

RIFLA COMIX

A WRFL-FM PROGRAM GUIDE

SUMMER 1989

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

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Photo by Mick Jeffries

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Remember That amazingly hip person you saw
last week?

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RiFLe Comix is published each semester by WRFL-FM, Radio Free Lexington at the University of Kentucky. It is a program guide for the station and a forum for the exploration of topics pertaining to music and all which that implies. The staff invites interested contributors to contact the station at (606) 257-4636

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Extra special thanks to
Bill Widener.

Program Notes

From The Desk of PD Mick Jeffries

Drivel. Drivel drivel drivel. What makes the average radio station do that?? Well, something called demographics is a pretty good bet. Are you a white male, 17-30 years old? No? Then you may find yourself less than qualified as an ideal listener for a prominent Lexington "classic rock" station. Never fear, maybe you fit the "black female 13-17 years of age" demographic in which case "Urban Contemporary" (a.k.a. "soul") must be your bag...no? Well, how about "adult contemporary"? Maybe "top 40"? Hmmm, you are a tough cookie. You must want to listen to a precisely calculated mix of all of the above. Lets call it "contemporary hit radio", CHR for short. You say you're still left out in the cold?

Welcome to the tooth and nail competitive world of commercial radio. Where you, the listener, are no more and no less than a number on a demographics chart, proudly displayed to all potential advertisers. Welcome to commercial radio, home of rock music's biggest cliché, the "hitsingle". Welcome to commercial radio, where stations tell you, the listener, what to listen to (and what to buy), and requests are played only when the song was going to be played anyway.

With a drab scenario like this you may be happy to know that alternative radio is thriving in Lexington, Kentucky. Welcome to WRFL where student jocks

take your requests 24 hours a day. Welcome to WRFL, the only station in the area that regularly plays music by dozens of aspiring area musicians. Welcome to WRFL, where practically everyone can find something of interest, without fitting into a single demographic. Welcome home!

Music is the word here. Music that you won't hear on other stations. If I could state the single goal of WRFL's programming, it would be for you, the listener, to encounter one distinctly appealing artist or genre that might have been missed otherwise. And talk about choices...jazz or blues? Hardcore or metal? Reggae or rap? Dance or dirge? And there are more choices as you'll see on the following pages. Be sure to check out the current block show summaries as presented by the jocks themselves, herein.

And RFL continues to grow and expand to further meet your needs. New programming on deck for this summer includes an intensive exploration into modern classical music called Century's End, as well as a variable format show, Jock's Choice, in which our staff will bring you one time features on their favorite performers and/or genres. Past and future episodes place the spotlight on Elvis Costello, King Crimson, Plan 9, Cajun music of Louisiana, Syd Barrett, and the much-heralded, oft maligned

"Seattle Sound".

And don't forget to check out some of the fine non-music programming available at 88.1, including perennials like the weekly movie/video review show, The Aisle Seat, and What's Left in America, offering political commentary from a liberal stance. In addition, the highly-regarded Pacifica Network News continues to bring you in-depth coverage of important contemporary issues five days a week, now at 7:30 pm.

Finally, for me, the thing that makes WRFL shine is those individuals who make it happen every day. Students, that is, who prepare shows, do routine maintenance, review albums, and generally keep this place standing up 24 hours a day for free (or damn close to free, in the case of the directors). Volunteers, all of 'em, here out of an interest in music, radio, business, and countless other things. Thanks, ladies and gentlemen...take a bow.

As always, we extend an open invitation to join us by volunteering your time or just your valuable opinion. In the meantime, speaking for the entire staff of WRFL, I hope you'll keep listening to what we consider to be the best thing to ever happen to Lexington radio. As the jocks say...

Stay Tuned!

Richard Hell's Homeboys

Local Music News

Lexington Suffers local band losses

Two of Lexington's most popular local bands have broken up, one temporarily, and one that will probably reunite in the fall. The Resurrected Bloated Floaters played their last show at the Wrocklage in May. The Floaters went out in a grand fashion, at probably the wildest show seen at the Wrocklage since its opening last fall. A large brewing pit and stage diving galore were the fare as the floaters blew the crowd away. Check out photos from the Floaters last show on page 6. Ten Foot Pole also played their last show, at least until the fall. Brian Arnett, Bassist for both the Floaters and Ten Foot Pole headed north for the summer, putting Ten Foot Pole temporarily on hold. Some good news does come of this however. Ten Foot Pole lead singer and guitarist, Billy Quinn, say that he and ex-Floaters lead singer, Lawrence Tarpey, have gotten together for a serious summer project. We'll see what comes of it.

New album for Two Small Bodies

Two Small Bodies, Lexington's only band to be put in Spin Magazine, should be releasing their second full length lp in the fall. The band released their Twelve Not Seven lp in 1987. Two Small Bodies also released a seven inch in 1985 and had a song on 1985's Splat compilation lp. The band is currently writing songs and rehearsing for a possible late summer tour.

Vale of Tears Release New ep

Vale of Tears, have released a new seven inch, six-song ep entitled Mental Inquest - '89. Vale



Photo By Mick Jeffries

Becky Sturdivant of Vale Of Tears at a recent V.O.T. gig

of Tears also have to their name several singles, an lp. Check out Vale of Tears for Lexington's longest lasting hardcore bands

Skinny Bones Auditioning Bassists

Skinny Bones, formerly J.B. and the Five Blind Boys, and before that, The Mange, and before that...anyway, these guys are auditioning bassists. Hopefully a new bassist will bring them back more regular-like.

THE FLOATERS FINAL BLOW-OUT

All Photos by Mick Jeffries

Oh, woe are we; we have so many great photo's from the Resurrected Bloated Floaters last show! What shall we do? Why print them of course! Here goes.

The Floaters play on, oblivious to the mayhem going on around them.



George Glasscock picks his guitar while Lawrence Tarpey looks on



Vintage local Photos

all photos by Manju Bhapkar

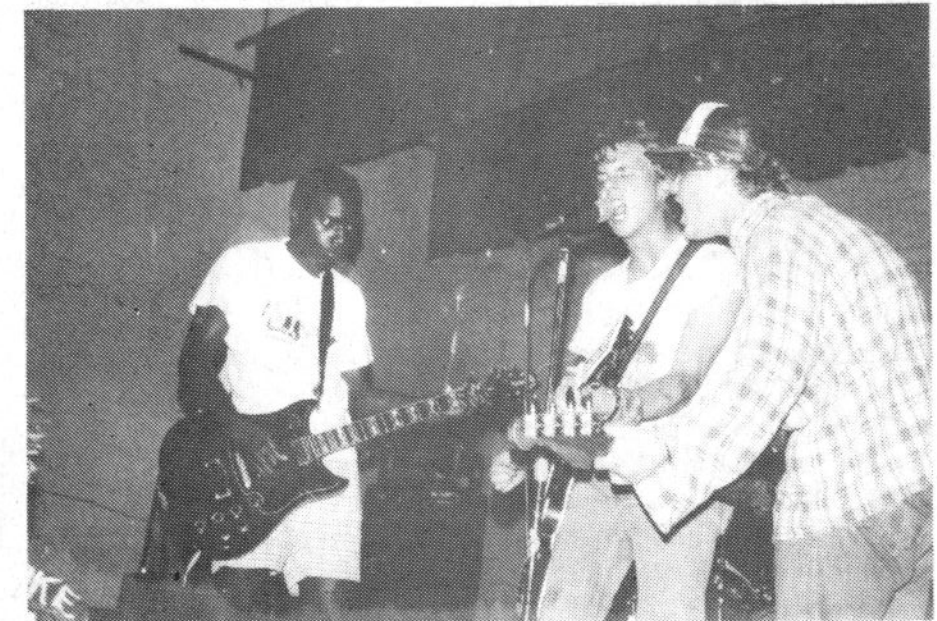
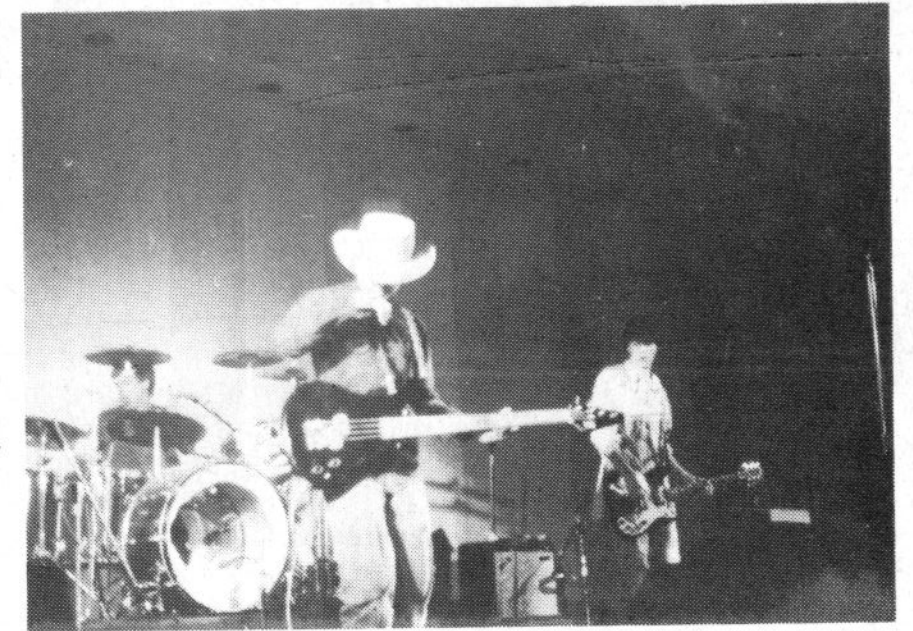


Ministry of Truth, pictured here, later fragmented with one member joining Bored and Dangerous and one joining Ill Heaven

With members of very early band such as The Users and Chinese, I.S., originally Idiot Savant, changed their name to I.S. I.S. was very popular in Lexington until they broke up with an album almost out. Members went to The Jeeters, Bored and Dangerous, Free Radicals, and Hooligans.



Two Small Bodies, originally from Frankfort, are still around with the same lineup, and more popular than ever. With one album under their belt, and another in the works, these guys are doing very well.



Velvet Elvis are still around today, as well. They have released two lps, including one on Enigma, produced by Mitch Eatser, that hit College charts.

IT'S ALIVE

ALL REVIEWS BY STEVE MOONEY

Lou Reed Cincinnati Music Hall, April 3

Any Lou Reed fans who missed the tremendously influential singer/songwriter's April 3 outing at the Cincinnati Music Hall should kick their own behinds because Reed and his superior three-piece band put on one of the best shows that the Lexington-Cincinnati-Louisville area is likely to see in 1989.

The former Velvet Underground member and Andy Warhol protege led guitarist Mike Rathke, standup bassist Rob Wasserman and drummer Rob Medici through a perfectly rendered and often explosive presentation of most of the terrific New York album. The unflinchingly realistic 14-song cycle about life and love in New York City, unquestionably one of 1989's best albums, provides the focus for Reed's current tour and comes closer to the sound and feel of the Velvets than any of Reed's other solo work.

After a suprisingly thrashy set by New Jersey cult heroes The Feelies, Reed and band took the stage and kicked into a gritty, guitar-driven version of "Romeo Had Juliette," the opening song from New York.

The bespectacled Reed, sporting shoulder-length hair and wearing all black like some urban Johnny Cash, delivered brief instructions to most of the songs

that followed, establishing a context or explaining the genesis of a particular tune. Reed and Rathke enlivened "Halloween Parade," New York's ode to AIDs victims, with a doo-wop duo that extended the song's unusual ending.

The up-to-this-point subdued crowd, perhaps overly influenced by the operatic environs of the Cincinnati Music Hall, really came alive when Reed and band kicked into the chorus of "Dirty Boulevard," the first single from New York. Although Reed recently has said that he no longer considers himself a rock and roll performer, his urgent and rollicking performances of "Dirty Boulevard", "There Is No Time", "Busload of Faith" and "Strawman" leave little doubt as to his ability to flat-out rock.

Reed and second guitarist Rathke duelled brilliantly on "Endless Cycle," a song which chronicles the tragic legacy of child-abusing parents who are themselves the victims of similar traumatic experiences. Rathke added some beautiful slide guitar work to the end of the song, treating the crowd to a solo strangely reminiscent of Duane Allman's classic work with the early Allman Brothers.

Bassist Wasserman was turned loose on extremely jazzy versions of "The Great American Whale," which Reed called his "personal American myth," and "Begining of a Great Adventure," Reed's paean to parenthood as a

means of establishing order in an out-of-control postmodern universe. During these two songs Wasserman flailed away at his standup bass, drawing a bow back and forth across the strings like a jazzed-up Jimmy Page.

The Replacements Bogarts, March 11

Those who complain that the Replacements have whimpered out and succumbed to commercial interests apparently haven't seen the band perform live in the last year or two.

The Minneapolis group, one of the best and most underappreciated American bands of the 1980's, demonstrated beyond a doubt on March 11 in Cincinnati that it can still kick ass. At Bogart's, the band, led by singer/songwriter/guitarist Paul Westerburg, treated about a 1,000 Mats fans to a show which featured songs from almost all of the group's seven albums. Only the two early thrash classics-1981's Sorry Ma, Forgot to Take Out the Trash and 1982's Stink-were neglected.

The sold-out show was marked by the same sense of silly-ass fun that has always made better Replacements concerts a pleasure to behold. Westerburg and major foil/bassist Tommy Stinson constantly exchanged

Continued on Page 14

A Block By Any Other Name

Where do you catch the Zion Train?
How do you feel the Inner Current?
Who's been drinkin' that White Lightin'?
Will you hear no evil during Speak No Evil?
Find the answers to these and many more
magical questions inside

ZION TRAIN - SCOTT LAKES AND NANCY HANEY Tuesday, 8-11 am

Zombolopolis IS BEEN buggin' 'cause the catalatin' viral groove bomb is been droppin'. The spankin' of your groove thing begins tuesday night 8-11 pm via Zion Train. MC gage'-E-ators Nancy Haney and Scott Lakes will be bakin' biscuits for your evening din-din. Contents are Jah Lion, Lee Scratch Perry, Marley and the Wailers, Big Youth, Toots, Nimey and the observer, Wailing souls, and occasional interviews with big name dudes such as Mack Spanksuns, Star Biffleuveau, Sonny Okisons, T-Mongo Funkaiy, and Uncle Jam of course. In T-Mongo Funkaiy own words: "Zombolopolis is been sensing its own catastrophic terminality thus Zombifiliates be flippin to funk, usin what use to be Zombi-fodder, but more just brethren dig it!"

THE FRESH TEST - PATRICK MORTON AND ROB OLSON Tuesday, 11-2 am

Party people...in the place to be. When I (Rob) was about fourteen, this friend of mine made me a tape. On it were Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five ("It's Nasty," "Fresh"), Spoonie Gee ("Spoonie's Rap"), and of course, The Sugarhill Gang ("Rappers Delight", "8th Wonder"), along with a bunch of moronic vocoder-drenched stuff by Midnight Star (although "Space Cowboy" definitely threw down in a junior high way), and the Gap Band. When I got the tape home and played

it, I was so astounded that I fell to my knees and shook my head. "If there is a god in heaven," I swore, "some day I'll find a radio station, an alternative radio station, that'll let me play songs like these, every Tuesday night from 11-2. I swear it."

Well, it's 1989 and all that shit's obsolete. But the stuff they're making now is even better.

Rap is the only music left that is totally new. The standard bass-drum-guitar-vocal-rock-n-roll combo is at the end of the line. Bands that want the tag "innovative" are left merely to mix and match previously explored genres (i.e. country-punk, speed metal, psychedelic funk, jazz metal, et al.).

Rap says "Fuck that" and in doing so, takes punk rock one step further. The heroes of 1976 subjugated rock tradition by taking away the need to know how to play an instrument. "We'll just make an awful din, and scream about what bloody sods we are and how everyone should stay away." Hip-Hop strips that down more. Just beatbox, rhymes, and if we really need music, we'll rob it from somebody else's record. Brilliant.

That's enough yak for now. Peace.

JOCK'S CHOICE-VARIOUS FOLKS Wednesday, 10-11 pm

Suffice it to say there are zillions of bands, great and small, in the free world. Everybody's got their own personal faves and this show will bring you an in depth presentation on the musical careers of some of our own jock's choices. Upcoming shows spotlight Plan 9, the Birthday Party, the Smiths, and much more.

CATACOMBS - BILL WIDENER
Wednesday, 11-2 am

"Kill Yr Idols w/ Sonic Death"

Down in the Catacombs. In the pit, boys and girls slamtrance expression over style, inspiration over technique. Lex, speed, density. The sound of things falling apart. Then being smashed back together. Sex: good, bad, unnameable. The attainment of beauty through the rejection of prettiness. Two big yellin' monsters whomp the hell outta each other with revvin' Harley Hogs. Distortion culture. Ugly truths in a world of lovely lies. Screw fun, I'm cravin' pleasure. Animals and oracles, prophets and pinheads. Gnosis via feedback. Intensity: soft like the first real kiss in your life. Hard like the certainty as the brakes scream. Hammer-down.

CENTURY'S END- MARK FRANCIS
Thursday, 10-11 am

The end of a century is a time when we look back and take stock in the accomplishments and events of the previous 100 years. My show is an attempt to take musical stock, particularly stock in music since World War II. This music, for the most part, is neglected by public radio stations. This show is an attempt to fill that void.

J.T.' S JAZZ LUNCH - JOHN TURNER
Thursday, 11 to 2 am

Believe it or not, jazz is alive and well in the backwards state we call Kentucky. Listen to my show and see what I mean. Anything goes on this lunchtime jazz fiesta. You may hear from the likes of Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, Sarah Vaughan, Ornette Coleman, Sonny Rollins, etc., etc. Of course, requests are welcomed.

Also, there will be regular features on those brave souls who dare to play jazz music here in the heart of bluegrass country. Such local musicians as Bruce Lewis, Bob Boguslaw, Vince DiMartino and more will be spotlighted.

I am basically out to prove that jazz can be interesting and fun for everyone, so listen or else.

HARD LEFT - ANGEL
Thursday, 11-2 am

Greetings, I'm Angel . . .

Ten years in the pit would make anybody tired, but not me. I rolled out of Max's Kansas City ten years ago after too much beer and too much thrash. (And I still don't know what her name was) After my wake-up case of beer, I got up off the floor, went to Rockaway (Beach, that is) and hung out with Joey (Ramone, that is). He had five words of wisdom for me, "Never lose the Mohawk, man." Don't know why I ended up in Lexington 3 1/2 years ago ... something to do with those bad drugs in Miami. Did my time as the frontman for the D.T.'s back in '86, opened for M.D.C. back when Great Scott's was a bar and not something shouted during "The Rocky Horror Picture Show". Now I play hardcore for you, every Thursday night from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. Tune in and turn it up . . . LOUD!!

HAMMER PARTY - CHUCK MOORE
Friday, 11-2 pm

If there's a new way I'll be first in line, but it better work this time

- Megadeth, 1986

I'm Chuck Moore and I'm here every Friday from 11 am to 2 pm bringing you more metal than any one person could possibly need. I tend to go for the faster, more thrash oriented speed metal, but I have also been known to slip into the areas of classic and traditional metal. Tune in midday every Friday and enjoy the ear-bleeding sounds of the Hammer Party.

THE INNER CURRENT - TOM MCMURDO
Friday, 11-2 am

Imagine your body floating in warm liquid space, sounds echoing forth in the rhythm of untime. The vibrations of 10,000 years of pounding drums cause the molecules of your form to loosen and flow into your surroundings. Body left behind, your consciousness is all that is tangible of existence. Flow, flow to the realm of forever flange, continually higher. It is a looking glass of self, not an

experience of physics, but of the mind. It is the inner current.

BLUE YODEL RADIOTIME CAFE - EPHRAIM MCDOWELL
Saturday, 11-2 pm

The Blue Yodel Radiotime Cafe is the type of place that you can come and hang out at on Saturday mornings, and while you're listening to the music, you can have a cup a coffee, black of course. Oh yeah, about the music, well we here at the Blue Yodel serve up the finest in bluegrass, folk, Celtic, country blues, Cajun, and whatever else we can stir up out of our folk-roots cellar. So join me, Ephraim McDowell, and the Blue Yodel Staff on Saturdays from 11 am until 2 pm.

HAPPY HOUR BLUES - SCOTT WARD
Saturday, 2-5 pm

When I met Scott in 1958 in Chicago, we were interns at a major paper and playing in a blues band on the side. When we got our journalism degrees, we decided to ride the rails and discover "this great big land of ours". This continued until '64 when I moved to London to work for the Daily News. I didn't see Scott for 25 years, but friends sent me clips from the various magazines he worked for. From his award winning articles as a Vietnam correspondent to his later works on the effects of time dilation on housewives, Scott covered all the bases in his writing, but something was missing.

In the spring of '89, I ran into Scott at the Montreaux Jazz Festival. He was more excited than I had ever seen him when he started telling me about giving up writing and returning to his first love, the blues. He had been working as a blues DJ on WRFL in Lexington, KY. Since then, he has expanded his show into a blues/talk show.

Scott sent me a tape last week. And while I was listening to it, I thought that Scott has filled the void in his life. This is where Scott Ward was meant to be. Talking to the kids and playing the blues.

Sincerely,

J. K. Smith

BEAT BASH - BRIAN PARKER AND MATT BRANDON
Saturday, 5-8 pm

Beat Bash is oriented towards those people who have found their musical pleasure in club music. This show specializes in a wide range of dance music including acid house, new beat, progressive, Euro-disco, and industrial dance. Each week, there is a featured artist or band whose musical career we span. Not only do we bring you the latest and hottest, but we also dig up those groovy tunes from the not so distant past. So tune in on Saturdays from 5 - 8 pm with Brian and Matt, as your summertime hosts, for the best in modern dance.

SPEAK NO EVIL - MICK JEFFRIES
Saturday, 9:30 - 10:30 pm

"If you can't say something nice, then don't say anything at all."-my mom

Well, I don't know about that...Each week I play an hour's worth of music that says nothing at all (At least not in so many words), and some of it is very nice. Some of it is rather mean. And some of it is damn weird. So put away those tedious lyric sheets and join me in the instrumental 4th dimension.

CHRISTIAN ROCK SHOW - AMY TROENDLY, TANYA ROBERTSON, AND LAURA WHEELER
Sunday, 6-9 am

The Christian Rock Show plays the Christian music that can't be heard anywhere else in Kentucky. Heavy Metal, Pop, Dance, Gospel, Rap-you name it, we play it. We have artist features, concert information, music news, and other interesting facts for those seeking knowledge about Christian bands and Christian music in general. We've added a new member, Laura Wheeler, who helps during the summer, and will help during the school year. So if you want to rock with the ROCK, then listen on Sundays from 6 to 9 am to WRFL's Christian Rock Show with Amy and Tanya.

WHITE LIGHTNIN' - STEVE HOLLAND
Sunday 12-2 pm

When I used to sleep late on Sunday morning, my dad would blast out really loud country music to get me up. Of course, I hated it then, but in later years I've come to appreciate the traditional

values of loud country music and early risin'! So if you don't get your ass out of bed by noon on Sunday, I'll blast you out with the world's most rockin' country music show. It'll remind you of commercial country radio as WRFL reminds you of commercial rock radio.

JAZZ AND BLUES FLIGHT - HAZEL PLUMMER Sunday, 2-5 pm

For cruising, musing, snoozing, or boozing, the Jazz and Blues Flight is the place to be on the dial Sundays 2-5 pm. Genuine Jazz is the fare on the Jazz and Blues Flight, served up with local and national jazz information, jazz trivia, and an occasional artist interview by your host Hazel Plummer. We recommend you try the Jazz and Blues Flight with your network sports broadcast too! Jazz fare critic, Mike Lynch, gives the Jazz and Blues Flight Four Stars (****)

Continued From Page 5

goofball grins and barbs (and occasionally instruments) while lead guitarist Slim Dunlap and drummer Chris Mars provided support. Most importantly, the Replacements put together a 30-song, nearly two-hour show which was entirely coherent and was not marred by the kinds of drunken mishaps and sloppy playing that oftentimes turned early concerts into laughable occasions.

While the Replacements have taken flak in recent years from fans who complain that the group has betrayed its punk/hardcore origins, the band played to a wildly enthusiastic crowd at Bogart's. The audience, which seemed a mixture of old and new fans, sang along with all the classic Replacements' tunes but also yelled for the band to play songs off its last two albums, 1987's Pleased To Meet Me and this year's Don't Tell A Soul.

In a move which could be interpreted as a direct response to those who accuse the band of selling out, Westerburg and company kicked off the show with ferocious versions of "Color Me Impressed" and "Hayday", from the 1983 album Hoo-

tenanny. The band followed up these early songs with a fast and furious rendition of "I.O.U.", from Pleased to Meet Me. Soon after, the Replacements settled down to perform excellent versions of "Back to Back", "Achin' to Be" and "Darlin' One", all from Don't Tell A Soul.

The middle portion of the show featured spirited performances of several songs from 1985's Tim and the band's 1984 breakthrough album, Let It Be. Among the best of these songs were "Left of the Dial" and "Little Mascara" from Tim; and "I Will Dare" and "Favorite Thing" and "Unsatisfied" from Let It Be. One of the unquestionable highlights of the evening was a powerful full-band performance of "Answering Machine", a song performed solo by Westerburg on Let It Be.

The last third of the show was comprised mainly of material from Pleased to Meet Me and Don't Tell A Soul. Highlights from this portion of the show include the current semi-hit "I'll Be You" and an energetic performance of "Can't Hardly Wait" from Pleased to Meet Me. In addition, the band turned in stellar versions of several other songs from Pleased to Meet Me, including "Alex Chilton", "The Ledge", "Never Mind" and "Valentine".

At the crowd's request, the Replacements began their encore set with "Talent Show", a song from Don't Tell A Soul; which captures the terror and excitement a young band feels when it first begins to play live shows. A couple of tunes later, the show concluded with an audience participation version of "Bastards of the Young", the Replacements' Tim era anthem of alienated youth. About midway through the song, in a move symbolic of the band's earlier days, Westerburg dived into the audience and shared lead singing duties with several less talented but equally enthusiastic vocalizers. It was a fitting end to a fine show.

Following is a nearly complete version of the Replacements' song list from the Bogart's show. The songs are not listed in order of performance, but are arranged from most to least recent: "Talent Show", "Back to Back", "We'll Inherit the Earth", "Achin' to Be", "Anywhere's Better Than Here", "Asking Me Lies", "I'll Be You", "I Won't", "Darlin' One", "I.O.U.", "Alex Chilton", "I Don't Know", "The Ledge", "Never Mind", "Valentine", "Can't Hardly Wait", "Bastards of Young", "Left of the Dial", "Little Mascara", "I Will Dare", "Favorite Thing", "Unsatisfied", "Answering Machine", "Color Me Impressed", and "Hayday".

The Unbrand

By Wes Miller

The following is the conclusion of an original short story by Wesley Miller. The first part appeared in the Winter 1989 edition of Rifle Comix.

"Jesus Christ."

Geoff stared at the piece of paper that Sam Lowry, WARP-FM's program director, had given to him. Written on the paper, which had been torn from the roll that fed the Associated Press wire machine, was a list of song titles, ranging from Morrissey's "Suedehead" to "anything by Skin Yard."

"What's this?" Geoff asked, looking absently in Sam's direction.

Sam, who was sitting behind the news director's desk, said, "That's your request list." He paused to light a Winston, then added, "You're a superstar, pal."

Geoff's eyes widened, then returned to the sheet of paper.

It was over two feet long.

"You've got to be kidding,"

Geoff gawped. He started toward the production room.

"Geoff," Sam said.

"What?"

"It's folded in half."

Geoff stopped at the door.

"Jesus Christ," he muttered.

"The price of fame," Sam

said, taking a drag from his cigarette. "Next time, you'll think twice about bringing a bunch of foreign imports into the studio." Sam motioned toward the gym bag Geoff carried in his right hand. "If you'd have put in one more record, the damn bag would've busted wide open."

Geoff shrugged. "I guess so." He opened the prod room's door and stepped in. "There's no way I'm gonna play Morrissey."

"Hey!"

Geoff caught the door before it closed. "What?"

"You've got a rough shift ahead of you," Sam said. "Want a smoke?" He held out the pack of Winston's.

"No thanks, Sam."

The door to the prod room swung shut.

Sam looked down at the lit cigarette he had clasped between his first and second fingers. "Man, I love smoking Frank's cigarettes."

Geoff was sitting at the production table, his request list stretched in front of him. The Butthole Surfers. . . Gaye Bykers On Acid. . . The Sugarcubes. . . Motorhead. . . Alice Donut. . . Madonna (?!!). . . The Smiths. . .

"Aw, man, this shift is gonna suck like a hungry whore," Geoff mumbled.

. . . Happy Flowers. . .

. . . Pummelvision. . . Bauhaus. . .

. . . The Dead Kennedys. . .

The Unbrand.

. . . The Pixies. . . Michelle Shocked. . . Kingdom Come. . . That damned turntable.

Geoff closed his eyes. No more band names.

It had been two weeks since turntable #1's burnout. Two weeks since it had been replaced by the new turntable (which Geoff had dubbed "The Unbrand" because it had no brand name stamped on it) the WARP staff had found in a remote corner of its storeroom. Two weeks since The Unbrand's tonearm had jumped from its cradle and sunk its needle into Geoff's forefinger, spilling a drop of blood onto the turntable pad.

Two weeks since The Unbrand started working its magic on recorded vinyl.

Geoff unzipped his gym bag, and dumped out the empty record jackets packed within. "Foreign imports, my ass," he whispered.

Two weeks since Geoff had placed Jaw's Glory on The Unbrand, cued up "Telephone Pole Enema," and listened as the new turntable played a different song than the one that had been pressed on the vinyl.

For the rest of Geoff's shift, every song he played on The Unbrand came out differently, in one way or another. Sometimes the lyrics would change. Other times, the song's pace would differ. When Geoff had cued up The Ophelias' "Midsummernight's

Scene," The Unbrand had played it exactly as it should have. . . except that Leslie David Medford's vocals were backward.

The door to the prod room opened, and Sam poked his head into view. "Want anything from Burger King?" he asked.

"No thanks."

Sam's head disappeared, but his words floated back through the closing door. "Play all those requests now, you hear?"

"Munch my eight-inch hogleg," Geoff muttered to himself.

Geoff was the only disc jockey that had problems with The Unbrand. It played records normally for every other jock on the staff. No matter when Geoff was in the air studio, whether for his regularly scheduled shift on Saturday, or when he was subbing for another jock, The Unbrand changed every song he would play on it.

It didn't take long for WARP-FM's listening audience to pick up on this. The phone lines were constantly tied up with people who either wanted him to play something they hadn't heard from a certain artist, or wanted to know where he was finding these never-before-heard versions of their favorite songs. Geoff always said that he had lucked upon some rare foreign imports, but that excuse was wearing kinda thin.

Again the prod room door opened. Mike Willard, whose airshift preceded his every Saturday, stepped in. "So, what kinda weird shit you got in store for us today?" he asked.

"Oh, a whole bunch of surprises," Geoff sighed, turning away from Mike.

Mike eyed the album covers spread over the production table, and reached for a couple. "Let's see what you've got there--"

Geoff pushed his hand away, and stammered, "Hold on there, Mike. Uh, I . . . uh, you know, I want what I play to be a surprise."

Mike looked questioningly at Geoff. "Aw, come on, Geoff, I just want to--"

Geoff gathered his empty record jackets together and started putting them back into his gym bag. "Sorry, Mike, no exceptions."

Mike stared blackly at Geoff.

Geoff shrugged. "You better get back into the air studio. You need to segue into the next song."

Mike continued staring at Geoff for a couple more seconds, then sourly exited the production room.

Geoff slammed his fist against the production table. He wouldn't be able to keep this up for much longer.

"It's straight-up six o'clock here at WARP-FM, your only source for alternative music at its best. Coming up in the next fifteen minutes, songs from the exploding Seattle music scene, including cuts by Mudhoney and Skin Yard."

Geoff eyed the studio telephone. All three lines were on hold, promising to deliver a deluge of requests as soon as he got off the microphone.

"This is Geoff Nediro, and I guess all request lines are open. . . whether I like it or not. Remember, Shark Chum and Pummel-

vision are playing at The Norwegian Blue tonight. It's a show I've been awaiting for a long time, and I'm sure you have, too. I'll be bringing you cuts from both groups a little later on, plus a live interview with Pummelvision guitarist Murl Sayten and lead singer Don McLean Stephenson. But now, 'Stranger,' by Skin Yard."

Geoff started turntable #2 (the normal one), and turned off the microphone. He reached for Mudhoney's Superfuzz Bigmuff LP with his left hand, and took line #1 off hold with his right. "WARP, can I help you?"

"Yeah, man, I really dig your show since you started playing. . ."

Geoff turned his attention away from the voice, and looked at The Unbrand. Every shift, he harbored the illusion that the turntable would play songs the way they were recorded, that his airshift would return to anonymity.

He placed the Mudhoney album on The Unbrand, and cued up "Need."

". . . so I'd really like to hear something from Rush, if you've got one of those screwed-up foreign imports by the group."

"Well, I've got a million of them, so I'll see what I can do. Thanks for calling." Geoff punched on line #2. "WARP, can I help you?"

"Hi, Geoff," a high-pitched female voice giggled. "You've probably got a million requests, but. . ."

Yeah, I got a million of 'em, Geoff thought. He turned his attention back to The Unbrand. If it played "Need" like it was supposed to, the song would open with Dan Peters' frantic drumwork.

Continued

Line #1 lit up again.

". . . I think I heard that some European label released some hard-to-find stuff by Robyn Hitchcock, so if you could play that for my boyfriend Ted--"

"We'll see what we can do. Thanks for calling." He clicked on line #3. "WARP, what can I do for you?"

"Ya got anything different by Metallica, or Judas Priest?"

Line #2 lit up again.

"Those Europeans are crazy about metal, man, and--"

"Excuse me, can you hold for a second?" Geoff punched up line #1. "WARP, can you hold?" Line #2. "WARP, can you hold?" He re-punched line #3. "Sorry, man. What did you want to hear?"

"Anything metal, dude. Maybe Metallica or--"

"Hold on, I gotta start the next song," Geoff interrupted. "Stranger" was nearly finished, and The Unbrand was ready to go.

God, let things get back to normal, Geoff thought.

"Stranger" faded into nothingness as Geoff started The Unbrand.

The thunderous crash of Dan Peters' drums issued from the air studio speakers.

"Hot damn," Geoff yelled triumphantly.

"What?" said the metalhead on line #3.

"I said I'll get that on for you. Thanks for calling." Geoff stabbed at line #1. "WARP, can I help you?"

"Yeah, I just wanted to call to let you know. . ."

"Need" continued to play

as per normal. Any second now, Mark Arm's strained voice would join the musical fray.

". . . I don't know where you get these records, but. . ."

The music stopped cold.

Geoff looked at The Unbrand.

A lone voice began singing, a tenor that would have found a home on any opera stage in the country.

"Cool, man, where did you find an import from Mudhoney?" said the voice on line #1.

"Uh, I'll get that on for you," Geoff said, reaching for the next phone line.

"But I haven't requested any--" Click.

Line #3 flashed into life.

"WARP, what's going on?" Geoff asked, as the Mudhoney aria continued, blasting from thousands of stereo and car radio speakers throughout the city. Geoff's audience had indeed grown dramatically over the past couple of weeks. Word had spread quickly among the underground music fans that one of the WARP jocks was playing some truly out-of-this-world music. In a dimly-lit apartment across town, a group of five skinheads circled a battered radio, one with telephone in hand, waiting for the disc jockey to answer. Two blocks away, several members of the Sigma Pi fraternity house listened as the tenor voice suddenly started singing in reverse, like it was backward masked.

Outside the frat house, a brand new Buick Regal drove by. Its driver, a middle-aged man wearing a business suit, listened intently. He didn't know Mudhoney from Madonna, but knew that your typical alternative

music act would not feature an extended opera solo.

The Regal stopped at a red light, and its driver reached across and opened a briefcase lying on the passenger seat beside him. He pulled out a folder that read "Federal Communications Commission: Confidential," and removed a sheet of paper. It was a copy of WARP-FM's broadcast schedule. Enclosed in a circle of red ink was the Saturday, 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. airshift held by station manager Geoff Nediro.

Stapled to the schedule were letters from legal representatives of several alternative music labels, such as Touch-N-Go, Alternative Tentacles and Shimmydisc Records. Attached to these was a single handwritten memo that read simply, "Investigate allegations that WARP-FM is illegally broadcasting unauthorized recordings. Correct situation as you see fit."

The streetlight changed to green, and the Regal sped toward the WARP-FM studios.

6:18 p.m.

Line #3.

"WARP, can I help you?"

"Yeah, Geoff, I was wondering--I know you've probably gotten quite a few requests--but I'd love it if you could. . ."

The air studio door opened, and Sam walked in, followed by a couple of skinny musicians that Geoff was very familiar with.

". . . throbbing gristle on a cloudy day. . ."

"Yeah, I'll see what I can do," Geoff said, cutting off line #2. The other two lines were mercifully quiet, so Geoff turned to face the visiting Pummelvision musi-

cians.

"Geoff, this is Murl Sayten and Don McLean Stephenson from Pummelvision." Sam said, stepping aside to allow the three to shake hands.

"I'm glad you guys could make it out," Geoff said. "I've really enjoyed your debut album, and I just cued it for airplay."

The Pummelvision LP, Messy Can O' Whoopass, sat on turntable #2, away from The Unbrand, which was currently ruining one of Geoff's favorite Shark Chum tunes.

Murl sat down in the only other chair in the air studio, and said, "Thanks, Geoff. We're really happy with the response we've gotten so--"

Don interrupted. "Where did you get this version of Shark Chum's 'Infinite Rag?' I've never heard them use a . . . what is that, a ukulele?"

Geoff hurriedly swiveled the auxiliary microphone in front of Murl, and changed the subject. "We'll be on the air in a few seconds. I'm gonna ask you a few questions about the tour, and your album, and all that."

Don began, "Yeah, but what about--"

Geoff held up a finger, silencing Don, and clicked on the mikes as the Shark Chum selection slowly faded.

"That was Shark Chum with the Japanese import version of 'Infinite Rag.' Well, I'm pleased to announce that Murl Sayten and Don McLean Stephenson have joined me in the studio. This is gonna be your first appearance at The Norwegian Blue, isn't it?"

"Well, this is our first trip into the state, to be honest," Murl answered. "We've heard that our

record has been pretty well-received here, and we're looking forward to playing to the hip WARP listeners in the city."

"Or the warped, hip listeners in the city," Don cut in.

"Right. We were surprised how quickly our record has caught on here, but--" Murl smoothly switched to a British accent "--we're kind of lucky in that we've got not one, but six visionaries. . . Pummelvisionaries, if you will--"

"As you can see, Murl is the band's resident pompous ass," Don said.

"Well, every group needs one, and I think I fit the bill quite nicely," Murl agreed. Both musicians looked at Geoff.

"Uh, yeah. Well, let's listen to a cut from Messy Can O' Whoopass, a joyous love song about the wonders of love. Here, then, is 'Relationships Are Stupid.'"

Geoff started the record, and turned off the mikes.

"I forget; is it all right to say 'ass' over the air?" Don asked. "I know that anal references are against F.C.C. regulations, but--"

"No problem," Geoff said, turning toward The Unbrand. "If you'll excuse me, I've got to cue up another song." Geoff reached for the new Peter Case album, and slipped the record from its sleeve.

"Why don't you play The Dead Kennedys instead?"

Geoff turned to face the two musicians, who were scanning the rows of albums in WARP's hardcore section. "Excuse me?"

Don turned around. "What?"

"Did you just say some-

thing?" Geoff asked, still holding the Peter Case record gingerly between two fingers.

"No, I didn't," Don said.

Murl also turned to face Geoff. "Me neither," he shrugged. Geoff's brow furrowed.

"Hmmm. . . I guess I must be hearing things." He placed the record on The Unbrand.

"I said don't play that. Play The Dead Kennedys instead, dumbass."

Geoff whipped his head around, but Murl and Don were back to gazing at the music library.

"Cool, Adrian Belew," Murl muttered.

"Put the fucking Peter Case record back in the sleeve and put on 'Holiday in Cambodia.'"

Geoff's gaze returned to The Unbrand.

"Go to hell," he muttered.

"What?" Murl's voice said from behind Geoff.

"Huh?" Geoff stammered.

"Oh, nothing. I was talking to myself." He reached for The Unbrand's tonearm. He was going to cue up whichever damn record he pleased.

The tonearm jumped away from his hand.

"Hey, you wouldn't mind playing--"

Geoff interrupted Murl. "You son of a bitch," he shouted.

Murl and Don exchanged looks.

"Uh, not you, Murl. It's this damned turntable," Geoff explained hollowly. "Well, sometimes it won't do what I want it to."

Don laughed emptily. "Uh, right." He and Murl again exchanged curious glances.

Geoff returned his laugh.

Continued

"Anyway, what did you want to hear?"

"Play the fucking Dead Kennedys' record!!!"

"Fuck off!" Geoff shouted in The Unbrand's direction.

Geoff winced as soon as he saw the mortified reactions from the Pummelvision duo. He started toward the air studio door.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I need some air," Geoff said as the door closed behind him. He walked past the production room, and opened the door that led to the lobby just in time to hear the station's front door swing open.

"Can I help you, sir?" Sam's voice floated back to him.

"Yes. My name is Moriarty, and I'm from the Federal Communications Commission. . ."

Geoff stopped in his tracks, just out of sight of the station's visitor. . . I am here to investigate possible criminal violations of F.C.C. regulations involving the alleged broadcasting of illegal. . ."

Geoff abruptly ran back to the air studio. It was time to unplug The Unbrand before WARP-FM had its license revoked.

Murl and Don jumped noticeably as Geoff pushed the door opened.

"Uh, all three of your phone lines are--"

"Excuse me, guys, but would you do me a tremendous favor?" Geoff asked.

"Play the Kennedys, damn you!!!"

"What do you need?" Murl asked after a quick glance at his partner.

"Will you do an a cappella version of one of your songs live in our studio?" Geoff asked quickly, his eyes riveted to the small window in the air studio door. So far, Moriarty was still in the lobby. Geoff didn't have much time.

Don shrugged. "Sure. Which song would you like to hear?"

Geoff kneeled in front of the turntable console, and opened the access door underneath that led to the turntables' internal connections.

A thick rope of gelatinous green slime oozed from the open console.

Geoff stifled a cry as Murl exclaimed, "Holy shit!"

Geoff searched for a reasonable explanation. "Aw, nuts, the sealant is leaking again," he said weakly. He reached inside the console, sweeping aside the sticky, clutching vines of goo that laced like a spiderweb from wire to wire, and grabbed the main powercord, intending to rip it from the wall.

The Unbrand sent a violent shock up Geoff's arm. He pulled his hand away, knocking his elbow against the console's inner wall, making it throb with pain.

"Shit!" he yelled. He stood up and faced the Pummelvision musicians, who each looked ready to bolt from the air studio at any second. Geoff had an idea, but he needed these guys around to make it work.

Geoff said, "Look, we're having technical problems with our turntables. I figure if you guys can do a number live, it will give me time to fix the problem."

That seemed to satisfy

Don and Murl. They both stepped up to the auxiliary mike and waited for Geoff to switch it on.

On turntable #2, the Pummelvision original "I Stomp Hearts" was nearly finished.

What the hell are you doing? You don't want to be messing around in there, boy!!!"

Geoff moved to the sound board, awaiting the end of the Pummelvision song.

"You guys sure run a wild radio station here," Don marveled aloud.

"I Stomp Hearts" ended cold, so Geoff switched on both microphones.

"That was a double helping of Pummelvision, doing 'Relationships Are Stupid' and 'I Stomp Hearts.' I've persuaded Don and Murl to do a special live number for us. Which song have you guys settled on?"

Murl answered, "Well, Geoff, I suppose we can do 'Mealin.' Actually, a couple of the guys in Pummelvision have been foolin' around with a 'Mealin Rap' that--"

Geoff heard the door to the studio hallway open, along with Sam's hushed voice telling Moriarty that the disc jockey was on the air and couldn't be interrupted at the moment.

"Well, great," Geoff cut in. "So, the world radio premiere of 'The Mealin Rap,' as performed by Murl Sayten and Don McLean Stephenson of Pummelvision."

Geoff switched off his mike as soon as the two began their offbeat rap.

"Mealin'," the two sang. "You gotta love mealin'. It's the best feelin', when you're rockin' and reelin'."

Geoff grabbed Messy Can O' Whoopass from turntable #2

and quickly placed it on The Unbrand.

"What in the hell do you think you're doing, boy?!!!"

Geoff dropped the needle in the middle of the recorded version of "Mealin'," and sank to his knees in front of the open turntable console.

"--fritos, donuts, cashews, peanut butter and cheese crackers. Pepsi and Coke, but only when I smoke--"

Geoff again peered into the console. The green goop was beginning to thicken around the main power cord.

"Boy, you behave now. I don't want to permanently revoke YOUR license."

Geoff looked up at the rapping musicians, and saw Moriarty watching him from the production studio through the glass partition.

"--you gotta love mealin'. On my knees I'm kneelin', hopin' for some mealin'--"

Geoff reached up and started The Unbrand. Messy Can O' Whoopass spun to life.

A screeching guitar solo, courtesy of lead guitarist Superfly, leapt from the studio speakers. J was beating a furious rhythm on the drums, while Cap'n Crunch pummeled the strings on his bass.

Inside the console, the goo glowed a glorious green.

Don and Murl stopped instantaneously. "Where the hell did you get that version of 'Mealin'?" Murl asked. "We've never performed it that way."

On the other side of the partition, Moriarty suddenly grinned. That exclamation was the proof he was looking for. He moved toward the production

door.

Geoff turned down the volume on The Unbrand, and motioned to the Pummelvision musicians. "Keep singing," he shouted.

"Where did you get--"

As soon as Don spoke, cutting into The Unbrand's transmission, a wicked fork of green lightning lanced its way through the auxiliary microphone, toward the two musicians.

Inside the console, the slime that wrapped around the main power cord lost most of its brilliance.

"Holy shit--" Murl exclaimed.

Geoff grabbed the cord, feeling another shock, but one that was weaker due to the power The Unbrand had diverted to its attack against the microphone. He pulled as hard as he could, feeling the green goo wrap itself around his fist.

Moriarty stepped into the air studio.

The power cord spat a bright fountain of sparks as it separated from the sound board.

"Under the power vested me by the Federal Communications Commission, I hereby--"

"Mealin'" stopped cold as The Unbrand lost its power.

"--confiscate the illegal recording of these musicians' material," Moriarty said, a haughty, self-satisfied expression etched upon his face.

Geoff grabbed a record at random and slapped on the air studio's sole functioning turntable. He dropped the stylus on the disc, then turned to face Moriarty.

"What are you talking about?" Geoff asked.

Moriarty's smile widened.

"Don't give me any bullshit, son. I heard these musicians accuse you of playing unauthorized recordings of their. . . uh, music."

Geoff looked at Sam, who was not looking too steady on his feet. He returned his gaze to Moriarty, and said, "Sir, you are certainly welcome to take any disc that you wish from our library and play it in the production studio."

Moriarty looked momentarily baffled. He regained his confident aura, and grabbed the Pummelvision LP from The Unbrand, now safely powerless. He looked at Murl and Don, and asked, "Gentleman, will you come with me?"

Geoff and Sam watched through the glass partition as the three men entered the prod studio. Sam sighed, closed his eyes, and muttered, "Well, so much for WARP's broadcasting license. Thanks a lot, Geoff."

Geoff's eyes never left the window. "Don't worry, Sam," he said.

Geoff continued to stare through the partition, long after Moriarty's shout of frustration issued from the adjacent studio.

Geoff hammered the last nail into the perfect wooden crate that had originally housed The Unbrand. After his airshift had finished, Geoff had replaced the bedeviled turntable in the box, with the help of Sam and another WARP disc jockey. Sam had wondered aloud what they were going to do with the machine, but Geoff had no doubts at all. An idea had formed in his mind right after he had disabled the turntable, and a smile had played

Continued

over Geoff's face every time he thought about it.

"So, what are you gonna do with that, Geoff?" Sam asked.

Geoff kept smiling. "You'll know before too long." He affixed a newly-typed mailing address label to the crate's surface, and set it by the station's front door, with instructions that it be mailed out Monday morning.

Geoff sat on the foot of his bed, staring intently at the portable radio he had just switched on. Nine weeks had passed since he had shipped out The Unbrand, and every Sunday afternoon since, at ten in the morning, he would tune in to WZZZ-AM.

It was now ten in the morning, and a familiar voice issued from Geoff's radio, a voice synonymous with the popular music that Geoff detested.

". . .and welcome to 'Casey's Countdown.' At number 40, a new track from Love & Rockets, which promises to shoot up the charts in a hurry. . ."

Geoff listened intently, an expectant grin crawling across his face.

". . .so here's 'So Alive,' by the British band Love & Rockets."

There was a slight pause, followed by the maniacal strum of a banjo that was desperately out of tune.

Geoff shouted in triumph. Mr. Kasem stammered, "What the f--"

The End

WRFL
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WRFL SUMMER

WRFL	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
2 to 6am	Andy Aavatzmark	Rags	Butch Frazier
6 to 8am	Philip Herold	Jed McClure	Greg Brown
8 to 11am	Jim Howard & Gil Schrage	Dan McBrayer	Brian Sosby
11 to 2pm	Dave Schatz <i>"Live" at The Knitting Factory</i>	Jack Smith	Philip Francis
2 to 5pm	Phil Tackett	Susie Quinn	Shawn McCarney
5 to 8pm	Ayser Salman	Steve Daniels	Mary Burt
7:30-8:00 PACIFICA			
8 to 11pm	Jim Owens	Zion Train Scott Lakes & Nancy Haney	Mark McClenning <i>Jock's Choice</i>
11 to 2am	The Metal Mortuary	The Fresh Rob Olsen/ Pat Morton	Catacombs Bill Widener

'89 SCHEDULE

Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Byl Hensley	Jeff Smith	Tingo Lee/ Jamaal Roy Valentine	Ray Williams
Kakie Urch	Caroline Garden	Andrea Wilson	Christian Rock
Dave Hitchcock Mark Francis Century's End	Deb Taylor	Erika Bailey	Tanya & Laura David Skidmore
J.T.'s Jazz Lunch John Turner	HAMMER PARTY Chuck Moore	Blue Yodel Radio-Time Cafe Ephraim McDowell	White Lightnin' Steve Holland
Rachel Peretz	Mike Reid	Happy Hour Blues Scott Ward	Hazel's Jazz & Blues Flight
Wyn Morris	Amy & Diane <i>Local Music</i>	BEAT BASH! Brian & Matt	Mike Lynch
RADIO NEWS			
Mark Beaty	Jack Kirk	Mick Jeffries <i>Speak No Evil</i>	Jean Urch
HARD LEFT with Angel	The Inner Current Tom McMurdo	Heather Kennedy	Matt Wise
Midnight Album Feature			

REVIEWS FROM THE CATACOMBS

ALL REVIEWS BY BILL WIDENER

TAD - God's Balls (Sub Pop Ip)

AIEEE! Out of the Pacific Northwest shambles the meat-choppin', beat-whompin' man-monster known as Tad...drawing psycho-head power from a vile greasepit universe in which Black Sabbath and Killdozer eternally jello-wrestle for sonic supremacy, Tad and his crew of low-life minstrels pound out one of the year's best...great steaming slabs of pummellama like "Satan's Chainsaw", "Behemoth" (in which Tad curses a bad mutha **EVEN BIGGER THAN TAD IS**, a frightening thought indeed), "Sex God Missy" (a revvin' crunch-hunch some impolite, CB-fuzzed rantin' from a lust-crazed Tad) and the grindin' mini-epic "Boiler Room"...the grunge-metal opus White Zombie tried to make...sleazy, mean, ugly and just about wonderful.

COUCH FLAMBEAU-Ghost Ride (It's Only A Record Ip)

The killer clowns from Cudahy do it again...Couch Flambeau swill down punk, metal and noise and spew it back up all over your lap w/ a grin as big as their home state, Wisconsin...it's a rockin' yok-a-minute with such gems as "Summer Vacation", "Picasso's Mailman" and "My Ward, My Award", a rippin' scorcher w/ the classic line, "I'm so hip, 'cause I'm mentally ill"...not that these guys are pudless "funnypunk"-sters like, say, the execrable Dead Milkmen, no way...Neil Socol (bass) and Jay Tiller (vox/guitar/and now drums, as well) may go for bigtime laffs, but they don't fool around when it comes around to delivering the prime power goods...they could definitely show the "serious" practitioners of mod sound a thing or two...just like ya always knew that, in a punch-em-up 'tween Popeye and the Incredible Hulk, Popeye would

win...Tiller is one of the best commentators on the absurdities of the indie music scene since Mark E. Smith...check out "We're Not So Smart" and "Scene Report", the latter featuring Jay shrieking punkier-than-thou boasts (I bought Sid 'n' Darby a drink!/OH YEAH?") just before the guitar breaks into a heart wrenching minor chord that points out just how sad and pathetic such bullshit is...Tiller is indeed one of the unsung guitar gods of these United States, moving from pretty acoustic strumming into flesh-rendin' metal-rev in a heartbeat...no maniacal skreefests like the last Ip's "Psychotic Lawnchairs", but bend an ear to "Dog Show", a quasi-psychedelic droner that has the most restrained-yet-effective use of feedback I ever had the pure joy to hear...so all you sourpussies gotta get this, see...yank that polski wyrob outta yer aesthetic and smile fer a pile!

BITCH MAGNET-Star Booty (Comm 3 Ip)

A re-release of Bitch Magnet's self-made debut album, and you oughta get down on yer knees and bleat "Thank you, Comm 3" like a plug in sheep to those fine folks for making this Ip more readily available...sheer mind-bendin', foot-stompin' BEAUTY...An Oberlin, Ohio power trio in the godchord trad of Squirrel Bait, Husker Du, Naked Raygun...vocals mumble and howl through the roar, a street corner schizo who lost his reason in the cause of truth and desire...guitar rings, booms, soars, the sound of angels arguing...bass moves underneath, a drivin' torpedo made from the heartbeats of enraged lions and hurt little boys...drums, a hailstorm of iron tears, a constant propulsive explosion, even in the quiet ones like "Circle-K"!...makes one think of tank war, spring breezes, jet wrecks, long-lost lovers, all in the same heart-stopping moment...music that is somehow simultaneously low-key and Olympian...absolutely

essential, absolutely...and the band swears Albini was there just to cop some loose joints.

HEAD OF DAVID-The Saveana Mixes (Blast First Ip)

Four song 12-inch from one of the United Kingdom's most carnivorous combos..."Bugged", "108", Adrenecide", which showed up on HOD's V. fine Dustbowl, show up here with less echo and more bass, as well as some nifty fascist-attack sound FX...rumbling, screaming art-thuggery of the highest order...and check out "Bad Times", a merciless crunch-dirge perfect for the occasions when Loop is just too damn upbeat...and it's a 45 rpm disc, too, which means you can play it on 33 and make it **EVEN MORE GRINDING AND MURDEROUS...aw-RIGHT!!!**

LOOP-Fade Out (Rough Trade Ip)

Reason no. 5 not to saw through England's foundation and laugh as it sinks beneath the waves...neo-psychadelic drone'n'boom...the world is breathing like a giant june-bug, and you found JHVH-1, Space God, hiding in yer pubic hair...allegedly spawned by an obsessive admiration of Spacemen 3, 'though I prefer Loop, meself...the 3 tend to slow-hammer their one-chord wonders w/ a minimum of FX, whereas Loop just go hog-wild w/ 'em, sloppin' tons o' fuzz'n'reverb'n'echo'n'delay'n'wah-wah'n'feedback on everything like a 'shroom-drunk gorilla trying to build a cathedral...and I don't think we gotta worry about these boys comin' out w/ any junkie gospel folk mewl, either...totally dopey, ludicrous, repetitious, unmusical bushwah...needless to say, I love 'em like a pretty cousin...mega-groovy, grok?

WHITE ZOMBIE-Make Them Die Slowly (Caroline Ip)

On their previous platters, especially the

aply titled Soul Crusher Ip, NYC's White Zombie came across as a hopelessly crazed, insatiably hungry, Tasmanian Devil, head blazin' w/ fever, veins gone molten w/ junk-need, wantin' only to chew on yer helpless psyche by way of yer ass, and if it had to lay waste to a coupla cities to achieve this goal, well, that was part of the fun...now it turns out **IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE...**White Zombie (that is, everybody save guitarist Tom Five) never wanted to be shriekin' priest-devils of metro-voodoo, nope, they wanted to be a heavy metal band, in the company of Black Sabbath and Slayer, rather than Swans or Laughing Hyenas...scope the most recent issue of a pretty A-OK 'zine w/ an extra-lame moniker, Alternative Press, for the grisly details...so Rob, Sean, and Ivan gave the despised Tom the boot, and replaced him w/ some clueless mook stageyclept "Dave Zombie" or maybe it was "Ted" or "Doug", I can't friggin' remember...anyway, after several abortive attempts at recording, Bill Laswell shows up and saves the day, transforming WZ into the metal gods they dreamed of becoming...to the detriment of noise-lovin' humanity as a whole...now, don't get me wrong, I ain't one o' those kneejerk anti-metalheads...I do like some metal, especially if it sounds like A) the Nuremberg rallies, or B) a greasy, grimy, vicious, mindless piece of biker filth w/ one hand on the throttle to Hell and the other up yer little sister's dress...I was hopin' that w/ **Make Them...** we were gonna get a buttload o' the latter, but no such luck...Laswell's far-too-spic'n'span production eviscerates the Zombie hunch, much as he gussied up Motorhead on the Orgasmatron Ip...which wouldn't be so bad if the songs themselves weren't so dogawful dull...w/ the possible exception of "Revenge", and maybe "Godslayer", the band just doesn't do the job...interminable, plodding, pompous, lacking intensity, these, uh, "songs", I guess live up to the album's title, tho' not in any way one might desire...and Mr. "Zombie" is especially to blame, whippin' out some of the most cliched, stupid, go-nowhere moves in the book...apparently this mooboy's already been replaced, and all I gotta say is "PTLI"...the main bummer, tho', is Rob Straker's vox...previously talkin' trash like Charlie Manson's johnson walkin' w/ a will of its own and spoutin' the pure true-crime-a-go-go anti-gospel to every helpless schoolchild in its satanic sight, Rob now huffs thru the evil/sex/murder phrasebook soundin' like,

well, some guy just huffin' thru the evil/sex/murder phrasebook...no heat, no venom, no soul...I feel kinda betrayed...I guess Iron Maiden fans must buy more t-shirts or somethin'.

VARIOUS-Sub Pop 200
(Sub Pop 3-lp set)

The "in" label at the mo'...not that said status is undeserved, mindja...I mean listenin't this boxed set of three 33-rpm 12-inchers reminded me that Seattle and surrounding environs is prime Sasquatch territory...sounds like Sub Pop impresario Bruce Pavitt caught 'isself a passel o' the subhuman critters, and moved and inspired by the racket they made in the holding pen, decided he'd rather see the man-beasts written up in Spin than National Geographic...lotsa good stuff, w/ only a minimum o' dross...Tad gets macho w/ "Sex God Missy" while Mudhoney get sensitive w/ their cover of "The Rose" (Yeah, you got it, the theme song to the Bette Midler tearjerker)...Soundgarden, Nirvana and Blood Circus do their neo-cock-rock thang w/ varying degrees of success...Beat Happening rock OK, but Chemistry Set look a lot more exciting in their photo than they sound on wax...Cat Butt and Swallow puke all over yer Aunt Ida's daffodils...Then the Thrown-Ups puke all over Cat Butt and Swallow...Terry Lee Hale gives w/ a fierce acousto number that includes a tasty helpin' o' well-done feedback, and the Walkabouts make an impression if only 'cause it's the only tune w/ an actual female hootin' and huffin', 'steada the usual Sub Pop he-thing...then there's verbmaster Steven J. Bernstein preachin' about JFK's oranges w/ Jackie in the too-rad rant, "Come Out Tonight"...I know I forgot some others, but fuggem if you ain't clued in yet, further blab from me will be of little avail...well worth checking into if'n you like it Sub and Pop...sure, it's gonna set you back more'n fifteen simoleons, but money is eternal and Sub Pop 200 most probably isn't...besides, it's not like you got a real life 'r nothin'.

BASTRO-"Shoot Me a Deer/Goiter Blazes"
(Homestead 7-inch)

"Shoot Me a Deer" was such a fab spurt of Bastroic slamchug that I didn't even notice...then, halfway thru the B-side, a clumsy rumpus soundin' like a Didjits reject, it hit me: MY GOD! NO DRUM MACHINE! They got a REAL LIVE DRUMMER!...yep, not content w/ switching from Loo'vuhlle to Chitown, Bastro've also ditched the sleet, relentless tommygun fury of the panzerbox for the sweat and heat of frail, flailin' human flesh...and, perhaps by mere coincidence, produced in "Goiter Blazes", their first bum track...sigh...I dunno..."Musical progression" is the probable reason...Maybe they got tired o' knotheads chortlin' "Little Black"...dang...musicians...ya jus' can't trust any of 'em, NOT A GODDAM ONE.

DIDJITS-Lovesicle
(Touch & Go 7-inch)

"Dear Mr. Policeman" is an ultra-ace revver in the grand tradition of, Uhm...the Didjits...you know, a zoomin' motorcycle, haulin' a human totem pole of evil clowns, doin' 900 mph loop-de-loops inside yer whizzin' haid..."Dead Hippy" is one o' their crunchy midtempo numbers, and a snazz tune it is, too...can't wait for the next album from these guitar-whalin' bastard sons o' Jerry Lee Lewis' sonic flesh...the title and cover of this hunk o' vinyl is, of course, a tweak at Prince's Lovesexy, bringin' to mind who (after the defunct Big Black) would've been a far better choice for doin' the theme to the Batman flick than His Purple Maggotry...but jeezus, don't get me started on that.

MONKEY BOY-Monkey Boy (Self released cassette)

A wad o' sputum assumedly hocked outta some Lexingtonian lungs...only three songs, and I'd say you probably can't find it in any stores...damn shame, too, 'cuz these hoopin'n'hollerin yahoos give me hope for this burg...if'n ya listen to my show (Catacombs), you've already been graced w/ the gift of grunge that is the band's apparent theme song, "Monkey Boy", as well as the truly hap "Let's

Talk About Me", a rippin' spasm of self-lust featurin' a fuzzed-out vicalist yowlin' like Kim (Scientists) Salmon's own darlin' bastard...one time after broadcastin' "Let's Talk...", a listener called up thinkin' he'd just heard a bite off the latest Butthole Surfers disc...The kind o' compliment that'd have me tweetin' w/ pride and dashin' back into the "studio" to spew more of the same...get crackin' dyudes.

HONEYMOON KILLERS-Take It Off!
(Buy Our Records ep)

Four song twelver fum one of NYC's greasiest ensembles...no big changes from their last, Turn Me On...jus' more grisly, grimey, gopher guts 'n' chopped-up chicken feet...If you ain't had an earful o' these gals'n'guy before, simply imagine the missing link 'tween the Cramps and Pussy Galore, and you more'r'less got it...no big thinkers here, they just wanna ROCK O-U-T...can't recall any titles, kinda useless anyway...one doesn't listen to the Honeymoon Killers for "songs" or any such bourgeois dogwash...one holds one's nose and sinks beneath the stinkin' murk...so take a deep breath, party doll.

THE EX-Aural Guerilla
(Homestead lp)

YOW...merciless...the latest gob o' greatness from the most pissed-off band on the planet...Dutch anarchists who walk that walk like they talk that talk...maybe I should make that "howl that howl"...noisy as hell 'n' mean as a prophet...check out "Welcome to the Asylum"-jeezus!...like a machete-wavin' Cap'n Beefheart wigglin' on PCP'n'bathtub likker, playin' the part of a truly peeved homeless dude lettin' the good burghers of the Netherlands know what time it is...then there's the zip-march "Fashionation"...Big Brother issues his spring line and it doesn't sound like a festival ensemble...an' howzabout "Meanwhile at Mcdonna's", a crunch-fonk attack on the Big Pop Biz...and the merciless, I mean merciless, "Godgloeindeteringklootzak", re: His Holiness Pope Whoever and his particular branch of Jesus' fan club...a rampagin' blast of pure pontiff-hatred...the Ex are more than willing to forego "Bar-

B-Q Pope" in favor o' PULVERIZED Pope...then there's equally fierce'n'fab skronkabilly stompfests like "Evolution (?)", "2.2", "Carcass", "Shooting Party", "Headache by Numbers"...covering such topics as medical authoritarianism, hunting, the "invisible Third World War" 'tween haves 'n' other fascist hoodoo...plus a fairly, uhm, "accessible" cover o' Peter Hammill's "a Motorbike in Africa"...package includes some o' the usual Ex-ist ink'n'paper agitprop, too...these ain't no armchair radicals, either...they live like this, every day...makes MDC and the DKs look like reformist Democrats...the most relentless record I've heard in quite some time, ergo, one o' the best...Ravachol-rock extraordinaire, and absolutely essential...did I already mention "merciless"?

TAR-Handsome
(Amphetimine Reptile ep)

A smokin' hunk o' what some back-slidin' weasels in the indie crit biz've taken to calling "angry-white-college-boy rock"...dunno 'bout the "college" part...and maybe we should sub "intense" for "angry"...but, otherwise, it pretty much fits the bill...big beats'n'crushin' chords...roarin', revvin', ravin', rumblin'...less angelic'n Bitch Magnet, not as anthemic's Naked Raygun, but in that sonic vicinity...standout tracks include "Mel's" and "Static"...Tar hails from Chicago, and, yeah, Steve Albini oversaw some o' doin' the thang ("Like working w/ a bulldozer", they said in a recent interview), so they call in Chi's Knob God, Iain Burgess (who produced most o' Big Black's stuff), to redecorate...and a nice li'l roughhouse he's nailed together, too...more useless trivia w/ which to fill yer empty lives: Tar caught the fickle attention o' the "Second City";s more avant denizens w/ matchbooks imprinted w/ the band's way cool logo, which you can scope on the way rad black-on-black cover of this fine, furious ep, Handsome.

YO LA TENGO-President Yo La Tengo
(Coyote lp)

One of the most criminally unhailed bands in dese United States, probably cuz they lack "image"

JUST SAY NO! IXNAY! DON'T! MINE!

LAUGHING HYENAS

YOU CAN'T PRAY A LIE (TOUCH+GO LP)

YES! THIS IS IT, THE REAL MONSTER-BLUES MEAT, THE PURE FIRE O' FLESH-GNOSIS BURNIN' YA TO THE CORE! JOHN BRANNON GOES BEYOND BEIN' A MERE VOCALIST - HE IS ALL THE HOUNDS O' HELL CRAMMED INTO ONE SNARLIN', SCREAMIN' PSYCHO-VORTEX OF A MAN, W/ YER SECRET NAME TATTOOED ON HIS TONGUE! KEVIN STRICKLAND (BASS) 'N' JIM KIMBALL (DRUMS) LAY DOWN OOZIN', CRUSHIN', HIP-SWAYIN' HOODOO RHYTHMS THAT WRAP 'ROUND YER HEART 'N' PRIVATES LIKE A STYGIAN ANACONDA 'N' SQUEEEEEZE...! 'N' LARISSA STRICKLAND (GUITAR), SWEET LI'L DEMON-QUEEN O' THE HELL O' MY DREAMS, TWISTS 'N' MOLDS THE FIRES O' LOVE 'N' DAMNATION INTO NOISE-BEAUTY AS VAST 'N' COLD AS SIBERIA AND INTIMATE 'N' HOT AS A LOVER'S MOUTH! YEAH!! SEE THEM LIVE! IT IS AN EVENT O' SAVAGE INTENSITY - JOHN PREACHES PURE HEX GOSPEL LIKE A LUST-CRAZED, PULPIT-POUNDIN' PITBULL, JIM+KEVIN GRAB YER BOOT 'N' SHAKE IT AS A WOLVERINE SHAKES A RAT IN ITS RABID JAWS, AND SWEET-SKREE-SUCCUBUS LARISSA WRINGS OUT GIANT GTR-WALLS O' SWEATIN' WET BARBWIRE! HALLELUJAH! BLESSED BE! SIN 'N' SALVATION, SEX 'N' VIOLENCE, THE SPIRITUAL 'N' THE CARNAL WRITHIN' IN A SMOKIN', BLOODY, 'N' FRIGHTENIN'LY PASSIONATE LOVE/HATE THANG... IT'S LIKE THE HOLY GHOST - YA EITHER GET IT 'R YA DON'T... WOODOO ANGEL HEAT GLORY ROCK FOR THOSE WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN HEAVEN, BUT STILL LIVE IN FEAR OF HELL.

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JOKER

LOVE'S MY ONLY CRIME! I-N-R-I-E 7 CUM 11!

LAUGHING HYENAS

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1,000 TO ONE! CRIMINAL LUST!

or "flash" or "ideology" or any o' the dozen other "hooks" more loudly touted'n'hooded combos possess...nope, alls Yo La Tengo has is mighty fine rock'n'roll that melds an adult/lyrical sensibility w/ adolescent musical fervor...'n' them's good eatin's...as exemplified by this, YLT's third lp...along w/ some fab new Yo La Tengo tunes, we get cool covers of Bob Dylan and Antietam songs, as well as a surf-n-spy rendition of their own "The Evil That Men Do"...then there's the three reasons to immediately snag this disc, three songs that highlight the sheer wonderfulness o' Yo La Tengo like a king size klieg...two of 'em, "Barnaby, Hardly Working" and "Drug Test" prove that, in the right hands, pop need not be intrinsically pap..."Barnaby..." is a lush, pretty tune, w/ Ira Kaplan's lowkey, Lou Reed-ish vox a-tuggin yer tearducts, toughened by a wailin' hypno whirlin' line o' guitar skree ebbin'n' flowin' thru'out...and "Drug Test"...lord, what a gorgeous song...no noise, just beauty'n'truth, straight from Yo La Tengo's huge, lovin' heart...power-folk strummin' behind 'im, Ira laments..."I don't wanna face that day...I wish I was high...smarter'n nobody..."...an anthem for aging bohos...exquisite, simply exquisite...hoo boy, but jus' wait 'til ya hit Side Two...it is waitin' for ya...ready to pounce, pummel, 'n' pleasure..."The Evil That Men Do (Pablo's Version)"...10:23 o' unadulterated GNOSIS VIA FEEDBACK...a live rev on the New Wave Hot Dogs track, which was a nice piece o' power-guff on its own, but no way did it prepare one for this kinda amp-wrenchin', ear-rippin' action...Georgia speed-pounds the skins in a hoodoo heat, as Ira forgets he's an adult w/ responsibilities and wallows in the biggest, deepest, sloppiest, hastiest pit o' skree he could find, wallows in it like a fever-crazed hog squealin' prophecy outta one end and blowin' scorchin' chunks o' white hot steel out the other...and ya just don't care which end is which, you open up yer gawpin' gob wide and say "mmm-MM!"...more than a mere "song", an EXPERIENCE...if ya don't believe me, get this record for yourself and see if I ain't huffin' utter gospel...Yo La Tengo...a band that can irk tuff guys and sissies alike...givin' ya a kiss on the cheek and a punch in the gut...and isn't that love?

URGE OVERKILL-Jesus Urge Superstar
(Touch and Go lp)

Man, have these guys gotten ugly in their old age...long gone is the springy tadpole made outta mercury and rusty bedsprings that bounced, twanged and muttered all over their first ep, Strange I...now Urge Overkill are a big, shamblin' bullfrog, composed o' smolderin' slag and stench-laden meat by-products, hoppin' on yer haid w/ the weight'n'force of a mud-blood-n-scraper cannonball dropped off the POT...while yer stunned, the monster frog hands you a flower, grabs yer ear, and stretches it to the size'n'circumference o' a trailer-trash satellite dish, then shoves its fat pond-slurpin' lips right down into yer precious sound-canal and bellows, a belch of truth so loud, hideous 'n' righteous that yer eardrums shatter like a cheap mirror...your helpless brain gets its first ungussied glimpse of what you've been feedin' it, and the results are inevitable..."Yerhonor,"squawks your cheapjack state-appointed defense attorney, "merely listen to these song titles, and you will understand why my client is innocent by reason of insanity!"...w/ the clumsy flourish of a ham actor, your shyster holds up Exhibit X (a copy of Jesus Urge Superstar) and reads..."God Flinstone'..Very Sad Trousers'..The Polaroid Doll'..Crown of Laffs'..and,"the mouthpiece intones w/ his very best Orson-Welles-at-the-bar voice, "the ultimate crime against society, the clump of noise called 'Dubble Dead'! Yerhonor, so convinced I am of the relentless, satanic mind-bending, morals-destroying nature of this record that I personally cannot allow it to be played, even as part of my client's defense! Simply mull over the worlds of evil implied by the titles of these so-called 'tunes', and I am confident that you will reach the wisest conclusion regarding the fate of my client!"...yep, you'll be free as a bird...and yer first act as a born-again citizen?"...Uh...you got the latest, uh, Urge Overkill album?"

HONOR ROLE-Rictus
(Homestead lp)

Homestead honcho Cosloy described this of angst-ridden youngsters as "a cross between the Fall and Die Kreuzen"...yeah, but my fellow radio personality Heather the K threw the name "Flipper"

around in her review of this lp, so howzabout "a hoedown w/ Flipper and savage Republic" for a make?...or "Rifle Sport smochin' on Scrawl"...anyway, since those names prob'ly mean dick to you, the average Cure/REM/Suicidal Tendencies fan, I'll be a tad more specific...Honor Rolr tend to twang where others may roar, skitter rather than gallop, yelp instead o' yell, lotsa strummin', hippity-hoppity beats, semi-strangled vox, a somewhat Arabic feel, especially on the quicker tunes, such as the happenin' "Listening to Sally"...it's the longer, slower ones that make yer cortex cough up the Flipper'n'Nice Strong Arm refs, like the pieces that end both sides, each made of two songs melded, via direct segue, into one...my fave is "Swing It/Skippy", which starts off ass a nice bit of mesmero-stagger w/ cool lost-in-a-box-canyon vox, before slowin' a bit into a lightly grindin' thang in which the lost guy suddenly finds himself locked up in a metal footlocker...altho' the other closer, "Break the Ice", is worthy of mention...not only is it a nice, lovely tune in'n of itself, it features use of that Most Dreaded o' Instruments, the flute, which usually sucks the testosterone outta any hunk o' music in which it damnably appears...but in this case, its implementation is not only tolerable, but actually quite pleasing...and, goddam, that oughtta be acoupla "Hey!"s from ya, right?...Rictus could have a touch more oomph by my lights, but, all in all, it's an A-OK wad o' vinyl. Yup

HAPPY FLOWERS -OOF
(Homestead lp)

I dunno, I thought recountin' a bad experience from my childhood would be the most, uh, clever approach to this review, but I can't recall anything but the most vague (and, to be candid, unexcitin') memories re: prepubescence fled for safety into the dimmest recesses o' my subconscious...guess that's why I adore Happy Flowers, because they reassure me that adolescence was such an abysmal swim in Gehenna that most o' my memories re: prepubescence fled for safety into the dimmest recesses o' my subconscious...guess that's why I adore Happy Flowers, because they reassure me that, yes, kidhood was, in its own way, just as much a living

hell as teenhood...that delicate duo, Mr. Anus and Mr. Horribly-Charred-Infant, return w/ their third lp (not counting the recent Making the Bunny Pay, which was a comp of their first two classic eps), and, of course, it is a total scream...of laughter or lamentation depends on the listener...the usual rantin' skreefests, like wunderbar "Unhappy Meal" ("I don't wanna Happy Meal!/I wanna UNhappy Meal!/I don't wanna toy!/I want a WEAPON!"), along w/ an increasing number o' more straightforwardly ROCKIN' tunes (which means there's actual CHORDS involved...not a lot of 'em, mindja, just enough t'make ya jump up'n'toot "Hey! That's a frippin' CHORD in that thar Happy Flowers composition! Hot Dang!"), such as the way rad'n'shreddin' "BB Gun" (also the single from the album, which you should get for one of the B-sides, the hilarious "Jimmmy Got a Haircut")...but I don't think we hafta worry 'bout these fine gents turnin' into Van Halen or nothin'...good thing, as it would be a great loss to our nation to lose these nihilist Beverly Clearys to the Star Machine...ever wondrous, may Happy Flowers carry on, squishin'n'squeezin' screamin' poetry from the mundane stuff o' everyday childhood trauma...like the time back when we still lived across from the drive-in movie, and my dad decided to set up a stand o' beehives...so we went to his folks place outside o' Pineville, where he copped some of Papaw's excess swarms, and put 'em in the trunk o' the Mercury...Of course I fell asleep on the drive back to Corbin, as I usually did...a real fuggin' deep sleep, too, as I was surprised as anybody when we got home and discovered what had happened while we were on the road...seems a whole passel o' them bees snuck outta the trunk up into the cab o' the car, and stung the livin' piss outta me while I was rompin' in Slumberland...my mom shrieked in horror, and my sister started cryin', still half-asleep...I just looked on in drowsy, stunned amazement at the mass of achin' red welts my body had become...kee-rist, no wonder I turned out like this...I...I...oh my god, it's all comin' back to me now...OH NO! I...I REMEMBER...IT'S ALL COMING BACK!

Overnight

Byl Hensley

somewhere inside the shallow cavity of the inner ear
is a path, winding through unconscious underbrush often overlooked
and seldom transversed/
few unsuspecting innocents enter, contaminating the engrams,
lunging mindlessly into unknown pleasures,
slipping naively under the influence/
then waking reality: osmotic shock...one to seven/
choose your path, the lord begs
anxiously, daedalus gazes left, but all options are left/
the choice is made
the dogmatic acquisition inevitable,
a savior embraces abraxas,
trembling in rhythmic ecstasy/
realizing your mortality, you immitate in reverence,
communion flashing in an instant of holy ecstasy/

sunrise brings reprieve, icarus/
dusk shall bring the inevitable fall,
the return to the chosen messiah/

your true path is that of the innocent sacrifice- into the night/
keeping the sabbat, we welcome all novices, welcome children
welcome to the domain of the overnight DJ/