



Sea Monster

www.seamonstermusic.com

www.myspace.com/seamonster3000

PRESS KIT

Sea Monster

Arthur Stevenson
Vocals

Fred Wagner
Guitar

Mike Rock
Guitar

Phil Fellner
Drums

Adolph Marcellino
Bass



Sea Monster is a rock n' roll band from Long Island, New York that combines elements of punk, psychobilly and blues. Song subjects range from biting social commentary to ancient Rome to Z-grade horror movies. Sea Monster has released consistently great records over the years, and has shared the stage with Iggy Pop, Butthole Surfers, White Zombie and hundreds of others.

Arthur Stevenson (vocals), Fred Wagner (guitar), and his brother, Barney (bass), had played together in an earlier project. After adding Mike Rock on guitar and Phil Fellner on drums, Sea Monster released *Episode 1: Liquid Lunch or Rapture of the Deep?* on its own Fear of Money, Ltd. label in 1986. The four tracks on it were "Sex God Chant," "I Came to Dance," "Sex Under Water" "Billy Got A Handgun." The track "Sex God Chant" also appeared on 1987's *Sorority Sampler*.

Sea Monster was already earning a reputation as an explosive live act playing New York City punk venues like CBGBs and Max's Kansas City.

In 1987, Sea Monster enlisted the help of some friends and self-produced a video for "Sex God Chant," which was filmed in the Brooklyn Water Works at 5am in the morning. Three months later the video debuted on USA's *Night Flight* program, following Blondie.

Shortly after, vocalist Stevenson was on *The Sally Jesse Raphael Show*, where he hurled his drink at another guest. Steven H. Weiss, at one time Led Zeppelin's business manager, contacted the band after seeing the TV appearance. Weiss represented Sea Monster for the next three years.

The "Sex Puppet" b/w "That's All" 7" was released in 1988.

By '89, there was a cassette circulating named *Sea Monster Sighted!* Recorded at Freeport's Right Track Inn, the tape contained live versions of favorites like "Sex God Chant," "Lord of the Flies" and "Dance Monster."

The "Let It Burn" b/w "Oil (the Blood of Dinosaurs)" 12" was released on Fear of Money, Ltd. in 1991.

In 1992, Burn-It Records released Sea Monster's debut full-length, *Enduro Bizarro Intacto*. In addition to re-recorded versions of "Sex God Chant," "That's All" and "Sex Puppet," the album also contained audience favorites like "Peat Bog (A Malaria Nightmare)" and "Cowboys (The Lamp Cord Strangler)."

Winged Disk Records released the 1993 limited 7" EP *We Work For A Living You Paper-Shuffling Prick*. The four tracks on it were "Pieces," "Barbecue at Phil's," "Ramming Speed" and "Corpsman." Richie Lure (brother of Walter Lure) was handling bass duties. Also around this time, Sea Monster became an unofficial "house" band at CBGB and Continental in New York City.

In 1996 the *Death, Taxes and Sea Monster* album came out on Winged Disk. It contained tracks like "Oil Well Driller," "Steve Reeves" and "The World's Smallest Violin."

Adolph Marcellino came on as bassist for the Peter Crowley-produced *Psychotronic Roller Boogie Disco Queen Sock It to Me* album, released on Winged Disk in 2000. The album prompted *Glass Eye* magazine publisher Ed Shimbroske III to proclaim "Sea Monster is the poor man's Motorhead." In addition to the title track, other favorites include "Standing at the End of the Line" and "Gimme A Beer."

In 2000, Winged Disk released *Something In the Water: The Secret History of Long Island Punk*, which contained Sea Monster's *Liquid Lunch* EP and the "Sex Puppet" 7". Other bands represented were Ism, Nihilistics, Jimi LaLumia and the Psychotic Frogs, Dead Virgins and Horror Planet.

In late 2008, Sea Monster submitted a video for "That's All" to Fuse TV's *Make A Star* battle of the bands reality show, and made it to the contest's final stages.

In 2009, Winged Disk Records released *Livin' On Love...and Other Notes From the Killing Floor*, which contains tracks like "Sons of the Pioneers" and "Party For Caesar." The album got a rave in *Hustler* magazine.

Sea Monster is still very active, playing mainly in New York City while they write their next album.

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Sea Monster

SEA MONSTER

*Livin' on Love...And Other Notes
From the Killing Floor*

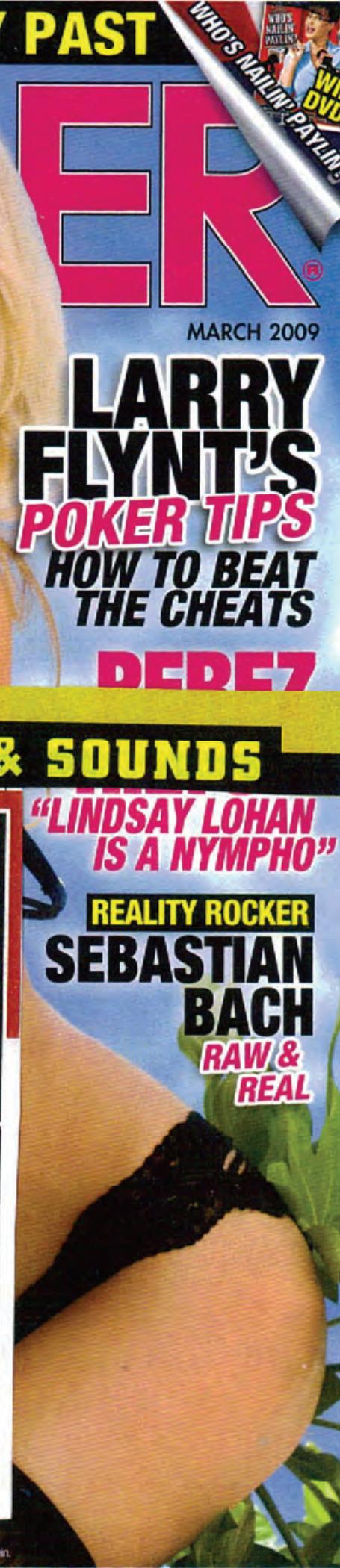
We just found your favorite new rock band. These New Yorkers live, eat and breathe rock 'n' roll à la the Jesus

Lizard and AC/DC. Sea Monster's latest is a one-two-three knockout punch. Highlights include "Killer," "Party for Caesar" and "Continental."



Livin' On Love...

and Other Notes From the Killing Floor



Laid-back Guy, but a Rock 'n' Roll Monster

By ROBBIE WOLIVER

LIKE most superheroes, Arthur Stevenson is a gentle, thoughtful working-class guy during the day and a stylish scamp at night. But when he slips out of his work outfit into his rock 'n' roll regalia, his blue-collar ethics are not left far behind.

He is the archetypal rebel, full of contradictions, straddling many worlds. He is as easily at home swigging beers with bikers as he is debating social philosophy with urban intellectuals.

The hard-working house painter lives on the top floor of a modest Cape here with his wife, Traci, a former makeup artist, and 17-month-old daughter, Lara. He works 60 hours, sometimes seven days a week, in his one-man business.

But he is also an electrifying rock singer who has just completed a new record with his band, Seamonster. He is as interesting a character as any. An anomaly, he has been referred to as the prototypical suburban rocker by critics and sociologists. He attracts a diverse group of fans, including Lower East Side motorcycle gangs, wealthy Gold Coast socialites and the punk idol Iggy Pop.

In person, he is kind-hearted and extremely polite. On stage, he is a wild man. He is the stuff of which rock dreams are made. Tanya Indiana, a journalist, wrote an essay on "Why Smart Gals Love Seamonster," a discourse on Mr. Stevenson's relation to class, music and art. Dr. Donna Gaines, a sociologist, has written that he is "an old-school visionary" and a "prince among men."

Clues to the complex singer-writer-philosopher can be seen in his childhood. He grew up in a hard-scrabble apartment complex in Freeport, where people had names like Tall Pete and Big Daddy.

"Nobody skipped a beat there," he said of his rowdy existence. "It was populated by all sorts of colorful people, and wild bars. I'm a byproduct of that lifestyle."

A perpetual outsider, Mr. Stevenson said, "I was never comfortable in my own skin — too many thoughts per square inch."

He hated school. His real education, he said, was through his brother, John, who taught him about motorcycles and let him ride in his 1961 Chevy. The death of his sister, Mary Ellen, in a car accident on Easter Sunday in 1970 was also a life lesson. "It just showed me how fragile life was," he said.

He began to rebel. But he also became interested in art (the post-Modernist Robert Rauschenberg was a favorite) and became an avid reader, a habit he has continued. "Everything changed when I started reading Capote, Faulkner," he said.

"School was a great social experiment that I had no interest in," Mr. Stevenson said. "I just wanted to get



Phil Marino for The New York Times

Arthur Stevenson, with his daughter, Lara, paints houses 60 hours a week but transforms into a rocker at night with his band, Seamonster.

out early and go to work. It was like doing time."

The self-described "greaser" entered an accelerated program and graduated from high school a year early, with grades in the 90's.

Mr. Stevenson said he experimented with drugs and alcohol briefly in his early teens, but stopped at 15. "I got in a beef, got stomped, and took stock of myself," he said. He estimates that 60 percent of his childhood friends have died from drugs or suicide.

His work ethic also made a difference. While his contemporaries escaped through drugs and drink, he sought work. "Working was great," he said. "It gave me money, freedom, skills."

He still takes pride in his work, whether it's fixing a friend's broken washing machine, painting a biker friend's apartment or working on a breathtaking faux finish in a Lloyd Neck estate. "People who work for a living are virtuous and upright," he said.

But music is his driving force. "It is instant gratification," he said. "I can get up on stage and explode with the music."

In 1978, he met Fred and Barney Wagner (the brothers who inspired Joseph Barbera's "The Flintstones"), two older boys who encouraged him to write music, which eventually reflected diverse influences like the Velvet Underground, Hank Williams, pre-war blues and jazz, and Debussy.

They formed Flak, "a tribal rock 'n' roll band" influenced by English punk groups like the Clash and the Sex Pistols, and began playing top clubs like CBGB's and Danceteria.

An effulgent conversationalist, in a 10-minute span he expounded on Russian and German composers like Rimsky-Korsakov and Wagner ("I like the big movements, the crazy stories"), politics ("The best form of government is a meritocracy"), custom choppers, the ballet, the art of tattoos, the Napoleonic era and the benefits of home schooling. His big

beef: "I'm sick of people complaining about differences. Everyone's an individual."

"I try to hold myself to the standards of what I really admire. I have disdain for the artistic temperament. It's about work, respect, and manners. That's all that matters."

Dr. Gaines, who wrote "Teenage Wasteland," a book about suburban alienation, says Mr. Stevenson is "the epitome of an organic intellectual."

"He draws from local culture and integrates it into a creative context," Dr. Gaines said.

In 1985, Seamonster was born. A band made up of hard-working hard-living guys — what rock 'n' roll musicians should be, Dr. Gaines said. Fred Wagner, guitarist, is a cabdriver. (Barney died of drug-related AIDS in 1990.) Mike Rock, guitarist, works in retail. Adolph Marcellino, bassist, works for New York City's sewage department. Phil Felner, drummer, works in airline operations and is called "the suit."

"We go to work; it's a job," said Mr. Stevenson, who no one would ever suspect of strutting a stage singing songs about motorcycles and wanton women if they saw him cradling his daughter. With her, he is a soul at rest, as opposed to the restless soul he usually is.

When Mr. Stevenson takes to the stage, he is continuing a redemptory history of rock, blues, soul and folk artists who search for an outlet for frustrated lives and find relief in their music. Seamonster's determination to be noticed is no different than Chuck Berry's or Little Richard's struggle to be accepted by white fans. For those on society's fringe, music is uplifting.

The band's current priority is to find a manager and label for the new album, "Psychotronic Roller Boogie Disco Queen — Sock It to Me." The recording, a broad collection of rock-ably surf-punk, 60's-style ballads and straight-ahead rock, is classic. "I'm a purveyor of satire and burlesque," Mr. Stevenson said.

Seamonster, a commercial cross between the Stooges and the Dolls, succeeds through mostly satirical songs covering alienation, motorcycles, the libido and mortality (the poignant ballad "Clark Was a Fireman").

"It's hard," said Mr. Stevenson, who often travels between Levittown and Maine to tend to his ill mother. "I've got a lot of roles to play."

One way to read Mr. Stevenson, perhaps, is through his tattoos: Frankenstein scars on his wrists, references from Shakespeare and "Rocky and Bullwinkle," a memorial to Barney Wagner, 120-year-old Mexican flash and a little girl inscribed with "Lara." He is many parts: scarred child, pop-culture receptacle, tortured artist, loving family man, lay anthropologist.

Through Mr. Stevenson, a Long Island dead-end kid, comes Seamonster, the ultimate rock 'n' roll band.



WHY SMART GALS LOVE SEA MONSTER

Save your money, kids: Lad's daddy is alive and well on LI by Tanya Indiana

There's this musical movement in the UK called lad. I keep reading about it in the press outta Britain...*blab blab*...Oasis, soccer hooliganism, pissing on lampposts...*blab blab*...pubs, working class, "show us your tits"...*blab blab*...the dolo, Polo jumpers, lager. It's gotten to the point where they're beginning to talk about the lads, which near as I can figure is the distaff version of lads-behaving-badly. A swearing, drunk, pub-crawling Oasis-loving babe with the biological bonus of tits to flash. It'll be a mite difficult for her to piss on lampposts, but as the lassie in *The Full Monty* proved, where there's a will there's a way.

Dude, before you blow your wad on Virgin's cheap seat to the UK to scan the alleged spawning ground of lad, check out the homegrown testosterone-fueled spew that is LI's own crude brew: Sea Monster.

In this age of little intellectual investigation of ideas beyond the 30-second TV advert, it seems that a bunch of Brit university-grad journalists (at *nuevo macho* mags like *Loaded!*) have decided that the sole signifiers of working class are those that are vulgar, preferably involving projectile body fluids. What about quality, craftsmanship and solidarity? The essential integrity of honoring one's word? Of loyalty to family and friends? (Somewhere in the background of this reverie, I'm hearing the opening bars of "Look for the Union Label" and seeing Michael Moore—*Roger and Me*, *TV Nation*—enter the frame.)

Legs McNeill reminds us (frequently) of *Punk*, his seminal NYC-scene zine of the period. The Teabags did not invent the genre. We did. They were simply better at marketing it.

I'm imagining the current scene in the north of England

to be phlegm-spotted, vomit-pooled and piss-puddled—in other words, a ringer for the East Village at 3 a.m. on Saturday.

Makes me think of the early '70s when working-class bands like the MCS, Iggy Pop/The Stooges and the New York Dolls ruled. At that time, across the pond, carrot-top limey marketing maven Malcolm MacLaren sussed the NYC downtown scene and looked around his (and partner Vivienne Westwood's) Kings Road shop, Let It Rock/Sex, to see which scabby, acne-riddled teens he could tart up and drag out as the next big thing. In the beginning, he thought of Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols merely as stinky, sweaty, lifelike mannequins for his and Viv's bondage gear and slashed/safety-pinned, anarchy-sloganed-snorty 's.

One of the major axioms of marketing, the one that Faith Popcorn espouses to the tune of millions of dollars yearly is *labeling is as good as discovering it*. Think of the tags: baby-boomers, slackers, genXers, swingers, ad nauseum. Think of the perfumed fantasy world that is Obsession/Eternity/Escape/CK/CK Be. Ask yourself which part of pop culture has not been delivered on the silver platter that is marketing? Except when they can't figure out into which pigeonhole to cram your ass.

Real men paint

If the soundtrack of young guys is rock 'n' roll, then the visuals are gonzo cartoons. Los Angeles painter Robert Williams (one of the founders, along with Robert Crumb, of *Zap* comics and the creative soul of *Justapop* magazine) and Sea Monster make art that is heartily endorsed by working stiffs and fre-

quently includes a scathing cynical commentary on politics, pop culture and current events. A common thread in their work is that it maintains a sense of humor, at once edgy and retro. Transcending any easily designated category, however, leads to misinterpretations by the press. Often there is a knee-jerk p.c. reaction by critics, who seem thrown by the frequent appearance of naked broads and the prole presentation package of my pals. Will there ever be an academic understanding that the referencing of women with big tits, or a hearty appreciation for the seven deadly sins, does not necessarily make one a lunkhead or a misogynist?

It's an essential component of critical thinking, indeed the reason it's termed *critical thinking*, to look at the entire context and subtext of the work, not isolated images. While gonzo style is currently lauded in film (think of Tarantino and Rodriguez), the art/music spheres still appear to rely on the academy for their reference points. It has often been suggested that writers who can't create art settle for writing criticism of it. Could it be that since journalism schools are housed in universities, by osmosis, J-school students frequently absorb the lingo and snobbery of academic discourse? Is there a relationship between the fact that filmmaking has been traditionally learned in a hands-on-the-job apprenticeship (that takes place within a guild-like system protected by labor unions) and the fact that it is a bit more reality/real-world based? That populist forms of expression in film receive better reviews than those that appear in art or music?

Of all the men I know, Arthur Stevenson of Levittown, frontman for Sea Monster, and Robert Williams have been the

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HOW FBI LINKED D'AMATO TO MOBSTERS BASTONE P8

WHY SEA MONSTER IS THE SMART GAL'S BAND INDIANA P20

long island

VOICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20
most egalitarian in their interactions with women. The women who appear in their artistic visions are Amazonian women of strength and opinion, not delicate woodland flowers. If anything, these two men are in awe of strong women.

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

Now the world is ready

Robert Williams has struggled against the critical gallery and museum machines for more than 30 years, though there is always a waiting list for his new work. Now, at Soho's Tony Shafrazi Gallery (the home of Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf and Jean-Michel Basquiat), Williams may have a chance for the critical acclaim he so richly deserves. Many young art collectors, including Leonardo DiCaprio, Nicolas Cage, Anthony Kiedis and Jonathan Shaw, are avid fans of Williams' work. In fact, if you check out DiCaprio's Web site (www.leonardodicaprio.com), you'll see my pal Robert's work in the art gallery. The heartthrob has taste: Williams is DiCaprio's fave painter.

What about Sea Monster? How long can you remain underground before you bubble up to the critical surface? What happens when you attract a decidedly un-homogeneous fan base: NYU undergrads, bikers, old hippies, truck drivers, yuppies, pipefitters, academics, mechanics and post-doc physicists? Record label A&R people are always looking for another sensitive-singer-songwriter/bally girl/swing/ska/rap act.

How does the music industry categorize Chumbawamba? Are there a surfeit of anarchist-communard-squatters to sign these days? Hey, Sea Monster has a song called "Beer." Could they be the next Chumbawamba? Are they *lad*? They can certainly yellow the snow with the best of 'em.

The genesis of Sea Monster in the early '80s was a nasty punk packet called Flak 88, who often played at the late lamented Heckle and Jeckle's in Massapequa. The lineup was Arthur Stevenson, vocals, Fred Wagner on guitar, his brother Barney on bass and Donna Barril on drums. (I know what you're thinking: Fred and Barney? Yep. They grew up in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn, next door to Joe Barbera. Barney

was the slight, blond one; Fred was a bigger kid with black hair. Barbera sampled the names for his little cartoon creations.)

I interviewed Arthur for some local rag that no longer exists. When I showed up at his old digs in Freeport, he and his buddy Ziggy were making a smutty little flick involving Barbie and G.I. Joe. We recognized one another as kindred spirits. The choice of medium was different, but we were united by working-class camaraderie and ethics, risk and truth.

Eventually, the girl drummer left. They became Sea Monster. Drummer Phil Fellner joined. Then guitarist Mike Rock came aboard. Barney died. Richie Lure replaced him on bass, then quit. Richie Lure died last year. Keith Reiter is the latest bassist to take on the tattered mantle of Sea Monster.

On stage, Sea Monster is riveting, like a sweaty nightmare that you can't shake yourself awake from. These are not lads, but men. They are what they look like: blue-collar guys who hack, dismantle transmissions, ride Harleys, demolish buildings, paint houses, work at the airport. They do the floesam and jetsam of ca-

sual labor and, as Chris Isaak once told me, "Casual labor does not mean that you wear a cardigan sweater to work." They have not been poodle-ized into any current marketing slot. Arthur is the focus of Sea Monster's onstage exorcism. His tightly-wrapped charisma is as intense as Iggy's. One imagines this blood-curdling howl that would otherwise be turned inward, likely to end in a stint at an institution, penal or mental.

Even in NYC, Sea Monster fans are like a Yorkshire pub crowd, hangin' at the local, united by the beat, rather than the tired sartorial semiotics of haircuts or gear. If you loved the cross-pollination of old format radio, when Johnny Cash, Elvis, the Bobby Blue Bland, Gene Vincent, Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Lewis and Rosemary Clooney might appear on the same playlist, you'll love their punk, country, hard-rock, psychobilly and thrash metal originals—mutilated covers include Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues," sung with the weary resignation of actual lifers of the Charlie Manson ilk; an updated version of David Peel's hippie anthem, "Up Against the Wall Motherfucker," infused with the bitterness and hile of playing in the East Village since those creds meant something (before the Gap); and a stone-cold rendition of "Sunday Morning Coming Down," which sounds like a hangover feels and makes you realize why Kris Kristofferson was considered an outlaw in Nashville in the '60s.

I often have this fantasy of pulling a reverse MacLaren with Sea Monster, taking them to the UK and booking them into every working-man's club in the industrial north. Gigs would be scheduled after the whistle blows, when workers congregate at the local to quaff a few pints with their mates. As though lad came to the States, got its soft, rosy butt pummeled and returned to the UK a man. World-weary perhaps, a bit hardened, of course, but a man nonetheless.



Dublety of the New Millenium, by Robert Williams: Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

SEA MONSTER will perform Feb. 14 at Cony Island High, 15 St. Marks Pl, NYC.
ROBERT WILLIAMS' NEW PAINTINGS are on exhibit at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery, 119 Wooster St, N.Y.C., until Jan. 31. He will be signing his book Malicious Resplendence, Jan. 17, 5-7pm. Williams will also be signing Zap, Cootch, Cootic and Malicious Resplendence at Village Comics, 214 Sullivan St, NYC, Jan. 18, 3-5pm.

Sea Monster

Livin' On Love ... And Other Notes From The Killing Floor
Winged Disc

Who: Sea Monster is a veteran, self-described punk/garage rock band from Long Island. The band consists of vocalist Arthur Stevenson, guitarists Mike Rock and Fred Wagner, drummer Phil Fellner, and bassist Adolph Marcellino.

The Band And Its Sound: From the band's official press release: "Like the creature the band takes its name from, Long Island, New York's Sea Monster has always been the stuff of legend. The band has played hundreds of live shows since 1986 with everyone from Iggy Pop to White Zombie. During a CBGB show, a fan bit the tongue out of a severed pig's head while Sea Monster played 'Lord Of The Flies' on stage. There have been acts of audience-participation that would make Caligula blush. There's even been a drink-throwing incident on a 'Sally Jesse Raphael Show' appearance."



"Livin' On Love ... And Other Notes From The Killing Floor is the band's fourth full-length studio album. Garage punk rock and a throbbing, trance-inducing undertow are the foundation for tales of ancient Rome ('Party For Caesar'), the last stand at the Alamo ('Sons Of The Pioneers'), or an equally epic song about being veteran workers of The Killing Floor in NYC ('Continental'). There's also social commentary, sly humor, and wailing guitars."

This album has been included in

Hustler Magazine's "Dirty Dozen," a list of 12 CDs to own, according to the band.

The Songs:

"Party For Caesar," "Boat Yard," "Livin' On Love," "Continental," "Elvis Song," "Halloween In Detroit," "Sons

Of The Pioneers," "Livin' Inside The Head Of A Monster," "Sleeping Beauty," "Killer," "Valley Of Fear," "Forward." Bonus tracks: "The Beast," "The World's Smallest Violin."

To Find Out More About The Band
Log on to wingeddiskrecords.com, seamonstermusic.com, or MySpace.com/seamonster3000

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sea monster

livin' on love...and other notes from the killing floor

(Winged Disk)

Gritty New York rock 'n' roll lives on—in the form of a large aquatic animal, that is! For nearly 25 years, Arthur Stevenson and his ship of mutinous marauders has graced the Hudson's harbors, and they show no indication of slowing down. The title track rocks like Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers with a heavy dose of '60s garage rock infused into the guitars. Actually, the sounds of psychedelic rock pervades, as in the drone-y stoner rocker, "Halloween in Detroit," and the stealthily plodding fuzzy wah-wah on "Livin' Inside the Head of a Monster." As far as I can tell, Sea Monster have never received their just due, but it's never too late to start. So grab *Livin'* and recognize one of New York's best and longest-running bands!



NEW YORK POST RIDING IT OUT

A LONG with fast cars, rock stars have always had a love affair with motorcycles. Unfortunately, the attraction often backfires.

One recent victim of a hideous bike accident is Blues Traveler's vocalist and harmonica virtuoso John Popper, who was going 70 miles an hour on his black police Harley, when he hit a car in Bogalusa, La., during the band's recording sessions last fall. He broke his arm and thighbone, ended up in the hospital for a month, and while he eventually managed to record the rest of the album, he now has to perform his shows sitting on stage in a wheelchair.

Phoning from outside D.C. last weekend, where Blues Traveler was on tour (they headline Roseland tonight), Popper told that it might be another before he's walking. His worst loss was his

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"The first da

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the only thing

that made me

think I could sing was my will,

but nothing was coming out

right," said Popper. "I got really,

really depressed; but then I went

in the next day sang my heart

out, and it was OK."

"The Allman Brothers called me

and said when I get better I should

ride the bike again, overcome my

fear, and then stop. My folks were

not happy about this at all, but it

was like they were vindicated.

They love nothing better than to

say, 'See, we told you. If you want

to go and kill yourself, go ahead."

Popper, who had always been a

very pacy performer, says that

ROCK TALK



LISA ROBINSON

every day gets a little better. "On stage I'm hampered in every way except the playing, but the performance eventually gets there."

"Obviously, no one should be sorry for me. I mean, I'm in shape. I'll take my mitts riding

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logue on Atlantic or Riverside's staggering Thelonus Monk 15-CD boxed set.

And the Beastie Boys won't want to miss Blue Note's just-released "Thelonus Monk Live at the Five Spot: Featuring John Coltrane." (From a 1957 performance recorded by Coltrane's wife, Naima, on a portable tape player with a single microphone, this historic recording is available on CD and cassette.)

Wet Sprocket will release a Rhino/Atlantic CD. All release a Verman boxed

FM's pro-John who New York n, "I've or me, e I've radio.

keep cuts on ems that you anywhere else; like 'Virginia' from the Rolling 'Exile on Main Street.' We're also playing a lot of new stuff — from the Goo Goo Dolls, Black 47, Belly and NRBQ."

The acts for this Year's big Lollapalooza fest have been announced. They are: Rage Against the Machine, Babes in Toyland, Tool, Front 242, Arrested Development, Fishbone, Dinosaur Jr., Primus and Alice in Chains. The New York date hasn't been announced yet, but it will probably be in mid-July.

OF NOTE: Mick Jagger and Keith Richards are inducted into the Songwriters Hall of Fame on June 2... A two-man show of the outrageous art of Vaughn Bode and his son Mark Bode starts at the Psychedelic Solution on Wednesday... Mudhoney is at the Academy tonight... At the Continental: D-Generation, tonight; Sea Monster (who tore the place up opening for Iggy Pop there) and False Prophets, tomorrow... Bun-DMC is at the Palladium Sunday night.

couldn't been alive been alive greats played venues as the and Village Vanguard the 1950s, but they're trying to broaden their musical horizons. Legitimately into the genre, is hip-hop group Digable Planets. In the current issue of Spin, Digable's Butterfly says, "My father always told me, jazz is the black person's classical music."

Helmet, whose Page Hamilton talks in guitar magazines about "the spaces in the music" of "Trane" and Monk, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, whose leader Anthony Kiedis refers with awe to Louis Armstrong, are just a few who have either strolled or jumped onto the jazz bandwagon. This makes the current crop of CD-jazz reissues more relevant than ever to rock fans. Before you know it, Pearl Jam and Pavement will be snapping up the entire John Coltrane cata-

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This past June, Larry opened the doors to his bike shop and invited a few hundred



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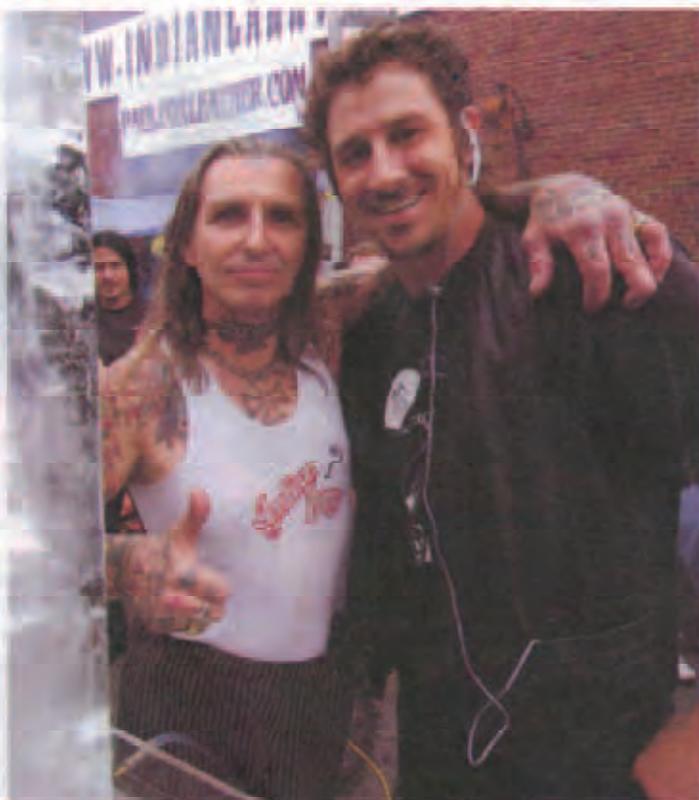


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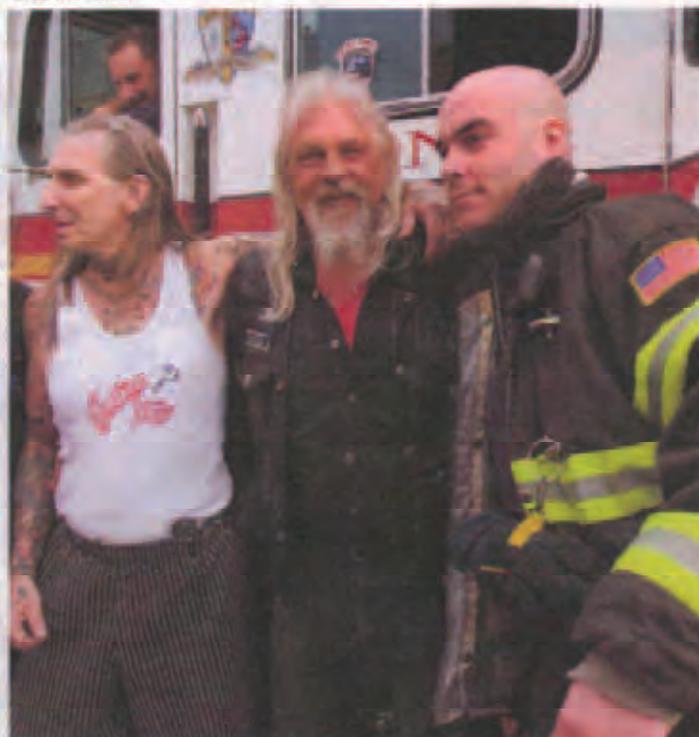
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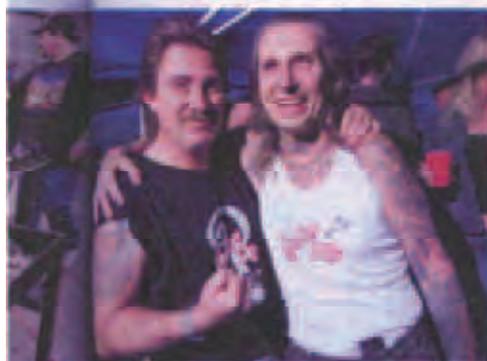


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Sea Monster





of his closest friends. Besides a gaggle of gorgeous New York girls, nasty hot rods and killer custom bikes, Larry unveiled a true oddity: a bike motor frozen in a block of ice, and then he melted the ice with a rocket car. That's entertainment!

Live music rocked the house, food got scarfed, liquid refreshments got sucked down and everybody had a bitchin' time. Custom seat maestro Paul Cox was on hand to do a few burnouts; Billy Lane and Nick Fredella of Choppers Inc. fame showed up to drink a few beers and have a few laughs as only they can (they're trained professionals, folks).



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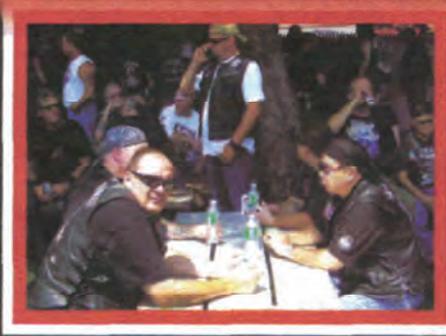
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HELLS ANGELS LI MC FREEDOM RUN

Can H.A.M.C. L.I. throw a party or what? I had the opportunity to cover the Hells Angels Freedom Run this past July and it's safe to say, it doesn't get better than that. We had great weather, food, music and the most important ingredient to make the day a complete success was our hosts; along with an abundance of support from various clubs and good people. The run started out at their Club House in Hempstead and on to Ocean Parkway at a nice even pace. We made a quick stop at the old OBI parking lot for a quick rest, and hello to the riding community that was already there; and then, it was back to the Club House for a party.

Story & Photos by JRock



As far as good food is concerned - once again HELLS KITCHEN CREW absolutely kicked it up another notch on the Off the Hook Meter. I can't begin to tell you what I ate or how much, but it was AMAZING!!! The band, "SEAMONSTER" busted the walls out across town... Just awesome!!

The term Freedom Run had a nice ring to it, especially since there was a lot of unity at this event. Clubs from all over the Island and the 5 Boroughs joined the Hells Angels LI MC to show their support such as: The NY Outcast MC, BridgeRunners MC, Demon Knights MC and the Mortal Skulls MC; just to name a few. I have to say a special thanks to the Sinful Souls MC for manning the shot trays and keeping the beverages flowing all day. Every shot was served with a smile; and it was, as always, a pleasure to see them there... Another great group of ladies in our riding community. Be sure to log on to www.hamcli.com and Full Throttle's cruising calendar to check for Hells Angels LI MC Parties. It's not a party you want to miss. Bring a "have a Good Time" mind set, a Big Appetite, and be ready to made to feel right at home. See ya on the road. Ride safe...Ride free!



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Big Boar Cycles

A woman with extensive tattoos on her arms and chest is sitting on a motorcycle. She is wearing a red top and looking towards the camera. The motorcycle is blue and has chrome accents. The background is dark and textured.

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BIG BOAR CYCLES KNOWS HOW TO TREAT THEIR CUSTOMERS RIGHT

Story by Lee Sheridan
Photos by G-Man

This well known Spring BBQ is always a crowd pleaser. Dave and his partner John appreciate the fact that they have very loyal, long term clients, who return year after year to have their bikes serviced, repaired, customized and to purchase new rides. And let's not forget the new customers who seek out this first rate shop, only to find that all they expected was delivered. As it is said one good turn deserves another, so without skipping a beat the two partners put together this event for one reason and one reason only – to give back to the people.

The day started off perfect and ended exactly the same way. The crowd feasted on juicy burgers & beef hot dogs, while listening to the outrageous sounds from The Sea Monsters. Speaking of the band - Arthur, the front man for this talented group of musicians was the lucky winner of the custom bike show, and took home the Best of Show trophy for his 1938 BMW Military side car bike.

Melissa – our current Miss FT 07, and Cynthia our Miss FT of 05 came down to join Dave and John's BBQ. Also in attendance was our good friend Archie from Kickstart Fabrications and his daughter Angela, John from Thunderdome Motorcycles and his lovely better-half Lucille. There were many familiar faces at Big Boar, but what do you expect after almost 30 years in business. You're bound to make a few friends along the way.

Ice cold beer and beverages were on hand, and much appreciated since Mr. Sunshine did his best at sending down the rays. These types of gatherings are the best, no pressure, no schedule, just a bunch of good hearted bikers getting together for a Sunday afternoon BBQ.

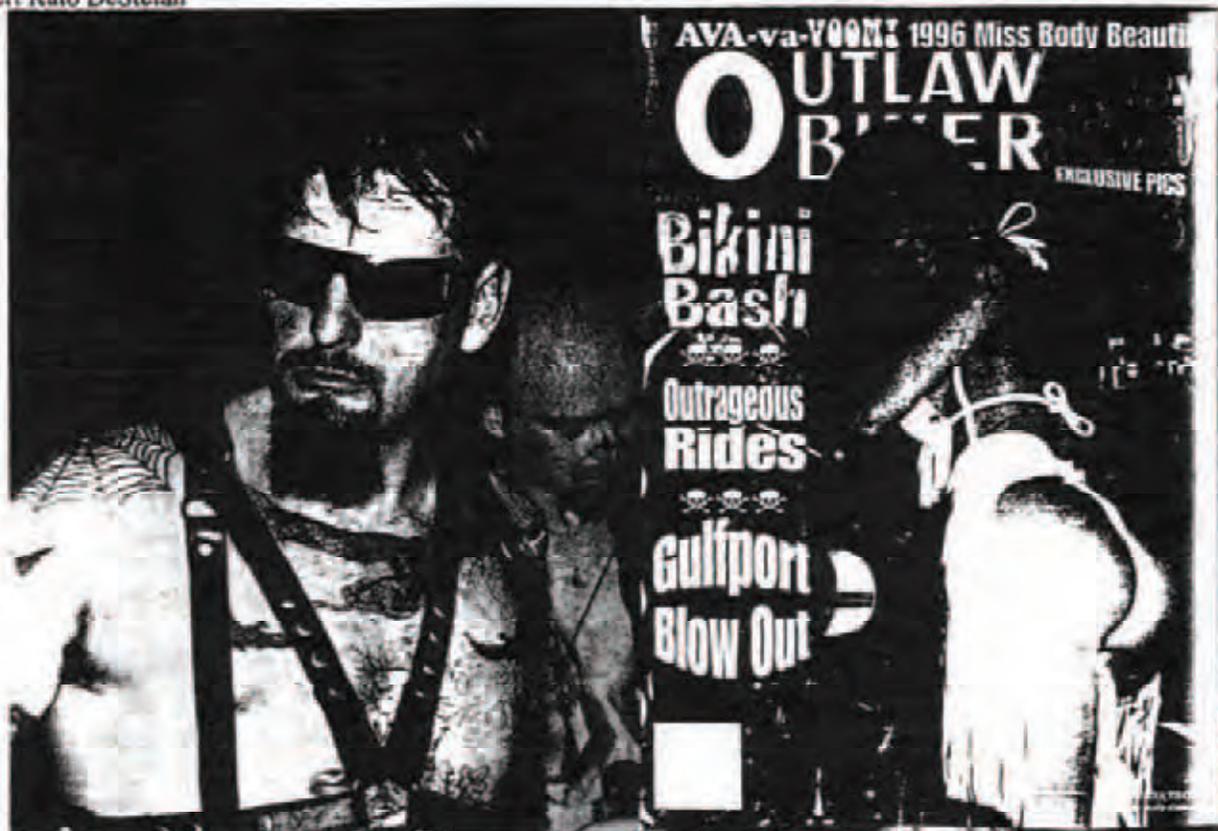
"We would like to thank Archie from Kickstart Fabrications, Greg from Full Throttle Magazine and our friends Bill and Danny for coming out and joining us."



HEAR SEA MONSTER

Helluva A Loud Rude Rock & Roll Band

by Old Brown Eye
pics by Robert Kato DeStefan



High fa'lootin' rootin' tootin' caught you dead in the cross hairs shootin'—Blind drunk runnin' round at your next pig roast with an apple in your mouth pukin'—Goddamn it, I wanna hear some Sea Monster!!! Veteran New York gin mill band, Sea Monster, has a new CD release titled, *Death, Taxes, and Sea Monster*.

The music is an original blend of psychotic rock & roll with a country twist. These boys have the aptitude, not the attitude! In general, "Real good beer swillin'—jizz spillin' fun!" (*Hell yeah, the bros were blastin' Sea Monster at a BBQ I was at last week-end and their psycho rock-n-rant, don't-give-a-fuck vibe really got the party rollin'!*—Ed. Con.).

Tracks include "Oil Well Driller", "The World's Smallest Violin", "Just Like E-Z Rider", and an original version of David Peel's "Up Againsts The Wall, Motherfucker"! If you're in the Big Apple, look for these boys at Continental, SCI-Bar, and Coney Island High. They really tear shit up! For more info write: Sea Monster, P.O. Box 796,

**"Real good
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the Village
**MAUPIN TO TOMLIN:
 COME OUT! (MUSTO p36)**

VOICE



End of the Century

It's not even 9 p.m., and the Continental is packed. Tonight Joey Ramone is hosting and performing a "Kick Out the Jams '96." Fans, morbid over the band's impending breakup, are hoping to hear a few Ramones songs. Some kids even drove down from Albany.

Entrepreneurial Joey is a longtime supporter of unsigned bands and local talent. Over the years the Continental has established itself as a clearing-house for New York's finest product, and tonight, rock lumes appear—guys from D Generation, the Misfits, Reckless Fortune, Dictators, producer Daniel Rey. At one point there is an Iggy sighting.

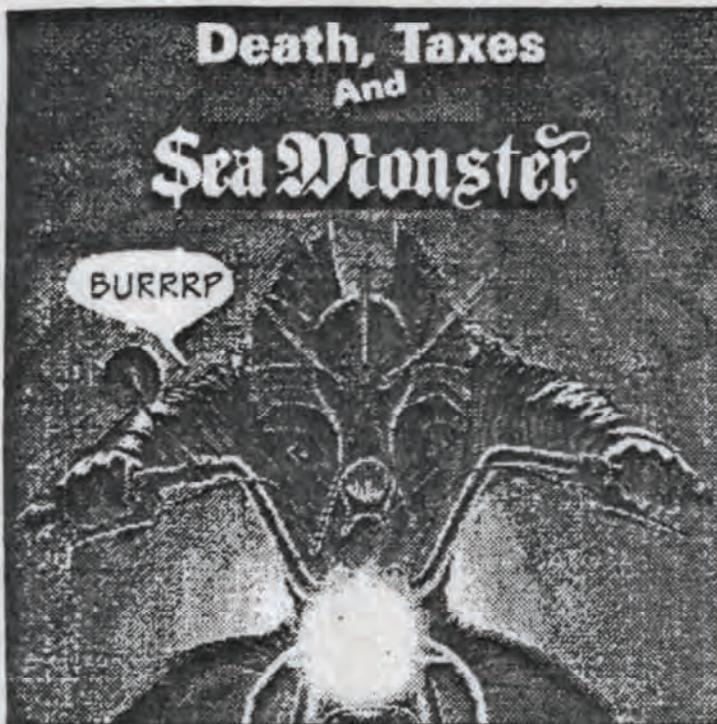
in between sets Joey plays a tape of MC5, Motörhead, Blondie, and Dolls tunes.

The final pleasure is Continental house band Sea Monster, a Long Island psycho surf-punk band with an obsessively loyal following. They play their raunchy classic "Sex God Chant"; special guest and Lower East Side icon David Peel joins them onstage singing "Up Against the Wall Motherfucker." It's 2:30 and we're still hanging out. By now the accessible-on-punk-principle Joey has been pulled in so many directions by his fans that he's lost his voice. The bathrooms are overflowing, the air thick and stinky with piss, sweat, beer, and smoke. A truly great night for New York rockers.

—DONNA GAINES

Sea Monster

REVIEWS



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL #159

(SAN FRANCISCO)

SEA MONSTERS - "Death & Taxes" CD
 Biker blues, sounds like the STOOGES and DOLLS. Thick neck rock. Very well produced to give it the fat man's punch, working man, beer drinking punk rock. I really thought these guys should have been on the "Mad Max" soundtrack. (SM)
 (Winged Disk Records, PO Box 53, Nesconset, NY 11767)

JERSEY BEAT

#57

SEA MONSTER -
 Death, Taxes and
 Sea Monster
 (Winged Disk
 Records PO Box
 53, Nesconset, NY
 11767) More

throbbing, often eerie, rock and roll from Sea Monster. Bikers, late night B movies, drugs and alcohol, Satan, punk, cheap equipment, rockabilly, tattoos, the Cramps, vulgarity, dark sunglasses, and the Big Rotten Apple is what this band does. Around since 1987, they haven't exactly flooded the market with releases, but when they do get around to recording, it sounds good and offers a fair representation of what their scene breathes: New York City after midnight. - John L.

TOXIC FLYER FANZINE

INK AND DESTROY FANZINE #20
 (MARYLAND)

THE SEA MONSTER "DEATH, TAXES AND SEA MONSTER" (CD)

Shit kicking, beer drinking, Hell rising rip roaring good time, is what the SEA MONSTER are all about. With a Southern bad boy style of punk that's have the same heart and soul as bands like THE ANTI-SEEN, COCK NOOSE, with a hint of IGGY and the CRAMPS added in.

Well, NY'S SEA MONSTER will shove some real ROCK N ROLL down yours mouth and a style that's so raw, loud and rude it will blow yours Doc's off. (GREAT)

LOLLIPOP MAGAZINE

(BOSTON)

Sea Monster Death, Taxes and Sea Monster (Winged Disk)

If you thought Amy Fisher was the only thing Long Island was notorious for, you're wrong. Sea Monster have been entertaining jaded New Yorkers since 1986 with their unique and uncompromising brand of blue collar, B-movie punk, with songs about politics, work, sex, motorcycles, movies and the military, all performed with scathingly sarcastic panache.

"Steve Reeves" [sic] opens with a psychedelic wah-wah guitar intro and pays tribute to deceased B-movie muscle man ("When Steve Reeves sweats/He never takes a shower/Steve Reeves' strong, he'll lift the Eiffel Tower/Steve Reeves' brave, he'll carry on forever/And Steve Reeves' tool, man, it's a talisman of power!"). "The Beast" (a re-recorded version that originally appeared on their previous release, *Enduro Bizarro Entacto*) is a song about vocalist Arthur Stevenson's genitalia ("With lewd exception she started to feast/We roared with laughter as she sucked off the beast/A one-eyed serpent, determined but blind/A primitive beast with a one-track mind!"). "The World's Smallest Violin" is a bitingly sardonic tune about people on poor-poor-pitiful-me trips. "Barbecue At Phil's" is the ultimate party song, and Sea Monster are the ultimate party band. Play this disc at your next beer bash and let the good times roll!

J. Lianna Ness

BUZZ MONGER

(TEXAS) VOL.2 #8

SEA MONSTER
 Death, Taxes, & Sea Monster
 Winged Disk Records

This is the band that's playing in that sweaty biker type dive with all the cool songs whose record you never buy because you blew it all on beer. If you're not drunk now make a bee line for the nearest record store right now and get this. Death, Taxes &..... has all the authenticity, intensity, and diversity of a classic rock-n-roll record. Great sex type songs with double entendres, ("Oil Well Driller" and "The Beast"), party songs, ("Bbq At Phil's"), biker ballads ("Just Like EZ Rider"), and working class

anthems like "The World's Smallest Violin" that remind us all to shut the fuck up and quit whining. This just scratches the surface. Even the most testosterone laden angry sounding tunes come with knowing wink and a nod. After you buy this record you may even want to

Sea Monster

REVIEW



Sea Monster
Death Taxes and Sea Monster
Winged Disk

Here's another fine New York band that plays, it seems, every weekend somewhere in New York City — so why not put out an album with a few live tracks?

Sounds pretty rockin' to me! Sea Monster plays really ballsy motorcycle rock that pokes fun at sex and violins, motorcycles, food and cops. Although, I think they fear for their day jobs because they stamped the album with the flowing disclaimer: "The content of this work is of a purely satirical nature... " Eh, fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!

The three live tracks, "The World's Smallest Violin," "Just Like E-Z Rider," and "Up Against the Wall Motherfucker" are well-recorded and one gets the feeling of being in a really small club, in the middle of winter, with a whole bunch of sweaty, smelly people (who all smoke), jumping around. Fascinating. The seven studio tracks poke fun at the armed forces, body building and bad movies, I guess. Big "gotta be there sound" for some of you, I guess, but Sea Monster is probably a good representative for the Möiörhead set. I dig it! Winged Disk, P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767

—David Lee Beowulf

Ink Nineteen, P.O. Box 1947, Melbourne, FL 32902-1947

NEW YORK CITY

GUILLOTINE

Sea Monster/Death, Taxes and... (Winged Records)
and: POB 796, Levittown NY 11756

Well, hog tie me and proceed to flog me with a cat 'o nines! It's full length from Sea Monster!! One of the more amusingly rocking bands from NYC in years. They've been around long enough that their name should be familiar to you. If you've never seen them at the Continental, you should. Anyway 10 stompin' hysterically satirical tunes (cover "Up Against The Wall, Motherfucker" by David Peel) that will kick a frown in the nuts and send it scampering faster than it takes to swill a Genesee cream ale. Guaranteed! -- db



SEA MONSTER/Death, Taxes
And Sea Monster/Winged
Disc Records (P.O. Box 53,
Nesconset, NY 11767)

PUNK! Plain and simple, stripped down, flying off the back of a Harley at 100+ MPH rockabilly-styled punk fuckin' rock.

If Johnny Thunders were still alive he'd be sporting a leather jacket with the Sea Monster logo painted on the back.

At times it's straightahead '70s style three-chord charmers and at others, the band borrow from Poison Ivy and Lux to form the hoodoo voodoo of songs such as "Sexy Thriller."

So get your hands up against the wall motherfucker, because you're about to be busted for playing your radio too loud in Mr. Giuliani's neighborhood. But you just can't help it, *Death Taxes And Sea Monster* just screams out "PLAY ME AT MAXIMUM VOLUME or don't play me at all."

Recommended if you like *Easy Rider*, New Orleans, rock-

abilly and old school punk. If you don't, buy it anyway and get some taste sparky.

NEW YORK CITY



Good Times, Sept. 10-Sept. 23

Sea Monster
Death, Taxes and
Sea Monster

Winged Disk

The disclaimer on the back cover of Sea Monster's CD reads as follows: "The content of this work is of a purely satirical nature." Are Sea Monster punk rock's answer to Spinal Tap? Or possibly Weird Al Yankovic? Who knows. At any rate, I know if I'm going to like a band a whole lot if I do instantly and that's the way it was when I heard S.M. The satirical aspects of *Death, Taxes and Sea Monster* live up to the album's title and can cure anyone of their petty worries, at least for as long as it's playing.

This stuff sounds as if Gwar and sado-masochist-era Adam and The Ants met inside of a time anomaly and decided to form a project together. Memorable music which is catchy and dark at the same time, subject matter ranging from whimsical to sarcastic to purely sexual, and witty vocals from Arthur "Stop before the fuckin' complaining begins" Stevenson make a pretty good conglomerate on a release that not only delivers all this, but captures their live sound and puts it out through the stereo very well.

The above quoted "The World's Smallest Violin," along with "Steve Reeves," "Oil Well Driller," "Barbeque at Phil's," "Talk All Night," and the country-western parody, "Just Like E-Z Rider" convey this unique attitude clearly. Though what takes the cake here is the final track, "Up Against the Wall Motherfucker," a live duet featuring the incomparable talent of none other than David Peel. Fun, fun, fun.

-Dave Wolff ■

LONG ISLAND

Cement

BY WIF STENGER

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Vol. 2, No. 43

October 27, 1989



The CMJ (College Media Journal) conference invades the Vista Hotel at the World Trade Center this weekend. It's similar to the New Music Seminar held here every summer, only slightly scaled-down and more oriented towards college radio and independent labels. It's less big-business and lacks NMS' international flavor.

During the nights of the conference, Oct. 26-29, most venues in our town will again be packed with bands who want college radio exposure, so if you're going out those nights, you'll have a bewildering array of choices of live music. The best bet for sanity is to stay away from the Big Name shows which will be absolutely choked with people, most of them out-of-towners who will be gawking at everything and generally being annoying.

Thurs., Oct. 26: The **Butthole Surfers** and **Seamaster** at the World: two mind-blowing, somewhat horrifying live acts, eight million sweaty leather jackets.

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THE WORLD

An exclusive Interview with Arthur from Sea Monster

(Peter Crowley's all-time favorite band!)

Adena: When did Sea Monster form, and how long have you been together?

Arthur: Sea Monster is Arthur Stevenson-lyrics/vocals, Fred Wagner-guitar, Mike Rock-guitar, Phil Fellers-drums, and right now, Adolph Marcellino-bass. Fred and I put our 1st band, Flak 88, together in 1979 w/our 1st 7" "Rapid Decay" released on National Witness. Sea Monster was formed in 1985. Our 1st 12" release was "Liquid Lunch" (Fear of Money Ltd.). Releases that followed: "Sex Puppet" 7" (F.O.M.), Oil 12" (F.O.M.), "Enduro Bizzaro Entactio" CD (Burn-It), "We Work For A Living You Paper Shuffling Brick" (Winged Disk), "Death, Taxes, & Sea Monster" CD (Winged Disk). Along the road we lost 2 brothers, both bass players. Ex-Flak, Fred's brother-Barney Wagner in 1991, and the late great Richie Luhr, Walter's brother in 1997... it's only rock'n'roll.

Adena: Who writes the lyrics for your songs? Do you draw from personal experiences?

Arthur: I write the song lyrics. For the most part, I like to think of myself as a joke writer for a burlesque show. The pursuit of satire is a great way to take the sting out of what ails you. Some of the songs are from personal experience, some of the songs are written about things that I can't change-pure frustration, the human condition-and finally, some songs are just written for shits & giggles.

Adena: Is there any person(s) you feel inspired by?

Arthur: Live performance has always had a big impact on me. Iggy Pop and Stiv Bators of the Dead Boys are #1 on that list. Iggy Pop is a prize fighter. He's the underdog. When he steps into the ring he represents you and me. When he lands the 1st blow you can't help but jump up and cheer. Songs like "Search & Destroy", "Dum-Dum Boys", and "Lust For Life" give you the feeling that you're not alone and inspire you to fight to the last. Stiv always gave a real and very personal performance. Like Iggy, he took everything to the extreme... right to the edge... totally unpredictable... and a real gentleman to boot. My taste in music is very eclectic. My favorite records would include: Lou Reed -Rock'n'Roll animal. Rolling Stones (Brian Jones!)

most anything by John Lee Hooker, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Howlin' Wolf, Hank Williams, John Prine, Johnny Cash, Wagner, Rimski Korsakov, and on and on.

Adena: Do you know that Peter Crowley (formerly of Max's Kansas City) told me that if he could choose only one band to see, ever, it would be Seanonster? How does that make you feel?

Arthur: For me, this is the yardstick by which real success can be measured. When you're a money-making machine, people fall all over themselves just to kiss your ass. This is ground zero... no awards, no money... the true definition of underground! You know who your real friends are. A compliment from Peter Crowley, who has worked with the best, is not only a great honor but earning the respect of a guy like Peter means more than any award ever could because the connection is real.

Adena: Do you have any beauty tips to share with our readers?

Arthur: Beauty tips? Women are beautiful. Men are hard and ugly. My tip would be to stay hard and ugly... you get more girls.

Adena: Besides Rock'n Roll, what other interests do you partake in?

Arthur: My interests aside from music... 1st off, I work for a living. Between work and music there's not much time left over. That time is devoted to my family, motorcycles, and my interest in reading. I'm a busy guy!

Adena: What advice would you give to someone wanting to start a band?

Arthur: Give it all you've got and when you have nothing left put on your tight pants, strap on your wax wings and fly straight for the sun. Maybe they'll make you a star!

Adena: Do you think bands today work with or against each other?

Arthur: This is a complicated question. The business of doing music has never been bigger. Access through television and computers have



brought millions of people into the game who ordinarily wouldn't be there. The positive aspect of this change is access to information and recording technology. The negative is that things have become so big, that it's become very impersonal. Competition is fierce. Too many asses and not enough seats. Society has changed. Rock'n'Roll, once subversive and dangerous, is now viewed as a lucrative and respected career opportunity. It has been my experience that in this over-stimulated atmosphere bands have become indifferent to one another.

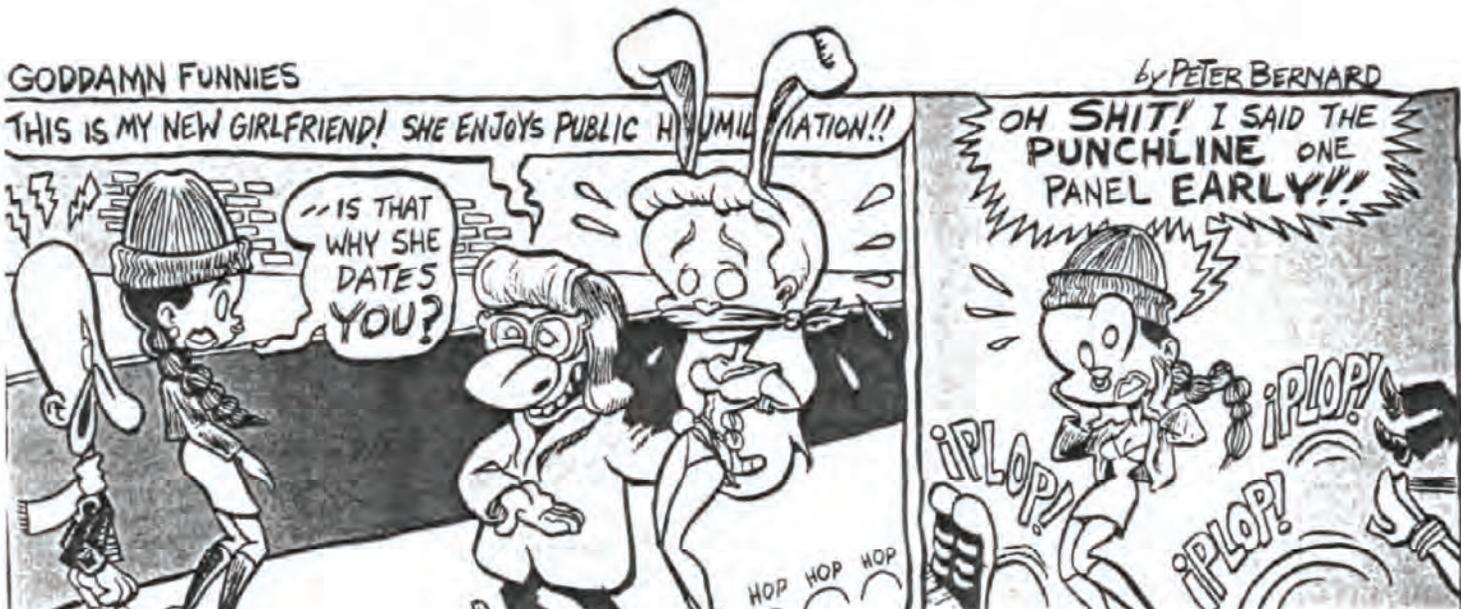
Adena: If you were named for mayor of New York, what cause(s) would you campaign and why?

Arthur: This is one of those... if I were king of the world questions. Like most people I'm too busy working and trying to survive to give this much thought. Obviously someone w/common sense and an even hand would make a great mayor. But that description defies the nature of politicians.

Adena: What does the future hold for Sea Monster?

Arthur: The future is now. We are working, writing, and performing. We have a new CD in the works titled "Psychotronic Rollerboogie Disco Queen, Sock It To Me!". Other songs featured will be; "Ode To My Leg", "Big Daddy", "Revvin' For Speed", and our good friend and harp player, MOTOR CITY James will be featured on a few tracks. As for our work ethic, we are unstoppable. We've got nowhere else to go and nothing to lose.

SeaMonster will be performing at the Continental on Friday, February 11th. Bring a Valentine or meet one there!



Roberta
Lund

"I get all my news from the WASTE down."

My Summer "Vacation"

lundo@lundissimo.info

SEA MONSTER FOLLOW-UP

I raved about having discovered the music of Sea Monster last time, at an "unplugged" performance by lead singer Arthur and guitarist Fred. I caught two more shows this summer, with Mike Rock on guitar, Adolph "The Machine" on bass, and drummer Phil, and I was even more impressed. Heartfelt songs, intense, dramatic (sometimes near-manic), gripping performances. After all these years, these guys are still out there moving people and kicking ass. Arthur and his weathered rockers are a true inspiration. We'll be seeing more of Sea Monster! Check out their site at www.niki9.com/seamonster.



man about town



Femme Fatale Festival!

Carrying on in the tradition of female rock specials such as BITCH and Medusa Festival, Queen V organized a Femme Fatale show at Don Hill's July 30, featuring sets by Zooloft, ICU, The Drive, Mother Goddess (Maya), Detox Darlings, Damn Dirty Apes, Bex, and Dawn (of Slush Puppies), and hosted by Abby Gennet (of Slunt). All these nights with hot chicks rockin us with sounds and lovely sights - we're getting spoiled, dude bands really have to put on some great shows to compete with this stuff.

The Cat Bar at Pussycat Lounge

And speaking of females - The Pussycat Lounge (Greenwich & Rector Sts., two blocks below the World Trade Center, pussycatlounge.com)



Words & Pics: Matt O'Halloran©



IF APRIL SHOWERS BRINGS MAY FLOWERS... WHAT DOES APRIL SNOW BRING?

OK all those who missed **Sea Monster** at **Hogs And Heifers** on April 10th raise your hands. Shame on you! I haven't seen **Sea Monster** in years, the last time I saw them



what at the **Continental** with the **Punch Drunk Monkeys** another band that's unfortunately gone MIA. I'm glad to hear that **Sea Monster** is still playing and their show at **Hogs** proves that they won't quit.

What exactly is a **Devil Kit**? Is that like emergency rations? Well it seems it more like a first aid kit for those who want to switch from being nice at work to being either mischievous or naughty. For those of you who don't know the difference between mischievous and naughty, well mischievous for those who like to play pranks or pull stunts. Then naughty for those who are really horny! But I digress, for those of you who miss **Bitch Cat**, don't worry too much, cause **Laurie** has put together a first aid package for you poor souls appropriately called **Devil Kit**. Packed all nice and neat for you in this Kit are **Laurie** and **Sandy Box** of **Bitch Cat** but we also have **Helen Destroy** of the **Lunachicks**. This combination makes for a very powerful sound and as you know **Laurie** always has that way of inviting everybody to join in. So thank god for people who know how to keep the show going for another punk rock band.



See Ya in June

Matt O'Halloran

WOW

there is a new place to hang out! **Rare** impressed me and I'm definitely not impressed easily. Their drinks are strong there space is large and friendly with just enough art deco styling to keep it cozy without being gaudy. And oh my god they have a working sound system. This makes all the kids happy but they can't raise their glass cause they can't drink so they raised **Vanessa Daughter of Satan** instead.



INDIES



"Sex Puppet"/"That's All"
SEA MONSTER
(Fear Of Money)

Long Island's own post-punk homeboys do the followup thing with this 7". While not as immediately striking as last year's "Sex God Chant," the catchy "Sex Puppet" reminds me of early Killing Joke, but with a more rock and roll feel. I like the throbbing flip even better, with its inspirational (soon-to-be-classic) line "the matador thrashed as the bull gored his ass".



[EDITED BY JASON PETTIGREW]

[SINGLED OUT]

SEA MONSTER

We Work For A Living, You Paper-Shuffling Prick EP

The only reason anyone would name themselves after Wedding Present's most impenetrable album is if they themselves are equally impenetrable. Sea Monster, a New York quintet whose claim to the name actually predates the Pressies by a good five years, boast Heartbreaker Walter Lure's bass-playing brother in their line-up, but that in itself is not a recommendation. With Fred Schneider vocals and the Ramones' sense of humor, Sea Monster play clever pop with a distorted edge. That *is* a recommendation. (Winged Disk, POB 236, Nesconset NY 11767) —*Dave Thompson*



SEA MONSTER

Thrashing



MIKE ROCK & ARTHUR STEVENSON OF SEA MONSTER

Sea Monster Industry, Island Park, NY September 14, 1992

Okay, so Sea Monster just put out their first full length release, *Enduro*, *Bizarro*, *Intacto*, and there was this huge event hosted by WDRE called "The 2nd Annual Rock Lobsterfest." Joe, Spag and I get drunk, ignore the lobster and watch the band. Spag hates talking to people, but seems to be the social butterfly this evening, wowing a young lady with his knowledge of record stores, and his suggestions on where to find Sharkbait's *Blowtorch Facelift*.

Sea Monster takes the stage; and wearing his favorite Charles Manson T-shirt, guitarist Mike Rock starts the feedback intro to "Let It Burn" the first song off the CD, which sports the trademark bass/pulse, with steel scissor guitar chords. Vocalist Arthur Stevenson leads the band, filled out by bassist Russ Beerey and drummer Phil Fellner, through a rousing version.

Though the band seemed a bit more reserved than normal, musically they were excellent, in particular during "Pieces," with the crowd punching the air with fists, "Cowboys," off the CD, when Arthur donned a ten-gallon and rode the air. "Beer And Weenies" was great too, with Arthur putting quite a bit of emphasis on the word "weenies." During the particularly noisy version of "Peat Bog," Mike and Fred traded licks, and I think it was then that Mike walked into the crowd as some girl danced with him; I told her to pull down his pants but she wouldn't.

Midway through the set, Phil kicked off the beat to the classic "That's All," and the crowd went wild, slamming like only morons on Long Island are able to; you know, trample somebody rather than pick 'em up and dust 'em off, make sure you annoyingly push people into the pit when they're trying to stay out of it (you asshole in front of me!), and antagonize, then punch somebody in the face when they accidentally bump into you. Pretty sad. Also, someplace in the middle of the set Russ's bass fell off, but he got a new one.

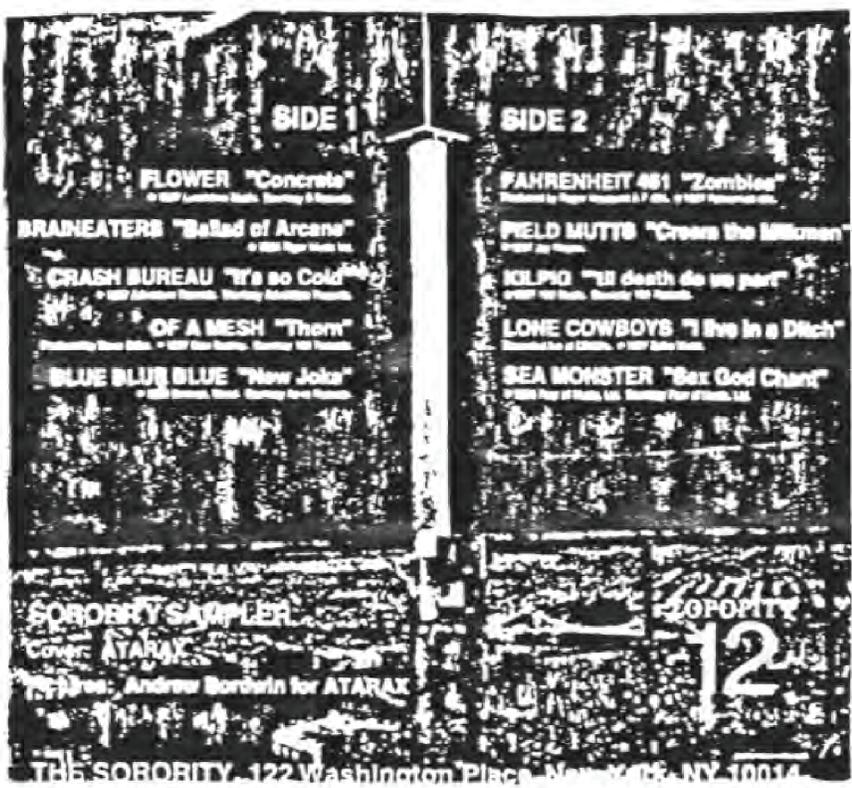
If you've been thinking about seeing them perform, what the fuck are you waiting for? They play at least three times a month. A must for anyone in need of a good time.—AS



INDIES

Sorority Sampler VARIOUS ARTISTS *(The Sorority)*

Much of what's been hot the last year in New York alternative circles can be found on here. The main emphasis seems to be on post-punk such as the underrated Flower, Long Island's own Sea Monster (with their hit "Sex God Chant"), and the percussive melodrama of the sorely-missed Fahrenheit 451's "Zombies", with a smattering of gothics (Blue Blue Blue and the entrancing "Thorn" by Of A Mesh). If that ain't enuf, horror-punk the Brineaters (now metamorphosized into glamsters Rocket Angel) steal the high-point honors with their hooky, macabre anthem "Ballad Of Arcane." (122 Washington Place, New York, NY 10014).



SEA MONSTER

Rush

Island Park, Long Island NY

7/8/95

Sea Monsters hail from Long Island but have a devoted following in New York City where they've been ruling the Continental for over five years. I first saw them in 1991 as was so impressed that I started planning my impending visits to NYC around their shows. I never get tired of seeing this band. The music is hard to pin down. Imagine the Sex Pistols and the Misfits playing simultaneously at a frat party and you have a pretty good idea of what Sea Monsters sounds like.

On stage, singer Arthur Stevenson comes across as intense, angry and demonic, yet his lyrics reflect a sardonic and morbid sense of humor. No politics here - just some serious fun! In the song "Beer and Weenies," (the ultimate party song!), Arthur croons about a guy with "a boner real king size." Guitarist Fred Wagner and bassist Richie Lure also shared more back-up vocal duties this evening. The set included their famous goofy cover of

"Folsom Prison Blues," and ended with the crowd pleaser and teaser "Sex God Chant."

Sea Monster is one band you just cannot sit still to. As their song says, "Let's Dance!" But don't take my word for it, get their four song EP "We Work For A Living You Paper Shuffling Prick," from Winged Dick Records, PO Box, 236, Neconset, NY 11767. You won't be disappointed!

-J. Lianna Ness



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Sea Monster, *Enduro Bizarro Intacto* (Burn It)—One reviewer called Sea Monster a "dance [version of the] Sex Pistols doing horror soundtracks," which is pretty accurate, although I must mention the bits of Beach Boys, '60s rock, James Ellroy-esque lyrics, and rockabilly which are gingerly sprinkled throughout the disc. Sound interesting? It sure as hell is! It's a wonder why all those A&R geeks are searching throughout Seattle and Chapel Hill for the "next big thing," when groups like Sea Monster prove that New York still has some of the best undiscovered original talent any-where. My favorite tracks (although there really isn't one fluke on the album) are, "Cowboys: The Lampcord Strangler" (with the hilarious chorus "his victims have always been cowboys"), "Beer and Weenies," "Wake Up The Dogs" and "Sex God Chant."

(Burn It Records, P.O. Box 526, Freeport, NY 11520)

-L.G.



NightBeat

Newsday's

Section **C**

Thursday, Aug. 3, 2000

NightBeat

Local CDs

The Artist: Various

The Disc: "Something in the Water: The Secret History of Long Island Punk"

Performance: B

Songwriting: B

Sound Quality: B

Hometown: Various

Buying It: Record Stop, Lake Ronkonkoma; None of the Above, Centerach; Jimi LaLumia's Record Connection, Lake Ronkonkoma; send \$10 to Under the Volcano Inc., Box 236, Nesconset, N.Y. 11767; or e-mail RBlackUTV@aol.com

"The Decline of Western civilization? Forget L.A. Penelope Spheeris would have had good material and an equally great soundtrack if she based her 1981 look at punk on Long Island.

So it's no wonder "Something in the Water" does swimmingly in its attempt to document a number of notable locals: Jimi LaLumia & the Psychotic Frogs ("Death to Disco"); Nihilistics ("You're to Blame"); Ism ("John Hinckley Jr., What Has Jody Foster Done to You?"); Dead Virgins ("Emotional Strain"); Horror Planet ("It

Wasn't the Fleas"), and Sea Monster ("I Came to Dance").

These mostly rare, early recordings—plus two live bonus tracks (Johnny Thunders joins LaLumia at Max's Kansas City)—span 1978-87 and speak to a generation that fought disco, captured the '80s then lost the coming decade to the Pacific Northwest. Compiler Rich Black includes an introduction by sociologist Donna Gaines, author of "Teenage Wasteland: Suburbia's Dead End Kids," who, surprisingly, manages not to mention herself. — Kevin Amorim



NightBeat

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