

## Adam and the Sycophants suck up

Review: Adam and the Sycophants  
**Sucking Up To America**  
(EPIC JE 37615)

by Gaggling-Marie Facsimile

This is the band which assured us of their music, "You may not like it now but soon you will." And they proved to be quite right; I did not at first but I do now. After watching the band play almost live on Dick Clark's American Bandstand, I

fell instantly in love with their "no-sense" approach to popular music today. Although I usually write about boring futuristic garbage which I pretend to like because the record companies might stop sending me free LPs to review, I found this record a refreshing change, reverting back to the days when lyrics did not mean a thing.

The band is certainly not part of any musical trend, however, it manages to capture the imagi-

nation of the audience like their protege band, the Village People, did with their costumes. In fact the Sycophants seemed to be going nowhere until Adam (a costume design student) decided it was time to bare make up and cash in on the market in the U.K. When the band started doing well, it decided to try the American market. It worked like a charm, before long the band rose to the musical content of Doug and

the Slugs, The Knack, and Rick Springfield.

What I like most about the band is their sincerity. Adam's lyrics are basically anti-establishment, which could explain te sucking up job he did on American Bandstand, and even enough to explain why he loved the US, and even more love their audiences. The crowd, dressed in roller disco clothing, seemed to enjoy the fashion of Adam's clothes and next week it

was not surprising to see how the crowd was dressed in similar garb.

WHAT ABOUT THE MUSIC? Well, what about it? It is the best preprogrammed empty-headed rock 'n' roll around, and I should know (listen to my radio broadcasts). Let's hope next year the record companies stop sending me those boring futuristic records so I don't have to write about them.

## Kidnapped!

by Little Charley Kevvan

Boy, let me tell you, it sure has been hard finding a follow-up to the great opportunity I had to review Camping in Canada, which has Big Bird and Oscar the Grouch and all their friends from Sesame Street on it. I couldn't decide if I wanted to do a sports story or an entertainment story this week so I'm going to tell you about a true story. It's really true. It happened to me.

This is really weird. Really. I was sitting in the Metro Centre watching a hockey game and thinking about writing a really serious story about how athletes are grossly overpaid, when this strange person came over and said there was a message for me on the mezzanine. I believed him. It took me fifteen minutes to find the mezzanine but I went down the stairs and then I saw...

"Oh No!" I shrieked. "Antpeople!"

But it was true. I was being kidnapped by Antpeople, who are silly and ridiculous and dress in these tacky pirate clothes and wear makeup and they don't make brilliant great music like Jonathan Richman, who is my hero. He really is.

They dragged me out of the Metro Centre and I hid my face in my hands so no one would

think I was with them and wondered who would do such a nasty thing to a nice person like me. We crossed Barrington Street, where the Antmobile was parked. "I hope you get a parking ticket," I said in a really tough voice but I was drowned out by the sound of the CKDU song of the week sung in those nasty awful ant voices:

"STA—A—A—AND AND DELIVER, YER MONEY OR YER LOIFE!"

"Oh No!" I shrieked again. "Why is this happening to me?"

"Because," said Adam Ant, "you advocate stepping on ants."

They pushed me into the Antmobile where I was pushed across Adam and two nameless Ants and everyone squeezed into the car which was one of those low, slick, shiny models which have no room inside, so my legs stuck out one window and my elbow stuck in Adam Ant's face which gave me some satisfaction even if I was starting to panic.

"Where are you taking me?" I demanded.

Adam glared at me over my elbow and said in a voice full of malice, "To Dartmouth!!!"

"Oh no!" I cried. "Not Dartmouth! Anywhere but Dartmouth!"

But we went to Dartmouth, all the way over the Angus L. MacDonald Bridge where no one can hear you scream. We arrived at a strange green house in the middle of some alien suburb and my heart sank with disappointment, for this was the house of the notorious Marie-Facsimile, who has a multi-hyphenated name and I can never remember all of it. The Antpeople dragged me inside and I protested, wouldn't it have been better to take my money? except that I didn't have any money, just a tape recorder that didn't work.

Inside was the notorious Marie-Facsimile, wearing a leopard-skin coat and black kid gloves and cat-eye glasses, brandishing a cigarette holder.

"Ah, welcome, dahlink," she drawled in a fake accent. There was awful futuristic music on the stereo. She handed me a plastic glass with little bits of cheese in it. "Relax! Have some cheese."

I knew I was hopelessly trapped and I wouldn't be able to get my sports editorial in by the deadline.

TO BE CONTINUED. (Actually I escape so don't worry. Hi Mom.)



Sycophant Music for sick people. Adam Charles Ant is shown here demonstrating his "tribal drum-schtick" to an unsuspecting native.

## Letters cont'd

continued from page 13

We all know if the House could be more on the ball and get rid of these liberals and their disgusting traitorous proteges, I

and the other members of the legislature could save N.S. by making it really competitive with those fascist fishing fleets from Argentina. Then N.S. could bankrupt Argentina and that dumb ol' third world CIA-led dictatorship would be unable to invade the Falklands.

So now that you know, I want all sensible people of N.S. to write to me. Tell me how great I am and how much you support me so I can show the multitude of letters to the House and see some action.

If you don't do this humanitarian and beautiful act, you will be the ones crying with shame when Alice McGun'emdown is the first foreign ambassador to the oppressed and pillaged Argentine colony of the Falklands.

Sincerely,

Pauly McKookum  
MLA for Cape Breton,  
Nova Scotia, the Falklands,  
Eastern Canada, most of New  
England and a few scattered  
places around the globe where  
truth and justice prevails.

## A TO Z

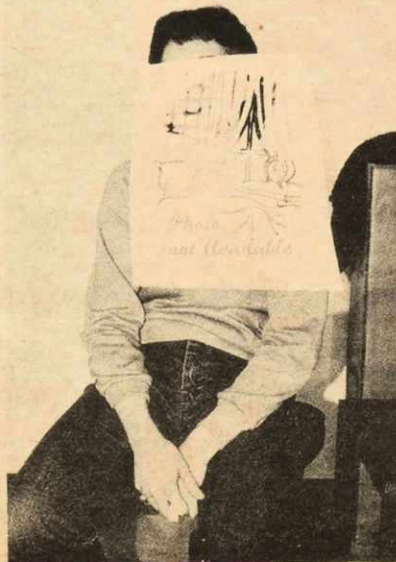
### Wednesday, April 7

There will be a brief meeting of the Underwear Club at 8:00 p.m. If late, bring a slip.

Lost - gold coloured Austin Mini. Reward offered.

The Poseidon Canoe Club will be sponsoring a canoe trip to St. Pierre and Miguelor. A pleasant day of paddling, leaving Halifax at 7 p.m. Bring your life-jackets.

John and Him Logan will conduct a seminar on customizing your automobile. Topics to be discussed will be "The art of Rocket Painting" and "The back seat: more than a place to throw your empties."



### Thursday, April 8

The Dalhousie Newman Society will be holding a "Sixism in today's society" seminar. There will be a buffet afterwards, featuring topless male dancers.

ing a "Sexism in today's society" seminar.

The Dal Engineering Society will be holding an Equal Pay for Women debate in the Cohn Auditorium, 5:32 p.m.

The Halifax City Library is presenting a seminar this Thursday on how to organize a combination "Gang meeting and minority bash." Special attention will be given to the topics "How to get gang members to come" and "Queer bashing as an incentive." A slide show will be presented on "People to hate and their habitat." Meeting will be followed by a field trip to the Halifax Police Station in several paddywagons.