

live shit

Crank and Scream at Flynn's July 26 Miami Beach
by Boz

--- A good turnout for this gig that was hardly promoted... It was a late start cause 1/2 of Crank were playing with Charlie Pickett down in South Beach at some ritzy party. Crank kicked ass tonight. They raged through their set with ear damaging intensity and I loved every minute of it. Elaine can be a bit over-theatrical at times but really she's one of the few people who can get away with what she does. Their funky white boy on junk tune was an extra treat. Shortly after their one of DC's best stage and proved why their one of DC's best. They turned in a smokin' hot set that left you little opportunity to breathe. Pete's a great frontman and vocalist. The band themselves are incredibly tight and powerful. More shows like this one and Miami might be an OK place to live!



SCREAM

JACK FANTON



ELAINE OF CRANK

TONI LATINO



MIAMI DANCE CRAZE

JACK FANTON

F and GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE AT F WAREHOUSE
JULY 2 FT. LAUDERDALE, FL. BY BOZ

--- Bury the dead. This was all the proof I needed as to how boring and stale much of the scene down here has become. Both F and the Gay Cowboys demonstrated this to me by doing the exact opposite. That's right. These bands are about having fun. Both bands fuck the sacred hardcore cow and the end result for me was as close to a religious awakening as I'll probably ever experience in my lifetime. These kids are assurdily crazed (and that goes out to the entire F-Troop/Gay Cowboy contingent)-not a sane one out of the bunch which of course is a sure sign of greatness. If the Gay Cowboys play your town don't miss em' and that's all I'm gonna say on the matter.



CRANK

JACK FANTON

THE GUN CLUB & CHARLIE PICKETT & THE EGGS AT
BLITZ july 16 MIAMI

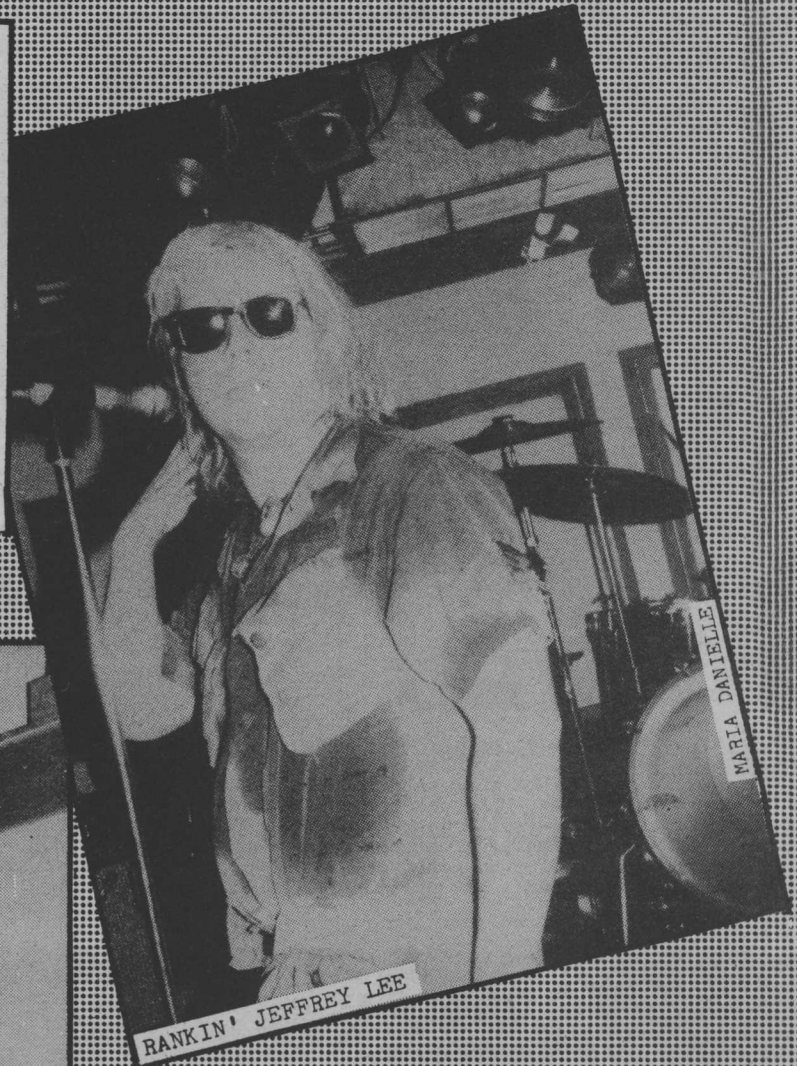
by Boz

--- The Picketts were the most logical choice to open for the G Club. Beside their similar musical approaches the Picketts are all die-hard G Club fans themselves. Their set was tough and hard although regrettably they played things safe and didn't go off into feedback land like they sometimes do. Nonetheless even Salton and Frosch looked inspired tonight. The Gun Club were awesome. Fuck some of their recent efforts on vinyl. Rankin! Jeffrey Lee AKA the Pillsbury Doughboy was pretty intense and with those Ray Charles sunglasses of his how could he miss? The guitar player was merciless (plenty of feedback, distortion, etc..) and the girl bass player just stood there looking beautiful all dressed in black. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. The Gun Club played intense and dangerous rock n' roll for an hour. I couldn't have been happier.



MARIA DANIELLE

PATRICIA BAG OF G CLUB



RANKIN! JEFFREY LEE

MARIA DANIELLE

ROCK AGAINST REAGAN on Boston Common, May 15 by Scott Conn

Live jive for the masses...MDC and the "Rock aginast Reagan" tour (Stupid band name, stupid tour name, stupid tour) pull into Boston Common for a free show to liberate the oppressed and entertain the liberated and clothe and feed the poor and hungry and...huh? Well, Jesus, it's for their own good... I guess that's the reasoning, or the excuse. Whoops, no need for excuses or apologies when you're doing the RIGHT (righteous) THING. Well, they set up and blast "The Message" over the P.A. to bring in the minorities (slick move that one) too bad it was the highlight of the afternoon. First up are those radical current-events rockers themselves---MDC. Actually, they do a pretty good set (too bad they'll never match their first single). Now after that it gets pathetic... They must have dragged every burned-out reactionary political hack they saw off every street corner and let 'em spew forth their tired party-line shit, in between this parade of wannabe Batmans (ya know, crusaders for justice). A few bands play, but by this time it's getting dark and the crowd has thinned to the point it isn't a crowd anymore and this guy starts singing a song about the evil wonder bread and I know I have to leave, even though the Crucifucks have yet to play (which is the only reason I was there in the first place). Now please, don't put me on the "against" side of the political debate, that's not the point of this review, I think both sides are almost unbearably boring. This is just meant to be yet another example of how ridiculous things have become. Yes, indeed.



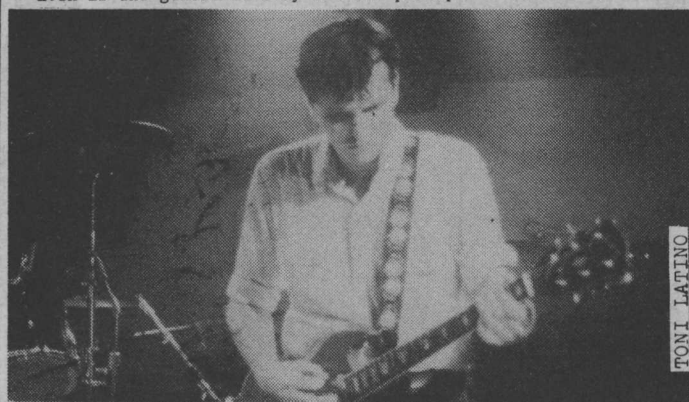
D.A.M. at the Rockin' Robin. Ft. Lauderdale. June 26, 1983. Real rough sound. Bad jokes. Bassguitar solos. Not real fast. Stupid skate jokes. Role playing. More pokes at jokes. Lousy amplification. It was the most fun I've had at a gig in a long time. A great start for these four guys. But will they get fucked up before they get famous? Don't Ask Me! (CRAIG VAGUE)

Saturday Night! Charlie Pickett Live at Blitz!

For those of you who weren't at the Blitz Saturday night (most of the punk rock heads were) here's the lowdown:

The cover was \$3, but we got in free which was no bargain. The drinks were fairly high considering that I drank so many. The joint was a typical Big Daddys, except for the clientele. The polyester crowd was replaced by something worse: the "Can't make up their mind" crowd. Attire ranged from leather bound punks to Echo and the Bunnymen look alikes. I think the club should provide name tags for their patrons. I was quite embarrassed when I asked David Camp for a Tampax (even more shocked when he gave me one).

But for those of you who want to go to cool places, tease your hair and get over to the Blitz. Oh yeah! I almost forgot there was a band there, too. Charlie Pickett and the Eggs, known to their families as the Picketts. They didn't have funny hairdos, well... not that funny. They played a good hard set, they were in tune, and they were all there at once. They're a good R & B band. I personally can't get excited over them, but they are a talented lot. Even if the guitarist only has one pickup! Darla Hay



TONI LATINO



FLIPPER

58 Minutes
V.H.S. T 120

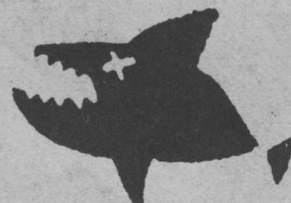
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