

Spud-rockers' mystery revealed

By ALLISON PIKE
Staff Writer

Mr. Potato Head has only been playing together six months, but the band has already established a significant following in the area. At La Terraza, it holds the Wednesday night attendance record, and tonight it'll try to top it.

Mr. Potato Head's music has more variety than most cover bands, and its strong vocals allow it to handle anything from the Beatles to Stevie Wonder to the Rolling Stones. It plays an array of classic '60s and '70s pop/rock/soul tunes, including Todd Rundgren's "Hello It's Me," Roxy Music's "Love is the Drug," the Jackson 5's "I Want You Back" and Rod Stewart's "Maggie May."

The members of this spudly corp (complete with zodiac signs) are: drummer Home Fry (Aquarius), bassist/lead vocalist Tater Tot (Virgo), lead guitarist Au Gratin (Virgo), keyboardist/lead vocalist Dick Tater (Pisces) and guitarist/keyboardist Hash Brown (Cancer). Their real names? No one knows for sure. Much about Mr. Potato Head remains mysterious. The band's inception, for instance. Rumors have said that the band got together as follows:

It took Fry three months to

convince Tot to play in a cover band (girls and money might have been mentioned in the winning argument, but maybe not). Tot then got Tater to play keyboards and share lead vocals, and Gratin was lured away from L.A. to join the band. One element was still missing, though: a vocal/musical extraordinaire. This position was filled by Brown, and the lineup was complete.

In a recent interview, however, the band said this rumor is just not true. What really happened?

"We were all at the grocery store looking for party food," Tater said, "and five guys went for the same bag of potato chips at the same time. We all said 'Hey, I'm a musician. Hey, he's a musician. Let's get together and make music.'"

Q: Where did you get the name Mr. Potato Head?

Tater: After the grocery store, we all went to a beer and sex orgy.

Q: A beer and sex orgy?

Fry: Remember: a band that parties together stays together.

Tater: We were at this beer and sex orgy and out of the wild, frenzied mix of spuds and suds, the name evolved.

Q: What were some of your childhood heroes?

Tot: Elvis.
Tater: Divine.
Fry: Otis from Mayberry.
Gratin: Bootsie Collins.
Brown: Richard Nixon.

Q: What kind of audience comes to your shows?

Fry: Spek taters.

Q: What are your individual long term goals?

Fry: To be 45 and playing late night parties at the Pika house with my spudly wife watching.

Tater: To be an Oscar Meyer wiener.

Brown: To be nightshift supervisor at the Waffle House on I-85 at exit 143.

Gratin: To be a barber specializing in disco hair design.

Tot: To be Director of OB-GYN at the University of Southern California.

Q: What do you consider to be the band's motto?

Tater: We have no direction, nothing to say, and we want to play cover music until the day we die.

Tonight's show will feature a "Win a date with Mr. Potato Head" contest. Mr. Potato Head asks everyone who is coming to the show to bring a kazoo so you can all "throw your hip out da socket."



Popular band Mr. Potato Head performs at La Terraza tonight.



By CATHY MCHUGH
Omnibus Editor

I do look a little silly. I don't care. My cheeks are still red, but I'm not blushing.

I know you can't see me, but, just in case you were wondering, I haven't been out in the cold, I didn't put my makeup on wrong and I wasn't drinking cherry Kool-Aid in the wind.

I was a clown for Halloween.

I wore loud plaid pants, a blue and white seersucker jacket, my brother's size 10 sneakers and rainbow suspenders. My hair was teased, and I had my face painted

white, stars drawn on my eyes and bright red circles put on my cheeks. I looked good. I was the perfect happy clown I always wanted to be on Halloween.

But no one told me BRIGHT RED lipstick doesn't come off with soap and water. Or Noxema. Or rubbing alcohol. Or Brillo pads.

That's okay, I can handle being the butt of cruel, insensitive jokes for a few days, because at least

I dressed up. People actually went out Monday night dressed as themselves. I realize that for some people going like that is scarier still, but it was Halloween. You thought you were above it. Or too mature, too old for that kind of kid stuff. You're not. Trying to bum candy off of someone's house would have been pushing it, but how anyone in college would pass up the perfect chance to dress up and

act like a fool when everyone else is doing it too is beyond me.

The rain didn't keep the Vikings from going out. Or the fuzzy dice, the unicorn, the cats, the cowboys, the Cosmic Cowgirl, Mr. T, the hippies, the Mouseketeers, the leprechauns, the two babes from the field hockey team, or the other clowns like me. We were spirits in the night, we looked ma-velous and we had fun. Ha!

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