

NIGHT VOICES

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NIGHT VOICES

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14306 Runnymede St.
Van Nuys, California
91405 U.S.A.

TO ALL THOSE WHO
RIPP THE AIR WITH
THEIR TEETH —
YOUR WORK HAS
YET TO BEGIN

editor

Paul Perner

thanks to

Steve Monk

Mary Hale

writers

Mary Von Westphal

A. K.

Richard Albert

Rat Mate

Terry Green

Tim Hogan

-Subscriptions-

One dollar for the next two issues.

Two dollars outside U.S. and Canada.

stone calenar

WANTED- TO USE
THIS SPACE: A MAD
HISTORIAN (WHO
WILL OPEN THE
PORTSIDE DOOR OF
THE TITANIC TO
COLLECT OLD
CRUCIFIXES).
WANTED- TO USE
OTHER SPACES:
ARTISTS, WRITERS
(CELTIC VAMPIRE
AS OPPOSED TO
SCIENTIST).

letter

STOP BIGOTRY

(note: The Reactors are San Bernardino's only known punk band. Despite the association, this bunch will not suffer the Kim Fowley novelty death. They're for real.-ed.)

Me and the reactors just yesterday signed contracts with Kim Fowley to release our recording, "Give me Some Face" on his album, "Jukebox Rebel Queens" to be out in September on Bomp. ...that's all that's been going on ...recording tapes and sending copies out to zillions of places and hardly getting any response except for Mr. Fowley's. Oh well, being on this album will hopefully help us get some gigs so we can play somewhere. It's kinda hard to get into L.A. and all these geeks in this town hate us; I mean really hate us as we are a bunch of Mexicans and a dyke loud mouth chick (not really a dyke but they probably think I am; they're, most of them, sexist racist pigs) so we get our socializing party boy drummer to get us a gig at a party for free and they all, I mean all go "NO WAY". ...shoot them booty holes anyway ...off these rednecks!!!

HA HA!!!

Regardless,

Cheyenne

aka

Elizabeth Frost

THE OTHERS

IN CLOSING -
NOT ANOTHER
RED BITCH
GONE



Danny Roman
guitar

Andi Hayes
lead vocal

Greg Williams
bass

Chris Kovall
first drummer

Eddie Fickett
last drummer

If you were among the few who would go to Masque 4 early enough to see the neglected opening bands, you might have seen the Others.

They weren't floor cracking performers, but there was a heat to Andi's voice that was like a hidden death threat. Outwardly, the Other's sound was very basic punk and sub-basic punk was all Kickboy heard when he reviewed them as "identikit punk 1 2 3 4". Being the farthest on Brendan Mullen's wrong side didn't help.

In spite of the sean baron's strangulation, the Others had yet to be snuffed. Two months later their last stand at Club 88 was given a table rapping encore from a small, but appreciative crowd. Soon after, it was intergroup lovehate that severed the band.

A lesson learned: Potential for good skull and cross bone punk isn't easy to recognize and even the performers themselves may not realize their darker subtleties. If you see something in what a band is doing that haunts your imagination - tell them about it (no matter who thinks you're crazy). Start a conspiracy. Make it hard for them to break up. Let them know they have something worth forming a blood pact over. It can only get better.

PAUL

U X A
UNITED EXPERIMENTS OF AMERICA

De Detroit sez
↓

"Let's forget this and that again
and talk about the nightmares
about the nightmares
the frozen city of Baltimore
those slippery terrors
traditions affairs..."

RAVE UXA NOW!



AZIAN NURUDIN

We humbly beg your services.
Please contact Hidie Neely
or Night Voices.



INDUSTRIAL DRAWING AND CUTTING LUBRICANTS FOR THE ATOMIC AGE

late addition

The following article was written a month before the Patti Smith gigs at the Fox Venice Theatre (July 28) and the Hollywood Paladium (July 29). My attitude towards the PSG has changed since those dates. Now, rather than taking an offensive stance on what I don't like in Patti, I just look away until she gets into something more akin to me.

The article is meant to convey a kind of sound madness that she once tapped into which I believe can be retapped and taken further by other performers. When discussing Patti, some of the comments on her were just frustrated thoughts by a follower from a certain point of view. Others hold true. My apologies for any hard feelings.

- editor

To Patti, Lenny, Jay Dee, Ivan and Richard - You're the initial inspiration. Thank you for trying for the greatest... thank you for your continuing perseverance as an artistic conspiracy... thank you for a good time.

HURRY BACK!!!

JR. JAZZ

MAKES BIG!

PART ONE

PETER REICH

LIVES!



By Richard M. Gaffney

Yea, Patti Smith, that's her over there... she's the one. Do you remember bleeding for her at the Boarding House? Roxy? Bottom Line? How could I forget! You can't, but it seems like she can. Maybe she does remember, but she no longer has time for club house rock'n roll.

Patti was the greatest. A master of androgyny. Sometimes she'd find rhythms that were so strange and powerful that she'd come close to losing her mind. Like an African religious experience? Right, something like that, although she wasn't dependant on trinkets and traditions- it was truly spontaneous. I don't want to load too many words on it, but you might call it a parapsychological tornado... a mad female wolf splitting the ice with her howl. You had to be right in with her or it would just sound like a bunch of noise. It was so intense and dangerous. That's probably why she tripped and fell off the stage in Tampa. That's what she says. I doubt if we'll hear songs like "Aint it Strange" or "Land" anymore. In some ways, it good that she's tamed herself. She'll live longer and the people who could be reached with the new album might explore her more intense creations. Let's have one for the tape recorder and printing press!

It's easy to feel bitter towards Patti these days. For the first time I felt like kissing her with a high velocity banana cream. We're not asking for the continuing saga of "Horses". We just find the self-righteousness, cuteness and thees and thous a bit tiring after a while. There's nothing wrong with expressing a religious belief, but rock'n' roll doesn't need a high priestess. Patti can't see that now the PSG is like a brick in the wall of religious and musical dogma. Wait, you have to realize that Patti's in a slightly different zone. She means well, but there's a few things she doesn't understand about present day punkers. She thinks we don't already know

about heritage and all. Give her a break. Think of what she could do in the future. Patti's always had a lust for the unknown and she's going to be around for a while so we might hear something that will go beyond the first beyond. But the way it looks now... Listen, Patti's lost her hunger pains, but I'll bet she still has a twitch somewhere for danger. Don't give up now.

Here, have a snidge... feel better? Yea, thanks. I'll only give up if they go disco or play woodstock two. I guess the PSG have earned the right to do what they want. A right? Who gives it? Come on, everyone's got a right. I know. Maybe sometimes I look at her through a shoe box slide projector, but when someone is far enough away, they're a blur no matter how you focus. I just miss the nights when "Patti Smith" was like a secret pass word... your friends and the Black Ships would take you the rest of the way. To where? To where we are right now - in the same club with Patti, but at different ends.

Now is the time for other girl rockers to release impulsive sound. The best ones won't copy her or may not even be the least bit influenced by her. They'll do it in their own right. Some of Patti's expressions are hers only, but it's just a matter of coincidence that Patti Lee of South Jersey was the first to have a pregender R n R orgasm in front of a microphone, Guys can do it too. That's true... Mick Jagger, for one, has been there. But women seem to handle mystery better. Their dreams and nightmares are deeper. When they reach breaking point rhythm, they can release and go beyond easier instead of remaining in the more structured part of the mind. Of course, it's open to anyone on or off stage who's not afraid of the dark. Just watch out for those monitor cables! You said it. As a performer, you have to know what you're doing, but there can be a time, maybe only a few seconds, when the moment has no definition...

Look, she's still over there. Let's go talk to her! No, I'm not sure if she understands us anymore. We should leave room at her table for the new fans. They don't need to hear people talk about them in the past tense. The PSG know what they're doing and so do we... ..shucks, I still love the "fucking hell out of her.

Paul and Rat Mate

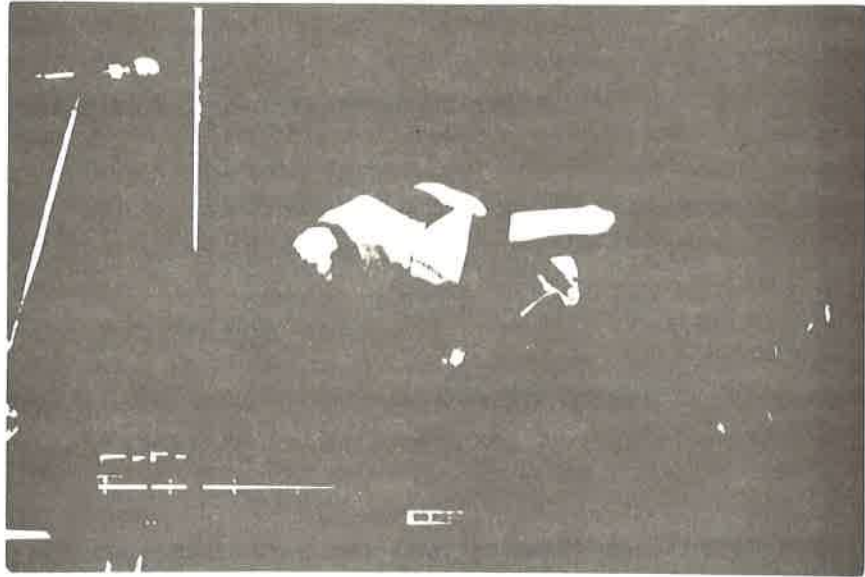
TWO AND OTHER PARTS

pic sukkin

well ya know i own three guitar pics
an no guitar
some people think that's too many pics
some folks think it aint enouth guitar
me i just slip one of my pics
in my mouth and commence ta suck
an i hear those notes that jimi hendrix
could float
on his fender statocaster
an i just grin
cause ya see my friend
my pics have been pre-flavored
with the sound

so if ya see this chick suckin on a pic
don't be too down
maybe she aint crazy
you ever licked patti smith's pic?
oooooooooooo
i sure wish anita would slip me a sorta
funky one keith's

mary hale
october '76



Richard McCartney

Note in a bottle - L.A. River

MY ZONE... THE ZONE... FORBIDDEN ZONE... MY MOST DAEDLY YEARS...
MY MOST INTENSE LOVES... UP AGAINST WHITE MARBLE SLABS...
SKULLFUCKER SKULLFUCKER SKULLFUCKER SKULLED
AND HALLOWEEN / WAS THE BEST NIGHT / IT WAS THEIR NIGHT... AND OURS...
VALENTINO WOULD DANCE AGAIN AND THE WEeping LADY WOULD SMILE AND PLAY THE HARP
IT WAS US... CHILDREN OF THE DEAD... AND GREATLY / GABA GABA HEY ACCEPTED
YEARLY CONVENTION OF UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONALISTS / WE APPEAR AT MID-NOON
AND COLAPSE AT THE FIRST RAT OF LIGHT / AND WE'D MURRY TO FIND DARK SHELTER...
OR A DARK FLAT TO PASS OUT IN TILL DARK / WE LIVED ON CAFFINE... LICUOR AND DRUGS...
OCCASSIONAL LEFT OVER PIZZAS AND IF WE COULD MAKE THE LOCAL PORNO THEATRES CLOSING...
ABUNDANCES OF MEDIOCRE MOVIE POPCORN...
WE LIVED LIKE... AND WANTED LIKE HELLL...
TO BE OF THE HIGHEST FORM... VAMPIRE... EVEN W/ ALL OUR CHEMICALS...
WE COULDN'T CUT THE CHEMISTRY
WE KNEW OF A FEW OR SPOTED A FEW ANYWAYS... THEY WOULD LOVE US...
TALKING VERY SOUL-LESS... SERVING RED WINE
IT COULD OF BEEN OUR PERSISTANCY THAT GOT US NOWHERES / NOW DEALING W/ HUMANS
WELL THAT WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE

Mary Von Westphal

slipped thought from a fan

brian jones
you thought you were so cute
you got away with murder
including your own
i never really liked you
drop dead

terry green

abused/not/refused/their ship was overturned/they floated/daze/nothing but the
vortex of sound/let in the hands of beasts/beautys and beasts/refusing abuse
looking for real ones not of the flesh/not the kind/you find drinking out of a
brown paper bag/but the kind/wide eyed lost in their gin/tight pants/torn shirt
broken heart/the kind that speak with their eyes/and you fall in love from afar
dart in the hart/when you find it's really a girl...

von x

Patti Smith wrote this at age 17

Q: How do you do your marvelous leap?

Nijinsky: I just go up there
and stay there.

BLOOD TRANSFER WITH IGGY

BY RED BITCH

It was love at first sight. It was Iggy Pop.

He was trying to stuff the microphone down his pants while crooning, "I got my cock in my pocket". Becoming bored with this he dived off stage, landing head first on some poor suckers table. He slowly got up, his face a vision of disturbed beauty, his glazed eyes haunted by some unseen tormentors

Something was crawling up my leg. I looked down to see an army of red ants gnawing away. I tried to shake them off, but they were hungry and refused to let go of thier meat.

When I looked up again, the Id was hanging from the ceiling, swinging back and forth from the rafters. He was singing, "Turn me loose on you " and looking me in the eye. I got up and slowly walked toward him. He jumped down like some jungle cat, threw me to the ground and fell on top of me. He moved like ball lightning and I could hear the muffled cheers of encouragement from the people watching. Afterwards, as I lay there spent, he jumped back on stage to scream, "I rip you honey and you rip me" as he wrapped his leg around the stand while absent mindedly banging his teeth with the microphone.

I reached down to flick off the ants who were still hungrily clinging on my leg. My hand came back dripping red.

Iggy then pick up a jagged piece of glass and began raking his bare chest with it. But the blood refused to flow. He started banging his head against the amplifiers in frustration. Finally, in disgust he stomped off the stage, enraged at his body's refusal to bleed. The crowd screamed and creamed for more.

There was something odd going on here. The Id may have been dry, but I was the one who was bleeding...



PAGE CROFT 'DRAGONS'

\$2.75
Alian Records
27-E Ozone Ave.
Venice, Cal. 90291

Dragons is the title of a three song 45 by Page Croft, a Celtic patroness and seasoned Stones disciple.

She plugged her first performance at the age of four while singing at a church recital in Scotland. No, that's nothing unusual, but Page had the guts to agress her way to the front of the kiddie chior and shock all with a full volume solo. After being ousted from the Catholic Church, starting at age 14 and for the following ten years she sang (for thrills only) in a slew of unknown J.S. and J.K. bands - "...in the neighbourhood of fifty or sixty." she says. Page is now a part of the Alian Records camp which has been all the better for her.

The first two cuts on Dragons are good, stiff rockers that make clear demands and allow no contempt.

The B side, "You Hold Nothing" is the snake that I dare you to try and catch. It's like waking up in a dark street with amnesia. All you have are the cold surfaces, a long row of closed doors and a few dimly lit windows. Page sings "...I'm nothing but a dream you want to see..." and casts a shadow that glows in the dark.

Thunder is caused by an empty space that occurs after the lightning is gone. It's in the vacuum, the absolute void of the shadow, that you'll find Page's rock 'n roll.

It's up to you this time. The only help you get is a distant sound.

A.M.

tomb

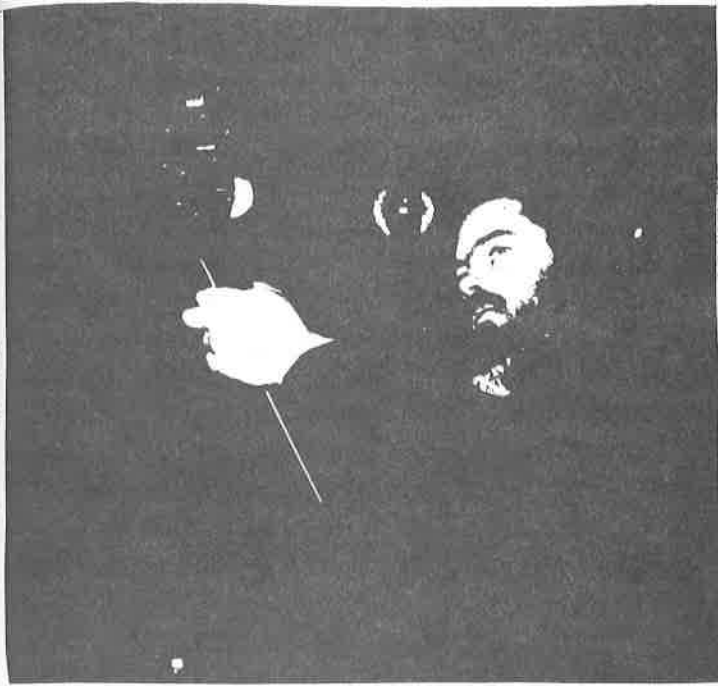


FIG - DAVID ARNOFF

TOMB FOR ROCKY

THRU BLACK WALLS AND HOLLOW SPACE
IT HIDES DEEP WITHIN
SEEKING ITS ENTRANCE
FOR ITS WORDS TO BEGIN

BEGGINING ITS EVIL
EVIL WORK IT MUST
FOLLOW THRU IFS BREATH AND BREATHE
FIRE OF DANCE IN DUST

INTO DEATH AND LIFE
LIVES ITS POWER OF HATE LUST AND GREED
TEARING BUILDING DREAMS FORGOTTEN
PATHWAYS LEED, TO THE FALLEN SEED

WITHIN SPIRIT WITHIN
SIGNED FOR FOR NOT
SOUL INTO WITCH
WITCH INTO NOT

FOR FREEDOM CRIES
FOUR FREEDOMS CRIE
FOR OUR FREEDOM CRIES
CRIES DIES IN SIN

CAPE STAFF IN RED
READ LIES INSIDE
LIE INSIDE HIS HEART
HEART OPEN TO DIE

ONLY PURITY SECURES
LIVES PAST STAIN
HOLY LIVES CROSS REMAIN

ETURNITYS PAST AND PRESENT
PRESENTS THE KEY
FOR ITS ONLY FREEDOM LIE
DEEP, WITHIN THEE

eye ZEN

Rocky Erickson, acid saint and founder of the 13th Floor Elevators -the first 60s psychedelic rock band.

The Elevators released four very hypnotic and sought after LPs from '66 to '69 (tho the so-called "live" album was nothing more than a few studio outakes and songs off their previous LPs with an over dubbed crowd). The first two discs have just been reissued on Radar Records in England and the other two should be reissued shortly.

From '69 to '72 Rocky was committed to Rusk mental institution and diagnosed as psychotic and scizophrenic from ingestion of drugs. In actuality, this was his way of geting out of doing time for possession of weed. In '72 he wrote a religious book of poetry called "Openers" - to get him out of Rusk.

Labeled sane, he started writing songs and in '75 Rocky and his band, Blieb Alians began playing around Texas and S.F. ...put out a 45 "Two Headed Dog" and was claiming to be from Mars. His lyrics have changed from psychedelic and eastern/western religion to the more demonic side of the two religious hemispheres. In '77 a 45 and EP were released of Rocky and the Alians. A record contract hopefully won't be far behind.

His presence need not be seen to understand.

Richard Albert

NIGHT VOICE PRESCRIPTION FOR ALL YOUR SHAKES

record	bands	
TOOTH	Controllors	
	Flesh Eaters	6.00 to
AND	U.X.A.	Upseter Records
	Neqative Trend	Box 2511
NAIL	Middle Class	Los Anoeles, CA.
	Germes	90028

COULD THIS BE THE ONLY ALBUM THAT MATTERS?



By Mike Yampolski 1977