

Blondie

BLONDIE TRAVEL & RESTAURANT GUIDE

BEFORE YOU EARN THE RIGHT TO RAP NEW YORK, YOU HAVE TO LOVE IT A LITTLE WHILE. YOU HAVE TO EAT YOUR WAY FROM CHINATOWN TO LITTLE ITALY ON YOUR WAY TO 98TH STREET FIRST. AND YOU CAN'T RAP IT THEN, UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN ON THE BOWERY IN MANHATTAN, WHERE THE ONLY FOOD IS PET FOOD AND THE ONLY GLASS THAT'S POURED IS DOWN A WHEEZER'S THROAT AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD BAR.

IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE URBAN JUNGLE, BUMS TUMBLING DOWN SLANTING SIDEWALKS, CRUMPLE IN HALLWAYS JUST TWO DOORS FROM THE DINGY BAR, CBGB'S. IN THESE ECHELON SHADOWS, IN AN ANTHILL BENEATH A FLOWER POT, THE DANGEROUS DRUMBEAT OF MUSICAL ADVENTURE CONTINUES TO ECHO AGAINST THE CORNERSTONES, CLACKING WINDOWS LIKE A TWENTY-TON TRUCK ON ITS UPTOWN JUGGERNAUT TO THE SPINDLY DINNER TABLES OF GOTHAM.

IT WAS EARLY DAWN, EARLY SPRING 1975, A DAWN LIKE THIS, IN THE PRIMEVAL QUARRY, THE UNCHANGING CITY MOONSCAPE, THAT A PUPIL-LESS SUN HATCHED THE EMBRYONIC ROCK BAND, BLONDIE. ON BODY HEAT AND DIM STAGELIGHT, ON THE RACK, THEY CLUNG TO LIFE, WHILE PIGEONS CHIPPED THROUGH RUSH-HOUR FURTIVELY SEARCHING FOR BACO-BITS AMONG GRANITE FLAKES. MILLERS OOGLED GARBAGE CANS FOR WINGED SHOES DROPPED BY ROD SERLING ON HIS WAY TO "THE ZONE"; SUPERMAN'S DISCARDED CAPE LAY DRAPED ATOP A TRASH HEAP; AN OLD TRUNDLER APPEARED AT THE ALLEY ENTRANCE; AN OLD MAN BARKED, A BABY CRIED, FROM THE ASHES OF THE FUTURE, BLONDIE WAS BORN.

Blondie

-2-

A SUB-HUMAN CHOIR OF GURGLING VOICES STEAMED FROM THE SUBWAY GRATING AS SINGER DEBORAH HARRY WALKED OVERHEAD. LIKE A SWAN RISING SHE HAILED A CAB, BUT BEFORE SHE COULD COMPLETE THE MOTION, A LARGE HAIRY HAND SWEEPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND, LIKE A KITTEN IN A HAWK'S TALONS, YANKED HER INTO AN IDLING VAN. THEN THE VAN WAS GONE; ONLY THE ECHO AROUND DEBORAH'S SURPRISE WAFTED INTO THE EMPTY STREET, A SILENT MURMER TO DESTINY. DEBORAH WONDERED WHAT KIND OF VAN IT WAS AND WHETHER SHE HAD BEEN TAKEN FOR A CAT, BECAUSE THE SCREENS ON THE WINDOWS GLOATED "POUND".

"A BLOND CAT", GLEEKED THE CATNAPPER, "AND SHE PURRS LIKE THE PASSION". DEBORAH'S WHITE SKIN KINKILY GLOWED GHOSTLY BLUE IN THE SHREDDED STREET LIGHT.

"LISTEN MAN", DEBORAH FINDS HER COURAGE WITH HER ANGER, "IF YOU'RE EVEN THINKING OF TAKING A PICTURE OF ME, OR TRYING TO SELL IT WITHOUT PAYING ME FIRST--FORGET IT, BELIEVE YOU ME!"

"THE POUND IS A VERY EXCLUSIVE PRIVATE CLUB, NO ONE WILL FIND YOU--," GORNED THE APE-MAN OVER HIS SHOULDER, THROWING THE WHEEL AND SLICING A HYDRANT, "--UNTIL WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU. OUR MEMBERS PAY BIG BUCKS TO SEE FRESH NEW TALENT."

"CALL MY MANAGERS, ALIVE ENTERPRISE, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE," DEBORAH THRASHED AT THE DOOR AND CLAWED AT THE METAL-WOVEN SCREENS.

"NO YOU'RE NOT, FAST CAT," SAID THE DRIVER. "BESIDES, BY THE TIME YOUR MANAGER FINDS YOU, YOU'LL BE MARRIED."

Blondie

"MARRIED!" SHE SHRIEKED. "I GET TO WEAR A WEDDING DRESS?
OH MAN, YOU'RE NOT HERE!"

"NO MAN;" MUTTERED THE POUND -CAPPED CREEP, "ANIMAL. YOU'RE
MARRYING A LION AND SPENDING YOUR HONEYMOON ON THE STAGE."
THE LUG GAGGED A LUNG-CHOKED LAUGH, THE VAN SWAYED.

GRIPPED WITH FEAR, DEBORAH SWOONED INTO THE VOID. SHE RE-
MEMBERED FLOATING INTO NEW YORK IN A LIFE JACKET, NESTLING
AMONG THE REEDS AND RUSHES OF A RUSTY INDUSTRIAL STREAM. THE
WIND THISTLED THROUGH THE RUSHES, CAT'O'NINES AND TALL GRASS,
WHISTLING THIN MELODIES. SHE WAS ENTERING NEW YORK FROM THE
MARSHLANDS OF NEW JERSEY. ON HER LIFE JACKET, THE NAMES OF
THE SHIP, THE S.S. HAWTHORNE, HER HOMETOWN. THE CEMENT SEEMED
FAR AWAY. NOW THIS.

"WELCOME TO 'THE POUND', DOGS AND CATS, THE CITY POUND OF FLESH,
VISCERAL NOURISHMENT FOR THE CHIC, THE FREAK AND THE SEXY SINCE
1979."

"THE POUND" WAS JAMMED NOT WITH DOGS, BUT THEIR DIAMOND-
COLLARED OWNERS, THRICE-MARRIED MEN AND BODY-BORED WOMEN CLUTCH-
ING THE TOWN THROUGH THE PARTY, OUT FOR A RICH FREAK. THEIR
MASTER OF CEREMONIES-MALVOLIO THE CATNAPPER. SICK IS THE
ENTERTAINMENT AT A STUCK DISCO CALLED "THE POUND,"

SKIN JEWELS OF CLIMATE-TESTED SWARTHINESS OOZED FROM PUZZLED
FOREHEADS. TWINKLING AND BLINKING THE JEWELS MADE THEIR OWN
HEAVEN EXCEPT FOR DEBORAH; EATING THE BEAT WAS HER WAY OF LIFE.

Blondie

FROM A CERTAIN CUT-GLASS VIEW, THE THRONG METAMORPHOSIZED THEMSELVES INTO SPANKING CUTLERY, GRINDING AND SIDLING, GNASHING LIKE KITCHEN TEETH ON THE BROKEN LINOLEUM FLOOR.

BACKSTAGE, DEBORAH PREPARED FOR THE WORST, PREENED IN TIGER-SKIN TIGHTS. DEBORAH DECIDED TO FLOW THROUGH; IT WASN'T AS IF SHE WERE BEING THROWN INTO A DEN OF LIONS, SHE JUST DIDN'T WANT A BROOD. WHERE WERE THE BLONDIES, SHE CURSED, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A GROUP. GOONS BUMPED DEBORAH THROUGH THE CORRIDOR TO MEET THE GROOM, WHO FROM HIS CAGE SNARL-FLASHED DEBORAH HIS WEDDING TOOTH; HE ZONED IN ON HER BLOND MANE, A WHITE TRIP, LAMB SWAIN, SOMETHING DIFFERENT YET TO COME. PALEOLITHICALLY, HAMSTRUNG AS ONLY A CAT CAN BE, HE VORTEXED INTO HER UNIQUE BLOND MIND AND BEAMED OUT ON HER INNER BEAUTY. HORNS OF PLENTY BLEEPED IN HIS GNARLED SKULL. A FLY DANCED ON HIS RUNNY NOSE. DEBORAH'S BRAIN PROJECTED THE HEADLINES: "QUEEN OF UNDERGROUND TWISTS WHISKERS WITH KING OF JUNGLE". "PAIN IS LOVE," SHE THOUGHT. DEBORAH REALLY DUG THE ROYAL WEDDING, PRETENDING NOT TO; ONLY THE LIONS NAILS TORE INTO HER FUTURE GUESSWORK, AND SHE WONDERED IF HER BEAUTICIAN'S LICENSE COULD SAVE HER LIFE.

THE POUND MASTER BARKED ORDERS OVER THE CRACKLING SPEAKERS. "TONIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT IS GUARANTEED TO PLEASE YOUR DOG--THE WEDDING NIGHT OF CAT ROCK-STAR WOMAN AND THE KING OF BEASTS--THE EXOTIC CALL OF THE JUNGLE-ON STAGE LIVE."

HEAVY CURTAINS BEGAN TO RAISE TO THE WORLDWIDE POP HIT, "HEART OF GLASS". THE LION ROARED APPROVAL, THE AUDIENCE SCREAMING IN ANTICIPATION, AND WHEN THE BUG-EYED GAWKERS TOOK

Blondie

ONE FLIPPED-OUT LOOK AT DEBORAH AND HER MANE-MAN, ALL THE GLASS IN THE ROOM RUSHED TO THE FLOOR AND SMASHED TO BITS. DEBORAH SCANNED THE CROWD, AS PERFORMERS WANT TO DO, AND THERE, HONED IN AT A FRONT ROW TABLE, THE BLONDIES CREWED TOGETHER, DIVIDING MONEY. JIMMY DESTRI AND FRANK INFANTE PRESSED THEIR CARDS TOGETHER WHILE NIGEL HARRISON WAS PROPERLY LEARNING NEW WAVE CURBSTONE JARGON FROM CLEMENT BURKE'S BERKIFIED PEARL RAMBLINGS. WHILE PLOTTING WITH THE REST, CHRIS STEIN WINKED AT DEBORAH'S EYE.

"MAY THE BEAST OF BROADWAY HAVE MERCY ON YOU," SHOUTED THE RAVING FREAK MEISTER. "NOW EAT, EAT TO THE BEAT!"

AND FROM THE INFERNO HEART OF THE CITY'S ENORMOUS GUT, THE CORE MOANED AND GROANED, SALUTING ITS PREY, PULSING AND THROB-
BING IN FORECLOSURE OF DEBORAH'S NEW ANIMAL ALBUM HUSBANDRY.
TRAINING ALL THOSE WHO MAY DIE TONIGHT THAT THEY WILL LIVE TO
KNOW WHY, WHEN THEY EAT TO THE BEAT OF THE BANDS THAT'S IN HEAT.
THEN THE ROOM GOT UP TO DANCE LIKE ONE PERSON IN A HURRY, HYP-
NOTICALLY SWIRLING TO THE ANIMAL WEDDING MARCH.

FOR ELEGANT DINING AT ITS BEST WHILE STAYING IN NEW YORK, PUT
"THE POUND" AT THE TOP OF YOUR LIST. HOLLYWOOD EXOTICA MAY
MAKE YOU SOFT AS CUSTARD IN THE SUNSET SUN, BUT IN CRAZY
METALLIC NEW YORK, YOU ETCH IN GRANITE, CAREEN OFF BUILDINGS
LIKE BENDED SUPERMEN, MERELY GO CRAZY AND EAT TO THE BEAT OF A
MUSICAL BAR. THIS IS WHY THE BOYS IN BLONDIE ARE SO CLOSE
TODAY, AND WHY THEY STILL PREFER, ESPECIALLY ON THE ROAD, TO
EAT TO THE BEAT.

Blondie

-6-

BLONDIE MEMBERS ARE:

DEBORAH HARRY - VOCALS

NIGEL HARRISON - BASS GUITAR

CHRIS STEIN - GUITARS

FRANK INFANTE - GUITARS, VOCALS

JIMMY DESTRI - KEYBOARDS, VOCALS

CLEM BURKE - DRUMS

DISCOGRAPHY

BLONDIE

PLASTIC LETTERS

PARALLEL LINES

EAT TO THE BEAT