LORD JOHN: LIVE AT LAST!

The long awaited return of those local spell-binders, LORD JOHN, happens this Friday night, April 3, at (you guessed it) The Court Tavern. See WRSU playlist faves perform hits from their recent BOMP! release Six Days of Sound, as well as compelling new material and some cherished covers. With players Tom Gibson (guitar and vocals), Ray Normandy (guitar), Tom Stanton (bass) and John Figler (drums), you don't need drugs to enjoy the many musical layers these guys put down! A must see...guaranteed to COOK! (with SHEEP BAMBOO)

ALSO RECOMMENDED...

THE URGE: Are they TELEVISION'S Second Coming? Find out SATURDAY, APRIL 4, at THE COURT TAVERN

Also appearing: ERHEBUNG and NOISE PETSALS
THIRD PARTY DEFENSE
(The following is a response to one reviewers' opinion in COMPLEX LIES)

Some guys like to knock music, and some like to make it. I've been playing since I was ten. I like to make it, and hopefully get a little farther than Brunswick. No shame. I sincerely doubt any band has anything against success. OK then, let's get to the heart of the criticism. Haircuts? Not exactly army material, but nothing strange, either. Over production? Fade to Grey was recorded in 5 hours at TRAXEAST. I'm sorry if Eric Rachel is such a good engineer that a bit of slap delay and reverb on the vocals, a big room drum sound and a distorted telecaster sounds that way. Too Clean? I like things to be sharp and I like to be understood, and $75 in recording costs hardly qualifies as enough to feed the homeless in Brunswick. A fashionable defense, maybe, but Eric Paul (drums) Rich Kelly (bass) and I know what we are doing. If you don't like it, don't buy it, and don't see us this Friday, April 3 at Scott Hall, with HIP SHY and MARK BRADLEY.

Joe Condriacci - THIRD PARTY

ARTISTS
RELEASE
NEW VINYL

BLOW MONKEYS
COLORFIELD
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GODFATHERS
LIME SPIDERS
PHIL MANZANERA
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LIVE LUNAR BEAR!

On Sunday, April 5, 10 pm, MAXWELL's (1039 Washington St., Hoboken) hosts an evening of verbal abuse featuring LYDIA LUNCH and New Brunswick's own LUNAR BEAR ENSEMBLE. LYDIA LUNCH, known best for her past associations with Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, Beirut Slump and Eight Eyed Spy, will open the night with a special spoken word performance. Then comes LUNAR BEAR. Co-lead by poet John "Lunar Richey and percussionist Richard "Bear" Graham the ensemble's sound blends poetry, performance art and percussive experimental rock. Rounding out the sextet are Martin Atkins (PIL BRIAN BRAIN) on drums, Doug "Slugso" Vizthum (PLEASED YOUTH) on guitar, Eddie Freeze (CROSSFIRE CHOIR) on guitar and keyboards, and Tom Diello (EXISTENTIAL MOPED) on bass and vocals.
FREE LOVE AT COURT!
Perfect solution for Thursday night entertainment on-the-cheap is LOVE PROJECT, a Brunswick based band who has been projecting enough love since the summer of '86 to land them a position as upstairs house band every other Thursday at The Court. Before you tackle their next free live loveset July 23, read about the various philosophies of the players to decide if they're not worth some doughnation in the old tip can, all by themselves...

SPOOK (guitar, harmonica)
"If six of us can all love each other...think of what seven of us could do."

MARK POWELL (electric guitar)
"Love is a falafel plate and feedback that pierces your heart."

SUSAN COHAN (vocals, percussion)
"A deep breath, and it's music, a song, and it's sound voices together and it's love."

STEVE GREENE (keys)
"Combine love with the tools to create it and the talent to decide when."

HIP SHY BECOME LOCAL LEGEND!

Once upon a time, before the house lights came up, MARK and BRUCE bumped into one another, and as MARK helped BRUCE up, they had a vision of ADAM, a drummer of most mystical origins. Three days of conjuring, witchcraft and drinking resulted in their drummer's creation. They made him tall and friendly. And HIP SHY was born, and God, they were good...

Progressively more smoldering with each live gig, HIP SHY's determination to make "The Big Time" is obvious, and certainly not out of possibility's realm. Somebody should invite GERARD COSLOY at Homestead Records to their next musical rendezvous, happening Thursday night, July 23 at The Court, with DOTS WILL ECHO...

Everybody else should just be there.

D.P. BACK AFTER LONG HIATUS!

In the years since the release of their debut L.P., If You Really Love Me, You'll Kill Yourself, D.P. & THE GREYS have largely sacrificed the local live experience for more esoteric adventures; the making of a nationally televised video, a European tour, and extensive studio work with a possible compact disc and 12" dance single release planned.

Their long overdue reappearance on the scene this Saturday, July 25 (with THE HOUNDS, singin' the blues) should serve to showcase their eclectic mesh of musical forms nicely...from rocking jazz rhythms spiced with funky get-down jams, to horns-a-plenty for added flavor. I give it a 10, 'cause you could really dance to it.

LOCALS RELEASE NEW DEMO TAPES / VINYL... DETAILS, NEXT ISSUE!
**LIVE REVIEWS**

**FLAMING LIPS SMOKES OUT COURT**

Despite facing some stiff competition, Flaming Lips delivered a sold-out show at Court. Dean of Popular Local Bands (Mad Daddies, Spinal Jetty, Crossfire Choir, and Subculture/Eyes), the Flaming Lips/Catharsis show managed to attract a large crowd and make the scene.

**DADDY'S & DEXTER AT THE STONE PONY**

By the way, for those of you who hung out in New Brunswick to catch THE PLANNING LIPS show at The Court (which I was pretty damn psychedelically THE MAD DADDIES put on a shakin' show at the world famous Stone Pony where they opened for BUSTER PONDETTEX (remember, he used to be in LED ZEPPELIN??)).

Annyway, THE DADDYS were good enough to stir up some of the polyester POINT DEXTER fans who, even if they didn't get out of their stage side seats, managed to clap heartily. Why, BUSTER himself complimented THE DADDYS even on their experience with the band and went on to call them a "goof."

Incidentally, he wasn't half bad himself—boring at all (live, that is).

**DR. CALAGARI**

**ATTENTION BANDS: CHEAP VIDEO NOW AVAILABLE!**

PRODUCTION TEAM WITH PROVEN TRACK RECORD AND UNIQUE ACCESS TO STAGES AND HIGH TECH VIDEO FACILITY IN N.Y.C. SEEKS UNSIGNED BANDS FOR PROFESSIONAL QUALITY MUSIC VIDEOS. NO GIMMICKS, AND NEXT TO NO EXPENSE, IN RETURN FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE CAREERS OF THESE DIRECTORS/PRODUCERS. SEND PROFESSIONALLY TAPED TAPES FOR CONSIDERATION TO:

JOHN, P.O. BOX 4205 DUNELLEN, N.J. 08812

**NIGHTCRAWLERS LTD. #2**

By this time I'd inescapably caught New Music Seminaritis, even though all of TUGS IN MY EYES knew what it was this year. I ventured into FUNK CITY both Tues- and Wednesdays for Flaming Lips at IZUB NIRVANA and then our own LORD JOHN (who, by the way, deny they're a N.B. band at TRAMPOLINING') Lips, blind-nosing as ever, with their element in the mystic (but overpriced) shangri-la, even when it's a vacation.

The considerably more downmarket (and downtown) Tramps proved a perfect venue for the Lords, with the Mind's Eye comic relief being far and away to the girls, though the only familiar faces were Tramp's very own Mick London and Jim Tosta (who's anything else he's ever done with MOD FUN...)

While we're on the subject, groovy couple of the season must go to Lord Tom Gibson and Psychadelic Pepe Brunswick... Meanwhile, back at the Court, last Thurs. was a S. BLUSH hoorow, with the last- ever gathering of the Undeniable (promise?) AKA Johnny Thunder and St. Vincent and his lastest, the MENTORS. New Brunswick's finest thought Mike Wattage looked suspicious enough to frisk him down right on the spot (no doubt wanting to get a look inside his tight pants). As far as the Mentors being banned by PMRC... any kid who actually likes this stuff is probably a delinquent already.

Anyway, Sunday the 12th saw the crapper in uncharted territory—Neptune's GREEN PARROT... I expected it to be a jam night (like certain place on R, 22), but was pleasantly surprised. Unlike the usual joint's, it's both clean and well-run with a few video screens but seemingly no pretension. And what's wrong with a few beach bunnies hanging out? Worth the trip? Certainly, if someone... like THE SAINTS happen to be playing. Before a decent sized crowd (made up mostly of WHTG and RSU giveaway winners) Mr. Bailey gave his best impersonation of a latter-day McCartney, giving an extended solo acoustic set inbetween the band's set and encore. Right up from, among others, was GENE TEMESY, whose新鲜ish of DANGEROUS RHYTHMS is the standard by which all others should be noted, couldn't be a poser if he tried. So the Parrot is probably as alright as I think it could be...

**SPECIAL THANKS TO:**

B.H., SN., D.P.,
D.C., E.G., and Y.A.

**COURT TAVERN**

**JULY**

21 TUESDAY REGGAE NIGHT
22 WEDNESDAY PROGRESSIVE NIGHT
23 THURSDAY DOT'S WILL ECHO HIP SHY
24 FRIDAY STRETCH
25 SATURDAY THE HOUNDS D.F. & THE GREYS
26 SUNDAY
27 MONDAY
28 TUESDAY REGGAE NIGHT
29 WEDNESDAY PROGRESSIVE NIGHT
30 THURSDAY DAUGHTER JUDY
31 FRIDAY MIGHTY ANTENNAS EXPERTS

**148 SOMERSET ST. NEW BRUNSWICK**

**IDLE CHATTER WANTS YOU!**
ALL ABOUT FRIDAY EVE!

Give a bunch of Union County guys called THE EXPERTS The Court Tavern stage for an hour, and what do they do? "Straight ahead rock and roll," according to Ron Garcia, keyboardist. "Not metal, but it gets a little heavy...not dance music, but you can't stand still."

Find out Friday, July 31, when THE EXPERTS play an all original high energy set that proves ROLLING STONES can be done SEX PISTOLS style...

THE MIGHTY ANTENNAS play simple, original pop music a la THE BEATLES and THE BONGOS. Veterans to The Court Tavern scene, their next live performance on Friday, July 31 promises to be so good, they may have to change their name to THE ALMIGHTY ANTENNAS. A band big on audience participation, don't be surprised if they drag you up on stage if you happen to know the lyrics...

NULL SET REFORMS!

What makes TINY LIGHTS so special, is although they have been achieving massive success both here and abroad with their debut Prayer For The Halcyon Fear L.P., they have yet to outgrow New Brunswick. This Saturday, August 1, the atypical Hoboken combo bring their 60's kissed set to The Court Tavern, complete with the rare strains of cello and violin, and the voices of angels Donna Croughn and Jane Scarpantoni. HINT: Their delivery kind of reminds one of flowers being tossed to the audience, it's that happy!

CRITICS LOVE DAUGHTER JUDY!

"COOL AND WITTY..." - OPTION MAGAZINE
"A LOT OF FUN...A BIG, BIG HIT..." - ELECTRONIC MUSICIAN
"CONJURES UP IMAGES OF TALL, LEGGY GIRLS IN MINISKIRTS DANCING THE FRUG IN SEQUINED CAGES..." - JERSEY BEAT
"...DAUGHTER JUDY ARE EASILY, NATURALLY MUSICAL... THE GIRL VOCALS ARE DEEP..." - FURCHTEN
"...LIKE WATCHING THE MONKEES MARATHON..." - FLIPSIDE
"...DAUGHTER JUDY ARE REALLY PRETTY DAMN GOOD..." - EAST COAST ROCKER
"...DAUGHTER JUDY HAPPILY MIXES OVERT SILLINESS WITH A WINNING, SLY HUMOR..." - FINE TIMES
SEE THEM LIVE THURS. JULY 30 AT THE COURT WITH MOTLEY CHICKS
(FLORIDA'S FINEST FEMALE HARDCORE)

"Hey Dave, you think people will come out to see us this Saturday?"
"Well Jeez Joe, we haven't played out in a while. And we are playing with TINY LIGHTS. You know they're pretty happenin'."
"And happy prettin'..."
"Yeah. And we've got Tim on guitar and John on drums now. We sound better than ever."
"Sort of a pop feel with a tongue of steel."
"Absolutely. And the folks can hear us debut our new single, "Love's Faded Time."
"Hey, shams lama ding dong."
"And choo choo ch'boogie!"
CONFESSIONS OF A 'PLACEMATS ADDICT!'  

Only with multiple attendance on any given tour can one appreciate THE REPLACEMENTS as a many splendored band. A very long time ago, they went major label. At times sloppy, a valuable bundle of nerve endings, they forgot to promote their LP for the sake of a dozen ill-chosen covers. No night club jitters on Saturday, though, at THE STONE PONY. In their natural habitat, the crowded, smoky, sweaty bar scene, they crunched out the hits with confidence, both old and new, tighter than they've ever been. And all this with no covers (except 'Black Diamond', but they recorded that). Just goes to prove you don't always get what you pay for....

NIGHTCRAWLERS LTD. #3

A short soap opera entitled; "You shouldn't call the Doctor (if you can't afford the bill)."

"Doctor, can you help me?"

"Well, I'll certainly try. What seems to be the problem?"

"I'm not sure. Lately I've been feeling so listless. Life has no meaning. I don't really enjoy playing music anymore. I don't get drunk like I used to."

"Mmm, mm." 

"See, I'm in this band—with Willie Mammoth and Pat Martinez. I'm Willie. Maybe you've heard of us?"

"No, not really."

"Well, we've headlined at the COURT TAVERN, even on Thursday nights, since they're the new hip night out. We put out an independent single last year, and HOMESTEAD records might be interested in us. And BYRON BRUDEN said we're his fav new band."

"Ah. The Braineater. He came to see me about his hearing last month."

"Yeah, we've got this guy. He just asked me about him. He was saying: 'Mr. Brown, you're not doing your job right."

"No, no. It's just that we've been on tour the past few years."

"Have you tried getting a gig somewhere else? Have you sent your record to other stations?"

"One, two, will that cure my problem?"

"No, no, sit down. That would only prolong the condition."

"So you know what's wrong with me?"

"Certainly. I've seen this before. It's quite often in the past five years or so. You're suffering from Latent Rockus Autisticus. It's similar to what 70's punks used to call BolingOldParttisies. With good therapy, it has a high rehabilitation rate."

"What should I do?"

"Well, for a start, get off the credibility kick. Stop dredding up old 70's bands as the last thing. Stop saying you hate the music at the MELODY, even though you go there faithfully every wed. and Sunday. Stop saying you like bands that you know really suck. And for God's sake, stop wearing BLACK all the time!"

"Doc, you're a lifesaver."

"You've been on your way out.... WARNING! DON'T BE EGOTISTICAL ENOUGH TO THINK I'M TALKING ABOUT YOU WARNING 2: THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I AM...."

SPECIAL REPORT

GENOCIDE/DESTROY ALL BANDS

PLAY LISMAR LOUNGE, NYC

FRIDAY JULY 31

ATTENTION BANDS:

find out how:

JOHN

P.O. BOX 4205

DUNELLEN, N.J.

LETTER ...

IDLE CHATTER

145 SOMERSET ST.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Dear Editor;

Ah, New Brunswick. The land of over inflated egos. Can you believe these people are still taking themselves seriously? I mean, hipness died in this town the day the boys from CROSSFIRE CHOIR had to get jobs at Krauser's to pay rent. But still nobbody's shit stinks. From Club Chippendales to the Club Foot, pretentiousness runs amok. No, I don't have anything good to say. As a wise man once said to me, I suck, you suck, we all suck. These truly are words to live by in this God forsaken town.

ANONYMOUS

TAPES TO GET

HIP SHY

"Adventures in Reckless Philosophy"

write: REX

205 HOWARD ST.

NEW BRUNSWICK

D. P. & THE GREYS

"WORKMANS NIGHTMARE"

write: D. P.

146 COMMERCIAL AVE.

NEW BRUNSWICK

THE NULL SET

new six song demo tape from: NULL SET WORLD HQRS.

217 OAKMONT AVE.

SOUTH PLAINFIELD

THE MIGHTY ANTENNAS

16-song self-titled demo

write: MIGHTY ANTENNAS

1005 WOOD AVE.

LINDEN, N.J.

COMING SOON

THE EXPERTS

3-song E.P. on ENCORE RECORDS

early September release

WOODEN SOLDIERS

7-song mini L.P.

Hippies, Punks & Rubbermen

on ABSOLUTE-A-GO-GO RECORDS

mid September release

SPIRAL JETTY

12-song L.P.

Art's Sand Bar

on INCAS RECORDS

mid September release

PAINTED BIRDS

6-song mini L.P.

A Green & Peaceful World

on ABSOLUTE-A-GO-GO RECORDS

mid September release

THE NULL SET

new 45 "Love's Faded Time"

early September release

BIGGER IS BETTER!

Now, even BIGGER savings, on a BIGGER selection of Import/Indie LP's, Cassettes, CDs, Video, Posters, Buttons, Fanzines, etc.
RAGING SLAB BROUGHT TO COURT

Hells Angels or Heavenly Angels? Decide for yourself, good people of New Brunswick when BUY OUR recording artists RAGING SLAB come to the Court Tavern this Thursday, August 7. Just what is the Slab sound about? In an interview with SECONDS mag., Jag explained:

"It's Satan music, but it's intelligent Satan music. I mean, I don't actually come out and say 'Worship Satan' in the songs, but it's there. I mean, why would we call an album ASSMASTER?... Then again, it's about Jesus, too... We go all the way to the Satan end and all the way to the Jesus Christ end."

Hear their testimonial first-hand on Thursday, with NYC's HOPE opening up.

REV. WAYNE RAPIER

THE GENOCIDE REPORT:
LEATHER STUDDED DIAPHRAGM GUITARIST TELLS ALL /see page 2

'CHATTER EXCLUSIVE:
BLASE'S SHAKE-UP,
NOT BREAK UP

AUGUST 5—In an exclusive interview today, Blases keyboardist/singer Bill Donohue revealed major changes in the band, which fans can witness this Friday at the Court Tavern, N.B. For a start, they’re not the Blases anymore. After 7 years, they’re ditching the name; on Friday they’ll announce themselves as THE LAUGHING CRABS. They’ve also added a second guitarist, named Joe, who supposedly has never played out before but Donohue is nevertheless excited about.

In addition, drummer George Decker has parted ways with the group, which means they’ll be playing sans skins when they bring their SAINTS-like superpop to the Court Friday. They are searching for a new percussionist, which ideally, says Donohue, should be "someone who just listens to THE ONLY ONES and likes to play like THE REPLACEMENTS." Anyone out there?

Don't miss this historic show, with another Brunswick semi-legged, THE DEAL.

ERIC GIADSTONE

HEY KIDS!

SEEREYOR
FAVORITE COMIC BOOK STARS
THE X-MEN LIVE IN PERSON
THIS SATURDAY AT THE COURT
Anyone looking for some maximum rock and roll last Friday needed only to ...punk metal outfits DESTROY ALL BANDS, the mighty GENOCIDE were rocking NYC with no mercy. The venue was the Lismar Lounge, a real ok metal bar. The scene was cool with many venturing New Brunswick reggae mixes and drinking inside. The headliners such as RED STICK, RAGING SLAB and at least one ALTER BOY. Things kicked off with DAB. The boys were working on two days notice but pulled off an admirable set. Though hindered by power outage and a more sedate than usual crowd, DAB rocked, performing a 50/50 ratio of originals and well chosen covers. Two days notice, okay?

Just what is it that makes a NEW BRUNSWICK band a NEW BRUNSWICK band? I thought I summed it up in last week's column (#3), but found myself considering the issue again a few nights ago while being berated by SADISTIC SUE BRUNSWICK on behalf of LORD JOHN for my treatment of them in column #2. It seems there was a bit of misfit at my quoting them (from an interview with Jim Testa) saying they weren't a New Jersey band. In the short but oh-so-notorious history of this column, I have never before written an apology. And I'm not going to now. They said what they said. I said what I said. But let's get one thing straight. I really like Lord John. I like them as a band and I like them as people. I'd go on but I don't want to be (as the song goes) “caught with the meat in my mouth.” My reason for quoting them was this: what difference does it make where a band says they're from? As far as I can tell, no really good band has ever made it big on the strength of what “scene” they were from (be it New York, L.A., Athens, London or Liverpool). And often a lot of bands get noticed prematurely when a particular scene becomes hip. I'm not sure, but it may have been a blessing that the SMITHREDS didn't say they were from New Brunswick. Wow, I've been thinking too much.

Luckily I didn't have to last Tuesday when the MAD DADDYS played a virtually unannounced gig at Asbury Park's STONE PONY. MIKE WATTS convinced me to go by saying THE BOSSES would be there to jam with them. If he was, he must have understood FREDDY'S editorial comment when he exposed his butt-hole to all the surfers. And speaking of butt, the Daddys kicked it...

The Daddys appearance on UNCLE FLOYD also aired this week, but, being SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT, I missed it. Anyone with a tape contact the 'crawler c/o this rag. Valuable prizes, and a home version of NIGHTCRAWLERS GAME can be yours... Stay tuned for more verbal onslaught after these important messages...

GENOCIDE: N.Y. SUBMITS TO N.J. PUNK METAL ONSLAUGHT

GENOCIDE, the band which knows no bounds then unleashed their very own list-making brand of filth and fury.

At the Lismar Lounge, NYC with no mercy...

The venue was the Lismar Lounge, a real ok metal bar. The scene was cool with many venturing New Brunswick reggae mixes and drinking inside. The headliners such as RED STICK, RAGING SLAB and at least one ALTER BOY. Things kicked off with DAB. The boys were working on two days notice but pulled off an admirable set. Though hindered by power outage and a more sedate than usual crowd, DAB rocked, performing a 50/50 ratio of originals and well chosen covers. Two days notice, okay?

VODKA" LEE KINGSNAKE

Genocide! Genocide! Genocide! What more can be said?

"Come worship me" said BOBBY EBZ last Fri. at NYC's Lismar. It was a star-studded (or leather-studded) event, with Bobby (that's Mr. to you) showing up in a chauffeured Limo, and helping CLAUDIA out (and in) with her chilling performance, "Mmm, finger lickin' good" said EBZ. I couldn't agree more... but for a full report I refer you to LEATHER STUDDED DIA PHRAGM's "VODKA" LEE KINGSNAKE, elsewhere on this page...

In total contrast but equally impressive were the Null Set, who also returned (to the Court on Sat.) after a long break. Their new members, whom the MACHOS bros. had announced as "John and Tim" are in fact named "KONG and MOOG". Get it? It was an excellent scam, and the result proved the Null boys are best as a duo. Their new songs, however, securely between Ray Davies and Roxy ROY HITCHCOCK, proving unquestionably that POP'S NOT DEAD. TINY LIGHTS, who had lined the show, packed the joint, implying they're at the "any second now" stage... And they were as good as ever...

"Wait for the Blackout" was the word on Sun., during a mysterious French STAND GUARD failure killing both MELODY and ROY BARS. Bravo to the Roxy, and their battery lamps, for staying open and cutting-rate brew. The gathered hardcore hipsters were entertained by a boom box named DICK, and Field. D. Machos, Pammy Hawks and yours truly waxed nostalgic, trading our tales of seeing the CASH at BOND's. For the record, Pam passed out and missed most of the show, but the rest of us remember it vividly. Hmmm...

Tues. night's Court benefit for jailed SPOOKHOUSE mixed equal parts Skank and Stank. With DJing by WRSU's "reggae guy" TROY, BOB PLUMMER, BOB PLUMMER, ALBERT, wrested JOHN GILL in a giant BARN, (after a boog show by SLUGO), while SETH "MUTTEN MAN" GRODOSKY and TOM "MOUNTAIN MAN" CROE raced to eat mustard-covered watermelon and blueberry/sardine pies. Gill won by a forfeit, Crowe won outright.

Also on Tues., DAVID REYNOLDS declared himself the SEXIEST MAN IN NEW BRUNSWICK. Does anyone deny it? He also continued to berate me about mentioning him & his resemblance to the REPLACEMENTS' Paul Westerberg, but I won't do it. I won...

Attention Bands:

John
P.O. Box 4205
Dunellen, N.J.

Become Video Stars

Davereynolds.davereynolds
LAST CHANCE TO SATISFY URGE!

THE URGE, an original, hypnotic, soulful N.B. band, is offering you, dear reader, one of the last chances to catch them live, Thurs. Aug 13. Soon to be on hiatus, this urgent quartet has been putting local rock fans into trances for some time now, with gut simple songs of haunting loneliness and raging sorrow. Come to The Court Tavern this Thursday, to see what else voices and guitar can do. M.K.

Also appearing: BECAUSE and AMERICAN STANDARD

DOORMAN TURNS 25: happy birthday Eli!

RYBINSKI UNFOLDS BAD TUNA EXPERIENCE!

Don't miss the musical mishappenings at The Court, Fri. Aug 14, when NYC's BAD TUNA EXPERIENCE meets NB's HANGMEN for some real cranium cleansing. Formerly of THE UNDESIRABLES, VENDETTAS & AUTOMOTIVE ANGEL, rollicking RICH RYBINSKI describes his B.T.E. as "X meets PISTOLS" packed in oil, of course...

Though TMA's second LP is due out soon (this month!), guitarist MIKE WATTAGE and bass slayer TOM ADO have spun off to create HANGMEN, and fuse with JOHNNY O (of NEED STATE, PLAGUE DOGS and SEND HELP infame) to create a sound so heavy, so throbbing, so, so...well, as WATTAGE sez, "It's music to explode hamsters by."

D.C.

CELEBRITY INTERRUPTED TO GET ANSWERS!

There he was, GLENN BRUDEN, aka SWINGER MCRAFTER, frontman/nadman for the beloved DESTROY ALL BANDS, in a typical Tuesday night at Court hang, his creative juices flowing as readily as his beer on a new song called "Hipple"...

Suddenly, I interrupted his regular programming, in order to draw the following conclusions...

I.C. : How would you describe yourselves, as a band?

G.B. : "We're just a bunch of dirtbags. That's all we ever want to be considered."

I.C. : Who is your idol?

G.B. : "VINCE NEAL of MOTLEY CRUE"

I.C. : What sort of material will you play at The Court this Sat.?

G.B. : "All the hits;" "Hot Driving," "You Raped My Kid," a more killer version of "Code Blue" than even T.S.O.L.'s, and of course, "No Time Left," the one that'll be on Mental Floss, that WNAS comp.

I.C. : What else can the crowd expect?

G.B. : "I'll wear a raincoat this time. (anyone at our last Court gig knows why) Also expect lots of bruised knees and spilled "free" beers.

I.C. : What matters most to you?

G.B. : "Booze. VINCE NEAL's car, and booze."

**********************************************************

Experience live DESTROY ALL BANDS
Saturday, August 15 at The Court, with Philly's ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFIN+

* for a cheap chevy, call D.C. at 352-1637 after 8pm
NO FOOD LIKE COURT FOOD! Coming Soon:
MENTAL FLOSS
the WRSU local greats full length feature LP!
Locals SETH "MUTTEN MAN" GRODOFSKY (left) and TOM "MOUNTAIN MAN" CROWE (right) vie for the coveted SARDINE AND BLUEBERRY PIE KING title, at The Court Tavern's SPOOKHOUSE benefit last week. "MOUNTAIN MAN" reigned supreme!!!

"They wouldn't rent us rooms or give us food!"

CONFESSIONS OF A TOURING ROCK STAR

Despite terrorizing hotel keepers and restauranteurs for miles, the almighty GENOCIDE returned from their whirlwind DETROIT, MICHIGAN tour this week with both body and mind intact, and (miraculously) nothing added to their GREEN SHEETS.
As for the rabid midwestern throng who were treated to live GENOCIDE, the notorious noise crew blew them clear out of BLONDIE'S, but later on found them crawling back for more... more autographs, souvenir guitar picks, photos, even the GENOCIDE band off R&R BOB'S head, it was reported.

SMELLS LIKE A SALE!

$1.00 off
ANY $6.99 purchase
thru Aug. 15th

Dear Editor,

THANK GOD FOR NIGHTCRAWLERS.
WE ALL HAVE THE EOS. MOST OF US ARE MUSCULAR FOR CHRISTMAS! IT'S A PRE-REQUISITE. BUT LET'S FACE IT, IF WE CAN'T LAUGH AT OURSELVES WE MIGHT AS WELL PACK IT UP AND MOVE TO HOBOKEN.

Dave Jetty

NIGHTCRAWLERS LTD.

Hey, welcome back to another edition of NIGHTCRAWLERS UBER ALLES, the column where you are the stars and I'm Captain Kirk. Thanks for the letter DAVE JETTY. I'm sure it's pure coincidence that I just happened to mention you LAST WEEK. Of course, I appreciate it, but remember for next time, CAKE or CHEESE will do nicely...

The facts, Mr. Jetty's letter made me sit down and think about a couple of things. HOBOKEN is the scene to which New Brunswick is most frequently compared, but there's a vast expanse of difference between the two. Both have, essentially, only one venue for bands, and though PAT WALTNER'S N.N. charges more than the $ at the door), I'll take the COURT TAVERN any night. I've always felt fairly comfortable at the Court (even from the first time there) and always felt like I was intruding on a membership at Maxwells (yeah, even worse than NYC). But that's just my useless opinion. More importantly, though I don't really know the politics, Hoboken seems to support (or at least accept) its club the same way it proudly displays its buoyant scene. N.B.'s policy towards old buildings you could probably guess, also isn't really in love with the Court (for reasons I honestly don't know). N.B. desperately needs another viable venue for bands--the ROXY for example would be perfect, but god knows what it would take to get a cabaret license. As DAVE MACHOS suggested to me, someone should start a petition...

Another difference is that Hoboken feeds off of NYC. It's just a PATH station away, virtually closer than Brooklyn, and it seems to enjoy riding on this urban/rural theme. Consequently to me N.B. bands are older in attitude (even pop bands) and more intense, though perhaps GUTBAND should tell me to shut my mouth...

Also, Hoboken is the base of the very slick, excellently produced PULSEBEAT fansite, but it comes out infrequently. In my (ridiculously slanted) opinion, a "scene" is much better supported by something immediate, like this weekly IDLE CHATTER. But alas, I've done it again, too much thinking...

The one show I did not miss this week was another THURSDAY NIGHT HAPPENING at the Court (where the N.N. were YOURS?), with RACING STAB and the borderline credible (but not bad) HOPE, actually from MASS... P.E.D. have extended their tour, spreading the N.B. Gospel across the midwest. Stand up & be proud, folks!
Also saw the SMITHS/TERRAS on the LATE SHOW (FOX) looking a little ragged. Still touring!! O'conn, give yourselves a break, get some haircuts, YOU'VE EARNED IT.

Dear DJ,

Thanks for your provocative letter, and I agree with you 100% on that NIGHTCRAWLERS godsend!
At last, an excuse to actually read this weekly sheet...

THE EDITOR
TWO SOLDIERS SHOT!

Despite furtive attempts to remain anonymous (at least in fanzines and band posters) an unidentified individual has recently managed to deliver at least one never before seen photo of at least two WOODEN SOLDIERS to the offices of IDLE CHATTER.

Why face a possible lawsuit for invasion of privacy? "It's not as if it's indecent exposure or anything, I just wanted to call attention to their next live gig, happening this Friday, August 21, at THE COURT. Exploitation was the farthest thing from my mind."

"THE EDITOR"

FAMOUS MONSTERS INVADE COURT!

FAMOUS MONSTERS battle for your musical attention this Friday night, as EVE members WAYNE GARCIA and JOE WIESBERGER join forces with ex-PLEASED YOUTH, now A.O.D.'s KEITH HARTEL, for massive musical surprises!

SEE JAH SATURDAY!

Rastafarians unite!
This Saturday night, THE COURT interrupts its regular rock programming to bring you the hottest in local live reggae.
If you thought Tuesday night reggae mix a saving grace, just wait 'till you hear the cool and deadly debut of POSITIVE POWER, featuring the infamous SPOOKEYHOUSE on lead guitar. And see if the steel drum sounds of SEVENTH STREET ORCHESTRA and BYO recording artists SCRAM don't send you pulsating for hours!
Should be one of the hottest shows since STEPPER & SMOOTS!

LOCAL KILLER BEE RETURNS FROM MEMPHIS WITH ELVIS' CORPSE!

THIS KILLER LIKES TO SLICE UP SEXY STRIPPERS!

Refers to the title of the long awaited, soon to be released LP by THE YOUNG TURKS, and of course, has nothing to do with the personal habits of BILLY SNOW (above), band conceptualist. story, page 2

RICHARD "BEAR" GRAHAM and FRIENDS: LIVE at THE COURT TAVERN, Thursday, August 20.
YOUNG TURKS WILL PLAY!

This Thursday, August 26, BILLY SNOW (son of the legendary Hank Snow) returns to his roots with an all new assemblage of YOUNG TURKS, featuring drummer DAVID LIGHT (SHOCKABILLY, BONGWATER), guitarist GEORGE ARAVELLO (RUBBER RODEO) and bass player WILLA (who moonlights as a go-go dancer, but I ain't telling where) and of course vocalist, lyricist, guitarist B. SNOW himself. Just what has the band been up to since their last local live performance? Plenty, it seems. In addition to a British self-promotional trip (complete with JOHN FEEL session and inclusion on a SQC compilation of The Eliminate Therapy), they also recorded a ten song LP called THIS KILLER LIKES TO SLICE UP SEXY STRIPPERS, which will be released on Unstoppable Records in about 2 months. The new vinyl features some local EX-TURKS TONY SHAHANAH (BOOGIE, JOHN CALE BAND, BIG TOWN), ANTHUM and JACQ (who escape me, but they used to be LAST CONVENTIBLES) and MILICENT KITAY. A sneak preview listen revealed a straight ahead rocker (good-by experimental days?) for which immediate comparisons escaped me, but that's the way B. SNOW likes it. "We don't sound like anybody, and we don't want to sound like anybody" he confesses.

INMATE — I.D.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY DIVISION OF CORRECTIONS
NO YOUTH SERVICES

Dear People,

What can I say? Thanks? Could I thank you every way I feel? I hope so. I never imagined I'd still be in jail for some pickin' pot. I guess, since we never do much to make our views heard, we're controlled by the decisions of others. That's the time that stuck most about jail. All your decisions are made for you. What do you mean I can't have pizza? I'd eat your pizza. Once a week, I'd eat it. I'd eat it. I'd eat it. And special thanks to Bob Albert, who made it all possible. Thanks!!

Psycho-symphonic, electric fizzle tank ultra sonic dungeon... um... wow! Oh, hi, now, yeah-uh, sorry, crawler fans, I've been riding on an L.S.D. buzz (that's leather Studded Diaphragm) all week. I even had a flashback to last summer. You remember, when Nightcrawlers was Nice. Think about it—in '86 I'd write've written up last Sunday's Mel session like this: "Another happening night at Club Mel-o-bit, studded with stars like, 'LORD' TOM GILSON, SUE "smoothlegs" BRUNSWICK, MARK HIGGINS (is that Russian?), MIKE WATTS & his fan club, and BILLY BLADE (now BILLY LAUGHING GRAB). Everyone grooving to, "Krautbatt' ELVIS AND ACE FREHLEY oldies!" I never got out of my flashback. I realised this is how I really saw it."

A typical Sun., at the LAND OF SIGNIFICANT HAND DANCERS', BILL DONOUESE was going on about how hopeless he was. He contradicted him for a while, but you know, it's like when you keep telling a girl she's not fat... Earlier in the week, SAM I. AM declared himself ABSENT and then left with STIFFY, I mean, STAFF, I mean, you know. The list, SAM, I. AM. Really I do. Really I do. Now, what cola do you prefer? Sure, "Crawlers Ltd. is a lot less bad, but hey, if BRIAN BRIDEN can be cynical, I hope to keep one step ahead of him, too." Actually, in my base I forgot to mention that Bryan brought me this tape. It's the only one I've run by HUCK, ex-of HUCK'S, the coolest sandwich joint in OLD Brunswick. If you're ever looking for good eats before 9 p.m. weekdays, this is the place to be. HUCK'S dishes are bigger and better. And that's the word.

Last weekend at the COURT was exceedingly R-I-P-P-I-N-G (which almost made me for the depressing news of RICHIE BANGIN quitting and cancelling their HITZ gig). Fri., saw the return of WTM as the new & improved HANGOVERS, featuring JOHNNY O. in the role of he was born to play. Also, RICH PYNE'S new BAD TUNA EXPERIENCE made a surprising pinch hit with their Y/RUNAWAYS sounds. On Sat., ELECTRIC LOVE MUDDIN played an excessively excruciating set, ready to prove their new B/W RECORDS release is worth buying. And they did. DESTROY ALL BANDS declared it their "we suck" show. But they didn't... Also, BOBBY ALBERT informed me that the covert love affair between him and WATT PINFIELD is now officially over. And he bought me a beer to make sure I'd print it. I mean, he actually bought me a beer, with money in his own back. Figure it out— I can't.

Both A.O.B.'s KEEP HARTZEL and F.E.D.'s SAM returned to glory from tour last week, the latter celebrating at a party in P.E. In honor, All the ARMY were there, including, hey! the girl who used to do the HUB BUS for the INSIDE BEAT, remember when? Well, you may not know her, but I do... Needless to say, crawler fans, I was at the notorious DONNA NICE party in NYC earlier last week. rumor has it she didn't show up because she feared my wrath. Can't blame her, really.

Coming any day now:

SEPTEMBER VIOLENCE:
12 song demo tape

John Cougar Death Camp

RUBBER ROOM
REHEARSAL STUDIOS
GRAND RE-OPENING
MONDAY AUGUST 17
- TWO SPACIOUS, FULLY EQUIPPED ROOMS
- CENTRAL AIR
- OPEN 24 HOURS, 7 DAYS A WEEK

MARTIN SUNDAAK YAMAHA TAMA SHURE HOUGHTON ACOUSTIC FENDER PIASE "PAISTE" PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS SUNN MARSHALL TAMA TAPCO SHERE PEAVEY

CALL FOR LOWEST RATES IN AREA
315 GEORGE ST., NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. (201) 828-5250
JAMES BROWN, move over! Word is out that New Brunswick's HOME BOYS will be bringing their own original brand of rockin' funk to the Court Tavern this Friday (Sept. 4) to promote their forthcoming Give The Dog a Bone L.P. Creating a following beyond the purely local level, these BOYS have been appearing throughout the tri-state area all summer long, and even opened for such notables as CLARENCE "GATEMOUTH" BROWN and JOE KING CARRASCO. So take the blindfold test and discover for yourself; for a bunch of white boys, these guys sound pretty black!

JJ JUMPERS JOLT COURT CROWD OUT OF STUPOR!
This funky dance bands' got a rock edged twist that kind of echoes early RUFUS, which means, as far as comparisons go, a chance to see them live this Friday is well worth jumping at.

coming this Saturday night: story, page 2
PHANTOMS FROM NEW ORLEANS HAUNT COURT: MAD DADDYS SHAKE!!

All I could tell you about THE HYSTERIC NARCOTICS is that they are a neopsychedelic garage band from Detroit, who must have heard from SNAKEOUT that the Court was a cool place to play. They also have a record out-Batteries Not Included, that found its way on to many a college radio chart, so they can't be half bad. One critic even described them as HOODOO GURUS meets THE FUZZTONES, which kind of makes me want to try a dose this Thursday night, Sept. 3. Any other takers?

MUSICIANS POUND COURT STAGE!

What would it sound like if you took a variety of rock and roll roots influences and threw them in a blender? Probably something like Union County's HAMMERS, who claim to be "the last real rock and roll band on earth," and plan to prove it in their big Court Tavern debut this Thursday.
NIGHTCRAWLERS LTD. 7

"Hey man, where ya' stayin' at?" Well shut my mouth, lookee h'yeah! If it isn't old RIK SLAVE of the PHANTOMS back in town and TIM: "very expiring", GREG: "shtist", MICHAEL Jr: "...!" The PHANTOMS back in town! Now we're ready to party. And just when I thought things were getting boring. What? Boring in Brunswick? Say it ain't so Joe. Yep, fraid not too much has really shaken my tailfeather in the last two weeks.

Well, OK, there was the scenemaking appearance of TEGAN from the EVIL 91, Mass earth-shaking Smith College radio station. Not impressed? Well, how many bikers chucks into CHRISTIAN DEATH do you know? Have you ever bought dinner for DAVE VANIAN? Not even PANthy "PEACH" HAWKS can claim that. I myself have only ever bought MIKE MESAROS dinner (or maybe he bought mine?). Speaking of which, Mike and the SMITHEREENS played their absolute last gig of their 15 month tour last Sat. at Superdico OBSESSIONS, the pride of Randolph, NJ. Two of Obsession's' claims to fame: worlds slowest ID checker; worlds worst sound mixer. Nevertheless, TEX REMY and the boys put on one of the most rippin', insane shows ever, including covers of Substitute, Hang On Sloopy, Wild Thing (with PAT on bass). Mike on sadistic vocals, roadie MIKE on guitar and beer on everyone). "Not since the COURT" many of their friends were saying. I was one of them...

Earlier in the week I finally got round to seeing JULIAN COPE shake his groove thing at the most intimate venue yet, THE STONE PONY. SUB BRUNSWICK gets hipcheck of the week (and maybe season?) for kissing Julie, on lamps (I saw it), in mid-song. All I can say is, aint Julian Saint Julian Anyone who wants to buy a piece of his towel can contact Sue...

On Sun., BRYAN BRUDEN, with a gleam in his eye, staged the ROXY REVOLUTION, tired of being crowded and cattled-prodded at the MELODY. What with DJ JILL playing STONES, T.REX, RAMONES and other ROCKERS well into the wee hours, I can hardly blame him. Oh, and yes, all of you who saw FRIDAY nights impressive SUBCULTURE show at the COURT and then left, well, you posers missed an equally excruciating STOOGES-like set by Iowa's SWINGIN' TEENS. Cudos to DAVE "SLOTH" REYNOLDS and bartender STEVE for putting the cram on that night. To the rest of you...DON'T YOU POSERS EVER LEARN?

"It's my newsletter, and I'll self-promote if I want to"

EDITOR STRICKEN WITH STEWART BRODIAN SYNDROME!

Cathy Wojcik of Cheap Thrills Records in New Brunswick, NJ is the first prize winner of the Waiting Ultimate retail contest announced in last month's issue of BHT. Her completely offensive "Help Gerry's Kids" front window display enraged local merchants and thoroughly pissed off her boss, and how can we not be impressed by that kind of attitude and determination. Gerard and I are building the crate that'll house Cathy's complete Homestead collection any day now. 2nd prize of every Homestead CD goes to Jim "Vegas" Hoffman at Homer's Records in Omaha, NE. Thanks go out to all stores who participated.

SPIRAL JETTY live at THE KITTING FACTORY N.Y.C. Tues. Sept. 8 info/directions, call (212)219-3055
SMACK ATTACK IS BACK!

According to WAYNE COYNE, guitarist/vocalist for THE FLAMING LIPS, the band has been real busy since their last Court Tavern gig. It seems in the true spirit of rock and roll, they've finally all but abandoned their meaningless day jobs to become a "for real" band on the road. They've already played all the hotspots on the East Coast, as well as lots of places "in between the cool towns". Firm believers in the "get out of town when people never heard of you" school of thought, they have been doing just that for awhile now, not only in America but Canada, too. And, if their live appearance at a 50,000 attended festival in Copenhagen (complete with full V.I.P. treatment) weren't enough, they've plans to rock Europe again, as well.

The extensive touring has offered many an advantage for The LIPS, beyond the obvious notoriety. For one thing, it's gotten them out of the bleak scene of their native Oklahoma City, a place with little club or radio support, little musical interest except for the memory of EDDIE COCHRAN, and far too much interest in Football. It's also alerted them to the presence of scammers in the industry and club circuit and how to avoid them. Finally, the financial benefits are beginning to happen. Says WAYNE, "We're making money and spending it; it comes and it goes!" With the firm backing of a dedicated management company, THE FLAMING LIPS are well on their way to international stardom.

The imminent release of their third vinyl effort Oh My Gawd, The Flaming Lips on Restless Records should seal it. New Brunswick should consider itself lucky we're graced with their presence again, this Saturday at The Court Tavern.

CLEVELAND ROCKS THE COURT TAVERN!

All I know is, the last time I saw DEATH OF SAMANTHA, the band was truly wailing in the best V.U./DREAM SYNDICATE inspired fashion (God, I hate band comparisons) while JOHN PETKOVIC is jammin' a jumbo pack (any KAREN FINLEY?) of berry red twizzlers in his mouth. The blood red ends are hanging from his face, making him look like some sort of mutant Moster monster (yeh, how about Monster?). Then came time for him to sing... ROLL IN!!

An unsuspecting audience is suddenly being pelted with chewed up berry flavored licorice by product. And the band wailed on...

Well, they're back this way again, this time at The Court Tavern (Sept. 10). Remember, Thursday nights aren't lame anymore? Yes, DOUG MILLER and the band is back. There's new bass action DAVE SWANSON, ex-REACTIONS and all around O.K. dude. And of course, STEVE-O on drums.

They're coming all the way from Cleveland, so you better show up. And I don't know if JOHN's bringing any cool junk food, so you better eat before you come...

JUDY DALEY

SPIRAL JETTY DOES IT AGAIN!

Local hardcoded cases and go, but SPIRAL JETTY have been at it steadily for three years now with no signs of stopping.

With a best selling debut release called Tour of Homes, they've already made their mark. Now they're making it bigger, with a brand new second LP, Artia's Sand Bar, due for very early October release.

In the meantime, The JETTY bring their raucous live sounds to The Court Tavern this Saturday night (Sept. 12) when they share the bill with Oklahoma's FLAMING LIPS. They will also be doing a free all-ages show on Sunday evening (Sept. 13) at Rutgers' Voorhees Mall with FAMOUS MONSTERS, so with two chances, you have no excuse to miss their live set this time.
Future stars in our midst are THE SPY GODS, who recently signed a licensing agreement with the WIDE ANGLE label to release their new 12" EP. IDLE CHATTER spent a few minutes with member Chris Thompson to see what the deal was:

I.C.: How'd you land the Twin/Tone deal, Chris?
C.T.: The record attracted the attention of Martin Atkins, who put us in contact with his record label, Wide Angle. He's also producing our upcoming single, a cover of Otis Redding's "Respect," by the way.

I.C.: So, it's not Twin Tone proper then.
C.T.: Right. Up until now, Wide Angle has been their straight disc label, but they've been trying to get more adventurous, to get into the rock and roll ends of dance stuff. We're kind of an attempt to broaden their horizons.

I.C.: How has your sound changed from CHAPTER 12?
C.T.: Now we're into the world rhythms sort of thing, not just American funk and blues, but also African juju music, reggae and calypso, to hopefully attract a wider audience.

I.C.: Any tour plans?
C.T.: Well, of course we'll be playing Friday (Sept. 11) at The Court Tavern, with BIG TOWN. We'll probably do a few shows in Boston and Washington after the record is out, plus I'm planning a trip to Japan in January.

CHEAP THRILLS ANNOUNCES EXTENDED BROWSING HOURS!

Monday through Friday 10:00 am-7:30 pm   Saturday 10:00 am-6:00 pm   Sunday 12:00 pm-5:00 pm

NIGHTCRAWLERS (LTD.): # 8

When writing about the local music scene, it's easy to take some things for granted. Just look at the variety of talent that's here in New England. With all the great bands and musicians, it's hard to pick just one. So, let's give a big hand to NIGHTCRAWLERS, who have been around for a few years now. Their music is a mix of rock, blues, and folk, and they always have a great time playing. If you haven't seen them yet, make sure to check them out soon!

COURT TAVERN FUTURE FEATURES:

Friday, September 10
-opium vala
-the busters

Saturday, September 19
-seconds magazine presents: "subject to me now" a new film by m. kern
-blacksnakes
-destroy all bands

Wednesday, September 23
-evan johns & the h bombs
-trash mavericks

Saturday, September 26
-free tnt presents:
-leather studied dream
-bedlam
-destroy all bands

Friday, October 2
-stt double bill:
-dinosaur
-das damen plus
-hangmen

Friday, October 16
-stt recording artists:
-leaving trains

MARK THOSE CALENDARS NOW!
When I sang through a fan backwards at age five, I got this special echo effect, and that is when I decided I wanted to sing on stage. So go the beginnings of D.J. Extraordinaire, N.H. Musical Guru MATT PINKFIELD's rock star origins. Formally a CHAOS BOY, almost an UNSALTED and STOMACH UPSET, MATT is currently living out his frontman fantasy in OPIUM VALA, a band named after the fictitious drug made of tea leaves and crushed Dristan that his friend used to deal in high school.

With a lineup and cover set that changes almost as often as they play out live, OPIUM VALA has become famous for their one or two rehearsals before the real gig. Surrounding himself with a continual stellar cast, this latest formation includes ex-ROCKIN' BRICK and SHADE PETE TOMLINSON on guitar, NULL SET's DAVE and JOE MACHOS on bass and keyboards, and ex-SWinger and TALL GIRL JOE MARCUS on drums.

Friday's Court Tavern gig promises a departure from some of the early 60's stuff that initially made them famous, for more contemporary covers by such greats as THE CHAMELEONS, REPLACEMENTS and JOY DIVISION. Plus, continues Matt, "expect anything from sixties mod stuff to early seventies cock rock to late seventies disco rock, not to mention our lone original, "Last Nights Dreaming" from the forthcoming WRSU Mental Floss compilation."

"Or our six song tribute to U2 and short tunes medley" adds PETE TOMLINSON.

TOMLINSON, the only other constant force behind live OPIUM VALA since 1983, is quick to point out what an honor it has been to back up MATT all these years. "I've played with other djs, claims TOMLINSON, but MATT's by far the best."

"He's an artist. The crowd is his palette and he mixes them like oils on a painting."

Besides, TOMLINSON confesses, "What really keeps me in the group is MATT's distinctive taste in stagewear!"

OPIUM VALA may not be a 'real band,' but they're a fun band with a real sense of humor, and MATT is certainly a man with a message. "Preaches Reverand M., "Just say no to drugs... let's have lunch instead...and YOU'RE buying!"

And talk about aspirations! "Our goal" claims MATT, "Is to be as critically accepted, marketable and just plain happenin' as LEATHER STUDDED DIAPHRAM."

See New Brunswick wonder band OPIUM VALA this Friday at The Court, and look for new Vala vinyl "Girls Together Outrageously" due for summer 1995 release.

Back in the old days (late '86), THE BLISTERS took the scene by storm as the greatest band invention since THE RAMONES. They were young and fast, so fast in fact, that the blisters they developed from playing inspired their name. They had local critics buzzing when they released their single "Fast Food" a few months ago.

Well they're back again, but this time they've matured (now they're the big '21'). Bass player Nitty Bahr (who with drummer Bill Kleinmeyer writes most of their material) has claimed they've kissed the hardcore/punk image good-bye in favor of a poppier sound, with more of a REPLACEMENTS feel.

Together, with guitarist Dennis Marmon, THE BLISTERS preview their new updated sound this Friday (Sept. 18) at The Court Tavern.

New York sleaze rock outfit BLACK SNAKES, featuring underground film director RICHARD KERN on guitar, bring their loud heavy sounds to The Court Tavern stage Saturday, supporting DESTROY ALL BANDS.
Dear Idle Chatter,

I don't usually book bands for the Court Tavern (I leave that up to ETHAN & BRIAN), but for this man and his band, EVAN JOHNS AND THE H-BOMBS, who hail from Austin, Texas, I just had to step in. I would like to teach N.B. a lesson in music, besides the crap that's been playing around, you know? When I first met EVAN JOHNS, I found him to be the funniest man on earth. Plus, he's so versatile, in ranges from rockabilly to surf-country, swing, Tex-mex, garage, trash thunder, and it's not forgettable.

If you would like to check him out, he will be at the Court Tavern on Wednesday, Sept. 23, with THE TRASH MAVENICS, so don't miss it! So long for now!

MR. OLDFIELD aka NEW WAVE DAVE

SUBMIT TO R. KERN!

For the past six months, Richard Kern has been leading a double life. He's already earned the dubious titles of "Sleeze King" and "Forrester Meister" of New York's lower east side for his many explicit underground films, "Eight or Forty" (computed on what you'd call them) Kern supplies. Now it turns out he's been doubling as a guitar player in N.Y. sleeze rock outfit Black Snakes as well. "I've actually been playing guitar forever, much longer than I've been making films," confuses Kern, "but these are the first people I met that I could stand playing with.

Black Snakes, formed by ex-members of legendary punk bands Virus and The United, includes Jack Natz (vocals, bass), Patrick Blank (Drums) and Darin Lin (guitar), and is part of the new raunch 'n' roll movement currently taking over New York City. Described by famous rock critic Gerard Cooley (who insults practically every band he ever reviews) as "an honest to God decent live rock band" Black Snakes have a loud and heavy sound reminiscent of Birthday Party (Mention Dream Syndicate and Leather Nun as influences, too) Kern adds, as black as Kern's celluloid creations themselves, which is what attracted them to him in the place.

This Saturday night, Court Tavern-goers can get a double dose of Richard Kern in action. From the man who brought us such classics as "Manhattan Love Suicides", "Right Side of My Brain" and "Cowboy Youth's Death Valley" video comes his new film, "Submit To Me", a screening presented by Seconds Magazine. A sequel to his earlier work "Submit To Me", the film is actually a thirty minute psychedelic montage that features a host of lower east side regulars including Lydia Lunch (ex-Teenage Jesus & 3-D Eyed Sphynx), Jim Threapwell (Bloodbroth, Foetus), Lung Leg (Evol L.P. cover model) and Tommy Turner. Due to its extreme subject matter, the screening is recommended for mature audiences only.

"I've tried to outdo myself in making it as hard as possible," warns Kern himself. Afterwards, R. Kern, director, is transformed into R. Kern, guitarist, in Black Snakes Court Tavern debut, their last area appearance before they embark on a two week Midwestern tour to promote their forthcoming L.P. The new record will be released on the newly formed ROT label, which as Kern describes, "is designed to pick up on N.Y. scuzz-rock bands like themselves."

Topping off the evening will be area rockers Destroy All Bands, who are scheduled to perform into the wee hours.
L.S.D. MAY BE HABIT FORMING!

A new band is born in Brunswick, and they take their first step this Saturday night at The Court Tavern. They're called L.S.D. (that's LEATHER STUDED DIAPHRAGM, for all you unhappier) and firsthand ear witness reports at a recent RUBBER ROOM rehearsal revealed they're more than just another band with clever initials, but a sound-serious musical experience, even behind padded walls!

The players, who wish to remain anonymous (even though their photo above is a dead giveaway) prefer to call themselves GLADSTONE on guitar, PREPARATION E on skins and "VODKA" LEE KINGSNAKE on bass.

Together, they have formed more than a band, but an attitude, highlighted by the following oblique answers to my two stupid questions:

**GLADSTONE**: Absolute disgust
**PREPARATION E**: I have no Uncle Kevin
**VODKA** LEE KINGSNAKE: Pain

**IDLE CHATTER**: Why do YOU rock and roll?
**GLADSTONE**: Why does a chicken cross an Interstate Turnpike?
**IDLE CHATTER**: Why do YOU rock and roll?
**PREPARATION E**: Why does CALVIN need HOBBES?
**VODKA** LEE KINGSNAKE: It's my wife, and it's my life.

ANOTHER COURT WEEKEND: EDITOR TELLS ALL!

Can a former leather-clad distorted bass player for DETENTION (yes, reports confirm they've parted ways) find happiness as a zoot-suited, way-high pommed frontman for THE RAZORBACKS? Ask KEVIN SHIELDS about his transition from punk to rockabilly, when you witness THE RAZORBACKS' Court debut with their authentic stage act as close to the "Sun Sound" as four guys from Jersey can get. Thursday, with THE CHOSEN FEW, former U.S. CHAOS punks turned rockers.....

This Friday, see what happens when ex-PLAGUE DOGS DAVE CLARK (guitar) and JOHN QUINN (bass) team up with novice TRACIE LUBBEN (vocals). Guest starring on drums is KARA TRAMASHER (yes, her real last name) of DOLPHIN ROOM, MALCONTENT and MOBY DICK fame. Their rock-a-minute X-Inspired set of new FALSE VIRGENS tunes shouldn't hurt at all! Also catch Princeton based FIPTEN, who the NIGHTCRAWLER claims has a demo tape that sounds comfortably nestled between GANG OF FOURS & early FALL...

Who knows who will play when on Saturday, but here's the bill: The stage debut of latest rock formation LSD; then the ever popular HIP SHY prove that nice guys can finish first, when it comes to breaking the sound barrier. Plus the triumphant return of PED, just back from international tour, who are generously taking time out from answering their abundant fan mail. Not to mention DESTROY ALL BANDS, who just played last week, but that's no excuse not to witness SWINGER McRAPPER's antics once again. Always a treat, and you never know what will hit you, under the influence!
THE DAY BOB ALBERT CRIED!

I bring you back to the summer of 1982. Or 1983. No, it was definitely 1982. I think. Any rate, it was an early 80's summer, and触手 ranked right up there with the best 21 or 22 summers of my life. I choose the summer from the vantage point of the present at all that I had been going for me just one short half-decade ago. I had a weekly column in a local newspaper ("Birth Notice Beat"—well, I was a start; a wonderful girlfriend (who most DJ's knew as Robin, the seemingly ravishing mail-woman); a bit of work; a great job managing a famous Brunswick record store. I could have done Michelob commercials, I was so happening! I threw it all away for a job with the CIA...but enough about me. All of my achievements (staggering, though they may be) pale in significance next to one brief sight witnessed through the murky gloom of a no-longer-standing movie theater, (Brunswick Indigo Theater on Rt. 18) Without further ado... The aforementioned Robin and I were quite the avid filmgoers (still are). It was our habit in those pre-mass home video days to see as many movies as possible before they left theaters. We kept the cost down and risk minimal. Isn't this interesting? On this particular day, we had chosen the newly released E.T. as our hit of the fall. Everybody knows the story by now of that disgusting plug-ugly scum-runt bug-eyed monster. I won't bore you with plot synopses. He dies in the end, and becomes back to life or something right? Well, it doesn't matter; the patented Spielberg magic had taken hold of my tear ducts and was jerking those baby boomer nostalgia tears right out of my eyeballs complete-ly against my will. I cry for certain poignant TV commercials, too. A quick scan of the half-dozens楚加上 throw reassured me, I was the only sucker roped into bum-scouting. In fact, the guy in front of us seemed to be approaching breakdown status, so deeply was he affected by the gauntly sad visuals. Not only that, he looked vaguely familiar. Mr. Blackwell tear-stained in a claim of his old blooded shock kicked in. The blubbering heap of jelly before me was none other than the Daytime Courtyard Tavern entrepreneur, BOB ALBERT. Bawling like a baby he was, too! This hardened denizen of the Brunswick nighttime battleground, this steely-eyed dispenser of small favors in exchange for the undying part of all and sundry local hipsters. Reduced to a basket case by a friggin' movie puppet? "Hi! Great Movie, Huh? I learned, delighted at being faced with my one and perhaps only prospect of mental domination over a bystander did out a tiny stipend to my silent alarm. And that's the story of the day BOB ALBERT cried. He'd deny it today, but he knew it with my own (most of my) eyes. So when you catch a glimpse of BOB ALBERT running his entertainment empire with a cold, fierce determination, remember: BOB ALBERT has a heart, just as bright as a little B.T.E.'s. Let us pray..." PETE TOLMISION

NIGHTCRAWLERS LTD. #10

WARNING: There will be absolutely no mention of LEATHER STUDDED DIAPHRAGM in this column. Or the FREE T.N.T. benefit at the COURT this Saturday, at which they will make their debut appearance.

"Let there be Leather!" So declared BRYAN BRUDEN, dirbog Pope of New Brunswick, officially opening THE RIDER JACKET SEASON last weekend. Glad to know there's something good about the string of lush weather we've been having...

Despite NEW WAVE DAVE's comment about "the crap that's been playing around," in last week's IDLE CHATTER, it was another weekend of high quality entertainment for your dollar at the Court. Take Friday for example. Only two words can describe the BLOOHER--Pure and essential; only one image sums up OTIUM VALA's appeal--WENDY "RUBBER ROOM" HUGHES and ED "the Wong-man" long dancing next to each other. BLISSER covered REAL KIDS, VALLA covered everybody, I was covered in sweat.

Congrats to JIM and CHRISTIE WOOD, who tied the knot Rock'n'Roll style on Saturday. A number of NB bands appeared. Seeing as this writing was done in 1983, I hoped I could get the Court again, with R. KERN's film and band and SWINGER McRAPER'S DESTROY ALL BAND. Like most sequels, SUBMIT TO ME II didn't seem to capture the rapacity of the original, though undoubtedly it had something for all BLACKSNAKES poured out a vicious thrill, including a truly "80's" cover of the STONES "PLAY WITH FIRE." D.A.B. debuting new material, as usual brought the night to its feet. Among the scenepickers was filmmaker LUREN LIPF, as well as MARY REDFIELD (X-NEED STATE), visiting the old stomping grounds...

Speaking of Need State, NB rumors this week include JOHNNY O's departure from PAISE WICKIGN, putting his work with the PEACE KEEPERS on the front burner. You know, they used to be called TMA, then the HANGOVERS for a month... Hey, let's stick with the name, huh? L.L. Bean?

LORD JOHN knows the "Crawler NEVER APOLOGIZES, but I must admit last week I did ASSUME, which as FELIX UNDER says, only makes an A.S.S. of you and M.E. JOHN PIONER it seems was only going to tour with PIAG OF CONVENIENCE, and now due to lack of a work visa is only doing one date, all of which means he hasn't left L.J. For once I'm happy to say I was wr- wr- wr-...well, you know what I mean.

IF YOU'RE A BAND WHO WANTS FREE EXPOSURE IN EITHER IDLE CHATTER OR THE HOME NEWS, CONTACT ME AT ONCE: 148 SOMERSET ST. NEW BRUNSWICK

Are You Star Material?

If you're a band who wants free exposure in either Idle Chatter or the Home News, contact me at once.

EDITOR DEFENSE!

It's bad enough NITTY GRUESOME came to my home last week (uninvited), to provide input on his band, THE BLOOMERS. But to not tell me until after the newsletter was written, Xerox-ed and distributed that he was "ONLY KIDDING" about these things, is completely unbelievable. Not only that, when he actually perform live, how could I possibly know what they once sounded like/how sound like? I could only base this on specific information provided by the band itself, as it's not in the habit of making things up. Maybe I'm too unresponsive to the whole thing, or perhaps the readers are unhappy with how they are presented here, I would hope they'd have the decency to tell me personally instead of publicly making a fool of me in front of a Friday night Court crowd, when I'm not even there to defend myself.
DINOSAUR, DAS DAMEN ROCK AS
SST BLASTS COURT CONCEPT!

From the untamed regions of Amherst Massachusetts come SST recording artists DINOSAUR, a band with a wild, fuzzed out NEIL YOUNG sound as massive as their name implies. Currently on national tour to promote their new LP You're Living All Over Me, and winning a healthy college audience in their wake, their live stage show has been variously described as "reckless, rock hard and louder than Hiroshima." Soon to forge their way into our neck of the woods, the almighty DINOSAUR can be experienced this Friday, October 2 at The Court Tavern. Earplugs are optional, but strongly suggested for the uninitiated.

SLEAZE FACTOR: JUST FOR FUNK!

Nearing no introduction and virtually no posted promotion, SLEAZE FACTOR pack the house again and again, by word of mouth alone.

Says Courtman BOB ALBERT, "They bring people to my bar I've never seen before, and never see again until the next time they play!"

Although 75% of SLEAZE FACTOR hail from The New Brunswick Jazz Collective, their visual stage show is "just for funk." Dressed in full PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC regalia, a full dozen of them spill off the Court stage this Saturday night, in an experience "Punkier than JOE BURKE's socks," it's been reported.

KISS THIS, BABY!

Sprung from the art-thrash movement of New York City circa 1984, DAS DAMEN combine reckless eighties anarchy with the gloom of seventies metal music, to produce a sound uniquely their own. The Critics' choice in both the Village Voice's Jazz and Hop Poll and New York Times for their self-titled first EP, the band released second vinyl, The Julep Eye this past February to further critical acclaim.

This Friday night, Court Tavern goers can cast their own vote, when DAS DAMEN produce more of what they're famous for; hairy noise infested sounds that may quite possibly singe eyelashes.

ANOTHER SECONDS MAGAZINE EVENT!

ALSO APPEARING: Local legend guitarist MIKE WATTAGE and bassist TOM ADD (TMA) team up with drummer JOHNNY O (NEED STATE, PLAGUE DOG$) in latest crunch-rock formation PEACE KEEPERS

IT'S JOE'S BIRTHDAY!
FALSE VIRGINS; JOHN QUINN, DAVE CLARK and TRACEY LUBBEN

NIGHTCRAWLERS LTD. #11
Perhaps the shortest Nightcrawlers ever?

This wonderful week the old 'crawler was privy to so much dirt that in order to keep myself from printing it (and sending N.B. into the flames of Hell), I am restraining my own space in a monkish act of hair shirt-ism. So...

... Friday was SPARSE night at the COURT. First came 15, whose sparse sound lasted a sparse 5 songs. Nevertheless, as far as I'm concerned, they're the new HIP BAND. Then came FALSE VIRGINS, whose sparse Y-turns in the last 5 minutes was tough to recognize (even by me!) but still good. Recruitment of KARA with less than 5 days notice limited them to less than 15 songs for your four bucks. The crowd wasn't quite sparse, but...

Sat. was DECORDER love nite. L.I.S.D's essence was summed up by JAMES-O-MAT in the front row. P.E.D.S essence was summed up by QUENTIN'S VOX exploding. D.A.B. was D.A.B. HIFSHY was Hiphy...

It's official! BILLY DONOHUE is MY IDOL! Let him explain why...

... and DAVE REYNOLDS is Dave Reynolds. An adagio? Perhaps even too much...

AS FOUND IN:
EDITOR'S MAILBOX

HOME BOYS

MAD DADDY: Ape Be Wild The second album by these Jersey dogmen owes a whole lot less to the Cramps than their Lux-produced debut did. Not that they've stopped screening the sound or anything. I must say that this L.P. boasts a wad of 'new' sounds. There's a bit of DMZ's Stooges/Sonic Onic, a bit of D. Johanssen's Delusions pool (play 'The Shoemaker' next to 'Frankenstein'), and when they cover the Fabol 'That's the Bag I'm In' (one of the top 50 punkers of all time), you start to get an inkling of where some of their rhythm ideas didn't come from. Reel aware. Just listen to a great tune like 'Porto King' (which bears a couple of the tricks that Lux used to fool people) and you'll see why these guys aren't hot. Thin (New wave, I see Pierre Sarrazin, 75098 Paris, France)--Birce Coley

TINY LIGHTS: Prayer For The Heavens Fear Superbly crafted psychedelica with a pop twist that echoes both the Mamas and the Papas as well as an array of contemporaneous rock bands such as the Warlocks. Deceptive in that what appears to be lightweight at first glance ends up showing surprising depth. The cello, double bass and saxophone add nice textures to the standard rock instrumentation; the vocals are clear, haunting, sometimes earthy, and the production is full of hooks. An excellent debut LP (Temple, BM TOPP, WCT 30X, UK) -- Bob Moss

FROM THE DESK OF A PIT BULL:
SHANNON BARKS BACK!

I cannot remain mute any longer. For years, I have tolerated the cheap talk and vicious rumors that pop stars, musicians, neurotic car owners/operators and bar dogs spread about each other in this town, and nary a word has anyone heard from me. But now the silence must be shattered and I must come to the defense of my keeper BOB ALBERT. (Obviously I do know what side my bar pie is buttered on.)

So what's all this talk? The answer is simple. The reason why no one talks about B.A. is he's crying. I doubt it. After all, we are talking about a man who, if you stuck an ice cube up his ass it wouldn't melt. The only times I know him to cry was when the Terminator died and the narrators of JIMMY WALKER, GERALDO RIVERA and JOHN DAVIDSON had been revived.

The columns by ERIC (the tapeworm) GLADSTONE and PETEY (I should be playing Ruffino's) TOMLINSON were just plain amateurish attempts at slander for circulation. I would think that a reputable newsletter like IDLE CHATTER wouldn't stoop to such despicable low mud-slinging yellow journalism levels for the sake of a few more nickels in advertising income.

Let's face it, friends, BOB ALBERT is a man who has closed (and even paid) PLEASÉD YOUTH repeatedly. Not booked (but paid anyway) THE LOVE PROJECT, and who has allowed ANDY B. to call himself an "ALL STAR!"

This is a man who obviously knows no fear, no sentiment, and no morality. Until next time, stay on The Gravy Train...
IDLE CHATTER

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THIS FRIDAY'S RX FOR COURT GOERS:

DR. BOMBAY MAKES HOUSECALL.

Imagine a million glistening snails in a hundred thousand frying pans all letting out a scream. It would be soft and scratchy, high-pitched, and full of mortal desperation—just like the opening six seconds of Dr. Bombay's "Bound and Gagged." Add a snarling, nyarling, and screeching guitar that would be at home in a docudrama about Vietnam. Stir in a European ambulance siren and twist in fuzzy metallic sludge puddles of '60s-inspired noise. Lastly, add a vocalist to whoop and screech as if the devil were jabbing a pitchfork into his rump. You'll then have an idea of the sound made by Dr. Bombay.

BLISTERS BURST UNTO SCENE!

Those ever popular BLISTERS have been making their presence known statewide, recently opening for Capitol Recording artists FETCHIN' BONES at Trenton's City Gardens. This weekend, area fans have two more chances to catch their killer live experience: Thursday, Jan. 14 at Maxwell's, Hoboken, and Saturday, Jan. 16, when they share a big FunkFest bill with THE IMMACULATE HEARTS and Paul Decolator's BLUE TRAIN at The Court Tavern.

EX-LORD JOHN FIGLER DRUMS UP NEW IDEA

In case you've lost touch lately, partners in pop ex-LORD JOHN drummer JOHN FIGLER and ex-MOD FUN guitarist MICK LONDON have recently teamed up with bassist BOB STRETTE to form the all new CROCODILE SHOP.

This Friday (Jan. 15) marks their big Court Tavern debut, as they play hits from their recently released Susstones 5-song E.P. "Head"...
WHEN LIFE BECOMES CLICHE

Well, it's been quite a few glorious weeks of freedom from the press for me, and I hope that the word "absence makes the heart grow fonder" rather than "out of sight, out of mind" applies in this case, the triumphant return of Idle Chatter.

Yes, there is life after 40, but sad to say, not a whole helluva lot. You see, the defendants, namely the weekly basis takes its toll after awhile, and luxuries like pulp novels, mindless TV and home entertainment seem infinitely more appealing lately. Planning to give my Sunday glossies of THE HOME BOYS down my file cabinet.

Face it, I'm losing my lust for the local band life. It's been a dirty, thankless job, this newsletter business, but somebody's done it (ME) even though few bands ever actively volunteered their time, and hey, you can't squeeze water out of a rock. And isn't God supposed to help those that help themselves?

Furthermore, it's all too often been an exercise in futility, convincing the masses that talent is alive and well and living at The Court Tavern. As they say, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. So what's the point? The point is, with all the hidden avenues involved in pumping out this product (gallons of rubber cement, photo developing, long distance calls to God knows where, Dunkin' Donuts Big Ones etc.) I can't afford therapy, so I'm unloading all on you! What with rumors flying of our beloved Court Tavern going to market for a cool million plus, pretty soon there might not be anything to write about anymore anyway.

THE EDITOR

Your comments appreciated o/o IDLE CHATTER, 148 Somerset Street
A New Brunswick, N.J. 08901...

SALT IN THE WOUND

chapter ten of a novel to nowhere

Slowly, I moved to the kitchen where I found the sweater of my dreams. My dreams had shattered; my prayers answered. I opened the refrigerator to find half a chicken and a matching handkerchief. I doused the chicken in a German lager and placed it in the blender for thirty seconds.

The phone rang, but then again it's always the same when you're inuring yourself. I can sit at home for weeks at a time without getting a single call, but the moment I've got a chicken in the blender, the phone starts ringing like there's no tomorrow. In fact, informed sources have told me, there will indeed be a tomorrow, but next week is still up in the air.

I glanced out my window toward the northern sky but saw only a blackbird tightrope walking on the electrical wires. I prayed for a power surge, but found only an abandoned nickel. I invested the nickel and dressed the bird in the latest greta garb. Painting, the birth of a new day. I showed no interest as it collateralized itself in the bank.

I urged the shrubbery for dessert, but the bird would not come to the wrong tree. I was bushed. I looked up to see a sparrow emerge from the crunk case with a bloodsucking nightcrawler. As evening approached, the sun went down. I marveled at the obvious, solemn to all alike, I lit a candle. The psychodelic sun worshippers had all gone into hibernation for the winter. I took off my fadora, and faced the beach with a casual nature. Clerks marched in single file, but will the beautifying effects of the show know spring is in the air. I ensnared the surf.

Something was telling me to abort the assault. A battery of meal issues recharged the defense apparatus of my mind. Why in the world should my "right-to-lifers" also believe in capital punishment?

I took out a notebook and began to list the deficiencies of society as we know it...
For their first Court Tavern appearance in nearly five months, THE FALSE VIRGINS promise several surprises.

"New instruments, new songs, new ways to torture you," attests guitarist/co-vocalist LL COOL DAVE, who also notes the band will be highlighting material from the recently released "Cemetary Breath" including ADAM POTKAY's favorite song of 1987, "Seven Women," and "Charlie's Girls," which LL says is "the 123th song written about CHARLES MANSON---this week!"

Vocalist TRACEY JAYNE will unleash "heretofore unseen skills" during the show, while JOHN T. QUINN III (of THE PLAGUE DOGS) and KARA THRASHER (of MOBY DICK) will "provide the same sophisticated yet powerful rhythm section as always," says the always humble LL.

Headlining the show is the hottest new NYC noise band, BLACKSNakes, who have vinyl due this Spring. Fresh from opening for THE SWANS at their soon-to-be historic CBGB's show, BLACKSNakes promise wrenching guitars, tortured vocals, and a killer cover of "Ain't No Sunshine." A must see/hear....

To make the bill even more of a seductive ploy to attach your hard-earned dollars, opening the festivities is DUES EX MACHINA, making their New Brunswick debut. Check out this much-talked-about band!

Hello! I'm BARVAL! You don't know me and I don't know you, so it only seems fair to tell you THE NULLBOYS are back this Friday.

Yes, new songs, old faves and tips on how to spic up even the most boring meatloaf. I'll be there too. Hey, didn't we see them in OPTIM VALA? Sure, even MATT knows.

NULLSET.....Oh boys!!!
Oh My Gawd: More Lipservice!

If you haven't already been inducted in the local chapter of Restless Records' FLAMING LIPS fan club, this Friday (March 18) is your next big chance, when they take MAXWELL'S in Hoboken onto one bubbling live cauldron. And if you were one of the blessed 300 plus who supported last week's WRSU Cook shindig, expect their intensity to be at least ten times greater this time. Forget THE GODFATHERS. These guys smoke!!!

Soldiers March On!

Latest reports indicate that WOODEN SOLDIERS are still auditioning bass players to replace departing PAUL MARANGELO. Good news for fans though—all remaining March gigs will feature current lineup:

MARCH 20 (Sunday)
QE2 - Albany, N.Y. (518) 434-2023
w/DONNIE BROOK FAIRE

MARCH 22 (Tuesday)
KNITTING FACTORY - N.Y.C. (212) 219-3055

MARCH 24 (Thursday)
J. AUGUST - New Brunswick 246-8028

MARCH 25 (Friday)
CBGB's - N.Y.C. (212) 982-4052
w/BIG DIPPER and THE PITY

Tiny Lights - Big News!

Hoboken's TINY LIGHTS have been enjoying another wave of popularity lately. Their recently re-released 45A recording Hazel's Wreath has met with rave reviews and brisk local and national sales. Record setting crowds jammed their recent live performances at Cheap Thrills Records and The Court Tavern.

BENEATH THE RETURN OF THE REVENGE OF THE NIGHTCRAWLER

I had a dream that I was writing my column on deadline and JON SPARKS ('FUSY' GROOS) was my editor.

"I don't know where to start," I said.

"Fuck it. Just go!" he said.

So I did.

Friday night was so "bone-warming screeching" in the words of R. THANG that they'll take the stage.

It started at CISPIES' DANCE HALL show, of which I only caught the scorching set. Despite this crowd, their sound was best reflected in a more open room like this, hit me straight in the jugular. Sound mix was done by BILL TURK (THE ELDER PALACE) and they were producing their demo session on Saturday.

William spent the rest of the night running industrial noise/funk and chatting up bebes...

Speaking of Billings, I had a tepid argument with BILL DONAHUE (LIL BLUE) regarding THE SPLITTER EFFECT. I've been miffed with the so-called magazine lately for the news of printing BOB NYHOLM's album liner notes and calling it a "list person review" and putting his picture on the cover! Local Mr. Donahue maintains that in general the magazine is an open forum, a response to the populace. I think it's non-committal crap, sitting on the fence. Without opinions, there is no analysis and without analysis, there is no progress. Call it what you want—I call it shameless prostitution (not you, Bill, the zine). I know you wouldn't do that sort of thing.

I'm not sure if there is an organized effort on the solid 6a (666—each for one) JOHNNY V. sent other drummers into corners to hide their heads in shame. Judging by this, they must be NB's NEXT BIG THING (at least, this week).

OH WHAT A VILE didn't disappoint either—a 26 song set of drooling magnitude. JOHNNY V worked himself ragged, KATT sent his cones into orbit, and PAUL gave his guitar more licks than a tootie pop.

As for DAVE NULL, well, that bass player was playing just as well, but when yer bro JOS sent out "May-time" and he picked up that spartan sax, talk about wacky!

BEST ANDY MACKAY impersonation I've ever seen was in a night belonging to MINNOW...

Elsewhere the same night, I discovered record labels are bustin' out all over. Earlier in the week, shifty SAM BROWN informed me that his SPILLNDR BDY records will be launched with P&D's new Clothesline label. Adding to this on Fri., JOHN PIOLAR (CROH RECORDS) told me his label's (3 initials I can't remember) is off the ground with a pled of COVINA album (including unreleased BUZZ-SUCKERS tracks) due towards the end of April, and furthermore, MARTY ATKINS (you know, BRIAN BRAIN) is starting his own INVISIBLE records. A plate, perhaps? Then the weekend continued Saturday at the Court with John's "other" band, the SERVES, whose sound conjures up in the heads of WITNESSES, & SLY STUNK. On an olympic scale for wackiness, 5.5 for musicality. Very good.

Downright cold were the SHOCK MOMMIES, who followed. Give him a crown of thorns, JIM NORTON finally broke through the nook stage. Besides that, they spent more time schlichting than aiming, which is OK by me (5.9 for wackiness, 5.5 for musicality). Yes, I confess, I'm stuck on Mommy fang.

Late reports indicate that Sam's M.O.C. show was a great success (LIL GHOULS PROPHETS/SCR-W/DESTROY ALL BANDS/SEPTEMBER VIOLENCE). See Willikers, don't you wish every weekend could be like this? What with Matyn's movies at the ROXY Sundays and Mondays (LOCAL HERO/CLOCKWORK ORANGE/A WIDESPREAD Panic) this weekend the weekend need never and, here, Jesus!!
ALL THE DIRT...

You've heard THIRD PARTY on WRSU's Mental Floss compilation. Now you can see them live this Thursday, March 24, in their first Court appearance since last April. This lineup is rumored to include special guest drummer DAVE "SPIRAL JETTY" REYNOLDS, who's recently been touted the new RICHARD DAWSON of New Brunswick... Later that evening catch MOBY DICK, when dual drummers ETHAN STEIN and KARA THRASHER provide the thunderous backbeat for a truly tribal sound, guaranteed to seriously effect you. Also Thursday, those Court faves and WRSU sweethearts THE BLISTERS raise adrenalin levels once again while frontman NITTY BAHR sports the hottest shoulders on a local rockstar. Altogether, a breathtaking experience.

As for Court openers on Friday, your guess is as good as mine when INSIDIOUS MENACE take the stage. I do know that headliners PAINTED BIRDS do a pleasant pop thing along the MIRACLE LEGION vein, and feature up-and-coming record maven BRAD MORRISON, recent producer of both SPIRAL JETTY and WOODEN SOLDIERS as well as their own L.P."

On Saturday, New Brunswick's favorite angry young men, DESTROY ALL BANDS, are back to rock your Doc Martins off, featuring that irreverent, inimitable ham-man SWINGER McRAFTER, who firmly believes a frontman's place is among his adoring fans...

Buy Our Records' artists THE SKULLS won't be joining D.A.B. Saturday as originally scheduled, due to a recent departure on national tour to promote their forthcoming Blacklight LP.
Greetings, honorable readers. This week whilst dining in one of Middlesex County’s many fine Chinese food emporiums I received a very prophetic message in my stein fortune cookie. It said:

IGNORING Gossip, LITTLE SENSE MAKES SMALL IMPRESSION.

I always consider such small events to be very significant. After all, if God can't send a message through a hole in the ozone layer or a war in Honduras, why shouldn't he try fortune cookies? So I save them. The good ones, at least.

Other fortunes I have include:

HE WHO SUFFERS, REMEMBERS, and:

QUAILITY, IF YOU DON'T QUALITY.

Hey, I even got a fortune once with a box of 'oriental' Chicken McNuggets that said:

TODAY IS YOUR LUCKY DAY.

And I know that if my name was Mick, it would've been my lucky day.

Speaking of which, MICK LONDON (CROC SHOP) was in New Brunswick yet again this week, continuing his 'I LOVE NEW JERSEY' campaign. This time he actually did show up to the weekend before last, which you missed last issue 'cause I was lazy and Ms. EDITOR was not. Hey, if you don't like it, move to Hoboken.

Anyway, last Thurs., at the Court, CATHARSIS played a ridiculously short set but powerful enough, due to opening:

MECHANICAL BRIDE playing for a long time. I hope they seek their 'revenge' when they return April 29, cause LEATHER STUDDED SAGAMON playing with them. It's my 23rd birthday and we're billing it as 'StoneGod's first pathetic suicide attempt' or maybe not.

Last Fri., the COOK STUDENT CENTER was funktown, thanks to the hugely successful WSU show. MOBY DICK opened with their beat and badass set yet—sound mix courtesy of WILLIAM 'how many consecutive weeks can I get mentioned here?' TUCKER, DESTRUY ALL BANDS followed with a set that was regrettable more than blow. SWINGER McAFREE's been feeling pretty down about this whole band thing lately, so if you don't want to see another potentially great thing go down the tubes, give him a pep talk next time he crosses your path.

FLAMING LIPS of course headlined, and if you were there you know what melt-in-your-mouth acid ecstasy it was. They've been better but they were far from bad. The Lips' entire weekend in NB escapade included an ANDY GIBB memorial event at CHEAP THRILLS, a joke box jury session on WSU's GRIND THE SHOP, and even a motel KISS tribute by drummer RICHARD. Hey, folks, he earned it (would he if he took any photos?)

On Saturday, another diversion took the Crawler down to the BRIGHTON BAR (LONG BRANCH). That diversion was the BLUES, who no doubt earned a few more fans in the shore territory. More than a few NB types there including WSU's ANNE CLARBY. Small world, huh?

X-MEN played, too...they've been better.

THIS weekend started off of course with ST. PATTY'S DAY. Thurs. I chose to check out a 'reunion' party (from before my time) at CHARLEY'S UNCLE, former NB scene-joint. PINEFIELD D'Jayed and rumor has it, BON JOVI was there, I didn't see him.

Friday easily eclipsed everything with far too many happenings at once. At the COURT, headliners NULL SET were screwed up by a booking mishap which forced them to close out their full-length extravaganza to a short set to accommodate not only NEW GODS but also I DON'T CARE, a band that deserves a medal for the worst demo tape in recent memory. An appropriate name.

MAXWELL'S featured BARRY HAPKINS who were more hot and less happening, and again the FLAMING LIPS.

They played their loudest ever, causing all of Maxwell's to blackout for 5 mins.

Way Cool.

Where I actually was (in case you were wondering) was THE HIT, with my escorts KEITH, JOEL & WAYNE, 3/4ths of a group known as CHINESE LITTLEWOOD. They were there mostly to see operators THE NILLS, who were quite good (especially covering the WHO's 'Maryanne with the Shaky Hands') but not as exciting as on record—an unlisted song, among the throngs of anti-hipsters and pseudo-intellectual types. I found (or rather, she found me) JENN WHITING and her escort JON FOX (Profile records, WNYU, all sorts a stuff) who both told me the Nills are a shy bunch. I think this was confirmed when I ran into the drummer after the set on his way to the Men's room.

Anyway, the second band was called SLAMMIN' WAPUSIS, who were plenty exciting but also plenty stupid. Pure college fodder.

The headliners were the commercial yuck cool GODFATHERS, who put on a brilliant set. Or at least KRIS DOLLINORE jumped around like a true psychotic KEITH RICHARDS and singer PETE GOLAY had a stance reminiscent of both MARTIN SHEEN and (yes) MATT PINFIELD. Uncanny similarity actually. This was all-in-all on of the best nights I've had at the hell-hole in years: even the DJing between bands was cool (PITCHIN' PUB, FELL, STRANGELING). Only 2 setbacks—a bavy of idiotic "college thrashers" doing stage dives (can you believe it?) and the GODFATHERS letter-perfect cover of "ANARCHY IN THE UK". It was good, yes, in fact, better probably than the Pistols ever did it and certainly better than MAD MAX, but, hell, the song has no meaning to it, it is just a bunch of morons in CORK t-shirts and significant haircuts spilling their 3 dollar beers...

Saturday was a horse of a very different color, back at the Court. DEUS EX MACHINA put out a thunderous thrash and no doubt like the lack of a sound mixer. I saw God (or was it my dinner?) FALSE VIOINS returned from a long hiatus to vibrate their bad PULSEBEAT review. They did. During their cover of VELVET UNDERGROUND'S "SOME KINDA LOVE", whilst SPIRAL JETTY's ADA played 2nd guitar. DAVE REYNOLDS was shocked to discover his bandmate was another guitarist.

Hey, Dave, read any sleeve notes lately?

BLACKSKNACKS were heavy as usual, and the surprise sound mix by BILLY "here I am again" TUCKER saved the evening.

God, this thing is getting long...

What other tales can I tell you? Maybe the one about BOBBY REX's re-decorate the COURT campaign...or the one about playing global with smilin' JACO NETZ (Blacksknacker)...or, Hey, I forgot about Mick. Well, anyway, Mr. London met up with a certain well-dressed businessman named FARDO, who declared him a genius. Yes, there are a million stories in the naked city and sometimes I wish it would put its pants back on...