Taking our cue from the enlightened Real Paper Fashion Police, The Tech devotes just a sec' to that minor and marginalized art form, the satirical scene. We all know that this particular set of eye-covered walls takes an almost rash, devil-may-care pride in upholding the stylized stance of the ho-hum '70s, but heavens, kids, do let's try to stay to the beat once in a while!

We have, as part of the Vogue Vice Squad (dial 100), happened on horrors we simply will refrain from elaborating on (vinyl briefcases, acrylic patterned sweaters, aqua and yellow tee-shirts adorning the wearer's bedroom prowess, down jackets with a biological history all their own) but exhibit 477.8691071:21 (Ford knows we (try) seem to point up some of the prevalent prob. The offender desperately tries to camouflage the tawdy suit of affairs with a bulky elevator accessory, which sadly does nothing to detract from the unabashed wearing of a Waylon Jennings-good-ole-boy-Col.-45-Hey-Red-Hot-Mama pink shirt. The Vice Squad cannot possibly overemphasize the need to move on to other forms of self-expression as an exciting era dawns; these rumpled items make such fantastic dust cloths!

Exhibit 477.8681071:22—well, must we go into immense depth? You may have owned one of these, chicklettes, in fourth grade for those hayride-square dancing emergencies, but it's all dropped out except the square part, we promise. The guilty party's look of suffering just about sez it all.

Turtaviv, it's never too late to give the urban-individualism look a whirl. The V-Squad cornered these (Exhibit A) surburban-individuum look a whirl. The V party's look of suffering just about sez it all. Someone in this town has finally produced a "hit of Houston" compilation that merits the title. WCOU's Best of the Beverly Hills Best of the Beach recapture the golden days of pop, with a wicked good time — 13 bands, 17 tunes, and few turkeys in the bunch.

"A wicked good time!" various artists on Modern Method Records. Period! Someone in this town has finally produced a "hit of Houston" compilation that merits the title. WCOU's Best of the Beach Best of the Beach Best of the Beach recapture the golden days of pop, with a wicked good time — 13 bands, 17 tunes, and few turkeys in the bunch.

The disc, mastered by Modern Method Records (formed by two MIT dropouts...sometimes it pays to paint) and WMN, features some "established" bands that have previously recorded, but the list of the groups featured here are making their vinyl debut. Each band is important enough to warrant individual mention, so here they are (in appearance order):

Pastiche — "Psycho Blonde," the opening cut, is a cover that adds nothing new to the Mark Mothersbaugh sound. However, "This Reminds Me of the Future," with its trashy verse and bouncy chorus, is Pastiche at its goofy best.

Outlets — Guitarist Dave Benton has penned another knock-your-socks-off tune — "Third Floor For Me," that makes previous efforts pale by comparison. An irresistible hook and the backbeat pace make this tune pick hit #1 from the album. These guys are hot — catch 'em while you can.

Future Dudes — Richie Parsons' latest efforts will never measure his glory days with Luminatus Ass. Consequently, "New Feeling" is a sad reminder of how things used to be. Good, but not great. (Please turn to page 8)