



SECTION D
HERALDNEWS

Friday,
May 11, 2007

Friday

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SLICE OF NIGHT



Rock the Clash Bar

After closing record store, owner turns to music venue

By ED BEESON
Herald News

CLIFTON – Lucky for Bobby Cook, beer can't be downloaded. Yet.

After the Internet rendered his last venture, a punk record store in Montclair named Let It Rock, obsolete, Cook decided to enter a business where the revenue can flow as smoothly as suds from a tap. He opened the Clash Bar last October, and with his wife Elyssa, he hopes to bring to this town a live music venue that runs like the ones of his youth. During the late '70s and '80s, Cook was a fixture in the artistically seedy underground clubs of New York, where the American branch of punk and new wave music spawned.

Those clubs are, almost without exception, shuttered and gone. "Times just change and, unfortunately, things we want to be here aren't," Cook, who speaks in a high, almost fluttering voice, said a few Fridays back.

And so with the Clash Bar, Cook is attempting to channel that era for a time that is steadily forgetting it. The walls of this darkly lit and carpeted rock club are painted in blacks and reds and are cov-

CLASH BAR

Where: 39 Harding Ave. in Clifton
Hours: 8 p.m. to 3 a.m., Thursday through Saturday
Info: Call 973-772-6149 or visit www.myspace.com/clashbar.

ered with mostly monochrome posters of those rockers of yore: The New York Dolls, David Bowie and, of course, The Clash. Another wall pays tribute to the pop artist Andy Warhol and his infamous image of a slightly ripe banana, which became a classic Velvet Underground album cover. Diagonal zebra stripes accentuate the elevated DJ booth, and countless long, slivered mirrors form the backdrop of the club's modest stage. A flat-screen television overhanging the bar plays campy fare like Russ Meyer's exploitation classic "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!"

This Mount Rushmore approach to memorializing – cramming many of the shining beacons of punk, new wave, glam rock and pure kitsch into a single room – allows the bar to wear its personality on

its sleeve. But just like a vintage store or a period film, it also distills history into something cleaner than it probably was.

As a result, the Clash Bar reeks not of booze and vomit and fistfights, but of order and cleanliness and clearly labeled prices.

Even the name of a band that played here on a recent Friday – Uniform – is imbued with a sense of orderliness. And when it made a mistake, its members were the first to point it out.

"Could we get a napkin?" Steve DeVito, a guitarist, said.

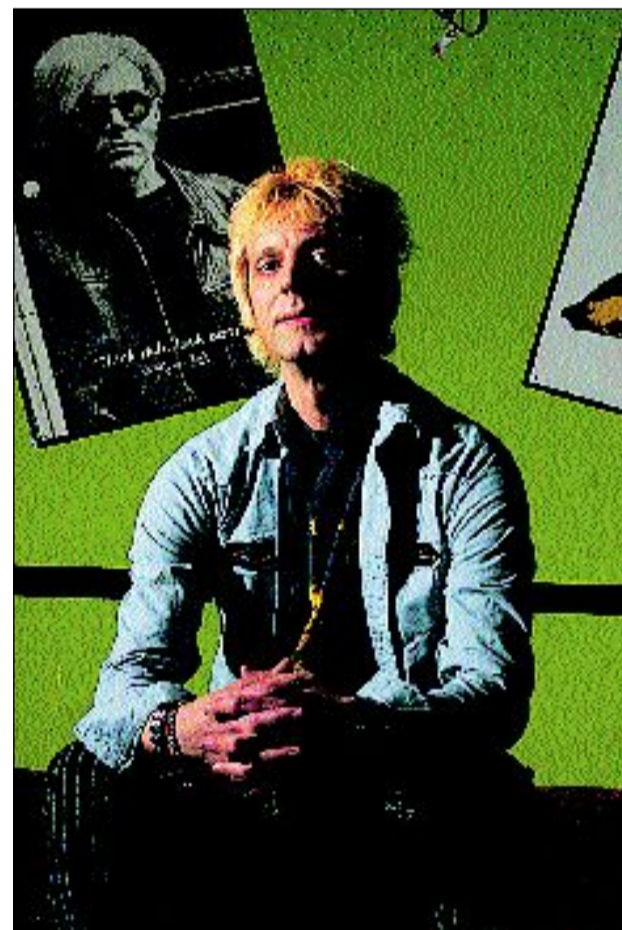
"We spilled something," Evan Norlander, the band's singer and other guitarist, added.

It's not exactly a middle-finger to the establishment. But perhaps to keep the

Please see **CLASH, D2**

Photos by THEODORA RAVAGO/
Herald News

Bobby Cook, former owner of the punk music store Let It Rock in Bloomfield, recently opened the Clash Bar, which caters to similar tastes in late '70s and '80s music, in Clifton.



More zombies and gore galore

By ROGER MOORE
The Orlando Sentinel

The horror sequel "28 Weeks Later" has the most arresting, gruesome and unnerving opening 11 minutes in movie-going memory.

The follow-up to the "Britain Wiped Out by Rage-aholic **Z o m b i e s**" thriller "28 Days Later" briefly and economically introduces us to a small clutch of survivors, walled-up, "Night of the Living Dead"-style, in a remote farmhouse. Then bloody-eyed Brits pour in and slaughter everybody who isn't able to beat them off with a crowbar or outboard motor.

"Weeks" is a frenetic killing machine – illogical, telling in its grasp of human nature and utterly incapable of embracing the humanity it wants to show us.



Special to the Herald News

Robert Carlyle stars in "28 Weeks Later."

It's reduced the best horror franchise of the new millennium from a smart European dystopia to another Hollywood killing machine, brutally efficient and heartless.

Director Juan Carlos Fres-

nadillo, who did the stylishly surreal "Intacto," beautifully sets us up for a grim tale of survivor's guilt as "Full Monty's" Robert Carlyle must live with the knowledge that when the chips were down, he cut and ran, leav-

28 WEEKS LATER

Starring: Robert Carlyle, Catherine McCormack, Mackintosh Muggleton, Imogen Poots, Rose Byrne, Jeremy Renner

Directed by: Juan Carlos Fresnadillo

Running time: 99 minutes

Rated: R for strong violence and gore, language and some sexuality/nudity

ing his wife (Catherine McCormack) to a grisly death. Since their kids were away from the U.K. when the Rage Virus broke out, Dad may even have to explain his cowardice to them when the "re-population" begins "28 Weeks Later."

Maybe Dad thinks, "Well, at least one parent will be there to

Please see **28 WEEKS, D2**

BEST BETS

THE ICEMAN COMETH: Ice-T, the fake cop killer-turned-fake cop, will be at the New Tropical Nite Club in Passaic. This Newark-born gangsta rapper, who began portraying Detective Odafin "Fin" Tutuola on "Law & Order: Special Victims Unit" several years after shocking the nation with his heavy metal anthem "Cop Killer," will be joining his notoriously voluptuous wife, Coco, for a promotional appearance.

While the 49-year-old Ice-T, who was born Tracy Marrow, is long past his rapping prime, the dark, sinister but captivating narratives he wrote for albums like 1991's "O.G. Original Gangster" explored

gangsta rap's creative potential. Will he dig deep tonight into his back catalog? Or read from his 1994 book, "The Ice Opinion"? Or stand at a lectern and deliver a speech like the one he gave recently at Columbia University's Teachers College? Not likely. According to his manager, Coco and Ice-T will merely host the party and sign autographs. Local acts Ruga and Justina will be the ones performing.

The New Tropical Nite Club is at 52 Garden St. in Passaic. Tickets cost \$20. Doors open at 10 p.m. For more info, call 973-471-0600 or visit www.newtropicalniteclub.com.

– Ed Beeson