

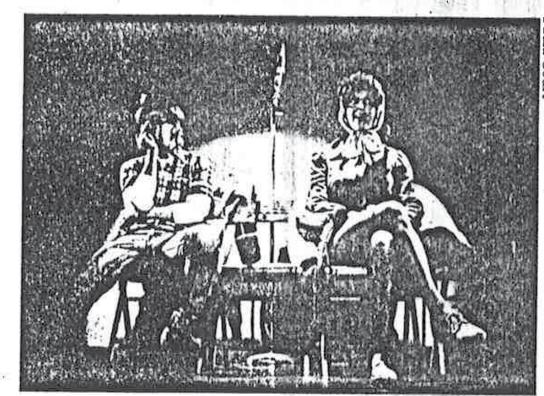
COOKIE MUELLER Emcee for Night Three ... sassy and real ... read stories made up of equal parts dumb cliches and clever twists ... run-on delivery of runon hippie epic about '60s California, i.e., heroin, Charles Manson, crystal meth, black rapists, grass, gurus, LSD, communes, hitchhiked rides to nowhere, mescaline, crash pads, you know.

ANNE DEON Italian vision with black hair against rippling red dress ... mouth like a beautiful wound ... breathed life into stiff format of live singer and prerecorded accompaniment ... details of songs (her own) lost in blur of heated delivery.

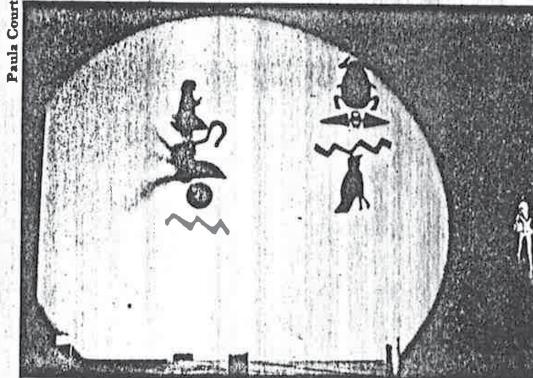


MISS VENEZUELA Night Two's M of C ... claimed to have forgotten all English (sample intro: "This next is fun, I think it is very funny, I hope you have fun") ... she was fun, very funny, and fun was had ... likewise ingenuous about killer blue formal gown: no strut, no sashay, she just wore it with throwaway panache ... charm to burn.

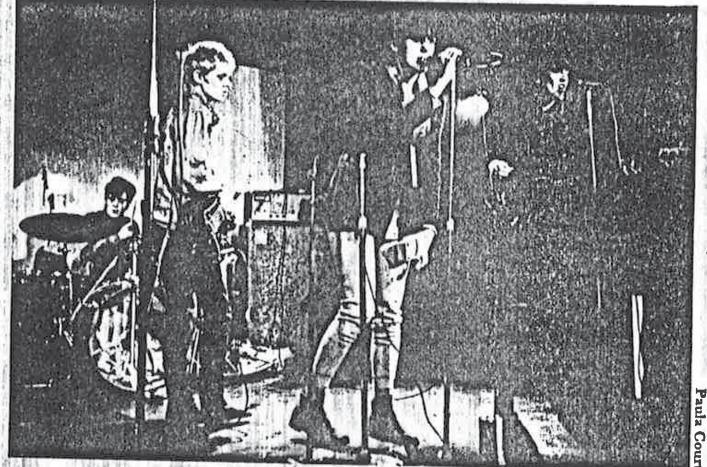
FUNKY FOUR PLUS ONE MORE Hip-hop rappers ... four guys and Sha Rock ... dj "Breakout" played rhythm track disks while Funkies took turns at individual capsule bios spoken/sung in alliterative slang ... "Manhattan" (Sha Rock) another world to these Bronx groovers, but they ripped the joint, had to repeat numbers for overcome Manhattanites.



MARILYN Two New York archetypes, leather boy and Queens secretary, joined in statistical passion in make-believe unemployment office ... ah, their claims were final: they've been murdered (Hell is other people in Section C) ... script for this perverse skit from N.Y. Post.



TINA L'HOTSKY Her "Last New York Disappearance" ... golden Barbie doll (tiny mike in hand) twirled in spotlight ... candles flickered as did interest as we waited, waited ... then all too clearly: that was it ... Act II: L'Hotsky's appearence at the Rock Lounge party afterwards.



Playing better and better ... live "Too Many Creeps" 100 % jump over record of same ... slashing and prescient cover: "Cold Turkey" ... funkily sprung rhythm section, scratchy slide guitar, chanted vocals ... still, tunes stay in two keys with similiar textures ... performance peculiarities: Sley's collapsed stance, Place's interior stare, Kennedy's furious posing (love her hair), Pop's on-the-job look ... tension, some extra-musical, turned on their crackling short set.

BUSH TETRAS (Cynthia Sley vocals, Pat Place guitar, Laura Kennedy bass, Dee Pop drums)



ZOE "Mr. Jordan" and "Mr. Karras" took forever to explain stardom but Zoe was not for sale ... this girl kept her talent under wraps.

CHI CHI VALENTI Tough-talking mistress of ceremonies on Night One ... performed solo lip-sync entr'actes ... favorite mouthealong tunes: humpy disco numbers and Motown scorchers ("Love Child") ... flashed her cookies for the boys on the front row ... not as naughty as she thinks she is.



Nathaniel Tileston



EX-DRAGON DEBS (Lisa Rosen Nares, Mary Lemley, Anne Deon, Sophie VDT) Front group for solo numbers ... in rare moment of togetherness sang "Department Store Dummies" ... these girls give no quarter (yards of tulle, purple wigs, black underwear) ... fast-moving song and dance frolics pushed along by cool pianist Wesley Strick ... their act—profoundly silly, drenched in amateur charm—preceded by deAk's woozy, slow-mo, gorgeous Super-8 look at Debs' debut at Mudd.



LISA ROSEN NARES, MARY LEMLEY Narcs, pouting, sang "Don't You Touch My Thigh" while the fickle finger probed on and up ... fantasies of schoolgirl lubricity, "d'enfants toutes nues, pour tenter les demons ajustant bien leur bas" (Baudelaire) ... demons around the room rose to this bait.



ESZTER BALINT, MARY LEMLEY Eine kleine nachtmusik: "Moritat"--"Mac the Knife"-delivered in German (every verse too) ... one new irony in "And Macheath has got a knife, but not in such an obvious place" ... sung dead pan to Balint's dead pan sawing.



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