

# RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE

VERMONT'S MUSIC & ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

ONE DOLLAR

ISSUE 5

## Peg Tasse & Proud of it!



*Inside this issue:*

*Lollapalooza at SPAC*

*Local Shows & Photos*

*F.C.C. Supports Obscenity!*

*and more . . .*

\$1



## RAPID FIRE ISSUE #5

Welcome to another issue of RFM. You might notice the new photos and clearer printing. Thanks to everybody involved - you know who you are. It's good to see 242 Main in Burlington re-open; Jeff Spencer is psyched for upcoming shows. If you know someone who deserves to be heard live, give Jeff a call at 862 2244. RFM #6 is in the works. Advertisers, get your ads ready. As always, we welcome contributions of any kind (articles, reviews, artwork, etc).

Send your material to :

**RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE**  
RD#2 BOX 3370  
BRISTOL, VT 05443

### CONTENTS

Letters To The Editor .....	page 3
Peg Tassej Interview & Gig Review .....	page 4
Local Scene :	
For The Love of Thrash .....	page 6
F.C.C. and the 24 Hour Obscenity Ban .....	page 10
Boston Channel Show:	
Biohazard/Sheer Terror/Type O Negative .....	page 11
Non-fiction: Philanthropists bounced from local bar .....	page 12
Classifieds .....	page 15

### ADVERTISING RATES

Full page \$25  
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### Submittals

Rapid Fire encourages contributions in the form of money, articles, photos, tape/CD/ILP reviews, fiction, gig reviews and anything else with some kind of interest value.

## Letters to the Editors

### Report from the Fringes

Rat Dog,

The name you chose for yourself must surely be an accurate reflection of your creative sensibilities. No one except burnt-out morons consider hardcore/punk/speed metal to even be current musical forms, much less worth paying a nickel to see. A jackhammer on concrete is a more legitimate form of expression, and you can actually make a living from using one!

No one with half a brain gives a shit about groups with names like "Chronic Decay" or "Death Cows". These names better describe the non-musicians who know 2 and 1/2 chords and one rhythm riff and who show their self-hate as if they are proud of it. (That is, when they're not picking lice off their heads or jerking each other off.) No one wants to see your whining letter in the newspaper except you. So just climb back into the sewer where you come from, you rat's asshole.

A Master Musician

*ED. - An aficionado of jack hammers such as yourself should be happy to hear that the new Einsturzende Neubauten CD is scheduled for a Christmas release. Seriously, though, we'd prefer a response like this to the usual excuse that passes for enthusiasum in this town.*

Dear RFM:

Regarding the survey of area radio stations in RFM #4, I think that a few words of defense from an objective critic might be in order. Granted, no one goes into the radio business without first having the concept of excessive wealth firmly planted in their tiny minds, and as such station owners could care less about bringing fresh and

challenging music to the consumer (read: captive audience). Nonetheless, there are still a few scraps of quirky, stranger than life programming for those who are willing to dig for them.

Agreed, WKDR's Manno and Condon morning team often sounds like two Ed McMahon wannabes, what with their overly good-natured joviality. But you should give them credit for coming up with some fairly bizarre guests (the editor of Omni magazine, for example; I've also heard they have a professional channeler of famous dead people) and an occasionally sick concept (such as this summer's preoccupation with meat clothing; more recently, one of them lost a bet and had to lie in Battery Park covered in french fries, waiting for the seagulls to come).

Yes, WNCS does play more "aging hippie rock" than is necessary, and they do seem to play an awful lot of "blue-eyed soul" (there's an oxymoron for you). In their defense, I've heard more Ramones and Sex Pistols on WNCS than any other station around, including WRUV.

Speaking of which, does anyone in the real world listen to as much Techno-dreck as is played on RUV? Let's hope not. And what's with the friggin' jazz during drivetime? Dozing drivers are a menace to society, or haven't these ivory tower DJs taken their graduation presents out on the roads when working stiff's are on their way home after a hard day?

And just to update your faithful readers, it should be noted that WJOY has once again changed their format. No longer can obsessive news junkies get their fix here, since the station is now playing what was probably considered easy listening in the '60s. I've heard some Sinatra, Tony Bennett and even a horrendous rendition of "Camelot"; let the listener beware.

Don't give me no static,  
Arthur DeMorte



## Peg Tasse & Proud Of It

### Interview & Review by RatDog

When your Ratdog is involved, anything that's imaginable seems possible. With that in mind try to comprehend this one. I was sitting at home and I got a call from Peg Tasse. She said, "Ratdog, I'm playing Border with my band Proud of It and I'm walking on stage body painted and nude." I quickly agreed to be there. Right before the show started, a large crowd was drinking and anticipating this unusual spectacle. At 10:45 the house lights dimmed and Proud Of It opened with a slow grinding metal instrumental. Suddenly, out walked Peg completely nude and body painted. She grabbed the mike and joined in with her band. For 3 songs she stayed this way and gave the large lurching crowd a view of Troy Porter's artwork painted on her body. It was like a painting on the wall except that this was real and moving. With an art stage set up complete with Christmas lights and a large Max Schuman painting as a backdrop, this scene was a lollapooza! Her band plays original metaledge type stuff and Peg adds a powerful vocal track that mows down unsuspecting victims. Each song carries on heavy and Peg is great between songs. She beams brightly and this positive force infects the crowd. By 12:30 her band played their last song. I was so blown away by all of this that I decided to see this group again the next night at the Vermont Aids benefit in Montpelier. Here's the interview from that night.....

**RFM:** *Who's in the band?*

**Peg:** Myself on vocals, Troy Pudvah on drums, Denny Donovan on lead guitar, Josh Copper on guitar, Tony Thompson on bass, George Abele on percussion, and Nina, Mindy, Rosemary, and Kate are dancing.

**RFM:** *How long have you been together?*

**Peg:** I started 3 years ago and did 2 tapes called "Jinxed" and "Care Free Days of Childhood" with Ethan and Max of the Hollywood Indians. But our first gig as Peg Tasse and Proud Of It was on July 4, 1991.

**RFM:** *What type of music are you influenced by?*

**Peg:** Janis Joplin, Jane's Addiction, James Brown, Sly and the Family Stone.

**Troy:** Led Zep, Rush, Thrash Metal.

**RFM:** *What are some of the songs you do?*

**Peg:** Boys Club, Suedo, Not True, Sex is Good, and we cover "Is it my body" by Alice Copper and "Like a prayer" by Madonna. For the most part, we play our own stuff.

**RFM:** *Where else have you played?*

**Peg:** Border twice, Pyralisk in Montpelier, a benefit at Pearl St. in Burlington and this show.

**RFM:** *Explain how the percussionist and the beautiful dancers fit into your band?*

**Peg:** The dancers add a feeling of movement and helps the crowd flow. (Editors Note, I can definitely say that these truly beautiful women, dressed to match, dancing together, sometimes with Peg, really helps the crowd and my body juices flow.)

**George:** I've played with a dance group called New Vermane and with Fred Wilbur (Buch Spielier) of Montpelier. I build drums at my home and do some teaching.

**RFM:** *Where are you from?*

**Peg:** Wolcott.

**Troy:** Hardwick.

**Denny:** Josh and Tony attend Johnson State College.

**George:** Montpelier. The dancers are from the Burlington area.

**RFM:** *How did you get the name Proud Of*

It?

**Josh:** One day I said "Yeah, Peg Tasse. and she's proud of it" and it stuck.

**RFM:** *What are your future plans?*

**Peg:** We hope to record at Vortex studio in Albany, Vt. (Volcano Suns home), and also at Johnson State College. More gigs are in the planning stages as of right now.

**RFM:** *Any last words?*

**Peg:** It really blows me away that people do get up and dance to original music. Our soundman Quinny, Brother Greg (our roadie) and Franco, (our engineer) do wonders for us. We're looking for patrons to help us with our music.

*A videotape of the Border Nude show is available and any other correspondence to: Peg Tasse And Proud Of It, General Delivery, Wolcott, Vt. 05680.*

## PERFORMANCE



*Peg Tasse - & What Of It?*



*Peg & the gang, incognito.*



Editor's note: There were three great local shows at Border this summer. This article best describes the action.

# FOR THE LOVE OF THRASH

by Paul Felopolus

Photos by Abbey Brown



I left Taos, New Mexico on Thursday and drove the 20 hours to Memphis straight in order to catch the big Blues Festival. Loosey, my 3 year old Doberman sat beside me most of the way, while Hank, a one year old black Labrador sat in back, drooling over my right shoulder and into my coffee. We cruised at between 80 and 90 M.p.h., with the detector. Despite the heavy downpours, it was Hotter Than Hell. When we got to Memphis. My dogs were dying, especially the Lab, so there was no way to leave them in the Truck and see the shows. A whole street was closed down for the festival, and you could pay one 5 dollar admission price to enter every club. But even better, especially for me was that true to the Southern knack for musical innovation: the club owners had rigged up giant speak-

6

ers in front of their clubs so you could dance or just hang around drinking in the street and catch what was going on inside. Many great people were drawn to me by the dogs, and they all were having wild good times, despite a severe smoke drought. After much dancing and not a little fucking around I grabbed a cheap hotel and snuck the dogs in to rest in air conditioned comfort. We would need it to make New York the next day.

After a solid day and a half on the road, arriving in Upstate New York unticketed and finally comfortable was a joyous event which

was celebrated by an extended Dog Frolic through the cool green woods. We went to my pal Dave Atkins house where without further to do, we immediately set out with his drums for Burlington, Vermont and some vague "gig" he claimed to have there. What the hell kind of Bozoid high school gymnasium style gig anyone in the boonies of Vermont might ever have I didn't know or really care, what with the weather so lovely and cool. The DO IT NOW FOUNDATION sounded OK on tape, even if the name sounded like they were sponsored by some Politically Correct Sneaker Manufacturer. And zooming along with the tape the dogs poking their noses into the wind, all of us grooving to the beautiful country and blaring tunes, it was so great I was sure they would



make it illegal too - the Pigs! But for now, we were content to arrive in Burlington; we were welcomed with loving arms by the rest of the DO IT NOW FOUNDATION.

Those guys rehearsed while I checked out the town with the dogs. We seemed to like it we did, with many fine women about and a general air of heavy drinking and college style revelry. I began to look forward to the gig later the next night and sure enough, the time flew by, like necking behind the backboard used to. Before I even knew it, I was shovelling down the most excellent pasta imaginable, courtesy of the great guys next door, and flying DO IT NOW FOUNDATION to the Border in my Trooper. In a pure stroke of luck, I snagged a parking space right in front of the club. It turned out the door man totally dug the hounds and would watch them so I could leave the windows all the way down and let them make friends, but their fave by far was the dude from Nectors, who won their undying love with not just a few strips of crunchy bacon. But inside the club, the ruckus was underway and I had been suddenly recruited as Guitar Roadie by Cuddy, a job I've actually done for real, way back in my checkered past.

The DO IT NOW FOUNDATION plays practically all originals, with one Suzanne Vega Cover and one G.O.D. cover which is actually a cover of a Wards tune. Their sound encompasses thrash technique, but also can wax melodic and even weirdly ethereal. Between guitar changes I checked out the crowd and found that despite the early starting time (9:00), the house was full and folks were digging it. There was one chick in a red ball cap who wasn't only grooving to the show, but later turned out to be one of the best dancers in the house. One dude was slamming up the floor, catching big air, like Magic Johnson. Lene on bass was proving the balls we knew she always had by coming over Loud and clear, never missing a beat. Cuddy's searing guitar work was augmented by his unorthodox tuning styles and brave vocal Hijinks. Behind it all, Atkins (on drums) was working like Vengeance although he had to overcome what I felt was a muddy sound mix by Quinny, who performed otherwise admirably that night. Ratdog arrived to grace the floor with his hulking form, and during a lull I high fived him in appreciation of a most

7





### Phallic Symbol

excellent breakfast he had prepared for us that morning. Despite what anyone says about Rat, his breakfasts remain outstanding.

G.O.D. mounted the stage somewhere around 10:30, but I was outside with the dogs, hearing the news about the Border. I couldn't believe my ears. Sports Bar? First of all, I was blown away by this pissa club up in Vermont, of all places, and now I was hearing it would closed to make room for another Sports Bar? Unbelievable! I spent the G.O.D. set haranguing this out with several people, all of whom thought it sucked! I came to my own opinion on this one. In any event I missed most of their set, but caught a smoking finale hovering on the fringes of a now writhing mosh pit.

#### Black Hairy Tongue.

It's a sentence all its own. They had the place wild almost from before they began. They musta slipped Quinny a few bucks or something, because their sound was ballsy. Standing up on the riser to the left of the stage, I realized something new while watching the crowd dance. Most people are afraid of the slamming that

goes on in the mosh. It seems like senseless violence, juvenile and self destructive even. But as I watched the crowd I saw for the time how loving the whole thing really is. It seemed like a tribal ritual where people depend on the crowd to be there in case they fall. People stay loose and relaxed.

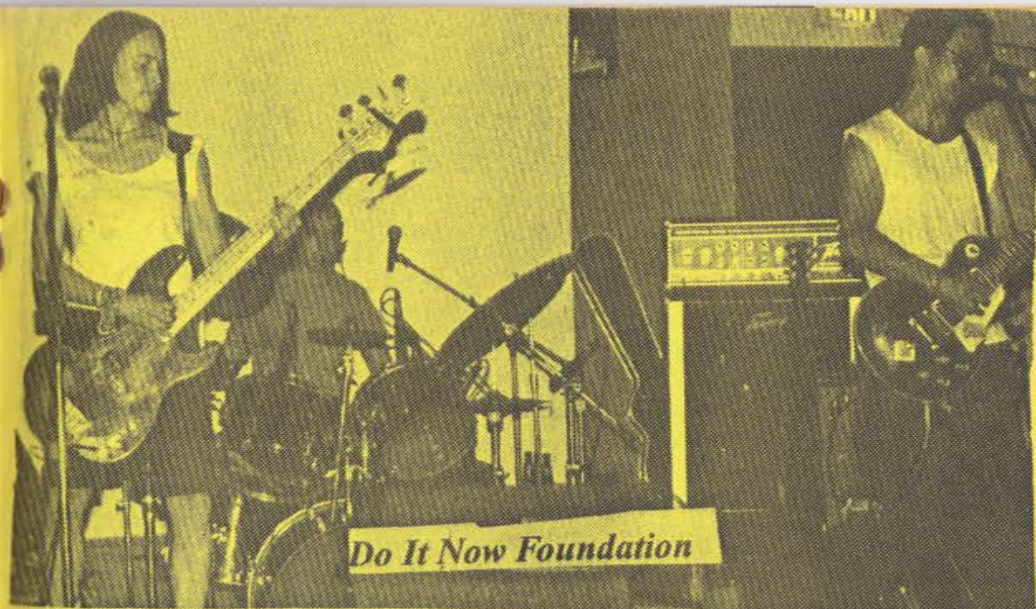
They have to, otherwise they could get hurt. People slam around, but they are caught and safely returned to the dance. There is a gentle sort of bodily give and take to the thing which I never have seen before now. And ultimately it seems to me that it was a real loving physical expression, a way of feeling your body in contact with the human



### The Slam Pit

tribe. The many women in the crowd attested to that, and their presence there was a welcome sight indeed.

At the close of the night some well known guy had the bad taste to smash his drum set, in apparent protest to the Border closing. What a waste, I couldn't help thinking. Some high



school kid would give his eye teeth to have a drum set of his own. The smasher was doing it to help him get laid, no doubt. What other reason could there be for such stupid theatrics? By the looks of the guy, it could only have helped. Whoever it was, I hope he got some.

I'm back in Upstate New York now, typing this at the Art building on the SUNY campus. There is nothing equal to the scene in Burlington here, though the babes mercifully abound. The dogs are home sleeping (I hope) and the Trooper is running great.

The upshot of this trip east from New Mexico is that - so far - the highlight of my trip

is the night at Border. I can't imagine having so much fun anywhere in Boston (that sad excuse for a city). My hope is that you all realize what you have there and support guys like Ratdog with things like Rapid Fire and bands like Do It Now Foundation who represent the cutting edge in music today. I had a blast in Burlington and want to thank everybody who was there that night, especially the girl in the red hat.

Paul Felopulos  
somewhere on the road.



### The Crowd



## F.C.C. Obscenity Update

The following is a response I received from the F.C.C. to a letter sent in July 1991 criticizing the 24 hour obscenity ban for WRUV. I don't know if there is a difference between "indecent" and "obscene" material, but the second paragraph of the letter to Mr. Woodel seems to indicate that the government may not prohibit the broadcast of material some yahoo might find offensive 24 hours a day. Apparently after 8:00 pm you don't have to pander to the most conservative elements in society. Yet, Jus' passin' on a little information y'all might find relevant.

Tom Cuddy  
Minister of Information  
Do It Now Foundation

Federal Communications Commission  
Washington, D.C. 20554

Dear Sir or Madam:

The enclosed appears to be responsive to the matter(s) discussed in your correspondence. If you have voiced a complaint, we hope our reply will be helpful to your understanding of why a Commission inquiry into the issue raised would not be warranted or permissible under existing law. If, however, the enclosed material does not adequately describe FCC policies of interest to you, and if you will specify the additional information you need, we shall try to provide it.

Sincerely,  
Edythe Wise, Chief  
Complaints and Investigations Branch,  
Enforcement Division  
Mass Media Bureau

Enclosure(s): See the enclosed letter. The recent court ruling regarding the broadcast of indecent material applies to all broadcast stations, including college radio stations.

Mr. David L. Woodel, Director  
American Family Association  
of Northern California  
P.O. Box 605  
Citrus Heights, CA 95611

Dear Mr. Woodel:

We have reviewed your complaint against Television Station, Sacramento, CA. In your complaint you brought to our attention the station's broadcast of certain possibly indecent material the evening of March 4, 1991, at 8:00 p.m. In support of your complaint you submitted a video tape of the movie, "Alien". A federal court has held unconstitutional the Commission's rule prohibiting the broadcast of indecent material 24 hours a day. (Action for Children's Television v. FCC-- No. 88\_1916, slip op. (D.C. Cir. May 17, 1991)). The court has remanded that case with instructions that the Commission establish a "safe harbor" during which material that may be indecent, but is nevertheless constitutionally protected may be broadcast. Therefore, until such time as a new safe harbor goes into effect, the Commission's enforcement authority against indecent broadcasts does not extend to material broadcast after 8:00 p.m. (see Action for Children's Television v. FCC--, 852 F2d 1332 (D.C. Cir. 1988)). I emphasize, however, that the Commission takes seriously its obligation to enforce the statutory prohibition of broadcast indecency and continues to evaluate complaints regarding indecent broadcasts. For example, we recently initiated proceedings against several licensees for the broadcast of indecent material during daytime hours. We appreciate your concern regarding this matter.

Sincerely,  
Edythe Wise,  
Chief Complaints and Investigations Branch  
Enforcement Division  
Mass Media Bureau.

## Northeast Scene Report

BZRKER/ Biohazard/ Sheer Terror/ Type-O Negative  
August 18th, The Channel, Boston, MA.

I made plans to leave a few days early for this show, and cranked my Suzuki 850 down I-89 at race car speeds. By White River Junction, about an hour into my trip, the gas gauge was low. I stopped and the damn oil leaking from my cylinders made me ill. Well, like I was told, you drive it till it drops, so off I headed for Boston. By 10:00 a.m. the sun was beating down on the pavement as the temperatures rose toward 95. I drove to Beverly which is on the North Shore of Boston and made my accommodations with the Sterns twins, old Norwich cadets from from years ago. After a few days of swimming in the Atlantic and high stakes gambling, it was time for this Sunday afternoon show. Put on by "Cringler" of Boston, a large turnout arrived early. I cruised into downtown B-Town and found a parking spot near the front. The first band, BZRKER, is a local Boston hardcore band. Yes, the crowd really got into them as the slam pit went wild. The members of the band all looked like musicians except the lead singer who looked like a football lineman for the Chicago Bears. He even had a Notre Dame tank top on which was unusual because just about everyone on the Channel had a band T-shirt on. But these guys played fast, tight hardcore.

Type O Negative got up and played next. This band plays a new type of hardcore which is getting more popular each day. A slow, angry, grinding, painful beat with disturbing vocals led the crowd in and out of this set. Songs like "Thanks For Fucking Someone Else" and "Come Die With Me" made Type O Negative excellent.

The crowd was made up mostly young

people and they seemed interested in each and every band. A massive slam pit and wildly cheering chants made the Channel rock from side to side.

Then it was time for Brooklyn, N.Y.'s BioHazard. Clearly this was the band most people had come to see. The crew of four ripped into each song and the crowd responded with constant stage diving. Of course the band egged them on, and this led to crazy slam stage diving. They played for one sweaty hour.

The last band, Sheer Terror, stepped up and began to play. With Paul Bear on vocals - a very fat, tattooed skin head - and 3 other members, this band played fast, angry songs. At one point "Bear" screamed out, "What the fuck are you doing out there? There's a fat skinhead in his underwear screaming on stage!" The bass player also ripped the crowd for being lame. But, they were tight, and after 4 hot hours in the Channel, the show ended. I got back on my bike and drove to Beverly. I planned to leave the next day at 10:00a.m. After a hot, tortuous, muggy night, the next day brought Hurricane Bob along. There was no way I was going to ride 4 hours in the pouring rain and gusting winds. I waited 24 hours, cleaned my cylinder-heads and powered back to Vermont!

More of the same is available in the GS1100E. The GS1100 engine is still the most sought after for serious drag racing. It can be made as large as 1533cc without blowing itself into little pieces. The 1981-83 versions are the best, with handlebar, seat and footpegs positioned to give one of the best ever motorcycle seating positions.



1983 Suzuki  
GS1100E



# D.I.N.F. THROWN OUT OF OP! Has Helluva Time At Steer & Stein

Scene Report, Sept. 10, 1991

The Do It Now Foundation (DINF), after a highly combustible rehearsal session, was seeking a way to drain off excess amperage on Tuesday, the night of Sept the 10th. DINF hit the Burlington bar scene, and touched down at the Other Place. Yes, those purveyors of creative mayhem have struck again. Just when you thought it was safe to put on nice clothes and go out at night, neighborhood trash blows in through the door at high velocity, messing up your hair.

Lene Clare, that evil hostess of excess amperage, knocked an unsuspecting Tom Cuddy straight off his barstool and onto the OP floor. The young, inexperienced hired hands staffing the OP that night were

obviously not expecting this either. Being less experienced than the seasoned pros that usually referee the OP, the young staff made the unsmooth move of trying to extricate DINF from the batcave. Their plan did not go as easily as they had anticipated, as DINF definitely made them work for their hourly wage. "We're doing our part to help train the newcoming bartenders to use their heads. We make them think, make them have to make decisions, and demand to be treated on a human level," Blaze reflected.

"Fuck the OP", said one member of DINF, "Too many fresh fratboy faces for one Tuesday night. On to the Steer&Stein - The Best Neighborhood Bar in All of Burlington!"

## Lollapalooza at SPAC

Rollins Band, Butthole Surfers, Ice T & Body Count, 9-Inch Nails, Living Color, Siouxi  
and the Banshees, Jane's Addiction.

Saratoga Performing Arts Center, N.Y., August 13th.

When Kathleen informed me about this show a few months ago, I made a mental note of it because I wanted to see these bands. Of the 7 bands that were playing, I had only seen the Rollins Band. As this show approached, I contacted some of my friends and asked them if they were going. For the most part, they were busy, lost in their own world or traveling to the show with other people. So I said fuck it. I'll travel to Saratoga alone on my Suzuki 850. There's something exciting about going long distance on a bike and this feeling was present as I climbed on the 850. It was 85 degrees, perfect for a long cruise. Across the bridge in Vergennes and on to I-87 to Saratoga. I ripped the 850 through the gears as I made my way onto the Interstate. I made it to Saratoga by 4:30 P.M., just as the first band, Rollins, was ending. Damn, I missed Henry and his crew by 45 minutes. Oh well, I've seen this band before, three times as Black Flag and twice as the Rollins band. Through conversations with others at the show, for the most part Henry played new material off the new album. He only did 2 or 3 older songs.

Then the Butthole Surfers started playing. If you're not familiar with this band, don't be railroaded by the offbeat name. This is a solid unit playing some of the most distinctive sounds today. At one point, the singer pulled out a megaphone and wailed into his mike. A hypnotic drum beat and pounding bass led this group toward meltdown. After one hour they finished.

Up steps Ice T. This guy from South Central L.A. rapped wildly and did some of his hits like "Colors" and "New Jack City" theme. Between songs he entertained the crowd (about 25,000) with jokes and problems that both white and black share. Without his backup band, Ice T was clear and distinctive. Then his backup band Body Count played together. But this wasn't rap but more like hardcore. Ripping fast songs and interesting vocals made this group one to see.

Ice T and Body Count did a great job entertaining the mostly college aged white crowd.

Then 9 Inch Nails begins to play. If you're not familiar with this band, you should be. Great vocals and pounding backup instruments make this band one for the future. A high energy stage show really impressed me. Get their records and tapes.

Between sets, I made my way around SPAC like a politician meeting and greeting the many people from Vermont. It was amazing how many did make it to this show.

It was time for Living Color. For the most part, I didn't dig this group. A pop flair to them and less than great vocals made me yawn. The crowd liked them, but this wasn't my cup of tea.

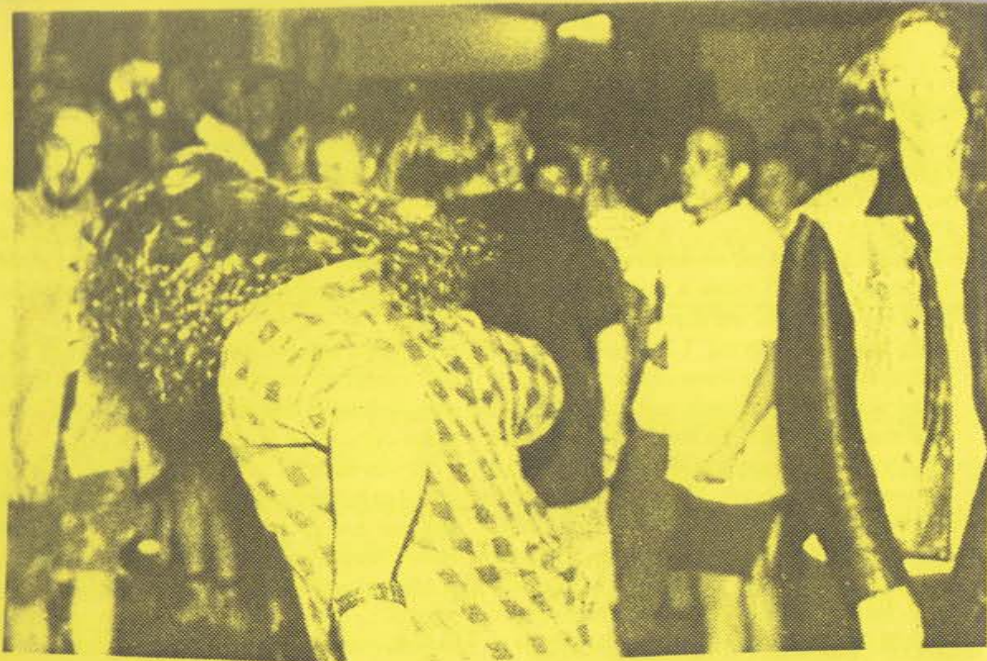
After a long break, Siouxi and the Banshees played. Led by sexy Siouxi, this group played exceptionally well. Very tight songs and a clearly distinctive style mad this group sound great. A brilliant light show led the crowd into a frenzy. Speaking of the crowd, throughout this monster show, a huge slam pit ripped constantly round and round. Hot, sweaty bodies exited the pit from time to time smiling from cheek to cheek. This mix of people was pleasing.

Then it was time for the main attraction - Jane's Addiction. Led by Perry Farrell, Jane's blew away the other bands with ripping sounds and under the skin vocals. The crowd sang along with them and the colorful stage show added to the drama. Finally at 12:15 am, the Lollapalooza show ended. This word means "exceptional" and yes, this was exceptional.

After I gassed up and dumped a quart of oil into my 850, it was off to Port Henry for food. As I paid for it, a guy from the show pulled up and asked me where to get gas. The owner of the store had just told me he was the only one open for 22 miles. I relayed this information to the gas-starved car and before I had the time to tell him what direction, he sped off North trying his luck. Oh well, great show, weather, and ride !!

RATDOG





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MUSIC THERAPY:

Everyone is either exposed to, or connects with some kind of music. Therefore, music can be used in the accomplishment of therapeutic aims: such as restoration, maintenance, and improvement of mental and physical health. Music therapy is the scientific application of music, to bring about desirable changes in behavior - as directed only by a fully trained Registered, Board-Certified Music Therapist (by the National Association for Music Therapy), or a Certified music therapist (by the American Association for Music Therapy). No one needs to be an experienced musician, in order to participate in a music therapy program!

The Music Therapy Process:

The music therapist elicits nonverbal, motor, auditory, rhythmic, and melodic responses from the patient(s) - in individual and/or group sessions. The M.T. uses skills of improvisation, composition, and performance for the purposes of physical & psychological evaluations, medical diagnosis, and on-going treatment. The M.T. then assists the patient(s) in verbal, written, or taped processing of the interactions and feelings that occur within the music therapy session.

The music therapist may also work with other health professionals, as part of the patient's "treatment team".

I am currently working as an independent contractor in the Burlington and Rutland areas. I hold several executive positions for NAMT within New England. As well as, lecture at regional and International Conferences, and give local workshops.

Take Care & Be True

*Kelley*

**MUSIC THERAPY**  
**& THE CREATIVE ARTS**

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