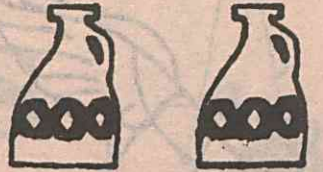




# MOONSHINE

Editor: GREG HARWOOD



## ROCK SHOP

By CHIP TAYLOR

What is the ultimate thrill of a rock fan? A rock concert! Being the veteran of eleven ear-piercing, nerve-damaging shows, I feel that I am qualified to pass judgment on these concerts. I will tell you which ones I thought were the greatest and the worst; keep in mind that this is only one dude's opinion.

**The Best Overall:** U2 — Atlanta — 1987.

This was two hours of straight ahead rock and roll. There were no fancy lights or stage, just the most passionate, intense rock concert anyone could ever imagine. The band made the audience feel as if this were a special concert even though it was just one more show in a four month tour. U2 didn't give me the impression that they were merely performing the music; they were feeling it.

**The Worst Overall:** Kiss — Charlotte — 1985.

Kiss was the opposite of U2. Lead singer Paul Stanley knew exactly how he was going to act, what he was going to say between songs, and how he was going to move his "sexy" body. I quickly got tired of his talking about his "Love Gun" and all his sexual escapades. Come on Paul, I came to see a rock concert, not an exhibition of profanity and bad taste!

**The Best Opening Band:** Krokus — Charlotte — 1984.

Krokus was on the "Blitz Tour", opening for Sammy Hagar when I saw them. Opening for a big name like Sammy puts a lot of pressure on a band, but Krokus came through with flying colors. They played an hour's worth of quality heavy metal that I'll never forget.

**Best Hard Rock/Heavy Metal Concert:** Rush — Charlotte — 1987.

When it comes to playing space-age heavy metal, nobody beats Rush. What these three guys can do to a guitar, a bass, and some drums must be seen to be believed. (I also love the movie screen behind the stage that shows cartoons to go along with the music.)

**Best Visual Effects:** Pink Floyd — Chapel Hill — 1987.

How can anyone describe visual effects? Well, imagine tons of dry ice, 20 laser machines, one-hundred-thousand lights, a big circular movie screen, a hospital bed that flies across the coliseum, hits the stage, and explodes, a humongous inflatable pig, and a tower of lights that grows out of the center of the stage and nearly touches the ceiling of the Dean Dome. All that, with Floyd's mesmerizing music playing very loud, added up to make the most spectacular three hours my brain has ever experienced.

**Loudest:** U2 — Atlanta — 1987.

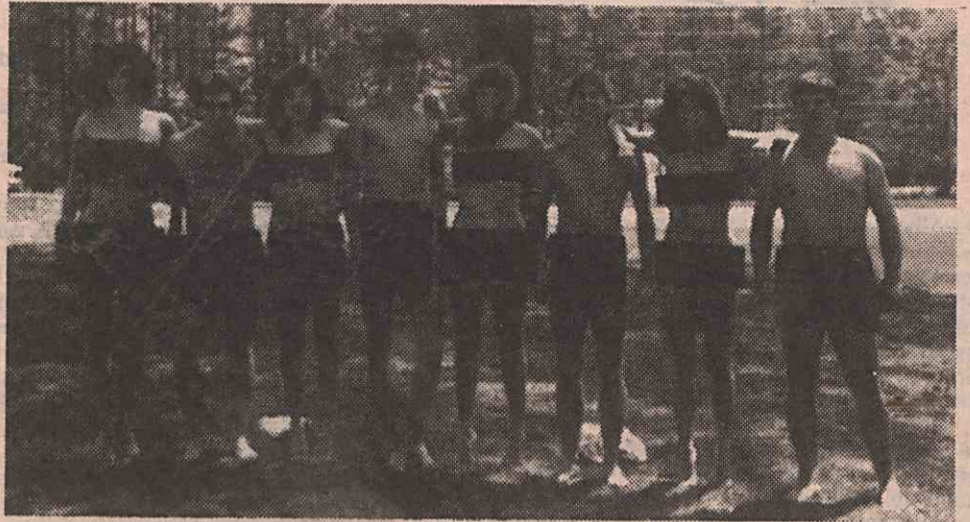
This is a part of rock and roll that isn't too popular with the over-thirty crowd. The vibrations from U2's massive sound system set off earthquake alarms in San Francisco in 1982. Last summer, U2 played an outdoor concert in Rome, Italy, that broke windows and damaged several homes in the area. I don't know if any windows were rattled in Atlanta, but I know my brain definitely got rattled.

**Longest:** Bruce Springsteen — Chapel Hill — 1988.

The Boss played from 8:30 until 12:30 with a thirty minute intermission. At midnight Bruce played the classic "Rosalita" and the excitement was at a fever pitch. When he finished that song, everyone thought the concert was over. Bruce took off his guitar and said, "Hey! I'm just gettin' warmed up!" When he finished fifteen minutes later, he, the E Street Band, and the audience were exhausted. Everyone I spoke with agreed that they got their money's worth.

So there's my opinion of the live rock and roll that has visited this area since 1984. If you are the kind of person who is content to listen to tapes or records, I seriously urge you to expand your horizons and get cultural: go to a rock concert.

Until next month, keep rockin' and dancing in the dark.



Nudist colony members proudly flaunt their beautiful bare bods.

## Bits of Green Cheese

By CINDY BREWER  
AND MARY KAY PAGE

Winky, these hot summer days give me a bad case of "spring fever". I'm delirious with the freedom of summer and the Myrtle Beach Meat Market. It's time to pull out the bikini, baby oil, and hit the rays. But not for some people; did you hear about the Nation Nudist Association of America? The membership is free and their motto is "bare is beautiful".

Students at Albemarle High lust over the sleek, sexy swimsuits and style in modern sportswear, especially the wet look. Who would you like to see in a G-string bathing suit this summer?

Me and Dinky want to see Coach Burge in one because he has the cutest buns! Palmer Brown daydreams about Samy Lamp walking down the beach in a G-string. As for Samy, he has the same dream about Mrs. Harvey. Doug Talbert fantasizes about Kelly Blackmon's rear-end sporting a G-string. Kelly told us that he really gets a turn-on from that thought of Danny Schadt. Scooter Blackmon would get a kick out of Coach Klutz in a sexy swimsuit. Coach Burge told us that Coach Bright's behind would look good enough to eat in one. Senor McGuire has Phillip Holshouser's vote for the hottest buns.

Angela Hedrick and Blair Johnson just couldn't get enough of Ross Holshouser if he would don a big G. Mikie's mouth waters at the thought of Polly prancing in a thread. Stephanie Nicholson and Davene Turner would pay to see Tim Smith and James Medley in that revealing garment. When asked, Felicia Collins answered dreamily, "Linc Barringer!" Some teachers who hit the top of the charts were: Tim Rushing's choice, Mr. Marshall; Tommy Lockamy and Bobby Rushing want to see Mrs. Hathcock; Anton Baldwin's favorite would be Mrs. Maske; and finally, an entire sixth period gym class voted for their favorite teacher, Mrs. Bogle. Of the more famous tushes, Mel Gibson would be Mrs. Dennis's turn-on, Robert Redford would be Mrs. Hathcock's, Patrick Swayze would heat up Marie Miller, and Heather Locklear is Reid Kohn's G-string fantasy. Our own "Cheesy" school photographers, Chip Harris and Rick Mullis, got top "behind" ratings from Mary Tucker and Leslie Swanner. Some mysterious cheeks who received votes were those of BUD by Angie Pemberton, Tiger by Ericka Hamilton, C. Dog by Crystal Moore, Stew-Baby by Tonya Gudger, and Lucrecia McEul by Coach Bright???

## DEAR HOPE

Dear Hope,

I like a special boy very much. We get along very well together and he treats me as if he feels the same as I do. He's such a nice person in every way. There is a problem, however. He is of another race. I'm worried about my family, his family, and our friends' reactions. How should I handle this situation?

Sincerely,  
Trapped

Dear Trapped,

Yours is a delicate position. There will always be people who cannot, or will not, accept anything beyond the expected. This isn't news to you, or you wouldn't be writing. My answer is strictly my opinion, for what it's worth.

The people who love you most should be dealt with honestly. Tell your parents and friends the truth. Reactions may seem negative, but keep in mind that your happiness

and well-being is foremost in their concern. You must keep an open mind if you expect them to open theirs. This could take time, but the things for which we struggle and work with our greatest efforts are those things which we cherish most.

Our geographical location is NOT known for tolerance and understanding. Enormous strength is required to withstand rejection and prejudice — and it will be required of you both.

While it may appear that too much is against you, and the effort demanded on your part is too great, remember that the greatest gift of life is love. Love comes in a great variety of forms and degrees, but each case is a precious and rare commodity. It can overcome the smallness of mankind and the pettiness of our civilization. Whatever becomes of your relationship, grow with the experience.

Always,  
Hope



Bruce Springsteen . . . .



. . . . Gene Simmons



. . . . and Moe, Larry, and Curly — no, wait, that's Rush.