

LIVE ON STAGE!! SATURDAY AUGUST 15TH!!
THE TAZMANIAN EMBASSY & THE MUSIC PRESS

Proudly Present...

Circus of the Perverse

Starring

S.I.V.



And **ABAIENATION**

**18 & OVER
 ADMITTED!!!**



**ARE YOU PERVERSE?
 DO YOU HAVE
 AN UNUSUAL TALENT?**
 Be in the
PERVERSE TALENT SHOW!!!
 Admission price refunded
 after you appear on stage!

Plus: Comedy By
**Picway Ray and
 Jerry Caswell!**

It's gonna be
 a Whale of a
 Show, man.



LIVE!! AT THE TAZ!!!

SATURDAY AUGUST 15!

All this plus **PERVERSE VIDEO** by **DARRYL PESTILENCE**

ASK

ANVIL



Dear Anvil,
 We are two lonely women with a little time on our hands. The men in our lives are so busy with their careers (one is a writer, the other is an entertainer) that they very rarely spend time with us. We've considered using the matchmaker ads in the Binghamton Press, but the other people who write to them sound like such dweebs it seems pointless. Do you have any suggestions for a couple lonely, lovely, ample women?
 - Seeking Advice In Bingo

F.A.C.E. (festering anal cyst eater) award, and the winner is... H. Ross Perot. Mind you, this is about all he is going to win in '92.

Two sayings come to mind. The first is "Winners never quit and quitters never win". Well, I guess we finally know where Mr. Perot stands... in the big 'L' column. He had so much in his favor: the press was leaving him alone on a personal level, his strong overnight grassroots organization, and the inevitable gullibility of desperate people in a desperate time.

Dear Seeking,

Ladies, you're asking for 'suggestions' to a problem that you have already found an answer to. You wanted to use the personal columns which would indicate that you plan to find 'new' men in your lives. There are plenty of places to meet new people, but you won't find them sitting around eating pizza. (This conclusion was drawn from this letter being written on a pizza box.) Some common places to find new 'friends' are the work place, nightclubs, social events, public gatherings etc. The big question is: are you looking for sex or are you looking for people to spend time with and have fun with? The two are very different, yet very similar. You can lead a fulfilling social life without sex (although sex doesn't hurt from time to time). To center your life around another person is a serious commitment that should be reserved for your children, so if the men in your lives don't have time for you (and you've talked about this problem with them), then by all means go out and find some new people to bring into your life, if you can't come to a compromise.

Mr. Perot took his followers for a high speed ride and then slammed on the brakes, sending everyone through the windshield and smashing into the pavement. But as Mr. Perot would say, "It just doesn't matter. I was only in the race because you wanted me there". Personally, I was never a Perot supporter (you could substitute the word 'athletic' for 'Perot') and this is exactly why.

This brings up the second saying: "Who's the more foolish - the fool or the fool who follows him?" Even now with this man out of the race, his supporters still rally to get him elected? Have times gotten so desperate that Americans will cling to an albatross just because they don't like the people in either life boat? This man is an amateur who would have been eaten alive, both in Washington and in world politics. To end this, I'm not going to try to tell you who to vote for, but please do vote for someone come November.

There is no greater joy than a reply from our 'Mystic Advisor', Anvil. Send Letters to: Ask Anvil c/o The Music Press, PO Box 154, Chenango Forks, NY 13746.



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AIR CONDITIONED

**Fri 7th:
 Missing Link**

Sat 15th:

SHOGUN

**Fri 28:
 Call For Information**

Sat 8th:

**SOVEREIGN
 REIGN**

Fri 21:

PSYCHO-CANDY
 EAT IT!

**Sat 29:
 Infra-Red**
 Debut Performance!
 Featuring Rob Steele...

MIND AT LARGE

plus special guest
 This will be Mark & Tom's last
 show before leaving for L.A.

Sat 22:

STONE COLD

\$1.50 Buds Every Night Until Close

On Hot Nights, Don't Forget:
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We are now booking bands for September
 For Bookings, call only between 1-5pm, or 8-9pm.

**Fri 14th:
 Call For Information**

CIRCUS OF THE PERVERSE: THE SICKEST SHOW IN YEARS



S.I.V.: All decked out for the Circus.

by Josh Ribakove
The disclaimer on the door said, "WARNING!!! TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCES, BOTH LIVE AND ON VIDEO TAPE, MAY CONTAIN SHOCKINGLY GRAPHIC AND DISGUSTING ELEMENTS, BOTH VIOLENT AND SEXUAL.

IF YOU ARE EASILY OFFENDED OR SHOCKED, OR IF YOU ARE PREGNANT OR HAVE A HEART CONDITION, PLEASE CONSIDER GOING SOMEWHERE ELSE TONIGHT. THE CIRCUS OF THE PERVERSE IS A ONE-TIME ONLY EVENT.

IF YOU HURL, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT."

About 140 people ignored the warnings and entered the Tazmanian Embassy on Saturday, August 15. They were treated (subjected) to the sickest, most perverted, disgusting show in recent Triple-Cities history. There are some aspects of it that we cannot discuss in these pages. We will, however, fill you in on *most* of what went down at the Circus Of The Perverse.

At 9:00, the entire bar took a break to watch the new episode of **Ren and Stimpy**. At 9:30, **Darryl Pestilence's** video sideshows aired on four television screens. They ran continuously throughout the night, except during **S.I.V.'s** performance. The side show was compiled from scenes of mock violence, mock sex, anti marijuana trailers, dirty cartoons, Mr. Rogers, mock cannibalism, rubber monsters, kung fu stuff, gun battles, etc. Set to a background of snappy **Ramones** tunes, this helped to provide the 'wholesome, family-oriented environment' necessary for an event such as this. Thanks to Darryl and Uncle Pete (two WHRW Dj's) for all their help in spreading the word about this show.

The evening began at about 10:15 pm with a performance by comedian/cable hero **Jerry Caswell**. Though severely jet-lagged and exhausted from his triumphant return from Hollywood, Jerry entertained the rowdy, obnoxious crowd with a few minutes of stand-up, finished by his infamous 'name that tune' bit. In this snappy little piece of showmanship, Caswell beats out tunes on his face with meat tender-

izing hammers. Although he is usually under (sedation) control, Jerry went ape at the Circus Of The Perverse and spit a good deal of blood during his renditions of popular TV theme songs. Fun, fun, fun.

Next on stage was **Abalienation**. Their fifty minute power-punk set had onlookers open-mouthed and stunned. Surprisingly little moshing or spitting went on during their set. The crowd seemed more interested in actually *watching* the band than in dancing. They were all smiling though, and having a good time.

The band continues to improve with each passing month. They're tight, passionate and energetic, and now you can almost make out some of the lyrics to their songs! *Lick My Crack (You Puss Sack)* was the night's upbeat opening number, and from beginning to end, Abalienation's set was nothing but pure violent musical fun. The brothers Dickenson and Company are an excellent punk rock band in the vein of many early 80's CBGB bands, and pretty much rule the Binghamton punk scene. Often imitated but rarely constipated, they're always worth a listen.

After a short break, **The Perverse Talent Show** began. The idea was: anyone with enough balls to get on stage and perform some sort of perverse act would get his/her admission fee refunded. (By the way, this was a rare Taz 18 & over show and tickets were \$5 for age 21 and over, and \$6 for ages 18-20.) Only five souls were brave enough to participate: Darryl Pestilence, who recited some vulgar poetry he'd written (screams and 'oh yeah's' from the crowd whenever he started to really get into it. Next, a guy came up and cursed and yelled into the mike. Then his friend came on stage and said he would vomit into a tupperware container, but he didn't. So they were kicked off stage. After that, another guy did something with a chocolate bar that cannot be described in a family oriented publication such as *The Music Press*. The audience was mesmerized. Then the earlier guy

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FREE!! TAKE IT!! FREE!! TAKE IT!! FREE!!

The MUSIC PRESS

serving the triple cities and beyond!

Volume 2, No. 9

READ IT
LIVE IT
LOVE IT

SEPTEMBER 1992

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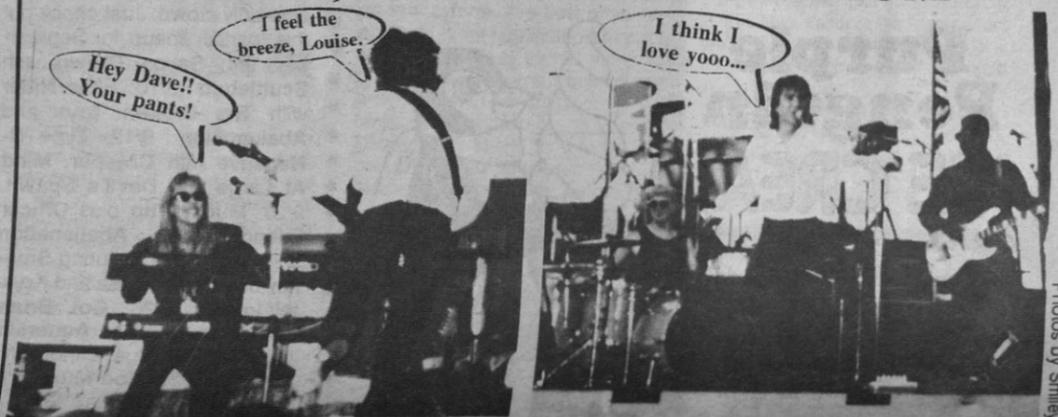
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BEACH BOYS ROCK, DAVID CASSIDY RIPS (HIS PANTS) AT THE NEW STADIUM



Rock legend David Cassidy rips (l) and rocks (r) at the 'groovy' Municipal Stadium.

On Thursday August 6th, Binghamton's new municipal stadium held its first concert ever. For such a momentous occasion, the people at Magic City Productions knew that there could be only one man capable of channeling the power of rock and roll into the near sterile venue. Only one man who could bring his own brand of 'atomic' rock to the stadium and shake the foundations with raw, metallic power. That man is **David Cassidy!**

About four thousand Daveaholics made their way to the stadium that night to see the great one rip the place (and his pants) apart. And unlike his trousers, Cassidy's performance was seamless.

At this point in our story, some readers are probably thinking, "I thought this was going to be an article about *The Beach Boys*, who were the concert's headliners. So before we go any further, here's the poop. *The Beach Boys* and their 11 piece band played a ninety minute set of their hits, which are all great songs, but are also pretty much all the same song. They played very well, but some of the vocals sounded sampled or quantized to my ears. (Sampled means pre-recorded, and quantized means that a machine that corrects the notes the vocalists sing has been activated in between the microphone and the speakers. This is *cheating*.)

To break up the monotony, they brought six very young, pouty, curvaceous female dancers with them, and dressed them in soft-core porn outfits. The women wore bikinis, cheerleader outfits, poodle skirts and tennis outfits (lots of jumping and panty-exposing) etc. They appeared six or seven times during the concert, and every time they came on stage, the overweight, balding, elderly *Beach Boys* perked right up to leer and drool like the dirty old men they've become. I can't even imagine what the social scene on that tour bus must be like...

This is not to imply that the *Beach Boys* weren't great. They were. The crowd loved them. They were fun, fun, fun, and nobody took their T-Birds away. Karl Wilson is still (seriously) one of the most underrated guitarists in rock 'n roll. The backup band jammed. They

played all their hits, too many to list here, as space must be saved for the *Complete Cassidy Coverage* we promised you last month. So let's get back to it...

David was backed by a very good five piece band (never introduced or named in promotional material) consisting of a very good drummer (even better than Chris Partridge), an excellent bass player (almost as good as Danny), male and female keyboardists (the female, who also sang backing vocals like *Lori Partridge*, appeared in a leather and studs outfit sort of like what *Spinal Tap* would wear), and a guitarist straight out of a Las Vegas lounge act.

He opened with *I Can Feel Your Heartbeat*, leaping energetically onto the stage and clapping his hands over his head, Partridge style. The crowd went wild, clapping joyously as the former teen idol shook his tuchas in a pair of very tight black spandex trousers. Next, the Dave-ster shouted, "We're gonna rock some!!", broke out a red stratocaster (the most popular electric guitar in the world, made by Fender) and the band thrashed out the introduction to another Partridge Family hit, *I'll Meet You Halfway*. Cassidy, always smiling 'charismatically', copped every cliched heavy metal guitar hero pose in the book, from Jimmy Page's famous 'guitar as penis' pose to Pete Townshend's 'windmills' to... well, you get it.

"He's still cute, but he needs dancing lessons", said *Lori McCabe*, who has recently been seen around town in her new David Cassidy T-Shirt. (Just \$22 at the concert, and it even says *Keep Rockin'* on the back...)

While headbanging, Metallica style, Cassidy bent over and the infamous spandex trousers began to split (see photo). David continued singing and smiling, unaware that his butt was now exposed to the cool Binghamton evening air. Thirty year old housewives began to scream and faint as Cassidy's hairless, milky white behind loomed into view. "At first, I thought he was wearing white underwear, but then I realized he was wearing nothing at all under the spandex", said *Lori*. One overwrought woman threw a pink Hawaiian *Lei* on stage, and David, Elvis-like, put it right around his neck. In another chilling Elvis

comparison, Cassidy had a helper who's only job, it seemed, was to bring towels on stage so Dave could wipe his sweaty brow. The women went nuts when they saw this, because they knew that the King of Rock And Roll was workin' up a sweat, just for them.

Next, the band launched into *Doesn't Somebody Want to Be Wanted* (another Partridge classic — in fact, only four songs in his forty-five minute set did *not* come from the TV show). When Cassidy played the song's guitar solo, everyone in the stadium forgot all about Hendrix, Clapton, Malmsteen and Van Halen. The new guitar god of the nineties had arrived. A cheesy fifteen or so notes later, the solo was over, but it will never be forgotten by a generation of Triple-cities area guitarists.

Having blown everybody away with his atomic guitar technique, Cassidy played the first single from his new album, *Didn't You Used To Be...*. The song is called *To All The Lonely*, and was actually pretty good, with a sort of Hall & Oates feel and a nice duet chorus sung with the female keyboard player. "I'm gonna take you home with me", went the chorus of the song, and Dave seemed very sincere about that.

This was followed by a cover of *High Heel Sneakers*, then *Cherish* and *One Night Stand*. And after all of this greatness, the band kicked into overdrive with their heavy metal version of *I Woke Up In Love This Morning*. *Black Sabbath* move over. Fists were pumpin' in the air as the presence of Satan Himself descended upon the frenzied crowd.

The set wound down up with a rockin' version of David's 1990 'hit' *Lyn' To Myself*, and of course the last tune of the night was the great Tony Romeo composition *I Think I Love You*. The energy was so intense during this number that more than a few exhausted, satisfied fans had to lay down on the lawn and smoke a cigarette. By the way, it seemed to me that there was more pot being smoked by the older *Beach Boys/Cassidy* crowd than there has been at any recent arena concert. The hazy marijuana fog had the crowd completely blissed out. What's next at the stadium? *Spinal Tap*? *Barry Manilow*? *Slayer*? Wait and see...

Photos by Smiley