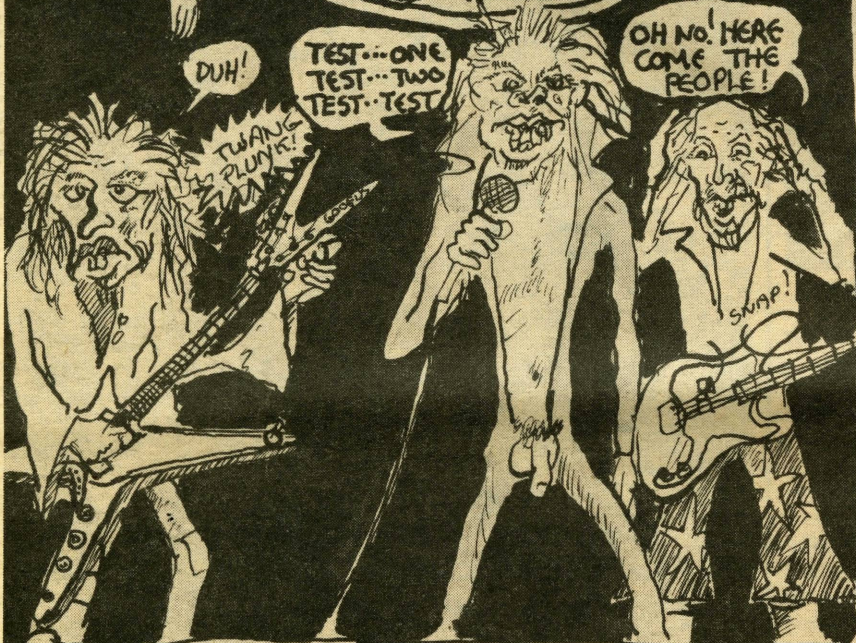


# ASSAULT AT BATTERYMARCH



AFTER A LONG TRIP THRU THE LABYRINTHINE STREETS OF THE LONELY FINANCIAL DISTRICT DOWNTOWN I MADE MY WAY TO BATTERYMARCH STREET, AND THE SPACE, WHERE I FOUND MYSELF CONFRONTED WITH THE DOOR PERSON...

STORY + PICTURES BY EILEEN EITHERWAY...

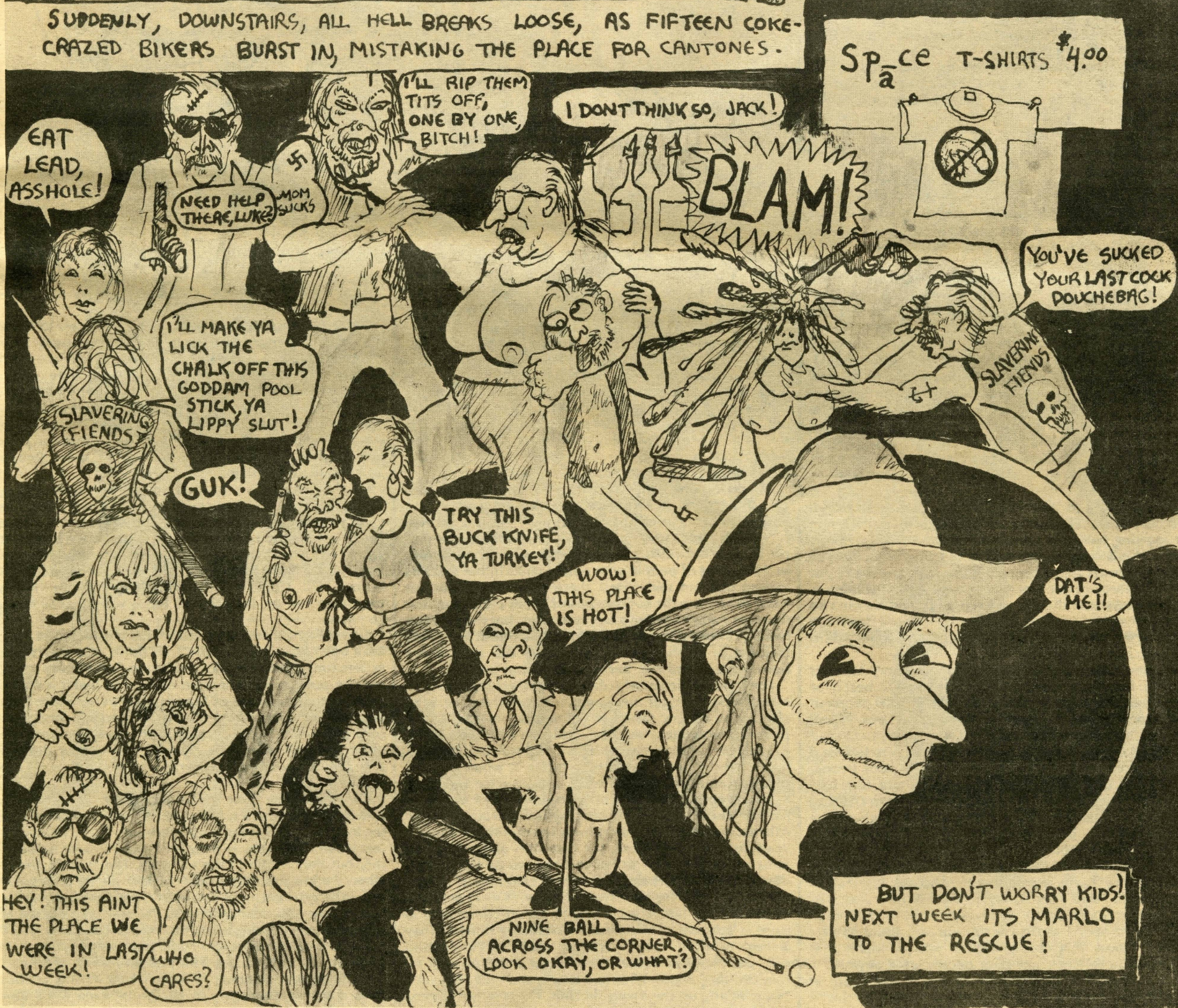


AN HOUR INTO THEIR PLAYING TIME, THE BAND, THE "SPASTIC COLONS", A BUNCH OF HIPPIY TURDS FROM OUT OF TOWN, STILL HADNT FINISHED WITH THEIR SOUND CHECK. I DECIDED TO HIT THE UPSTAIRS BAR BEFORE GOING DOWNSTAIRS TO THE "PLAY ROOM."

DOWNSTAIRS, THINGS WERE PICKING UP, AS SOME VITRIOLIC FEMALES SHARPENED THEIR WIT ON THE EGGS OF VARIOUS BOORISH AND IMPORTUNATE UNNATTACHED MALES...







**BY EILEEN EITHERWAY**



# The Subway

Suburbia horns in on the urban underground.

I AM ON MY WAY TO THE SEARS STORE ON BROOKLINE Avenue to buy a fan. It's the hottest day of the year. I'm sweating at the Beaconsfield stop, a short walk from Cleveland Circle, hoping an LRV arrives with its air conditioning, smooth ride and quiet silicone wheels rather than a funky PCC car.

When the trolley pulls up and the doors start to open, I head for it. Just as I'm ready to board, he steps out, wearing a medium gray suit with a red tie, carrying a briefcase in one hand and a cattle prod in the other. He reaches out to nick my ear with the prod, and I wake up.

A variation of the dream has me walking onto an LRV full of men from Weston in gray suits, one in each seat. When I make to sit down, they lay their briefcases on the extra seat, looking out the corners of their eyes while reading the *New York Times*. When I ask them to move their briefcases, they reach for their cattle prods, and I wake up.

It hasn't reached this far, yet, but you never know. When the gas ran out, the businessmen and lawyers took to the T. They sat next to, and shared air space with, people they hadn't really looked at in years. They were appalled to find out that the T was full of mechanics, drunks, punks, musicians, garbage collectors and the people who clean their offices. Many of them were black, Puerto Rican or Chinese. When one sat next to them, the men from the suburbs hugged the window.

You won't hear about this phenomenon on radio or TV or read about it in the papers. You've got to ride the subways to know and see it. There's hatred riding the subways these days, and it doesn't take the practised eye of a sociologist or urban planner to see it. If you've spent time on the streets scraping to get by, you know it; if you wear a suit and tie to work each day, you've felt it.

Since the transit systems began falling apart about 35 years ago, the buses, trolleys and subways have been used almost exclusively by the poor. The ones who had money bought cars and houses and moved to Weston, Belmont and Burlington. Until the gas ran out in 1973, as it did again in June, they never thought about taking a bus.

In the cities, the transit systems decayed. Lots of them started to go out of business, and were usually taken over by the city or country government, always with the idea that without public transit, the poor wouldn't be able to get around. This idea hit the federal government about 15 years ago. It even coined a term for it: transit dependent, which included old people and handicapped people. When the government told them they were transit dependent, they said they just wanted to go to the store.

If all you could afford was the bus or subway, the choices were limited. You could get from Lechmere to Dudley, or maybe from Harvard Square to Revere. But you couldn't get from Dudley to Burlington or Revere to Weston — no way.

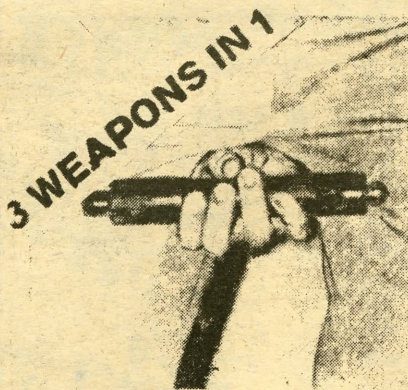
I'm not going to launch into a complaint about racism and class lines. Who can blame suit-and-tie businessmen for wanting half-acre suburban spreads? Does anybody who makes \$35,000 a year really want to live in Roxbury or Revere anyway? It just happened that way, and we're just whistling through our ears if we second-guess the suburbs and freeways after they've all been built. And we can't be too surprised that the trolleys and buses went down the chute when the fares we pay only represent about a third of the actual costs, if that.

Whatever the reason, Boston is a laboratory for class conflict. Between 1940 and 1970, when the suits beat it for the suburbs, Boston lost 150,000 of the 800,000 people it had. One day the city's leaders took a look around and noticed that most of the people left were poor, and began programs designed to bring the wealthy back to town. Of course, they could have tried making the poor people wealthier, but that's another story. At any rate, they tore down the West End, tried to tear down the North End, and built the Prudential Center. The South End, where the poor are slowly being evicted, is being converted to a facsimile Beacon Hill.

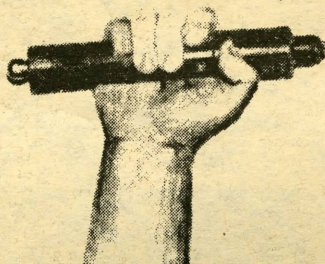
If you're poor, and that sounds bad, consider this: people from the 'burbs are starting to 'discover' Dorchester and Jamaica Plain. They're buying \$30,000 shells and turning them into \$100,000 mansions. When the gas ran out in late May, property in Dorchester jumped about 35 percent. A house that cost \$30,000 in May suddenly cost \$41,000 in June. Not many poor people were buying.

Most of us live in apartments, and they're no bargain, at \$200-\$400 a month for a little bit of space decorated with cockroaches, cracked plaster and broken windows overlooking streets dotted with dog shit and beer bottles. Many of these units are being converted to \$50,000 condos. If Allston and the Fenway get 'discovered,' too, the ghettoes will start moving to the suburbs.

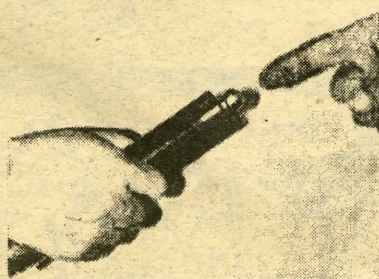
I'm not saying this is a sure thing, but the class conflict on the subway seems to be pointing that direction. The trol-



Conceals three different weapons in one device.



Small enough to conceal. Large enough to control.



Just press the concealed button or squeeze the grip to activate prongs. Deliver up to 7,000 one-second shocks, then recharge in your car's cigarette lighter while you drive.

Shock, although strong enough to subdue a prisoner, will not stop a pace maker or cause a heart attack.

This unique device is...  
ons in one. Use  
"yavara" stick, or  
from 5,000 volt s

by outstanding  
as one of the

## ILLUSTRATION: SIIRI HOWARD

leys and trains are filling up at the end of the line in Newton or Quincy, and by the time they get to Kenmore or South Boston there isn't much room left. It seems worse because the MBTA always cuts back on service in the summertime anyway, so fewer cars handle heavier traffic. More and more, blue collar workers shuffle onto trains filled with people in suits. Guess who stands?

For now it's the worker, even though it's becoming chic to live in the city. At least if the poor are nudged farther out, they'll get first shot at the seats. But that forced migration is a ways off. The more immediate prospect is that more commuters from the suburbs are going to take the buses and trains to Boston.

Always looking for a way to introduce policy into services, the federal government now realizes that it isn't enough just to take folks to the store anymore. The original federal idea was to get those transit-dependent poor people around. But 1973's gas troubles changed that tune fast. In 1973, a lot of people with empty tanks in the suburbs looked out and said, "Hell, there aren't any buses out here! Where are the goddam buses?" They didn't mention that they hadn't needed a bus in 20 years, but their cry was heard. Diverting auto drivers to public transit became a major goal of the government. Then the gas stations flowed again, and the 'burbs forgot about buses.

The transit officials, who didn't forget, got together and asked "What will get the commuter from the suburbs to give up his car and take a bus or subway instead?" They figured it would take sleek new rail lines with fancy, comfortable cars, augmented with park-and-ride lots. It would take a whole new approach to buses. It would require regular running times, efficiency, convenience and hype.

They went to work and produced the BART system in San Francisco, comfortable but plagued with accidents; in Atlanta, they opened their subway last month, almost two years late; in Washington, the escalators and automated passcard system tend to fail and the whole thing shuts down on Sunday when there are no commuters; in Boston, we got LRVs for our Green Line. The LRVs went on the Riverside Line first, a good line to attract commuters to since it gets out to the Newton-Wellesley border. They weren't worried about attracting riders to Huntington Avenue. The LRVs were eventually put on the other lines, too, but they almost all broke down, and now they only run regularly on the Riverside Line. Then, in July, Jimmy Carter promised \$10 billion for the nation's mass transit systems, spread over a decade, an absurdly low figure that would barely solve Boston's problems alone.

In fairness, I should note that the Orange Line was sent into working-class Malden, but that is rare. The subways in Washington, Atlanta and San Francisco were all built to take people from the suburbs into the city and back again.

In a city like Boston, it makes sense to extend the lines we already have even if they end up in an older neighborhood.

In this hurry to get the wealthier commuters to leave their cars, one major fact has been mostly ignored: only extremely high gas prices or a lack of gas will get them kicking and screaming onto the buses. In June, when empty tanks forced car owners to take buses from Framingham or Needham, they were rude, abusive and impatient with the bus drivers and regular fares. This policy of weaning suburban people from their cars is doubly strange when you consider that the government has spent 20 years building highways that encourage driving.

But Boston is not a town sprinkled with fuel-sucking double garages. It's a vast city of haves and have-nots. The great middle class shuns this city. The have-nots live here because it's cheap (has been anyway), and there is a transit system to move them around. The haves mostly just work here by day and go home at night after a few cocktails at Faneuil Hall. Until recently, it has been hard to find an expensive suit on the subway, but it will become more common.

The strife I expect comes from simple causes. The poor have been forced to ride the T all along, and even if the system stinks and is the most inefficient in the entire country, the poor have some kind of right to feel it is theirs. People with money haven't used public transit in decades, and that includes almost anyone who makes enough to own a car. When they took opinion surveys, commuters often said they didn't use transit because they disliked their fellow passengers. It isn't racism exactly; it's more like classism.

Given a choice, I ride the subway grubby, but my work sometimes requires a suit and tie. It's terribly hard to ride for long without getting grubby anyway. There's no problem when I'm grubby — people who are dressed up avoid me, but they're still in the minority. The trouble comes when I'm in a suit. If you don't believe me try it for yourself. When you get on, almost all the eyes on the car stare at you, follow you down the aisle. People make a point of bumping you, rubbing up against you. Occasionally, you'll be picked out for derision. Sometimes, small groups will make threatening noises. You end up feeling defensive. They think you have money, even if you've only got bus fare, and they think you're fair game, even if it's only because you stand out.

All this is nothing new. The poor have always hated the rich, and the rich have always shunned the poor. But when the two are jockeying for position on the same subway train, the feelings we keep inside have a way of taking over, and all the planners and programs cannot prevent that.

—Todd Simon





CLOTHES: KITTY LITTER The dummy is the same size as Steven Tyler, one of Kitty's clients.

nancee, Kitty Litter

# Cowboy in the City

Three years ago P. and I lived together in a communal house near Walden Pond. The house was part of the Baker Farm described in Thoreau's *Walden*. It is now on a Lincoln estate owned by John Quincy Adams, direct descendant of two American presidents.

Doug also lived at that house. Doug and I had been friends in Omaha. When he learned I was desperate to leave that city, he wrote me a letter asking me to visit him in Massachusetts.

When Doug showed me around the house he introduced me to P. first. The sun had turned her hair many shades of blonde;

she wore it loose and a little scraggly. We laughed about something trivial before she went upstairs to play her banjo clawhammer style.

A week later she asked me if I would walk with her through Pleasant Meadow.

Thoreau had once meditated there and written:

"My way led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm that retreat of which a poet had since sung beginning:

*Thy entry is a pleasant field,  
Which some mossy fruit trees*

*yield  
Partly to a ruddy brook  
By gliding musquash undertook,  
And mercurial trout  
Darting about.*

"I thought of living there before I went to Walden."

We climbed a tree, held hands and talked a long time, and there in Thoreau's Pleasant Meadow, we became lovers.





before

after



Russia

IF P. WAS ANY less intelligent or less caring we would have learned of our differences after a long anguish. We would have lived for a long time unaware of a slow creeping bitterness.

As it was P. wanted to live life, "in pursuit of the spiritual," as she called it, "a life continuous, indivisible, and self sufficient as a river."

To her that meant playing traditional folk music, believing in the tenets of pacifism, and eating

home-grown vegetarian food. She had come from New Jersey, and she wanted to look like she had come from the hills of Appalachia.

All of this was based on the belief that industrialization, technology, and cities are responsible for the corruption of mankind.

To me it was not those external forces so much as the corruption in me and in every human which must first be faced.

I tried to explain that I was not ignoring her quest of spirituality.

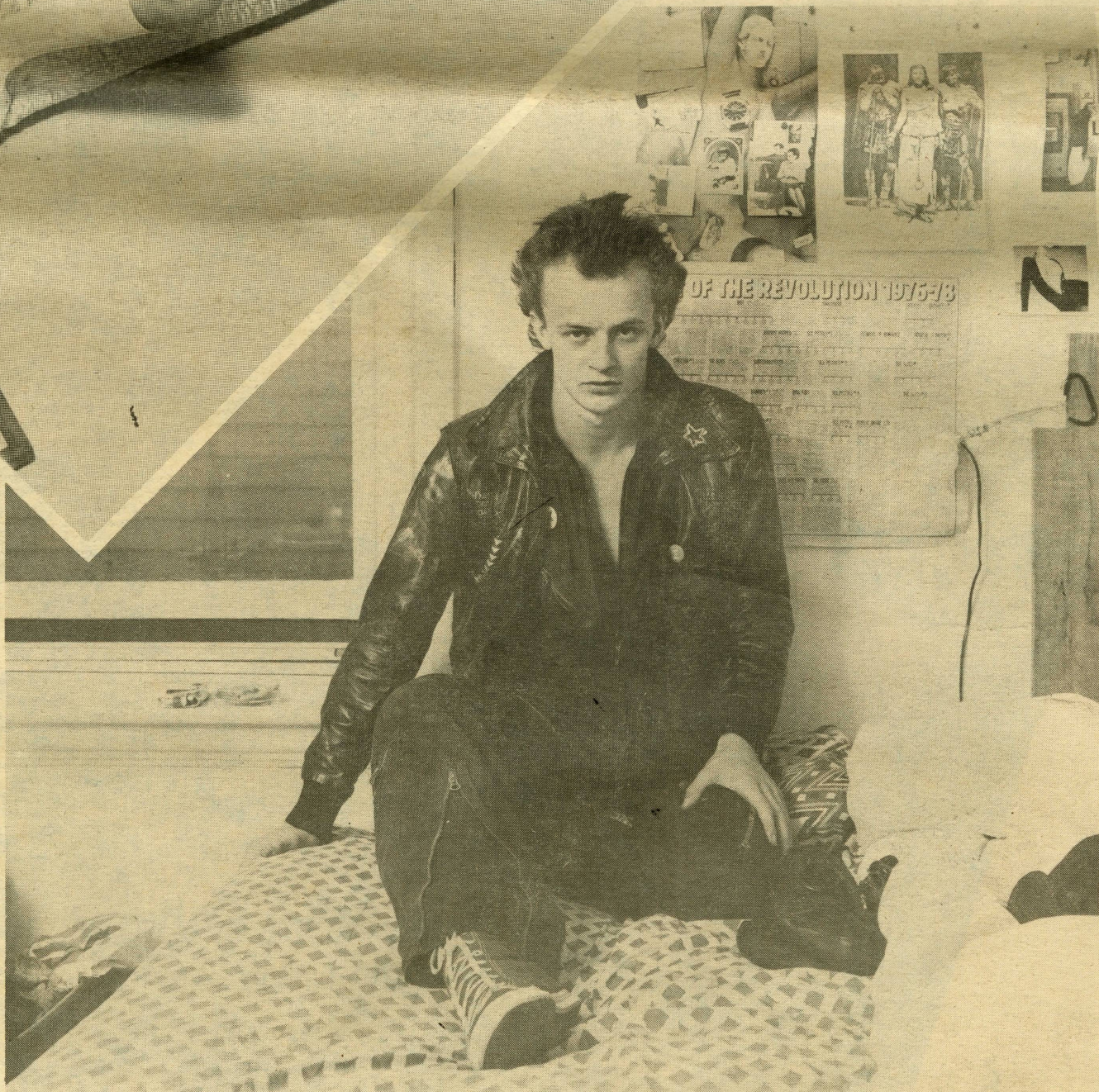


Barbara, Heidi



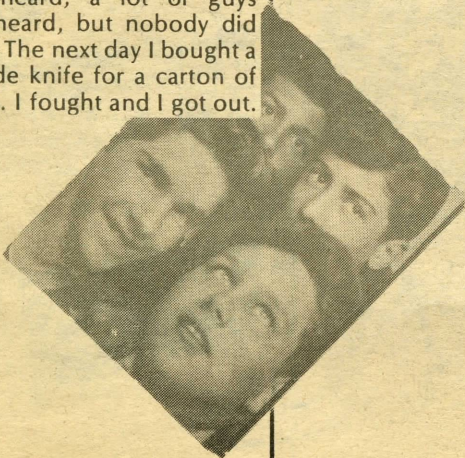


Jan Long



Bruno

**I** TOLD HER HOW I had been arrested for possession of marijuana and sentenced to a year in prison. In prison I heard talk about how they wanted to fuck the young blond-haired boy. I lay awake that night watching him get up to take a leak when he was jumped. There were six of them. One threw a blanket over his head and the others kicked him to the floor. They beat him and fucked him in the ass right in the dormitory aisle. The guard must've heard, a lot of guys must've heard, but nobody did anything. The next day I bought a homemade knife for a carton of cigarettes. I fought and I got out.





Johnny Blitz  
has nice tits

twist  
and  
shoot!

# A

LONG TIME AFTERWARDS I looked for some justification for lying awake and doing nothing. I also tried to examine the alternative of doing something to stop the rape. I couldn't find any answers in the spiritual. The only thing that made sense was, in a Louis d'Amour novel.

"No Ange, if the folks who believe in law, justice and a decent life for folks are to be shot down by those who believe in violence, nothing makes much sense. I believe in justice, I believe in being tolerating of other folks, but I pack a big pistol and will use it when needed."

Louis d'Amour, Sackett

P. called that a cowboy mentality. So when John Quincy Adams decided to evict the members of our communal house, she moved to the country and I to the city. We loved each other, but our differences could not be resolved.

She said she could not live with me because I was not spiritual.

I could not call myself spiritual because in order to survive I had to stand by as others were raped and murdered. To stop it I had to become a killer myself. I didn't want to become a murderer, and I didn't want to be dead either. This was a zen riddle I could not solve.



CLOTHES AND MAKEUP: GLENDA McNEIL



Beverly Howland, Roger Tripp







**M**

Y CHOICE, however, had been made. I had chosen to survive, and for me the "simple" life was no longer possible.

As Carl Jung wrote:

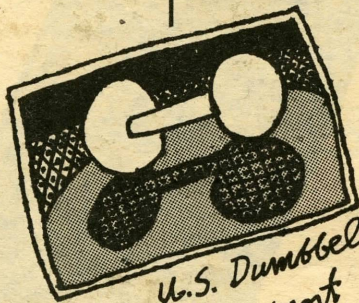
"Once he has seen the Faustian problem, the escape into the 'simple life' is closed forever. There is, of course, nothing to stop him from taking a two room cottage in the country, or from pottering about and eating raw turnips. But his soul laughs at the deception."

My soul laughed as I tried each spiritual deception, each of them somehow glossing over that riddle I couldn't answer.

*Billie Montgomery*

*Wm m m m*





# A

FTER WALDEN I chose to live in the city. In the city you are never far away from the conflict, the violence, the poor, the aging, and death.

The city is the home of the modern pioneer.

But the "real pioneer in America," said D.H. Lawrence, "fought like hell and suffered until the soul was ground out of him . . . The spirit and the will survived, but something in the soul perished: the softness, the

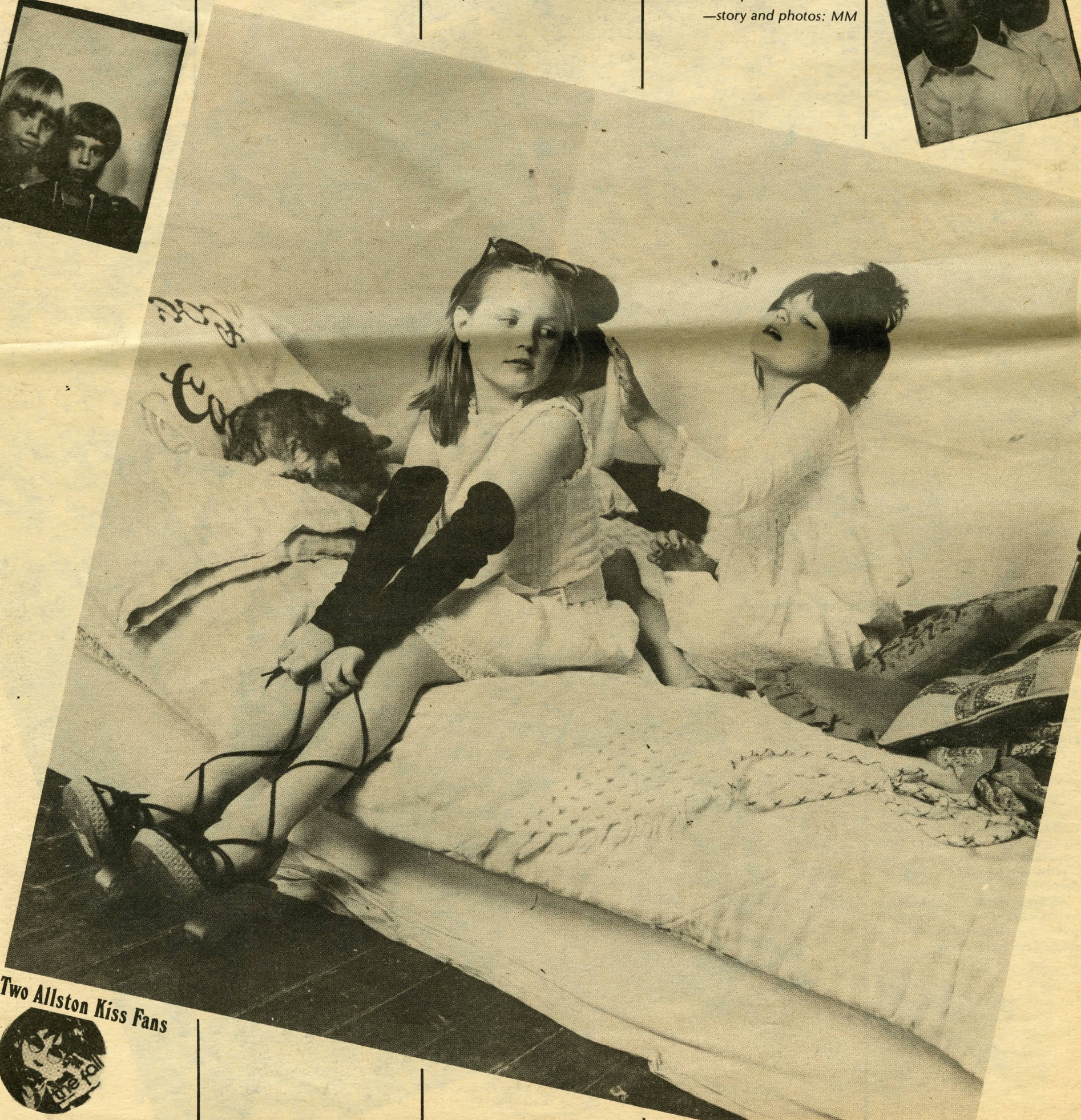
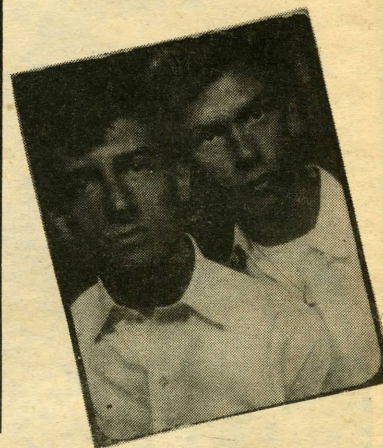
flowering, the natural tenderness . . ."

After prison and living with P., I wondered how much had died within me. I wanted to regain that "natural tenderness" without forgetting what I had seen.

In the city I began to photograph people just to be able to look at them, their joys, their conflicts, and their death.

As a photographer I am again someone who stands by to watch. I think it is important to look.

—story and photos: MM



Two Allston Kiss Fans





**T**HE MYTH OF MISS LYN, THE 24-year-old editor and publisher of *The Boston Groupie News*, is summed up in the title of her fanzine, one of the best in the nation. The pejorative term 'groupie' conjures a detailed image in our minds: a hard and at least pretty woman, with eyes that only a celebrity aura will soften, who is an easy lay for any skinny-pimply dupe who makes it on stage. It's a repulsive, timeworn, shallow and inaccurate myth. Only a punk would use it with pride. In other words, it's a fun self-effacing joke.

"From the first, I intended to change the name. I didn't make it up," said Miss Lyn in her Brighton apartment in late July, a few weeks before joining her GI husband, Gizmo, in South Carolina. "But I never bothered."

No one knows who named and printed the first BGN; dated Nov., 1975. That single Xerox page with scandalous gossip about two now-defunct bands, Reddy Teddy and Fox Pass, anonymously appeared on local saloon tables. Among other items, Jon Macey of Fox Pass was highlighted as a creature of amazing sexuality. Many people believe he was the one who printed it.

Miss Lyn, then fresh from the Framingham hinterlands, took over on issue #2. She's edited it since, the most recent in August, #23. Initially, she namelessly continued Xeroxing one or two page sheets filled with risqué anecdotes and hard news about mostly Boston bands, strung together with crude ellipses and no paragraph indentions. It was difficult to read, but nonetheless a potent fix of underground data. Recent issues have been offset folios of up to 16 pages, with band and fan interviews and press runs of 300-400 copies. Each run costs \$150 to produce.

"We've been out three-and-a-half years, never charged a penny, except for the last two issues," she said, "and, I'm proud to say, have never had a benefit." (Don't forget the *Subway News* benefit at the Rat, Aug. 26.)

# BOSTON GROUPIE



BOX 450 CAMBRIDGE, MA. 02138

She publishes the fanzine "because it's fun, and I get in to see a lot of the bands free." The financial independence allows her to print whatever she wants. Sometimes this leads to spats. She and Rory O'Connor are currently trading barbs. He refers to her as Ms., apparently in retribution for his name being misspelled in BGN. DMZ angered her when they broke up, and the hyper-sensitive Mono Mann lashed out at any questions regarding the subject. She's had an on-again off-again feud with the Real Kids, a solid rock band prone to bigoted raps, especially toward gays.

But in the most recent issue she foregoes the quibbling to engage in serious activism. Miss Lyn wrote an editorial attacking racism in the Boston underground.

"There are racial slurs in many interviews we do, and I'm hearing more and more of them. It would be irresponsible to print them, so I've always ignored them. And that isn't right. We're going to start speaking out," she said shortly before publishing the issue.

Sexists, too, best be aware that their crimes are also being monitored by BGN. She said the problem worsens on weekends at the Rat when the straight voyeurs invade to gawk at the punks.

"If I won the lottery, I'd open up a private club with cards so no assholes could be let in. There wouldn't be any guys saying, 'Hey, honey, you gotta nice big pair of tits'."

In South Carolina she plans on joining the local chapter of the National Organization for Women.

She'll be living there for the next eight months, but will continue publishing and editing BGN from the following address: 5704 Murray Drive #13, North Charleston, S.C. 29406. Long-time BGN associate Paul "Blowfish" Lovell will be her eyes and ears in Boston.

But she wants to emphasize, "I am returning. This is my home. The Groupie News is my baby, and I don't think it's a mongoloid."

## WHY DID YOU LEAVE La Peste?

I wanted to try something new. I was bored. I read somewhere that the only escape from the plague is death or extreme purification. So I quit the band and escaped to New York for two months. I think the scene needed a change. It has gotten real incestuous.

What are you going to do with all the songs you wrote with La Peste?

Give them to Mark [Karl] and Roger [Tripp].

What do you think they will do with them?

Play 'em.

What will your new music be like?

You'll be able to dance to it. The songs will be much more personal.

If you could be any flower what would you be?

A bleeding heart.

What do you wear to bed?

Nothing.

Are you a capitalist?

Yes.

Do you believe in the apocalypse?

Yes. We can't pull ourselves out of this mess. We won't go back to the country until the cities completely collapse. I want to be in the city the day before it happens. I want to be in that energy.

What do you read?

I just read the rock and roll magazines.

# Peter Dayton starts over



PHOTOS: JEROME HIGGINS / HAIR AND MAKEUP: GLENDA McNEIL  
MODELS: CIA ANGELTON, PETER DAYTON / CONCEPT: PETER DAYTON



WBRS	91.7	647-2147	WMFO	91.5	628-5000
WERS	88.9	267-7821	WZBC	90.3	332-1110
WHRB	95.3	495-4818	WBCN	104.1	536-8000
WMBR	88.1	494-8810	WCOZ	94.5	247-2022

	Time	Station	Show	Deejay	Music
SUN	12-3pm	WMBR	Late Risers' Club	Albert	NW
	2-6pm	WZBC		Linda Tara	mostly reggae
	10pm-2am	WBCN		Oedipus & the Smart Patrol	everything
MON	12-3pm	WMBR	Late Risers' Club	Carter Alan	NW
	9pm-12am	WBRS	Art Attack	Gilda Brasch	NW
	10pm-2am	WBCN		Oedipus & the Smart Patrol	everything
TUES	12-3pm	WMBR	Late Risers' Club	Carla	NW
	2-6pm	WZBC		Honey van Coff	mostly reggae
	10pm-2am	WBCN		Oedipus & the Smart Patrol	NW
WED	12-3pm	WMBR	Late Risers' Club	Greg Reibman	NW
	2-6pm	WZBC		Honey van Coff	mostly reggae
	10pm-2am	WBCN		Oedipus & the Smart Patrol	NW
THUR	12-3pm	WMBR	Late Risers' Club	Tom Lane	NW
	2-6pm	WZBC		Linda Tara	mostly reggae
	6-8pm	WMFO	Reggae with Cal	Cal	Reggae
	9pm-1am	WBRS	Boppers on the Rebound	Peter Mork	NW, 60's obscurities
	9pm-12	WMBR	Friday Night Live	Dave Wolman	NW
FRI	10am-1pm	WMBR	TV/OD	Tony V	NW
	1-4pm	WMBR	Rock 'n' Roll Memory Time	varies	oldies
	4-7pm	WMBR	Demi Monde	Oedipus	NW
	5-8pm	WMFO	Ribs	Norris Grundy	r'n'b, some jazz and disco
	6-9pm	WHRB	Street Corner Symphony	Stompin' Zemo	R'n'B
	7pm-12	WMBR	Night Owl	varies	requests
	8pm-12	WBCN	Saturday Night at the Movies	Oedipus & the Smart Patrol	everything
SAT	12-1am	WCOZ	Boston Beat	Leslie Palmiter	Boston bands
	12-4am	WMBR	The Asylum	varies	madness
	12-6am	WBCN		Carter Alan	everything
	2-6am	WBRS	Earthquake		everything
	10am-12	WMFO	Dixie Fried		C & W
	12-2pm	WMBR	West Indian Music	Dr. Soul	West Indian & reggae

# RADIO RADIO

## WMBR OPTS FOR DEAD AIR

**L**AST MAY, WTBS CHANGED its call letters to WMBR. That's double-you-em-bee-are. Got it? No more slip-ups or we'll sic Ted Turner on you.

In mid-June, with the advent of a new program director, about half the new wave programming was cut. The Late Riser's Club was moved from 9 am - 12 to 12-3 pm, cancelling all the afternoon shows (except TVOD, which was moved to Saturday) and replacing the old Late Riser's time slot with dead air. The early am show, Morning Cartoons, was also cut. The Demi-Monde and Friday Night Live remain in their usual time slots.

These changes were announced as the new summer schedule, but the rock deejays at the station are less than optimistic about getting the old shows back or any new shows added for the fall.

Perhaps as a result of the dissension at the station, Mr. and Mrs. Denton have obtained a divorce. The once-happy couple will be doing separate shows.

If you'd like to express your opinion of the changes at WMBR, send letters to: John Kosian, Program Director, WMBR, 3 Ames St., Cambridge, 02142.

Oedipus has been given a full-time slot on WBCN Carter Alan, who can still be heard on the Tuesday Late Risers' Club, has 'BCN's graveyard shift covered on Saturdays, midnight-6. He's also handling local music there and doing fill-in shows.

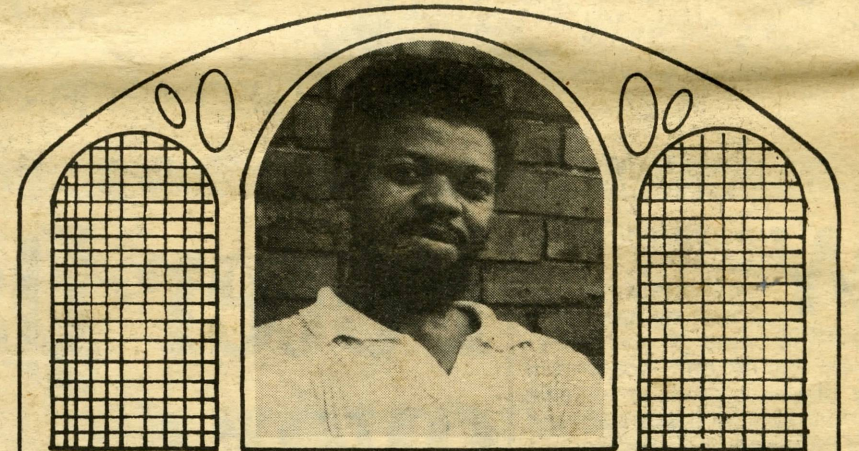
WBRS is still operating on summer schedule. On September 30, they return to regular programming with plenty of student-run specialty shows. Currently, the 7 - 10 pm time slot is the best bet for progressive rock and new wave.

WHRB now has predominantly rock programming with lots of new wave every morning from 6 - 11 am, and every night from midnight - 3 am.

WMFO's still about 85 percent free form, with much of it modern raw rock. An all-oldies show is proposed for the fall. On the Town, a show featuring local bands, can be heard every other Wednesday at 9pm.

WZBC is now broadcasting in stereo. Apart from the shows listed, you can tune in every evening from 7 pm - 2 am for a free form format that includes a lot of nude whale.

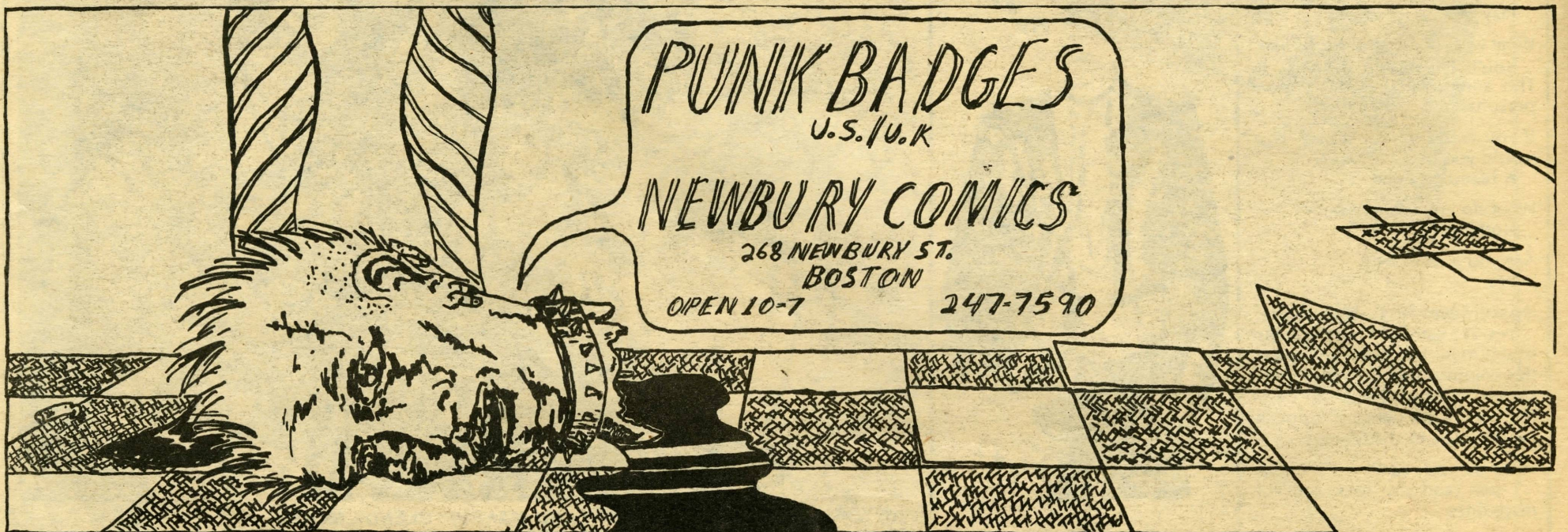
—Theo Greenblatt



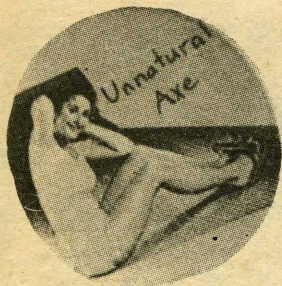
Dr. Soul (Lloyd Edwards), born in Kingston, Jamaica, deejays a reggae show on WMBR, Sunday, 12-2. His favorite bands are the Heptones, the Wailers, the Mighty Diamonds and Alton Ellis. He describes himself as

"patriotic" and "obligated to the reggae entertainer."

He says reggae is: "a form of rock music, of course," "highly political," "the heaviest rhythm around" and "lazy, tireless dancing."





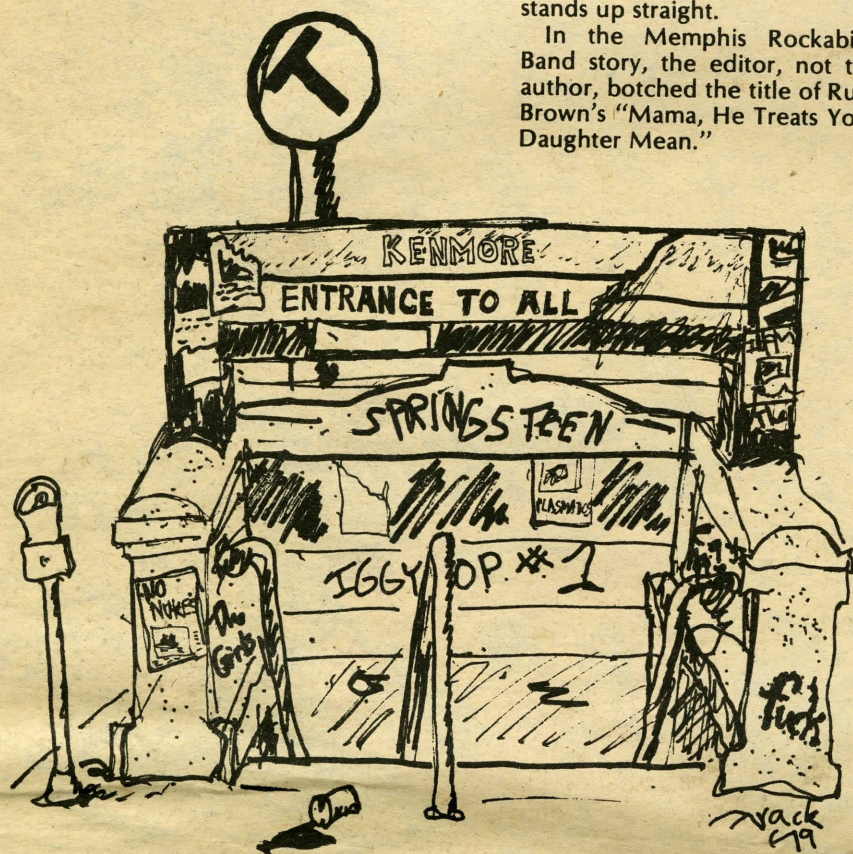


## Fuck-ups

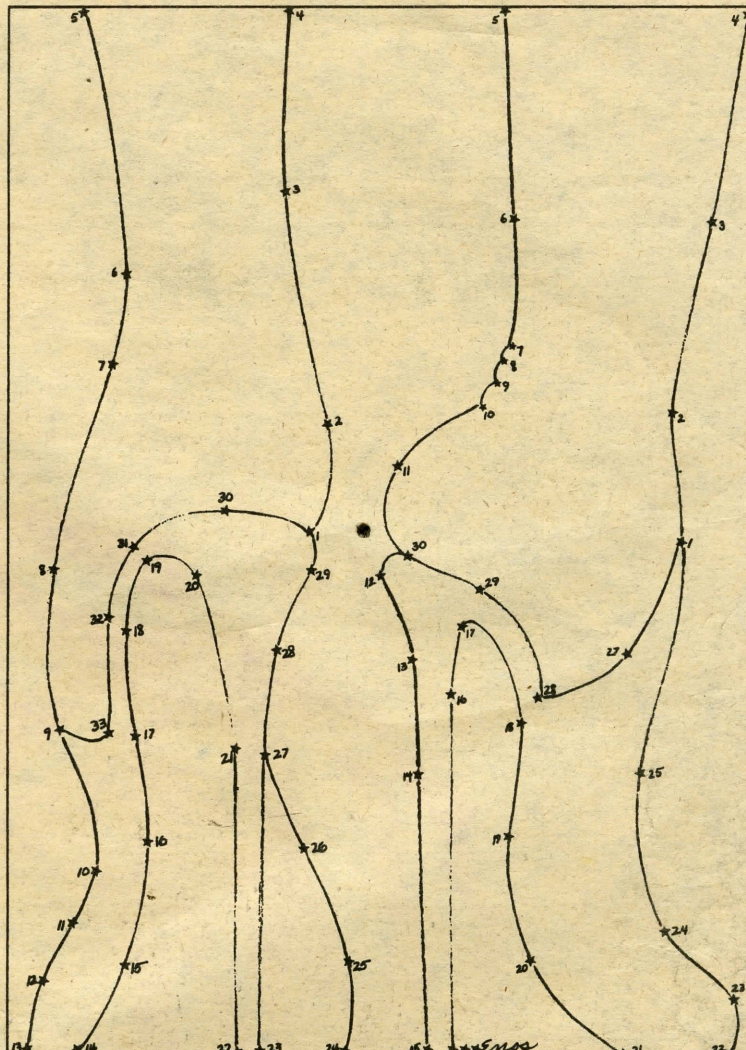
Oedipus was quoted on p. 5 of the last issue saying: "About 30 percent of all new music is wall-paper." The figure should have been 70.

On p. 7, the taxi story, Russia was described as being a few inches under six feet. The painter is actually six feet even when he stands up straight.

In the Memphis Rockabilly Band story, the editor, not the author, botched the title of Ruth Brown's "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean."



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