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SURFING THE WAVES OF POPULAR CULTURE
BY MICHAEL GILTZ & FRIENDS

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Bat On Broadway!!

I've been a fan of Meat Loaf since I was a kid in grade school, watching that video for "Paradise By The Dashboard Lights" on MTV again and again and again. (In the early days, I swear whoever had to run the machine late at night when they didn't have many videos would just throw it on whenever they had to take a bathroom break -- that or the Rush concert, which was also in heavy rotation for the first few years of the channel.) I loved the album, too, of course, first with pure turn-it-up pleasure and then perhaps with a snotty sense of irony when I couldn't decide whether it was bad/good or good/bad and then finally realizing it was trashy teenage pop bursting with high melodrama cause that's how teens felt and that the musicianship was top-notch and the lyrics delightfully over-the-top. Meat Loaf and creator/songwriter Jim Steinman were serious, yes, but they also had a sense of humor. (The lyric "And can't you see my faded Levis bursting apart?" may be the most honest, accurate and hilarious line about being a teenage boy in all of rock and roll.) Is it any more preposterous than the epic Phil Spector death ballads they clearly took to heart? Nope. I've since grown to love Jim Steinman in all his many incarnations and now, finally, with Bat Out Of Hell III hitting stores, I got to see Mr. Loaf in concert at the Palace on Broadway.

The show began at such a fever pitch, I was afraid it would skid off the road from its own reckless momentum. As my friend Jamie put it, "His music is all encores!" Indeed, he sang a quick burst of "You Took The Words Right Out Of My Mouth" and "All Revved Up With No Place To Go" followed by the complete "Paradise By The Dashboard Lights." The vixen singing with him was a sexy little brunette in a cheerleader outfit and Loaf prowled the stage acting with all the Grand Guignol abandon of a silent film great -- head-butting the guitarists, ogling the ladies with a feverish, frightened abandon and singing his heart out, just like in that video. Actually, Meat Loaf paced himself well during the show, making full use of the instrumental breaks and a stage crowded with

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