

Boston's

Con't. from page 22

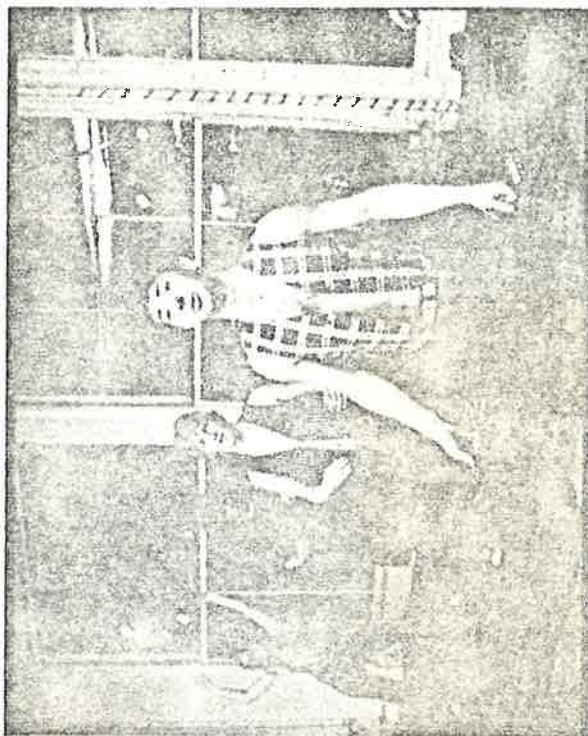
steals money from his girlfriend's purse and lives on "month old Twinkies crumbs"—images so outrageous, so blatantly ridiculous that they literally had people doubled up laughing. Ernie Brooks, guitarist, plays with a distant expression on his face, only superficially reacting to Jonathan's pleading and whining and the audience eats it up. Jonathan goofs on his fellow musicians, on the audience, most of all on himself while his back up singers, Susan, Jody and Randy laugh at his cajoling.

The Modern Lovers, scaled down from electric to acoustic, have a really splendid addition in their drummer, Andy Paley, formerly of the Sidewinders. His stage presence is magnetic, his voice powerful and sweet, his style aggressive in the manner of Mick Jagger. Andy gets into the music, swaying, smiling—it's a delight to feel his involvement flowing out toward the audience. Paley likes what he's doing; that enthusiasm, coupled with Jonathan's earnest nonsense draw you fully and happily into the inanity that is the Modern Lovers.

Boston's Modern Lovers are one of those mixtures of wacky profundity and awkward professionalism that New York could use lots more of. ●

vibes, with the laughter. Soho was treated to Jonathan Richman's unique brand of ultra-serious goof in his plaintiff, heart-wrenching plea to spring to "Please Tease Me" and then entreated to "Fly into Life's Mystery" somewhere in the environs of the Lovers' beloved Boston, which figures prominently in many of their songs. Jonathan evokes mixed images of Elvis Presley and ShaNaNa, together with a delivery similar to Lou Reed's. His gestures are grossly exaggerated and just when you believe he's truly singing of anguished unrequited love, he cracks a huge, boyish, self-conscious smile.

Question: How do you resist people who sing to you about rocking at Boston's government center, making the secretaries who stamp letters there feel better? Answer: com-



loneliness and lonesome make for a powerful combination. "Mr. Party" crashes in your pad, Con't. on page 23

Boston's Acoustic Meshuggenes

Sam Rubackin
The Modern Lovers
The Kitchen
59 Wooster St.

Meshugah is the Jewish word for nutty, flipped out, bananas. Meshugah is the word to describe the Modern Lovers. In the very best tradition of fun and put-ons, the Modern Lovers performed for four nights,

March 19-22 at The Kitchen. This wacky group had been enjoying some moderate success last year before they split up, and it was truly a joy to see them back in New York.

Pink and blue ribbons on the guitars and on the drumsticks would have been too cutsey for another rock group, for the Modern Lovers it fit in beautifully with the act, with the

ing from the Modern Lovers, with great difficulty. Good-natured deadpan antics coupled with songs of