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live music

FUTURISK AT FINDER'S 6/24/82

by PREE AMP

One would think that a band with a name like 'Futurisk' would sound somewhat futuristic, wouldn't one? Well by the looks of the people hanging out in front of the club, you'd think we were at the Agora Ballroom waiting to see 'The Reactions' on a Tuesday night. (Remember those Days?) I mean, some chick with blue hair and a miniskirt. But, all poseurs aside, I went inside hoping to be entertained.

Jeremy Kolusine on synthesizer and vocals, Richard Hess on keys and Jack Howard on drums make up Futurisk.

They started their set with an original tune entitled 'The Plunge', a keyboard extravaganza that definitely lacked a guitar riff here and there. By the third song I thought these guys took some serious drugs at a Devo concert and never came down. Every song sounds the same, Devo in the beginning, Gary Numan in the middle, and Human League at the end.

Hess' 'one-finger' playing made him sound like an electronic component test fixture. One asset to the trio is Jeremy's vocals, and in a futuristic tee-shirt and baggy pants he seemed to get all the attention. Let's take 'METEORITE' for example (another original)- Jeremy's vocals made this danceable, somewhat promising tune fit together tightly, and not to mention 'ENOLA GAY' (an OMD cover-Ed.) which by the looks of the crowd had potential, and again, good vocals. They proceeded on with a few more boring, spacey tunes which brought us up to 'ARMY NOW', the title cut off their EP. At first we thought it was gonna be pretty good, but with Hess' professional one-finger method, he made it sound like they switched tunes in the middle of the song. (I can see ole Blue-hair now trying to shindig).

Anyway, Futurisk did 12 songs all together with only a chosen 4 I found worthwhile and/or danceable. The other 8 were boring, tasteless computer ballads which were nothing to write your friends in London about.

But who knows? Maybe Hess will learn to play with both hands some day. Then we could all dye our hair aqua and really rock out.

### LIVE FLORIDA REVIEW

Black Flag, Saccharine Trust, Roach Motel, and The Abusers  
Finder's Lounge, Hollywood, Florida

by Michael Koenig

"This is F-L-A, FLORIDA, F(uck)-L-A" posits local denizen/fanzine hero Robert 'New Order' Mascaro. I'll say too, Florida, the home of the skimpy clad, stands proudly as the cultural antithesis of LA or any other major city. And they like it that way, what with detaching slogans as above pandered about even before a single hardcore note is thrashed in any local club.

Bets go fifty-fifty whether FLA's celebrated hot is induced by sun or burning bras. Either way night's sex roast was punctuated by nipple teepees straining halter tops. As if swarthy air wasn't tight enough with 400 plus cramming into S. FLA's FIRST HARDCORE EXTRAVAGANZA, the biggest cultural event since Ponce De Leon bumped into this peninsula, without the cool beach air cut off by club's insulation, horny creatures of both sex hurling blatant innuendo, and drinks filled 4/5 ice, 1/5 mix and token spike.

Lucky me, with well-preserved biker nubles pat and Denise, at drink control headquarters, was fortunate to find myself caught in an ice war, opening shirts, pants, etc. pouring whole glasses of ice (4/5 actually, after two swigs of mix) down and around all reaches of the body. By night's end, I'd traded more ice via lust kisses, tweaked more teepees, and entered more cavities with the abundant ice, giving me all the SEX I needed (and could get) in too many moons.

In the spite of heat and ice, the crowd presented their own duality with a curious dress code: obligatory leather, anarchy t-shirts-- purposely ripped and safety-pinned (right on time these vogueish Floridians!), bright spandex crotch huggers, more gold on and around more skin displays than all US mint holdings and David Brenner's neck combined, multi-colored scratches of war paint makeup get-ups, etc. Ya know, lile a Saturday Night Live skit.

New music aficionados of metro-clubs would be neurologically lost in this room.

All this somehow worked a magical amalgamation of fun and twitter. Black Flag produced their usual mayhem, fusing an appropriate climax, serving as well to obliterate the three prior acts. Singer Henry Rollins kept admonishing instantly born slam dancers "Don't do that". Evidently the three northern transplants in atten-

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dance, physically bragging their wisdom, began slamming and after the initial shock of what bouncers soon realized wasn't a fight, the rest of the stunned mass soon closed agape mouths and joined in. Problem being these two dildroid hulks who thought it MACHO TIME, in true redneck form, shoving forcefully one after another helpless shrimp sliding on their teeth. Henry did, finally, get through to the hulks, while Black Flag finished a most inspired set, spurred no doubt by naive and enthusiastic cheers. Hell, this is 1977 in five-years-behind-the-times-FLA.

Saccharine Trust, traveling with Black Flag throughout this tour are adding to their legions of fans, stealing and incorporating Black Flag-ettes, their forty-five minute set criminally snubbed by a 20-minute PA delay. Distorto energy and cleverly constructed songs promoted the evening's only relief from steady and limited h. core drone (save Black Flag's "Damage"). Conversation with Saccharine Trust members unearthed biased comparisons betwixt FLA and LA. Except for guitarist Joe Baiza, born in Cuba, understandably compassionate of those from the "Little Havana" section of Miami, Saccharine Trust fancied the girls, found the surf-bums more dedicated, and generally gave herald to their West Coast enamoration. Partisan mules, deemed one Floridian.

The two opening bands from Florida, Gainesville's Roach Motel and The Abusers from Hollywood performed guileless setts without a painfully conscious demeanor, plaguing the competitive miasma of big city bands. Roach Motel's drummer was no show so Saccharine Trust drummer Rob Holzman filled in, playing consecutive sets. Still their show was enjoyable, with their Venture styled raveup of "Let's Go", classics from 1977-IS-today, and some interesting but forgettable originals. Both Florida groups dazzled the aud-

ience with a not-so-obvious cover of "Sonic Reducer", both putting vital life, breath, and primal scream to this heartwarming nugget, playing it pathetically slow and stupidly sloppy. Opening the show, The Abusers made their public debut. they created their own anarchy, riling and jeering crowd with middle finger extensions and expletive taunts. At first bewildered by onslaught of thrash explosives, by foreign guitar tonalities, everyone instinctively came alive as some girl with hefty hubs removed straps of her halter, exposing and gallivanting with Broadway footwork, nimbly carving her way past those amused, while loosening and setting the tone for the evening. Yeah, all this only in FLA.

#### RAW

If Laurie Anderson, The Residents, Devo and Andy Kaufman were comic-strip artists, they'd probably contribute to RAW. This big, expensive (usually \$4) comic/graphics magazine is chock full of comics, scrawls, photo-collage stories and scribbles- most of them serious-minded if not humorless. A highlight is the 16-page book-within-a-book, "Maus", a retelling of artist Art Spiegelman's family's experiences in Poland before and during WWII. All the characters are mice, pigs, cats and other animals.

Issue No. 4 (the latest I've seen) has a die-cut cover and a funny flexi-disc pieced together with bits of Ron Reagan's speeches. This issue costs \$4.95.

RAW can be ordered from RAW BOOKS, 27 Greene St., NYC, N.Y. 10013. Enclose a buck a copy for postage. (H.B. STILLANO)

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only ease my mind  
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action, that's  
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