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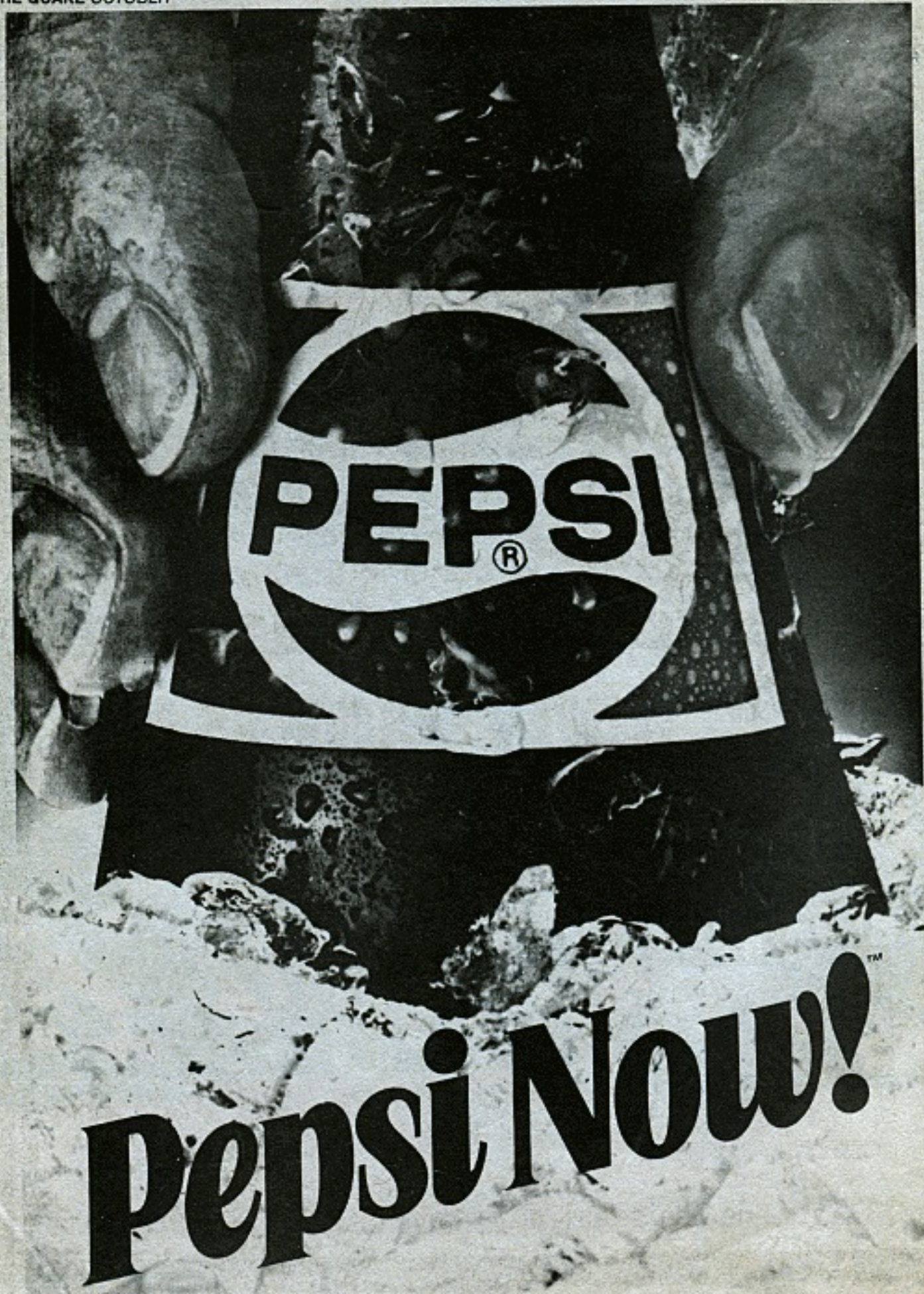
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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

**W**

Quite A Treat!! Elvis Costello, in town for 2 fabulous shows which the Quake was delighted to co-present, stopped by The Quake studios Saturday night for 2 hours of free-form deejaying. That's right! If you were listening, you probably heard some tunes which aren't exactly the latest sounds...driving home from "Pauline At The Beach" I punched on the radio to hear, to my surprise, some great old soul...venturing by the studio it was easy to tell that the gruff, deep and hoarse (perhaps a little from the party new-comer Yoko Ono threw for him the night before) english voice was one that had a few fans (lined up outside)...Elvis was spinning some of his favorite records.

September played host to a great onslaught of talent performing in the Bay Area...Eddy Grant, King Sunny Ade, Talking Heads, The Police-Madness-Fixx-Thompson Twins-Oingo Boingo show, Bad Manners, and Bowie. Out of all these stellar bands the show which really stands out was the Talking Heads at The Greek Theatre. A starry night, everyone's dancin', the band sounds as great as it ever has, and David Byrne uses the stage to shake his wiry limbs beneath a baggy white suit so that he resembles a hilarious cartoon, while filling the amphitheatre with laughter, screaming and applause. It was some show.

Local news includes the finalists on The Quake's "Rock to Riches" album: Robert Seidler, Population R, Perfect Strangers, The Defectors, The Uptones, RX, Flying Tigers, Fade to Black, Voice Farm, and Stir-Ups. The Quake thanks the hundreds who entered and the judges were quite impressed with the high quality of artists in this community...It was a tough job to pick the finalists. Look for the album in stores around mid-November. And...don't forget to listen to The Quake we will be highlighting some of the winners' tapes soooooon.

Some local musical notes...Shadow Images will bring their modern dance music to the Mabuhay Gardens Oct. 5 and to the club 181 Oct. 21. The Defectors headline the "Wakiki Wave Club" in Honolulu and will touch down in the Bay Area Oct. 19 at The Catati Caberet. Club 181 will be presenting some special programs this month: The Hostages-Sat., Oct. 15; Perfect Strangers-Fri., Oct. 24; and a Fab Halloween Party Sat., Oct. 29. Radio Ranch (of Early Tremors "Take a Chance" fame) is scheduled to be finishing a 4-song EP, catch them at the Chi-Chi with Times Beach on Oct. 15. Bonnie Hayes and The Wild Combo will be working on material for their second LP at The Plant Studios (formerly Sausalito Record Plant). Also working at The Plant Studio is X-Chrome Dinetter. Chris Ketner, producing himself on a solo effort for Bill Graham management.

Local bands send your news to The Quake Magazine, 1311 Sutter St., San Francisco, Ca. 94109.

**R**

This month brings my favorite holiday, Halloween. The Quake will party for 20 hours non-stop Monday, Oct. 31, at Wolfgang's. The festivities begin at 6 a.m. with the Breakfast with Bennett show. Alex will be followed by continuous Rock of the 80's with live remotes from the club all day long. The darker hours will bring the Mutants. Wear your baddest costume and listen to FM99 for details.

It's Halloween month, go out and scare somebody.

— Stephanie

**S**  
A

**ee**

# When Monsters Walked the Earth By Robert J. Bowman



**R**ecent excavations at quarries around the world are shedding new light on the life and extinction of those lumbering giants of music, the Rock Dinosaurs. For years it has been the belief of most paleontologists that the creatures perished in a blaze of disaster. The Cataclysm Theory holds that an asteroid is most likely to have blasted them away, bringing to an abrupt end some of the most curious beasts to have walked the earth.

Now, however, experts are being forced to reassess their theories, in light of powerful new evidence that points to an astonishing conclusion: that the fate of the dinosaurs took many forms. Here, then, are the major species, followed by the current theory of extinction based on the latest available data:

**Heavisaurus Pubaceous** (formerly Maidenus Ironium Leppardus). Existed during the Cretinaceous Era. This bloated, oversized specimen

evolved from the smaller but meaner, lizardlike Zeppelisaurus (Acidaceous Era), the first prehistoric creature to possess the bellowing roar that became so characteristic of its later manifestation. Heavisaurus' brain was located in the vicinity of the left kneecap, although there is some evidence of cranial capacity in an area of approximately one square millimeter within the armpit. Excavations of fossil layers show that the stratum of rock containing the remains of the Heavisaurus is crushing those beneath it, making it extremely difficult for researchers to study earlier eras.

Heavisaurus subsisted on a diet of 13-year-old boys, which it regurgitated in the form of video circuitry. For amusement, the animal enjoyed stepping on things, including its own kind. It was fond of sitting in caves and making noise; Huge indentations in the sides of mountains suggest it often ran into walls, but whether this was

due to clumsiness or a sense of fun cannot be determined by the available evidence.

The Cataclysm Theory of extinction is largely drawn from the conjectured fate of the Heavisaurus, who almost certainly suffered a rapid demise. Whether this took the form of the hypothesized asteroid, electrocution from lightning storms, loss of hearing or implosion remains unknown. Scientists believe that some died simply by tripping and falling into swamps, where they lay, unable to raise their massive bulk, until they expired. Coming into favor recently is the theory that a series of earthquakes, or Massive Terrestrial Vibrations (MTV) were responsible for the deaths of many of the creatures.

**Hippisaurus Burnisoutus** (also known as Grateus Garcius, because remains have been found in Mexico). In contrast to the carnivorous proclivities of Heavisaurus, Hippisaurus was an herbivore who ingested only plants in various forms. It is widely believed that this led to acute softening of the brain, and a tendency to stare at natural phenomena, such as the crawling of ants, until blindness ensued. Hippisaurus was known to be confused by ferns.

Not as loud as Heavisaurus, Hippisaurus was nevertheless attracted by noise, particularly when it lasted a long time without variation. It lived in the Haightaceous Era, although fossil remains suggest that it survived stubbornly for eons thereafter. (Hippisaurus was known to have experienced several "comebacks" at times when everyone was convinced it was extinct. This is known as the Eltonic Syndrome.) Some even maintain that the remotest mountain regions still contain roving bands of Hippisauri, who come out at night and wail endlessly, in an apparent contest to determine who can go on the longest before dropping dead. Local natives have constructed cults around the Hippisaurus Legend. They pay tribute to the beast by gathering in great numbers, burning the animal's favorite food, tearing out their hair and gaining weight. (Little credence is granted the claim of two Soviet scientists that they have located a three-headed mutation of Hippisaurus, which they have dubbed the Krosoff-Stillovich Gnashosaur. No Westerner has been permitted to examine this alleged "discovery.")

Contrary to the cataclysmic fate thought to have befallen Heavisaurus, Hippisaurus is now believed to have

died quietly, succumbing to the mysterious, inexorable condition known as Terminal Irrelevancy.

**Blandasaurus Rex** (Wearius Tediis). This was perhaps the hardiest of all the Rock Dinosaurs, persisting through several geologic periods, although flourishing in the Pallidasic Era. Blandasaurus evolved from a small but remarkably adaptable creature known as the McCartnabrate, which swarmed over the earth like beetles many millions of years ago. This animal later developed into a formidable beast, ruling over its territory and most of the vegetation therein. Even the mighty Heavisaurus was reputed to share its plunder with this omnivorous brute, who maintained a unique hold over others. Nature gifted Blandasaurus with the power to bore its enemies to death, earning it enormous respect. The latter-day incarnation of Blandasaurus is sometimes referred to as the Journeying Styxosaur, differentiated from earlier versions by its astonishing physical range, even though it remained a foreigner in most regions of the earth.

But despite the different manifestations of Blandasaurus — and there were many — paleontologists have had an enormously difficult time



telling them apart. Apparently Blandasaurus itself had this problem, for its mating habits were irregular, and it was constantly frustrated by the inability to distinguish one creature from another. Specialists have long suspected this to be a reason for Blandasaurus' disappearance from the earth, although some experts continue to insist that anemia was the culprit. Recent studies support yet another

theory: that it simply died of ennui. The depth of certain footprints indicate that in many cases Blandasaurus Rex would stop dead in its tracks, overcome by the tedium of its own voice.

A fascinating offshoot of these dinosaur studies is the research now taking place on the most recent creature to emerge from the primordial slime: the Wavosaur. This scrappy little rodent has so far managed to keep from being crushed by its massive predators, although it has done so by hiding out in crevices and underbrush, only venturing out on occasional food-gathering expeditions. Despite its relatively brief time on the planet, it is already beginning to show signs of evolving, having progressed from a vicious but energetic runt to its current appearance: a large, slower and more mechanical creature. Paleontologists are hoping to draw on the experience of the Rock Dinosaurs to determine the destiny of the Wavosaur, but exactly what form it will take can only be guessed at.

Perhaps its ultimate development will only be discernible when it has met the fate of its forebears: that of a layer of fossilized rock, buried in a mountainside.

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# SOFT CELL

## Say Hello Wave Good-bye? The Soft Cell Saga

Soft Cell, the English song and dance electronic duo that parlayed a simple R & B cover tune "Tainted Love" (recorded for less than \$500.00) into the longest running chart single in Billboard Magazine history, are finally set to tour America.

The band composed of singer Lyricist Marc Almond and electronic keyboardist/percussionist David Ball will be bringing their multi-media presentation to San Francisco in October. A show that reflects their Art School heritage containing slide and film presentations, dancers, role playing, and background vocals by the Venonettes.

This comes as a bit of a surprise as recent articles in the English press were quite the contrary. For example, to quote Sounds Magazine "Finding myself increasingly confused and unhappy within the music business, I no longer wish to continue on the recording side of the music scene. I no longer wish to sing, I don't want to be involved in interviews, there are those whose writing and friendship I respect. To those on the other side of the fence, go to Hell!!! Thanks to those who have supported me, confused? Not half as much as I am!!!"

All this precipitated by a bad review of Marc's other recording project Marc and the Mamba's. Marc took things into his own hands by visiting the offending journalist at his office and trouncing him repeatedly about the face with a riding — crop (whip?). Proving that writing about music can be a very dangerous business.

After the dust settled on Marc's confusion, Soft Cell decided to tour the states in what will probably be their farewell tour. Wave Hello and say Good-bye to the band that gave us "Memorabilia," "Tainted Love/Where Did Our Love Go", "Sex Dwarf", "Seedy Films", and "Mugs Game". In a business where the end usually denotes a new beginning, the Soft Cell manifesto published in their early press release seems fitting and appropriate now.

"We describe our music as



energetic dance which can appeal to the listener as well as the dancer. We are eclectic...our influences and musical styles come from many different sources including soul music, cabaret, disco, and psychedelia. "If we had a motto, it would be, 'Dance not Stance'." See you at the show on the dance floor!!

—Frank Andrick



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(Left to right) Mr. Koste, Joe Regelski, Tim Bedore  
Alex Bennett, Oz, Lobster.

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# Record Reviews



## Big Country The Crossing Polydor

In the midst of the synthesizer, syn-drum, modern music mania, the guitar, the essential rock vehicle, is still standing tall and making its presence felt in a big way. Thanks, that is to bands like U-2, R.E.M., X, The Cure, The Alarm, and guitar-dominated new and fastest rising pop chart contender, Big Country. Already a Quake airplay and request staple since Early Tremors debuted the bands pre-album release material in the form of imported 12" E.P.'s, Big Country is now big news across the country.

Big Country is first and foremost a guitar band!! Led by guitarist/vocalist Stuart Adamson and supported by Bruce Watson (also on guitars), the Scottish contingent of Big Country produces some of the most dynamic, yet melodeous interplay ever set to record. All this, minus the guitar hero pretension usually associated with this genre. The backbone and backbeat of Big Country are supplied by Tony Butler and Mark Brzezicki, Londoners known for their past recording studio work with the Pretenders and Pete Townshend's solo efforts.

If by all this guitar talk you envision the second of Big Country to be a wailing wall of guitars ala Van Halen, you couldn't be further from the truth.

**The Crossing.** B.C.'s debut album begs the question: How many sounds, textures, and atmospheres are within the range of the electric guitar? It will take repeated listenings to even begin to fathom an answer to that question. On **The Crossing**, guitars punctuate and orchestrate in the

fashion of a string section, take on the raging sound of a bag-pipe in heat, and create layered moods of opulence untouched by anyone since Brian Eno's guitar "treatments" (and even he used synthesizers). Rockers will find delight in "Harvest Home", "Field of Fire", "Lost Patrol" and the relentless pace of "Inwards", all cuts on the Crossing that showcase in a straight forward approach how new ideas can be affixed to old tricks. Big Country also dabbles in a Celtic Folk sound on such songs as, "1000 Stars", "The Storm" and the 7 minute closing track "Porrahman". The album opener and hit single in a Big Country is perhaps the best example of these elements distilled to fine production perfection. Produced by Steve Lillywhite (Peter Gabriel, U-2, XTC, and much more), **The Crossing** exhibits quality songwriting, playing and singing in a rousing and refreshing manner.

But don't just take my word for it, take Bono and the Edge of U-2, the twist of the Alarm, Clare Grogan of Altered Images and The Quake DJ's who have all revealed on the "Rock of the 80's" that Big Country rates big on their list. That's really the best review of all...when your peers and musical contemporaries rate you above themselves.

### Bongos

—Frank Andrick

OK — I admit I *cannot*, after five hearings or so, get "Numbers With Wings" out of my head, damn it. And the Bo Diddley beat of "Barbarella" echoes through the silence even now, imploring me to play it just once more. But nobody can convince me that this is the album the Bongos *could* have made. And it's no **Drums Along The Hudson**, not by a long shot. Gone are the maniacal saxophone screams of "Certain Harbours," the frenetic rave-ups like "Question Ball," "In The Congo" and "Video Eyes." In the hands of producer Richard Gottehrer (Go-Gos, Joan Armatrading, Marshall Crenshaw), these real-thing New Jersey garage psychedelics have gone Hollywood: it's the lush production job all the way. My God, could it be the "new wave" of L.A.

psychedelic bands are already undergoing the "treatment," and that the Bongos are merely the first to be "released," musically lobotomized?

To backtrack and introduce these guys — they are Richard Barone, lead vocals/guitars/songwriting; Rob Norris, ex-Velvet Underground, bass/vocals; Frank Giannini, drums/percussion/vocals and James Mastro, the group's newest member, on guitars and vocals. The first three members were key members of "a," a "Velvet Underground clone" band; they split "a" to form the Bongos and retired to the back room of Maxwell's, New Jersey's trendy (in Hoboken, yet) nightspot by the Hudson, to explore their capabilities.

"Of Time And The River," an import EP on Fetish released in 1981, led soon thereafter to **Drums Along The Hudson** (PVC/Jem), a monster of an album that included everything the Bongos had recorded to date. It's trio rock at its most primitive and unpolished, yet even now, the neat, vaguely frightening three-minute tunes and the frantic, adventurous yet well-grounded excursions into jazz-pop and pseudo-psychedelia seem prescient. And in light of the group's head start on psychedelic revival, **Numbers With Wings** is all the more disappointing.

Of the five songs here, two ("Tiger Nights" and "Skydiving") are mediocre, at best, and compare poorly with most **Drums** material; "Numbers With Wings" and

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"The three song EP by Perfect Strangers is well produced, well assembled, and sounds about as professional as a record can sound. I have to admire any group that, without big time financial backing, can come up with this kind of aural quality.

The music is synthesizer based, but the sophisticated blend of synth, lead and background vocals, drums (both natural and electronic) and guitar don't conform to current robot cliché."

—S.F. Music Calendar

"Run To You" has been the immediate radio choice in L.A. and S.F. due to its high-powered DCR beat and its heavy-metalish guitars. The playing is superb. WARD favorites, however, are the two songs on the reverse. "Fascination" borrows an intro from Ultravox's "Sleepwalk" before shifting into a mesmerizing groove which also features ominous radical sax near the end.

"Just Because I Know You" is slower than the other two, yet yeems for radio play with its plaintive vocals and ethereal backing track supplied by Contraction. Kathy Peck, "Just Because..." has a great hook and points to the song-writing talents of PERFECT STRANGERS."

—WARD, Report (Western Association of Rock Disk Jockeys)

"Barbarella" are perfect pop tunes with sublime hooks, the Bongos at what should have been some of their best work. But the stretched-out pacing, the lush production and abundance of echo or "Numbers" make it so darn *pretty* it retains little of the ominousness the snaking bass line implies. "Sweet Blue Cage" is something of a more radical departure for the Bongos: instead of the band's stark, abandoned rave-ups, this is a gently unwinding acoustic guitar strum that sounds like nothing so much as Fleetwood Mac's "Future Games." Barone's electric guitar solos are obviously rock-derived, but here they're muted and played with none of his earlier ferociousness.

But please — don't take this rap the wrong way. For \$3.99, you can probably pick up *Numbers With Wings*, an OK first effort, considering it's major label debut, and all that. And there's no question that the Bongos are one of the most promising pop bands on the American scene — live, they're dynamos.

For my money, though, the exciting stuff is on *Drums Along The Hudson*. And I'm also betting that these guys have a lot more under their hats than they've

let on to date...the tutelage of Richard Gottferrer notwithstanding. Heck, they may even make a little *money* off this record, and if that happens, they *may* even get to do another one...

—Jean E. Catino

### Joe Jackson Mike's Murder Soundtrack (A&M)

A reprise of "Night And Day," this record is — the soundtrack to "Mike's Murder" might be Joe Jackson's flippant answer to people who asked: What'll he do for an encore?

Indeed, it's tough to follow an act like "Night And Day." Simply, it was one of the best "popular music" records to be heard last year — an urbane, tasteful modern record of Latin-tinged New York moods, jazzy, reflective interludes and the poignant, intelligent observations of a mature, thoughtful man. "Mike's Murder" is quieter, less insistent, and certainly less adventurous — but then, "Night And Day" covered a lot of ground. "Mike's Murder" is, perhaps, a brief plateau, and Joe's slowing the pace to explore a little further. He's not been idle: he's learning how to use space, understatement,

repetition. He's further refining his powers of introspection, and with them, his musicality — and cultivating his abilities to interact and improvise. He's using an intuitive, alert rhythm section — Graham Maby on bass, Larry Tol-free on drums and Sue Hadjopoulos on congas, bongos and percussion — and although Jackson introduces little surprise and few new ideas, here he's following paths none the less likeable for their familiarity.

The Joe Jackson of "*Look Sharp!*" and "*I'm A Man*" is still lurking about; the angry, jaded songs missing from much of *Night And Day* are here, kiss-offs to glamour, fame and "success" in the world at large. "Memphis" is a caustic rejection of a music business that eats its young; it opens with an electric organ riff that quotes the Spencer Davis Group's "Gimme Some Lovin'", then goes into something out of the B-52s' quirky keyboard figures. Jackson actually quotes "Lonesome Train" toward the end of the song; it's the dismal lament of a man compromised by his own ideals. "Cosmopolitan" is bitter, disgusted swipe at the superficialities of false elitism, and "Laundromat Monday" is

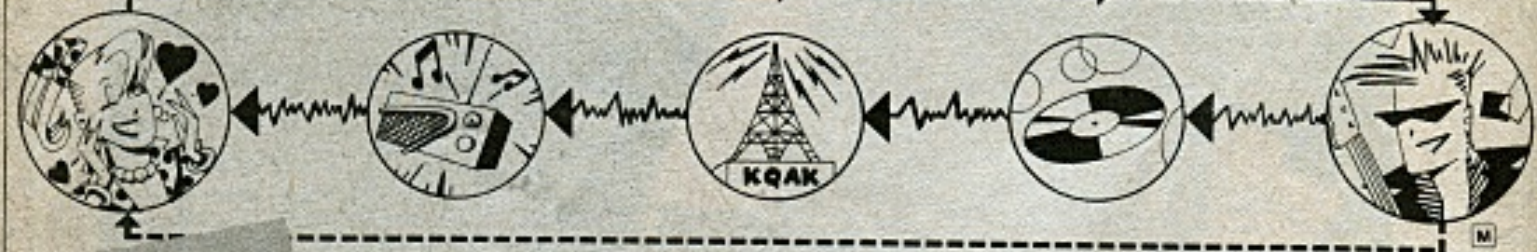
something that could have come off *Look Sharp!*: with its quasi-reggae feel and dominant bass line, it recalls "Sunday Papers."

Side two is all-instrumental: it's another "night side," a restless, wandering walk that kicks off with "Zemio." It's a repetitive piece that begins on an anticipatory note with a tingling shower of percussion and Maby's lyrical bass work, but Jackson's tuneful (if timid) solos on sax and electric piano don't really take it anywhere. Maby's bass solo and Hadjopoulos's bongo blitz highlight the track. "Moonlight Theme," a gentle, electric keyboard vamp accented only by Jackson's sparse, tinkling toy-like piano noodlings and the subtle underline of a Prophet V, evokes a city's 4 a.m.-deserted streets, soundly asleep. This is the territory Jackson covered so inventively on *Night And Day*, and this is Joe at his most quietly introspective.

All in all, it's not a bad record. It's just not an exceptional one, and it's not a ground-breaking one, at least not for Joe Jackson. But it's certainly ahead of a lot of what else is out there, and it's a respectable effort from an artist who's still got a lot more to say — and plenty of time and ways in which to say it.

—Jean E. Catino

## EARLY TREMORS



Clare Grogan



Happy Birthday Early Tremors producer Frank Andrick! What a birthday surprise when Clare Grogan from *Altered Images* stopped by the Quake studios (prior to their mid August gig at Wolfgang's) and sang 'Happy Birthday' live on the air for Frank. (*Altered Images*, Happy Birthday, that is) Clare also clued us in to why they used two producers on the new album *Bite*. A mutual admiration brought them together with the infamous Mike Chapman (Blondie...) in L.A. but he wasn't able to finish the project for them due to some other commitments. When they returned to Scotland they phoned up Tony Visconti (Bowie, T-Rex...) and he completed it. It's a terrific album too.

Check it out.

One of Clare Grogan's favorite new bands, *Big Country*, also from Scotland, is getting some big airplay on the Quake. No doubt, you've been hearing tracks off of their debut release, *The Crossing*, (produced by Steve Lillywhite). What you're not hearing is the title track. There isn't one on the album but there is one on a new import single. The flip features a re-recorded version of *Chance* in addition to a live recording of the old Smokey Robinson tune, *Tracks of My Tears*. Look forward to hearing these other gems on Sunday nights. Incidentally, *Big Country's* first live gig here in the states was at the Ritz Club in New York City in early September. Their official tour starts up in November with a show slated for San Francisco... Thank goodness.

Lots of great music coming out of the British Isles... SF's *Units* recorded their new album in Wales with Bill Nelson. Although the record won't be out til January, if you tune to Early Tremors you can catch some early spins.

Other unreleased airings included the new *Mental as Anything*, a superbly produced collection of sarcastic musings and rhythms.

More from the land down under. Oz Records (a new subsidiary label of A&M) first project is the *Maiden Australia* album, highlighting the best of Australian wave. Besides new tracks from *Split Enz*, *Mental as Anything* and *Machinations*, it also contains what will certainly be one of the fave new Quake tunes. Called, *Talking to a Stranger* by *Hunters and Collectors* (first aired on Early Tremors in June), this one is indicative of the psychedelic overtones found in much new music these days. It will go far, mark our words.

We didn't have to go far to find *Hunting Game*, *Game Theory*, or our favorites *True West*. We've been stalking these key Sacramento bands for some time, and were fortunate to gather them all together one Sunday night to share their music and philosophies.

Back to the bay, we find *Christian Boy* by Robert Seldler, (formerly of Mr. Klean) to still be a favorite on the Quake. So much so in fact, expect to hear it on the new Quake record. Way to go Robert!

The *Flying Tigers* are back in action. After their heralded hit, *User Friendly* (ooh, aah), they returned to the studio to work on and complete their 5 song ep. *You Feel Nothing*, one of the new tunes was slated for the Sunday show immediately following its completion. It's definitely in the grooves and another one to make the Quake record. Congrats guys!

reported that *Perfect Strangers* were in the midst of signing a major record deal, it did not pan out and *Perfect Strangers* are seeking other offers. By the way, *Run to You* also landed a spot on the Quake i.p. Yea.

Down south, LA's controversial rockers, *X* have released their fourth album once again produced by Ray Manzarek. Its Bay Area debut airing was four weeks prior to its' release. This is the type of exclusivity we continue to offer you on Early Tremors.

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**TRANSLATOR****RECORD FACTORY**

gusted after the dates at the Kabuki and the Bowie show. Fee, as usual was his wonderful verbose self. Fee also brought along some Tubes material from the unreleased *Black* album. What a treat.

It's been a long time in between releases for Kraftwerk. *Techno Pop*, the name of the new album. If anyone's entitled to title their album that, it certainly is Kraftwerk. These synth techno pop forerunners met with incredible audience excitement when we first aired *Tour de France* (lead track) back in July.

We managed to get our hands on a live recording of the Sex Pistols' *Anarchy in the UK*. Oddly enough it was from their first and last Winterland gig.

We've also been playing classic live material from the Teardrop Explodes, Depeche Mode and a new live track from Spandau Ballet. We welcome your live collectible tapes for possible airing. Give us a holler and we'll happily share the goods.

The Bay Area seems to be warming up nicely to Icicle Works, a new band out of England. *Birds Fly* (a whisper to a scream) is a catchy delightful tune and getting some good rotation on Sunday nights. Currently on import, we

hear a domestic deal is in the works.



Also out of England, the number one new artist, Paul Young. He's being compared to Robert Palmer and Jess Roden and his album is chalk full of beautiful melodies. It's just a matter of time before his popularity reaches our shores.

Diane Dragon from Star Records in San Jose recently spent some time in England where she met up with Mr. Buffalo Gals himself, Malcom McLaren. After picking (or maybe we should say 'scratching') his brain, Diane put together a very thorough presentation on just that, scratching. So that's how and why they do it.

*Modern Rocketry* is a new local band made up of SF music vets. Featuring producer/keyboardist David Kahne, Morey Goldstein (late of the Readymades), Dave Scheff (Translator) and others,

their cover of the Monkees, *Stepping Stone* is great. Peter Bill handles the vocals on that one.

If you've been wondering what happened to the Jim Carroll band they've regrouped as New D-Zine (minus Jim) and are getting spins on Sunday nights.

The Early Tremors informal phone poll song of the month belongs to Ritschi Sakamoto (YMO) and David Sylvain (from the now



defunct Japan) for the Bowie movie theme, *Forbidden Colours*, from Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence.

Finally, we offer to you records that we feel deserve your immediate attention: The Avengers (SF own) with a newly released compilation l.p., T-Bone Burnette, the Insect Surfers, King Sunny Ade, Tc Robinson (single), the Bongus ep, Graham Parker, the Radio Tokyo Tapes, Depeche Mode and the

new XTC on import.

Stay tuned to the Quake's Early Tremors, Sunday nights from 9 til midnight and beyond and find out just how live and exciting radio can be.

touch, for keeping us abreast of all the latest happening bands and for providing us with valuable observations concerning new music. Your phone calls, your letters of encouragement, your suggestions, and your material are essential elements to the success of this show. This is a people program.

Early Tremors would like to thank the following journalists and publications for acknowledging our efforts and helping us expand our audience:

Thank you Joel Selvin; (SF Chronicle) for including us in your Lively Arts column and also for guesting once again to the delight of all the home tapers. This time around, it was rare Talking Heads that pre dated their albums. Yowl! Thanks to Bill Mann; Oakland Tribune, Regan McMahon; BAM, The Lizard King; Liz Lufkin, (Peninsula Times Tribune), and the Tower Pulse.

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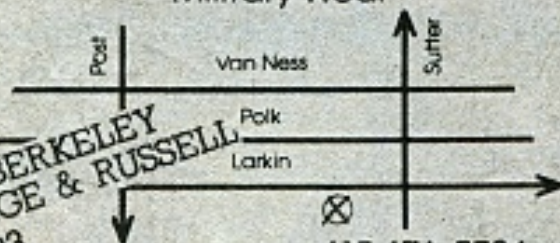
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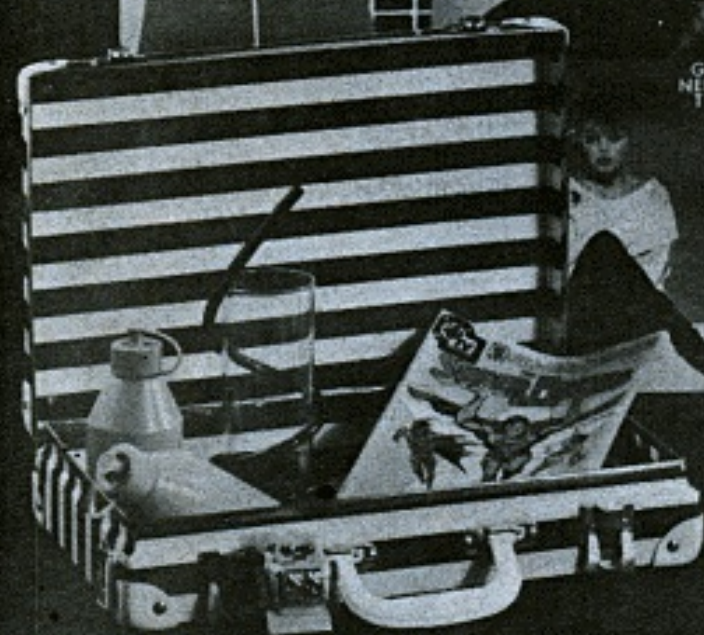
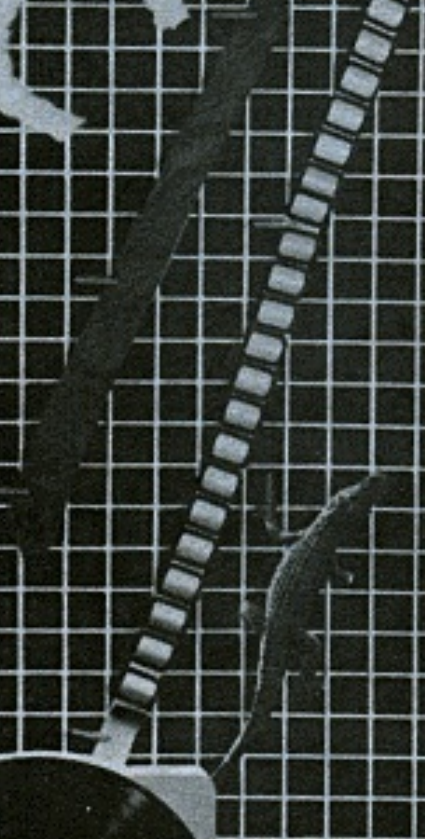
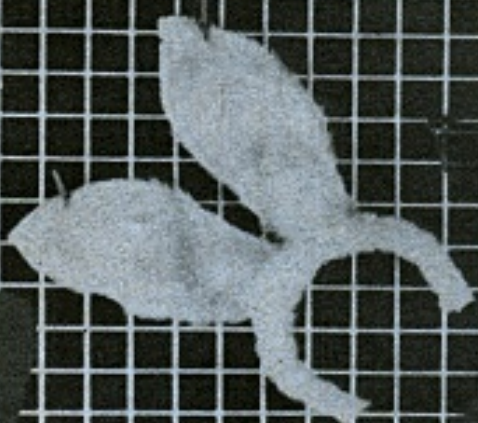
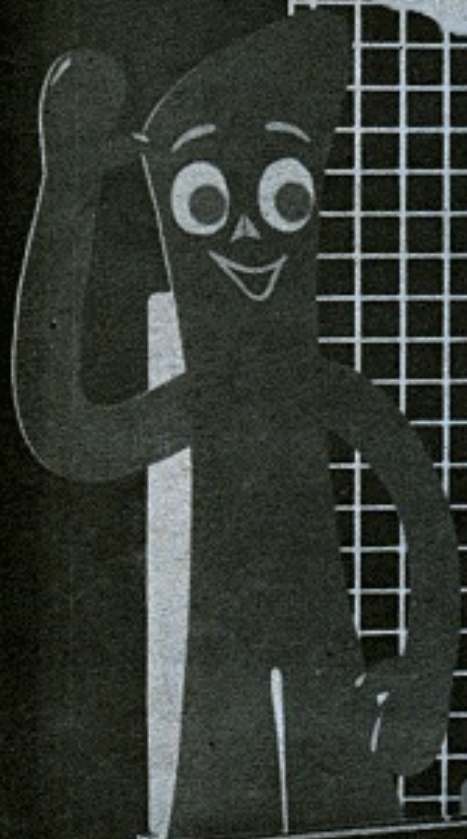
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Photos: Melody La Monte

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Stay tuned to The Quake for details...

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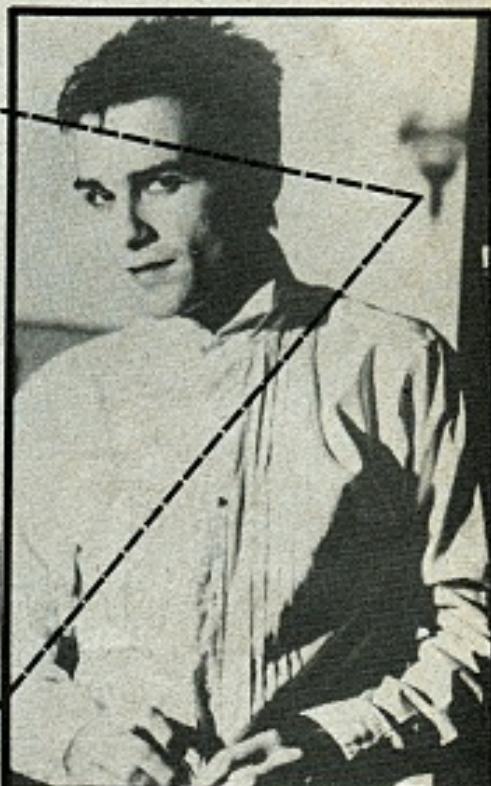
# THE MAN FROM MINISTRY

By Frank Andrick

Those of you who attended the recent Culture Club concert at the San Francisco Civic were treated to an especially energetic, on the mark performance by opening act Ministry. From the way their songs (Work For Love, Effigy, and I Wanted to Tell Her) were received, the listeners were familiar with the material as they responded as enthusiastically as they did for Boy George of Culture Club. Ministry however are not your latest fashion fab from merry olde England come to pillage the promised land for timely tour revenues. Ministry hails from the heartland of America, Chicago to be exact. The music and attitudes of Ministry's mainstay vocalist Al Jourgensen, is a curious mixture of Midwest sincerity, experimentation, and a desire to emulate the soulfulness of the great R & B sounds he grew up with in Chicago, where the story starts. Ministry's 1st record, "Cold Life" was

founded by the owner of Wax Trax, a highly reputed independent record store dealing in imported and independently released disks. When the record of its own accord quickly entered dance, soul, and new music charts across the country record companys took heed.

Signed to Arista Records, Ministry's major label debut was produced by Ian Taylor known for his work with the Cars and Romeo Void and 2nd producer/engineer, Vince Ely until then better known as the drummer for the Psychedelic Furs. An unlikely Amalgam? Al Jourgensen explains: "I'm not a band wrecker or a home breaker, I was with a Chicago band called Special Effect, we were sort of a public image style band, real snotty and disconet. We even lived in San Francisco for awhile working out of Iguana studios. We supported the Furs on their 1st tour. All the Furs hated



Vince and my band hated me, so we became partners in crime. Vince introduced me to Ian and we decided to work together after that."

Ministry will be recording a new album this fall. Again under the auspices of Ian Taylor who has provided some out of the ordinary connections for the man from Ministry. Al has been doing some recording with the Car's, Ric Ocasek, Iggy Pop and Alan Vega.

Ministry actually a duo with Stephen George on percussion, has drafted additional musicians for recording and touring purposes, a mode of operation that Al plans to continue with as it leaves the interpretation of their ideas open to the best person for the job. You never know what Ministry comes up with next, so listen to your Rock of the 80's for the latest from Ministry.

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& sheets



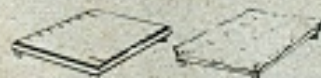
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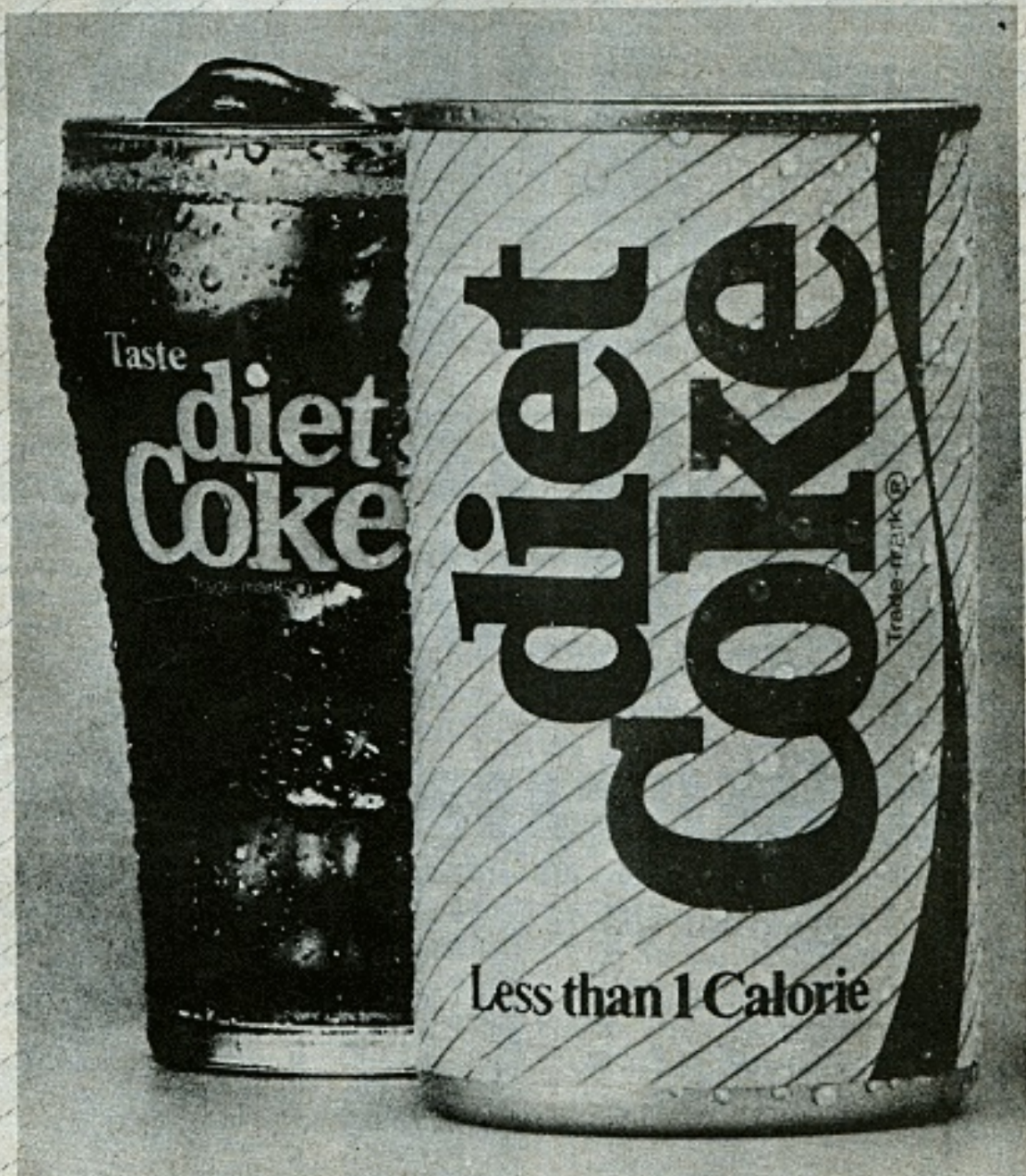
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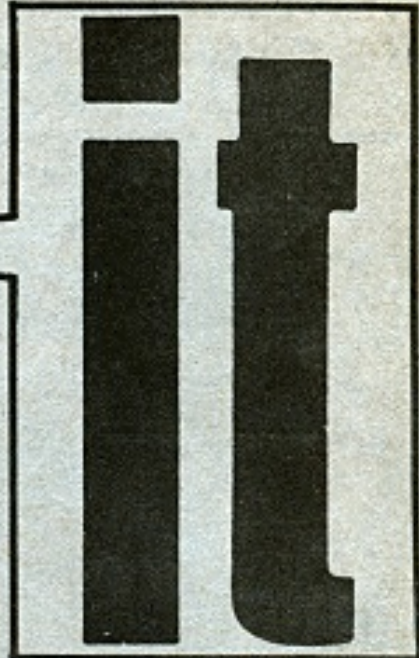


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## COMEDY COLUMN



**Will Durst's  
West Bay  
Report**



**IT** People want IT. They talk about IT all the time. "You got IT", "How does IT feel", "Keep IT going", but when you get down to IT, what exactly is IT? IT. You can cool IT, keep IT, hold IT, watch IT, squeeze IT or freeze IT. If you were of a mind to, you could step on IT, play with IT, sleep on IT, toy with IT, keep IT under your hat or take IT to the limit. But let's face IT.

IT's neither here nor there,  
take IT or leave IT  
pick IT or kick IT

IT all boils down to one reality.  
A) IT's later than you think and/or  
B) You can't take IT with you.  
IT's just one of those things.  
No one means for IT to happen.  
IT happens in the best of families.  
One minute IT's fine.  
IT's the bees knees.  
IT's in the proverbial bag...  
Then before you know IT.  
IT's over.  
IT's history.  
IT's a memory.  
IT's in the archives.  
IT's gone. Say Bye.  
So, run with IT while you got IT.  
Groove on IT. Let IT all hang out. And  
if anyone gives you shIT for IT, tell  
them to sIT on IT and spin. Tell them  
they can shove IT, pee on IT and eat IT  
(not necessarily in that order). IT's a  
once in a lifetime offer. Just get IT  
together, but remember, don't play  
with IT, or IT'll go blind.  
That's IT. Get IT? Got IT! Good.  
(Next month: Who are they?)  
Will Durst will be appearing:  
Oct. 6, 7, and 8th at Cobbs Pub &  
Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15th at the Punchline.  
No big deal.

# STAND-UP

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Al Chethen  
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and Barry Marder

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GRAPHY

# THE 80'S ROCK PUZZLE

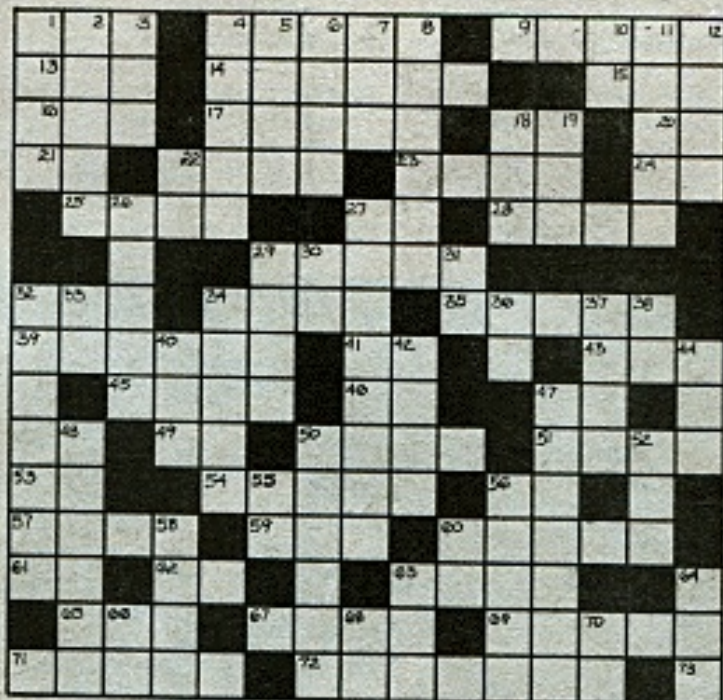
**Phil Roberts**
**DOWN**

1. BANGLADESH TUNE; \_\_\_\_\_ WORLD
2. JOINT OR MACARONI
3. WE LIVE SO FAST, \_\_\_\_\_ SO YOUNG
4. DAVEY USTA BE ZIGGY
5. MARTHA & THE MUFFINS TUNE; \_\_\_\_\_ BEACH
6. FRANKIE \_\_\_\_\_ E; ROCK OF THE 50'S SINGER
7. ONE WAY TO FIND YOURSELF
8. ANNOYING ROLE FOR PISCOPPO ON SAT. NITE
10. HAIR OINTMENT; \_\_\_\_\_ 5
11. MONDAY NITE SPOT ON HAUGHT ST.
12. 3 TIMES THIS NUMBER IS A GROUP
18. SPLIT
19. \_\_\_\_\_ CHEMICAL; LOCAL BAND
26. ROMEO VOID'S LEAD ESKIMO
27. WAITRESSES YULE TUNE; CHRISTMAS
29. THEY JUMP OTHER PEOPLE'S TRAINS & KILL ARABS
30. \_\_\_\_\_ DERTONES; IRISH BAND
31. ROCKY'S CRY
32. CONTEMPORARY BALLET
33. MA'S HUBBY
34. GOT \$20 I CAN BORROW? SURE.
36. INDEFINITE WORD
37. GOOD AS
38. FRED ASTAIRE PUT \_\_\_\_\_ THE RITZ BEFORE TACO
40. THESE GUYS DON'T WEAR HATS
42. MRS. CLEAVER
44. TREE
47. JOE THE MAN
48. HAMMERSMITH
50. MR. HEADON
52. ALBUM ORIENTED ROCK (INITIALS)
55. OOOOOWMM!
56. LIL' RASCAL
58. MIZ. LENNOX
60. COLLEGE DEGREE
63. WHAT SOME FOLK THINK OF ANNABELL LWIN
64. JOAN ARMATRADING'S LATEST; THE \_\_\_\_\_
65. VERB
66. GROCERY STORES

68. BELINDA IS ONE. JANE, KATHY, GINA, AND CHARLOTTE WOULD BE PLURAL
70. COWS CHEW THEIR C

**ACROSS**

1. AREA CODE 504 ROCKERS' COLOR
4. CRIMSON GUITARIST (NOT HAGAR); ADRIAN
9. DAVEY'S A BLAST TO ROCK WITH!
13. \_\_\_\_\_ WALLACH
14. HE'S WITH THE CARS & PRODUCED ROMEO VOID'S LAST EP
15. STAR WARS ROLE FOR ALEC
16. HE'S ON THE FIVER
17. JAMES \_\_\_\_\_ AND THE BLACKS
18. UGLY CREATURE
20. \_\_\_\_\_ TER THE DRAGON
21. \_\_\_\_\_ AND BEHOLD
22. BOWIE SINGS, "JOE THE \_\_\_\_\_"
23. MR. HENDRYX
24. EBN DZN 45'S FIRST 2 LETTERS
25. \_\_\_\_\_ THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE, DOG BREATH!
27. \_\_\_\_\_ ARE ANIMALS
28. BILLY PLAYS FAST GUITAR FOR X
29. FRANK N. STEIN
32. HEALTH
34. MOON
35. MR. BOINGO
39. ROBERT
41. NITE NITE WEAR
43. JOE JACKSON BALLAD; \_\_\_\_\_ ON ONE
43. SINGS NEW TOY
46. COLLEGE FOR SKUNKS
47. BEATLE INITIALS
49. " \_\_\_\_\_ ND THE BEAT GOES ON."
50. TALKING HEADS/TOM TOM CLUB MEMBER
51. HIS AUNT CALLS HIM
53. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
54. SVT; HEART OF
56. A COMIC BOOK COMPANY
57. HAWKEYE
59. CARS ARE RATED BY THIS
60. ROY THOMAS
61. UNITED ARTISTS
62. FLICK THAT'S NOT RATED
63. LUKE'S SAGA
65. HEAD BLOCKHEAD
67. CHILDISH BUILDING BLOCKS
69. THE MOST COVERED SONG EVER (THANKS KFJC)
71. SKI RESORT
72. OEXY'S LEADER
73. LETTER TO WHICH MOUSEKATEERS RESPOND, "BECAUSE WE LIKE YOU."



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# THE ALARM

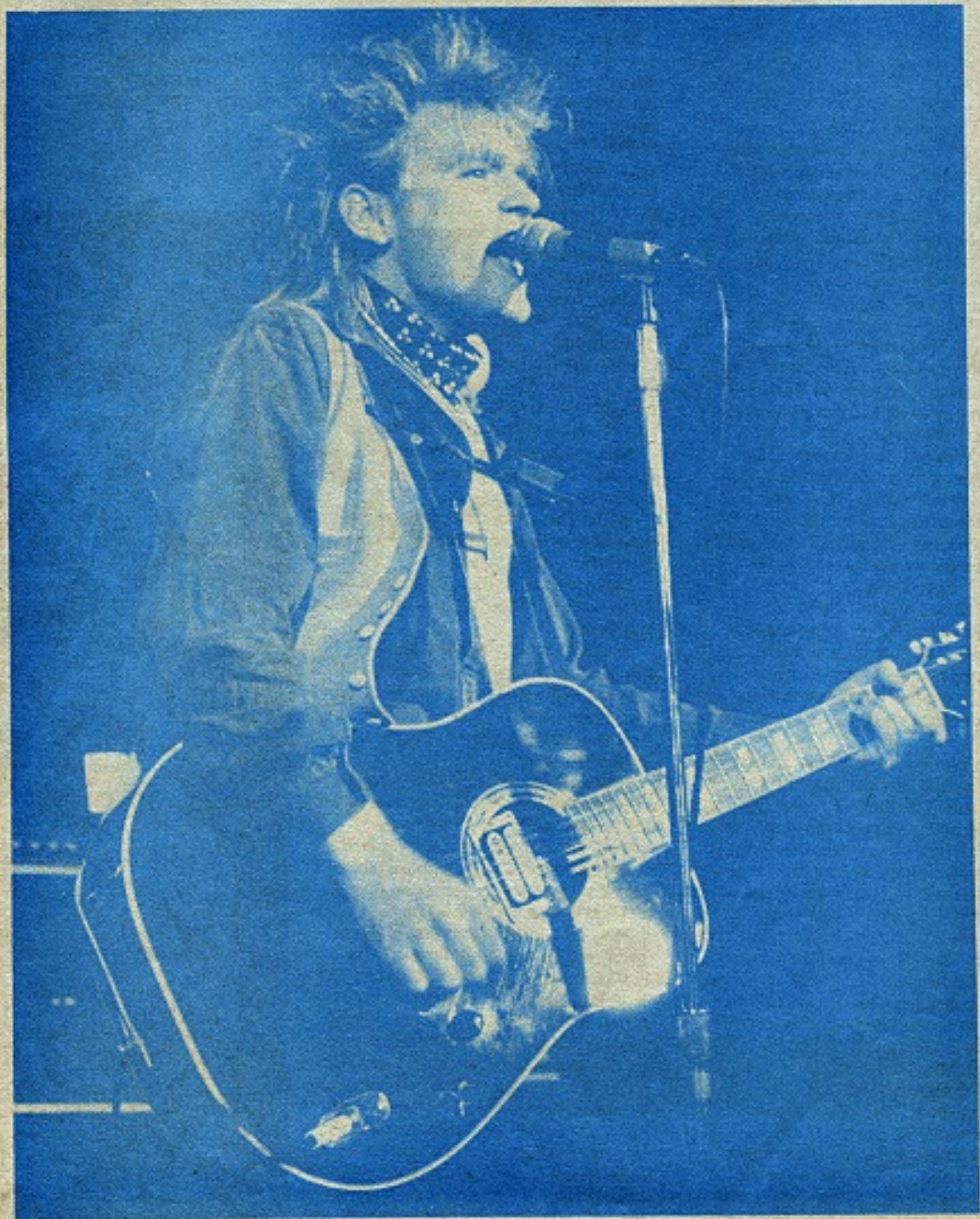


Photo © 1983 Nolan Apostle



**Monday, August 29th, the Alarm came to the Bay Area and raised the roof at Wolfgang's. The Alarm have arrived state-side, they prove that they have impact! After the show, they relax and chatted on-air at The Quake studios.**

**Belle:** Caught the ALARM at Wolfgang's tonight — what a hot show. With me right now, I am very pleased to introduce Eddie, bass guitarist and vocal back-up and Mike, acoustic guitar, harmonica and lead vocals. ...All the way from North Wales, The Alarm, Welcome, welcome...

**Alarm:** Hi, Hi...

**Belle:** You guys played tonight at Wolfgang's, sold out show, standing room only, a show that The Quake was very pleased to co-present. Now we saw you guys with U-2 this past spring.

**Alarm:** June first actually...

**Belle:** When U-2 was in town, The Edge came by the station and we had a conversation about what U-2 was up to... The first thing out of his mouth was my favorite new band, "The Alarm — they'll be playing with us..." — He sounded super-excited.

People call you U-2 proteges: I don't think there's anything negative about that. You both have similarities in your approach — not so much the musical content — it's the approach. You're all cohorts — you've played together...

**Mike:** We're very good friends of U-2; we're fans of music just like they are. We met U-2 when we were knocking about in London trying to get a band started, we'd move there from Wales, and then we met Bono and the Edge and really got on well with them, you know. We played a show with them in the Lysium on the Strand in London — they invited us to do that. Me and Eddie got talking with the Edge and Bono and we stayed up all night — you know me and Bono got big mouths and so do Eddie and the Edge.

**Belle:** ...Philosophizing...

**Mike:** (laughing) A LONG conversation was held. It was good, and like when the Edge was talking about us when they did the interview here — he was excited that we were coming over — because he's really into the Alarm and hadn't seen us for ages. Well it was like when we were doing an

interview — the first thing we'd have said: well are U-2 playing tonight and got just as excited because we really like U-2 you know, and that's how we knew them, we've been fans of 'em for ages.

**Belle:** So, they had requested that you guys be on the tour with them when they were here in June, and that was your first exposure here in the States, in fact your San Francisco date was the very first time you had played before an American audience... it was TERRIFIC.

**Mike:** Outrageous, really. It was an outrage, because we had just got off the airplane in L.A. and driven here and we borrowed all this equipment and we hadn't tried it out or anything like that and we'd been playing a really packed gig in London the night before — it was like an all-night gig almost — we played for HOURS — it was brilliant, so we when we got on stage here, we still had the same strings on from this gig. It was outrageous — because on the first number I *smashed* all the strings on me guitar in the first few bars and we were "swopping" over like mad and we don't really boil about things like that. If it's in tune, it's great, but if it's not we just get on and make the gig out as something else and get on with it.

**Mike:** Like tonight in Wolfgang's, we had a few tuning problems. First night on the tour again...

**Belle:** This is the first night on the tour here in the States alone, you are headlining now.

**Mike:** San Francisco is getting a lot of premieres from the Alarm here — great gig though.

**Belle:** They appreciate it too — standing room only, totally sold-out. The kids obviously very very excited, lots of people dancing etc. Is THIS what you're accustomed to-seeing a full house??

**Mike:** This was our first-ever gig in America on our own, in our terms and you know we're very excited that people are really receptive to us and really *lifted* us, as well. And a gig is about everyone getting involved in it — not just the band playing to an audience, but the audience "lifting" a band and it was fantastic tonight, we really enjoyed ourselves. It's like that in Britain, where we've been playing and it was great to come over here and play with U-2. Because: we wanted to come to America and be like just a low-cool band almost you know. We didn't want to come over here with all the fanfares like: "the big album from Britain and this band is big in Britain, and it's going to be an ace". We just wanted to show up and play. It was great cause we were getting an honest reaction out of people and I think that showed tonight —

because we sold out — everyone came down to see us tonight so it was fantastic — we all felt mental after the gig.

**Belle:** Is that the philosophy of the band: you've got a sound you've got a particular style, and you've gonna take it to the people and judge it by what the people think, how they respond to the album... sales, etc. and keep working at it, knowing that perseverance will see you through?

**Mike:** We're not trying to hype the Alarm into the charts or anything — if we get into the charts we'll be put there by our fans buying the records. That's what being a group is to us! Going out & playing to the KIDS!

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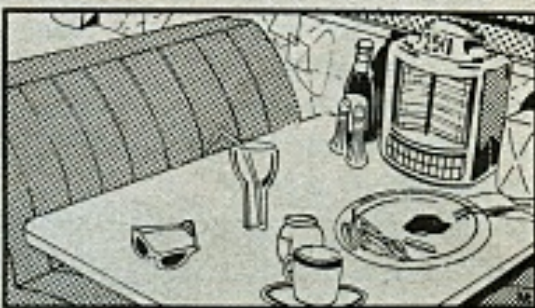
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## EATING IN THE 80's

by Mr. Koste



Colma-Daly City's never been considered a mecca of dining delights; however, I must offer some startling observations:

LA CONCHA (San Pedro Ave. just off Mission Street) is one of the few restaurants in Daly City that's open on Monday nights. Its casual, tasty and genuinely reasonable...try the chirizo enchiladas.....ESTRADA's is right around the corner at 7440 Mission Street and serves "Early California" cookery...a fancier name than just Mexican, I suppose. Nevertheless, their Tostada Compueta is outstanding.....THE HUNGRY HUNTER at 371 Serramonte Center is a carbon copy of any other Hungry Hunter (or affiliated eatery). If you must dine there, stick with the steaks and stay away from the Alaskan King Crab legs...they're over-priced and just as salty.....Colma-Daly City's best kept secret has to be VAL's REDWOOD ROOM (try saying that 3 times fast) on Junipero-Serra. Mrs. Koste and I discovered it the night of our 12th anniversary. Its tiny and terribly tacky, but the steaks and seafood are superb and they serve a clam chowder that rivals the excellence of any to be found in San Francisco.....Truckstop fantasies abound at VERN's (also on Mission Street). Macho-sized helpings and ferociously fresh breakfasts. English Banger sausages instead of bacon? Boy Howdy!!! Still searching for the gateway to the city of the dead's best pizza, though.....the Koste Kids are partial to ROUND TABLE...stay away from PIZZA & PIES (a CHUCK-E-CHEESE clone)...rumor control central suggests you sample the pizza at TOTO's on Junipero-Serra.....I for one am partial to O SOLO MIO's on Chestnut Street in SF.....A stones throw from there is the now infamous STUFFED BAGEL, now sporting an all new menu featuring "The Bobby Slayton Little Caesar Salad," "The Alex Bennett Omelette," and an eggs benedict brunch underwritten by Jeremy Kramer.....check out the BAGEL's new born baby brother on Columbus Avenue next to Wolfgang's under the modest marquis, "THE DINER".....Hold it!!! What happened to Colma-Daly City?

(Probably lost in the fog again.....)

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# FILM

**MICHAEL SNYDER**

**THE MOON IN THE GUTTER:**

Romance takes a real beating in "The Moon In The Gutter," yet another case of a decent director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, bedazzled by the pouting charms of Nastassia Kinski. She is paired with France's favorite prole, Gerard Depardieu, who clumsily enacts a stevedore. He adores Kinski, a wealthy girl from the right side of the Marseille tracks, but he is also frightened by her enigmatic behavior. Complicating matters, Depardieu wants to avenge the rape and the subsequent slashing of his sister, who is left to die in a pool of day-glo blood. The gory fluorescence is the only bright touch in the stagey, hokey direction by Beineix, who brought "Diva" to the screen in such stylish fashion. "The Moon In The Gutter" is supposed to be a dreamy, mysterious romance, but with empty dialogue and wooden performances by the leads and a jarring difference between the film's realistic exteriors and obvious soundstage shots, Beineix would've been better off riot mooring over Kinski. He should've left this movie in the gutter, where it belongs.

**STRANGE BREW:** As a devoted follower of the marvelous television comedy series SCTV, I was crazed with anticipation over "Strange Brew: The Adventures of Bob & Doug Mackenzie," the first cinematic spin-off from the Second City video show. Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis scored a hit record album as the beer-soaked, donut-loving Canadian goofballs, but the Mackenzie brothers were always a one-joke routine and possibly only good for a brief segment on SCTV. "Strange Brew" proves this contention. For the initial 15 minutes, Thomas and Moranis stay in their TV format and the results are side-splitting, but as soon as the plot thickens, so does the tedium. Occasional flare-ups of humor kept my attention, such as a sequence where Bob & Doug take turns administering electro-shock therapy to one another for the charge of it (so to speak). But even their vicious dog, Hosehead, com-

es off better than the well-respected star of Ingmar Bergman's classic movies, Max Von Sydow. Von Sydow is saddled with the unfunny role of villainous Brewmeister Smith, master of Elsinore Brewery, where something sinister is brewing. How the mighty have fallen...

**THE BALLAD OF GREGORIO CORTEZ:**

From out of the West at the turn of the century comes the tale of a legendary horseman who rode for truth, justice and the Mexican border. Nope. It wasn't the Lone Ranger, it was a victim of circumstance named Gregorio Cortez. "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" is a tense film that joins a posse in Texas circa 1901 as it pursues a Mexican-American tenant farmer and family man who has killed a lawman after a misunderstanding. The story is based on a folk song of the era, which was in turn inspired by true events. The ballad itself provides a haunting musical backdrop as the camera stalks Cortez through the stark Southwestern terrain. A newspaperman accompanies the tracking Texas Rangers in their manhunt, and his investigative reporting brings out disturbingly different accounts of the crime hanging over Cortez. When the Spanish-speaking Cortez finally reveals his version of the events through a translator, the extent of the tragedy is also unveiled. Eddie Olmos, a hero to Latino audiences for his compelling turn as El Pachuco in the play and movie of "Zoot Suit," gives a poignant performance as the proud man done in by fate and a language barrier. With all of the excitement of a traditional Western and a touch of courtroom suspense thrown in, "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" is, most importantly, a persuasive drama that extols the importance of communication.

**PAULINE AT THE BEACH:**

Like Eric's Rohmer's earlier dalliance with the amorous escapades of the French, "Claire's Knee," his light comedy of manners "Pauline At The Beach" is about couplings, manipulations and philosophies of love. The gorgeous Marion, recently divorced, takes her teenage cousin Pauline to the beach for a late summer vacation. There, they get entangled with Marion's former boyfriend — an arrogant student, Marion's new lover — an engaging but

amoral ethnologist, the ethnologist's favorite quickie — a dizzy candy girl, and a boy Pauline's age who is eager to grow up a bit. Everyone is so self-centered in their quest for love that they are largely unsympathetic. Everyone but Pauline, that is. She's more interested in the getting of wisdom. Her wry, detached observation of this amusing round-robin is like a cool ocean breeze, making "Pauline At The Beach" a refreshing break from more portentous and pretentious cinematic imports.

**EASY MONEY:**

Comedian Rodney Dangerfield's first star vehicle. Mix a load of ridiculous sight gags and some outtakes from Rodney's self-deprecating stand-up routine with a rather routine sit-com plotline about a conditional inheritance for curn'er-do-well hero and — Volla! "Easy Money!" When Rodney is doing his schtick, and he's like a walking twitch, the flick flies. When the premise sputters along as an excuse for ethnic and limp mother-in-law jokes, one wonders why "Easy Money" needed a total of four scriptwriters. Too many scribes foul up what might have been a useful, hysterical diatribe on greed. Rodney's a gas, but "Easy Money" is no threat to displace the comedies of Aristophanes. Oh well. Easy come, easy go.

**KOYAANISQATSI:**

Contrary to the word on the street, there's no need to break out the hallucinogens for "Koyaanisqatsi," a film that will alter your perceptions of the world, no matter what your state of mind. Assembled by Godfrey Reggio with an undulating soundtrack by the contemporary master of minimalist music, Philip Glass, "Koyaanisqatsi" — which is a Hopi Indian word meaning "life out of balance" — juxtaposes still and moving images from nature against visual documentation of man's technological impact on his environment. The movie shows both the harmony and conflict in this relationship, as the images, chilling or fanciful, mutate from abstraction to realism, from microcosm to macrocosm. Whether it tranquilizes you or it envelops you with its intricate patterns and sounds, you can count on a reaction. Why bother with LSD when reality is such a trip, when "Koyaanisqatsi" is a banquet of beautiful sound and vision?

**MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE:**

Christmas came a few months early this year for David Bowie's legion of fans. In the recent film, "The Hunger," David Bowie was cast as a centuries-old vampire. In "The Man Who Fell To Earth," he was featured as a stranded spaceman. Although he was playing to otherworldly types in those earlier efforts, the former king of glitter-rock does the best acting of his career in Nagisa Oshima's "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence," a relatively straight drama set in Java during the height of World War II. Bowie is Jack Celliers, a stoic British officer sent to a Japanese P.O.W. camp, where he refuses to be cowed despite harsh treatment by his captors. Tom Conti is Colonel John Lawrence, a former diplomat who is chosen as liaison officer between the prisoners and the camp officials because he speaks fluent Japanese. In an interesting piece of casting by Oshima, one of Japan's best-known directors, he has rock star Ryuichi Sakamoto, keyboardist with Tokyo supergroup Yellow Magic Orchestra, play the camp commandant, Captain Yonoi. Yonoi is trapped between duty, his cultural conditioning and his inherent humanity, the latter slowly brought out by his observation of Celliers' indomitable will to survive against any odds. All of the actors give finely-tuned low key performances, especially considering the usual sensational tenor of war movies, with Japanese comedian Takeshi running away with the film as the whimsical, but sadistic Sergeant Hara. The photography is glorious and the soundtrack by Sakamoto is rich and appropriately atmospheric. The only false note in the proceedings occurs during Celliers' dreams and flashbacks, where the grown-up Bowie is incongruous as a teenage schoolboy. It is the clash of two cultures, the differing ways that honor is perceived by East and West, that is at the core of "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence." Oshima pulls no punches about the brutality of the Japanese aggressor, but he also portrays his countrymen as the victims of their heritage. And, in the film's coda, British retribution is no less brutal. If nothing else, the characters who are trapped in this prison camp, Japanese and English, learn from each other. And that understanding represents a step towards peace.

# BAD MANNERS



by Susie Leon

**You really can't write an article about Bad Manners, you know that? I mean, how do you transfer the energy, humor, sweat and fun of Bad Manners on to passive paper? See, this motley confection of something like 9 guys of all sizes and styles come together to evoke a strictly entertaining fun group, fun almost to the point of being absurd.**

Basically, they just want you to "listen to the music, shuffle up your feet, listen and the funky beat" as they chant on "Lip Up Fatty." Sheer ska is these boys, from the natty clothes to

the almost deliberately constructed tunes they perform. Listening to their records is akin to being at a funhouse permeated with le Ska, that infectious genre of dance music that blends large doses of reggae (sans politics), horns, looniness and a bit of exotic-ness.

Oh, so you wanna know whose in the name? Okay, okay, let's see if I can remember who's who. There's Andy "Marcus Absent" Marson on alto sax and banjo; Gus "Hotlips" Herman on trumpet; Chris Kane on tenor sax; Dave Farren on bass; Louis Alphonso on rhythm guitar and vocals; Winston Bazoomies on mouth organ and vocals; Martin "Bogingong" on keyboards, Brian Chew-it-on drums and percussion; and last but not least, Fatty Buster Bloodvessel doing any lead vocals. Big guy, hard to forget, bald too, last I saw. Crazy.

No this band will not save the world from social dilemmas, nuclear wars or economic disasters. However, they are a good way to relieve stress and tension. Like most dance bands, their lyrics do not encourage one to sit down and listen to the words, mon. Uh uh. You must move mon. To the tunes of "Educating Marmalade," "My Girl Lollipop", and of course, the aforementioned "Lip Up Fatty," a very

rousing live number. "Lorraine" is a popular number in their show as well, these songs drawing many happy, sweating young kids out on the floor, moving in all sorts of wild manners. Occasionally, a bit of gloom will sneak in, like on "Inner London Violence," a song 'bout the tough London gangs. But mostly they PLAY.

What are they like live? Well, if you caught their act of zaniness last month, you need not read on. If you didn't, well-to use an old cliché, they're the most fun you can have with your pants on, till your pants or nylons fall down from so much dancing. The band is pretty tight, executing horn solos and guitar riffs quite skillfully, all the while jerking along with the music. Fatty's hard to miss, especially since he's the lead singer, and mon, whatta guy. Why does he remind me of Mr. Clean??? The crowd was just as lively as the Manners, happily boppin' around the Keystone Bezerkeley. I mean, it looked like a scene from that ska flick, "Dance Craze".

What's left to say? Not much, except to encourage your feet and your ears to get accustomed to Bad Manners, coz the next time you feel an urge to be serious, you'll find these guys will quickly cure that symptom. That's entertainment, mon.

*"Your kind of taste."*



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**Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.**

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