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Group Du Jour

A ROCK 'N' ROLL CALL OF TWENTY

NEW YORK BANDS

Ruza Blue

Photographed by Bob Gruen

New York City is currently rocking as hard, if not harder, than Los Angeles. Is the scene shifting? Yes—it's happening, bands are flocking in droves to the East Coast and right now somewhere in NYC more bands are forming than ever before.

It seems it was just yesterday that Princess Pang, Raging Slab, Circus of Power and the Throbs were playing on a regular basis at clubs around town. All are now signed to major labels and many more are on the verge of inking pacts in Manhattan.

Something was simmering in town a year or so ago—now it's beginning to bubble over the edge and its ingredients are spilling into the hands of the "biggies," who are finally taking some notice of what the East Coast has to offer. Manhattan is the breeding ground for what is an emerging, vibrant and very diverse rock 'n' roll scene. Some say it's reminiscent of the Seventies, CBGB and Max's Kansas City days—where lots of good bands and musicians with different styles would hang out together and each week watch their mates get up onstage and do their bit, taking turns to play—not necessarily looking to get signed. However, from it emerged Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones and the Velvet Underground, to name a few. Today, on the other hand, the same faces hang in the same places, and there is an overwhelming passion to get signed—and ninety-nine percent of them are! The highly prominent diversity in their styles and sounds is quite brilliant; the East Coast encompasses all genres, from alternative to pop rock to hard rock to scum rock to sleaze to thrash to heavy metal to speed to funk rock to whatever rock one feels at ease with. There's ev-

erything and there's a certain *quality* that goes with them—NYC is breeding quality rock 'n' roll. It seems that the very essence of being real and true to yourself inside this raw thing we call NYC is spawning a more sincere, rebellious, harder-edged scene—with something to say. The West Coast did indeed give birth to Guns N' Roses but how many more clones can we really handle? Why play it safe? It's refreshing to see the East Coast bands literally kicking back with the balls to say, "Fuck that. If you like us, great, if you don't, that's great too. We are not going to change to fit in!"



"You thought I wuz jokin', didn't you? Ha!"
(l to r) Axl Rose, Michael Monroe and Felix Sebacious

Plus you have to give these bands the respect they deserve—they put their hearts and guts into everything they do relating to the band: They eat, sleep and breathe it. The time, energy and money spent to organize just one show in a club can total from \$200 to \$500 in expenses before the band even hits the stage. They have to take care of the van for the equipment, the roadie, the stage help, any necessary equipment rentals, someone to watch the equipment, someone to watch the dressing

room, someone to keep count of the door and passes coming in so that the club doesn't rip them off; some clubs pay one dollar per pass to the band as opposed to a flat rate, which can be a pain in the neck since the club can literally say, well, although there were one thousand people in the club tonight you only pulled in fifty of them with your passes. What can you do? The bands need to play—they need the exposure—they take the abuse. Then, on top of this, they might have to pay off the sound man, or bring their own in. And let's not forget rehearsals three or four times a week in preparation for the show,

which could mount up to \$200 a week. It's not cheap being in a band. So it's no wonder that when most are so desperate to get signed, each gig becomes a showcase.

You give it all you got. The main thing is to get the *gig!*—which is another horror in itself. Some bands will wait up to a year for a show if they don't know who to talk to or, more to the point, don't know the booking agent. Determination to make it pulls these bands through—whatever they have to do, whatever the ploy—if they're talented they'll get noticed, where there's a will there's a way. Next is to build up a following and a buzz so that you'll get another gig somewhere else or later in the same club. Once that's mastered, it's time to think *record deal* \$\$\$\$\$... which I won't go into since it's an epic in itself. Bands, whatever you have to do, just go for it!

Current headquarters of the circuit are places like the Cat Club—four nights a week, Monday through Thursday, talk to Don Hill or Tommy Gunn; The Limelight—on Tuesdays and Sundays, talk to Claire O'Connor or Pamela Britt; The Pyramid—on any night, talk to Bryan; CBGB—any night, talk to Louise or Hilly; and occasionally the Ritz—talk to Chris Williamson.

The great thing about New York clubs is that there is no segregation—they are all basically booking and mixing up all different types of bands, which is kool and a good step in a positive direction. So let's see what's out there among the local signed and the up-and-coming unsigned—and let's get the beans!



GREG STRZEMPKA—VOCALS
 ELYSE STEINMAN—SLIDE GUITAR
 MARK MIDDLETON—GUITAR
 ALEC MORTON—BASS
 BOB PANTELLA—DRUMS

RAGING SLAB

This is not just another band of the moment—this is the unpretentious Raging Slab, or as Greg would say, "We're sort of like Lynyrd Skynyrd being introduced to Metallica, as opposed to meeting them." They rage with intense guitar raunch—guitars like these have not rung in r'n'r for a while. Original is the word: They ramble around in their wild West Buffalo-Bill/biker get-ups. They are all from New York and have been together for five and a half years. This is Southern-style power rock, raw and risky—NY style. The Slabs were signed in January 1989 and their self-titled debut album was produced by the ever-delectable Daniel Rey (Circus of Power, Ramones), who gives them the room to breath pure raging slab on vinyl. And as for the lyrics, when you hear such phrases as, "Thought I saw Geronimo walking up and down Fifth Avenue," you know this band is something else! And who said girls can't play guitar—Elyse's slide is flawless. The first single is "Don't Dog Me"; my favorite is "When Love Comes Loose," a classy, sexy love song.

Says Greg: "Raging Slab is something big coming at you really fast—either jump on top or get the hell out of the way." And, "Watch out for that truck—it's gonna plow you down and flatten you!" I have only one word to describe this band and their debut album and that is *classic*.



CHAIN OF COMMAND

DON DEVEREAUX—VOCALS
 DIANE DEVEREAUX—GUITAR
 MARK SUALL—GUITAR
 IVAN FOCKE—DRUMS
 BRYAN DURHAM—BASS



Don the Murderer (as we Brits like to call him) is from London, Diane's from New York, Mark's from the Lower East Side, Bryan's from North Carolina and Ivan's from Belgrade, Yugoslavia (and a big celeb there, I might add)—a touch of the intercontinental here in the big city. Unsigned as of this writing, they are extremely popular in the clubs about town. Limelight says, "They're our number one band to book!" They have a style of their own both musically and visually and remind me of the Velvet Underground meets the Cult with Bowie overtones. Some good songs in there. The Chain is, in their own words...

"... Fresh thought and heavy music. Lyrics are storylike and the rhythms are sex and grind. Although the band is an international blend of players, they are unified in musical expression (not having met through the *Village Voice*). Don and Diane Devereaux, the cofounders of the Chain, have junctioned a band that savors sensitive melodies and ringing guitars with psychedelic overtones, that acknowledges feeling and denies banality."

LISTEN, OBSERVE, FOLLOW AND OBEY Chain of Command.



JONATHAN HALE LACEY—VOCALS, GUITAR
 PERRY BOTTKÉ—BASS
 FRANK FERRER—DRUMS (EXCEPTIONAL)

THE BEAUTIFUL

You either love this band or you don't, there's no in-between. They've been together for a year and are unsigned as of this writing. Jon and Perry are from Dallas and met up with Frank in New York City. Frank is an incredible drummer—you have to see and hear to believe—who has that Indian, tribal, funk thing happening, a driving backbone and central energy force within this lineup. Mr. Powerhouse!—makes me nervous.

Says Jon: "The Beautiful's songs are not a bland, repetitious praise of fine sex or cool drugs. The big part of what we say in our songs is about acceptance and awareness. So beware and ac-



cept. We are often compared to dinosaur bands that are either disbanded or obsolete or maybe a gaggle of drug scenes who have contrived a hype so out of control that it strangles themselves. The Beautiful are not like any other bands. We have no desire to be compared or allied to anyone but ourselves. I believe that John Doe and Exene Cervenka and George Jones and Tammy Wynette are fifty times cooler than Jimmy Page and Robert Plant or Perry Farrell and David Navarro."

Ladies and gentlemen—The Beautiful.

LUCAS JANKLOW—GUITAR, VOCALS, SONGWRITER
 JAVIER ESCOVEDO—RHYTHM GUITAR
 R. MUOIO—BASS
 FRANK ARANEO—DRUMS

THE LOST

Lucas was already signed to Robinson Records as an artist before the band became The Lost. He was discovered as this unbelievably passionate guitar virtuoso by Lisa Robinson, who then turned him on to the label and her husband Richard Robinson and, going through all the normal channels, he was signed almost immediately. Then for nine grueling months Lisa and Lucas hunted for the rest of the lineup; by April of 1989, The Lost was formed. They played their first gig at CBGB only three weeks after having been together as a band.



The Lost is a hard-edged, bluesy, hard rock, melodic guitar-oriented band, sincere and concerned with projecting and playing good energy rock 'n' roll songs. Lucas, who just turned twenty-two, is knowledgeable and extremely well-versed in all types of music, from reggae to the Stones to AC/DC to Raging Slab to Prince; his influences stretch far and wide. This one knows his music. Says Lucas, "New York makes you strip down and face the music—any bullshit will always show through here. I swallow a lot of great stuff—then spit it out." The name itself conjures up images of the dreamy and mysterious. "No one in the band put up any resistance to the name so we just went with it, no particular reason." It's quite appropriate, because this band has had intrigue attached to them from day one. They have played all the clubs under a mass of different names—so you were never quite sure when they would play next, but now you are. They almost have an ethereal quality about them, mostly due to Lucas, of course, who emanates a stage presence that's romantic, and almost innocent. And this image juxtaposed with the hard-driving guitar sound they exude gives power to their very special magic.

Says Lucas: "The Lost is a no-frills guitar band—no big hair, no ten belts!" Their debut album will be out early spring 1990. You'd be wise not to miss them!



LOW MEATO

THRUSTER H.W.—VOCALS, GUITAR, SONGWRITER
FELIX SEBACIOUS—BASS
TODD IRWIN—DRUMS

They say they're "bigger than the Beatles and thicker"!! This band is very unsigned and it seems that no one wants to touch them, sign them, book them, call them back, reimburse them, be seen with them or... be them, but when they do finally get a gig, people come out to see them. Is Low Meato a Peruvian Sunday morning meat dish or is it everything below the belt that they claim is rather big? It's up to you to find out.

I think the right words for this band are "highly entertaining." Musically they are everything and nothing, from polka pop to punk rock—they are loud, sleazy, obnoxious, in your face, hysterical and, to many, very intimidating. One thing is for sure, they are a very talented bunch of musicians who can't really be compared to anyone—so that makes them quite unique. They have an incredibly mixed following, from drag queens to their biggest fan on earth, Michael Monroe (Hanoi Rocks)! If you love Michael, you're gonna have to love Low Meato.

Low Meato hobbies and household du-

ties are as follows:

Thruster

1. Model airplane fanatic. Inspired by Otto Lilienthal, who is his hero for life. Is possessed with the idea of flying—on Halloween you're bound to see him flying around town dressed as an airplane.

2. Sex

3. Changing the kitty litter.

Felix

1. Sex

2. Collecting porno videos, diaphragms and bras

3. Shaving his head and showering.

Todd has no hobbies and no household chores; he's too busy practicing on his drums—he's so righteous he'll even teach you how to play the drums if you approach him righteously. He says his job is to keep the others on edge—so beware of Todd, okay?

Low Meato lives together—they share everything, I mean everything, except condoms.

Song titles range from "The Song Remains Insane," "Easy Girl" and "You're a Beast" to "Horsepower-Penis Power/BenWa Balls-AIDS Hymn" and "Runnin' Home with Jesus." There's a little something for the whole family. Their inspiration comes from Frank Zappa, Black Sabbath, Billy's Topless and the Baby Doll. They're just a bunch of good, wholesome, healthy young studs having a ball—who love to fuck, what else!!!

Low Meato—rock stars of the future! You cannot miss their next show!

ALEX MITCHELL—VOCALS
RICKY MAHLER—GUITAR
GARY SUNSHINE—GUITAR
ZOWIE ACKERMAN—BASS
RYAN MAHER—DRUMS

CIRCUS OF POWER

Formed one year ago and with a self-titled debut album produced by Daniel Rey, out on RCA records, C of P plays "street rock"—it's grungy, they're grungy... what a grungy bunch! Alex is a native of Toronto; Ryan, Gary, Ricky and Zowie are all from Manhattan. They met in Florida in 1984, moved to New York and started out playing CBGB and the Cat Club. They developed a large local following and were signed quickly thereafter. Circus of Power is tattoos, motorcycles, real faded jeans and more tattoos and motorcycles. Their songs are raucous attitude and their sound uncompromisingly raw, almost enginelike. Best song is "Motor."

Says Alex, the ringleader: "It's a gang—a chemical reaction between people who are on the same wavelength. Whether or not the gods knew what they wanted to create when they put us together—I don't know—but whatever, it came out okay."

Grunge rock on the Lower East Side.



PHIL CAIVANO—VOCALS, GUITAR
SCOTT LANO—GUITAR
CURT FLECK—BASS
LOU GUISPARRO—DRUMS

BLITZSPEER

Curt's from Minneapolis, Phil, Scott and Lou come from the tri-state area, and they formed Blitzspeer in NYC. They are a "street metal" band, heavier than what's out there, but more melodic than your regular speed-metal outfit. They could be like Motorhead meets Megadeth or, as Curt prefers, "like the subway meets the bus." They have been together for two years and are unsigned as of this writing.

The translation of the German Blitzspeer is "lightning attack weapon," which seems quite apt when you see the band live—they're like an out-of-control engine coming at you. However the name really comes from a comic book, *Nemesis, The Warlock*. Nemesis travels around in his spaceship, which is half animal and half machine and looks almost like a squid (if you see what I mean). He rides around with "lightning attack" and that's what Blitzspeer is like onstage. Their favorite club is the Pyramid because it gave them their first break and has always supported them. They love GWAR, Bad Brains, Cro-Mags and the Luna-



chicks. They don't kiss ass (which a lot of bands have to do, especially with club owners) and are proud of it—they are true to themselves, "pure and honest," and don't pretend to be anything else. They admit to being "scumbags" and "low lifes" and have these words of blitz to share with you about themselves:

"EAT IT RAW" in our "RACE TO WIN"... Take the ride, I dare you!

In the middle of writing this piece I get sidetracked. I find myself in Los Angeles at the one and only Concrete Foundations Forum '89. Concrete is a New York-based management/marketing firm with a great track record of success in an area where traditional record marketing doesn't work (i.e., heavy metal and hard rock), having worked with people like Guns N' Roses, Faith No More, Winger, AC/DC, White Lion and Warrant. Concrete has helped many hard rock bands to be taken very seriously indeed by developing relationships with fanzines, college radio stations and alternative record stores. They also publish *Foundations*, the industry's only all-heavy metal/hard rock trade newsletter, which features tour itineraries, interviews and gossip and is read by over three thousand industry professionals worldwide. Concrete holds an annual New Music Seminar of hard rock/heavy metal but calls it "Foundations Forum." Held in Los Angeles. Like the NMS, there were an assortment of panels ranging from "Artist Management" to "Touring" to "Merchandising" to "Corporate Sponsorship." The best and most provocative this time around was the panel "Pay to Play—Controversy in the Clubs," where Mark Mason (organizer of Rock Against Pay to Play [R.A.P.P.]) got into it with pro-pay-to-players Robert Wood (CIA) and Jason Lord (Jungle Productions). In LA, if you didn't already know it, there exists a bunch of sleazoid club promoters who make bands pay them up to \$1500 in cash to play certain clubs they are affiliated with, as opposed to the usual normal thing to do—pay the band to play the clubs!! This money is paid half up front to the club promoter, and then the band has to go out and try to presell

tickets to their shows so that they can afford to pay the balance to the promoter at sound check. If the band doesn't come up with the dough, the promoter confiscates band equipment. What R.A.P.P. is trying to do is negotiate with the club owners so that equipment is not confiscated anymore (good luck to Mark!). The promoters' weak argument is that these bands would otherwise never get the chance to play the grand halls of the Roxy or Gazzarri's or the Whisky or wherever. Bullshit! It blows my mind that they can get away with it. So this panel, as you can imagine, got quite heated and abusive. Why should bands "pay to play"? It's pathetic—it's a disease! If this continues, the poor and talented bands will never see the light of day, let alone play anywhere. LA bands, get pure—get with it! Join forces with R.A.P.P. Let the clubs stay empty. Let them starve!

Anyway, on a more positive note, the best showcase by far, by far, by far, was at Hollywood Live on the last night of the Forum when Steve "Remember to leave your shoes on, that's the law around here!" Jones hit the stage and let it rip! rip! rip! Axl Rose joined him onstage to sing a killer old Pistols toon, "I Did U No Wrong" (which is on Steve's current album, *Fire and Gasoline*, on MCA, produced by Ian Astbury (The Cult). It's awesome, dude!! especially "God in Louisiana"—don't leave Tower without it.

Maybe Concrete will hold the next Forum in New York? But somehow I doubt it. They say it's too good of an excuse to hang out in the sun for a few days—speaking of which I'm back now...

CYCLE SLUTS FROM HELL

QUEEN VIXEN—VOCALS
VENUS 'P' CRUSHER—VOCALS
SHE FIRE OF ICE—VOCALS
HONEY%ER—VOCALS

They are in the midst of negotiating a super deal with CBS Associated as of this writing. Well, since my last script on these gals they sure have come a long way—ahead—with a tight band and some very tight songs, which they all wrote together as a unit. They are the female Kiss. Their name "is a concept in itself," their music is "hard-edged rock with a cycle fuckological spirituality" and they like to compare themselves "to a scab—the more you pick at it the less likely it is to go away." So stop picking at them, okay? 'Coz Sluts are still rulin' in NYC and will never go away! They are still dressing in that same kool slut manner, and slut fashion can be seen all over New York City and is spreading to LA and the rest of the planet. Their favorite local bands are White Zombie, Blitzspeer, Raging Slab and Circus of Power.

So no matter what anybody says or thinks about the Cycle Sluts, you know they're gonna make it X-large on MTV's *Headbangers Ball*—watch out for them. *Fuget abow dit.*



THE THROBS

SWEETHEART—VOCALS
ROGER LANE—GUITAR
DANNY NORDAHL—BASS
RONNIE MAGRI—DRUMS

This is definitely, without a shadow of a doubt, a real attitude band with a strong attitude image to match. You'll recognize the Throbs when you see them. The Throbs pulsate, palpitate, vibrate, quiver, ooze sex, sleaze, rawness and tasty fashion onstage and off. They're hot and energetic, kind of pure back-to-basics rock 'n' roll—sort of Stones meeting the Pistols and then hanging out with Alice Cooper and the Diamond Dog for the first time and walking away highly charged. They claim they're no glam band—"we just look good"—and they do. The focal point, Mr. Sweetheart ('coz he's a real sweetheart), is a visually exciting experience—a live magnet, totally hypnotic. Clad in pink leather pants, white frilly lace shirt and feather boa, he struts, pouts, teases and grinds around onstage with an elegance and strength he's in total control of—and he knows it, so he uses it. What a great performer! He puts you in a trance from the second he hits the stage to his exit—this one has big-time star potential—watch! Originally from Toronto, he met up with Danny (from Maryland), Roger (from Sweden) and Ronnie (from the East Village) in NYC about a year and a half ago and the Throbs were born. After three shows they were signed to Geffen Records. Their album will be out in February 1990. They came to our photo session decked out to the max—dressed to kill in color



schemes of pink, purple and black.

When asked to sum up the band, Sweetheart replied, "I wonder what's in that drawer marked Alice Cooper?" So I let them have a look! I guess that really sums them up!

Well, these raven-haired gypsies are certainly ready! So move out of the way—'coz here they come. THROB... THROB... THROB... LOS ANGELES HAS HER GUNS N' ROSES... NEW YORK CITY HAS THE THROBS... SEE THEM LIVE O.K.... THROB... THROB... THROB... THIS BAND IS LETHAL... THROB... THROB... THROB... SWEETLY ADDICTIVE... THE THROBS....

RAW ANGEL

VALERIE VISION—VOCALS, HARP, SONGWRITER
JOE LORDZ—GUITAR
CHRIS LARSEN—BASS
JOE STARS—DRUMS

The current lineup was formed by Valerie three months ago and is unsigned as of this writing. All are from New York except for Valerie, who's from Pennsylvania. Raw Angel is trashy, classy, clean-and-dirty, black-and-white, up-and-down, in-and-out, Reagan-doin'-Miss Piggy kind of rock 'n' roll. They see themselves as "kind of like sushi with a bit of marinara on top."

Valerie's voice has the killer Janis Joplin edge meets gospel. There's a diva in there—she roars with a conviction that is electrifying! So it's not surprising that her roots and inspiration stem from such brilliance as Shirley Caesar, Aretha Franklin, Dolores Hall and Patti LaBelle. Imagine a female Steven Tyler—now you hear Valerie Vision. The best songs are the monster rock anthem "Can't Get Away," "I Could Never Make U Mine" and my all-time favorite, the killer ballad "Don't Throw Me Away," which hits you where it hurts—and Valerie's delivery is overwhelmingly moving.

They pride themselves on being a health-conscious band that loves to eat (no rakes in this band). Says Valerie: "We're a positive, good-energy-attitude band—we love to eat, we love our moms and dads, we believe in no drugs, staying in school, and like that—we're sort of like angels with dirt on our faces." Her hobbies are going to rock concerts, quantum physics, astronomy, NASA and



monitoring the Trilateral Commission (she's no dummy). Chris has an affinity for needlepoint and crochet. Joe, the guitarist, loves to deep-sea fish. And Joe the drummer's hobby is Ben and Jerry's—any flavor he can get his hands on. Girls fit in there somewhere too, so don't fret!

Currently on their way to Los Angeles, home of their BIG BIG-TIME attorney, who is going to get them signed pronto.

Watch for these angels—their heaven is about to descend on you!

PRINCESS PANG

JENI FOSTER—VOCALS
ANDY TJERNON—GUITAR
JAY LEWIS—GUITAR
RONNIE ROZE—BASS
BRIAN KEATS—DRUMS

The band was started in Sweden in 1986, then imported themselves to NYC and are now signed to Metal Blade/Capitol Records and have a self-titled debut album produced by Ron St. Germain (Bad Brains, Terence Trent D'Arby, Mick Jagger). A batch of hard times on the extreme streets of NYC gave this band their forceful, angry, emotional sound. Jeni is a dynamic singer and front person who throws herself into complete vocal abandon. A hard rockin' band that deserves the success they will probably achieve.



FRED SCHRECK—VOCALS
DAVID TSIEN—GUITAR
JOHN BELLON—DRUMS
ALBERT ZAMPINO—BASS
JOHN FOSTER—KEYBOARDS

SHOOT THE DOCTOR

Shoot the Doctor are all from New York, unsigned and like to be placed in the gothic pop genre. They deal with the "darker, desperate side of human emotion" in their songs; the scenarios are left ambiguous in nature, allowing the songs to conform to the listener's own sentiments. Fred's voice is texturally full and rich and gives power to this feeling of darkness. They remind me of Echo and the Bunnymen and Simple Minds.

Armed with good songs with big commercial potential on the college circuit, Shoot the Doctor is emotional rock 'n' roll. Currently voted New York State number one unsigned band by the *East Coast Rocker*.



PRONG

TOMMY VICTOR—GUITAR, VOCALS
MIKE KIRKLAND—BASS, VOCALS
TED PARSONS—DRUMS, BACKING VOCALS

A New York power triumvirate—born and bred in the dirge! Prong is huge in England—some say they're a junior Metallica. They just signed to Epic Records and combine the best of heavy metal and hard core with a bit of thrash thrown in for good measure. Prong utilizes interesting rhythms and tons of feedback to get an edge that's different but catchy. Tommy and Mike work at CBGB as soundmen and doormen, so they've seen it all, heard it all and learned it all—the Lower East Side reality: cold and hard. That's what Prong is about and it's reflected in their music—"weird" and "extreme," says *Kerrang*. Their intense musical aggression will definitely make an impact on the Nineties. Prong is a force to be reckoned with—their sound is deadly and coming from somewhere undiscovered.

This NYC power trio deals you metal in extremis: heavy, heavy, heavy, the type of heavy sound that hits an organ hidden somewhere in the recesses of your chest. It hurts it's so heavy—ow—it throbs (there's that word again). Loud and merciless, Prong is taking metal to new extremes and has the potential of crossing into the Metallica market, which as we all know is massive. Prong, let me make it quite clear here, is not jumping onto anyone's bandwagon—their concise song structures have a uniqueness that only a truly original band can muster. Prong wants you to get into the sounds, lose your frustrations and take part in the celebration. Their conviction demands respect! So pull out your grunge wardrobe and get down to their next show and inhale some PRONNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!!!!

Says Mike: "Prong is a therapy session for the three of us."

Ray Sevin and Billy G (Cat Club) Top 10 playlist:

1. Grand Funk Railroad—"We're an American Band" (Capitol)
2. Circus of Power—"Motor" (RCA)
3. Guns N' Roses—"Used To Love Her" (Geffen)
4. Raging Slab—"Get Off My Jollies" (RCA)
5. AC/DC—"Back in Black" (Atlantic)
6. Aerosmith—"Last Child" (Geffen)
7. Princess Pang—"No Reason to Cry" (Metal Blade)
8. Metallica—"Master of Puppets" (Elektra)
9. The Cult—"Fire Women" (Sire)
10. Ramones—"Blitzkrieg Bop" (Sire)

Seth K (D.J. at Limelight Rock 'n' Roll Church)

Top 10 playlist:

1. The Cult—"Fire Woman" (Sire)
2. Iggy Pop—*Cold Metal* (A&M)
3. Living Colour—*Vivid* (Epic)
4. Jane's Addiction—*Jane's Addiction* (Warner Bros.)
5. Circus of Power—*Circus of Power* (RCA)
6. Pop Will Eat Itself—"Wise Up Sucker" (BMG)
7. Raheem—"Self Preservation" (A&M)
8. 24-7 Spyz—"Jungle Boogie" (In-Effect)
9. B.A.D.—*Mega Top Phoenix* (CBS)
10. *Black Havanah* compilation (Capitol)



Facts or fiction from the clubs themselves ...

Limelight current Top 10, Sept. '89:

1. Chain of Command
2. Naked Sun
3. The Beautiful
4. Electric Angels
5. Adam Bomb
6. The Throbs
7. R.I.P. Planet
8. Princess Pang
9. Brad Factor
10. Skin n' Bones

Cat Club current Top 10, Sept. '89

1. RU Ready
2. Skin n' Bones
3. The Beautiful
4. Beg Borrow and Steel
5. Larry Mitchell
6. Kix
7. White Trash
8. Z Toyz
9. Princess Pang
10. Sweet Cheetah

Their Top 10 local bands:

1. Circus of Power
2. Raging Slab
3. Princess Pang
4. Cycle Sluts From Hell
5. Blitzspeer
6. The Beautiful
7. Rip Planet
8. The Throbs
9. Rocket Angel
10. RU Ready

His Top 10 local bands:

1. The Beautiful
2. Princess Pang
3. Bang The Drum
4. B-Rock
5. The Throbs
6. The Toasters
7. Naked Sun
8. Raging Slab
9. Adam Bomb
10. White Trash

CBGB

Louise couldn't give a Top 10, said it was totally impossible to choose from 64 bands that play there each week. This is a statement in itself—I couldn't argue with it.

Blue's Predictions for 1990 NYC:

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| The Throbs | Raw Angel |
| Raging Slab | See No Evil |
| Michael Monroe | Low Meato |
| Cycle Sluts From Hell | Love Tribe |
| Prong | The Lost |

LARRY MITCHELL

LARRY MITCHELL

What a great guitarist! He's from Far Rockaway, Queens, and he's twenty-four and unsigned. He picked up a broom at age five and started strumming it; at nine he got an acoustic guitar—today he has his own double neck guitar, one of a kind specially designed for him by Mace Bailey of Ibanez. Larry is spiritually and musically inspired by Jimi Hendrix, Steve Vai, Prince, Eric Johnson and Nile Rogers (the guy has taste) and says his music is "thought-provoking rock 'n' roll." His social consciousness is reflected in his music: There are lots of intros with sound effects, not necessarily the show-off riffy stuff, just amazing guitar sounds—sort of like watching a moving movie. What a talent this one is! At the moment it's all instrumental—it almost doesn't even need any vocalization added to it—but Larry says he's working on something in that direction, so we'll see.

He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't do drugs and never has and never will. This is his message to you all out there.

His fans include people like Carlos Alomar, Little Steven, Vernon Reid, Brian James (Dan Reed Network), Greg Gerson and Billy Squire.

To believe, to understand . . . is to see—go see! Listen carefully!



LUNACHICKS

THEO—VOCALS
SQUID—BASS
GINA—GUITAR
SINDI—GUITAR
BECKY—DRUMS

These chicks have been clumped (against their wishes, I might add) into the slot of scum rock, which stands for socially conscious underground music. Their songs are basically a "piss take" of everything you can think of writing a song about. "It's all for fun!" says Theo. Their influences are early Black Sabbath. They've been together for two and a half years, and all are from New York, except for Becky, who was imported from Pennsylvania. They're signed to an independent English label, Blast First records, and have an album coming out in January 1990.

I asked Theo to sum up the Lunachicks; she replied, "We're loud, slimy and hairy." That sounds about right. These chicks could be the female version of Blitzspeer—check out the bloody gash Theo exhibits on her arm. It's all show biz! Re the band name, "It just fit us like a glove!"



NAKED SUN

LAZER WOLF—ALTO SAX, VOCALS
GRADY RIXX—GUITAR
FRANZ LEIBKINS—KEYBOARDS
CAT FINGERS—BASS
T.B. QUAGMIRE—DRUMS

He's either hiding or being reborn behind that sun mask. Or is it a manifestation of a personal fractured vision? Ask Lazer. Naked Sun could be, in my eyes, a cross between Jethro Tull and King Crimson—or maybe not—with a touch of gothadelic progressive hard rock, angst metal, perhaps?

They are partial to velvet and bell-bottoms, and their culty audience seems to double every time they play a show. All born in NYC and unsigned as of this writing, Naked Sun is a hit in all the clubs.

ELECTRIC ANGELS

SHANE—VOCALS JONATHAN DANIEL—BASS
RYAN ROXIE—GUITAR JOHN SCHUBERT—DRUMS

It took Shane a total of four years to get this current lineup together. From Kingston, New York, he first tried to get a band together in NYC with no luck, then ventured to Nashville, again with no luck, and then ended up in LA, where he found competent musicians, rehearsed them and dragged them back to New York (without a struggle, I might add). After playing two or three shows within two months of moving back here, they were signed to a major deal with Atlantic Records. Shane has that Ziggy-meets-early-Mick thing happening when he performs; it's rock 'n' roll from the old school, strong and charismatic, fashionable and stylish with bluesy songs to match. When I interviewed them they were off to England to record with Tony Visconti, who's producing them. Their album will be out early February 1990.

Electric Angels say they are "young, strong and good-looking"—who could argue with that!



SKIN N' BONES

JOHNY VAMP—VOCALS
JIMI K.—GUITAR
STEVE MACH—BASS
CHUCK CLEARWATER—DRUMS

Unsigned. Johnny Vamp is from Baltimore, the rest of the band is from New York; he moved to New York because of the city's energy and brazen reality. Their favorite club is the Cat Club.

They like to describe themselves as a "high-energy hard-rockin' band."

THE LOVE TRIBE

TOMMY—VOCALS, SONGWRITER
TRIXXY 'STRANGE' KADAVER—GUITAR
J. SINN—BASS
SPIN SPUN—DRUMS
JOSI JOJO BANKRUPT—GUITAR
DANA—STAGE MANAGER AND MC EXTRAORDINAIRE

Don't you just love their names! Currently unsigned and being courted by a few majors, Tommy and Spin are from Washington, D.C.; Trixy, JoJo and J. Sinn are from Pennsylvania. Tommy started the band in D.C., where they developed a rather huge following of about 1200 people. They decided to move to New York because it's sooo "real." They are a glam/slam band, all wear lipstick, they play "it-makes-me-sweat music," they adore Hanoi Rocks, the Beach Boys, John Lennon, the Bay City Rollers, Jane's Addiction and Leslie Nielsen. They all live together in a two-bedroom apartment. No one works anywhere. Girls pay their bills and their rent and lend them cash (small emphasis on lend). They like the Limelight and the Scrap Bar. Tommy writes all the songs. Their attitudes are large (and they freely admit this) and they dress outlandishly. Andrew Dice Clay, according to the Love Tribe, has almost as much balls as they do (probable). Biggest club-owner lie ever told them is, "Don't worry, you'll get paid." The funniest thing that's ever happened to them in a club: Says Tommy, "O yeah, we



played with my brother's band, the Throbs, at the Cat Club and they wouldn't let us use their P.A.—my own brother, can you believe it? Wait till I tell Mommy!"

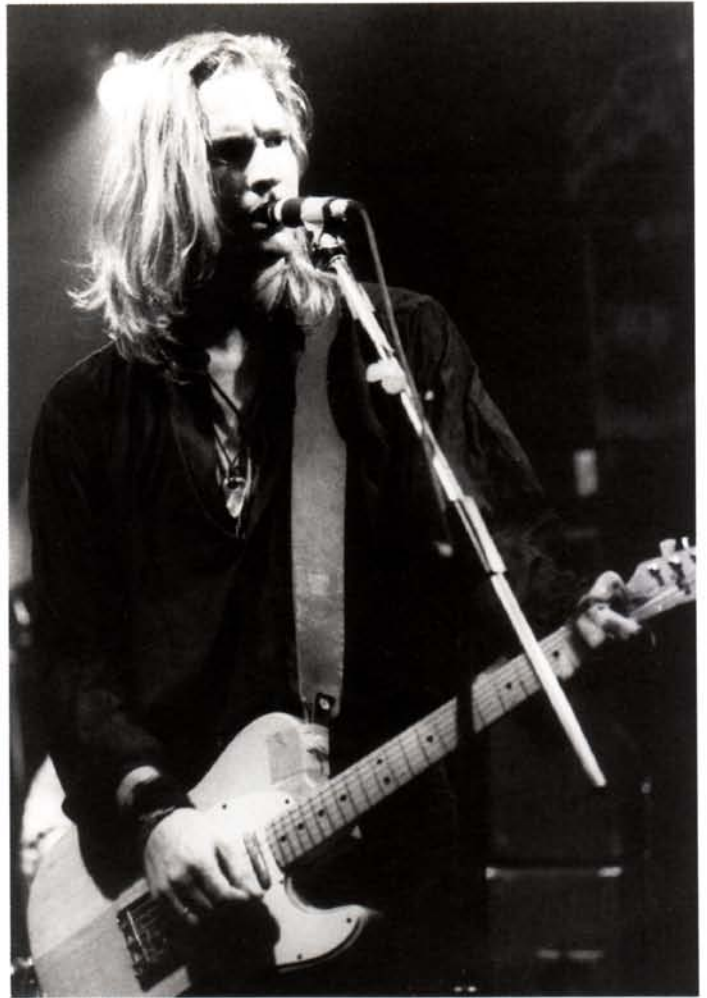
This band is a "bunch of bored guys, having fun," says Tommy, and "we always put our foot in our mouth—if we get too drunk and say something stupid we're really joking, don't ever take us seriously, we're only having a laugh" (excuses, excuses). New York Dolls move over, here comes the Love Tribe (or whatever their name might be when this article comes out).

This band inspires you to want to go out and form your own band—they're having far too much fun.

SEE NO EVIL

ROBIN SALMON—VOCALS, GUITAR, SONGWRITER
JAMES HENDRICK—DRUMS
BOB BARLEEN—BASS
KOL MARSHALL—KEYBOARDS

See No Evil, as Robin would say, is "music with a conscience." Their name projects the contradiction of actually seeing things from the darker side (which we are protected from) and bringing them up to the light. Inspired by the Clash, U2, the Jam and various others, See No Evil is a very melodic, modern rock band that delivers passion with intense rock anthems and romantic rock songs. Live they are mesmerizing. They secrete an intense integrity and emotion that can only be compared to the aura that surrounds U2. Robin has the presence and makings of a cult hero with a message. Born in South Africa, his family was forced to flee the country because of government authority differences, and they came to the USA. The nucleus of SNE was formed in Colorado in 1986; then they moved to New York and the final lineup was formulated. They were signed in 1988 and their self-titled album is out on Robinson Records (distributed by Epic). Produced by Richard Robinson (Lou Reed), all cuts smell of strong success (especially "Awake Now" and the eerie "Can't Breathe"). It's only a matter of time for See No Evil.



I would like to add here that Richard Robinson is Robinson Records and both he and his wife, Lisa Robinson, have been and are very key and influential figures on the East Coast rock scene. Credit should go where credit is due. Lisa has helped and supported many of the local bands through her famous rock column, which reaches millions of people each week. Richard is a devoted, hands-on record exec who really cares about his bands and works in the same passionate way as his bands. He's a man with a mission. See No Evil took him three months to find sitting in CBGB every night from 9 PM to 4 AM (when most A&R execs are neatly tucked away in their beds), a few Rolling Rocks (Louise constantly topping them up), when suddenly one night, quite out of the blue, at around 2:30 AM, SNE hit the stage. Richard knew that this was his band—the rest is history. His favorite bands are the Clash and the Sex Pistols—so you know he's got to be a cool dude. Here are words of wisdom by Richard Robinson:

*If you like the single
Don't listen to the album
If you like the album
Don't see the band live
If you like the band
Don't meet them*

This way you can, according to Richard, keep your illusions—you could also shatter them—whatever turns

you on. So on that light note, I have only one more heavy thing to say: That is, it's quite obvious that New York City is the new spiritual center of rock music. An unparalleled plethora of diverse talent mingling together right under your noses seeping its way into any sleazy crack or crevice it can find and making its home in New York. And this is only a small cross section. There is so much more out there to be discovered.

The Nineties thing to do is to stay in New York. Visit LA—and—Stop Fucking Around with this AIDS Mystery—Strengthen Your Immune System—Be Aware of Your Own Self-Defense System—B Healthy—Stand Up for Human Rights—Do It Your Way—Any Way You Can—Seek Truth—In Body—Mind and Spirit—Just Do It!!

Special, special thanks to rock institution Bob Gruen for his serious art form.

Peacefully,

Yours,
Ruza Blue
(K.L.B.)

D