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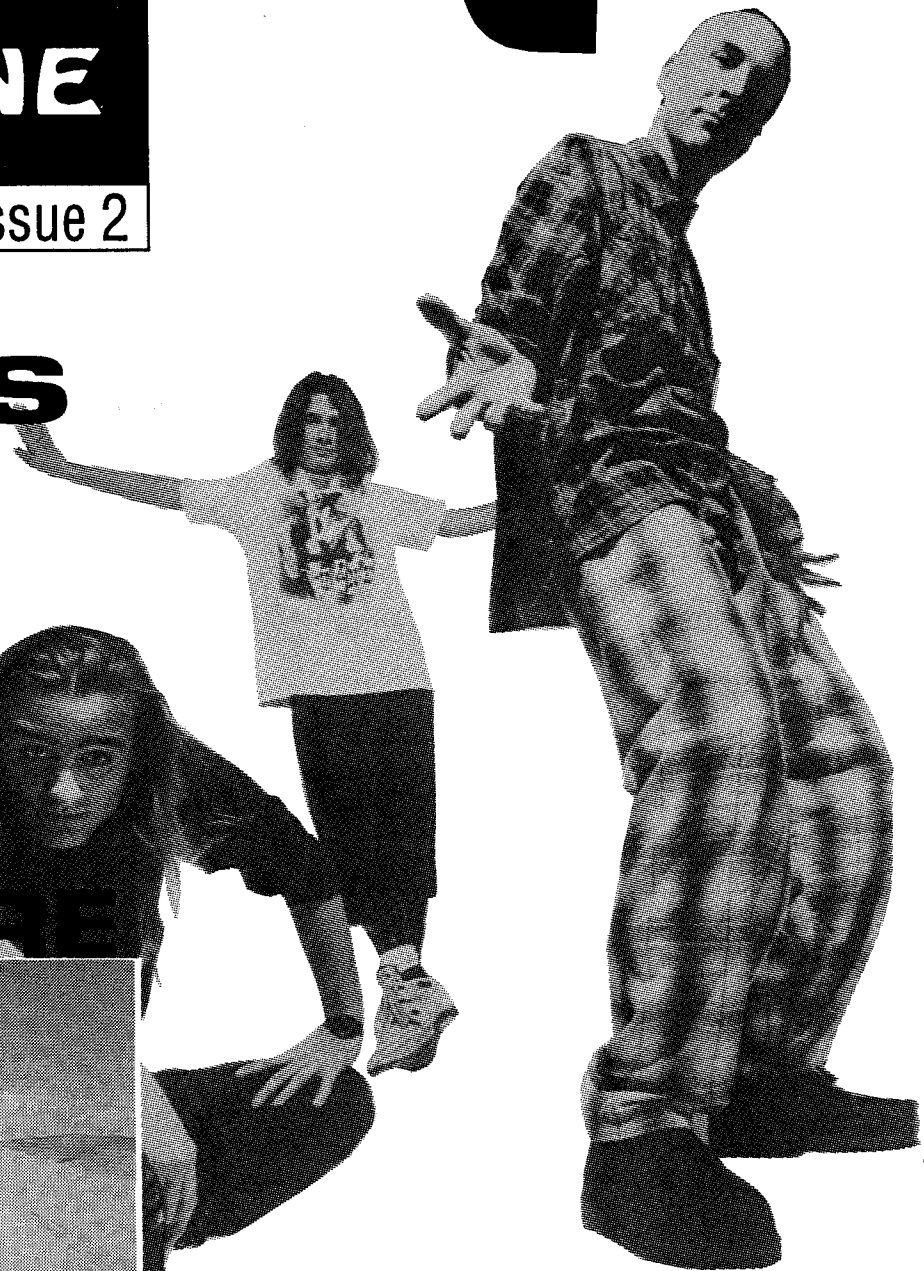
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Spring 1993

NOCTURNE

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SPRING 1993

EDITORIAL

"Cultural Schizophrenia or Integration?/Being A Rock Journalist/The Power(?) of the Press"

by Jean Picache

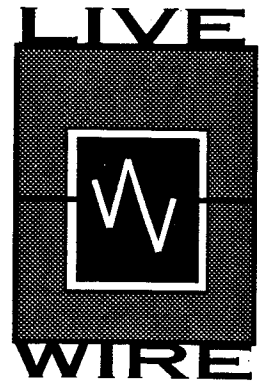
We live in schizophrenic times. The nineties will probably go down in history as the era where a veritable cultural goulash existed. Different people are displaying sharply contrasting archetypes handed down from the recent and even distant past, influencing everything from fashion, music and dance to lifestyles in general. The punk/new wave Eighties, the disco Seventies, the hippie Sixties, the beatnik Fifties, etc., ad nauseum. In a way, it's liberating to know that individuality and the freedom to choose whatever personality one prefers is a very available option but the result is that people are just floating along on past nostalgia... lost and without a common identity... and segregated and isolated from other people living different realities.

On a more positive note... there's strong evidence contrary to the generalization I just postulated. I'm sure everyone's noticed the proliferation of the "grunge" fashion. Although, some critics despise the fact that the underground, for-practicalities-sake, thrift-store look has hit the mainstream, this has actually ushered in the homogenization of fashion. You can behold people from the techno/rave, hip-hop/rap black, hard rock/heavy metal/alternative, latin/hispanic dance, even the gay and lesbian scene attired in this very natural, carefree, comfortable, androgynous, youthful, mix and match, amalgamation of old and new styles, however you want to look look. Isn't it great that most of society is now clothed similarly? That people can't be classified, labeled and segregated from each other?

As I stated earlier, I perceive a certain irony in today's cultural climate. I don't claim to be a social historian, I'm a journalist, so you can derive your own conclusions from my layman's observations.

Which brings me to the latest criticism I heard recently about me not being in the "scene" and how I can be an effective rock magazine publisher/editor if I don't go out more. I try to take everything I hear with a grain of salt, whether it be criticism or praise but for some reason, this really upset me for a while. Considering that only several issues ago, diametrically opposed to this new claim, I addressed the issue about being labeled a "groupie". There just isn't pleasing everyone, is there?!? Well, it is true that I don't go club-hopping as much as I used to but after two years or so of being called a "permanent fixture" at the STONE, the Real Rock, the Terminator and various other clubs, who wouldn't get burnt out on the same routine? Besides, there hasn't been anything exciting going on. I can count with one hand the local bands worth seeing nowadays and you can only see them so much, you know. Also, I have learned that it is wiser to keep a low profile. I hate nothing more than discussing business when I'm supposed to be out relaxing and having fun (other than the discreet exchanging of cards to pursue further discussion). Most important transactions occur behind the scenes anyway. In addition, I have a network of people I rely on who have their hands on the pulse of the local, national and international scene and who have different musical tastes and opinions. Thus, I believe, that I have a better overview of the whole music scene which is more important and appropriate for the tasks I am constantly dealing with.

On a related subject matter, I went to the BMMIES in March and had to contend with the roundabout I am usually faced with when taking pictures, covering a show or trying to get an interview. To add insult to injury, with due respect to the organizers, us photographers were cooped up in a pen outside of the backstage area along with the garbage! No fooling! I have learned the bitter fact that the Press are treated like a necessary evil. It just boggles my mind trying to comprehend why this is so since the Press usually has a major hand in making or breaking artists/bands. It is not just organizers/promoters who treat the press with neglect bordering on condescension. I have encountered security, publicists, tour managers, ticket booth attendants, etc. who have the same lamentable attitudes. To be sure, I have worked with a lot of people in the industry who are very friendly and obliging but it just makes the bad experiences stand out even more in my mind. I am also a very tolerant and patient person but being stonewalled all the time is not one of my favorite activities. I know of a lot of other journalists who have complained along the same vein. Tickets and passes are never on time and sometimes are not there, waiting hours on end to get an interview, security or band affiliates not even knowing when, where or what press people are supposed to be able to do or not do. The list goes on. And I don't think it's a matter of being with a smaller publication or not... that shouldn't matter in any case since any publicity, as I have been known to say, is good publicity. The Press is a vital cog in the music industry wheel and it's just a matter of better coordination/communication, the exercise of common courtesy and mutual respect for everyone in the industry. The latter two suggestions apply even to the music listening public. There have been several documented cases of security people abusing their authority and hurting concertgoers and rowdy audience members injuring performers and wreaking havoc at show venues. Everyone please remember... we're all in this together!



Extreme/Saigon Kick

The Warfield, SF
2/28/93



EXTREMELY TALENTED! EXTREMELY ENTERTAINING! EXTREMELY INCREDIBLE SHOW! That's right, if you missed Extreme and Saigon Kick at the Warfield you missed a great concert!

Saigon Kick (a Florida based band) got the show rolling with a barrage of original material. They wrapped up their set with an extraordinary finale of a remake of David Bowie's 'Major Tom'. Their unique, edgy sound was reason enough to get their early and see what these guys were all about.

When Extreme hit the stage the crowd went wild! Blowing everyone away with the energy emanating from the stage, you could tell they were ready to bring the roof down.

Gary Cherone, decked out and running around like a dancin' fool, got the crowd into the mood of the music. Nuno Bettencourt was in fine form keeping the audience in awe with his effortless playing and incredible sound. The Extreme rhythm team Pat Badger and Paul Geary shook the Warfield with a 9.5 on the rockin' Richter scale.

The place was rocking and just when we thought we'd heard Extreme at their best the show climaxed with the incorporation of a four piece horn section. That was the touch of class and creativity which pushed the show over the edge!

The crowd feeding off the energy of the band and vice versa ensured everyone that they'll be back. Extreme will be turning up the heat later this summer as they blaze through the Bay Area and Southern California.

by Samantha de Young

House of Pain/ Rage Against the Machine/Wool

The Warfield, SF
4/14/93

by Marie Martinez

In the interest of expanding my musical horizons, I agreed to check out this sold out show with its mixed lineup of up-and-coming bands. This show also seemed to be the perfect opportunity to venture into the realm of rap. I have already heard the opening band Wool's latest CD, who are more in the alternative vein, and I was familiar with Rage Against the Machine whose style is a melange of the two genres. Hard core rappers House of Pain was the only unknown entity and so I didn't think the night would be too straining an experience. Or so I thought.

Wool started things off a bit disappointingly. The Warfield was already almost packed but the crowd just stood there watching as if in a trance. I guess Wool's grungepunkmetal music isn't the usual fare for the mostly high school (or so they seemed) assemblage. I have never seen so many people in flannels, baggy jeans and baseball caps in my life (and all the

guys had short hair too)! I felt as alienated as the band which was too bad because I liked their songs and the fact that bassist Al Bloch and guitarist Franz Stahl shared the lead singing duties with frontman Peter Stahl. Peter, whose looks and movements reminded me of that bald guy from Midnight Oil (I'll probably remember his name after this gets published, of course), was a little annoying though and the band as a whole didn't sound too tight. The highlight of Wool's set was the anthemic S.O.S. which was my favorite from their album as well.



Rage Against the Machine, on the other hand, seemed to have broken the spell that the audience was under and plunged into total anarchy. Vocalist Zack de la Rocha actually

(con't p. 18)

"Born to a Different Faith"

by Christina Pirozzi

*"He was a big
pain in the butt.
He couldn't sing.
And he had a
bad attitude."*

PARENTS CRINGE WHEN THEY SEND THEIR CHILDREN OFF TO SAN FRANCISCO. "DON'T JOIN A CRAZY CULT!" THEY WARN. SORRY MOM BUT BE HAPPY FOR ME. TODAY I'VE BEEN BORN INTO THE GREATEST FAITH OF THEM ALL - FAITH NO MORE.

THEIR SPELL IS BLINDING - HYPNOTIC KEYBOARDS (RODDY BOTTUM), BRAIN SCRAMBLING GUITAR (JIM MARTIN), FEROCIOUS DRUMS (MIKE BORDIN) AND THERE'S THAT GURU. HE GOES BY SEVERAL ALIASES (VLAD DRAC IS HIS DARKEST). HOWEVER, MOST BROTHERS JUST CALL HIM PATTON.

THEY'VE GOT ME HOOKED ON THEIR LATEST PLOY - A RELEASE CALLED ANGEL DUST. MY DEVOTION WAS NOT AS STRONG PRIOR TO INTERVIEWING FNM BASSIST BILL GOULD. FOR SOME REASON HE SUGGESTED WE DO LUNCH.

IT WAS THEN THAT THE BRAIN-WASHING TOOK PLACE.

WE BEGAN OUR CHAT WITH TALK OF THE OMINOUS GUNS & ROSES TOUR. BILL WAS QUITE FREE WITH HIS OPINIONS CONCERNING A CERTAIN W. AXI ROSE BUT WHEN THE RECORDER WAS TURNED ON, BILL'S DEVILISH HUMOR WITH THE ACCOMPANYING GRIN TOOK OVER. "WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH REALLY TO SAY ABOUT IT (GRINNING). LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE," SAID GOULD. MORE ON THAT SUBJECT LATER, THEN.

THE GROUP'S LATEST OFFERING, THE MAXI-SINGLE "SONGS TO MAKE LOVE TO", IS SENDING WAVES THROUGH THE CHARTS AND RADIO STATIONS

ALIKE. FNM HAS LONG SINCE BEEN NOTED FOR THEIR UNCANNY COVERS, FROM THE NESTLE ALPINE THEME TO VAN HALEN'S "JUMP." "SONGS TO MAKE LOVE TO" OFFERS LISTENERS A TASTY VERSION OF THE DEAD KENNEDY'S "LET'S LYNCH THE LANDLORD" (PREVIOUSLY RELEASED ON ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES VIRUS 100) AND THE COMMODORES "EASY." "EASY" AND ITS ACCOMPANYING VIDEO TOUTING THE TRANSVESTITE TREND THAT IS GARNISHING THE GROUP THE MOST ATTENTION. PATTON'S VOICE HAS NEVER BEEN SO SOULFUL AND CONTROLLED. MUST BE DUE TO THAT NOTORIOUS CAFFEINE ADDICTION.

ANGEL DUST PROVED TO BE THE "JOKES ON YOU" ALBUM OF 1992. AS BOTH THEIR RECORD LABEL (WARNER/REPRISE) AND FANS SALIVATED FOR THE NEXT REAL THING, THE HERETICS OF ROCK HIT WITH A MUSICAL SUCKER PUNCH. THEY'RE STILL NOT METAL, DEFINITELY NOT FUNK, AND NEVER POP BUT CRITICS CONTINUE TO TAG FNM WITH THESE MORONIC LABELS.

AFTER A CRASH COURSE WITH A PUBESCENT, SLIGHTLY FRIGHTENED LEAD SINGER, THE GROUP HAS FINALLY FOUND ITS NICHE, WELL AT PRESENT, ANYWAY. ANGEL DUST IS FNM'S GREATEST COLLECTIVE WORK. "WE ARE" AS HAPPY AS THE LAST ONE BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. THE LAST ONE WE WERE BUMS AND WE KNEW WE COULD MAKE A RECORD THAT WAS AS GOOD AS ANYTHING. WHEN WE FIRST FINISHED RECORDING IT WE WERE EXCITED

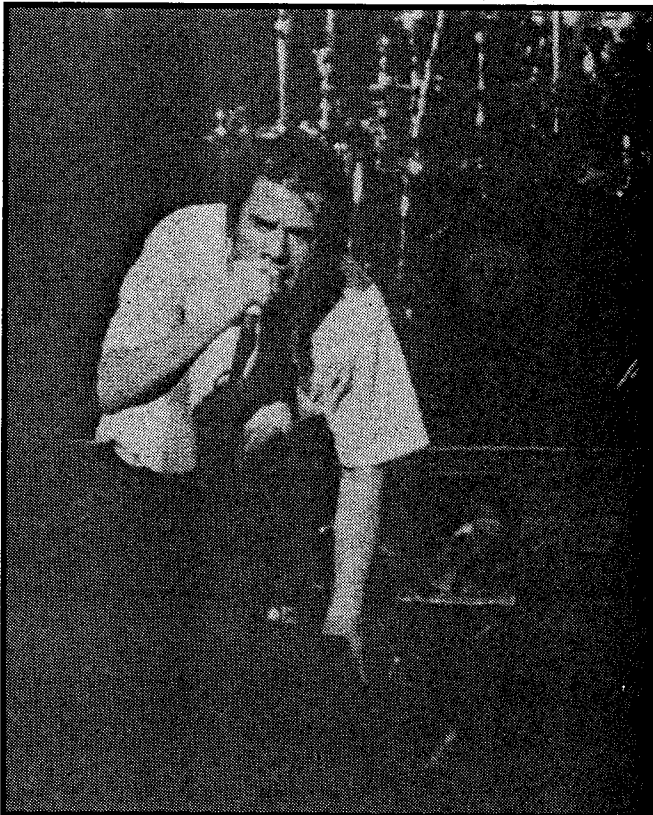


photo: Christina Pirozzi

BECAUSE WE HAD A RECORD THAT WAS AS GOOD AS ANYTHING WE HEARD. WE KNEW THAT WE COULD DO ANYTHING THAT WE WANTED BUT THIS TIME WE THINK WE DID SOMETHING THAT WAS ACTUALLY COOL" SAID GOULD.

ANGEL DUST WAS A CHANCY CRAPSHOOT FOR THE GROUP. THIS IS NOT AN EASY LISTENING ALBUM. FNM HAS ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN FOR PROUDLY PUSHING THE WALLS OF MUSICAL CONFORMITY. "A LOT OF PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE IT AT FIRST. IT'S BOUND TO BE EXPECTED BUT I THINK IT'S BETTER IN THE LONG RUN AS A RECORD. I THINK THERE'S A LOT MORE THOUGHT PUT INTO THIS ONE" ADMITS GOULD.

WHEN ADAMANT FOLLOWERS OF THE BASS CONVERSE, GOULD'S NAME OFTEN ARISES. GOULD, HOWEVER, ISN'T IMPRESSED BY TODAY'S MOVEMENT TOWARDS HIGHLIGHTING BASS. "I LIKE BASS PLAYERS AND HOW THEY FIT INTO THE CONTEXT OF A SONG BUT SOMETIMES IF YOU HIGHLIGHT THAT AS AN INSTRUMENT, I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT SO MUCH. THEN YOU HAVE SOMEONE LIKE FLEA FROM THE CHILI PEPPERS. HE PLAYS GREAT BUT THE GUITAR CAN DO NOTHING BUT RHYTHM THE WHOLE TIME."

GOULD COULD LIVE WITHOUT PERSONAL NOTORIETY. "I DON'T CARE ABOUT BEING IN THE SPOTLIGHT. I CARE ABOUT SOME OF MY IDEAS BEING IN THE SPOTLIGHT. I SEE MAKING MUSIC AS MORE OF AN OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF CERTAIN SITUATIONS AS OPPOSED TO, 'I'M A MUSICIAN PLAYING IN FRONT OF PEOPLE.'"

TO TELL THE TRUTH, GOULD WAS HARD PRESSED FOR AN ANSWER AS TO WHY HE CHOSE THE BASS. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR CHILDHOOD BEST FRIEND PLAYS THE PIANO AND YOUR MOM IS DRIVING YOU TO THOSE BASS LESSONS? "EVERYBODY I KNEW, KNEW HOW TO PLAY GUITAR AND DRUMS BUT NOBODY KNEW HOW TO PLAY BASS AND I WANTED TO BE IN A BAND SO I FIGURED IF I TOOK THAT UP, I'D GET IN QUICKER."

JOURNALISTS HAVE BEEN SCRAMBLING TO FIND THE SCOOP, OR SHALL WE SAY "POOP SCOOP", ON THE EVER CHANGING VOICE OF MIKE PATTON. AND COULD IT BE THAT HIS VOICE HAS CHANGED NOT BECAUSE OF ARTISTIC GROWTH BUT ACTUAL HORMONES? RECALL THAT PATTON WAS MID-WAY THROUGH COLLEGE WHEN HE WAS PLUCKED FROM HIS SAFE HAVEN OF EUREKA, CALIFORNIA.

FNM ATTAINED A MR. BUNGLE (PATTON'S SUCCESSFUL SIDE BAND) DEMO TAPE WHEN THE GROUP PLAYED IN THE YOUNGSTER'S HOMETOWN. THEY WERE THEN UNAWARE THAT FRONTMAN CHUCK MOSELY WOULD BE GETTING THE HEAVE-HO. "WELL, WE DID KNOW BUT WE DIDN'T WANT TO ADMIT IT" JOKED GOULD.

PATTON TRIED OUT FOR FNM AS A LARK. "HE'S THE FIRST GUY THAT TRIED OUT. THE OTHER GUYS WERE HUGELY DIFFERENT. HE REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO JOIN THE BAND" REVEALED GOULD. AND NO WONDER PATTON WAS FRIGHTENED. NOT ONLY WERE THE OTHER MEMBERS FIVE YEARS HIS SENIOR, BUT HE HAD NEVER SO MUCH AS STEPPED FOOT IN A BAR. "NOW HE'S MORE ROADWORN THAN ANY OF US. BUT AT THE TIME HE WAS SCARED AS HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN. IT TOOK ABOUT A YEAR OR SO BUT HE GOT OVER IT" LAUGHED GOULD. CHALK THAT UP TO BOTH SIDES GIVING EACH OTHER A MUTUAL GOING OVER. "HE WORKED US OVER. (BILL TAKES A SIP OF WATER) WE WORKED EACH OTHER OVER."

PATTON IS CERTAINLY THE CHARACTER THAT ONLOOKERS WHISPER TO THEMSELVES BACKSTAGE. "WHY, BECAUSE HE'S LIKE A LIVE WIRE?" QUESTIONED GOULD. WELL, ONE COULD SAY THAT. IT'S NOT EVERY SINGER THAT REQUESTS AUDIENCES TO THROW THEIR SOILED UNDERWEAR ON STAGE OR DRINKS LARGE VOLUMES OF HIS OWN URINE ALL WITHOUT MISSING A NOTE. "HE Poured A BOTTLE OF PISS ALL OVER HIMSELF ON STAGE. THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD. I

WAS IMPRESSED. SOMETIMES I THINK MIKE'S ALL TALK BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE HE DELIVERS THE GOODS."

MUCH OF PATTON'S ON-STAGE ANTICS STEM FROM HIS FETISH-FILLED GROUP MR. BUNGLE. HIS RECENT FNM VOCAL STYLINGS ARE ALSO REMINISCENT OF THE CARNAL CARNIVAL. "MAYBE HE GOT IT OUT OF HIS SYSTEM SO HE COULD PUT MORE CONCENTRATION INTO THIS. I THINK IF WE DIDN'T LET HIM DO MR. BUNGLE, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT DOING THIS RECORD BECAUSE HE'D BE THINKING ABOUT AN OUTLET HE DIDN'T HAVE."

WE MAY NOT HAVE HEARD THE END OF THE MASTURBATORY MUSIC, THOUGH. SERIOUS BUNGLE FANATICS TRADE UNDERGROUND DEMOS LIKE CRACK AND ARE DESPERATELY AWAITING THE GROUP'S SOPHOMORE EFFORT.

BUT DON'T BE FOOLED, GOULD IS JUST AS DEVILISH AS THE GROUP'S VOCALIST. GOULD'S OWN FETISH OF CRANK CALLING HAS BEEN Outed BY WRITERS EVERYWHERE. "I HAD ALL THESE CELEBRITY PHONE NUMBERS. I WOULD GO TO RECORD COMPANIES AND LOOK IN THE ROLODEXES WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING. WHEN WE WERE RECORDING IN THE STUDIO, I GOT JANET JACKSON'S CAR PHONE. I GOT THE WHITE HOUSE INSIDE LINE. THEN SOMEONE STOLE MY PHONE BOOK WHICH IS TOO BAD."

AND DID GOULD EVER REVEAL HIMSELF TO THE INNOCENT VICTIMS? "HELL NO! I WOULDN'T LET THEM KNOW WHO I WAS. I CALL THEM UP AT FOUR IN THE MORNING" GOULD WAS RELUCTANT TO GO ON. "NOW I'M SETTING MYSELF UP BECAUSE HALF THIS TOWN HAS MY PHONE NUMBER. (QUICKLY) I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THESE THINGS" LAUGHED GOULD.

GOULD IS MORE THAN HUMBLE WHEN HE REFLECTED ON THE EARLY INCARNATION OF FNM. "WE WERE HORRIBLE. IF YOU WANT, I COULD SHOW YOU VIDEO TAPES. YOU'D LAUGH. BUT WE THOUGHT WE WERE GREAT. WE HAD A HARD TIME GETTING SHOWS AROUND HERE BECAUSE WE WERE KIND OF DIFFERENT THAN A LOT OF PEOPLE. WE WEREN'T REALLY MUCH OF ANYTHING. WE WEREN'T SO MUCH PUT DOWN BY ANYBODY. WE WERE JUST KIND OF IGNORED" CONFESSED GOULD.

OF COURSE, THOSE WERE THE DAYS WHEN CROSS DRESSING CHUCK MOSELY PROVIDED VOCALS. "HE WASN'T REALLY A CROSS



