

# Implosion

**Implosion #37** is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It is produced for the 37th Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "Vehicles." Today is November 2 1996.

**Implosion:** The Fanzine that proves anyone can publish a fanzine.  
Member, fwa.

"Who's that on the stereo?" Ken Forman asked me. It wasn't the first time he'd wanted me to identify one of the songs in my usual, varied five-CD mix. It wasn't the first time that night, nor was he the only one who sought such information.

These days, questions about the music out-number those pertaining to fandom. They've gotten what they feel is sufficient information about fandom from me, so they ask less frequently.

I'm a discarded Walkin Talkin robot. They've heard everything I have to say. Now I'm Arnie Katz, living rock and roll museum catalog.

How sad that my encyclopedic memory has developed a blank page here and there. How ironic that the process of getting all my arcane knowledge about rock music should also make me forget chunks of it.

"That's 'Joey & the Alligators', singing 'Rock n Roll Party Tonite.' I told them. I pronounced the words carefully, so Ken would hear the correct, simplified spelling. I may not be Oracle of Fandom any more, but I still strive for accuracy.

"I don't remember them," said Ken, whose parents are close to being too young to remember this now-forgotten band of the 1950s.

I remembered the Alligators.

The Alligators drove a '54 Imperial to their earliest gigs. Its bulbous green chassis crouched repulsively beside whatever school or elks lodge they were playing at that night.

"Elvis can keep his Pink Cadillac," they told Big Daddy Ruckus, the would-be Alan Freed at WRR in their native Worcester, Pa. "We've got our Green Imperial!" They made sure to tell him this every time he had them

so, so after awhile, he stopped having them on.

They weren't Joey Silversti & the Alligators yet, not even Joey & the Alligators. It was just four clean cut boys from eastern Pennsylvania and even Joey's mother wasn't thinking about whose name should go first on the marquee.

There were two reasons for that. One was that they were four clean cut boys from Worcester, Pa. The other was that there weren't many marquees to argue about.

Sometimes the little signboards at the schools and lodges didn't even have room to spell out "Alligators." It always said something like "Meeting Food Band."

Not even "Refreshments," just "Food."

Except where the sign-doer was feeling a little roguish, a little caught up in rock and roll excitement. Then it was "Eats."

Then they would whine until the man opened the sign cabinet and rearranged the order of the words, which sounded sort of dirty when you wrote them that way.

The band's first hit, "Shake, Rattle and Rock," had just dropped out of the "Top 10." It was recent enough that they could comfortably harbor the illusion that it was the first of many.

They rode to the Masonic Hall over in nearby Knoblock, Pa., in their bottle green Chrysler Imperial.

They were enmeshed in the first of what proved to be many discussions about how much credit Joey deserved. That's why Sonny Corona, nee Sammy Kornbluth, said he didn't see the Pink Cadillac the Imperial hit broadside two blocks from the Masonic Hall.

The Imperial's design may have sent Chrysler a little closer to bankruptcy, but the bloated, ungainly vehicle had one outstanding virtue. It was the closest thing to a tank on the American road.

The front of the great green monsters folded up

like an accordion. That was ironic, because if Paulie's Mallory hadn't been carrying his accordion on his lap, he would've gone through the windshield in those pre-seatbelt times.

As it turned out, they all came through the crash. They were back on stage in six months. Unfortunately, the fickle public had moved on to the Everly Brothers by then.

Joey Silvestri & the Alligators worked steadily through the 1970s, mostly fraternity dances and weekend discos. They eventually got the big dents hammered out of the Imperial, which they drove to their shows until even they became embarrassed by the rust spots.

In 1976, they went to their separate oblivions. (Sammy was arrested, but not charged, with shoplifting in Pompano Beach, Fla., in 1987.)

"It's 'Rockpile,' a British band led by Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds," I told Ken.