

MODERN NEWBURY CROCK: GUT CLUNK FOR WACKOS

by Michael Koenig (art, story, & review)

Where bovine mud hogs flap happily through neon fields, so goes Modern Method Records galluping headstrong through exploitation 'new wave!' Excepting perhaps the consideration that hogs in neon are a mite prettier than flower-child turned corner-of-the-eye-entrepreneur Mike Dreese.

Mike Dreese is the comic book queen, whose brainchild Modern Method is. Fresh out of MIT Dreese and partner John Brusger opened Newbury Comics; a fun, colorful shop content selling underground comic books. The store does well situated smack in Boston's Copley Square shopping district; Newbury Street is fashion-plus row and it did seem a tad odd that an underground comic store would find Pierre Cardin and Yves St. Laurent as neighbors; but then, where do comic book stores belong?

Inside record stores of course! Or so the story sours. Beginning innocuously with one-hundred import 45's scattered on a chair by the door, adding import albums later, Newbury Comics evolved into an underground one-stop, a great store.

And then came the seed of stale: rock'n'roll buttons and t-shirts. Selling like hotcakes under high blue cathedral ceilings do, Newbury Comics was pushing them out the door as quickly as they were bootlegged. The store became a hang-out for 14, 15 yr old punks to watch their pubic regions sprout. Long drugged out chatter about which

peroxide cleaned hair best and whether leather or leotards were pissa cool man. Responding to quell these 'fireside chats', Rebo Records opened doors two blocks down the road, hoping to drench Newbury's embers with long hoses of cum and pus, and chase the Billy Idol Boppers away. (The acronym, BIB, doubling in the physical state as a membership card for this group of neo-bohos.) Although Rebo shut down two years later, they were not wholly unsuccessful; this writer witnessed the mealy-mouthed president of BIB, "Johnny Angel", lead rhythm guitarist and show stopper (in the Elvis pelvis tradition) for the band "City Thrills" squatting his fat ass (in his tightest spandex jeans) to the big apple, where it is told, he blew a particularly nasty 'wet-fart' that plumb cut a 6" gash through his pants. Cherio Rebo!

At any rate Dreese/Brusger started Boston Crock (known in more provincial locals as B. Rock--the rag to end all...). Stealing their name from the New York Rocker and burgeoning new dimensions in rock journalism with a staff of nowhere flusies, they quickly garnered high praise from the stores clientele and a couple of hicks from the sticks of Calgary, Canada; their reach now extending as they proudly publicized, "internationally." If you haven't picked up a copy you are urged to do so. It makes an excellent mullet wrapper for the folks in Tallahassee, bird

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cage liner for those in Palm Beach and lights up quick and full for the arson rioters in Miami. Insum the muscle of their paper is best represented by the logic of copy editor Michael Hafitz "I work for them cuz the papers so pitiful." It would be a relishing tale to tell how Take It! Magazine began and in quick steps knocked 'em out of business, but that hasn't happened yet.

You see Dreese/Brusger, not quite millionaires, but with enough abdominal padding in their cerebellem to sink the Tidy Bowl man, put phase III into operation: Modern Method Records. The final tier of their brilliantly executed vertical monopoly. Wee! (Record Co., magazine-press, retail outlet.) Modern Method has released "the worst of Boston with only the best intentions!" (Their motto.)

No one can quite remember their initial release, but that was probably a Pastiche single. The facts on this one, told oft' at Rebop beer blasts, are how vocalist "Mr. Kurt" came running at furious pace into Newbury Comics, firmly clutching the test pressing of their single. With a mad, anxious gleam in his eye, he announced "I've got the test, let's give it a spin!" Dreese, a man who claims "I don't listen to music", in typical exuberance shook his head at turtle speed, spoke even slower "Nah, I'll be hearing it plenty in the store when it comes out," winding his voice softer and slower, while pulling a roan colored carnation from his lapel and sniffed "I don't want to get sick of it yet Mr. Kurt." Surely young Dreese parallels the big-wigs of CBS, WEA, and RCA Records who with equal suavity conceal their vigor, but sniff another substance.

To date Modern Method (rumor that tag might change to Nouveau or Primitive Method to keep current) has released a pile o' shit that would do even Rhino Recs proud. Comedy screamers from


November Group (the big, hip gay shtick around town), Lou Miami (lesser known gay shtick), New Models (Rick Ocasek pet fancy), Boys Life vs. Outlets (concept record, squaring off Boston's gummiest prenatal suckers), Wicked Good Time Vol. 1 and 2 (compilation with total dog shit, best cuts by Vitamin, Birdsongs), This is Boston, Not L.A. (perceptive title, featuring Boston's bogus hardcore clique, hardly salvaged by the Groinoids) and others.

Word is that B. Rock's new plush offices are "real" and gives their entire organization an added sense of legitimacy. Hallelujah! An honest to goodness rags to riches story! Only in the USA. That's all 'cept the only question that remains is what'll come with the fourth tier? Bets hedge between a greenhouse and a cemetery. Ah! the sweet smell of success.

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