

FREE

J u n e 1 9 9 1

INK NINETEEN

The Music and The Industry

A Voice That Compels You to Listen.
A Stage Performance That Captivates His Audience.
Not Just a Singer / Dancer, A Superstar at 13.

☐ Extra Bonus
Often also send
me this CD for which I
am enclosing an addi-
tional \$6.95.

...and I'm entitled to
this extra CD FREE!

anything

No longer just a cult favorite,

Features

- Dischord
- Wax Trax!
- SXSW

Reviews

- Music
- Video
- Print

11

Ink Spots

- Skinny Puppy
- Ween
- Outface

5



• King Missile 8



Timekeeping is ancient. Join...

*The
Legions of the
Watchless.*

Watches are strict and rigid taskmasters, which is why so many have given up on them completely and unknowingly joined the silent **Legions of the Watchless**.

Display your freedom from portable timepiece drudgery by wearing the official **Legions of the Watchless** T-Shirt.

Gold shattered watch with dark blue lettering in front; **LotW** logo on back. Fruit of the Loom 100% Cotton in Medium, Large and Extra Large. Each for \$12 + \$1.50 shipping and handling.

Send check or money order to:
Marketing Intelligence
P.O. Box 22913
Melbourne, Florida 32902

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

We're looking for a few good friends...

Mark Twain in a letter to *The New York Times* once said, "A man's own work is that which is not work at all but play."

We at *Ink Nineteen* believe we have found our own work. We have greatly enjoyed producing this, our first issue. And we hope to enlist the help of several others who view the world as we do.

A world where sounds and sights may take unusual depth and clarity. Times, that like all times before it, are like no other times. A rapidly evolving culture that cries out for attention.

Ink Nineteen is a new magazine, still evolving, and hopefully, ever-changing. We would like to hear your comments, not only on our



publication, but on anything that catches your eye (or ear). Our Letters column will begin next month; you can write to the address listed below.

We are also looking for dedicated individuals willing to pool their talents into the broadening of *Ink Nineteen*. In case you wish to contribute but are unsure of what to do, here are a few good hints:

- Writers/Critics
- Journalists/Columnists
- Illustrators/Cartoonists
- Sales Representatives

If you feel that you might fit in one (or more) of the above, we would love to hear from you. Please write to:

INK NINETEEN

Editor • P.O. Box 1947, Melbourne, FL 32902-1947

INK NINETEEN

C o n t e n t s

Endeavor 3

Ink Spots 4

The Grateful Dead • Skinny Puppy • Ween
Outface • King Missile

Livink 7

Indigo Girls • Mojo Nixox

Feature 9

The Music and the Industry
Dischord • SXSW • Wax Trax!

Wet Ink 10 - 13

Listenink • Readink • Viewink

**Michael's
New World Calendar** 15

S t a f f

Editor
Ian Koss

Art Director
Francis P. Dreyer III

Contributors
Tim Barton, Craig Cochran, Craig Coleman, Scott Danielson, Steve Houser, Dan Hudon, Aldo McFurtive, Joe Lamy, Ericka Moore, Chad Newman, Marhsall Presnell, David Rocheleau, Rob Rodriguez, Gregory Schaeffer, Helen Urriola, S. Valdez, Anton Wagner, Stephen Ware, John White, Andy Whitman, John J. Wood

Ink Nineteen is a publication distributed on the third Friday of each month. Domestic subscriptions are available for \$15 a year; please write for overseas subscription rates.

All submissions must be typed and double-spaced. We cannot return return manuscripts.

Advertising Deadline: Space reservation by May 27. Camera-ready material is due on June 3. For advertising rates or additional information, please call 407/951-4451 or write to the address below.

Contents © 1991 by Ink Nineteen.
All rights reserved.

Ink Nineteen
P.O. box 1947
Melbourne, FL 32902-1947

J U N E 1 9 9 1 - I N K N I N E T E E N

E N D E A V O R

Word of the Issue/Issue of the Word



Endeavor *n* 1: (archaic) to strive to achieve or reach 2: determined effort 3: to attempt by exertion of effort

-from Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary

Now that wartime's over, Congress will once again begin to devote at least part of its attention to the space program. The completion and eventual operation of the Space Shuttle of the same name as this month's Word will probably bring the Word into popular usage as a replacement for (no bad taste intended) "challenge."

The word already appears at least twice in this issue of *Ink Nineteen*; look for its appearance in your favorite self-help bookstand and on the sides of cereal boxes in the near future.

-Aldo McFurtive



TWINS II



Starring
**Danny Glover
and Crispin Glover**
Directed by Paul Verhoeven

A Phuture Phylm Pholly

As interesting as they may sound, these pictures will never get made. Never.

In this imaginative sequel to the 1989 hit starring Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito, Glover and Glover meet by accident when Glover, a toll-booth worker on an un-named Mid-Western expressway refuses to break a fifty for Glover. Glover steps out of his vehicle with fighting intentions, but his plans are foiled when he notices that Glover can anticipate his every punch in a weird telepathic manner. Similarly, Glover can predict what Glover is about to say. They forget their differing views on toll-booth policy and decide to meet at the Union 76

Truck Stop after Glover gets off work.

At the truck stop they are confronted by the contrast between their obvious physical dissimilarities and their parallel mental faculties. They come to the conclusion that they must be part of some scientific experiment in which twins' brains were installed without a warranty on unlicensed

bodies. However, when the waitress refuses to break Glover's hundred, they realize that it was all a figment of their imagination caused by the coincidental fact that both saw Ivan Reitman's *Twins* the night before. Verhoeven takes over from here and has Glover accidentally spill his coffee on an other-worldly robotic janitor. The ensuing conflict with the janitorial machine's violent work union takes up most of the remaining time, with a brief romantic interlude in which Glover shares an ice cream cone with the waitress (played by a magnificent Ann-Margret).

-Anton Warner



The Fondue Pot

by Lord Gregory

Let me welcome you to this first installation of "The Fondue Pot." In case you are wondering, I'm Lord Gregory, and this is my groovy column on the phenomenon of Cheese. So, why should I be the person to write about all things Cheesy? Well, for one, I'm the creator, writer, producer and master of *Cheese*, a fanzine dedicated to—you guessed it. And it should be proper for me to introduce the first of these monthly features with an explanation of what the true meaning of Cheese is.

Aside from being a fermented food product, Cheese is a part of our everyday lives and popular culture. It has existed for as long as people can remember (or about as long as Crystal Gayle's hair is/was). Basically, Cheese is any part of a culture,

be it a fashion, style, music, dance, place, etc., that was once, or still may be, considered to be really Cool, in Good Taste, or In Style, while people with enough good Cheese sense know that these things are actually hilariously out of fashion, taste and style. In fact, Cheesy things are usually outright Tacky. This isn't as confusing as this may sound. The following should be able to help:

A splendid example of Cheese in Fashion is Leisure Suits. Leisure Suits were a marvelous invention, made to help the Average Working Man relax while looking fashionable. Leisure Suits were so damn popular that just about every guy had at least one in his closet. However, no one would DARE wear a leisure suit NOW. Why? Because they are hilarious! They're outrageously Cheesy! They were once extremely

fashionable and popular and now they're Nasty, Ugly and Embarrassing.

Rainbow paraphernalia are also good examples of Cheese. Rainbow shirts, pants, socks (with individual toes, remember?), posters and stickers for your car were all at one time really Hip. Now, they're Cheese.

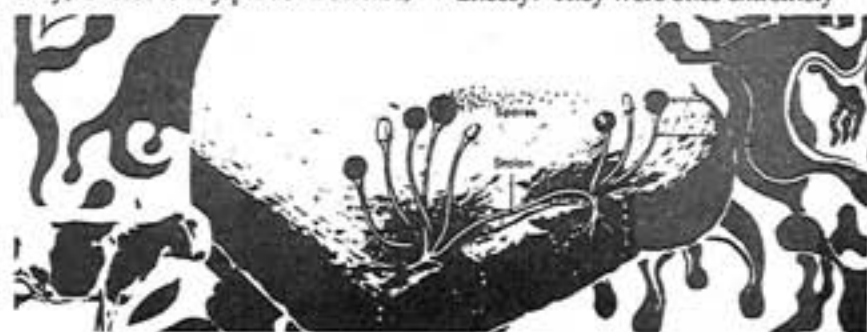
Cheese is not only a thing of the past, though. If you look hard, you'll find current Cheesiness around every corner. Try going to cheap carnivals, convenience stores and bargain shops (the x-marts). Modern Cheese isn't too hard to understand, either. Today's Cheese usually is present in items that were supposedly made to be really Cool, but that are actually

just Cheap. These items are usually marketed towards the Teen/Pop echelon of spenders. Such Cheese can include porcelain plaques with screened pictures of Vanilla Ice (Ice Baby) on them, Michael Jackson dolls, complete with single glove, New Kids on the Block Flame-Resistant Bed Covers and M.C. Hammer party favors.

Understanding Cheese is not a difficult task; Cheese rides well with Bad Taste and Tackiness. This month we've dealt mostly with the Fashion side of Cheese, but Cheese pervades through much more than the clothes we wear. Cheese extends to greater heights, like Events, Places, Foods, People, Items, etc.. Next month, more on the Culture of Cheese.

Need more info? Write:

Cheese!
528 Andros Ln.
Indian Harbour Beach, FL 32937



Flowers on the Grave and Ghosts from the Past...

Two new offerings from and about the Grateful Dead

by John J. Wood

First, I will gladly say one important disclaimer: I am a Deadhead.

Having closely followed the San Francisco legends for almost a decade myself (which is nothing to some), I can conclude that the Grateful Dead have provided many a long, strange trip for over twenty-five years, and that it'll continue to roll along. The Deadhead subculture includes the trading and collection of concert recordings on cassettes - both analog and, with DAT's advent, digital. And now, time and circumstance have provided Deadheads with a double offering: *Dedicated*, a tribute album featuring Grateful Dead standards being interpreted by modern artists, and the first in what is hopefully a series of official live albums, called *One From The Vaults*.

Let's dig.

Dedicated
Arista Records

The Grateful Dead, the San Francisco institution of a quarter century, have often been an interesting musical subject for fans, critics, and musicians alike. With a longtime reputation for their instrumental prowess and the individuality of each show, the band have become a hotter commodity than ever; particularly over the last 5 years.

Los Angeles film and record producer Ralph Sall is responsible for compiling *Dedicated*, a tribute that showcases the Dead's songwriting in the hands of a number of diverse artists. Sall attempted to "match" a particular artist with each song, and for the most part, he succeeded. Almost all the songs were derived from the period of 1970-74, where the reflective lyricism of Robert Hunter grew into full fruition.

Los Lobos (one of Jerry Garcia's favorite bands) offer a spirited "Bertha," the arrangement sprinkled with David Hidalgo's accordion. The song's closing features a brief guitar trade-off between Hidalgo and Cesar Rosas, recalling typical guitar conversations of Garcia and Weir. Part-time Dead sideman Bruce Hornsby (along with The Range) work up a faithful "Jack Straw," one of Hornsby's favorite Dead compositions. While the harmony vocals between Hornsby, bassist Joe Puerta, and guitarist George Marinelli offer strength, it is Hornsby's piano rolls that introduce the instrumental passages and place his own signature while recalling the Dead.

The set's big stinker is an imitation-rehashed-Aerosmith butchering of "U.S. Blues," performed by The Harshed Mellows, a group consisting of Michelle Malone along with members of the Georgia Satellites and the Heartbreakers. The hamheaded "boogie" arrangement wastes the Heartbreakers' talents and Dan Baird's vocals are an obvi-

ous cross between Steven Tyler and Rod Stewart. Aerosmith certainly would have fared much better. Yecch!!!!

Thankfully, Elvis Costello's poignant reading of "Ship Of Fools" sweeps out that polluted air. Costello's soulful vocals give the song a new depth of melancholy. Along with the song's rearrangement comes guitarist James Burton's Garcia-esque leads; perhaps a return compliment to Garcia, who has mentioned Burton as one of his influences. Costello is a Deadhead who understands the Dead's interpretative lyricism ("Though I will not caution all, I still might warn a few/Don't lend your hand to raise no flag, atop your ship of fools"), and his admiration of Garcia is well publicized (see the double interview of Garcia and Costello in a recent issue of *Musician*).

Three songs provide a centerpiece for the compilation, as each selection is played with a delicate, loving touch. The Indigo Girls serve up a friendly "Uncle John's Band", com-

plete with a feminine vocal change ("Sister, I declare, have you seen the like"). The last minute showcases a unique vocal synthesis provided by the Indigos and the all-female Show Of Hands, achieving more than the sum of its parts. Second, Lyle Lovett weaves a homespun "Friend Of The Devil" that would sound at home in the deep west. Lovett adds a melancholy, pensive vision in contrast to the Dead's casual optimism. And the third is a deeply intense "To Lay Me Down" by Toronto quartet Cowboy Junkies. Margo Timmins' soothing voice dominates a typically sparse, casual arrangement laced with accordion, dobro and pedal steel touches (all played as tastefully as Margo's vocals).

While the results of *Dedicated* are pleasing, they aren't, as Bob Weir would say, "just exactly perfect." However, that is a result of the variety of artists selected. Nonetheless, the album does contain an eclectic variety of bands and a number of surprises, all in a CD graced with rich, sonic details that never clutter.

Proceeds from *Dedicated* go towards two of the Dead's favorite charities, the Rain Forest Action Network and Cultural Survival, both of whom benefited from the Dead's September 24th, 1988 benefit concert at Madison Square Garden in New York. This brings up my lone question: If the compilation's proceeds are to benefit the rain forests, why is it packaged in

longbox form? Talk about contradiction between music and marketing.

In the spirit of Jimi Hendrix, Neil Young, and Bob Dylan, it is gratifying to witness such an tribute album for the Grateful Dead. *Dedicated* gives a strong testament to

the band's aura, greatness and remarkable durability; one that shows no signs of slowing down. There is a special beauty to this; through all the good times and bad, the Grateful Dead have remained the Grateful Dead, continuing to prosper by doing things their way, in spite of the trends and fads in popular music.

One From The Vault
Grateful Dead Merchandising

Dan Healy, the Dead's innovative sound engineer, has started the new "vault" series: a collection of selected

ensemble playing here breeds an ageless vitality. Whereas the version performed with Branford Marsalis on *Without A Net* is based on a synthesis of jazz-fusion and funk, it is the funk that predominates here, with Garcia's spritely leads oozing around Phil Lesh's bouncy bass explorations.

Set Two opens with a kicked-back "Around & Around," with subtle leads by Garcia, and tasteful rhythm progressions by Weir.

"Crazy Fingers" is played very close to the *Blues For Allah* studio version, stressing its soft reggae influence. Although Garcia suffers some verbal problems in the second verse, it is offset by a well-executed solo and solid vocal harmonies. The song's euphoric musical closing would become the foundation for a number of future versions.

After a second brief "Drums" interlude and a cosmic version of "The Other One," the band shifts to a relaxed but bouncy "Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad," with Phil Lesh's ample bass textures supporting Garcia's array of guitar extremities. A rock-solid (but vocally flawed) "U.S. Blues" typifies the Dead's sound at that time: casual and jaunty, but synthesized in a conglomerate of blues, bluegrass, funk, country & western, and rock 'n' roll.

Although there are numerous Dead shows I

easily prefer over this one, this is certainly a fine place to start. The first set, despite its short length, is well-executed from start to finish, with "Franklin's Tower" and the "Eyes Of The World/Drums/King Solomon's Marbles" segment transcendent in the Grateful Dead tradition. While everything else outside "Blues For Allah" is typical Dead, the disc benefits from the relaxed ambience of Dan Healy's detailed mix.

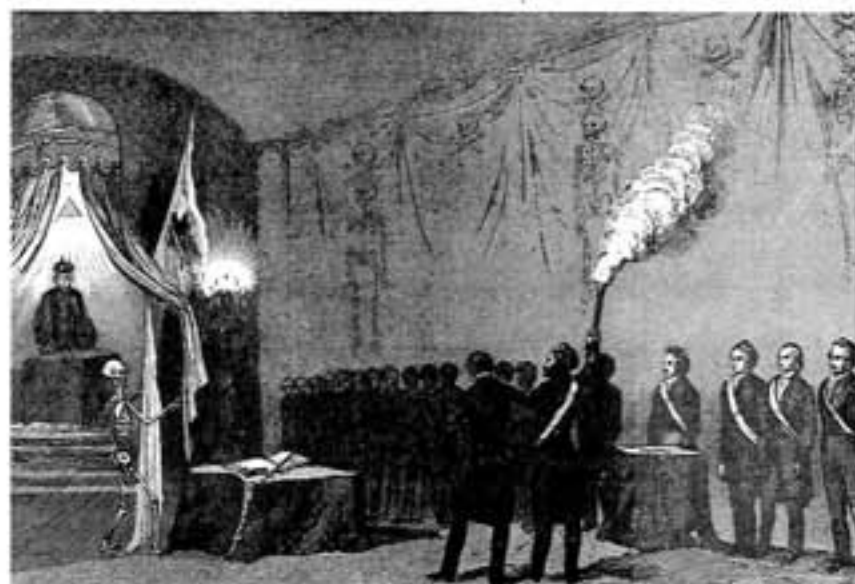
Healy offsets his decisions with a richly detailed mix that engages the listener to concentrate on each instrumentalist as well as the ensemble unit. Phil Lesh's bass is omnipresent without any signs of muddy distortion, while percussionists Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart also benefit from the newfound clarity. Amazingly, the set's quiet passages ("Sage and Spirit," half of "Blues For Allah") are hiss-free, with every note and phrase reproduced accurately. Frankly, I don't think you can find a live 1975 recording that boasts a faultless combination of clarity, punch, and detail. Also credit Ultra-sound engineer Don Pearson, whose careful CD mastering beautifully matches Healy's mix.

I anxiously look forward to future releases from this series, as *One From The Vaults* clearly indicates the great care and preparation behind this series. By the time the Dead decide to call it a career, there should be a small library of their live recordings on compact disc. With those recordings, the Grateful Dead will be properly enshrined as one of the quintessential live artists of our time. ♣



SKINNY PUPPY

INK SPOTS



by Helen Urriola

As 1990 drew to a close, Canada's Skinny Puppy released their seventh album, *Too Dark Park*. Since 1983, the band has produced a consistent series of EP's and albums which have helped define a unique category of harsh, yet often danceable, alternative music. Their latest effort continues in the ground-breaking Puppy tradition of industrial noise and disturbing vocals.

The band is based in Vancouver, Canada, and the primary members are Nivek Ogre on vocals, Dwayne Goettel, and cevin (that's a hard 'c', like Kevin) Key. cevin and Dwayne are sort of the meat and bones of Skinny Puppy, while Ogre wrenches out the guts with his dark, growling voice. Their producer/engineer David Ogilvie plays an important role, occasionally performing on songs like "Nature's Revenge" (on *Rabies*), and often acting as their sound man on stage. cevin shared with *Ink Nineteen* what's gone on during the last couple of years with the band.

Skinny Puppy's 1989 release *Rabies* credits Ministry's Alain Jourgensen as producer. cevin describes how this came about: "We were communicating a lot at the time...and Al is known for his collaborative stuff. So we got together and did a few things." A few things turned out to be cuts like "Fascist Jock-Itch," and "Tin Omen," both appearing on *Rabies*.

Sometime afterward, a Ministry tour coincided with rumors of the break-up of Skinny Puppy. cevin explains what really happened: "(The tour) was supposed to be a triple bill; we were supposed to go out with Ministry and KMFDM. I'm really glad we didn't, because it probably would have been the most unfocused Skinny Puppy event yet." Nivek Ogre did accompany Ministry on the road. "He (Ogre) had a falling out with them about halfway through. There was just too much physical destructiveness going on in those particular tours. I think Al wanted Ogre to quit Skinny Puppy and join Ministry full time. Al's always claimed that he hated singing, he hates being the vocalist. He

likes to collect all these people around and have a big family. I don't think he likes to stand out and be the one and only guy. I don't think he's very confident about himself."

So much for demystifying the many myths of Alain Jourgensen. Somehow all of this chaos and disruption led to the creation of several side projects. It also gave the band time to re-evaluate what Skinny Puppy is about. "You know, that (Ministry tour) sort of screwed up everything for us for that whole period. Actu-

Vancouver group called Sons of Freedom also make appearances. A couple of people from Caterwaul, Betsy Martin and Bill Schafer, happened to be recording their album at the same time we were, so they ended up working with us." The second Hilt album seems to have even more collaborators on it, and includes Kevin Kane of Grapes of Wrath. Also on the side was *Ain't It Dead Yet*, a film/music project recorded for Wax Trax! by cevin and Dwayne. "It's mostly like instrumental Skinny Puppy stuff. It has taped voices for the main vocal...more in a soundtrack sort of vein."

Finally, there are the recently-issued 12-inchers from Cyberaktif, and an album's worth of material coming out soon. This time Bill Leeb from Frontline Assembly joins cevin and Dwayne.

"We had expelled all of these side projects from our system; it cleansed us quite a bit, and we were able to come back and look at Skinny Puppy in a clear, clean kind of way." Along with this renewed approach came some important changes; the band fired their management, they got Nivek Ogre to commit to touring in support of the record, and they began working with new artists for both the cover of *Too Dark Park* and their videos. "We more or less put

much credit should this band take for getting things rolling? "People seem to look up to us as purveyors of this kind of music, and that's flattering. I mean you finally get rewarded for sticking your nose in the dirt for so long."

Einsturzende Neubauten is one of the bands that compelled the Puppies to create. "We're personal friends of all these guys now, we've run into every group we've liked...and we've gotten some great feedback from them on what we're doing. There was a time and a place when we were largely listeners of music, but we weren't getting what we wanted to hear out of the music industry. So we had to create it ourselves."

Obviously, the bulk of the band's



ally, I'm glad it did, because it gave us the chance to step back and sort of examine what it is we wanted to do—if we were to get back together again. It also gave us the chance to do a lot of our solo projects.

The Hilt is one of cevin's side endeavors, and it has now issued two albums on the Nettwerk label. "Originally, it was just the two of us (cevin and a friend, Alan Nelson). Dwayne from Skinny Puppy is in there, and David Ogilvie and a guy called Don Harrison from a

side the styles we were working with on *Rabies*. We added more guitar...and we wanted to get more of a follow-up to the album before *Rabies*. Personally, *Vivisection IV* is our favorite album." The result is a solid Skinny Puppy record, one that continues to blend acoustic and electronic instruments as well as interesting samples.

The sounds are unmistakable, but what Skinny Puppy has been doing seems to be surfacing in many other 'industrial' bands these days. How

audience has been listening for something different as well. "Skinny Puppy is for people who enjoy the search, the finding and discovery of something that's not pushed down their throats. Not marketed...and available on the airwaves. It's something you have to look for." So while the rest of us have stumbled upon and enjoy Skinny Puppy, what music has the band discovered?



(continued on 14)

INK SPOTS

by Ian Koss

Ween sounds like opening your sock drawer to find it crawling with exotic insects and resurrected film stars.

Like biting down into a honey-glazed baklava and discovering that its pastry layers are of steel and cotton candy.

Like finding a check for a million dollars in your mailbox - made out to a different person.

No, really; Ween is like your favorite nephew showing you how he accidentally discovered cold fusion.

Ween is the collective name of Dean and Gene Ween (Mickey Melchiondo and Aaron Freeman as one publication claims, or Jimi and Lovechild as another says), a duo who are grabbing minds everywhere and slapping them about until they give them enough change for a quart of beer, or at least some Mad Dog. That's it. That's Ween's debut CD/tape/double album, *God Ween Satan: The Oneness*, produced by Andrew Weiss (known for his work with Rollins Band, Gone and Wartime).

The driving force behind *Oneness* is Boognish, a demon who first manifested itself right after Dean (guitar) and Gene (vocals) began their trek through puberty. Although the two humans (!?) weren't friends at the time, Boognish united them for a cause. A cause that remains unclear, but a cause, nonetheless. The creative hemorrhage that suffuses Ween's work is truly unearthly, and must therefore be of a supernatural source: Boognish.

In a world of Erises, "Bob"s, Paingods and OTISes, any addition to our rapidly growing pantheon of modern deities (or demons) receives about as much attention as the introduction of Campbell's

Ramen noodles. Great, our society collectively sighs, another way we can BLOW OUR DOUGH. Well, Boognish, patron demon of Ween is not only a WORTHY CAUSE to BLOW OUR DOUGH for, but also a damn good name for a demon.

WEEN



There certainly is cause for alarm; the album's first track ("You Fucked Up") is a barrage of angst whose lyrics would have to be expressed in more asterisks than letters to prevent the easily offended from cracking down on *Ink Nineteen* for excess profanity. Come to think of it, there are very few tracks on *Oneness* that do not deal with angst. The unfairness of feeling stupid ("Fat Lenny"). The injustice of being abused by insects ("Bumblebee," "Tick"). The spaced-out wrongness of...well, being spaced-out ("Mushroom Festival In Hell," "Puffi Claude"). Or angst, pure and simple ("Cold and Wet," "Common Bitch").

When they're not busy raging and fuming, Ween preoccupy themselves with deconstructing other people's music. Power love ballads of the

'70s are flayed to the bone, cool jazz is accompanied by chainsaws, something sounding eerily like Bob Seeger delivers a half-minute mumble full of umlauts and car-ets, and weasels are mentioned in song titles more than once.

Ween have taped over 1,000 songs; the twenty-six present in *Oneness* are really some of their oldest material, stretching back nearly five years. "The next album is also going to be a double," says Dean. "And for every ten songs on one of our tapes, there's at least 60 or 70 that existed." Prolific beyond a lemming's wildest dreams.

Oneness has been called by more than one critic "the White Album of the Nineties." Only time will tell; regardless, *Oneness* will be a very different kind of White Album, as Ween

are a very different kind of Beatles. Ween are more like extremely toxic paint stripper (none of that "Saf-Strip" water-based stuff here) than beautiful varnish. The sound is carefully designed to strip down and remove as quickly as possible, never mind the heady fumes. Once done, what is left is raw and unpolished.

Their proclivity to sing through subtle flangers and slight distortion seems to add to the disturbing rawness of the music, perhaps because it is NOT raw. To continue on the paint-stripper analogy, picture the distillery and chemical processing plant where the goop is produced. The final effect is one of pure, unabashed glee. Three-year-olds playing with the brightly-colored fluids underneath the sink.

Or six-year-olds punching buttons at NORAD to see the pretty lights twinkle. ★



ABOUT FACE

by John White

Outface is a four-piece outfit from Cleveland, Ohio, that defy conventional categories. By mixing elements of hardcore, rock, reggae and maybe even a little funk, they're a band that has to be seen live to fully appreciate. The following interview was done with the ever-friendly Charlie Garriga (guitar) and Gerald Francis (bass), after their blistering set on Easter Sunday at the Power Station in Melbourne. Read on...

19: Let's start with who's in the band...the official band member name-ography?

Francis: I'm Gerald Francis, I play bass; Derrick Green is our singer, Mark Konopka is our drummer, and Charlie Garriga is our guitar player.

19: You guys have been around for some time now; you put out a professional-quality demo a few months ago, as well as an old demo a couple of years ago.

Garriga: We've been together with the current line-up for 3 years, and we were around for another year before that, with a different singer.

19: You're from Cleveland. Is there a solid scene there with many opportunities?

G: There's a lot of bands, and the scene's kind of divided. There's a lot of old punk bands hanging around and still playing...

Cleveland has a pretty good music

scene as far clubs go. There's a lot of really good local reggae bands; there's also a lot of metal, thrash metal, glam, every kind of music going on. A band can come to town and on one night 20 people will show up, and on the next there will be as many as the place will hold, so it's kind of weird.

19: Have you always had that melodic reggae element in your music, or is that something you picked up along the way?

F: All of us were really into hardcore, and now we're kind of maturing. We only play one reggae song; we have a lot of slow jams and we just want to experiment with different kinds of music.

G: We jam with different reggae stuff at practice. That's just something that we're into that worked out. We have a lot of old songs that we don't play anymore because they're not really what we want to do. When we first started the band it was more of a skate-hardcore thing. I mean, we were never really thrashy, we had a melodic edge.

19: You must get a lot of comparisons to the Bad Brains. Derrick's vocals carry like that...

G: We used to get compared to Dag Nasty and Verbal Assault, and now we get Bad Brains, even Jane's Addiction, which I don't really think is accurate. As long as they're naming good bands and not lame bands, I don't care.

F: That doesn't bother me when we get compared to other bands, because people have to have something to relate to.

19: Are you psyched about this new EP that's coming out on Crisis Records?

G: We recorded at Don Fury's in NYC (the famous hardcore recording studio). It's a little over a half hour's worth of music and it should be out in late April or May. It will be in three formats: 12 inch vinyl, CD and cassette. We're really satisfied with the recording.

F: We have a cool deal with Crisis, too. We're trying to move up to

(continued on 15)

Indigo Girls

University of Rochester Palestra
Rochester, New York
April 27, 1991

by John J. Wood

For the last three years, Amy Ray and Emily Saliers have garnered a . . . devoted following via their acoustic-based folk/pop music. The duo started by playing the various coffeehouses in Atlanta, Georgia, making their commitment to a music career after their college years.

It's easy to see why.

The two women provide a number of contrasts that offset and blend with each other. Amy Ray is a study of spunky, gutsy intensity, with an ambition that never quits. Emily Saliers, on the other hand, resembles passion and grace. The duo blends their individuality and talent to create a musical synthesis whose beauty is greater than the sum of its parts, complemented by an adventurous lyricism that would make every folk singer proud. When everything works, as was the case this night, the results become something special.

Opening the show at the University of Rochester's Palestra was the pair of singer/songwriter/guitarist Gerald McHugh and percussionist Michael Lorant, who offered the crowd a forty-minute set of folk originals. McHugh is one of Amy Ray's main influences, and it wasn't surprising that the two generated similar emotions of painful intensity and never-say-die optimism. McHugh is now on Amy Ray's own label, Daemon Records, and his musical progress should prove interesting.

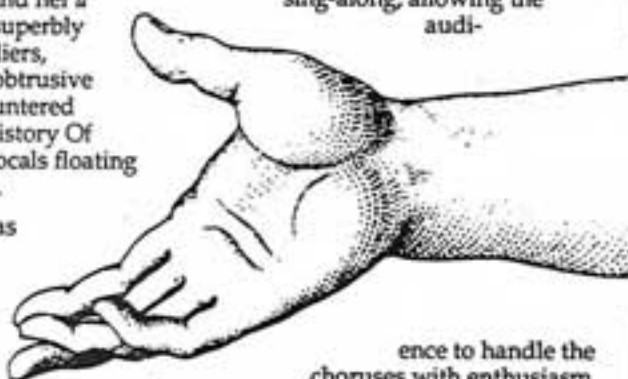
The Indigo Girls' fourteen-song, 75-minute set was filled with favorites, as well as a surprise or two. The opening pair of songs, "Secure Yourself" and "Hammer and a Nail," set the momentum for the remainder of the evening, as the duo's beautiful vocal harmonies were complemented with an inspired energy that could have made *anything* work. Generally, there wasn't a blasé moment to be found all night. One unexpected surprise was Amy Ray's solo reading of the Dire Straits gem, "Romeo and Juliet." Ray's vocal gusto presented a contrast to Mark Knopfler's Dylanesque pleas, and her *capella* closing was superbly executed. Emily Saliers, with the help of unobtrusive bassist Sara Lee, countered with a reflective "History Of Us," her soothing vocals floating around the Palestra.

Also noteworthy was an almost-painful reading of "Pushin' The Needle Too Far," a perfect complement to Neil Young's timeless tale of drug abuse, "The Needle and the Damage Done." However, Barbara Marino's saxophone threatened to drown the Indigos, as she would play phrases while the duo's vocal harmonies would hit their peak. While an adequate saxophonist, Marino's biggest problem was that she cluttered the music more than added to it: her work on the congas and

other percussion was far more suitable for the band's folk stylings.

Still, the main focus was primarily on Ray and Saliers. "Center Stage" was a showcase for vocal pyrotechnics, while "Land of Canaan" was graced with a fluid, tasteful solo by Saliers. While her guitar work will probably never be mistaken for John McLaughlin's or Al DiMeola's, Saliers' direct solos always kept their focus and stated their points, never meandering.

The set-closing "Closer To Fine" appeared obligatory, but the duo wisely turned this into a campfire sing-along, allowing the audi-



ence to handle the choruses with enthusiasm and spirit. All night, Ray and Saliers fed off the energy of the adoring crowds, and by this time, the Palestra literally became a small coffeehouse located this side of Greenwich Village.

After a superb set, the two Georgia natives gave generously in a four-song encore that may have eclipsed the entire set. First up was a thoughtful, pensive reading of one of

Elton John's and Bernie Taupin's best songs. "Mona Lisas and Mad

Hatters." However, "Kid Fears" was just heavenly, with impeccable vocal harmonies that an MTV bimbo could only *dream* about achieving. Taking R.E.M. vocalist Michael Stipe's place in the three-part vocal harmonies was McHugh, who handled the task with an inspired, emotional verve. The passionate intensity remained for one of the Indigos' finest compositions, the stark "Prince of Darkness." Ironically, that turned into a sing-along a la "Closer To Fine," and may have carried a greater emotional wallow as well.

The final offering of the night was a joyous "Uncle John's Band," the first version I have ever witnessed where all the lyrics were correct (any Deadhead can associate with this). Augmented by McHugh, Lee, Marino, and Lorant, a series of vocal harmonies in the style of the version presented in *Deadicated* capped a most graceful show that made the \$8 admission price literally a steal.

This is the third time I've caught the Indigo Girls, and I know it won't be my last. In the MTV era of technopop fluff, it is gratifying to know that there are two women who are breaking new ground at every turn they take *without* resorting to MTV self-consciousness and commercialism. This night was proof positive that Amy Ray and Emily Saliers are here for the long haul, and judging by the call-and-response between the duo and their audience, that should be one blissful ride. **A**

MOJO NIXON

The Power Station
Melbourne, Fl
March 8, 1991

by Frank Drever

We'll see you everywhere! Elvis is everywhere! Elvis is everything!"

Wait. Here I am watching a man blow snot from his nostrils to an appreciative audience.

"Elvis is everybody! Elvis is still the King..."

Wait. Is that REAL snot coming out from his left nostril or does he have some sort of hydraulic pump hooked up behind his back like GWAR might?


Actually, this concert is kind of like the GWAR show. I'm in

the same bar, there's about the same number of people here. I've been dancing for hours in front of the stage with hopes of knocking someone over or being sprayed by some type of excretion. In fact, I'm getting a familiar feeling of being charismatically drawn into a trance in which my every thought concentrates on what the people on stage are about to do next. As I pause to observe the crowd around me, I see country dancing; I see drunk rednecks; I see women with no bras and torn tank-tops. Where are all the skanking, sprawling metal-heads painted with blood, squirming against each other in angst?

"O.K., now I want everyone up front here to slide over to the right side of the dance floor. Now come on, O.K."

now we're all going to do the Mushroom Liberation Dance. Oh, oh, oh, can't touch this..."

Wait. I am one of 150 people sliding across the dance floor with their legs spread in a stupid stance like M.C. Hammer's. I look to my left. The drunken fraternity brother who has stood at the edge of the dance floor all night has finally joined the procession and he's loving it. In fact, he's spilling beer on me as he displays his wide grin of realization. He probably didn't know that his legs could move like that.

After witnessing the Mojo experience (The Complete OTIS Environment), I've come to one inescapable conclusion. This Mojo Nixon has Charisma in Monumental Proportions. On a Charisma scale of one to ten, Mojo gets a twenty-nine. 



King Missile



by David Rocheleau

No wonder there are so many questions...

Enough of these obscure references indicative of artsy magazines' approach; straighten your back and spread your toes. This is going to be a proper and respectable recount of a conversation with John S. Hall, poet, vocalist and chief lyric-writer of King Missile.

The phone rang.

It was John S. Hall from King Missile calling—was I ready with those in-depth, personal, insightful questions and comments? Would I fail him somehow by asking the ubiquitous "where will your band be five years from now?" I had to think, and think fast. "Hello? Oh, hi John. I think your band is great!"

Oh no. I was falling into the abyss of the adoring fan. Would I ever recover his respect?... (tension building writing trick)... Yes, through the grace of Mr. ("Just call me") John Hall being a very easy and forgiving man for me, wallowing in my humbleness, to talk to.

The questions began to roll out. "Where are calling from?" was first. Hall began to describe this Spinal Tap-like record party, complete with music that sounded nothing like King Missile's—and this was a party

for King Missile and their Atlantic release, *The Way to Salvation*. (Later, Hall made a elegant comment quietly asking that the music be changed.)

19: Your music seems to be set apart from other's in that you don't try to force your sensibilities/politics down people's throats.

Hall: I have learned that there are political as well as artistic reasons for not being overtly political in your work; but any work that changes the way people look at things is in itself political. I believe that art's platform is to have as little propaganda as possible; it should present what is felt and nothing more. I guess that now that I am working for Time Warner Inc., the biggest entertainment company in the world, there might be a slight contradiction in that.

19: I would never have thought of King Missile being signed to Atlantic. How did this happen?

Hall: What Atlantic did was not such a odd thing—they did sign Redd Kross. They have signed bands that have not even been on an independent label; some don't have any prior albums out. Every band that gets signed by a major label has to start somewhere. You should think of our independent stuff as demo tapes. I didn't get on an independent label to make independent music for Elitist College Radio.

When I say 'elitist,' I mean that I was not anti-commercial in my musical aspirations. I guess elitist is the wrong word. I think that college radio stations that only play independent music are great, from their standpoint anyway. That way, people tuning in know what they will get. But I think the ideal station would be one that played Led Zeppelin, then Fugazi. That way, you are elevating Fugazi to the status of being played alongside Led Zeppelin. This allows the people listening to take the music into a different kind of context.

19: Do a lot of people try to categorize you or compare you to other bands?

Hall: As far as the music is concerned, I am not the best person to ask since I do not know that much about music. Lyrically, I try not rip off that much; I have occasionally done so. In "Dinosaurs," I rip off the Three Degrees' song "When Will I See You Again," and in "Mystical Shit," I ripped off some Allen Ginsberg.

One of things that makes King Missile different is that as a rule, I do not write songs that rhyme. I think "Listen To Me" is the only one that rhymes on the new album. A lot of songs are not even in strict meter; they are not structured the way songs have been structured for the past fifty years.

19: Did you ever expect the level of popularity you achieved with *Mystical Shit*?

Hall: I knew "Jesus Was Way Cool" was going to do very well. I had a lot of confidence in *Mystical Shit*, a lot more than I had for *The Way to Salvation*.

19: "Jesus Was Way Cool" has become very popular, yet people still have a hard time identifying the song with King Missile.

Hall: There are some songs that transcend the bands that do them; I think "Jesus" is definitely one of them.

19: Now that the band is on a major label, the music should be so much more accessible.

Hall: I am really excited about this. I have always thought that my music was popular—I thought that if the music would just get out there it would be popular. I did not write music to be "alternative". I think "Take Stuff From Work" and "Jesus" were written more for the masses. My music stems from a insecurity

thing where I wanted to be liked.

As John Giorno says, publicity gives you the false sense of being loved. I think that's a great way to put it.

19: When listening to King Missile you can't but help but laugh. Is this the response you want?

Hall: I don't do stand-up comedy. I would like to think of King Missile as having a humorous quality. We are not the Dead Milkmen. I like what the Milkmen do, but I don't think we are the same type of band.

The interview now entered more of the personal side of Hall; the music part became secondary to his philosophical, political, and religious beliefs.

19: Have you received any flak from fundamentalist Christians? A large portion of your music has a Christ theme ("Jesus Was Way Cool" and "Hey Jesus", from *They*).

Hall: "Jesus Was Way Cool" is not anti-religious. Maybe there is a little bit of sarcasm in it. However, I think Christianity (and I would exclude certain sects from this categorization) for the most part is a pathetic bastardization of the life of Christ. It has become blasphemous!

19: Does this stem form the perceived hypocrisy of Christianity?

Hall: Hypocrisy is a really weak word for it; it's really a crime, a rape of the message of Christ. When you look at what Jesus says, and then look at what other people who claim to be Christians say he says...if I believed in hell...

Jesus was such a great teacher for humanity. He taught through his actions; to see men take his teachings and turn

(continued on 14)



The Music and The Industry

The public seems to feel there are two extremes in the music industry. On one hand, there are the struggling artists who, despite brilliant release and good intentions, seem to lack the marketing know-how needed to attain the recognition they deserve. On the other hand, there are the multinational corporations who refer to their music as "product" and their artists as "talent."

The following are representative of that hidden middle-ground in the Music Industry.



by Tim Barton

Remember the episode of *The Partridge Family* in which The Family comes across this folk singer (Phil Ochs, I believe; I was young at the time and my memory fails me) who is an incredible musician, but who doesn't care about money or fame or anything like that? Reuben Kincaid, the Family's manager, even sets up a gig for him, but the guy is simply a musician for his music's sake. If that folk singer was a punk band in the Washington, D.C. area today, he'd probably be signed onto the Dischord label.

Dischord was started about ten years ago by Jeff Nelson and Ian MacKaye, members of the influential punk/hardcore band Minor Threat. "I had no idea when we first put this thing out that it would go on for so many years," claims MacKaye. But not only has Dischord survived for a long time, it has done quite well, in spite of (or more likely because of) business practices that would make Lee Iacocca turn over in his grave, if he happened to be dead.

Run by eight people in a house in Arlington, Virginia, Dischord is very much a family-style operation. Despite its apparent smallness, the label is a

major force in the breaking of new artists. The number of musicians who have contributed to the label is staggering: counting compilations, about 50 or 60 bands have appeared on records put out by Dischord. All of them with complete creative control of their record and all of them with nary a contract signed.

There isn't really a need for the contracts; everybody seems to be friends with each other. In this manner, Dischord seems to be run more like a food co-op than a nationally-distributed record label. Bands are responsible for their own promotion, and must book their own shows. When asked if there have ever been any problems with this way of doing things, MacKaye replied: "The only problem I've ever run into is that on occasion bands start to think that we're too amateurish or that we don't really run the business in the same manner that the rest of the industry is run. If this happens, we like to encourage them to go onto another label...I'd much rather someone be unhappy on another label than be unhappy on ours."

Most of Dischord's advertising is simply word of mouth. You won't find them sending out thousands of free promotional records or calling a list of seventy influential radio stations on a weekly basis. This forbearance of activities that are considered integral to the success of any record keeps costs down and allows them to sell CDs for only nine dollars and cassettes for six. Postpaid. And they still make enough to pay everyone and have money left over to donate to local D.C. charities.

Beyond his role in the label, MacKaye is also a member of one of Dischord's most successful act, Fugazi. Each of Fugazi's four releases (three EP's and a full-length album) have reportedly sold more than 100,000 copies, something which has definitely piqued the interest of the major labels. MacKaye doesn't seem to care. A big label could

(continued on 14)

SXSW

by Ian Koss

Ah, Austin, Texas.
Land of Shiner Bock beer and cheap
Mexican Food.

Austin is also the Land of South by Southwest, called by many the "music industry's annual party." This annual five-day event combines forums, workshops and discussions with an all-night eat-drink-and-be-merry spirit that, like the one best party you've attended, will ruin your ability to concentrate on anything except for how great it was for weeks to come.

South by Southwest generally isn't a convention where multi-million mergers are struck. Or where important announcements are made to the press.



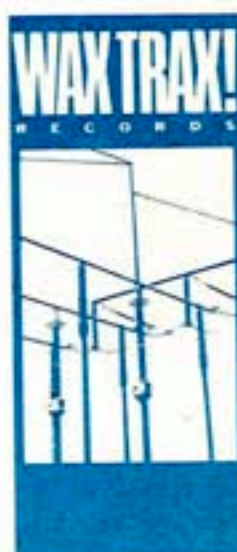
South by Southwest (or SXSW, as the organizers officially abbreviate it) is an industry party, people who hold the futures of several bands in their hands acting like Shriners at a convention, people spending half a sleepless week attending seminars during the day and catching bands at night.

Oh, maybe it's a little more than that. Now in its fifth year of showcasing national talent along with the local, SXSW has gained a reputation for being the place to get signed to a label. Recent Austinites to get signed to major labels include Poi Dog Pondering (who relocated from Hawaii), Will T. Massey and Two Nice Girls.

But even the unsigned bands have created quite a buzz. Austin underground favorites include



(continued on 14)



by Stephen Ware

Music is an art," states Lisa Paulon, Director of Promotion and Marketing for the Chicago-based Wax Trax! (the exclamation mark is part of the name) Records, "but I think people capitalize on that art and make it an industry. I don't think it's like manufacturing toilet paper. I don't think it's a disposable commodity. I think it's a valuable art that people have to pay for. There's a lot of labels out there manufacturing records because they believe in that art."

In this day and age of increased commercialism and near-censorship in the entertainment industry, and to be more specific, the music industry,

the independent label stands as a foundation for up-and-coming bands who don't conform to the norm or appeal to the popular audience.

Labels like Wax Trax! preserve the idea that music is an art and choose to support the creative side of it rather than exploit the profitable side. They encourage innovation and free thought among their signed artists and through that, to all the people who listen to their music.

Wax Trax! was established in 1980 by current owners Jim Nash and Danny Flesher. Through its development it has seen bands like Ministry and Front 242 rise from struggling new acts to surprising popularity. Wax Trax! has become the object of a following of fans who see the label not as a label, but as a collection of bands that they love

(continued on 14)

LISTEN INK

Bad Mutha Goose and the Brothers Grimm
Bad Mutha Goose and the Brothers Grimm
 Alpha International Records

Inspirational '70s-flavored funk from deep in the heart of Texas. Imagine what would happen if you put James Brown, Earth, Wind and Fire, Parliament, Eazy-E, and KRS-1 in a blender and hit P.U.R.E.E. You're starting to get an idea of what Bad Mutha Goose sounds like.

This is B.M.G.'s third (and best) release so far. The original version of "Be Somebody" is the best part of the album, though. When you call a suicide prevention hotline, they should just play this song over the phone. Hundreds of lives would be saved. Alpha International Records, 906 1/2 Congress Ave., Austin, TX 78701

-Tim Barton



The Beautiful South
Choke
 Elektra

The Beautiful South's latest album, *Choke*, consists of songs that utilize more classical instruments such as trumpets, saxophones, trombones, and flutes; vocals are accentuated with piano and horn backgrounds. Ex-Housemartin P.D. Heaton's vocals, reminiscent of Morrissey's voice, and Briana Corrigan's backup vocals create beautiful harmonies that fit the band's lyrics very well.

Some of the more interesting lyrics include various colorful images. "Tonight I Fancy Myself" contains the lines "...She'd brought along the oranges/ He'd brought the tea/ They'd both brought along a sick-bag just in case..."

"Should've Kept My Eyes Shut," a song about a girl who awakens to find her father choking her mother, contains the lines "...But the mixture of vomit and blood/ Just crept up through my nose..." A final interesting line, from the song "I Think the Answer's Yes" reads "...I'm shaking hands with people/ That previously I'd shoot.../ ...And you tend to meet a lot of scum en route..." From this last line, it is obvious what The Beautiful South thinks of some paths to stardom.

Overall, The Beautiful South's *Choke* is one of those if-you-like-one-song-you'll-like-them-all kind of albums. The lyrics are not completely understood at first glance but usually carry powerful images and messages. It was also a nice break from the techno-pop over use of keyboards.

-Craig Coleman



Blake Babies
Sunburn
 Mammoth

There's enough grunge and rawness here to make the college/alternative radio crowd happy, but what sets this Boston trio's second album apart from the rest of the Teenage Angst Guitar Band pack is Juliana Hatfield's well-crafted pop songs and scary lyrics. "Out There" and "Look Away" are three-minute pop gems, sounding a bit like The Bangles, until John Strohm breaks into those beautiful guitar riffs that owe as much to Sonic Youth as they do to The Byrds. I'm sure there are a lot of Lee Renaldo and Roger McGuinn fans out there.

It's Hatfield's lyrics that make the difference, and that's what I hadn't taken the time to hear on the first few listens. "Out There," with its bright, jangly guitars and sing-along chorus, is the tortured plea of a woman who has no reason to live; who is willing to stake everything on finding some meaning "out there," but who isn't betting on finding it. This is all stated matter-of-factly, as Strohm's subversive, insinuating guitar lines wrap around the melody and burn their way into your brain, and you find yourself days later merrily chirping these disturbing lyrics to yourself as you drive in to work.

"I'll Take Anything" is Hatfield's admission that, well, she'll take anything to escape the boredom of life. Just when I think I'm going to tire of the unrelenting moaning that I've heard from a hundred other bands, Hatfield comes up with gems like these: "I put some water in a pot and brought it to a boil/ I poured it on my arm without a reflex of recoil/ I made sure to miss my hand because I need it/ I play in a band." Those are some of the most hopeless words I've heard in years.

Catch this band before it moves on to some distant venues. *Sunburn* is bright pop music from some very dark places. Mammoth Records, Carr Mill 2nd Floor, Carrboro, NC 27510

-Andy Whitman



Braille Closet
Soulmap
 Figurehead

What do a dentist, pool contractor, waiter and usher at a movie theater have in common?

If you haven't figured it out yet, they make up Orlando-based Braille Closet. Just as diverse as their backgrounds is their music. This can be seen on their latest endeavor *Soulmap*, which combines a plethora of different styles successfully into one album.

At times, the diversity in the music is staggering. They jump from style to style in a blink; just listen to "Warehouse." This doesn't make the album bad or anything; far from it, it's even more enjoyable. There are a couple of songs that you'll have to get used to, but they don't tarnish the album. My favorite is "Take A Look It's Gone," a ballad with crisp vocals by Michael McRaney.

Listen to *Soulmap*. Would it help if there was a half-nude girl on the cover? Figurehead Records, 4537 Ringneck Road, Orlando, Florida 32808

-Ericka Moore

Brave Combo
A Night On Earth
 Rounder Records

"Welcome to the world of Brave Combo. Inside this package, you'll find music for listening and/or dancing including polka, cha-cha, cumbia, tangos, hora, oberek and rhumba-rock. We hope you enjoy our sound, because we enjoy making it. And don't forget to look at the moon occasionally." So reads the back of *A Night On Earth*.

A few years ago, if someone had asked me if I would ever listen to polka music by choice, my answer would have been "no way, Jose. That's Lawrence Welk stuff."

Well, it's a good thing that nobody ever asked me that, because I'd be eating my words today. Brave Combo is a four-some that plays music that is...unusual. I mean that in the best possible sense of the word; their latest offering, *A Night On Earth*, is not all polka music. There's other, equally strange stuff. Or at least strange to ears that have always equated something that older foreign people listen to as...uncool.

My fave is "Do Something Different." This song should be the anthem for a generation, but unfortunately, it probably never will be. If you're getting sick of monotonous, heavy drumbeats overlaid with samples from the PTL Club, then start listening to Brave Combo. They play real dance music.

Now what channel was Lawrence Welk on? It sends chills up and down my spine whenever he turns on that bubble machine. Rounder Records, One Camp Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140

-Tim Barton

Brian Eno / John Cale
Wrong Way Up
 Opal/Warner Bros.

Wrong Way Up, Brian Eno and John Cale's latest album release, is very unique due to its mixture of various simple beats played on rather unusual instruments. Keyboards are the main tool used to produce variety in songs, but some of the other instruments used (harp, Scarlatti piano, timpani, dumbek, viola, and little Nigerian organ) are not at all ordinarily found on most modern albums. The variety of sounds is incredible.

The lyrics on *Wrong Way Up* are equally exceptional. Eno and Cale alternate lead vocals throughout the album, but both musicians have excellent voices. The songs are fairly light-hearted and relaxing due to the vocals and musical arrangements. If you like music that can remain interesting yet be on the not-so-wild side, then you will probably like this album.

-Craig Coleman

Funeral Party
Funeral Party EP
 Soundbox

Funeral Party is the band that should have played at Ian Curtis's wake. The Boston-based trio's four-song EP glooms along much too quickly; just about the time I've settled into music-inspired misery, it's over.

To describe Funeral Party's sound as Gothic is redundant. They are obviously inspired by punk bands of the early '80's such as Joy Division, Bauhaus, et al. I must be a sucker for this sort of doom, as they remind me of longtime faves The Chameleons UK, around the *Strange Times* era, or a lesser known Brit band called Sad Lovers and Giants. All three have that hollow 'I'm sad and far away' vocal quality.

This self-entitled effort is well-produced, and the players seem to know their way around their instruments. The drumming is hypnotic throughout and picks up only for the last cut, "Pushing the Daisies," the most diverse and possibly the best piece on the EP. Although Funeral Party can be accused of being rather derivative of artists past, they have carried on the dirge-rock tradition respectfully. After all, as the note on a friend's refrigerator says, "Ian Curtis died for your sins." Soundbox Records 345 Riverside Drive, 6A New York, NY 10025

-Helen Urriola



Havana 3 a.m.
Havana 3 a.m.
 I.R.S.

To classify Havana 3 a.m. as a "post-Clash band" would be saddling it with a misnomer. Just as Big Audio Dynamite are miles away from The Clash stylistically, Havana 3 a.m. are just as different from their shared predecessor.

But to look at this as just any debut album would be an injustice. The four members of this band are a well-matched mix of talents. Paul Simonon's bass playing is as good as ever, and his song-writing abilities (which may only have been known by "The Guns of Brixton") is showcased on the collaborations on this record. Gary Myrick provides clean lead guitar which may call some attention to his previous work with The Figures. Nigel Dixon's voice is rough, befitting the material. And the drumming of Travis Williams provides all the right accents.

The fact that this album was produced by the band is worth citing. The sound is crisp, with no one element overshadowing another. The music could be described as Latino-rockabilly, but there is a large dose of just plain hard rock included. Their pop sensibility is attested to by all the songs running under the five-minute mark. In fact, "Hole in the Sky" is possibly the only song in existence that deals with ozone depletion and deforestation in under three minutes. One of Havana 3 a.m.'s best points is that they can sing songs about the environment, hunger and urban unrest without sounding preachy or clichéd. That's the way it should be. Lots of hooks and plenty of fun. Check out the walking guitar riff on "Blue Gene Vincent." Rockin'.

-Marshall Presnell



Various Artists
Heaven and Hell: VU Tribute
 The Communion Label

The Velvet Underground was/is a revolutionary band. They managed artistically to combine pop like music with convention-threatening lyrics. And the music they created twenty-something years ago is still influencing music today.

(Continued)

as demonstrated by *Heaven and Hell*.

Heaven and Hell: A Tribute To The Velvet Underground - Volume One (full title) is a collection of Velvet Underground covers done by ten different bands. Each recreates a different VU original; I don't believe there is a bad song in the bunch. These new versions are perhaps more polished and lack Lou Reed and Nico's haunting vocals, but overall they more than do justice to the originals.

Among my favorites are "Candy Says" by the Telescopes and "All Tomorrow's Parties" by Buffalo Tom. Way cool tunes. Not to say the other songs are bad or anything; actually it boggles me that I can go through the entire album without hitting skip; it's kind of unusual.

Other note worthy appearances are made by Nirvana who redoes "Here She Comes Now" and the Screaming Trees with "What Goes On". The Wedding Present changes style somewhat to do a well-orchestrated "She's My Best Friend." Other bands making appearances are Ride, James, Chapter House and Motorcycle Boy.

My advice is to go out and spend a buck and get this. Whether you're a Velvet Underground fan or an admirer of these bands, you'll appreciate it. And even if you're not into any of these, you should get it anyway. It's that good. The Communion Label, P.O. Box 95265, Atlanta, GA 30347

-Ericka Moore

Robin Holcomb
Robin Holcomb
Elektra

In the country, amongst the small towns, the roads are longer, the rain falls harder and life is like a slow waltz. Robin Holcomb, in her major-label debut, delivers a series of ten vignettes that sensitively portray life outside the big city.

Holcomb made her reputation first as a poet and second as an instrumentalist in New York avant-garde circles. On this recording, she combines both her talents to create a sound rich in atmosphere and introspection. She paints vivid, spacious pictures yet gives careful attention to detail: "Remember the light/ that shines beneath doorways/ how birds hang motionless/ beating their wings".

There is also a sadness in these songs that tell of the passing of life and the struggle within. Holcomb has an impressive backup band: Wayne Horvitz (producer and keyboardist), Doug Weiselman (horns and guitar), Dave Hofstra (bass and tuba), and Danny Frankel (drums), and the album features guest appearances by guitarist Bill Frisell and violinist/mandolinist John Caulfield, who add both subtlety and power to Holcomb's voice and piano.

The playing is superb and the album rewards each listen with new insights and emotions. I have no hesitation about putting it beside recordings such as David Sylvian's *Secrets of the Beehive*, The Cowboy Junkies' *Trinity Sessions* or Daniel Lanois' *Acadie*.

-Dan Hudon



Hypnolovewheel
Space Mountain
Alias

"From the start, the exploration of space has been hazardous adventure," explains the narrator of some forgotten 1950's sci-

fi movie at the beginning of *Space Mountain*, Hypnolovewheel's latest release. It isn't much about space, but like old science fiction, it gives a somewhat twisted reflection of the prevailing social and political winds, peppered with enough topicality to date it almost as soon as it comes out.

Not that Hypnolovewheel cares; any band that sings about Shirley Maclaine, Bernard Goetz and "Peat Rows" on the same recording knows what they're getting into. Van Hagar receives mention on numerous occasions as well, with lyrics from "Finish What You Started" and "I Can't Drive 55" turning up in various places.

Literally, Hypnolovewheel's attitude towards the pop culture they so readily embrace is one of sarcastic bemusement, a common reaction from the generation of sensory overload. Unfortunately, it's also a common lyrical approach by bands too uninventive to write about anything else. Besides being stuck with college band lyrics, the lead vocals are just as noncommittal. What might do the job at 2:00 A.M., sung through a bad P.A. and buried under a sea of guitars, is exposed, with its lack of identity and technique, by the compact disc. If you're going to sing badly, at least do it with some personality, or give the mike to someone who can. Until the time comes when the band can overcome their lyrical/vocal ruts, Hypnolovewheel will be limited in their appeal. Oh well...

Musically, though, the album fares much better. Hypnolovewheel seems to have eschewed (look it up) the traditional lead and rhythm guitars in favor of grungy guitar and jangly guitar, mashing over one another, yet somehow remaining distinct. Add bass and the occasional judiciously applied keyboard part, and the result is sort of a Camper Van Beethoven meets FIREHOSE and goes over to the Pixies' house for some tempo changes and pretzels kinda thing. The background harmonies and unconventional chord changes lift the music above the usual garage band fare, and the sudden shifts in mood and speed lend themselves well to the material. This band knows the attention span of its audience, and if the frequent tabloid references aren't enough, they take no chances with the music.

This is not Hypnolovewheel's first release, but it does have kind of a debut flavor. I get the feeling this is a group with a pretty substantial and loyal following that just can't understand why their favorite bar band hasn't had more success. The disc is definitely worth a

John and Mary
Victory Gardens
Rykodisc

John and Mary might as well be called 9,997 Maniacs, as the only members of 10,000 Maniacs missing are Natalie Merchant, Dennis Drew, and Steve Gustafson. In the band are Mary Ramsey, John Lombardo, Robert Buck, Jerome Augustyniak, and Armand John Petri. Buck and Augustyniak are currently in 10,000 Maniacs; Lombardo was in the original 10,000 Maniacs, on their earlier albums *Human Conflict*, *Number Five*, *Secrets of the I Ching*, and *The Wishing Chair* (the former two have been reissued by Elektra as *Hope Chest*).

The music on *Victory Gardens* is similar to that which John Lombardo co-wrote on the earlier 10,000 Maniacs albums. The songs are very calm and not quite as manic as some of the early Maniac tracks. Mary Ramsey's voice is very similar to Natalie Merchant's, but is, like the overall album, soft and relaxed. Ramsey also plays the violin in nearly every track, adding to the mellow effect. Lombardo who sings on some of the tracks also happens to have a very soothing voice.

If the calmer 10,000 Maniacs material appeals to you, you will like this album; if, like me, you prefer some of the livelier 10,000 Maniacs songs, you may become bored half-way through. But overall, any true fan of the Maniacs should give John and Mary's *Victory Gardens* a try.

-Craig Coleman

The JudyBats
Native Son
Sire/Warner Bros.

Native Son, the JudyBats' first album, is one of the best examples of a new section of the alternative scene that is emerging. I have not heard of the official term for this type of music, but I would call it neo-folk. R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs are two groups that I would categorize in this area even though they have both been around quite some time. Now, they are joined by the Judy Bats.

The JudyBats' first single from the album is the title track, "Native Son," and this song is fairly representative of the rest of the album. Their songs usually describe specific people or tell a story. They have a unique musical style and lyrics that are easily memorized after only a couple of

FORTHCOMINK

Famed New York avant-garde music club The Knitting Factory has launched its own label, Knitting Factory Works. Releases by Defunkt, the Jazz Passengers, Third Person and James Emory are in progress... The Stone Roses go to court in November in their attempt to be contractually released from Silvertone Records... Rights Of The Accused have completed recording their debut album, to be released on Noise International. The band has been hailed as Chicago's most obnoxious band... After being dropped from Capitol, longtime Austin faves the Reivers return with their first album on DB Records, *Pop Beloved*... After shopping about for a major-label distributing partner and nearly settling on Disney's Hollywood Records, Sub Pop has opted to remain independent... In the studio: Robyn Hitchcock, NRBQ, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, Human Radio (recording with Adrian Belew).

listen, though. There are eighteen songs on the CD, and enough musical ideas crammed in there for a few more. The songs are consistently pretty good, and some are quite catchy. Who knows, you may find yourself singing along: "I can't drive 55; in fact I can't drive, but I still feel awesome..."

If Hypnolovewheel stays together and matures a bit, you'll want to say you knew about them all along. Alias Records, 374 Brannan St., San Francisco, CA 94107

-Joe Lamy

listens. Jeff Heiskell is the band's lead vocalist and has a voice similar to Michael Stipe's, and, unlike some other bands in the genre, the JudyBats use harmonic background vocals in nearly all their songs, an effect which adds to their sound. If you like R.E.M. or any other groups with a similar sound, you will like the JudyBats.

-Craig Coleman



Various Artists
The Killer Blow
Jim Clevo Productions

Well, you see, in Cleveland there was this girl named Kathy, known far and wide for...no, wait. That was Moscow, Idaho. Actually, *The Killer Blow* is a compilation of relatively unknown bands from the Cleveland, Ohio area.

There are 19 different songs by 19 different bands on this disc. Some of the songs will have you reaching for the "Skip" button, but most of them are OK. A couple of songs I found downright groovy.

There were three tracks on this CD that really grabbed my attention:

Oroboros's "Tango" gets a big old thumbs-up from me. This song wouldn't sound too out of place in the *Car Wash* soundtrack, and that's a compliment.

Fishbone, Mother Love Bone, Fetchin' Bones...there must be a rule that says that if the word "bone" appears in a band's name, the music will be funky. The Lonesome Bones are yet another group that this rule applies to, as least as far as "Goin' Down to the Graveyard" goes.

"Ballyhoo" is the name of a song by a band named, coincidentally, Ballyhoo. These guys have a very unique sound that will have your fingers a-snappin' and your toes a-tappin'.

Those are the standouts on this disc. Several other noteworthy bands appear, including Hot Tin Roof a band that Trent Reznor (of Nine Inch Nails fame) plays in. Also any 10,000 Maniacs fans out there should definitely check out The Walk-Ins.

All in all, the disc is worth giving a listen to, especially if you're into presently-obscure bands from Ohio. Jim Clevo Productions, Box 110161, Cleveland, Ohio 44111

-Tim Barton



King Missile
The Way to Salvation
Atlantic Records

King Missile - four macho, make-up ridden dudes shoveling out glam hard rock, right? Wrong! Try four guys creating music like you've never heard before and boasting the talents of poet John S. Hall. *The Way to Salvation* is this band's fourth release, their first on a major label, and something everyone definitely needs to listen to at least once.

It's hard to pinpoint the style of music King Missile plays. A little metal, some punk, church music, and bits of Native American and Scottish stuff seem to stand out. This being the band's first major label release, the group seems to have toned it down a little, but they are far from losing their edge.

(Continued)



Probably the most interesting part of this album are John S. Halls lyrics. "The Boy Who Ate Lasagna and Could Jump Over a Church" chronicles one young man's search for the two things that were missing from his almost complete life. "I Wish" and "Scotland" reveal some deep inner desires to wear a kilt and have a bright blue body. This entire album is full of seemingly ridiculous but strangely pertinent views of life and its many components. Hall, aside from providing the lyrics, also vocalizes them. He seems to favor the spoken word method, though against the music, the vocals seem more like some foreign method of harmonization than simple "talking." Many of the songs present actual music, but the more entertaining ones are very simple, as in the song "Indians." Here, Hall simply relates the plight of the American Indians and a cockroach that fell from the sky to a throbbing Indian beat. The addition of an organ to the music brings to mind memories of late-Sixties/early-Seventies songs like "Whiter Shade of Pale" but King Missile uses it as a backup instrument rather than using it to drown out everything else.

This outing showcases the same musicians as King Missile's previous release, *Mystical Shit*, and it sounds quite similar too. The themes of blood and religion, evident in most of King Missile's earlier work, also carry over, as in the title cut. The coming apocalypse is likewise a preoccupation in King Missile's songs. "The Story of Willy" and, again, the title track reflect this fact.

A band like King Missile comes along only once in a long while. Anyone who has a chance to experience them (and I do mean experience) and doesn't should probably see a doctor. This album just might be the one thing that is missing from your almost completely complete life. Don't let it get away.

-Stephen Ware



The Leaving Trains
Sleeping Underwater Survivors
SST Records

"The name looks cool," I thought, "and it's on SST records. Maybe I should give it a try." And once again, Fate has played a minor blessing into my hands.

Sleeping Underwater Survivors is, for the most part, just good ol' rock 'n' roll with a lot of blues influence. The songs, however, are about anything but the ordinary. For an opening number, the Leaving Trains give us a faster song, "I Love You," that clears up a lot of confusion in the areas of love and sex. In "Suicide Blues," the band points out the similarities between suicide and masturbation; the rest of the songs have just as much to offer.

When I say the band play rock 'n' roll, that is not to say they are in any way...typical. They do, however, possess that sound that somehow permeates all bands on the SST label. It's not something obvious, but it somehow lends to the music a sense of originality.

This was my first experience with the Leaving Trains, but I'm walking away impressed. This album is definitely a thumbs up.

-Stephen Ware

Manufacture
The Voice of World Control
Network/I.R.S.

Manufacture, an almost typical industrial group, has released a very atypical album. *The Voice of World Control* is an amazingly addicting release. The design screened on the disc, a black background with an orange sprocket encircling the center, foreshadows the futuristic music within. You really can't wait to listen to it after looking at the disc itself. Once in, the album does not disappoint.

The group almost exclusively uses keyboards to produce the quick, rich tones encountered throughout the record. An erratic-but-powerful drumbeat usually blazes through the songs, which when combined with the extensive, eerie sampling of the album give a sort of industrial/acid house feel to the whole thing. The sampling consists of everything from robot-like voices proclaiming world control to a cowboy-ish/redneck expression of happiness (after about five listenings, I still have no idea what he says). Yes, the sampling is most of the lyrics, but don't let that stop you from listening. I'm not the biggest fan of oversampling, but this CD actually let me forget the hideous world of pop music samples and allowed me to truly enjoy modern musical technology.

The Voice of World Control is a fast, dancy, enjoyable record. Definitely driving music or just general bludgeoning-people melody. Clean, loud and certainly worth its price.

-Rob Rodriguez

Mouth Music
Mouth Music
Rykodisc

As the initial Gaelic vocalizations of Talitha Mackenzie swirl forth from your speakers, you'll be wondering whether this is simply the penname for the Cocteau Twins' Elizabeth Fraser. Certainly, the words are as unintelligible; they seem to be all a's, e's, i's and glissandos. And this Talitha person does have that fluidity in her voice that has become a Fraser trademark. However, when the basso African accents join in the chant, you realize that Mouth Music is a bird of entirely different genus.

Mouth Music is a duo, consisting of Mackenzie as exclusive vocalist and Martin Swan, who handles all instruments, sampling and arrangements. The basis for the style developed by Mackenzie and Swan lies in puirt a beul (Gaelic for—surprise!—mouth music), a style of vocal music intended for dancing. The general sound is somewhat reminiscent of Bel Canto's *Birds of Passage*, yet the worldliness of it is on a more elevated level, even purer, perhaps.

The entirety of the record (except for couple of instrumentals) is recorded in the Gaelic tongue, in which syllables overflowing with lovely vowels that hold pitch marvelously are strung together with rasping "k" and "g" sounds. Swan complements the language with washes of sound and bursts of rhythmic percussion that bely African influence. Perhaps the most representative tracks are "Bratach Banna" (White Banners) and "Fraoch A Ronaigh" (Heather of Rona); both are extremely listenable pieces filled with wonder and imagery, foreign language notwithstanding.

To those already familiar with the work of Peter Gabriel and Stewart Copeland

(aka The Rhythmists), *Mouth Music* will be a wonderful addition to their record collection. Those a little in the dark about the sound involved might have a hard time digesting all the innovation present on this eponymous offering, but forge on; you'll like it.

-Aldo McFurtive

Gary Numan
Outland
I.R.S.

For those of you that subscribe to the theory that after the original *Tubeway Army* album Gary Numan began a slow downhill slide, *Outland* will be no surprise. With redundant music, redundant lyrics and overly-lengthy songs, Numan is becoming even more robotic in his attempt to become human. The human touches (mainly the soul-esque girls singing back-up) seem forced on every song but the moody lament "Heart."

Practically everything about this record is nerve-grating; the fake horns are especially annoying. Numan's voice is good, but in most places, his singing is unintelligible and slightly buried in the mix. His percussion programming is outstanding, whatever that's worth. The high point of the album is the *Bladerunner* dialogue sample tacked onto the end of the song "Confession."

Possibly the hardest thing to tolerate about this record is Numan's politics and his almost subliminal method of pushing them on his listeners. Most prevalent is "From Russia Infected," a shameless knock at Mikhail Gorbachev.

Gary Numan may have set out to engineer a Mercedes, but he wound up building a Trabant. Play this album while you vacuum the house.

-Marshall Presnell

Graham Parker
Struck by Lightning
RCA

Well, not really. "Struck by Love" is more like it. Part of me wants to rail against the angry-young-man-gone-soft tendencies that abound on this album, but most of the time I'm content to let Graham enjoy his familial bliss.

Struck by Lightning's fifteen songs carve out the same sonic territory as 1988's "The Mona Lisa's Sister." This is the new, stripped-down Graham Parker, and even though Garth Hudson contributes some rollicking circus organ on a couple tracks, this is pretty much your basic guitar-bass-drums medium tempo rock fare. Parker plays some decent harmonica on a few tunes, and the overall soundscape is more akin to Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks* album than to the prickly rave-ups of *Squeezing Out Sparks* or *Heat Treatment*. I can think of worse ways to go than revisiting *Blood on the Tracks*, and the album has an appealing freshness and vitality that is missing from most of Graham's work in the eighties.

The lyrics? Well, Graham still sounds vaguely pissed-off in a bemused, middle-aged kind of way, but even as he's moaning about having to watch the kids or take the dog to the vet, you know that deep down inside he's loving every minute of it. If you're not on your way to becoming an old fogey, then this album will probably have no appeal to you. But I hear the joy in Graham's voice when he sings about watching his kids chase butterflies, and I hear a real honesty and openness in his philosophical wrestling with marriage and parenthood. In "Guardian Angels," a beautiful, disturbing lullaby, Graham tells his sleeping kids that he'll always be there for them, and that he just might screw it up anyway. Some old fogies can relate to this.

The rest of you might want to check it out merely because Graham Parker has always been a great songwriter, and this is his best batch of songs in over a decade.

-Andy Whitman



Screaming Trees
Uncle Anesthesia
Epic Records

Usually, it's a lot harder to write a negative review than a positive one. Not the case for *Uncle Anesthesia*, by Seattle's Screaming Trees.

This is a great disc.

I don't want to say anything but positive things about it, but I'm not quite sure of what to say. There seems to be perhaps some sort of psychedelic influence from the '60s kind of meshed together with that grungy sound Seattle is famous for. And still I think I don't do them justice.

I guess you'll have to check this out for yourself. Don't expect a Soundgarden clone, despite the fact that Chris Cornell helps out quite a bit on this album. Two of my neighbors gave the album cover rave reviews—it features a kind of demented Alice In Wonderland-type scene, painted in the same style as those fantasy scenes that people have airbrushed onto the sides of their custom conversion vans.

Anyway, if you've missed the point, this is a highly positive review.

-Tim Barton

Various Artists
Surfin' Hits
Rhino Records

What can I say? My wife chides me mercilessly when I play this CD and prays that I'll regain my sanity. My kids look at me with that worried "When will daddy get back to normal?" look.

I don't care. I like it.

This is some of the campiest music you'll ever find. Half of these songs feature organ solos that make ? and the Mysterians look like Artur Rubinstein. The lyrics are preoccupied with catching the perfect wave and catching sight of wigglin' bikinis. But ah, that guitar sound. All of the pseudo-classics are here, from The Beach Boys' "Surfin' Safari" and "Surfin' USA" through Jan and Dean's "Surf City" to the Surfari's "Wipe Out" through The Trashmen's still mind-boggling proto-rap version of "Surfin' Bird." There's even Dick Dale doing his Chuck Berry bit on a couple of tunes.

One-trick wonders like The Marketts and The Rumlbers blast out of the speakers and make me remember why garages were once considered the hotbed of rock 'n' roll. Okay, I plead guilty. I have no excuse. But I hear echoes of this music in Richard Thompson's version of "Loch Lomond" and John Zorn's *Naked City* album, two as-ready-for-the-nineties albums as you'll ever find. Jimi Hendrix was wrong. This surfin' stuff just won't go away. I may be the only person in Columbus, Ohio who thinks so, but I'm glad for that.

-Andy Whitman

Xymox
Phoenix
Mercury/PolyGram

From the first few beats of the Phoenix's wings, one is aware that Xymox's latest album is a foreign incarnation of the once potent beast of Alternative Music's kingdom. Although several of the cuts seem to try and recapture the extraordinarily tidy arrangements and the meticulous production of their previous release *Twist of Shadows*, this album lacks the innovation that marked *Shadows*.

The cuts take us in predictable places, at predictable times. I found myself knowing instinctively where each song would go; sluggish tempos nurse along scant, unflavorful basslines to an inescapable conclusion. A first-time listener should easily be able to sing along and blissfully enjoy the album's insipid harangue.

Morose, drawling vocals are pitifully incongruous within the mechanized dance beat of the title track, "Phoenix of My Heart." I'm forced to imagine the dancefloor of my fears, replete with throbbing kick and fidgeting electro-hihat. For those enraptured by the likes of Enigma, there's a bit of their innovation (now a trendoid-hook), Gregorian chanting, in the midst of the introduction. To cap off the dance-pit/party-feel, the coda reminds us, in that special (pretentious) unimposing (non-committal) gothic poetry, that we're all just a bunch of party animals: "Wild Thing/ You make my heart sing..." Pretty innovative stuff for an ex-4AD outfit.

Side Two also begins with a seemingly calculated dance number "Wonderland." Its only characteristic Xymox feel is due to Pieter Nooten's graceful chant-singing and optimistic "peaceful-world-on-the-horizon" keyboard washes of ambience. Otherwise, the droning rhythm lacks character and substance. All Xymox seems to accomplish is a reminder of the state of audio production technology.

The unmistakably dance-calculated tunes distract one from immediately recognizing the familiar Xymox feel of most of the album, yet it's hardly enough to make up for the obvious commercial popularity play. The once vital 4AD family members seem to have peaked with their previous Sire release. Though "A Million Things" and "Blind Hearts" are on both this LP and their 4AD release *Blind Hearts*, they are different mixes, and mark an obvious departure from 4AD and the label's trademark inventiveness.

I would suggest checking out their 4AD releases *Clan of Xymox* and *Medusa*, the Golden Age of unburdened experimentation and flight. This is the Phoenix of Xymox risen? They should have ured the remains and constructed a temple shrine.

-Craig Cochran

READING

The Autobiography of F.B.I. Special Agent Dale Cooper: My Life, My Tapes as heard by Scott Frost
Pocket Books, \$8.95

Who says the epistolary novel is dead? There is something inherently appealing about the prospect of reading another person's letters or diary. A guilty pleasure, to be sure, but hard to resist, especially if the experience can be had legally and safely by plunking down a few dollars at a bookstore. Hence the appeal of such bygone classics as Bram Stoker's *Dracula*.

David Lynch, Mark Frost, and their coterie of creative family members have done more than produce a television drama that qualifies as high art. *Twins Peaks* has also spawned two epistolary novels that illuminate the more mysterious and in-

teresting characters in the series: Laura Palmer (her secret diary, written by Jennifer Lynch), and Dale Cooper (his autobiography, by Scott Frost).

The Cooper autobiography is definitely better than the Laura diary. Scott Frost is not only a better writer, but he also has the advantage of writing about a character who is, in many ways, inherently more interesting than Laura Palmer. Laura was/is a cipher; she was dead and wrapped in plastic before the opening of the first episode. Dale Cooper on the other hand is a quirky, gifted individual whom *Twins Peaks* viewers have come to know well. It's impossible to read Cooper's autobiography without hearing his detached, innocent, wonder-filled voice speak the lines into his tape recorder.

Dale Cooper is an innocent in the Huck Finn sense. (To make the connection



clear, in his autobiography, Cooper describes his visit to Mark Twain's home in Hannibal, Missouri.) As already hinted at in the TV series, Cooper's innocence should not be equated with a lack of experience.

The "taped" autobiography goes into even more detail about Cooper's darker experiences. He does his share of drinking, Eastern mind-expanding drugs, heartbreaking affairs with married women, and partying (naked in a college May Day celebration!). Like Huck Finn, Cooper has seen much of the seamy side of life, but has somehow come through all of those experiences with his essential innocence intact. Cooper is like an alien visiting the world of humanity. He's an outsider, an observer who gets involved in the affairs of the world but maintains his alienated, lonely detachment.

The 1960's sensibility that has pervaded many of David Lynch's projects is well developed in Scott Frost's book. Cooper records his reactions to many events that anyone who grew up in the 60's will remember well: Ephraim Zimbalist in the TV series *The F.B.I.*, the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy, and television's broadcast of the Apollo 11 mission.

All in all, a delightful book, and one that appears to be selling like hotcakes. The local university bookstore sold out of their first order of the Cooper books in a few days. This is something ABC executives should take note of in light of *Twins Peaks*' cancellation: the educated, sophisticated people in our society realize that *Twins Peaks* is the best thing to come on TV since *The Prisoner*. ABC probably won't pay attention, though, addicted as they are to Nielsen ratings. It looks like high art will once again be trampled under in the pursuit of the fast buck.

If you're already a Peaks Freak, you don't need my recommendation to go out and buy this book. If you're not, follow these three simple steps: 1) Find a Peaks tape and borrow the entire series on videocassette. 2) Watch the entire series. This will not be difficult; in fact, it will be difficult to stop watching. 3) Go out and buy this book.

That is, unless you're one of those people who think *America's Funniest Home Videos* is great television. If you do, well, just never mind. Forget I said anything. Go read the latest trash biography or something.

-Steve Houser

VIEWINK

Dance International 3
Produced by Stuart Shapiro
BMG/VP

This is the latest in the *Dance International* line-up of "video magazines" covering the latest and hippest happenings in the dance world. *Dance International* strives to report on the freshest trends—DI 3 continues the tradition.

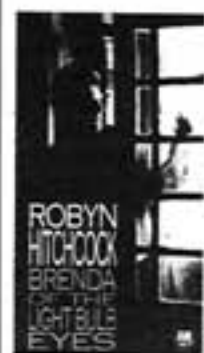
Frankly, my first impressions of DI 3 weren't that high. But, like a fine bottle of wine, it became better with age. Production work has improved a lot since the first edition of DI came out early last year. Stuart Shapiro, who also produced the first two DI offerings, has borrowed from the Euro-documentary format: lots of sub-titling info at the bottom of your screen, supplying you with background information on what's going on. Evidently, DI is shown on a lot on European television—for the U.S. though, this style is something fresh and informative.

For the most part, everything flows quite smoothly. The forte of DI 3 comes in their visit into two of the hottest dance labels around: Nu Groove and Tam Tam Records. A behind-the-scenes look at some of the hottest artists out there will definitely provide budding artists with an idea of what it takes to make it. Some celebrities who get interviewed are Mica Paris, Kym Mazelle, and Adeva. You'll probably laugh at Adeva's live performance.

An interesting topic covered is the emergence of Jazz Rap as a modern-day musical phenomenon. They show a quite funky 1980 clip of people in London's Electric Ballroom dancing to jazz. Watch out! Jazz is going to be the big musical movement of the 90's!

Of course, we also get the usual DI review of fashion and visits to some of the most happening clubs. *Dance International* has lived up to its promise of fresh information in this edition. If for nothing else get it for the expose they do on Nu Groove and on the emergence of jazz in dance. *Dance International* still has a lot to do to improve itself but Volume 3 still serves as an accurate barometer for the dance world.

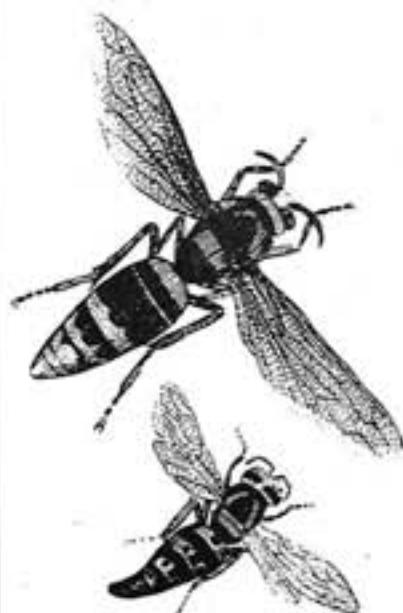
-S. Valdez



Robyn Hitchcock
Brenda of the Lightbulb Eyes
A & M Video

Brenda of the Lightbulb Eyes is definitely not a Hitchcock-penned title for this seven-song compilation. My feeling is that as the copywriter got closer and closer to the deadline on "that Hitchcock video thing," and he panicked, picking words at random from the titles of three songs included in the compilation. The twenty-five minute video seems to be somewhat the same; a hurried attempt to produce something before SOMETHING happens. What A & M expects to happen is a mystery, although as a Robyn Hitchcock fan, I have my suspicions (to be shared at some future date).

The songs included are (in reverse chronological order and the order in which they appear on the video): "One Long Pair of Eyes" and "Madonna Of The



Wasps," both from his latest A & M release with the Egyptians, *Queen Elvis*, "Balloon Man," from *Globe of Frogs*, the ghostly "Raymond Chandler Evening," from the brilliant *Element of Light*, "Brenda's Iron Sledge," a live take of a Soft Boys tune, taken from *Gotta Let This Hen Out*, "I Often Dream Of Trains," taken from the solo album of the same title, and finally, "The Man With The Lightbulb Head," a "film project"/music video done in conjunction with Tony Moon, using the song which appears in *Fegmania*.

Hitchcock is truly a multi-medialist. Beyond his music, he writes surrealistic liner notes and draws the sometimes-included comics and illustrations (my favorite is "Tales of The Enchanted Sewer") that accompany his albums. He is also known for his paintings, one of which was used on the cover of *Gotta Let This Hen Out* and his involvement with the videos presented on this collection is quite evident. Four of the videos were conceived and directed by Hitchcock in conjunction with Moon.

Most fascinating are the first two videos; they not only share stylistic elements but also characters. The placement of "Madonna Of The Wasps" after "One Long Pair of Eyes" was a mistake; they both view much better in the order they were filmed. Characters first created and glimpsed in "Wasps" are fully discovered and realized in "Eyes." There is a certain joy in recognition that comes when you get to know that bald eight-year-old boy that you glimpsed in a previous video.

The rest of the videos would be more of interest to the collector of Robyn Hitchcock material than the collector of Interesting Videos. The cinematography seems to be of unintentional low grade, especially during "Balloon Man" and "Lightbulb Head." Whether this is a Stroke of Inspired Genius or simply Lack of Budget remains unclear. "Trains" is an appropriately haunting simple clip that portrays Hitchcock singing a haunting simple tune on a deserted train. "Sledge" is nothing more than live performance, while "Evening" is simply black-and-white grainy stock of a solitary detective's hat floating about on a park alongside a river (methinks the Thames).

As I said, this compilation would probably be more suitable for those familiar (may I say obsessed?) with Robyn Hitchcock's music and career.

-Anton Warner

Wax Trax!

(continued from 9)

and as a source of the industrial dance sound that has become so immensely popular among the "alternative" crowd. Is Wax Trax! creating a music scene of its own? Paulon sees it not as a product resulting from the label, but as an effect of the bands on the label. "I think that collectively the bands that have chosen to be on Wax Trax! have in and of themselves created a following for the label," she explains. "I don't think it was ever really intended to start a following."

With the success of Ministry and many of Alain Jourgensen's other projects (Revolting Cocks, 1000 Homo DJ's), many see him as being the sole entity behind Wax Trax!. On the contrary; though Jourgensen is affiliated with five of the label's top twenty acts, other bands are doing just as well. Front 242's last three albums on Wax Trax! sold very close to 100,000 copies each; the KLF's latest 12-inch has sold over 50,000.

Wax Trax! has recently been attempting to negotiate a major distribution deal with Sire/Warner Brothers. After losing many of their biggest artists to major labels and getting nothing out of the deal, president Jim Nash feels justified in this action. Better distribution would entail better sales for albums, and Wax Trax! artists might not be tempted so much by offers of fame and fortune from another, larger, label.

Some might feel being under the commercial influence of a major label would change Wax Trax!. However, this misconception is quickly cleared up. The only change the label foresees is wider distribution, and they plan on not giving up any artistic control for their bands.

It's not big, it's not fancy, and it sure as hell is not a faceless corporation. Wax Trax! Records is doing what it wants and succeeding where it tries. For more than ten years, it has survived under the pressure of major label intimidation and it doesn't look like it is going to give up any time in the near, or for that matter, the far future. *



Dischord

(continued from 9)

perhaps offer Fugazi greater distribution, but to the band, it would not be worth the loss of control they have now.

MacKaye has quite a bit to say about major labels. "I have problems with major labels. I don't think they're Satan or anything like that—they certainly have their positions and their roles, just as professional wrestling has its role...The problem I have with a lot of major labels is that ultimately they are a business and their number-one priority is staying in business. You might find a talent scout or an A&R person who's a really great person and who sincerely loves your band and there might be label bosses who are totally cool and love your band and respect you and who will give you anything you want. But the bottom line is that any big major label has hundreds, if not thousands, of people working for them and down the line you are bound to run into inconsistencies. The way somebody who works in the promotional department in some city somewhere across the country promotes your band might compromise the way that you think it should be done."

It truly upsets MacKaye that some people don't seem to take independent labels seriously. "America has this thing about big distribution: To be taken seriously you have to be on a major label. That's bullshit. An independent community is totally valid. There's great music and there's great art coming out of this community. This major-label/major-film/sort-of-pop/big-entertainment stuff is just one aspect of the whole thing. For people to not consider independent stuff as valid is just criminal. It's too bad. In Europe things are different."

Dischord is a record company that exists because it has a job to do. The Big Labels produce music as a product to sell, while Dischord could actually be considered a product of the music. If some kind of weird plague killed off all the musicians in Washington, D.C., you wouldn't find Ian MacKaye out looking for new bands with commercial potential. As he himself said, "I'm not interested in having a label or in being part of the rock and roll business. I deal with this because I have to, but I do it in a way that I think is important. This is the only way I know how to do business."

But what about money? What about fame?

"Ultimately I'm in a band called Fugazi and that's what I do." *

SXSW

(continued from 9)

Shoulders, Bouffant Jellyfish, Naked Vanilla (who relocated from Florida), Bad Mutha Goose and Ed Hall. And Austin's history stretches back: the Butthole Surfers, Joe "King" Carrasco, the Reivers and the Hickoids are all acts to break out the virulently productive music scene.

So it's no surprise that every year, a small but noticeable group of bands descends upon Austin like vultures circling for contract carrion. It's not easy to get noticed though; there are over 300 acts that are *officially* playing for South by Southwest. It's hard to judge how many acts really perform in Austin throughout the four nights of the convention.

And South by Southwest is not a music convention in Austin. It is Austin's Music Convention. City policemen relax their vigilance of the open-container laws. Most stores have "SXSW Sales;" all papers in the area have in-depth coverage of the

convention and feature daily "What's Happening at SXSW" calendars. Even the locals get into it: for \$25 (significantly less than the convention's \$175 registration fee), you can purchase a wristband that will provide you with free access to all 25 or so SXSW venues for the convention's duration.

So where does the Music Industry come into the picture? Well, during the day, SXSW holds conferences, discussions, seminars and workshops on every aspect of the musical entertainment world. From "Do-It-Yourself Music Videos" to "Is Alternative Music Only a Marketing Scheme?" to "Marketing Your Record 101," SXSW definitely provides for the \$150 difference between the "innocent bystander" and "complete participant" registration fees.

As messed up as the music industry may seem, as long as there is *something* like South by Southwest going on, you can rest assured that someone out there is doing their industry job because it's Fun. The year corporate expense accounts show no charges made in Texas during the month of March is the year music becomes a business, not an art. *

King Missile

(continued from 8)

it around for their personal gain—it has just gotten out of hand.

This corruption is not only in Christianity. You can find it in all of the one-God religions. Monotheism tends to breed this kind of elitist attitude.

19: What are your views on America?

Hall: I think America will change in the future for the better, but it will learn the hard way. I think there is going to be much violence and governments will fall before we see a positive change. We can't keep going around the world and screwing other countries up. What I see our country doing is wrong; I have no solutions or methods to change this. I just have a feeling. I know

that to be a leader you must learn to compromise; as a leader you would probably see things in a more enlightened context, and I would probably not be as idealistic if I knew the things current leaders do, but I still have this feeling.

19: How do you feel about what went on (and is still going on) in the Persian Gulf?

Hall: I am a strict pacifist. What we did there is move a few pawns around and nothing more.

The interview faded into repetition and slowly came to a close. After the interview there was an almost clear understanding of who John S. Hall was and what he stood for. Hall and King Missile represents a link in a very short chain of truly unique bands. Listen to their albums; you may not agree with what Hall has to say, but be assured you will be slightly more (and may be a lot more) open-minded. To end on an ominous note...thanks George Will. *

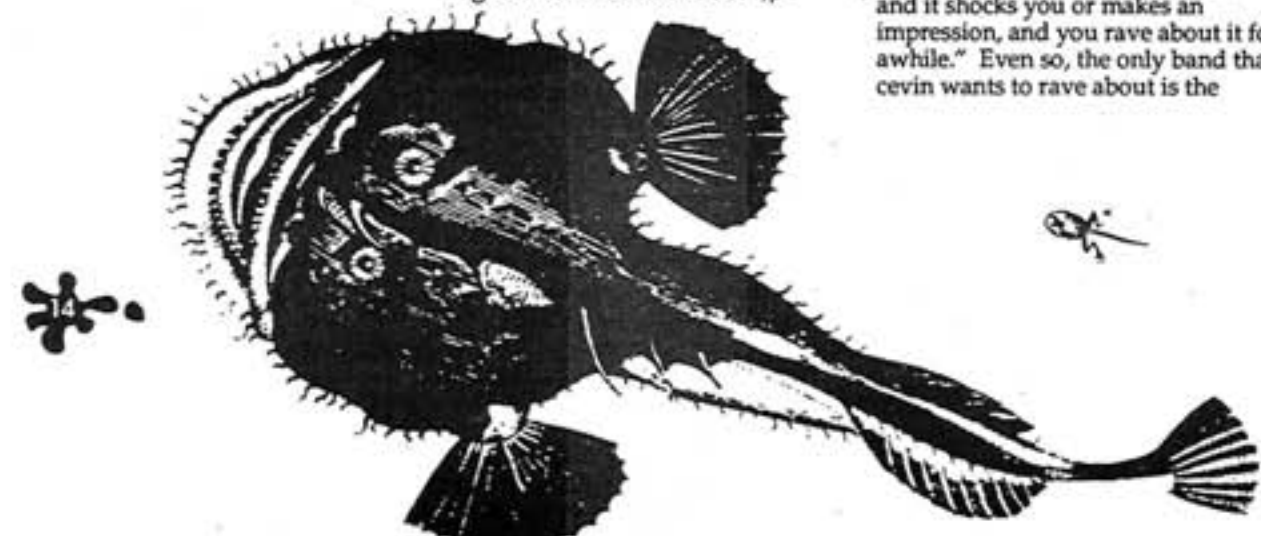
Skinny Puppy

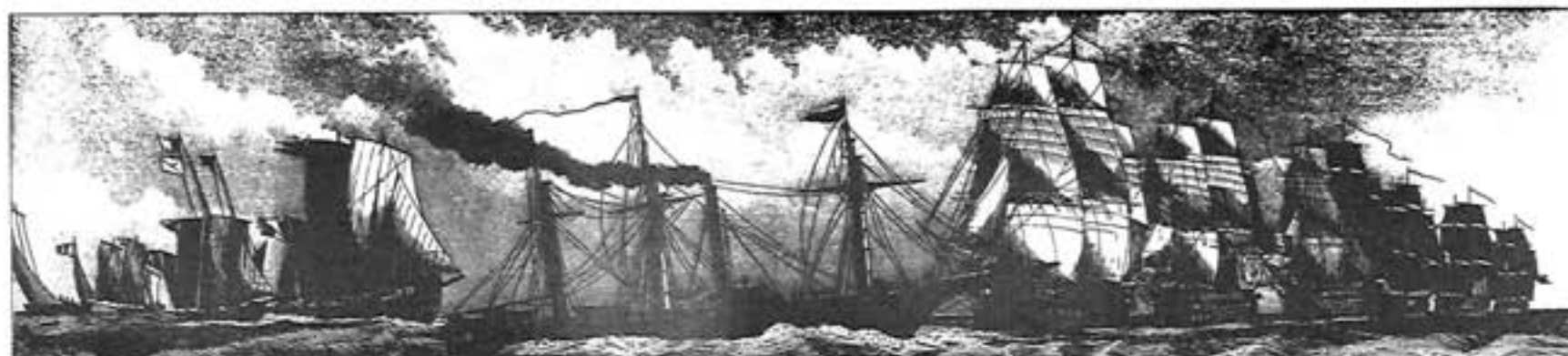
(continued from 5)

"...Completely obscure records. Noise records from bands whose names I can barely pronounce. The records I like to find are the ones I don't know anything about...just like movies...you hear it or see it, and it shocks you or makes an impression, and you rave about it for awhile." Even so, the only band that cevin wants to rave about is the

Minneapolis band Babes in Toyland. They opened several dates on the last Puppy tour, and cevin describes the lineup as "very intense."

cevin is hard-pressed to think of other recent bands that have made an impact on him. "A lot of it is that I can trace it back to something earlier, some other influence. The whole Electro-Body Music scene, the Frontline Assemblies and Nine Inch Nails...there's nothing in it for me there. It's just a way of caramelizing the whole scene in the sense of trying to soak it for what it's worth. You know, Depeche Mode being so much in the forefront of industrial music and such. I don't think there's any such term for that sort of thing. It's either alternative or it's not." *





Michael's New World Calendar

Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
17 • 24 • 31	18 • 25	19 • 26	20 • 27	21 • 28	22 • 29	23 • 30
7 • 14 • 21	1 • 8 • 15	2 • 9 • 16	3 • 10 • 17	4 • 11 • 18	5 • 12 • 19	6 • 13 • 20

M	a	y
Judy Collins	17	
Metro Park, Jacksonville		
Outlaws, Derek Trucks		
Finky's, Daytona Beach		
BeatleMagic	18	
Palm Bay Day, Palm Bay		
Grass Roots • Turtles		
Righteous Brothers		
Cocoa Beach Fest, Port Canaveral		
Lee Ritenour		
King Center, Melbourne		
Screaming Iguanas of Love		
Tiffany's, Melbourne Beach		
Chicago	19	
Sun Dome, Tampa		
Styx		
Civic Auditorium, Jacksonville		
Dead Series	21	
The Mill, Winter Park		
Kool & the Gang		
Pleasure Island, Lake Buena Vista		

Steve Winwood	21	
USF Sundome, Tampa		
Flat Duo Jets • Giant Man	22	
Fling Hammer		
Club SpaceFish, Orlando		
Delbert McClinton		
Beacham Theatre, Orlando		
Dead Series	23	
Jake's, Ft. Pierce		
Scorpions • Great White • Trixter		
Orlando Arena		
Screaming Iguanas of Love	24	
The Milkbar, Jacksonville		
The Replacements		
Visage, Orlando		
Screaming Iguanas of Love		
Grand Finale's, Tallahassee		
Brave New Tribe	28	
Coconuts, Cocoa Beach		
Coffin Break • Victim's Family		
Club Metro, Melbourne		

Dark Angel • Bolt Thunder	29	
Power Station, Melbourne		
Brave New Tribe	30	
Jake's, Port St. Lucie		
Brave New Tribe	31	
Tiffany's, Melbourne Beach		
Dead Series	1	
Philly Joe's, Orlando		
Gene Loves Jezebel • Dead Series	2	
The Power Station, Melbourne		
Screaming Iguanas of Love	5	
Heart Attack Diner		
J.J. Whispers, Orlando		
Dead Series	10	
The Station, Orlando		
Funk Hauser • Step Forward		
Chokehold		
Power Station		

Screaming Iguanas of Love	12,13
Rickenbackers, Gainesville	
Brave New Tribe	
Picasso Trigger	14
Washington Square, Miami	
Third World	19
Beacham Theatre, Orlando	
Third World	26
The Power Station, Melbourne	

Send concert information and club listings to:

Michael's N.W.C.
Ink Nineteen
P.O. Box 1947
Melbourne, FL 32902-1947



Outface

(continued from 7)

bigger and better things and the people at Crisis are really cool about it. We're putting out this one release with them and then we can just do whatever we want.

19: Have you played out of Cleveland much?

G: We can go to New York and Pennsylvania, where we get good crowds; we have a big following in Buffalo, Syracuse and Erie, Pennsylvania, which are pretty close to us. We'll go out for the weekend and play a couple of shows. This is the first time we've been down south.

19: How has this tour been going?

G: It's been going alright.

F: There's been technical difficulties.

19: Any exciting things happening along the way?

G: It's been a lot of fun, despite the fact that we haven't been making the money that we wish we were making. It's kind hard without a record out. And this promoter in West Palm Beach...I hope you print

this...we were supposed to play a show there and had a guarantee, and we show up there on a Friday night and the club is closed. This weasel didn't even have enough balls to come to the club and tell us what had happened, to offer us anything, not even an excuse. He wouldn't receive our calls at home and completely screwed us over.

19: He also stiffed Jawbox when they came to Florida recently. They showed up and there was no show.

G: Everyone be careful if you're going to play West Palm. We're not even going to give him a second chance. We're definitely going to come back down to Florida once the record comes out. We want to hit the country as much as we can. A lot of the Revelation Records bands are heading to Europe. Gorilla Biscuits are there right now and Quicksand just got back, so hopefully we'll have a chance to go over there, play some shows and just travel around.

We all go to school at Cleveland State University, and the day we left on tour was our last finals day, so we're on Spring Break now. We're not going back to school next quarter; we're going to wait and play as much as we can, put all of our effort into the band.

19: You've put a lot of effort into it and now things are really breaking for you now. Your album's called...

G: *Friendly Green*. It's seven songs, two are instrumentals.

19: Where did the title come from?

G: It's kind of a secret.

F: The title means a different thing to everybody.

G: The title's kind of weird, we'll probably explain sometime in the future, it sounds good.

F: Put it this way, what do you think the title means?

19: It could mean a lot of things...

F: It could mean "Friendly Green", as in nature...

G: People from Cleveland probably already know what it means.

19: So who writes the songs?

G: Derrick writes all the lyrics, and we'll just have ideas for riffs and we'll start groovin' on something. Everybody just adds their part to it. We're really into off-time things. Our drummer likes to turn beats around on us when we're not ready for it. We like a lot of changes, a lot of stops. We can't just play the same riff for a whole song.

F: We're kind of perfectionists when it comes to putting songs together. If it's wrong just a little bit, we won't do it. Which is kind of good, because if you're perfectionists and really try, you get some kick-ass tunes.

G: We're definitely considered hardcore, but everyone in the band is into so many things.

19: A few people that were at the show tonight that aren't into hardcore really loved the band.

G: Yeah, when people ask what we're like I say it's basically alternative but hard. We play to crowds in Cleveland, and we get punks, skinheads, metalheads, all going crazy. People that aren't even into heavy music at all. People just have to listen with an open mind, not judge us by our name or the bill we're playing on. Our music is definitely on a groove—there's a little funk, a little reggae, it's all mixed. Everywhere we've played we've gotten good responses from all kinds of people. We don't just want to reach the young hardcore kids, we want to reach everyone. We don't want to appeal to just one crowd. 15

DOMINO'S PIZZA

Rescues you from
the same old...



Free Delivery

Open Late on Weekends.

100% Real Cheese • Fresh Toppings • Nobody Delivers Better.

Eau Gallie
242-2202

Cocoa Beach
783-0266

Merritt Island
452-9195

Palm Bay West
723-7222

Satellite Beach
777-4433

West Melbourne
952-3030

Cocoa
639-0880

Melbourne South
768-1445

Palm Bay East
984-1712

Port St. John
632-6781

Titusville
268-8008



Beat the Clock...



Order any Large Pizza with 1 item between the hours of 6 pm - 8 pm and the time on our clock is the price you pay (rounded to the nearest nickel).

One coupon per order. Not valid with any other coupon or offer. Expires 12/31/91

2 Much 2 Handle.



Order a medium pizza with one topping and two Cokes for only \$6.99 + tax. Good only after 10 pm.

One coupon per order. Not valid with any other coupon or offer. Expires 12/31/91

Party Pack.



Three (3) large pizzas with one topping and 12 Cokes for \$22.22 + tax.

One coupon per order. Not valid with any other coupon or offer. Expires 12/31/91

Large for a Small.



Order any large pizza after 9 pm and pay the price of a small.

One coupon per order. Not valid with any other coupon or offer. Expires 12/31/91

Our Specialties:

- The Deluxe
- The Hawaiian
- The Vegi
- Meatza Feast
- Pepperoni Feast



Choose one of our medium specialty pizzas for only \$8.44 + tax, and get a second one for \$4 more.

One coupon per order. Not valid with any other coupon or offer. Expires 12/31/91

Late Night Snack.



Two large pizzas with two toppings for \$14.99 + tax

One coupon per order. Not valid with any other coupon or offer. Expires 12/31/91