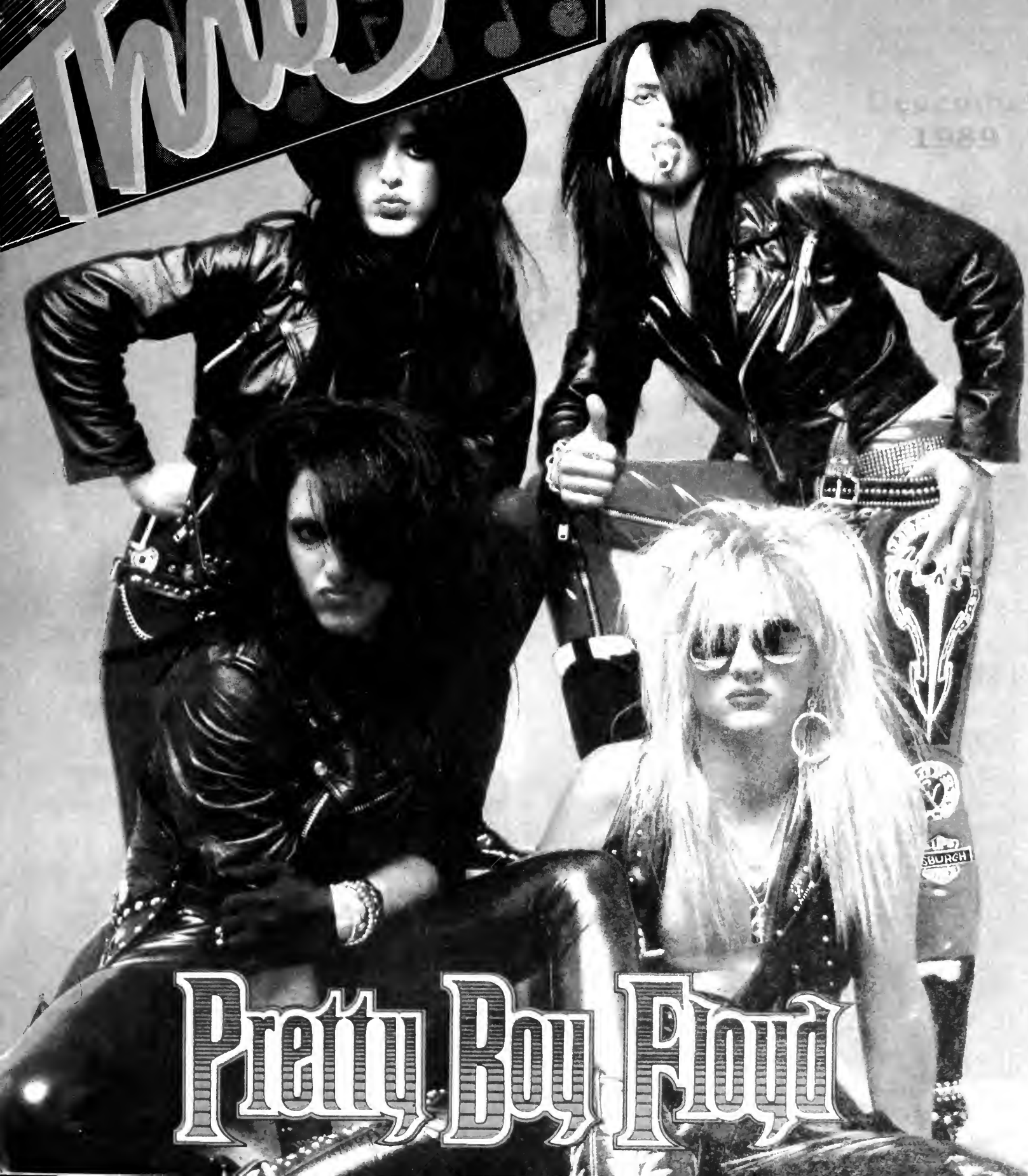
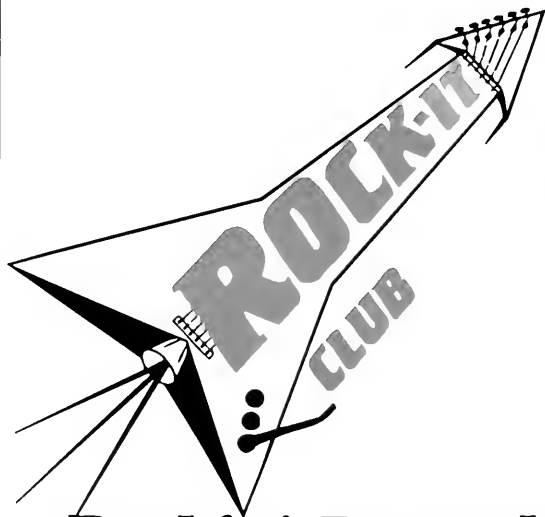


Trust

December
1989



Pretty Boy Floyd



Tampa's Finest Rock and Roll Club

**Rockin' December
The Rock-It Club Way**

**Dec. 1-2
Dec. 3
Dec. 4-10**

**Messendger
Rock War Finals
Sheer Threat**

Tues. Dec. 5

*An Intimate Evening with
Atlantic Recording Artists*



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\$9.00 advance!
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with Special Guests Sheer Threat



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**Dec. 11-13
Dec. 14-17
Fri. Dec. 15**

Show Starts After YNF Benefit (12:00 p.m.)

**Dec. 18-24
Dec. 25-31**

New Year's Bash with Strutter

**Race
Circus
Kings X
Autodrive
Strutter**

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



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& Al Koehn**

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**under the tent with Parade in Paris,
Intice, and More! 3 pm -9:30 pm
18 and over! Special Guests and Surprises!!!
\$4.00 Donation For Tampa Children's Home!**

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December 1 - 2

Clancy's in St. Petersburg

December 5 - 9 & 27 - 31

at the Porthole in Tampa

December 11 - 16

at the Button South in Hallandale

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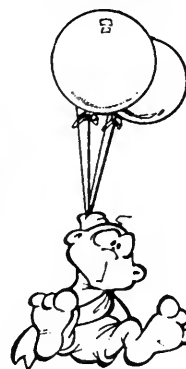
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Wednesday, December 20th**

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BODY BEAUTIFUL

December 10th -

QUARTER FINALS

The best of the Men
and Women
from the last 10 Weeks -
Qualifying for the Finals
1000's in Cash and Prizes

December 17th -

FINALS

The best of the Men
and Women
from the entire year
competing to win
His 'n Her Ski Boat
and \$1,000 in CASH

TINY TEDDY

December 28th -

FINALS

The best of the Last 15
weeks of Tiny Teddy
compete for these finals
and a chance to win a Car
and \$750.00 in CASH

Thrust

Volume 1, Number 2 December, 1989

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Two Wrongs Don't Make A Right...But Three Do!

It's the holiday season-time for eating, drinking and Thrusting. Yeah, we're back again this month bigger and better than ever. If this is the first time you're checking us out, welcome aboard and seasons greetings. If you picked up last month's premiere issue featuring Warrant then welcome back.

There are a lot of changes in Thrust this month. First of all, the magazine should seem a little thicker to you. Little—hell—we've doubled the size of Thrust. And, if you think all that extra room is filled with advertisements, then you're thrustin' up the wrong tree. We've taken to the clubs and streets and found out what Tampa Bay wants to read about. We've incorporated many new features and a more polished look. Photographs abound this month with more band shots and pictures to lighten and embellish your reading. We've added more writers to bring you greater editorial variety. And THRUST is pleased to introduce Miss Thrust who would love to have you stiff her Christmas stocking.

If you were teased by last month's issue, December's THRUST should

hit you right between the thighs with powerhouse coverage of the hottest Bay area and national happenings.

There's plenty more to go. Photo features this month include **George Thorogood, Savatage, Badlands, Intice and Enuff Z•Nuff** who all cranked it up throughout the Bay area last month. Thrust has received a great response to our Pro-philie feature. We're sorry but there won't be one prophile this month. There will be three, however, guaranteeing that you know the bird's eye low down on your favorite bands: **Rocky Ruckman and the Beat Heathens, Killer Mockingbird**, and Tampa's all girl band, **Foxxhead**. Also, be sure to check out Thrust's coverage of **Jane's Addiction, The Red Hot Chili Peppers** and **Flesh For Lulu!**

As Thrust enters its second issue, I'd like to thank those people who put forth their time and energy to get the first issue off the ground. Besides everyone listed in the masthead at right, Thrust would like to thank the following persons (listed in no particular order) (Kathryn, David and John

from Fantasma Productions, Lauren Ashlee and MCA Records, Byron and Dominique at Capitol Records, Phil and Pat at Miller Genuine Draft, Fred from the Rock-it Club, Steve from the Volley Club, Richard from Copy Fast, Lani McDonald, Jayne Galaris, Charlie and John at WYNF, Kathy Sterba, Dave from No-Clubs, Tom Morris, Stranger, Bobby Friss, Sue Barnes, Tom Conway, and the Playmakers in Ybor City.) Without everyone's support, Thrust wouldn't be a reality.

Together, we can make the music scene thrive in the Bay area. Let the local bands know that you support their efforts. Don't take for granted that everyone will be here tomorrow. Without your loyal support, there may not be a tomorrow. Think about it.

Remember that Thrust wants to hear from you. Be sure to write us whether you have a local band, concept, project or establishment which needs editorial coverage or you want to see your favorite band (local, regional or national) get the exposure they deserve.

The ball is in your court, Tampa!



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PRETTY BOY FLOYD

With 1989 drawing to a close, a new chapter in the chronicles of rock heroes is about to unfold. As Kiss took the 70's and Motley Crue took the 80's, the rock/metal scene is in need of a new band to propel its youth into the 90's. Enter Pretty Boy Floyd.

In the day of dinosaurs taking to the road, the young adults of America need someone who directs music toward them, not toward reunion tours and Grecian Formula 16. Enter Pretty Boy Floyd!

With visual rock shows few and far between, the fire of a true rock concert has faded into a menagerie of greatest hit collaborations, pseudo-choreographed two-steps and obligatory down beat pyrotechnics. The power of the visual performance sorely needed a jolt of voltage. Once again, enter Pretty Boy Floyd.

PBF's debut album hit the streets the end of October. Already, the first press run has sold out as everyone rushes to their fave record store to pick up the vinyl that all of America has been talking about. Waiting for the Dominos man to deliver his de-lites to MCA's Corporate Conference Room, the Floyds, Kari on drums, Vinnie on bass and Kristy on guitars sat me down and turned me on to the latest in PBF happenings.



THRUST: *You guys have been in Hollywood for over a year now, right?*

KARI: Actually, it's closer to two years!

VINNIE: December will be two years!

THRUST: *Your album was recorded in Philadelphia. Is that where you are all from?*

KARI: Well, I'm from the beautiful San Fernando Valley right here in California!

KRISTY: I'm from New York!

VINNIE: Sattle—for those of you not on acid, that's Seattle!

THRUST: *Why did the band choose Philadelphia for the recording of the album? Does the town hold a fondness in your hearts?*

KARI: We were into the cheesesteaks and the Philadelphia women.

VINNIE: Rain, we like rain a lot. We like storms that make our power go out so we can't watch TV!

KRISTY: Nice disgusting weather. We enjoy that!

VINNIE: We just had to get away from the Hollywood crowd and the Hollywood scene.

THRUST: *Did you find a more objective vantage point from getting out of Los Angeles to record? Was it a tad more sane?*

KRISTY: No, it was a tad more insane!! (Laughter)

KARI: Do our record and kick ass. That's all we did!

THRUST: *Did you go out incognito to the clubs and get up on stage and jam at all?*

VINNIE: We went out a couple of times but almost got into some tasty brawls so we decided to cut that scene out!

KARI: The bass player from Heaven's Edge had gotten shot there so we were cautious! Right after we left one of the dudes got blown away so it was a drag!

VINNIE: We were concerned about getting into fights or ending up in jail before the album would even hit the streets.

KARI: We got a lot of hollers and whistles from the black women!

KRISTY: (mockingly) Nice asses, boys!!

VINNIE: People would give us shit. We'd be out taking promo pictures and people would get a wild hair and want to hassle us.

THRUST: *The album was released the last week in October and you held a record release party at the Roxy! Tell me about that!*

KRISTY: It was killer. Talk about fan loyalty. The doors opened at six and the line stretched for two blocks. They had to turn about half the people away.

THRUST: *Let's talk about the video. "Rock and Roll is Gonna Set The Night On Fire" just premiered on Head Bangers Ball and should be in the Top 20 by the time this interview hits the streets. How was it doing your first video?*

KARI: It was an experience. Unfortunately, the beginning scene is going to be edited by MTV because they considered it too violent.

THRUST: *For those who have not seen the unedited version, what exactly got cut?*

KRISTY: The opening scene has us in gangster suits with tommy guns blowing a hole in a wall that spells out *Rock and Roll*.

THRUST: *And that was considered too violent?!*

VINNIE: I guess so! They called it unnecessary violence that could lead to gang violence.

KRISTY: I *know* everyone would go out, buy sub-machine guns and blow holes in walls if it was left in.

KARI: Our first idea was to have a lot of naked bimbos in the video. They probably would have left that.

VINNIE: By Christmas, it will be on Dial MTV so be sure to call 1-800-DIAL MTV and request it!

THRUST: *Do you have high hopes for the single?*

VINNIE: Well, it is the longest name for a song to hit the streets in a long time!

THRUST: *Do you think all of America is going to...*

KARI: Sing along with the Floyds?!

VINNIE: How can't they?!

KARI: No one is doing power anthem songs anymore! No one but us, that is!

VINNIE: The problem is that no one knows how the kids feel these days or how to relate to them and that's what we're doing different.

THRUST: *So, are you guys planning on speaking for today's generation of kids like Kiss did in the 70's and Crue did in the 80's?*

KRISTY: Right. We're going to be the spokesband for the kids of the 90's.

THRUST: *What interesting events went on during the filming of the video?*

KRISTY: The stage is made of plexiglass and we kept falling off the stage because the plexiglass was so slippery.

KARI: We did the video in 25 straight hours with plenty of coffee and Dr. Pepper but since Nancy Reagan was there that was as heavy as we got.

THRUST: *So, what...*

KARI: Wait there's more. Our singer was getting all crazy and ripped his pants down the middle. RIIIPPP then I saw this big hairy butt staring at me. I rolled off of my drum kit and onto the floor laughing.

THRUST: *Who directed the video?*

VINNIE: Jeff Stein who did The Cars and "Don't Come Around Here No More" by Tom Petty.

THRUST: *Were any other video promos shot at the same time as the music video or do you have anything else in the works?*

KRISTY: We're working on a full length video that will be in the stores and will feature the unedited version of "Rock and Roll."

THRUST: *Let's talk about the album! What prompted you to do a cover of Motley Crue's "Toast of the Town?"*

KARI: Nikki wrote it for us. He really did. He just didn't know it at the time!

KRISTY: It was just a cool song that we really liked so we decided to do it!

VINNIE: We wanted to do a Motley Crue song. We didn't know which one but we wanted to acknowledge our influences!

THRUST: *With a song that isn't one of Crue's more famous ones?!*

VINNIE: Right, something that people didn't know was Crue but which really was.

THRUST: *What are your favorite tunes on the album?*

KARI: All of them!

VINNIE: Leather Boyz!

THRUST: *What will the second single be off the album?*

KARI: It definitely won't be a ballad. That's been done too much lately.

THRUST: *How will you get the attention of America?*

KARI: We're already doing it!

VINNIE: We've got fans all over the world!

KRISTY: It's fresh. It may not be completely new but it's rehashed good! We've taken the strong points from all our influences and molded it into our brand of rock and roll.

KARI: I guess we'll just be ourselves!

THRUST: *Do you have any major touring plans?*

VINNIE: Yes, we're not at liberty to say yet but there will be a tour in January and it will be with one of our biggest influences!

THRUST: *How much touring have you guys done already?*

KRISTY: After finishing the album, we did 25 shows all across America, everywhere from Pensacola to New York!

THRUST: *How was the response?*

KARI: Phenomenal. People were showing up with homemade PBF shirts and signs. They all knew the words to "48 Hours To Rock" which is on the *Karate Kid III* soundtrack.

KRISTY: It went much better than we expected.

THRUST: *You were signed relatively quickly consider-*

ing the music industry. How do you account for that?

VINNIE: We were signed quickly because we worked 24 hours a day for a over a year which is comparable to 3 years of regular band time.

KARI: We worked our asses off and played our asses off and had the attitude to rise above all the other bullshit.

VINNIE: We don't know what the word "can't" is.

KARI: We took chances. We had everything from strippers coming out on stage to stage demolitions—things that no one was doing in L.A. anymore. Even if people didn't like our tunes, they'd come to the shows just to see the girls get up on stage.

KRISTY: We went out there and made a visual show out of music again.

THRUST: *So your visual show is just as important as the music you are playing?!*

KARI: It's like a little play in the tradition of Cooper, Kiss and Poison! We get the audience involved. We just don't play to ya, we play with ya!

VINNIE: You can take the album home and listen to it and enjoy it but you've got to see our show to fully appreciate us.

THRUST: *What was the catalyst to getting a record deal?*

KRISTY: I lit my guitar on fire, smashed it on the ground and picked it up, threw it and hit Brett Hartman (MCA A&R representative) in the face.

KARI: He felt sorry for Kristy and signed us on the spot!





VINNIE: Just kidding, we never really hit Brett in the face.

KARI: Brett had been checking out the band for a long time because we had been doing a lot of things. Other labels were scoping us out but no one was into it like Brett.

KRISTY: He had the vibe—he had the vision!

VINNIE: Everyone else was telling us that we should have changes to get signed but we stuck to what we knew would work and Brett came around to our side.

THRUST: *So, you didn't follow on the coat tails of anyone else getting signed?*

VINNIE: No! There was no one else in L.A. doing what we do at all.

KARI: It's funny, but now there are PBF clones all in L.A. and I never really realized how much we've changed the music scene here in Hollywood.

KRISTY: We've got the ball now and everyone is running after us.

THRUST: *How will you keep ahead of the clones?*

VINNIE: We'll always be ahead of them! They don't work like us. They just copy!

KARI: Now, I'll admit that we took a lot from other bands but we made it our own thing. We're always expanding. We'll always be a step ahead because that's the way we think.

THRUST: *How do you guys write?*

KARI: One person will come up with a foundation and we'll just flesh it out until it's a song. Steve is usually the word man.

THRUST: *Are you happy with the production job by Howard Benson.*

KRISTY: I'm real happy with the production. It captures our live feel and energy. At the time, we thought some songs were over-produced but listening to them now, they come across just great.

KARI: Howard was like another member of the

band. He believed in what he saw. Out of every producer we met, he was the only one who came in and wanted to work with us instead of rearranging everything. He did an excellent job. He inspired changes—he didn't dictate them!

KRISTY: He didn't tell us what to do because we hate being told what to do!

THRUST: *What special show tricks do you do live?*

KRISTY: I light my guitar on fire and smash it into pieces.

KARI: We have parts of the show where we stop and get the crowd going. I climb all over my drums. We've got huge drum risers with stairs and stuff.

VINNIE: Lots of smoke—lots of lights—lots of flashpots—sirens spinning around—a little bit of everything!

THRUST: *What's the craziest thing that ever happened to you on tour?*

KARI: Well, honorable mention goes to this girl that we meant that liked to give us a little cerebral action. She would always have to run out of the room and get a bag and hyperventilate.

KRISTY: We partied with some cops in Philadelphia. We went to these bars with these two cops and they got up on stage with their guns and made everyone in the bar buy us a drink. They were real crazy but they were cool. They wanted to drive us through the rough part of Philly and see if we would get shot at! Sorry we haven't written, officers!

THRUST: *That sure sounds like fun!*

KRISTY: Definitely the Psycho Cops From Hell!

KARI: The cops were mad because they wanted to give us a police escort to the show but we thought they were going to kill us in some back alley and that's going a little overboard on the publicity stunt!!

VINNIE: Another interesting story happened in Oklahoma. We played a Beni Hana Japanese restaurant! We didn't even know what to expect. The ginsu knife dude was cutting up food while we played.

KRISTY: And all these bikers were hanging out at the bar going *YEAH YEAH!!!*

KARI: We just played covers and the crowd loved it. We had someone come out from the audience and play bass. It was a drunken free-for-all!

VINNIE: We were so plastered. All we cared about was eating food, getting drunk and getting paid.

KARI: When we were in Nashville, Animal from the Hank Williams Jr. band got on stage with us and did "Smokin' in the Boys Room". He said, "If you don't like the Pretty Boys, kiss my ass!"

THRUST: *What about the skinheads in Detroit?*

KARI: They're a bunch of wimps. Tell 'em to meet us by the bus next time we're in Detroit and we'll kick their asses.

THRUST: *Are there plans for a European tour?*

VINNIE: We're looking into it right now. They want us over there really bad! England, Denmark and France are just a few of the places we want to go. We're getting good write-ups from the European press.

THRUST: *Any Floydian tricks up your sleeve for the tour?*

VINNIE: We're borrowing Vince from the Crue and giving them Steve. Tommy Lee thinks it's a fair trade.

THRUST: *Anything in closing guys?*

ALL: Buy the album, request the video on MTV, call your local radio stations for airplay and catch us when we're in town.

Dirty Looks

THRUST: *Where is the band from?*
DIRTY LOOKS: Basically, we're from New York. Two of us are anyways.

THRUST: *How big is the tour that you're currently on?*
DIRTY LOOKS: Well, in big towns like L.A., we'll play the Palace or the Ritz in New York but in Kansas City and places like that, we play smaller clubs because no one really knows who we are yet. We've sold 150,000 records but some places are underexposed and have no way to find out about what we're doing.

THRUST: *Is the first time that Dirty Looks has played Florida?*
DIRTY LOOKS: No, we were here last year but this is the first time that we've played the Rock-it Club.

THRUST: *How many more stops are there in this tour and are there any major touring plans?*
DIRTY LOOKS: We'll be touring into December, doing the video and there is the possibility of three tours after the first of the year. One of them may turn out to be something big so keep your fingers crossed.

THRUST: *Any chance of a Ramones/Dirty Looks tour?*
DIRTY LOOKS: We have the same accountant so maybe some strings will be pulled.

THRUST: *Who produced your second album?*
DIRTY LOOKS: John Janson

THRUST: *Why was he chosen?*
DIRTY LOOKS: It wasn't as much why we chose him but why the record company allowed him. Every producer we liked, they didn't and visa versa. We started the album with this one cat in L.A. and that didn't work well so we compromised with the record company on the producer. We met with John and he didn't want to mold us. He embellished what we did.

THRUST: *Did you spend more time getting out Turn of the Screw or Cool From The Wire?*
DIRTY LOOKS: The first one was put out as quickly as we could working 15 hour a day. We had more time on the second one and a bigger budget to get things done better.

THRUST: *What are the future plans for the band? You've had moderate success with the first two albums. Where do you go from here?*
DIRTY LOOKS: Our last video did not get added to MTV because of overpromotion on Atlantic's roster so we're working on a new video.

THRUST: *Will the video be, "Turn of the Screw (Who's Screwing You?)"*
DIRTY LOOKS: No, MTV read the lyrics and decided that they were too offensive! We sent them the lyrics but their lawyers found questionable lyrics. We really don't understand that since there's no swearing in it at all!

THRUST: *Another case of the subliminal legal basis, huh?*
DIRTY LOOKS: Yeah. So, the video is going to be for "L.A. Anna" which will be out in January.

THRUST: *Do you have the concept for the video down yet?*
DIRTY LOOKS: This time its going to be what we want to do instead of what the producer or director wants to do! We're into making a real shocking kind of video as opposed to a typical live concert video like everyone does. The video will jar you or shock you and make you remember.

THRUST: *Will there be simulated gore?*
DIRTY LOOKS: No, just latex and chrome!

THRUST: *How do judge Florida audiences?*
DIRTY LOOKS: That's real funny you should ask that! We played Jacksonville and it was all rock and roll. Then we played this place in Fort Lauderdale. I've never seen, and there's no insult to anyone here, such an assortment of Alligator wearing jerkhead mo-fos in my life. It was the wrong club for us to play at. Nothing wrong with alligator shirts. I mean my mom owns one. If we're in our environment than things are great but sometimes we get booked out of our environment and things may not come across as smoothly. Florida audiences are interesting because its like a combination of L.A. and New York. It's half serious and half-Yo dude. You've got a mixture of everything.

THRUST: *How do you see yourselves as progressing musically?*
DIRTY LOOKS: We aren't. We're gonna do rock and roll and nothing but rock and roll so help us God. It will be the same songs in same keys like we've always done. We're not giving anyone anything different.

THRUST: *And if the world comes around...*
DIRTY LOOKS: If the world comes around, great. If not, there is always the next life. If we don't like it, then it's not worth doing. We have to be happy with what we produce. We're not into cringing at work that we've done down the road because someone said we should do a particular style song. That's not the way we work!

THRUST: *Where's the energy from the band come from? Where are you guys more comfortable—on the stage or in the studio?*
DIRTY LOOKS: Live is the best part. Being in the studio is like a necessary evil. You do it but the power comes out on the stage.

THRUST: *How would you describe your show as an emotion?*
DIRTY LOOKS: No bullshit-no pyrotechnics-just rock and roll. Sweaty Big Banging Balancing B-words. That sums it up. It's who we are. It's what we do. There's nothing more to say!

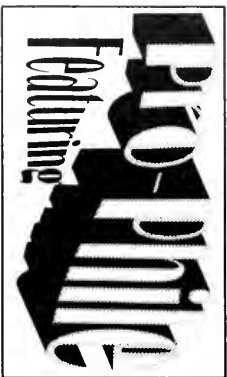


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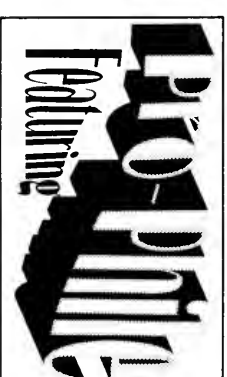
JACK PYERS

HENRIK OSTERGAARD

GENE BARNETT



ROCKY RUCKMAN AND THE Beat Heathens



Name Instrument	Rocky Ruckman Guitars, Synths, Vocals	Robert "Gig" Griffin Keyboards and Trombone	John D. York Bass	Rex Freiligh Sax, Flute, Keyboards, & Percussion	Harlan "H.B." Brown Drums and Vocals
Distinguishing Marks	Tattoo (Never Give Up)	Great Tan	Hair	Medium Build, Blonde Hair	Bald Spot
Ultimate Transport	1929 Cord Convertible Phaeton S.M.	Mercedes 560 SEL	1959 Black/ Black Chevrolet	Toyota Supra Turbo	Citroen
Most Memorable Sex	Adam's Mark Hotel Elevator	What time is it?	Sex in a Tree	Outside Club on the Front Lawn	Talladega National Forest
Celebrity You'd Most Like To	Elvira	Wendy O. Williams	Aimée Mann—Til Tuesday	Kirstie Alley	Annie Lenox
Favorite Food	Blackened Shrimp	Cooked	Turkey	Prime Rib, Turkey, Mashed Potatoes	All
Favorite Pets	Cat (Egyptian)	Dogs	Dogs	Cats, Horses	Dogs
Favorite Type of Lady	Inventive, Cuddly	Nude	Cheap	Cuddly	Kneeling
Favorite Recording Group	Oingo Boingo Bauhaus	Living Colour	U-2	David Sanborn, Chic Corea, Electric Band	The Who
Favorite Local Act	Dr. Paul Bearer	Tampa Bay Bucks	Pirate	Citi Heat	Barnaby the Clown
Favorite Song	Dead Man's Party	Cult of Personality	What About Love	Malaguena	Won't Get Fooled Again
Most Hated Song	Material Girl	"Lounge" Arrangements	I Want To Be A Cowboy	Please Release Me	Feelings
Pet Peeve	Quitters/People Who Don't Stand Up For Their Beliefs	Driver's Who Don't Signal Turns	Another Person in the Kitchen	2 Faced Birches	Incessant Talkers
Favorite Recreation	Horseback Riding on Full Moon Nights	Sex	Playing Bass	Tennis, most all sports	Walking



Bred & Spread From Los Angeles, CA

The Mighty Jane's Addiction

Jane's Addiction are the foremost experts on beauty. They are the biggest braggarts, money grabbers. Their mascot is a rooster. They can make a song out of everything. They say they can blow you away because they know they can.

If they couldn't they swear they'd shut up but they can.

They're not macho monkeys, nor are they fags.

They lick whatever their girlfriends do. They like their manager being called a jerk, asshole.

Now you want to know their names but they get tired of telling

the same story

over and over

till they can't

tell it no more

and while your questions

are understandable

they're tiresome

and they're tedious...

Perry Farrell was looking for a new bass player for his band PSI-COM. He was studying to be a doctor and wouldn't let drugs get in his way. By pooling their money together and borrowing the rest, they cut a record and pressed it up. This led them right to their first taste of getting ripped off by the record industry.

There was also severe tension within the band. One by one the members had converted into Hare Krishnas.

Within their music lay the squirming seeds of Jane's Addiction mixed with the fanatical wailings of god worship. The band split further and further apart. To retaliate against the god fearing members, Perry started reading black magic and claimed to worship the god Bapheme, or goat-headed god.

He found enough flaws in the bass player to boot him out.

What he needed was a new band.

And a referee.

The house he shared with Jane had eight rooms, and thirteen roommates. She thought her friend Eric Avery would get along good with him and put the two in touch with each other. The day they met, it was one hundred degrees inside the carpet walls. Eric put his head down and locked into something. He played the same groove over and over for about forty five minutes. It was the first song Jane's Addiction ever played together.

Their first show was out of town in Orange County. It was "old dog night". All old dogs were let in free. They were booked with a top forty cover band who invited their I.B.M. friends from work to see them. "Jane's" got up and emptied the place. There was one guy with a beard who stayed. They never learned the beard headed man's name, but they did discuss their differences, leaving the band, the bartender, and the booker.

The next show was at the Roxy. They were there to support some faggy English band who they killed. They were great except for one thing, they stunk. At that time, band commitments were very shaky. Besides the drummer with the three bands, the guitar player believed himself to be a germinating seed planted here on earth by U.F.O.'s. He became an officer in an organization known as the "U.F.O.S." (pronounced OOF-OES).

Eventually he disappeared, and no one knows where he went.

Who's bitter?

You know we got signed to Warner Brothers

Do you want to know about the bidding wars?

We had 'em all kissing our feet.

Getting a record label to put out the bucks

is the best insurance a band has.

The newspapers developed a fixation

They couldn't get past discussing the deal "Jane's" forgave them, after all

they knew nothing else about the band

If you want to know a secret?

We could have signed for twice as much

Ain't No Right

Their first manager was a music loving prostitute. The band loved her dearly, she

really was enthusiastic, but she too left town and has not been heard from since.

Some of their happiest memories were shared with her. Some of their greatest shows were financed by her. They rented out ballrooms, and put out shows in the pure rock tradition. The fans were greeted at the box office by manager #1, who insisted on going topless, honest. Inside, bands played to their sweaty friends, and occasionally dealt with their inner most feelings, watching a transsexual dance troupe.

There was one who sang the blues.

She was awful. Her friend saved the show, she danced with flaming shishkabobs. She could excite any man alive. Manager #1 was out done. She found solace by the classic motorcycle display. "I'm real" she assured the bikers who lit the roof up with pent up male aggression.

The president of Warners said upon listening to "Nothing's Shocking", "You guys are gonna warp an entire generation." After their shows, people attest to feeling as if they had let a stranger touch them.

"i watched a man drown. i really did. i didn't get up to help him at all. Of course he was on television..."

WE WERE ASKED TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT US

The first drummer had a business smuggling canaries into the country from Tahiti.

He would drug them and then swallow

them. He overdosed on the canaries and died on a plane.

Stephen Perkins was the first drummer's twin brother. He took his place, never having played drums before.

He also started dating the dead brother's girlfriend, who happened to be Eric's little sister.

Before that he dated Jodie Foster.

WHEN DOES THE FUN EVER END?

DOES THIS HAVE ANY VALUE?

DOES PRO WRESTLING?

You must have heard, we are the ultimate crowd pleasers?

We want you to know everything about us, i mean everything. Honestly, do you think that if a journalist found out something that was damaging to you, we would spill it to the public? i don't

We Love Being Exploited

A matter of equal use wouldn't you say?

A bottle and a drinker

Watching each other empty out

Compare Jane's Addiction to a life insurance agency.

There's really quite a difference, isn't there? Dave Navarro needs love. Who's a better guitarist. No one.

We broke up one night playing in New York. He drank too much cause life's so fucked. When he sits down on stage to play guitar, his world truly becomes his own. We were something that night. "The Mighty Jane's Addiction" as we say.

WE'VE GOT TONS OF MATERIAL!

We put our own record out, self titled. It was to be the second time we were ripped off by the music industry. I could go on, but we're not bitter anymore.

The Saga of Jane's addiction will continue upon further development...





JANE'S ADDICTION, THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS & FISHBONE

BENEFIT FOR FATHER'S RIGHTS AT THE PALACE

By T. ADAM DOFFI w/assistance from Julie Jules

U2, I love 'em—a true poet backed by three magicians; the **Cult**, eagle scream vocals and bone crushing guitar leads; but the best band in Rock n' Roll today, is **Jane's Addiction**. Apocalyptic Nuclear Explosion to total construction; and a storehouse of mad creativity that flies free in every aspect of every facet of their being - Visual - Emotional - Primal - and Cerebral. A New Wave??? ... Hell, a whole new fuckin' ocean! "Some people tell me home is in the sky. In the sky lives a spy. I want to be more like the Ocean - No talkin' - All Action." ("Ocean Size" from the album *Nothing Shocking*.)

Because Jane's Addiction, The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fishbone, and a few other Post-Punk bands have been thrashing around in this pool of madness in the L.A. Rock Scene for a while now, we have grown to take them for granted, but they are the forefront of a new movement in R-N-R, that will at some point in time, break out into the so called mainstream and do to the mass consciousness of R-N-R, what the English bands did in '64, or the San Francisco bands in '67, Metal in the early 70's, and the punks in the late 70's. These characters, are the future of the Heart and Soul of Rock n' Roll... but this particular gig was about more than just music, it was a benefit for Father's Rights.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers, are frenetic, hyperactive, rock n' roll, Surf-Punk-Funk Madness, and a very few bands past or present can do to an audience what the Chili Peppers do. They literally explode on the stage, injecting the crowd with their brand of extremely physical and emotional noise. The entire set of people before them was hoppin', bumpin' and bangin' each other, into an ecstatic frenzy; frequently bounding up on the stage only to dive back into the whirlpool of sweating bodies. The Walls of Jericho had it easy compared to a Chili Pepper concert? **Anthony Kiedes** is a coiled spring of animal fury, his lion's mane slappin' the air as he rants, and rails, and dances around the stage. He is a bare chested Shaman Watusi - Kamakazi rock n' roll funk meister. I wrote this stuff while boppin' my ass off, and as others were crashing into me. They are the sweat merchants of mayhem. In addition to their own fire power tunes, they did a raucous version of Hendrix's "Castles Made of Sand" that cut through the night, like a jagged edged knife. If you've never seen these characters, make it a point, while you can still feel the heat in a small club.

Fishbone, is a Speed-Funk-Rap-Slap in the face, with trombones, sax, and shaved heads, and no matter how hard or

raw it gets, there is always a soulful bottom to what they do. There are elements of Reggae, Jazz, and even Blues in what they do. It's Red Hot, Black Eyed Boogie Woogie Stomp. And they can strut with the best of 'em. They did a cover of Sly's "It's a Family Affair," and brought the house down.

Jane's Addiction is a true cult band with a following as dedicated as any in rock history. They have style, creativity and balls! This is a complete Rock n' Roll beast, with a mind as sharp as a lazer beam, a Heart that beats with true Rebellion; Muscle to rival any act, and an angry but pure Spirit. Before they took the stage, Richard Petty had the unenviable job of trying to state his case to a totally volatile SRO audience that had waited for hours to see Jane, and they didn't have the slightest desire to wait...for any reason, never mind a cause that most had little direct relationship to. They booed and whistled and howled until Perry came on to clam them down. It was a testimony to how much class Perry and the Addiction have caused he told them straight out to "Shut the fuck up, and listen to the cat," 'cause there's some heavy shit goin' on here that needs to be straightened out.

When the lights did come up on Jane's Addiction, the crowd went wild. This is

real theater—theater of the moment, that goes way beyond the purple hair and outrageous outfits. It's a bath of color, and sound, and pure fury, that seeps into the darkest subconscious of any in its path. It's Acid-Punk with driving primal ritualistic rhythms, and a keening, screaming guitar, backed by an aggressive rhythm section unrivaled in contemporary music.

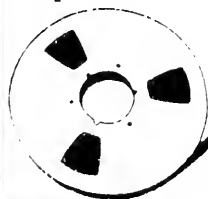
"I don't give a fuck about the Doors, or the Byrds, 'cause we're fuckin' up the whole scene with what we're doin' now!" Perry shouted, then this self-proclaimed white, Jewish punk, imitating a black Jamacian rastafarian, unleashed his violent, glitter metal post-punk androgeny and the place went wild. Live, they are pure primal anthem mayhem, but on tape they have a range and depth that is absolutely magical. Regardless of his remark about the Doors, they tore into a furious uncontrollable rendition of "L.A. Woman" that swerved and careened like a demolition derby staged on the 101 freeway. These guys are ready to strut their hour upon stage. After a Jane's Addiction concert, everything else in Rock N' Roll seems stale.



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DEMO

Demolition

Desolation Angels

Desolation Angels, a five piece outfit that hails from London, are now based in L.A. They've come a long way to find success and their trip is almost at an end. One of the very, very few bands now in L.A. that doesn't use make-up and fancy clothing to impress an audience, D.A. manipulate a Judas Priest style heavy metal that causes some spectators to suffer from uncontrollable fits of head-banging. This band has everything to make it bigger than big.

Lead by the refreshingly original vocals of master frontman David Wall and the twin guitar attack of Robin Brancher and Keith Sharp, the band has been recently packing houses in Vegas, Salt Lake City and five cities in California to the brim on their "*We're Loud, We're Ugly, and We're Not Gonna Go Away*" tour. Using their unique image, great songs, and excellent musical abilities, the Angels are destined for mega-stardom.

The band released a two-song demo containing the cuts, "Killer" and "Power Hungry" that created quite a stir in town. They also appeared on the Rock Network compilation album containing the best bands in L.A. Desolation Angels, who have a huge following at all of their local shows, have been repeatedly asked to return to venues on their tour—another good sign.

Today's rock world, where the generation of younger rock fans think that Poison is as heavy as music gets, has been waiting for a band with Desolation Angels' sound and image for years. Considered by some to be even better than Judas Priest, the world will be a much more enjoyable place to listen to music after they get signed.



Daddy Ray

Remember a few years ago when the Georgia Satellites released "Keep Your Hands To Yourself"? It was a catchy tune with lyrics everyone could relate to and it quickly climbed to the top of the singles and video charts, giving them their first and only bona-fide hit song. L.A. natives, Daddy Ray have a similar song. Its called "Nag Nag Nag" and the first time you hear it you'll be singing it to your girlfriend, your wife, your mother or just about anyone that you ever hear nagging again. Relying on a catchy chorus, which consists only of "NAGNAG-NAG BITCHBITCHBITCH", etc. it pounds the point into your memory, etching the catchy beat into neural fibers.

Like it already, huh?! Well, unlike the Satellites, Daddy Ray is going to be much more than a one-hit wonder. They have a catalog of fine material that has made them one of the biggest draws in Southern California over the last two years, also attracting much label interest. The group consists of Jimmy Ray and Roger Poindexter on guitar and vocals, Buddy Phelps on bass, and the founding member of Warrant, Mad Max on drums. The band is made up of fine musicians with great material and they're also quite capable live performers as well.

Daddy Ray's songs include "Toxic Waste Dump" which they say describes Jimmy's body perfectly, "Success", and "Flat on Your Face". The band has definitely got what it takes to make it in the business. If you are ever in L.A., or if Daddy Ray is touring your area, it would be blasphemy to miss them. Any band that describes themselves as the offspring of "The Beach Boys, Frank Zappa and Black Sabbath" is definitely worth looking into!

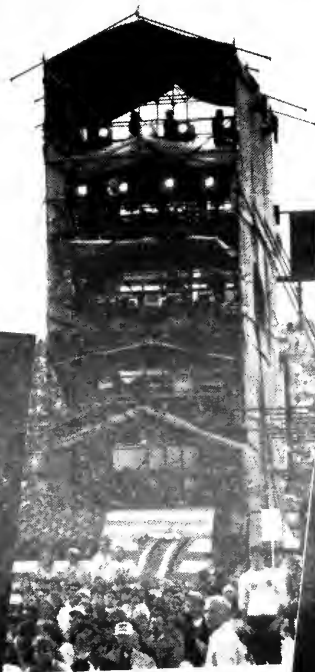




The Rolling Stones

Steel Wheels and Tampa Reels





Photos by Osborne





December 5-9

The Bobby Friss Band



Dec. 13-16



Dec. 19-23

Ordeal

Dec. 27-31

Bobby Friss

New Year's Bash Dec. 31

Bobby Friss

**and champagne, buffet,
and party favors.**

Have A Safe and Happy Holiday!

The Porthole

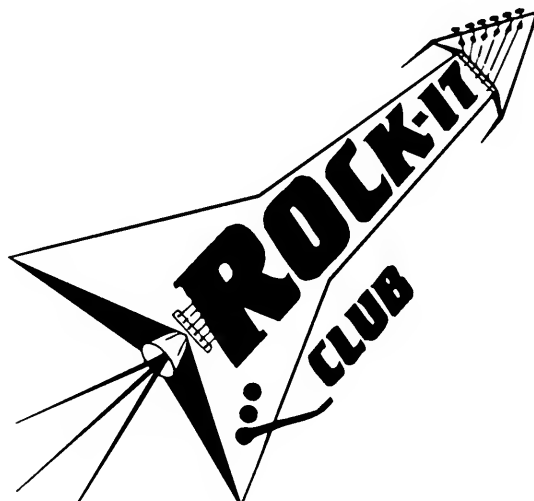
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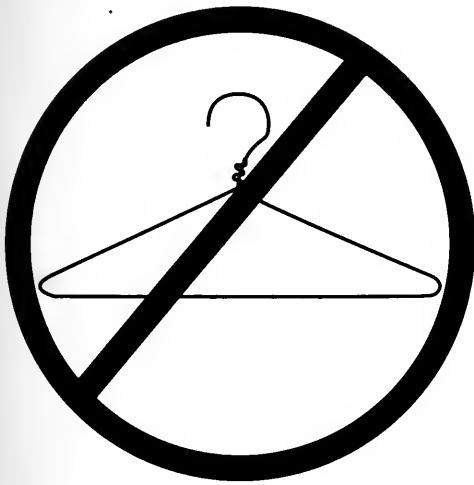
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Food For Thought Part Two

I am always astounded by the priorities that are put as to how our tax dollars are spent. We cannot pay for abortions, whether the reason is personal decision, rape or incest (*which often results in profoundly impaired or retarded children that the public ultimately bears the cost for*) but we can fund con artists like



Edward Dawson and his “non-profit” Social Vocational Services (*non-profit for whom, I wonder, certainly it was profitable for him and his wife. \$170,000 government subsidized salary plus 1.6 million dollars in real estate that our tax dollars goes to pay the rent on is profit in my book*) - a woefully deficient service for the retarded, to care for the children that some, in a fit of moral fervor, would insist must be born (*and then wash their hands of*). Not that all women do not choose to bear them, but how can we deny someone the basic right to exercise choice, in whether they can physically, financially or emotionally cope with the outcome of an unwanted pregnancy? We would hide from the neglect, abuse, or sexual molestation, that can result and deny, deny, deny. (*These things don't happen in nice families like ours, do they?*)

It would be nice if all who have unwanted children would give them up to loving adoptive parents (*remember little Lisa Steinberg, whose “adopted” father, while on cocaine, beat her unmercifully until she died, I’m sure her natural mother thought she did the “Right” thing*), but it’s the nature of the beast (*or maybe the pride or the pressure*) to love, however incapably, a child she carries for 9 months. And then, as awareness of the awesome responsibility dawns upon the mother (*who is statistically a 15 or 16 year old girl*), depression or resentment sets in. A feeling so overwhelming that she batters their little bodies, allow live-in lovers to abuse and molest them (unknowingly?), prostitute them to support her habits, or maybe just run over them with a car when all else fails. If you cannot regulate who is fit to have children, then how can you justify forcing people to

bear them if they do not want or cannot handle the responsibility, bring them up in ignorance and neglect, to turn them loose on the public to become statistics in a letter such as this?! The Religious Right-Wingers live in a fairy tale world made up of compassionate childless couples lined up around the block to adopt mixed race (*62% of abortions are non-white*), drug addicted, abandoned, deformed and retarded children and bring them up with love. Fat Liberal Chance!

Why don’t we make pregnancy an equal responsibility. Stop men (*whoa, down boys, no one’s pointing a finger at YOU, keep an open mind here*) from spawning and then swimming upstream to leave a poor uneducated woman to live forever in the poverty and squalor that too many children and not enough education will result in. (*Oops, the “E” word, we can’t spend too much on education, can we? We need the money for that 50% raise our government officials so desperately need!*) Simply make it illegal to impregnate a woman without her consent, and force legal parental responsibility on men, and I would be the first to agree that abortion, in most cases will no longer be necessary.

Who are those righteous people so blind as not to see that you cannot treat the symptom- Termination of Pregnancy. (*There are some of you who would even deny access to birth control!*) You must first rally against the very diseases (*albeit social*) that make us need access to abortion in the first place.

•Job Security—Guarantee, by law, that a woman will have her job when she returns from having her baby. The fear of losing the ability to feed existing children is reason enough not to chance an unplanned pregnancy. Ours is the only “civilized” nation in the world that does not give a woman the respect that should come with the noble task of willingly bringing a child into the world by assuring her that she will have her seniority, status, and salary upon return to the workforce.

•Child Support—People, we need to share the financial and psychological burden between *both* parents. Parenting is a stressful, expensive proposition even with BOTH parents and TWO incomes, let alone expecting a single, or (*in most cases*) abandoned girl to “manfully” shoulder the responsibility herself.

•Educational Aid—For those who choose to become parents, and realize, (belatedly) that to provide a child with simple, basic needs like food, clothing and health care (*and not become a burden on the tax-paying public*), they must equip themselves with more skills and education. We must break the never ending cycle of ignorance, poverty and welfare. By forcing parents with no education or skills to bring up children in such conditions with no hope of escape, you create the very conditions that lead to abortion.

•Psychological Assistance—For those who were, or are victims of abusive, angry parents and afraid that they too will become abusive. Perhaps, having been

the victim of a relative’s late night gropings, they fear the same fate will undoubtedly befall their child and cannot live with the thought. (*The sins of the father are visited upon the sons...and daughters*)

•Legal Recourse—For women in abusive homes who cannot or will not leave, but don’t want to bring another child in the world to take the beatings or molestations (*that perhaps a previous child has*) in situations where they have no way out.

•Child Care- (*Oh I have it!! Let’s give them more money for each baby they have and not legally require that they spend it on their children. Let’s see \$1,000 per child in a welfare family, now how many drugs will that buy? Oh, but, that’s not our business though, how they spend it, just that we address their needs, right?!*) How is a woman supposed to provide her children a quality life if it costs her 50-75 dollars per child per week (*now let’s see, at a grand per child, that’s 13 to fifteen weeks per child, see I told you we are addressing their needs*) to go to work and hold a job. And Day Care centers will not watch a sick child, and there is no law to provide for a guaranteed leave of absence to care for a sick child, (*whether paid or not*) that assures a parent their job upon return! And that goes for those with sick and infirm parents that are cared for at home, just to assure equally unjust treatment of all generations.

•Housing and Medical Assistance—So that these children, who are the future of our nation, need not live malnourished in some rat infested tenement (*that a slumlord receives subsidies on for “helping” the poor*), or wander homeless in the street having only

“If you save a person’s life, then you must forever be responsible for that life.”

the rats as pets, and old discarded syringes and crack pipes to play with, and pimps and whores to look up too.

What of the environmental impact of too many people and not enough food? Would we condemn China in its radical proposal of one family, one child? These are a people that know hunger intimately and all of you bureaucrats sitting in your million dollar homes filling your bellies with expensive wines, artichokes and filet mignon have no right to say that they must endure more!

Food For Thought

(Continued from previous page)

Ethiopia, with plague, famine, and disease—would we deny them aid because the very aid they need (birth control) doesn't sit well with our Religious values? (*I don't see the Vatican and the great churches of the western world running out to buy bassinets and baby bottles to bring cheer to these joyful births!*)

Why aren't the Right-to-Lifers involved with the Right-to-a-Planet with life to give birth on? They sit around in their air-conditioned (*chloroflourocarbon producing*) condominiums, totally unaware of the poisoned environment that they insist others bring children into. Improve the quality of life? Absurd! They have other peoples' lives to run, no time for the realities of the future! Did you know that the drinking water in Torrence, CA is contaminated up to 1000 TIMES the highest acceptable level of Benzene, Oulene, Xylene, and Ethylbenzene, all of which are EXTREMELY cancer causing and can retard minds as fast as lead poisoning? They do. And could care less, they don't have to drink it. There's always Perrier!

How about those who even before birth are faced with surgery necessary for survival or to correct deformities? How can those affluent enough to have plastic surgery at the drop of a hat, condemn a poor child to a life of ridicule? (*You wouldn't think of allocating tax monies for such an extravagant purpose, now would you...let them eat cake!*) Or what of a woman who gives birth to a severely retarded, or congenitally deformed child, when a simple amniotic

fluid test could have diagnosed these deformities and given an already poor enough woman the opportunity to terminate and start again? (*But taxes don't pay for an ounce of prevention, let alone a pound of cure.*)

When then-President Reagan wanted Surgeon General Koop to provide him with a study proving the negative effects of abortion, Dr. Koop, after exhausting himself and others, was unable to provide scientific, nor any other kind of proof that religious or moral lack of choice in the matter was in any way better for a woman, emotionally or physically, than having the choice to end an unwanted pregnancy. A 300 million dollar study would be needed, but again be as inconclusive, so he submitted no report. (*How about proving the world is flat!?*)

We should demand equal time (*and money*) to study the physical, emotional and financial negatives of unwanted pregnancy. How many women die nationwide as a result of complications of pregnancy vs. how many die from legal, surgical abortion? (*A woman has a 10 times greater chance of biting the big one during childbirth than during a safe, surgical abortion!*) How many tax dollars are spent on addicted babies? How about the results of neglect? Is taking out full coverage insurance the answer to theft and drug abuse?

Do we simply beef up the police force rather than pay for counseling for abusive parents, and the resulting abusive children? Can you measure the impact of a sexually molested child growing up with all that anger and regurgitating it out on the rest of us in sex crimes? How about the unwanted child that grows up without love and craves to have a baby to have some one to love and then finds out she (or he) can't handle it? How about all the children of addicts that we can't "morally" remove from their mothers

that are prostituted out for a rock of crack? IT HAPPENS! Just because it hasn't happened on your block (*yet...*), or to your family (*yet...*), doesn't give you the right to say that all may live well by your standards! Is the Moral Majority ready to take on all the babies that will grow up cold and hungry because they said let there be life? There is an Eastern proverb that says if you save a person's life, then you must forever be responsible for that life. Sounds like something a few Western religious leaders should embrace.

Think, all you self-righteous people, isolated from the miseries of the rest of us (*except through the pages of the newspapers and media - "isn't that sad, dear, let's give a gala fund raiser"*), insulated in your country club atmospheres, living your white bread lives, immune to the heartaches of poverty and loneliness, never wanting for love because you can buy it (*or at least something representative of it, usually from one of the less fortunate*), before you proclaim that it is less sinful to give (*birth*) than to receive (*an abortion*).

I don't think that, in all cases, this is what the Great Creator had envisioned when he said be fruitful and multiply, for in some cases it is indeed a sin, if not a crime.

...As you read this, some sick conservative group is actually lobbying Congress to legislate outlawing abortions for women who weren't using contraception at the moment of conception. Orwellian logic, don't you think? How would Big Brother know if you were using a rubber (*you were, weren't you?*) or not? And that is STILL holding the woman entirely responsible for two person's actions.

...God save the King!

Flesh For Lulu (A Retrospective)

Flesh For Lulu performed here in November in support of their latest album, "Plastic Fantastic". Here's a run-down on the history of the London-based band.

1983—Flesh for Lulu kick-starts when Nick Marsh (vocals and guitar) teams up with James Mitchell (drums) to form a songwriting duo, using temporary back-up members. On signing to Polydor Records, they play some low-key gigs and the line-up evolves to include Glen Bishop on bass. Together with guitarist Rocco, Flesh For Lulu start to define their rich but cutting brew of guitar-textured rock-n-roll.

1984—Flesh For Lulu tour the UK and Europe and release an opening salvo of three consecutive singles; the "Roman Candle" EP, "Subterraneans" and "Restless," the latter songs appearing on their debut Polydor album simply titled *Flesh for Lulu*. In 1984 Glen Bishop is replaced by Kevin Mills on bass, and Flesh For Lulu boasts a four way writing team, christening this definitive line-up with tours of Europe and the USA. A split occurs with Polydor who have trouble squeezing them into a pop jelly mold.

1985—Flesh For Lulu release a mini LP, *Blue Sisters Swing*, on indie label Statik Records, which features live favorites such as "Seven Hail Marys" and "Black Tattoo." It remains in the upper echelons of the UK indie charts for several

weeks, while the jacket sleeve is banned in parts of the States, Italy and Spain. (Due to the image of two nuns French kissing: the record tops up bonfires at many a Bible-belt meeting.) Flesh For Lulu's second LP, *Big Fun City*, is released in late '85 and sees the band's writing-base broadening, from the rhythmic pop of "Baby Hurricane" through to the big tribal shuffle of "Cat Burglar" to the country and western flavored "Just One Second." Writing and touring continue to increase and intensify, as does the identity of the band.



1986—A second U.S. tour helps boost the band's acclaim. With the initial enthusiasm of Statik in decline Flesh For Lulu depart fro pastures greener, taking total control of their operation. Now self-managed and directed, they spend nine months writing, rehearsing, performing and planning. After much deliberation, a deal is signed with Beggars Banquet, quickly bearing fruit in the *Idol* EP.

1987—A new phase for Flesh For Lulu begins with the release of their first LP for Beggars Banquet, from which the classic single "Siamese Twist" is culled. In addition, a new guitarist/keyboardist is recruited named Del Greening, leaving Nick free to concentrate on performance and develop a more commanding stage presence, while retaining the melodic yet muscular rocking guitar style which is their definitive trademark.

February sees Flesh For Lulu return to the States for the release of the John Hughes directed movie *Some Kind of Wonderful*, which features the Flesh song "I Go Crazy" as the film's theme tune. The video for the song gains substantial airplay on MTV and the song begins to crack the frontiers of the commercial charts. Finally, with the release of the superb album *Long Live The New Flesh*, produced by Mike Hedges, a far greater audience begins to ponder the delights of the Flesh.

1988—Flesh samples the delights of Sydney Australia to record their new album *Plastic Fantastic*.

Dec. 1

Dad English-USF Sundome

John Waite (x-Baby) and Neil Schon (x-Journey) with their new powerhouse band. Definitely worth the admission price.

Dec. 2

Parade in Paris-Doomerangs

As seen in last month's Thrust, check out this band.

Dec. 3

Jeteye-Volley Club

Where's Don Brown. Tonight he's with Jeteye at the Volley. Be There.

Dec. 4

Emerald City-Maco's +

Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain. Emerald City is the pick tonight.

Dec. 5

Savatage-Rock It Club

Don't Miss this opportunity to see Savatage in an intimate venue.

Dec. 6

Southern Snow-Seafarer

Catch this band before they head to NY at the end of the month.

Faith No More-Masquerade

Alternative fare for tonight.

Dec. 7

Greg Brown/Frankly Scarlet-Skippers

Dec. 8

Red Hot Chili Peppers-Jannus Landing

If you must see one show this month, this is it. The most powerful band (next to Jane's Addiction) from the west coast, you'll be kicking yourself well in 1990. Next time you see the Chili Peppers it won't be in an intimate venue like Jannus. You've been warned.

Dec. 9

Tampa Smokes-Caesar

It's a blues jam with too many bands to name.

Dec. 10

Stranger-Jannus Landing

Pick up your neighborhood swampwoman and go to the wrong side of the tracks for this special Music Pulse benefit.

Dec. 11

Foxxxhead-Macos +

Tampa's only all girl band plays out tonight. Tell them Thrust sent ya!

Dec. 12

Race-Rock it Club

Dec. 13

Intice/Powersurge-Body Talk

Everyone's fave band, Intice returns after Halloween Rehab. They're probably the next major signing out of Tampa, so go see them now.

Dec. 14

Stranger-Porthole

In case you missed the Jannus show, catch Stranger inside tonight.

Dec. 15

YNF Benefit for Children's Home at USF Sundome with Billy Squier and more!

It's rock, it's cheap and it's for a great cause. Get off your butts, spend \$9.50 and support the Children's Home!

King's X-Rock-it Club

Originally, Kings X was scheduled to play the Billy Squier show at the Sundome tonight. After the benefit, rush back to the Rock-it for this incredible band.

Dec. 16

Champagne Theater-Seafarer Lounge

Dec. 17

It's the Thrust/Al Koehn Christmas Blowout at the Rockit Club featuring members of Intice, Crimson Glory and more surprises than you can Thrust a finger at. An 18 and over show with munchies and more. Be there at 3:00. Party with Thrust under the tent until Circus' set.

Dec. 18

Lord Tracy-Rockit Club

Hard rock from MCA Recording Artists, Lord Tracy. Be there!

Dec. 19

Ordeal-Porthole Lounge

Dec. 20

Kitty Grinds-Doomerangs

Dec. 21

Shamrock-Volley Club

Dec. 22

Autodrive-Rock-it Club

The Black Cat personally recommends this show so be there. There's nothing worse than an angry pussy.

Dec. 23

Sarasota Slim-Muddy's

A return of the best blues band in town. If you've got the Christmas Blues, show up tonight.

Dec. 24

Autodrive-Rockit Club

Just because they're crazy enough to work Christmas eve.

Dec. 25

Strutter-Rock It Club

They want to share their Christmas gifts with you.

Dec. 26

Dackseat Romance-Seafarer

Dec. 27

Bobby Friss-Porthole

Check out one of the Bay area's primest bands.

Dec. 28

Hemlock-Volly Club

Taste the band named after the potion that did Socrates in. Good for 3 credits of Humanities for college students.

Dec. 29

Multi-Color House-Doomerangs

Dec. 30

Emo Philips-Comedy Corner

Take a break from music with some comedy tonight with one of the nation's finest comedians.

Dec. 31

New Year's Eve

There is so much going on tonight, Thrust cannot pick just one hot spot. Wherever you party tonight, please be careful and have a designated driver. You can't keep any 1990 resolutions if you're dead.



TAMPA BAY'S **HEAVIEST** RECORD STORE

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Photos by Osborne



Savatage



Bands of yesterday are gone! Smooth mellow tunes have faded. Savatage is in. Savatage is hot.

The name must have given a clue to the security. Concert goers were searched and asked to remove their studded paraphernalia that broadcast them as heavy metal lovers.

After the initial anger of their disrobing, they jammed in to jam out. Beautiful girls and outrageous young men filled the audience—the audience that awaited the first note—the first note to raise them to a heavy metal high!

There was excitement in the air as the music echoed and a few over enthusiastic fans let themselves be thrown in the air and caught prior to the body-slaming.

The music was vibrating the room to the beat of "Hall of the Mountain King" and dragged our minds through "Mentally Yours".

There is a following of these groups that intice younger listeners. Shaking their heads and losing their minds in their music. Inticing music lurked in every corner of the hall and then covered the stage as the opening act.

The whole evening left an electrifying feeling. The lighting effect danced with the rhythm of the songs and tried to enhance our moods to their desired effects. They controlled our emotions with the flick of a switch (no pun intended) but for our \$15 fee, we were well entertained. The music was hot, the mood was good, the crowd was hypnotized. It's no wonder with 6 albums for Savatage and 1 album for Intice that we could expect nothing less than a night of magic!

by Cheryl Shegstad

INTICE



FREWAY SNIPER

Hot Rod Long

Buns-and-Relish

Hey all you Florida Headbangers, this is Hot Rod Long in Hollywood, CA, the capitol of the music world! I've been asked to keep you abreast of what's going on in LA music-wise as well as mention what I am able to find out about national acts. So, here goes.

Of the approximately 5000 bands that are currently seeking gigs in L.A., there are about 2000 metal bands, so you can guess how hard it is to get a gig, much less get people to show up. Bands that can consistently draw large crowds are, of course, the first to draw label interest. The bands that are creating quite a stir in the local club scene are **Byte The Bullet**, **Daddy Ray**, **Jungle Alley**, **Shame**, **Tryx**, **Syanide Kick**, **Saigon Saloon**, **B.B. Chung King** and the **Screaming Buddha Heads**, **Black Cherry** and a few others that stand head and shoulder above their competition.

Byte The Bullet, courted by every major label since their arrival in town just six months ago, is surely going to be a huge success. The band is lead by the songbird vocals of **Jess Harte** and the youthful exuberance of band members **Jayce**, **Butch** and **Mitch**. Their music, a fine compromise between total glam and hard rock, has quickly made them the biggest thing in town since **The Knack** took over the Strip in the late 70's. A record deal is eminent, so look for them in your hometown within a year.

Black Cherry, led by former **L.A. Guns** frontman **Paul Black**, has been a club favorite since their conception in mid-88. Called the **Aerosmith** of the 90's by critics and fans alike, the band has a great live show and was featured on the Metal Blade **Street Survivors** Compilation C.D. earlier this year. The C.D. features the best unsigned bands in the area and would be a valuable addition to your collection, so try to find it.

Daddy Ray, riding the success of their hit single "Nag Nag Nag" to the pinnacle of the club circuit, are currently searching for a deal. Consisting of a former member of **Warrant** coupled with some of the best musicians in town, they have a great shot at becoming a giant nationwide hit.

Get this name! **BB Chung King** and the **Screaming Buddha Heads**. are not a thrash band, but a great bluesy hard rock outfit and have done something I've never seen happen. Using their experience and total control over their instruments,

the band has won the support of fans of all types of music. The **Glam Kings** and **Queens** dig BB as much as the **Headbangers**. They're always a treat to see because of their incredibly catchy material and unusual stage show. I don't think it will take much longer for them to get signed to a big time contract.

Part of my duties include going through the hundreds of demo tapes I receive every month to find the very best. Diggin' through a box of tapes the other day, I ran across a couple worth mentioning. The first, by a group called **Freindzy**, is catchy commercial-oriented rock that relies heavily on the guitar of **Joey Rox** and the vocals of his wife, **Laurie**. The four song tape is definitely a step in the right direction for the band. Also, **Madwhip Thunder**, a thrash band consisting of the **Mendez Brothers**, **Job**, **Martin**, and **Mayhem**, blew the wax out of my ears. The five song tape is good enough to be sold in stores. It features MI graduate **Martin** doing impossible things with his guitar while **Joe's** searing vocals burn right down to your soul.

Other News That You May Be Interested In:

Florida Boys Intice were in town for the **Foundations Forum** last month and they showed us Californians how to party. The band, whom I know you've seen or heard on **Z-Rock** or **YNF** has definitely got the songs to go huge.

Mystic Force, a band out of Baltimore has got a killer demo that they call progressive hard rock. The four song tape is like nothing I've ever before heard. I found out that the band gets every major opening slot in the Baltimore and DC areas, so if you're ever up that way, go see them.

Also at the **Foundations Forum**, I got the opportunity to hobnob with all the industry people who make the business work, as well as some of the biggest stars. **Lemmy** from **MotorHead** proved to be quite entertaining while **Dave Mustane** of **Megadeth** was quite obnoxious. **Suicidal Tendencies**, who headlined one of the showcases, were also there promoting their latest release.

On the artist panel, the official meeting of the convention, those in attendance were given the opportunity to play question and answer with today's biggest stars. Some of the points made were:

Robert Sweet of **Stryper** and **King Diamond** sat side by side raising a lot of religious questions. **Sweet** defended his right to be religious and a rocker

while **King** defended his right to practice any religion he pleased, which he guaranteed was neither Christianity nor Satanism.

Lita Ford said that it was better to tour with different musicians than were used on her album because it was cheaper for her. Of course, this was a very unpopular statement with the room full of musicians.

Anthony, singer for the **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, made an interesting point. The **Peppers** have had trouble getting airplay on MTV. He said "If you want your video on MTV, it requires a lot of brown nosing. And they have to like the way your nose feels to even think of running your video." Pretty lame if it's true, isn't it?!

The **Forum** also featured 5-10 bands playing at various venues each night. The best of the bands was **Driver**, who have had the same singer as the **Project Driver** album that featured **Tony MacAlpine**, **Rudy Sarzo** and **Tommy Aldridge**, in the pre-**Whitesnake** days. The band has a great sound that will make them as big a success as **Winger**, maybe even bigger. Other hot bands included **Icon** on **MegaForce Records**, **Suicidal Tendencies**, **Faith No More** and a return of **Steve Jones**, the former **Sex Pistol** who just conquered a ten year battle with heroin addiction. **Steve** jammed some songs from his new album, **Fire and Gasoline**, and was joined on stage by **Axl Rose** to cover an old **Pistols** tune. Of course, the thousands packed into the small stage area loved the appearance of **Axl**, and the crowd also got to hang out with the biggest names in music at the tea party which took place downstairs from the concert hall. The party was one of the most happening events of the year.

In closing, I'd like to mention my favorite band in this sector of the galaxy—**Rush** who have a new album scheduled for November release and an extensive world tour to follow. The band, around since 1974, is considered one of the most innovative bands ever and I can't wait to hear their new vinyl.

Kings X, a new band out of Texas, is beyond description. Listening to their music is a religious experience. They played an incredible set with **Blue Murder** and **Billy Squier** on Halloween at the Greek Theater in L.A.

I'll be back next month with more interesting information from behind the wheel of the Freeway Sniper. Keep Rockin' and we'll see your next month.

ENUFF Z•NUFF

Enuff Z•Nuff was founded by Chicago native Chip Z•Nuff, a one-time minor league baseball player who got sick of throwing curve balls and sliders and started writing rock n' roll songs. He hooked up with fellow midwesterner Donnie Vie to form yet another team—one that combines the best of the '60s anti-rock with the state-of-the-art-post-modern power-drive pop of the '90s. In short, **Enuff Z•Nuff** come from the heartland, as unique and fun a rock band as you ever wanna hear. Be glad they gave up the baseball diamond for another field of dreams.

As soon as Chip and Donnie began writing together, "it was magic" according to Z•Nuff. The two were joined by Derek Frigo on guitar and drummer Vikki Foxx, both the products of musical families. The quartet recorded a batch of sixty odd songs, opening for the likes of Bullet Boys, Skid Row, Warrant, Extreme and Eddie Money, then were discovered working on demos at Royal Recorders in Lake Geneva, WI. This led to their signing by Derek Shulman of ATCO.

One listen to the band's self-titled debut LP, which they co-produced themselves, will make you glad they did. The very first track, the single/video, "New Thing" roars out of the gate and sets the tone for what follows. These ex-jocks have smacked a home run first time up, creating power chords with pizzazz, hard rock with melodies to spare, a chunky metallic call-to-arms spiced by scintillating guitar riffs which imbed themselves in yer skull like nothin' else around. In short, **Enuff Z•Nuff** pays tribute to its forebears, while remaining totally up-to-date, a heady brew that runs from the Beatles to Cheap Trick, early Mott the Hoople to prime Van Halen, vintage Alice Cooper to Def Leppard and Guns N' Roses. Just don't try to label it.

"Glam, but not too," cautions Donnie.

"Flashy, but street," adds Chip.

With sizzling warm weather salutes like "Hot Little Summer Girl" and "Fly High Michelle" and power ballads such as "I Could Never Be Without You," **Enuff Z•Nuff** should be pumping out of yer car radio as you're cruising down the highway.

But that's just half the story. Live, **Enuff Z•Nuff**'s a self-described "R rated four ring circus." You have to see it to believe it, and even then you might not trust your eyes.

"When you come to one of our concerts, you can do whatever you want," encourages Chip. "As long as you don't throw anything at us."

"Except jewelry" laughs Donnie. "Hey, if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the concert hall!"

Are they kidding? Not on your life!!

But **Enuff Z•Nuff** aren't just fooling around folks. Stick it on, turn it up and see if you don't agree. **Enuff Z•Nuff** are the genuine article, a band that takes the glories of rock-n-roll's past and polishes it up for their g g g generation. Don't say we didn't warn ya.



BADLANDS

Like a phoenix rising from its ashes, four musicians have shed the chains which bound them to their previous units to combine their talents in a shared musical vision. That vision is Badlands. Born from a desire to blend hardened metal rhythms with blues-based melodies, the members of Badlands came together out of an innate sense of musical brotherhood. In so doing, each brought with him a background richly steeped in the very foundations of rock history.

Formed in the summer of 1989 when guitarist Jake E. Lee contacted vocalist Ray Gillen, the two quickly added bassist Craig Chaisson and drummer Eric Singer. The quartet hit the Los Angeles rehearsal studios to polish material for their self-titled debut album. The stark, gripping tunes that emerged from those sessions paid homage to rock's hallowed past while paving way for its future. Songs like "Hard Driver," "High Wire," "Dreams in the Dark," and "Streets Cry Freedom" are potent compositions filled with both the passion and power which mark Badlands' sound. Yet it is the individuals making up this fierce fraternity that merit special attention:

Axe master Jake E. Lee earned his stellar reputation as a member of Ozzy Osbourne's band for four years, during which he appeared on two albums, "Bark at the Moon" and "Ultimate Sin." By the time he left that unit in 1987, his onstage gyrations and sizzling, six-string guitar histrionics marked him as a guitarist who spewed forth hard rock tunes with a strong emotional edge. Wielding his battered white Charvel like the ultimate instrument of metal attack, Jake established himself as one of rock's most adventurous and exciting guitar heroes. Now, as a member of Badlands, he hopes to take rock guitar to new artistic heights.

"We're all influenced by the blues. Ray isn't the world's highest screamer and Eric isn't your typical thrash or techno drummer. He comes from an older school and so does Greg. We all play with a lot of feeling."

Singer Ray Gillen cut his musical teeth on tour with Black Sabbath in 1986. His charismatic stage persona and his searing vocal power turned on audiences everywhere—both the guys attracted by Gillen's macho stance and the girls turned on by his raw sexual aura. But this New Jersey native will never be satisfied being rock's latest pin-up king. He wants to live and sing. "This is the first time I've been able to write music that really sounds like me. I never felt that 'special thing' before about any band I was in, but I know what it feels like, this band is it!"

Eric Singer paid his dues as the hard hitting drummer for Lita Ford, Gary Moore, and Black Sabbath. His association with Gillen in Sabbath made him the obvious choice as Badlands' power percussionist. His kinetic energy both onstage and off makes him Badlands' most outgoing member as well as the rock solid formation of the band's sound. "Our music is not singles, hit-type music. It's very concert oriented and dynamic. It's very raw and real and geared toward our audiences. I call it 'intensely' real because we have incredible intensity when we play live."

Bassist Greg Chaisson is the perfect complement to Badlands' high-flying musical attack. His steady rhythms and fleet-fingered approach provide the anchor for the band's sound and keeps it on its steady, unrelenting course. Hailing from Phoenix, AZ, Chaisson's laid back personality and passion for the martial arts and "muscle cars" characterize the aggressive stance he brings to Badlands' broadbased appeal. "I like being in a family-type band and that's what this is. We all hang out, we're all good friends. There are no egos and no poseurs."



In The Garage

© 1989 Michael Darnett

Sometimes in my sleep at night I wake up. I rise from my bed and go look inside the garage. One night when I did this I saw the strangest sight. I wake and break into a sweat most nights now; for the sight that filled my eyes comes back to fill my dying brain. I wish it would go away, but it probably will stay. If I tell anyone about it, they'll think me insane and want to operate. And I can't have that. What I saw you wouldn't believe, so I'll write it down. When the thought of it finally kills me then maybe you'll understand that perhaps your opinion of me was mistaken. Perhaps I wasn't crazy or perhaps the thing in the garage made me so. It doesn't matter anymore. It never has. It never will.

Night is coming once again. Night is when I sleep. I try to stay awake but it's no use. I must figure out how to kill the thing in the garage before it gets me. Perhaps if I shit on it, it will die. I doubt it will, but I must try.

It's impossible to describe the thing. Beyond belief it is. It slides across my concrete floor. It has eyes! They are tiny and ugly. It worries me that it can read my mind, well what is left of it. For the thing has taken most of it and its appetite has not been met.

It got through the hole in the wall by my washing machine. I knew I should have repaired that hole. My friends, they like to think of themselves as my friends, told me to fix that hole. They said it made me look poor. They said the neighbors would get up a petition and force me to do it. So I refused. And look what it's brought me.

I put plastic on my furniture today. That way if the thing comes in and sits, my stuff will be protected.

I've heard voices in my head since I was ten. The doctors told my parents I was crazy. They gave me a spinal tap to cure my mental illness. It was very expensive, so I guess it worked.

Last night I dreamt I begged to God to get rid of the thing in the garage. I dreamt he answered my plea and freed me from my misery but it was only temporary as God has always enjoyed fucking me.

I dreamt I met the King of the Weasels. I knew him immediately. He is someone that only I know. He's very special, you see. I want to kill him. This my dream would not allow, for I was the good guy; I couldn't figure out how. He got information from me that I didn't want to impart, but being King of the Weasels has made him very smart. Not your average type of intelligence does this guy have.

I found God. He was sitting on my sofa in my living room in front of the window. The curtains were closed. I asked him what he was doing there and he said, "Don't you know I am everywhere?"

"That's bullshit," I said. I was glad I'd put plastic on my furniture. At least he didn't soil my sofa, which is only two years old.

Time holds no relevance for me. I have no idea how long it's been since I discovered the thing. To some people time is everything. It's not to me. Time just cycles. I hate cyclists. If I ever get my license back, why, I'll run a few of them over.

A short bald fat man knocked on my door this morning. I hate people like that. I let him in and killed him. I hit him on his nasty head with a hammer. He wasn't expecting it. He looked surprised, at least I surmised, as I carefully looked in his dying eyes. I'll tell you what I did with the body, though you won't believe me, I'm sure. You may even think me barbaric. I sacrificed it to 'you know who.' It seemed quite pleased, it seemed to me, as it ate the body rapidly. I knelt on the floor and whispered a prayer. I told it the next sacrifice would have hair.

Last night a scary dream I had. It takes a lot to unravel me anymore, but this did. I turned face-down on my waterbed and Jesus was in there staring at me. I tried to get up, and quick, but I couldn't. Then God invaded my privacy. He entered my bedroom. I could tell from the smell. "My son is in your waterbed," he said. "Let him out."

I finally gathered my courage; calm I appeared. I'd let God see I was no chicken-shit. "He's mine," I said. "Possession is ninety percent of the law." I'd heard that many times before and was pretty sure it was true. "Get out of here, God. You bother me. I don't appreciate you entering my bedroom uninvited."

I turned and looked at him. There he stood. Well actually he was floating slightly off the floor. His eyes bore into me but I wasn't scared. The thing in the garage is what scares me now. God never did. No way. No how.

"Get the fuck out of my bedroom!" I shouted at God. He obeyed, and he'd better. After all, I do have his son in my waterbed.

I haven't fed the thing for a while. I'm sure it's getting hungry. I can sense it. It almost seems I feel its hunger; as if we're connected somehow.

I slept on the couch last night. I hate to admit it, but Jesus in my waterbed bothers me. I woke up to go to the bathroom about three a.m. I'd left my bedroom door open — as I always do. I looked in my room as I walked down the hall. God was in there leaning over my waterbed. He'd removed my sheets, which are hard as hell to put on properly since they shrunk in the wash. He was trying to figure out how to open the waterbed and drain Jesus out. I laughed silently and continued to the bathroom to do my business. People, even gods, underestimate me. Of

course I'd put a padlock on the bed. No way I'm letting Jesus out. Not until I get proper compensation. He's got to be worth something.

It's Sadie Hawkins Day. A red haired woman called me. I can't remember her name, but I knew her well before the thing came. She invited me to the town dance. I told her to pick me up at eight. She has lots of hair. The thing in the garage should be pleased.

"It almost seems I feel its hunger; as if we're connected somehow."

Last night as I lay asleep on the couch, I heard the garage door open. The thing came out and sat in a chair. We had a conversation. It was not a language I knew, but somehow I understood. Immediately after it finished and returned to its garage — I think of the garage as its garage now — I got up and hurried to my desk. There, I retrieved a pencil and pad of paper. I began to write the conversation down before I forgot it. But the language was so strange I couldn't transpose it, and the pencil refused to do my bidding. Now as I sit here pencil in hand, I can't remember what it said anyway.

I never let Jesus out of the bed; he finally drowned in there. God went away; that made me sad, for I'd gotten used to his smell. The thing drools over Jesus; he doesn't know he's dead. Neither does anyone else, it seems. And me, I really don't care.

Things returned to normal and I'm a happy man. I feed the thing; it's satisfied. It's gotten rather fat.

I've learned to speak its language; it tells interesting stories each night. It's a clever thing. I'm sure glad it came.

I took the plastic off my furniture.
The End.

Guavaween 1989

The madness of the Mama Guava Stumble and thousands of unbridled costume-clad Tampans still lingers in the minds of the partygoers...

It was a night of guilty pleasure!
Halloween debauchery of a 100,000 outrageous revelers! Where were you? Look on...

Concept: Johnny V.



Copy: Patti Z.



Photos by David Monroe





Top 20 Thrusters Your Favorite Groupie Would Love To Have For Christmas!

Listed in Alphabetical Order

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Sebastian Bach (Skid Row) | backstage pass for a kiss!) |
| 2. Michael Damian (Just Kidding) | 11. Vince Neil (Motley Crue) |
| 3. Neil Diamond | 12. Donny Osmond |
| 4. Joe Elliot (Def Leppard) | 13. Ritchie Sambora (Bon Jovi) |
| 5. Ray Gillen (Badlands) | 14. Nikki Six (Motley Crue) |
| 6. Michael Jackson (looks like a
guy & girl! I want that once.) | 15. John Sykes (Blue Murder) |
| 7. Jerry (Warrant) | 16. Mike Tramp (White Lion) |
| 8. Jon Bon Jovi | 17. Joey Temppes (Europe) |
| 9. Brett Michaels (Poison) | 18. Steve Tyler (going
downwwwnn!) |
| 10. Neil "Loverboy" Nachman
(Sure, you can have my | 19. Millie Vannilli (2 • 4 • 1) |
| | 20. Kip Winger (Winger) |



Photo by Osborne

10 Hottest Local Thrusters & What Admirers Would Like To Give Them For Christmas!

Listed In No Particular Order

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Rick (Messenger) "I want to suck his nipples and then do him all over with my tongue then keep him chained up and give him food for sexual favors!" | least four days solid. I want him to lick me from head to toe and then I want to return the flavor. Then it's time to play "Around the World in Bed" until I have him so exhausted he's totally in my control!" |
| 2. Shawn (Wicked Teaze) "He has a thing for roses—I want to put roses into the tub before we get in, play in there for awhile, then put baby oil all over the bed, then plaster it with rose petals, then move from the tub to the bed. I want to eat all the rose petals off of him that will be sticking to him when he gets out of the tub." | 7. Bobby (Emerald City) "I want him to call me up and beg me to have him over. I'll fill the tub up with champagne, sprinkle it with roses (candles will be lit everywhere). We'll get in and make love licking and sipping until we're ready to move to the bear rug on the floor. We'll make love for many hours then start over." |
| 3. Tracy (Syndicate) "I want to fulfill his fantasy and take myself and a black woman and him to a baby-oil slicked waterbed that has no sheets on it in a public place such as a department store." | 8. Buddy (Circus) "I want him to take his constantly moving body and jump on top of me while I'm in the audience and sing to only me and tell me he has something wild waiting for me back-stage! By the way, I want the guys in Circus to dip my nipples in hot wax!" |
| 4. Jimmy (Autodrive) "I want to lay him down on a four poster bed and tie all four limbs with wrist restraints. Then I rub a bottle of Emotion Lotion all over him. After I lick it all off, there will be something left standing. I want to spray it with whip cream, decorate it with candies and eat until my heart's content!" | 9. Rob and Rich (Strutter) "I want to dress up as a woman cop while they're back-stage. After I strip search them, I want to force Rob on the bottom of me and Rich on top. While we're having fun, I want the curtain to go up and be ex-posed to at least 1,500 fans." |
| 5. Billy (Heartless) "I want to take him to a secluded area downtown, find a park bench and have him get on his hands and knees naked and propose to me. I'll grab him and as we're doing it scream yes-yes-yes. (By now, a couple of winos would have had the time of their life and so would I!)" | 10. Jeff (Intice) "He will announce to the whole audience that he finds me so adorably attractive that he can't stand it anymore, that he has to have me whole and completely backstage—now! We have the amp hooked up so at least everyone can hear us. I'll give him the time of his life and the audience, too!!" |
| 6. Cody (Cry Tuff) "I want him to take me (and my two dogs so they can watch) to a room for at | |



THRUST Bizarre Groupie Christmas Sex Rituals

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. "One of these chicks tied me down, gave me a mohawk, put me in a diaper and rubbed poison ivy on my ass (for that rash effect)!" | 7. "I was playing the Cat Club in NY and a girl was holding a Scoobie Dooie lunch box in her mid-bottom section and came up to Dave the guitar player and wanted him to have her for lunch, perhaps?!" |
| 2. "You know about the Chinese basket!!" | 8. "In a hotel room in GA I was tied down by a young lady (16) who said she was 40 and we believed her. She tied me down, got on top of me and said she was a virgin. I believed her and she left me there for a day and a half. Afterwards, |
| 3. "There were four girls standing in a circle waiting for me to get out of the shower (They started without me)!" | |
| 4. "68 and I owe you one" | |
| 5. "77 'cuz it's 8 more" | |
| 6. "2 girls took me in the girl's bathroom and | |

serviced it from both sides at the same time while they played with each other. It was terrible. I hated every minute of it...really, I did!!"

I knew it was true."

- | |
|---|
| 9. "I let my roadie take care of it, but no, I couldn't rely upon him so he left it at Chicago Airport—so he had to compensate by getting two American flags and a piece of plastic rubber dog doo. I'll find out if I'm married later." |
| 10. "Three oriental sex goddesses break into the room and tie me down with dental floss. Neil "Loverboy" Nachman then comes into the room thinking that it was will-call and the girls see his backstage passes and leave me gagged and bound. Neil sends a postcard from Orlando that all is well and calls Dominos to get me untied." |



Thrust's 20 Best "I Meant To Get You A Christmas Present But..."

1. Crazy Aliens kidnapped me during the 30 shopping days before Christmas—I swear.
2. I was abducted by a band of raging Gypsies!
3. I spent it all on child support for my 27 kids!
4. I don't get paid till New Years!
5. I was out looking for my dealer!
6. I was out of town that week!
7. My girlfriend (boyfriend) lost her (his) job!
8. You deserve the best and I couldn't afford it, so...
9. I gave you something, you just don't get it yet!
10. I didn't know what you wanted!
11. I was in court that day!
12. I'm Jewish!
13. My cat was having a vasectomy!
14. I was too stoned!
15. My house got robbed right before Christmas.
Everything got stolen, even the \$2000 I had been saving since Junior High!
16. I couldn't buy wrapping paper with food stamps!
17. Christmas is a time of giving, so what are you giving me?
18. I sent all my money to Jim and Tammy Bakker!
19. It's the thought that counts, so I thought about you—a lot!
20. I left it at an Alzheimers Anonymous meeting!



25 Coolest Christmas Gifts For The Thruster In Your Family

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Green and Red Condoms | 13. Cash |
| 2. Sex Toys | 14. Matching Brady Bunch Lunch Boxes |
| 3. Record Deal | 15. 4 Bisexual Women on the Beach with a K-Y jelly. |
| 4. Subscription to Thrust | 16. Having someone steal Steve Riggs hat and sunglasses to uncover his true identity! |
| 5. Leather (all kinds) | 17. A Day Off |
| 6. 3 Hot Bisexual Women and a life supply of Blatz Beer | 18. Glass of cold gravy with a curly hair in it |
| 7. Uncle Rich T-Shirt | 19. Girls, Girls, Girls |
| 8. Go-kart | 20. Men, Men, Men (equal billing) |
| 9. Charlene | 21. Alf Nose-hair remover |
| 10. A Good Agent | 22. Hershey's Syrup |
| 11. 4 Gold Records, 3 French maids, 2 bags of bud, and a BJ in a pear tree | 23. Squeeze Parkay (in case #22 is sold out) |
| 12. Stranger to open for Heartless | 24. Pam Stein upside down and inside out |
| | 25. Equipment |

A Band By Any Other Name

by Parker Bennett

"We became the Originals — we had to change our name, actually. There was another group in the East End called The Originals, and we had to rename ourselves: The New Originals. And then they became The Regulars. They changed their name to the Regulars and we thought, well, we could go back to the Originals, but what's the point?"

From the movie, Spinal Tap

Finding a name for a band can be almost as hard as coming up with material for an album, according to Jeff Wattmap of **Night Ranger**. "When you try to think of names, logic escapes you — creativity goes out the window." The band wound up picking the name "Ranger" out of a hat, narrowly avoiding such alternatives as Cheerio, Fitt, and Big Bunny. When they found out another band in Nashville already had the name, they adopted "Night Ranger," the title of one of their songs.

Not everyone has a hard time, however. **Til Tuesday** just knew they wanted a day of the week, passing up "Sunday's Best." **Cutting Crew** came from a nickname for veteran studio musicians, **Metallica**, from a combination of the band's two favorite things: metal and vodka. Pal Waaktaar was writing lyrics when he realized a-ha means the same thing in every language. And Morissey, of **The Smiths**, was looking for the most generic name he could think of, the most common in England and America. **The Beastie Boys** have a similar claim: "It was the stupidest name that we could think of."

The Kinks had just recorded their first single, sitting in a pub on Denmark St. in London, trying to figure out what to call themselves. They were sitting around with a friend of theirs and all of a sudden Dave Davies walked in wearing a pair of hip boots, like Wellington boots, and a long red shirt that looked like a dress — you couldn't even tell he was wearing pants. And someone looked at him and said I think you should call this band — that's kinky. And that's where they got the name the Kinks.

The name **Crowded House** also came simply enough: While the Australian trio was recording their debut album they all lived in a tiny bungalow in Hollywood. According to lead singer Neil Finn, it was a good name because the house was crowded, "not only with people, but with ideas." Less optimistically, lead singer Richard Darbyshire named his band **Living in a Box**, after his experience in a govern-

ment-sponsored Council House in England.

Many band names go through metamorphoses. **The Replacements** wound up changing their name when the owner of a local club wouldn't hire them as **The Impediments**. With the new name they were booked the following week. **The Bangles** went from **The Supersonic Bangs** (coined after the extravagant haircuts of the 60s) to **The Bangs**, which the band liked for its double-entendre, until another band called **Bangs** forced them to change the name once more, which emerged as a combination of **Bangs** and **Beatles**.

Scotland's **Danny Wilson** was at first **Spencer Tracy**, until the Tracy estate threatened a lawsuit. Instead, their debut album, Meet Danny Wilson, took its name from the 1952 movie with Frank Sinatra. In fact, several bands have found inspiration in the movies. **Fine Young Cannibals** got their name from the 1960 Robert Wagner, Natalie Wood bomb All the Fine Young Cannibals.

10,000 Maniacs is derived from a Herschell Gordon Lewis cult gore-film, 2,000 Maniacs. **Cinderella** got their name from a porn film title found in a cable movie guide. "At least it wasn't the Disney version," says Tom Keifer of the band.

Places can be inspirational, too. **The Del Fuegos** took their name from Tierra Del Fuego, the southern most point in South America, because they "wanted their music to be as low-down as you can get." **Fire Town** also liked the idea of a place, so they created their own. "We liked the idea that there was a place that you can go to — like you could see it on the interstate while driving on the I-94 to Chicago," said Doug Erikson and Phil Davis.

Other bands have turned to the written word. Mark King, of **Level 42**, tells us that their name came the Douglas Adam's Hitchiker's Guide to the Galaxy, "where there's a computer so advanced it can answer the ultimate question: the meaning of life, the universe and everything. And the answer is 42. Anyhow, we just put Level in front of it, and that's it." Jack Hues of **Wang Chun** found his band's name while reading a book on the composer Stockhausen, who refers to 'Huang Chun,' meaning 'perfect pitch' in Chinese. The eight members of **Oingo Boingo** claim to have found their name in a fortune cookie during one of their frequent trips to the San Francisco area. "We were told in Sechewan it is a word used to describe a tool that removes hubcaps from Chevies."

THE ONE HUNDRED BEST UNUSED BAND NAMES:

Compiled by, from shortest to tallest, Charlotte Bennett, Tom Tsuneta, Scott Bennett, Parker Bennett, Lincoln Abbey. (Our apologies if any of these are actual, yet-to-be-recognized bands.)

1. THE ANTI-BAND
2. ARTIFICIAL WHIMS
3. AZZMA
4. BAD ACRONYM
5. BAD GNUS
6. BAM BAM
7. THE BEEFTARTS
8. BIG HAIR!
9. BING!
10. BLACK BOARD
11. BLOWFISH
12. BUBBLIN' CRUDE
13. THE BURRS
14. THE CALM
15. CHECK ONE, TWO
16. THE CHIGGERS
17. THE CHUBS
18. THE COB
19. THE CUD
20. THE CURD
21. DA Z'S
22. DAY I
23. DOING MARSHA BRADY
24. THE DRAIN
25. DUO DENIM
26. THE FAX
27. THE FOAM CO.
28. FULL THROTTLE
29. THE FURBLES
30. THE GNUS
31. THE GRUNTS
32. THE GUISE
33. GUMBY ENIGMA
34. GUS KLENKE AND HIS RADIOACTIVE SLUG RANCH
35. THE HEAD
36. HEAVY MELLOW
37. H.E. DOUBLE HOCKEY STICKS
38. HOMO MILK
39. INNER CALM
40. THE IRRITANTS
41. JAMES AT 15
42. JUST ADD WATER
43. LANCE AND THE BOILS
44. THE LIQUID MEN
45. McJAGGER
46. MEATCAKE
47. THE MILK BALLS
48. MOSTLY SPACE
49. MOUNTAIN OF BLOW
50. THE NEW GUY
51. NICE TRY
52. NOBODY
53. O.J. DINGO
54. THE OLD TESTICLES
55. ONE MOE
56. ORANGE ORANGE
57. PASTURIZED PROCESSED CHEESE FOOD
58. PAUL IS DEAD
59. THE PAUSE
60. PLAY ON WORMS
61. POCKET POOL
62. POKE 'N' THE WHISKERS
63. POSSABLE ACTION FIGURES
64. THE PRESIDENT
65. THE PRODS
66. THE PRONGS
67. THE QUARK
68. THE ZOTS
69. REFUCHEESE
70. THE RELATIVES
71. ROC BAN
72. THE RUBBERS
73. THE RUNS
74. SCRAM
75. SILENT "L"
76. THE SMALL CURDS
77. THE SOULS
78. SPACE FOOD STIX
79. SPRIDDLE
80. THE STUFF
81. THE STUMPS
82. THE TAPE WORMS
83. THESE GUYS
84. THINK MEAT!
85. THROAT CULTURE
86. THE THUGS
87. TRUTH COMPOTE
88. UMLAUT
89. UNIBROW
90. THE UNINVITED
91. VIOLET CLIMB
92. THE VIRUS
93. THE WAD
94. WAX LIPS
95. THE WHY
96. THE WOMB
97. WOODY AND THE PECKERS
98. YOUNG ED MCMAHON
99. ZOO PARTY
100. THE ZOTS



Jeff Wujcik



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Singers From Tampa Bay Have Something Great Going For Them

by Thom Downs

Singers from all over the country are moving to L.A. or N.Y.C., not just because the major labels and top managers are there, but also because the finest teachers of Rock and Pop singers can be found there.

It's almost impossible to find a teacher who really understands the special problems of the Rock-Pop singer, and who can greatly expand range, power, quality and endurance. Most singing teachers who can do all this have long since moved to where the big money is. And why not? Practically every lead singer in every major recording band is now studying with a private teacher. Even the backup singers are studying. Competition is just too stiff not to.

There is a teacher right here who rivals all of the famous teachers in the "big towns." His name is Al Koehn, and he has no intention of moving.

Al tells me: "I believe the Tampa Bay Area will soon become the next major performance and recording area for Rock and Pop music in the country, and I plan to be waiting here when that happens. When Geoff Tate or Tina Turner asks, 'Who is THE singing teacher around here?' I'll be the guy."

Al already has a lot to be proud of. You only have to listen to Midnight of Crimson Glory, Jeanelle of Maya, Patrick of Intice, Rick of Cruella d' Ville and many more great local singers to realize that Al knows his business.

Al Koehn

For private or group lessons, call 586-6817.
For an introductory tape and lesson manuscript from his famous cassette course, send \$3.00 to Pro-Voice, Inc. 2288 McMullen Rd.
Largo, FL 34641.

Take my word for it, you'll be glad you did!

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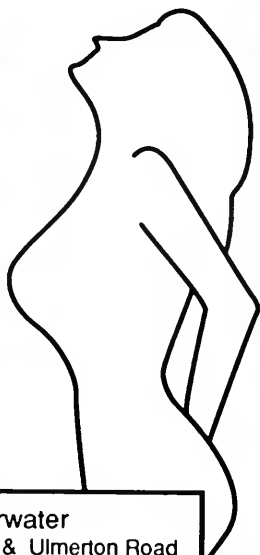
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I'm interested in ☐ Advertising Design ☐ Illustration ☐ Photo Retouching ☐ Other _____



Member Name	Brett Miller	Johnny O.	Stink	Jason Sinay
Instrument	Bass	Vocals, Guitar	Drums	Gremlin Guitar
Hair	Black as night	Jet Black	None More Black	Blacker
Eyes	Blue	Green	Bloodshot	Brown
Birthday	December 25	April 4	March 14	July 13
Fave Albums	Beatles For Sale Specimen Angel/White Hot	Sgt. Peppers Aftermath Disraeli Gears	Aerosmith/Draw The Line Janis Joplin/Pearl Dead Serious/Blow Chunks	Dylan/Street Legal Elton John/Madman Stones/Exile
Prized Possession	'79 Chrysler Wagon with wood siding	67' Triumph Motorcycle	My Twinkie	My Phonemate
Fave Place to Shop	Golden Apple Comics	Pep Boys	7-11	Bullocks
Fave Local Club	Coconut Teaszer	English Acid	Whisky-A-Go-Go	Coconut Teaszer
Fave All Time Bands	Beatles Baby Angel	Beatles Rolling Stones	Janis Joplin Aerosmith Joan Jett	Dylan Stones Beatles
Fave View	Las Vegas Strip at Night	The Ceiling	Looking Down From Above	From The Stage
Fave Movies	Hard Days Night Gentlemen . Blondes Viva Los Vegas	Hard Day's Night Phantom of the Paradise How I Won The War	Hair The Rose Spinal Tap	Romeo & Juliet Black Christmas Ninth Configuration
Fave Sports	Roller Ball Strip Dominos	Bowling with Milk	Water Sports	Capture The Flag
Pet Peeve	TV Stars Who Sing	Greg	Late People Life In General	Freeway Assholes
Local Fave Bands	Woodpeckers Zeros Electric Love Hogs	Zeros Black Cherry 151 Swing	Love/Hate Zeros Dead Serious	Other than Us?
Fave Famous Sex Goddess	Ann-Margaret 6 inches from girlfriend's navel	Jayne Mansfield (post accident)	Roseanne Barr	Ursula Andress
Fave Place To Eat			The "Y"	Marie Callenders
Dream Car	'59 Cadillac Convertible	'67 Shelby Cobra	2 Door Chevy Chevette	'82 Red Aston-Martin Vantage
Fave Cartoon	Dan Quayle	Bugs Bunny	Stink The Rat	Johnny Quest
Jukebox From Hell Song	"Undercover Angel"	"I Like Dreaming"	Anything By Dokken	"Tie A Yellow Ribbon"



MOCK N' ROLL



FOXXXHEAD

Name	Stephanie Brady	Tina Brady	Kentucky Brady	Erika Brady
Instrument	Lead Vocals	Lead Guitar	Bass	Drums
How Long	15 years	Forever	5 Years	7 years
Hair	Blonde	Blonde	Blonde	Blonde
Eyes	Green	Green	Brown	Green
Musical Influences	Ann Wilson Pat Benatar Geoff Tate	Jimmy Page Timothy Leary Liberacé	Idi Amin Donald Trump	John Bonham AJ Perro Tommy Lee
Best Advice	Don't Forget To Take Your Medicine	Don't Get Pregnant	Keep Rockin'	Don't Marry For Money
Worst Advice	Don't Chew With Your Mouth Full	Trust My Boyfriend	Stop Playing	Always Trust A Man with Blue Eyes
Fave Sex God	Inspector Gadget	Jim Baker	Tony	A Dominating, Tall
Fave Qualities In a Guy	Long Hair A Pulse	Tall Blonde & Stupid	Gorgeous Greek Gods	Blonde Guitarist Long Hair, Good Build
Fave Cartoon	Josie and the Pussycats	Electra-woman & Dyna-Girl	Jem and Josie and the Pussies	Jem
Fave Pastime	Phrenology	Tripping	Osteopathy	Partying-listening to the stereo
Fave TV Show	Married With Children	Star Trek	Star Trek	Roseanne
Fave Place To Go	Bathroom	Aimee's Adult Book Store	The Hospital	Backstage Concerts
Fave Local Club	Boy Scouts Club	Billy	My Butt Hair	Jeffrey's
Birthday	February 30	Oct. 27—buy me a drink	March 1	Halloween
Fave Color	Black and Pink	Pink	Murple Murple	Red
Fave Drink	Prune Juice	Maalox	Screaming Orgasm	Pearl Harbor
Fave Band	TNT Queensryche	TNT Menudo	Fred-a German Band in Tampa	White Snake Savatage
Fave Local Band	Emerald City	Powersurge Emerald City Circus	Dirty Virgin FoXXXhead Savatage	Emerald City
Fave Comedian	Orville Redenbacher	Steven Wright	Chris Phillips	Robin Williams
Fave Quote	A Mind Is A Terrible Thing	Subscribe, don't be stupid	Just Say Yes	Fuck Me Running Backwards
Fave Idol	The Fonz	See Question # 12	Meeeeeeeeee	The Male Testicle

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THE DANCING MAN

Michael Barnett

WHERE HAVE ALL THE GOOD TIMES GONE?

Aids: the genius of replicating mutation: science at its best. And the Russians aren't wasting any time. Those pinko commie bees are working round the clock charting star-paths, interstellar routes, building flying machines. They're going to Mars. They aren't taking John Denver either; Jackson Browne was right. Yet the most dreaded disease; the scourge of this forsaken planet; the plague of the century; the unthinkable happened when we weren't looking: Music Died.

Sure, you can go to the mall and buy cds; even some albums that contain coherent chords. Why, there might be half-a-dozen musicians alive today who can compose and perform music. Are they touring? Who cares? They can't sing or hear anymore. Who cares if the Who comes to town? What about the Rolling Stones? They've always stunk. Yet you say, "But they're the 'Stones!'" They're the oldest rock and roll band in existence! Why, if I don't see them, I might never get another chance!"

I've got news for you. Mick Jagger never could sing. Perhaps your jewelry-encrusted ears don't hear the Stones' noise. Maybe your pierced noses can't smell the crap they make.

Let's examine "Guns and Roses." Such a clever

title. Such lovely tattoos. Yes, dear readers, tattoos are back—"G&R's" contribution to society; for it certainly isn't their music (and I use the term "music" loosely) or their racial slurs. Let's send them to Harlem. They should do well there.

Grammy award winner Toto: Is it true? Have they gotten back together to bless us with more sublime lyrics like: "I guess it rains down in Africa?" Now there's a line I ponder every day.

And the "Fine Young Cannibals?" I'll listen to them when they live up to their name and eat human flesh. Yeah. That's when they'll command my respect.

And Elvis Costello? He truly is a genius. One of the few remaining writers who takes pride in his work. And he orchestrates too. Yet who needs lines like: "A butterfly drinks a turtle's tears, but how do you know he really needs it?" and "Cos a butterfly feeds on a dead monkey's hand, Jesus wept—he felt abandoned." Even Elvis makes mistakes.

And who do you think you are to judge Bob Dylan's voice? You have no right. Neither does Billy Joel—what an asshole. Who cares if he gets stink-slime from Christie? She's stupid. Stupid people are ugly. Who wants to screw stupid people? I broke the Billy Joel albums that infested my house. My wife

must have bought them. I certainly didn't.

Now let's examine talent. Real talent. Genius. Mr. Ray Davies. Does anybody out there remember Ray? "Oh yeah, I saw him on MTV. I remember him. He's one of those guys who used to play with the Kinks. Whatever happened to them?"

You might think I'm some ancient rock and roller, or that I was raised on classical piano, or that Paul is really dead (which of course he always has been). Think of me as you wish; for I know music. Yes I do. Much better than you. For I am "The Dancing Man."

So go on living you're insignificant filthy little rock music lives: lives that no real God would allow. Pierce those nostrils; dye that hair; sweat green oozy stinking stuff as you wait for that next hit from the crack pipe. You live on "Dead End Street," but you don't know it. How could you, not owning a brain? This raises an interesting question. Maybe you'll ask it someday.

And remember. Please don't drink and drive. You might smash into a busload of Christian Republicans.

Where have all the good times gone? It's a rhetorical question.



Making the Music Scene

Alright, say you're brand new in Tinseltown and don't know anyone. A good place to start is the **Music Connection** classifieds. The publication can be readily found throughout the greater Los Angeles area from 7-11 to MBE (Mail Box Etc.) to newsstands (the most stocked and varied of which is located on the corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga Blvds.) to name a few. I recommend subscribing to **Music Connection** no matter what part of the country you live in, especially if you're planning to eventually visit or relocate to Southern California. The mag offers a decent column or two on help-wanted ads and a free "musicians wanted/musicians available" section.

Music Connection also runs numerous display ads, which are more useful to groups already performing in the area. The advertising sales reps at **Music Connection** are extremely helpful and cordial, so as soon as your group wants the media and label reps to take heed of your act, contact **Steve or Nick** at (213) 462-5772.

Since this publication caters to music industry personnel more so than the average "club-goer", it is best that you place your advertisements accordingly. That is, I wouldn't advise you to announce your first Hollywood show in a full-page ad. The rationale is simple: before presenting itself to the record biz, every debuting band needs time to work up its confidence and overall stage presence in front of a live audience. And I don't mean just a room full of your friends, either. You've got to face the curtain sometime and see if you can draw fans—and then, of course, maintain them.

Advertising in **Music Connection** is very useful once a band has performed the Hollywood club circuit for a few months and want to attract the movers-n-shakers. Nonetheless, even though you don't need to pack a room in order to obtain the attention of the music industry, it sure doesn't hurt. So on that note, let me steer you towards **BAM** (Bay Area Music) Magazine, devoted more to California's typical club and concert goer. Let me just say, however, this does not mean that the readers of the two magazines are not often the same. This leads to the importance of working with some sort of local representative (be it a manager, agent or whatever) who knows all the local publications demographics and circulation, as well as the band's history and situation, to ensure the most economical expenditure of both time and money.

My suggestion is for rock acts (everything from pop to speed metal) to advertise in **BAM**. This holds true primarily during the initial stages of a band's emergence on the local scene, to help build enough of a following to guarantee future bookings. **BAM** also has a "personals" section in the back, and classified

rates for the "musicians wanted" section are \$5.00 for the first 15 words; other categories are \$15.00 for the first 15 words. For additional information, the person to talk to for ads is **Tracey Halloran: (213) 467-7878**.

For those bands in the new music, dance and alternative genres, **L.A. Weekly** is the best publication to advertise in. No matter what your musical style, be sure your group is mentioned in the extensive Weekly listings section, which is divided by genre. The **L.A. Reader** caters to a similar audience and also offers listings, but has a lesser circulation than the **Weekly**.

Additionally, attend as many classes, lectures, seminars and workshops as you can afford, to broaden your knowledge of the record business and network with working artists and entertainment industry experts. In L.A., the **Concrete Foundations Forum** is held each year in September, while the **Independent Music Conference** is offered during late spring. Both actively seeking volunteers for a multitude of tasks—who, in return, are compensated all activities, panels and showcases. Volunteers learn as they participate, as well as make contacts they otherwise would be unable to. Not a bad trade-out, since seminars of this nature usually cost a couple hundred bucks or more.

Other important music industry conferences on the opposite coast include the **New Music Seminar** every summer and **CMJ Convention** in the fall, both held in Manhattan each year.

Most importantly, get out on the streets and schmooze. Meet other acts/musicians and make contacts (not just friends or bandmates) by going to all types of shows at different clubs. Make yourself a regular on the scene—even the most successful of us here in Hollywood were newcomers once!

Although it is ultimately necessary for every newcomer to Hollywood's Rock and Roll circuit to immerse himself into the local scene to gain familiarity and acceptance, the benefits of "formal" education should never be downplayed. Countless experts engaged in the music biz—otherwise unavailable to local musicians—are at your disposal through the many assemblages offered on a regular basis

through the L.A. area. Countless classes and forums on all aspects of the music business are offered year round; read the local music publications, trades and daily newspapers to stay abreast of what's available.

In order to acquaint yourself with the various music-related functions going on around the Greater Los Angeles area, affiliate with professional organizations. The three that I most strongly urge all musicians to join are **The National Academy of Songwriters (NAS)**, **Los Angeles Songwriter's Showcase (LASS)** and the co-ed (in spite of the name) **Los Angeles Women in Music (LAWIM)**.

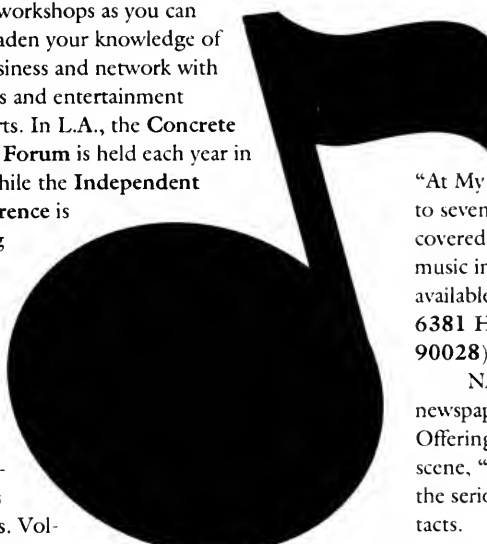
One of the best resources I've discovered for performers/songwriters /musicians in general—inclusive of beginners as well as those artists considered somewhat established—is the **National Academy of Songwriters (NAS)**. This organization offers bi-monthly panels (usually held at "At My Place" in Santa Monica) ranging from three to seven members, all veterans of the biz. The topics covered explore various issues prevalent in today's music industry, and a listing of upcoming panels is available by calling (213) 463-7178 (or write NAS, 6381 Hollywood Blvd. #780, Hollywood, CA 90028).

NAS also publishes "**Songtalk**," a quarterly newspaper not limited exclusively to songwriters. Offering heaps of information on today's music scene, "**Songtalk**" also serves as a networking tool for the serious musician interested in expanding his contacts.

Memberships for NAS are \$50 annually, for which you currently receive a "**Songwriters Survival Kit**"; dues include a "**Songtalk**" subscription, discounts to all NAS panels and health insurance.

The **Los Angeles Songwriter's Showcase** offers weekly "pitch-a-thons" for songwriters who are interested in having professionals in music industry screen their material. LASS provides career counseling, critiquing of songs, referrals and much more to its members. Yearly dues of \$95 include the organization monthly "**Musepaper**," and are available by calling (213) 654-1665 or writing LASS, P.O. Box 93759, LA, CA 90093.

Finally, **Los Angeles Women in Music (LAWIM)** is another great networking organization for both men and women—experts and novices alike—involved in rock but interested in its contributions to society as well as to arts and entertainment. Serving as the music industry's collective conscience, LAWIM is primarily responsible for fundraising events and charitable auctions; they also offer job listings in the music industry. For additional information regarding membership and upcoming projects, contact (213) 969-2537.





The Black Cat



Hey, fellow felines listen up! A lot has gone down since the turkey bone's been licked clean and a decadent rockin' yuletide season is upon us. So, here's an update on some locals that you may not have seen in awhile.

• Heartless Attack

Heartless hails from Ft. Lauderdale and is giving the Bay Area a real kick in the arse. Original members **Tommy Vincent** and **Jimmy Robinette**, **Christian Hamlet** and former "Lost Boy" legend **Billy Weber**—who's always accommodating to this cat, has found a new home at the **Rock it Club** and are currently being managed by **JFG International**. The boys have an extensive list of original material and will be recording a five song project to include "Bite The Bullet" and "Love That Fits Like A Glove" (Meow, could be fun) to name a few at **Morrisound Studio's** with **Jim Morris** handling the engineering and producing. The finished product will be available at your local music store in mid-January on CD's and Cassettes.

• Sakes Alive, It's Autodrive

One of the hardest touring bands, **Autodrive** pulled into town a couple of weeks ago, filling the **Porthole Lounge** with their style of "techno-rock".

Autodrive's cover list of material is quite varied, from pop songs by the **Cure**, **Nick Krenshaw**, **U2** and **Jane's Addiction** plus classics from **Pink Floyd**. They do the best version of "Rock On" by **David**



Essex that this cat has ever heard (These guys are out to kick Michael Damian's wimpy ass!) **Wes Dearth** is definitely one of the Bay Area's underrated guitarists and **Jimmy Murdock** has a voice and stage presence that would convey on an arena stage as well as it does in a club. Let's not overlook the very talented brothers, **Mark** and **Paul Prator** on drums and keys and **Dave Wehner** who is quite proficient on his red **Richenbacher** bass (Nice boots there, Dave!).

Though the band does throw originals into their cover sets, they have an all original last set which is the highlight of the night. Though they play much of their

older stuff "Turn Me On," "You've Changed," and "Selfish," they have included "Best In You," "Going Down the Hard Way," "The Cold World," and "New World Machine" which, incidentally folks,

that, Santa!!) and keep touring and playing!"

Sounds good to this cat and I know all your friends and fans will keep supporting the band.

• Intice We Trust

The **Black Cat** recently spent some time in the dressing room with the boys from **Intice** at the **Fairgrounds Halloween Bash**. I must say I barely got away with all of my nine lives—talk about a frisky bunch of Tom Cats. **Vinnie, Patrick, Jeff, Jimmy** and I settled down to chat and they informed me that they are going to be very, very busy this holiday season. For starters, on Nov. 28, the **Inticers** held a press conference for 13 area high school newspapers. **Patrick St. Michael** explained, "The intent is to promote our release, *Taste The Night*, to the under 21 crowd, and to see about scheduling some shows for the teen-

agers. Also, a lot of bands forget that the kids lay the foundation for your following. Without their support, you don't have much!" How very true!

During December, **Intice** will be playing dates all over Florida and it's up to the **Big Apple** in January for a showcase at the **Cat Club** (my fave NY spot)! They are also going to do a tour in the northern states, hitting places in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland and New York. On a congrats note, *Taste The Night* was voted the #10 favorite release of this year by **Jeff Kitts**, a top writer for **Metal Mania Magazine**.

• 220 Volts and Counting

Tampa heavy-hitters, **Powersurge** have been laying low for a while creating a new project at **Morrisound Studios**. The as yet unnamed opus has **Tom Morris** engineering and co-producing with the band. The **Black Cat** got her claws into **Todd Boese** the other night. "We are currently having the tape shopped around to get a label (major/indie) to sign us, and we will start playing out in the next month or so with the new material!" Asked to describe the direction that they are going musically, he offered, "traditional heavy metal with progressive overtones!" Yup, he said that! He also assured the cat that the band's line-up has not changed in the 3 1/2 years they have been together: **Todd Boese**—lead singer, **Todd Dyer**—bass, **James Marro**—what a voice (Nuff said), **Eddie Rice**—lead guitar



and drummer extraordinaire, **Rudy Go-ryance**. The Cat wishes them luck in their current endeavors!

• **Don's Over Here**

Jeteye were the victims, uh...recipients of our rumor of the month last issue so the Black Cat stalked bass player **Don Brown** to clear up a few things. For one, it was a true rumor, for a while anyway. See...it goes like this. The Jeteyes were talking about adding a second guitar player when they were approached by **Matt Tripp**'s management about a deal. I quote Mr. Brown, "Matt's managers wanted a band to play under the name of **SixxPack** and tour Europe and we were offering \$100,000 to do it, but then that's a more intricate story..."

So, Jeteye met with Matt on bass, started playing, and performed at the **Volley Club** with Don Brown on rhythm guitar. But, alas, Jeteye felt the move wasn't in a direction they wanted to go in musically and management-wise. The parting with Matt was amicable and Jeteye wishes Matt "Good Luck" on his next

project. Further questioning Donny, The Cat found out that the band has been hiding out at the Batcave, their so-called Palm Harbor recording studio working on a four song demo. Songs included are "**Head Over Heels In Love**," "**Ask Me Why**," and "**Rose Fever**." They plan on distributing the tape locally and shopping it to labels as well. Jeteye played their first show in months at **Bodytalk** and it was obvious that they are excited (down boys) about playing out again. **Larry, Chip, Mike (& Curley)** and of course, **Danny** will be playing on a stage near you after the first of the year to plug the new songs.

• **Rumor of the Month**

Lead stud (Meow!!) **Jimmy Murdock** and **Kip Winger** are twins that were separated at birth by an evil nanny. How no one caught on to this before now is befuddling! Besides the obvious facial likeness, you've got those chests that give this kitty fur balls justlooking at them.

• **Concrete Landing**

This kitty strolled in a little late (I know, nothing new), got my tail caught

up in the midst of a mosh pit, but still managed to land on all fours just the same. The reasoning behind this ritual of pushing, jumping and shoving—**Psycho Tribe**—the opening act who I missed except for the last two songs that were quite, well, like **Living Colour** on a combination of **Darvocettes** and acid. Just a few moments to spare for cat talk and a drink before **Concrete Blonde** quietly stole onto the stage. **Johnette Napolitano** stood silent waiting as the rest of the band started the show. Johnette's melodic, sultry voice came forth in a turrel of songs off their recent release "**Free**" and others from **True!** The music was non-stop but for a quick mention of "**It's Only Money**", an old **Thin Lizzy** tune. Also notable was L.A. street inspired "**God Is A Bullet**". For this cat, the show ended too soon. Hopefully, their next return won't be too far off in the future.

• **Arazmo-tazz**

Stopping in at a few of the cat's favorite haunts, I met up with **Arazmo** who were shooting a video for "**Easy**

Does It," "**Drivin' Crazy**," and "**Women in Hotel Rooms**" which will be aired on January 1 and 2 on **Paragon Cable's "After Midnight"**. The **Arazmo's** have been keeping busy playing all over the south and for any felines who haven't hung with the **Razmo's** is in for a whisker-licking good time. The **Razmo's** have just added **Tomcat Bassist, Tony Wagner** joining the line-up of **David Arazmo** on guitar, **Jeff Paxson** on skins, and yes girls, **Warren Wonderful** purring his way into your heart. Watch for **Arazmo** in the Bay area in mid-January and listen for the heart-bending ballad "**You Make Me Feel**."

The **Black Cat's** fave Texas rockers, the **Mondo-Voodoo Death Dive Champions—Sheer Threat**—are in **Daytona** this week at the **O.P.** Or, catch them at the **Rock-it Club** in **December**.

Till Later

Merry Catsmas from the **Black Cat**
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