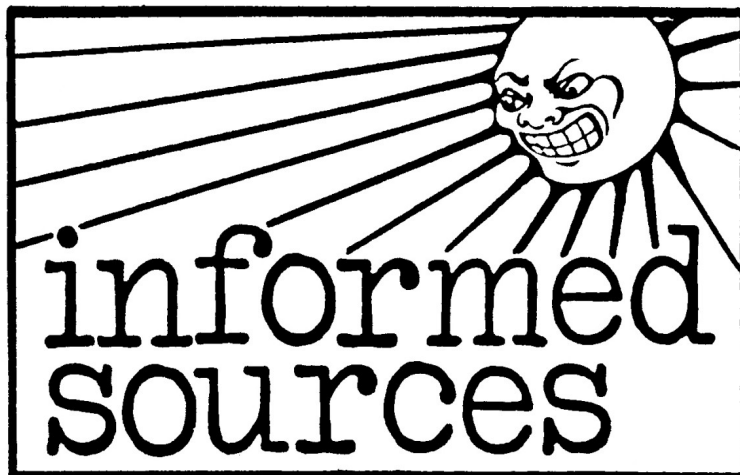
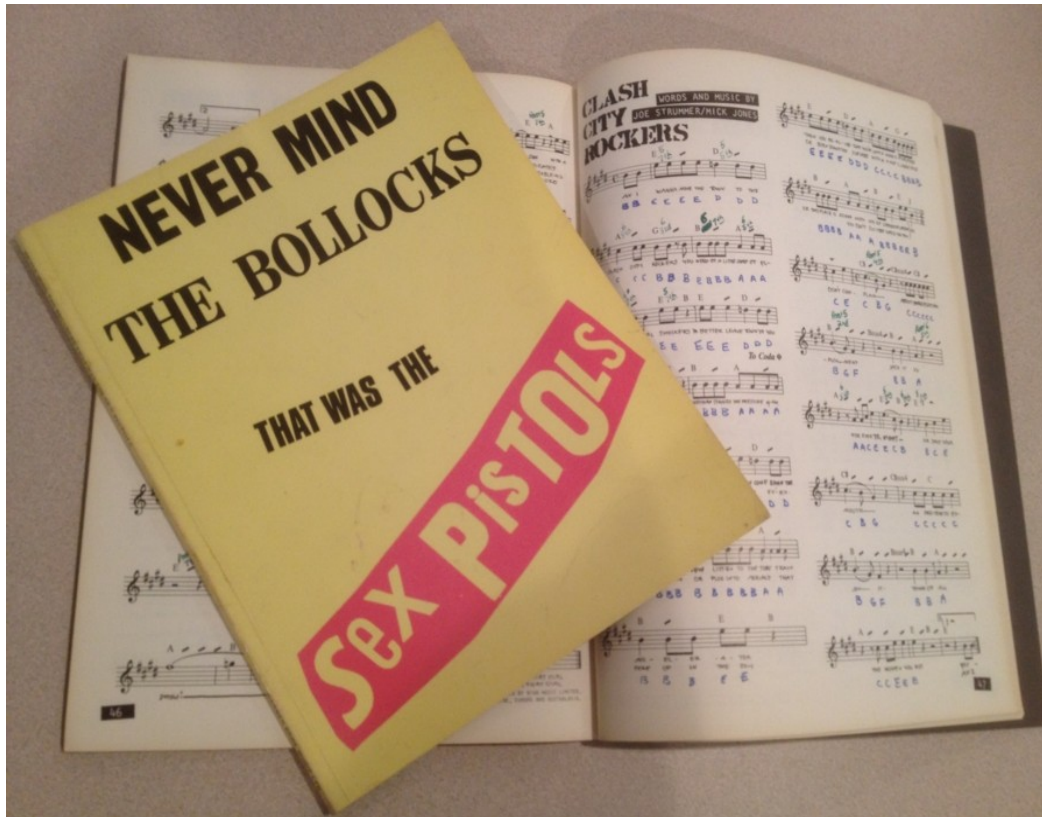


According to Informed Sources...



Informed Sources was born early in the summer of 1981, on a sidewalk near Ninth and Walnut Streets in Philadelphia outside the new music venue Omni's. Frank Blank Moriarty – your narrator – was a nascent guitarist anxious to swim the punk waters, especially since that was music that offered the quickest path to six-string proficiency. Joe Stack was a would-be singer from Northeast Philadelphia. The two of us had been brought together by mutual acquaintances in early Philadelphia punk bands Sadistic Exploits and The Excuses.

I'd bought a black Fender Telecaster – just like Joe Strummer's – after a meeting with The Clash in the lobby of the Ben Franklin Hotel on the Philadelphia stop of their brief 1979 American tour. After getting my *Give 'em Enough Rope* poster signed by the four band members, guitarist Mick Jones and I had a conversation. I mentioned how much I'd always wanted to play guitar; Jones gave me an intent look and asked a simple question: "Why don't you then? I'm no better than you are..."



The intervening months between that meeting and my first encounter with Joe Stack had been spent laboriously studying by-now-dog-eared copies of pre-tablature songbooks of *The Clash* and the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks* which I'd mail ordered. By the time I met Joe – just a block from where I'd met The Clash – I was master of the barre chord. Or at least I could form one, given sufficient time.

I'd also become deeply involved running Omni's with Lee Paris and Denise Herman. Lee had parlayed his growing reputation as a punk rock tastemaker into an entrée into the small nightclub, bringing Denise and me with him to help book shows, publicize our activities, and DJ the latest obscure records picked up at Third Street Jazz and Rock in Philadelphia or Plastic Fantastic in Bryn Mawr. We'd brought bands ranging from Bauhaus and Bush Tetras to DOA and Dead Kennedys into the cramped space – a venue destined to soon burn to the ground.



Dead Kennedys tickets for their 4/17/1981 show at Omni's in Philadelphia

Upon meeting, Joe and I made a decision on the spot: let's start a band. I'd had the name "Informed Sources" tucked away in my brain for the glorious day when I'd actually have a band to bestow it upon. With the addition of two kids from Joe's neighborhood – Dave on bass and Bruce Silcox on drums – that day had arrived. And into the basement of Joe's parents' house, on Princeton Street, we descended.

Joe's colorful mom Betty – "I used to be an entertainer, too" – fought off the neighbors who complained about the racket, while Joe's firefighter dad, Henry, tolerated the spike-haired nuisances now infesting his basement. The Clash may have been "a garage band, we come from garage land." We sounded like a basement band – dark, damp, and definitely not ready to be exposed in the light of day. But we kept at it.

The first lineup change occurred almost immediately: Dave's parents gave his budding bass career with Informed Sources a big thumbs down. He, like drummer Bruce, was considerably younger than us, but we were now in a lurch. We continued on as a bottom-end-lacking trio until our pals in Sadistic Exploits revealed another punk looking to rock: Brian Lee. Brian definitely looked the part, rugged with very cool spiked blond hair. The fact that he was not an experienced bass player was no impediment to us – he was in!

Our rehearsal regimen was given added impetus by some exciting news: the Sadistic Exploits' manager Nancy Petriello – better known as Nancy Exploit – had booked the Elks Center for the First Philadelphia Punk Rock Festival, and Informed Sources was on the bill!



The Elks Center, on the seedy fringes south of Philadelphia's downtown Center City designation, had first been pressed into punk rock/new wave service by another organization I'd been involved with, The Swingerz. Again spearheaded by Lee Paris along with club luminary David Wildman, we'd booked the cavernous hall with basement bar to present shows by local bands including Bunnydrums and touring acts like Pylon and the influential Bauhaus. Now, that hallowed stage was to be walked upon by Informed Sources in our first gig. But we had to get our set together – the festival's October 5 date was already looming...

My recording of our practices was now a ritual, the playback of the tape upon arrival back in my Center City apartment a somewhat dubious reward for surviving yet another late-night subway ride dragging my gear home from the Northeast – a hazardous journey in the days when looking like a punk was a certifiably dangerous occupation.

The recorded evidence was inarguable – we were brilliant! Or at least we could now make it all the way through a song without having to stop and regroup. It was time for our music to emerge from the confines of the walls of Joe's parents' basement, to be unleashed upon the airwaves of an unsuspecting city. This was a job for WKDU.

The Drexel University radio station featured a broadcast appropriately titled *Raw Sounds*, hosted by my pal Lloyd Force. And so, on a September evening in 1981 – and heard as the final cut on *Fun Under the Sun* – the fuzzed-out screeching of "Pretenders" emerged from the station studio and went out on the air. The cassette recording from practice was not much of an advertisement for our "talent" but it was a great chance to plug the upcoming festival.

It was obvious we needed something better sounding than the primitive "Pretenders" tape, but first we had to deal with another personnel change. Like Dave before, the other half of our original rhythm section, Bruce, was by parental decree no longer an Informed Source.

Enter Doug Mosko, an accomplished drummer with a hard rock pedigree who was on the verge of learning a lot about punk. Doug's exposure to punk rock had been limited to experiencing The Ramones at the New Jersey club Emerald City, but when both his brother Bill (well known for his employment at the influential record store Third Street Jazz and Rock) and Jeff Harris (publisher of the *Dirt from the Doctor* punk fanzine) mentioned to him that a certain punk band needed a drummer, he was interested and a meeting was set up.

Philadelphia's hippest underground (literally) rock club was the East Side Club. Located in a cavernous Chestnut Street basement near 13th Street, the club hosted the great British band Killing Joke twice during the third week of August. Doug came to one of those shows to meet Joe, Brian, and me, and an audition was set up for later that week in Joe's basement. After we saw and heard that Doug really knew his way around the drum kit, he was offered the job.

The arrival of Doug fast-forwarded the band. With solid propulsion coming from the drums, suddenly the bass and guitar weren't sounding quite so amateurish. And Joe's vocals were growing in confidence – a good thing for a front man to have.

It was also a good thing because Informed Sources was about to step into a studio for the first time.

Walking over the modest threshold of Fresh Tracks Studios in Elkins Park, just over the border from Philadelphia, was an intimidating experience. The four of us certainly didn't know what to do with the studio, and I'm not sure engineer Larry Spivack knew what to do with us once he heard us in action. The end result was four basic cornerstones of our developing set committed to tape, using only five of the available eight tracks. The guitar sound on this session sounds weak, but I had neither the confidence nor the recording knowledge to rectify the situation and craft the kind of muscular power I was hearing in my head.



Still, Informed Sources were now officially recording artists. It was time to share the joy with the world.

My Omni's cohort Lee Paris was an influential DJ on University of Pennsylvania's WXPN, and he was more than accommodating when it came to providing Informed Sources a platform. I'd been on Lee's show once before in something of an infamous capacity: phoning in an interview with Lee as "Eddie Van Halen." But this Saturday night it was just Frank Blank hauling the rough-mix cassette down to the WXPN studios on Spruce Street, encased within a low, hulking, ancient building on the southwestern edge of Penn's Campus.

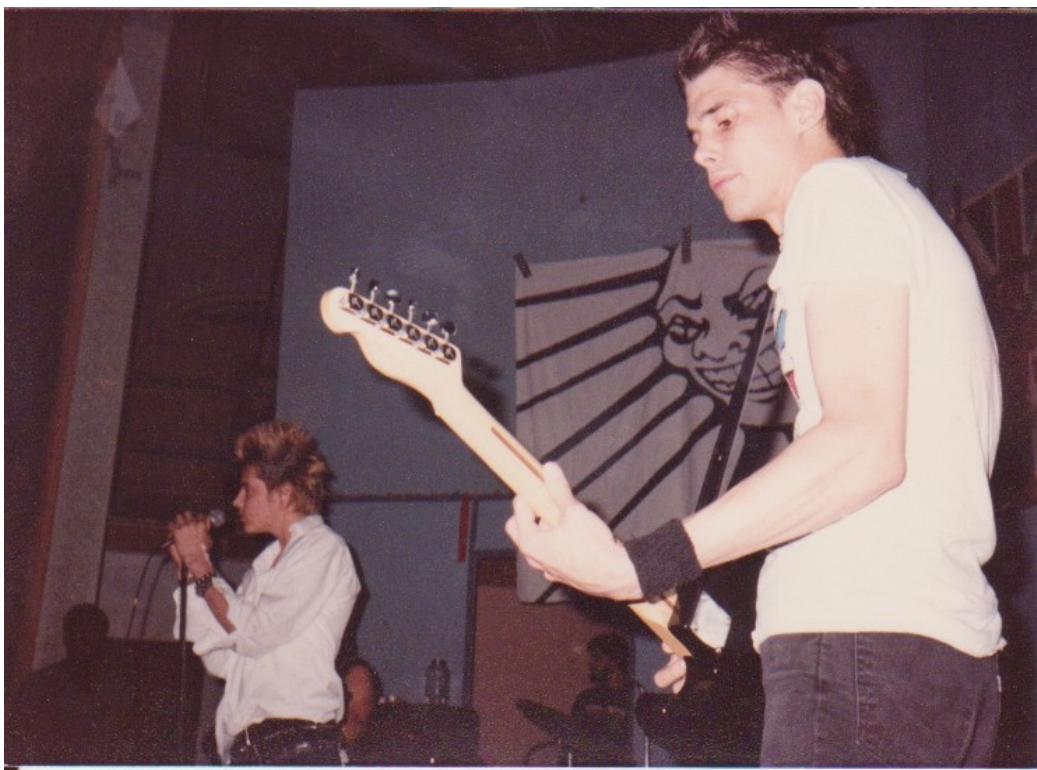
With the punk festival just a week away, Lee's enthusiastic introduction of our song "Change" – "the brand new – that's right, the brand new! – tape from Informed Sources!" – was a welcome advertisement.



It seemed like the date would never arrive, but soon enough we were lugging our modest gear into the Elks Center for our first gig, October 3, 1981. When we clambered on the stage in the midst of the multi-band bill, to say the least nerves were riding high.

The situation was not calmed by our opening salvo of "Change." I'd "cleverly" woven Steve Jones' opening riff of the Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" into the opening of our song, and Doug had just kicked things into gear when the glorious noise of my amp disappeared: silence. The hundreds of people in the audience stopped moving, but they weren't as frozen as I was, at least momentarily. Then it was back to the amp to assess the desperate situation.

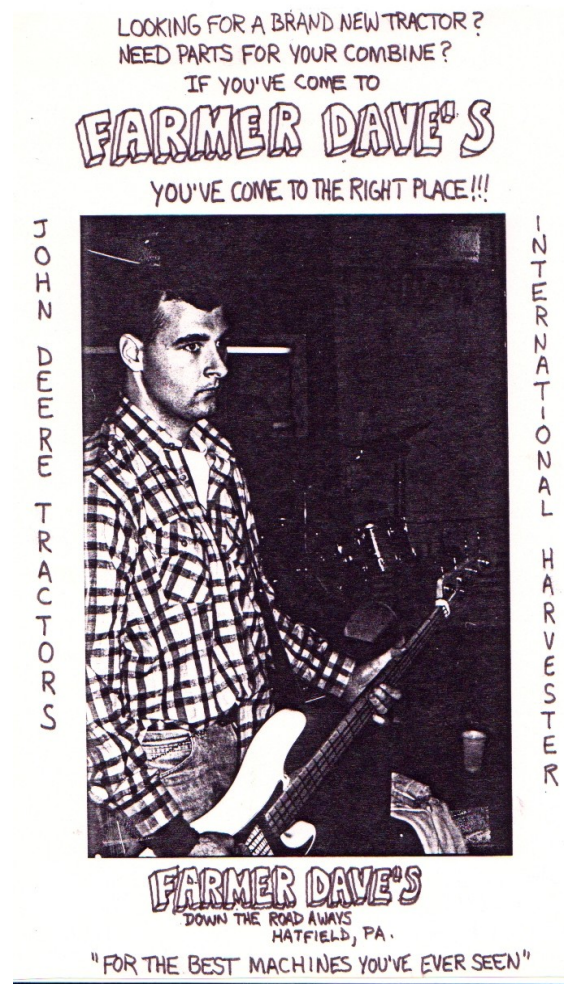
Joined by the late fanzine publisher Steve Fritz, we warily circled the now-silent Peavey Renown. All appeared to be in order, but just in case I gave the guitar cable a shove where it was plugged into the amp's input. A sudden blast of feedback announced resolution of the problem. Though it appeared plugged in, the cable had worked its way out just enough to break the connection.



First Philadelphia Punk Festival, Elk's Center, Philadelphia PA, 10/03/1981

Back in the business of rattling ear drums, we charged through the rest of the set in a daze. So dazed was Brian that he barely played anything on his bass, although the rest of us were hardly elevating musical art to new plateaus. By the time we closed with our encore of the U.S. "Marines' Hymn," I think the predominant feeling among the four Informed Sources was relief that it was over and a bit of shock that people had actually seemed to like us.

Once more, though, the definition of "us" was about to change. Brian's hesitancy on stage at the Elks Center was interpreted by us to be a liability, so we were quickly in the market for a third bass player in just about as many months.



We soon opened the barn door to Farmer Dave. David Gehman was not a farmer, but he came from Hatfield PA, which was a place we'd never heard of and had no idea where it was. Therefore, it must be farm country, therefore: Farmer Dave.

Dave had learned of the bass opening by hanging around at East Side Club. He happened to have a conversation with Nancy Exploit, the Sadistic Exploits' manager. Nancy mentioned we needed a bassist, and an introduction to us took place on the spot (this was easy to arrange as pretty much everyone was at East Side Club every night). One basement audition later and Informed Sources was back in business.



Frank Blank, Joe Stack, Doug Mosko, David Gehman: Informed Sources, 1981

After all this initial thrashing around, a sudden metamorphosis kicked in – we started to get better, at a pace that we found startling. With confidence growing, we talked DJ/booker Bobby Startup into bringing us into the East Side Club. This was a most desirable gig and one we'd obtained on our own merits, not because our pals were throwing a show.

Our first of numerous East Side shows came just a month after the festival gig, on November 6, 1981. I'd gone from helping book New York's great "no wave" band Bush Tetras into Omni's to opening for them at East Side. The latter was much more fun.

This show also marked the inception of a continuing tradition: the use of an opening tape to set the stage for the music to come. On this night it was "*The Love Boat* Theme." Soon to follow was everything from "What's More American?" by Bing Crosby to more bizarre offerings like "Tomorrow Belongs to Me" by the Sensational Alex Harvey Band, "Mary Bell Child of Hell" by Monte Cazazza, and "The Death of Rock" by Daevid Allen. Later there were tape collages that merged soundtracks from *Apocalypse Now* with the voice of Ronald Reagan and the sound of screaming infants. Atmosphere!

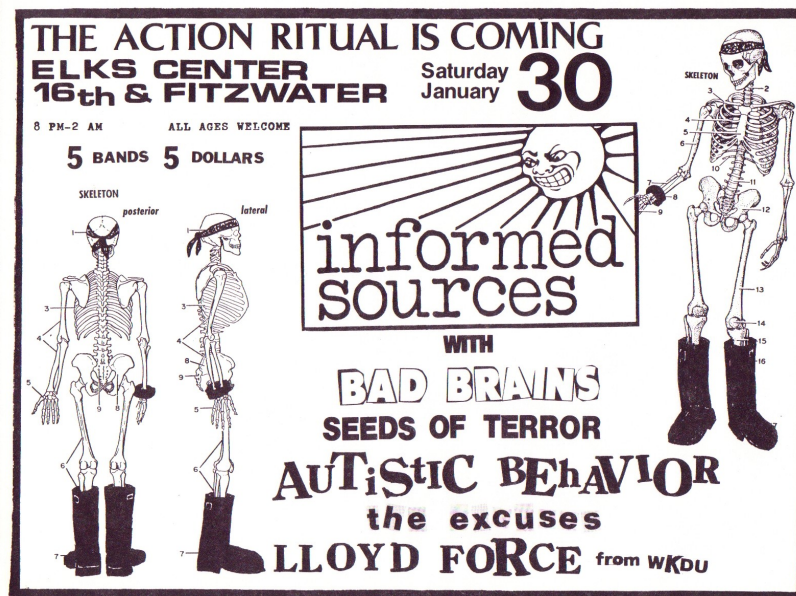
One of those recordings preceded us during our first radio concert, hosted by French DJ Michel Polizzi and broadcast on WXPB on December 4, 1981. As the voice of Ronald Reagan faded out on the tape, repeatedly intoning, "There isn't anything facing us that we can't handle," we faded in with "Final War." After a dozen more tracks we closed with "Suntan," "Desperation," and "Zoo," our three thrashiest tracks. It was just a matter of weeks before I realized all three of those songs matched key-wise, and from then on they were molded into a usually-barely-in-control triumvirate.



How it began...

Another tradition from our earliest days was publicizing the band via our "angry sun" logo. I'd encountered the sun's face in a local neighborhood weekly newspaper, in an ad for an air conditioning company. I added rays to the face, then hunted around until I found text in a magazine that had all the letters I needed to cut out and spell out the band name. Remember, this was before PCs and word processors were commonly available. From that simple beginning I became a master of image and text manipulation via my workplace's Xerox machine, enlarging, reducing, and contrasting like a maniac. Each poster took hours and hours to make; you could probably do it now in about ten minutes.

Weeks after the Bush Tetras gig, and benefiting from the publicity of the WXPB broadcast, we landed another cool East Side Club assignment: opening for Bad Brains on Christmas night. Bad Brains were bad-ass, quickly rising heroes purveying an influential, musically-demanding new school of punk that evolved into American hardcore. But they were even more unique in a different regard: the stunning foursome would abruptly skid out of the thundering velocity of “Big Takeover” or “Sailing On” and drop into the loping reggae of songs like “Jah Calling” and “Leaving Babylon.” The vibe was partially captured on their now legendary cassette release on the label ROIR, but to tell the truth it doesn’t come close to capturing the experience of witnessing this amazing band on stage. Even at sound check that Yule afternoon they went for the throat, and never have I been so glad I was opening for a band rather than trying to follow them on stage.



Just a few weeks later we’d play with Bad Brains again at the Elks Center at a show promoted by Nancy Exploit and Lee Paris. Our friends The Excuses, Seeds of Terror, and Autistic Behavior all also played that night before a big crowd in the aging hall.

Confident and musically cohesive after hours and hours of blasting away in the basement of Joe’s parents, we returned to Fresh Tracks Studios early in the new year of 1982. Not intimidated by our surroundings and better able to articulate what we wanted sound-wise, we cut five tracks with Larry

Spivack. Compared to our tentative first attempts just a few months earlier, these recordings made us sound focused and powerful.

The new recordings helped us generate more attention, and we were beginning to emerge outside the boundaries of Philadelphia. In March we travelled north to City Gardens in Trenton, booked by “Randy Now” Alexander to play with the great Flipper. Big room, big stage, big sound system – it was exciting.



Informed Sources soundcheck with Jade Starling at East Side Club, March 1982.

Later that month, at East Side Club, we welcomed Pretty Poison’s lead singer, Jade Starling, on stage to sing a new song, “Imagined Fears,” with Joe. Along with our pal John Koo blasting saxophone on “Don’t Know,” Jade would join us on stage several times in the months to come.

“Imagined Fears” was written with a nod toward the fantastic Los Angeles band X, who’d become friends by this point in time. In July, we played with X in Philadelphia, and also played with the mighty Black Flag in Trenton, before playing at what was easily the most bizarre gig in the history of Informed Sources.



Los Angeles' X play beneath the Informed Sources angry sun banner, July 7, 1982.

The Starlite Ballroom had opened on a hot July night in 1980 with The Go-Gos opening for X, both bands taking on the East Coast for the first time. The venue was opened by promoter David Carroll, a fixture on the Philadelphia nightlife scene and the man who'd basically provided punk rock with an incubator at his Hot Club.

While the Hot Club was on the fringes of downtown Philadelphia, the Starlite was found lurking in darkness, under the elevated subway tracks in the somewhat dodgy northern neighborhood of Kensington. And while the influx of punk rockers into the newly un-shuttered large ballroom at the intersection of Lehigh and Kensington was initially met with curiosity or bemusement by the locals, that was all about to change. For the worse.

After sporadic shows in the intervening months, things came to a head just under a year after its opening when Philadelphia's Autistic Behavior, Washington DC's SOA, and headliner Black Flag arrived at the Starlite. Black Flag came straight from DC and brought a large contingent of DC's hardcore punk crew with them. SOA were heroes of that scene and this was to be their final show, as Henry Rollins made the transition to singer for Flag that night after a full set with his old band and a stage debut with his new band. I watched SOA in front of the stage and got kicked in the head by a flailing Rollins, likely on purpose as everyone from DC immediately hated everyone they encountered in Philly. That included not only the inhabitants of our punk scene, but all the street kids in Kensington.

The fighting began within the confines of the ballroom at first, and I recall clearly Robbie from Sadistic Exploits and yours truly backing down a short, dead-end corridor with some clod coming at us with a knife. Out of nowhere, David Carroll appeared like Batman out of some side door, the would-be Philly punk slicer retreating to rejoin his troops. But to provide a fair and balanced account of the night, I present the following from the DC perspective, found at:

<http://www.dementlieu.com/users/obik/arc/blackflag/81/live0710.html>

“A night to remember for everyone. Almost all of DC Hardcores were there. Philly seemed to consist of fat boys (blubber punks), new wave assholes & a small tribe of Sid clones (w/safety pin thru the cheek). Autistic Reactions--total shit so we let Philly pogo to their heart's content. SOA--first gig w/Ivor the new drummer & last w/Henry (cos he's singin' for Black Flag). Great as usual but sound mix was fucked. New songs like "Grey Matter" & "For Public Use." Black Flag--great. Best I've ever seen 'em. All the Sid clones stayed way off the floor. "Oh no, my hair. A spike fell over, gimme vaseline quick." There was a riot outside--Kensington Boys (local gang) w/baseball bats fucked some people up. Bricks & bottles through the air while cops just watched. Injuries: Jaimie (ex-Iron Cross) - bat to the head - 22 stitches - Bert (Youth Brigade) - slashed in back - Eric (Red C) lead pipe to the face - Mike (Law and Order) - billy club to the head. Sum Sid clones got stomped on and hospitalized. Most of DC got away OK, but FUCK PHILLY, man. Leave it for the cavemen.”

Another DC kid recalled accompanying the injured Iron-Cross-Jaimie on his trip to the emergency room. “While sitting around a man came in holding a tissue to his throat, we asked him ‘what happened?’ He took the tissue away from his throat and there was a big chunk of meat gone from his throat. He said he got into a bar fight and the other guy couldn't fight so he bit sum meat outta his throat instead. Jesus Christ man, Philly is for barbarians.”

As the tourism board says, “Philadelphia: Get to Know Us.”

Anyway, common sense might have dictated that this was the inevitable conclusion of The Great Kensington Punk Rock Experiment. Unfortunately...



Next up: a lineup that included fellow Philadelphia bands the Sic Kidz and Autistic Behavior (who had clearly not learned their lesson at the Black Flag show), Informed Sources, and Dead Kennedys. I'd become pals with DKs front man Jello Biafra, and I had at least one long-distance conversation with him imploring him to not play this Kensington gig. I think Biafra may have found the possibility of chaos enticing. Obviously, he was unfamiliar with Kensington chaos.

So I found myself borrowing my mom's late-model Buick, loading it up with gear, and heading up to Kensington. The unloaded car was stashed around the corner on Lehigh Avenue, and I hustled back to the Starlite to get off the streets.

And for good reason. You see, the locals did not recognize punk pedigrees. Though their beef had been with the DC contingent, all they knew was that the funny-looking kids were back on their streets. It was time to let us know that we were unwelcome once and for all. Physical expulsion was preferred.



Informed Sources perform at the ill-fated Starlite Ballroom show, July 17, 1982.

I clearly remember being on stage in the midst of our set, trying to stop the fighting going on at our feet, and being about as effective as Keith Richards issuing empty threats at Altamont. As we walked off the stage, projectiles were in the air – not aimed at us, but being hurled by one faction at another. Things quickly degenerated as another large group of locals surrounded the Starlite and began trying to force their way in. Upstairs in the dressing room, Biafra was slipping into his on-stage lab coat as David Carroll prepared to barricade us in if the fired-up horde stormed the stairs. Through the windows – closed for safety in spite of the stifling heat – we could hear shouts, crashing noises, screams, and explosions out in the streets (seriously: DKs drummer DH Peligro recounts witnessing someone's leg being torn apart by a dynamite derivative tossed at the punk crowd) .

Despite the madness the Dead Kennedys went on, although many in the crowd had fled the area by whatever means possible. Before the DKs played, I peeked out the door and saw a group of punk kids frantically trying to flag down a SEPTA bus while being chased by a gang of locals. The bus did not stop. Biafra began with a rant about Lee Paris: "If he shows up tonight, feed him to the people outside." Lee had offended him with some perceived insult or dishonesty when we had booked the DKs into their first Philly gig, at Omni's two years earlier. Having verbally put Paris into his place, Biafra then suggested, "After we're finished playing, everyone stay in here until somebody figures us a way out without any more heads getting bashed." Ah, good times... The DKs powered into their frantic opening song, wrapping it up with a violent collision between Biafra and guitarist East Bay Ray that nearly knocked the latter unconscious. It was that kind of night. "I feel OK," Jello said of the impact. "I guess I've got a thicker skull..." I guess.

In the early morning hours, by the time everyone loaded out, the locals had apparently grown weary of beating people up. I retrieved my mom's miraculously-still-intact car, avoided the broken glass all over Kensington Avenue, hurled in Informed Sources gear, and got the hell out of there.



Informed Sources at Love Club, Philadelphia, August 1982.

About a month after the Starlite fiasco, for more than a week late in that summer of 1982 we took our practicing on the road, moving up the ladder from a Northeast Philly basement to a large Gladwyne attic. Practically living together for ten days, new songs were developed and the set standards honed. It was a great, creative period that pushed the band to a different level. We felt a bit like Led Zeppelin tucked away in some exotic cottage in Wales – although none of our lyrics betrayed a Tolkien influence.

In the fall we returned to the studio, recording the duet with Jade, trying a revamp of “Final War” with a guitar solo, laying down the new song “Why Should I” in which Joe and I traded verse lines, and, in a few spare minutes, recorded the “Suntan/Desperation/Zoo” medley live in a single take.

The goal of the recording was obvious: put out an album. But back in the days of yore, that presented a daunting challenge. Now you can upload a few files and in days get back a packaged, professionally-designed CD, complete with bar code and already on sale everywhere from Apple’s iTunes Store to Amazon.com. Back then it was one halting step at a time. Where do you master these tapes? Where to press the vinyl? Who prints the art? How do you distribute it? And, of course, how do we afford it?

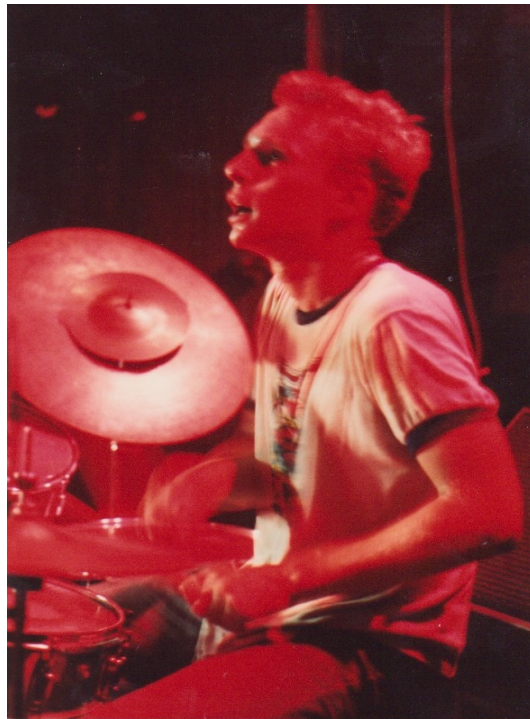


Original art concept for planned Informed Sources LP.

Though I got as far as starting the art concept – the very same art you see on the cover of the CD release of *Fun Under the Sun* – our plans were derailed by band upheaval: Doug was leaving Informed Sources.

Mature enough to actually have considered his future existence, Doug was joining the Air Force to get into electronics. On December 4 - exactly one year after our WXPB radio concert - we played our final show with Doug, at Philadelphia's Love Club. Aside from our standard fare, we added in two covers: a note-for-note downward spiral through the dark core of Ian Curtis' Joy Division masterpiece "New Dawn Fades," and a chaotic blast through Black Flag's "Nervous Breakdown."

Nervous breakdown approximated the state of Informed Sources that winter, as we were in stasis without a drummer. But then Beth Ann Lejman of Philadelphia's amazing The Stick Men introduced me to her friend, drummer Sky Kishlo. After a lot of hanging out and some informal jams as the winter wore on, we proposed: "Will you, Sky Kishlo, join Informed Sources?" Sky said, "Yes."



Sky's musical style was drastically different from Doug's, as they approached percussion from entirely different schools of thought. Doug had been rock solid, saving his flamboyance for fills. Sky was more like a bomb going off. In the wake of our drummer switch, we capitalized on Sky's talents by accelerating our songs to flat-out speeds.

That was also the state of punk rock at the time: furious, blistering thrash was becoming the norm, with complete chaos playing out amongst the flailing audience. There was also a rigidity of vision, with endlessly debated definitions of what was or was not “punk” or “hardcore.” We commented on the stylistic tedium in an actual 12-bar-blues I wrote called “Hardcore Blues.” Months later Black Flag would go to greater lengths on their *My War* album, slamming on the brakes with sludgy, Black Sabbath-influenced riffing that cast the punk world into a ball of confusion.



Informed Sources 1983: Stack, Blank, Kisho, Gehman.

When Sky came aboard we began practicing in a new locale - a small room on the first floor of the house that Beth shared with Sky and the colorfully-named Bernie Rubble. The room was small and the volume extreme, but there were unique features: the small house’s next door neighbor was one of Philadelphia’s wealthier citizens, inhabiting a hip, converted granary. When he entertained on the landscaped roof of the huge building, Beth’s voice could probably be faintly heard drifting up from far below: “Yo, throw down some shrimp!”

Sky’s informal debut came early in 1983, at the January 29 “Funk Dungeon Rent-A-Fit.” The multi-story warehouse home of Bunnydrums, good pals and a band that worked the experimental fringes of punk, Funk Dungeon was situated in a definitely sketchy neighborhood. Helping Bunnydrums make their rent was a perfect low-pressure introduction of Sky. That fun was followed by a second shakedown gig at a basement party somewhere in West Philadelphia. We sounded fast and powerful, and the fact that we blew out the power several times during the set was also encouraging.

A large new hall had opened in Philadelphia at 2nd and Chestnut Streets, called Filly's. It had originally tried to capitalize on the *Urban Cowboy* craze, but that fad quickly experienced an unlamented death. David Carroll had given up on the Starlite Ballroom and began booking shows in the big venue, which hosted Sky's official debut at a WXPB benefit on March 31 where we shared the stage with The Stick Men.



Informed Sources on stage at East Side Club, summer 1983.

After another headlining East Side Club show in April, it was back over the WXPB airwaves on May 15 with our second radio concert for the station. The current Informed Sources velocity was on full display, as we careened from track to track in death-defying fashion.

That approach was soon to be documented in the studio. We were asked to contribute two songs to the *Get Off My Back* compilation of Philadelphia hardcore bands, so we returned to Fresh Tracks, this time investing in 16-track tape. "Right and Wrong" boasted an improvised-in-the-studio opening passage before exploding in all directions, stopping dead just 60 seconds later. "Dense Pack" was an attempt to bring a progressive rock approach to hardcore; it was sure complicated – and nearly exhausting! – to play, going through multiple passages and velocities in its 2:19 lifespan.

When those sessions wrapped the summer of 1983 was in full heated bloom, and the band had an active schedule into the fall. But things were drawing to a close for Informed Sources. There were the typical band personality issues – inevitable with the amount of time we spent together. That combined with frustration over what we saw as a lack of progress in moving the band to the next level had everyone in the doldrums. The idea of getting into a band where I could just play guitar and not be a driving force behind the scenes became more and more appealing.



Final Informed Sources show, 10/15/1983.

Informed Sources played its final set, at Filly's, on October 15, 1983. Following us on stage was Bunnydrums, and I took them up on an invitation to play during their encore performance of Link Wray's guitar extravaganza "Switchblade." Within months I was asked to join Bunnydrums, teamed with their original guitarist Frank Marr.

Looking into the past from here in the future, it's amazing how many of the bands we played with are more highly regarded now than when they were in existence. It seemed at the time like we were all part of a movement that would mark a lasting change in rock music, and it turns out that's exactly what it was.



Of course, the darkest cloud of this tale is the death of Joe Stack several years ago. Preparing the *Fun Under the Sun* CD for release I spent hours and hours with Joe's vocal tracks – he had a great approach and a tremendous ability to communicate the feelings at the heart of our songs. He didn't write a lot of material, but there's no doubt at all that his "Don't Know" ranks right at the top of our "best songs" list. And obviously he was a friend to all of us in the band.

As for the rest of us who were in Informed Sources for long stretches, we all kept playing music over the years, and we all still play music in a variety of projects. Though some of us have been signed to record labels and played big shows, I don't think anything has matched the excitement and fun that we had in Informed Sources.

We hope that you'll pick up on those feelings with *Fun Under the Sun*.

Cheers!

– Frank Blank Moriarty

September, 2012

Visit www.FrankBlankMusic.com for Informed Sources information, image galleries, and to purchase *Fun Under the Sun*