



Photographs by Jack Reynolds

The Amish Outlaws' Eclectic Musical Mix Arrests Shell Crowd

The awed audience looked uncertain as to whether the \$15 cover charge had purchased them admittance to witness a spectacle or the spectacular Saturday night at the Sea Shell Club. Poised, Brother Hezekiah X, lead singer of the Amish Outlaws, prepared to deliver a musical sermon to inspire a spiritual awakening.

"Come dance with a Brother," the bandleader dressed predominantly in traditional black garb boomed as he stepped offstage into the youthful crowd, exuding the enthusiasm of a cheerleader auditioning for *Jock Jams*.

The three sets that ensued after an 11 p.m. eruption of energy kept the evening in motion, as the band performing an eclectic mix of hip-hop,

punk, alternative, rock and more.

"Our passion for music transcends faith," explained Hezekiah, one of three band members who traces his upbringing back to Amish culture. He continued in his reverie before the band took the stage.

"We're blessed," he said, though he wasn't speaking spiritually. "Three-quarters of the people who follow us are women."

His plan was to get the ladies dancing, sparing no ounce of effort.

At a fast clip, Devo's classic "Whip It" swiftly succeeded "Safety Dance." On stage, bassist Brother Eazy Ezekiel rotated robotically to ping-ponging sounds echoing from Brother Amos Def's keyboard. Meanwhile, Hezekiah got busy on the dance floor, grabbing women and rotating them like a mechanic would a pair of Michelins.

The quintet revved into a higher gear, offering a tribute to Luther Vandross' "Never Gonna Give You Up" that sounded shot full of adrenaline.

Then, just as the audience looked like their jaws were going to hit the floor, the Outlaws slowed things down with "Nothing Compares 2 U."

"There's a glaze that goes over their eyes and they're yours," Hezekiah said, explaining his strategy before the show. "Right then you do a ballad." (He failed to mention if that ocular haze is induced by oration or alcohol.)

Though more rotund than Sinead O'Connor, Hezekiah bowed his bald head — almost in tribute to the shorn lady he covered — and transformed his voice into a feminine falsetto.

Following the touchy melody, it was right back to the business of punching out high-energy dance tracks. A rowdy rendering of Cypress Hill's "Insane in the Brain" resulted, complete with Brother Amos' break-dancing

Continued on Page 72, Sec. 2

Continued on Page 72, Sec. 2



FROM OTHER MOTHERS: (Clockwise from above) Front man Brother Hezekiah X immerses himself in the Sea Shell crowd to deliver a musical sermon, while his fellow Brothers man the stage with their commanding, er, spiritual presence. Surely it's no religious chanting bass-playing Brother Eazy Ezekiel belts into his microphone.

This Season, Short-Term Romance Is 'In'

Moves, Motives: The Dynamics of a Summer Fling

By DAN SCHWARTZMAN

She spied him from across the bar. He was tall, relatively attractive and not a dolphin — everything she was looking for in a mammal and nothing she wasn't. The Australian accent clinched it.

"I rode home on the handle bars of his bike that night," she recalled, standing at a similar angle to the tiki hut as when they first met. They never saw each other again after that evening of passion — just as she planned it.

Like with so many summer romances, the relationship had the staying power of a sparkler. But, oh, that one night of glory. Which, for some, can stretch an entire season.

It's called a summer fling.

And, depending on whom you ask, the summer fling is either alive and kicking or as dead as a debtor on the Sopranos.

"It used to exist," Lorie Ann from Bergen County said bluntly. "It doesn't exist anymore."

Simply defined, the good old days of "good sex and good times" are gone. So said the Bergen County resident, who was spending the evening with three friends including a 51-year-old buddy from Brooklyn, who had a different take.

"There's still hope," Joanne countered.

Either way, the women agreed that a summer fling is as fleeting as the good weather. So regard it with a sunny attitude and enjoy it while it lasts, they said. Summer flings expire in the flash of a firefly.

Jim, 21, from Forked River, ech-

ooed a similar sentiment as many of the ladies. A summer fling begins at a house party or over a few silver bullets and ends as the school year begins in a fashion befitting a Hemingway title (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*).

Jim asserted that men are usually the ones to cap a short-term relationship and that Labor Day is essentially D-Day for a summer fling. His friend, who preferred the anonymity of his Coors Light can for a nametag, argued the opposite.

"These days, guys are the needy ones," he said, taking an ultra manly stance on the issue. "As soon as I'm done making the coffee (in the morning) she better be out the front door."

Surprisingly, this line went over well

hooking up