

# DOCTRINE

MAGAZINE

Volume III Issue 2

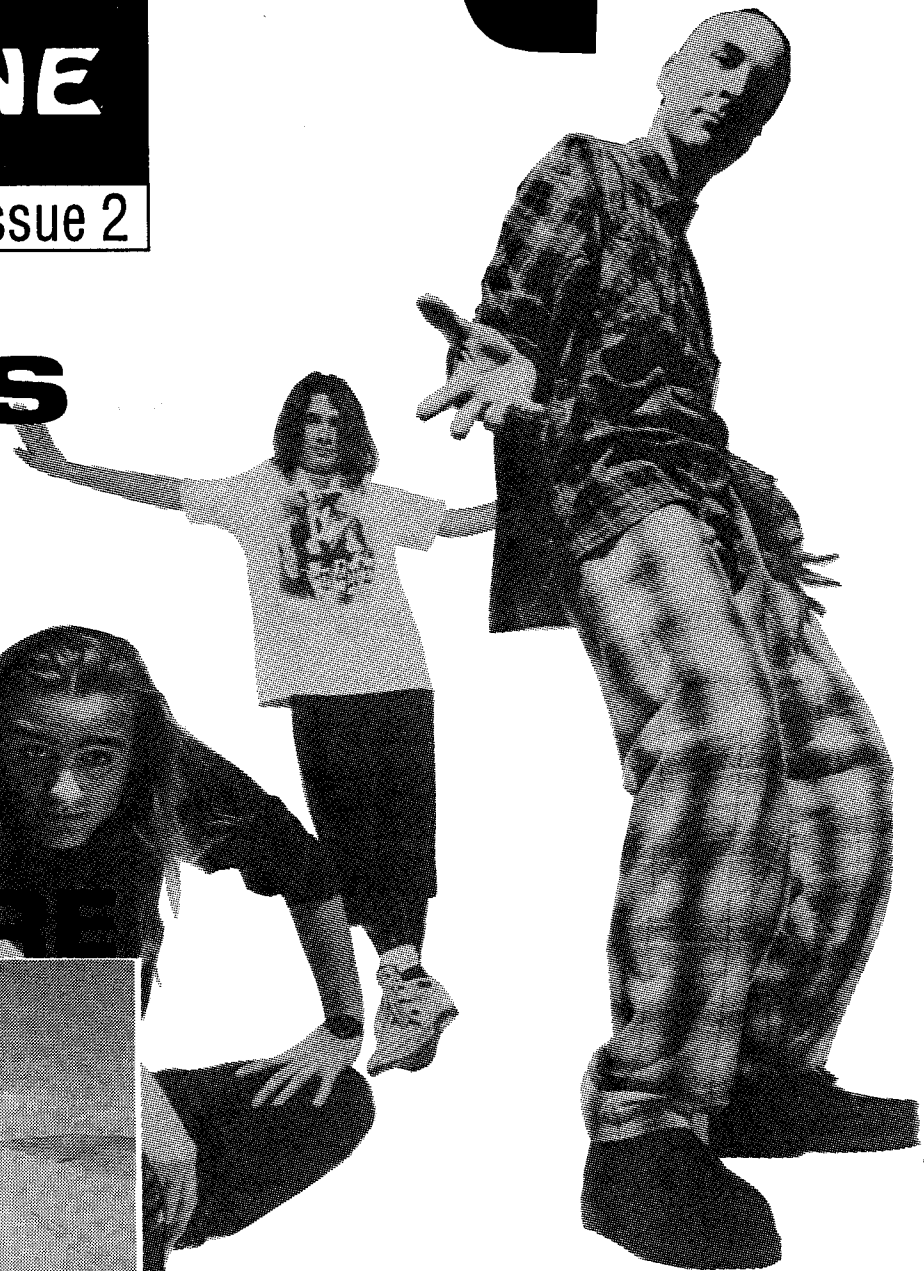
**Primus**

**PETER CRISS**

**JACKYL**

**FAITH**

**No More**



Spring 1993

# NOCTURNE

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Volume III, Issue 2  
SPRING 1993

## EDITORIAL

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

by Jean Picache

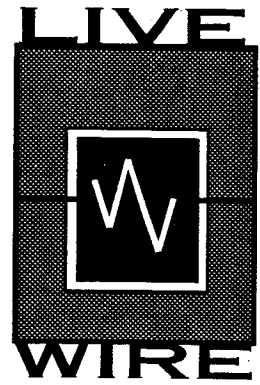
We live in schizophrenic times. The nineties will probably go down in history as the era where a veritable cultural goulash existed. Different people are displaying sharply contrasting archetypes handed down from the recent and even distant past, influencing everything from fashion, music and dance to 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 BAMMIES 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

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*"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

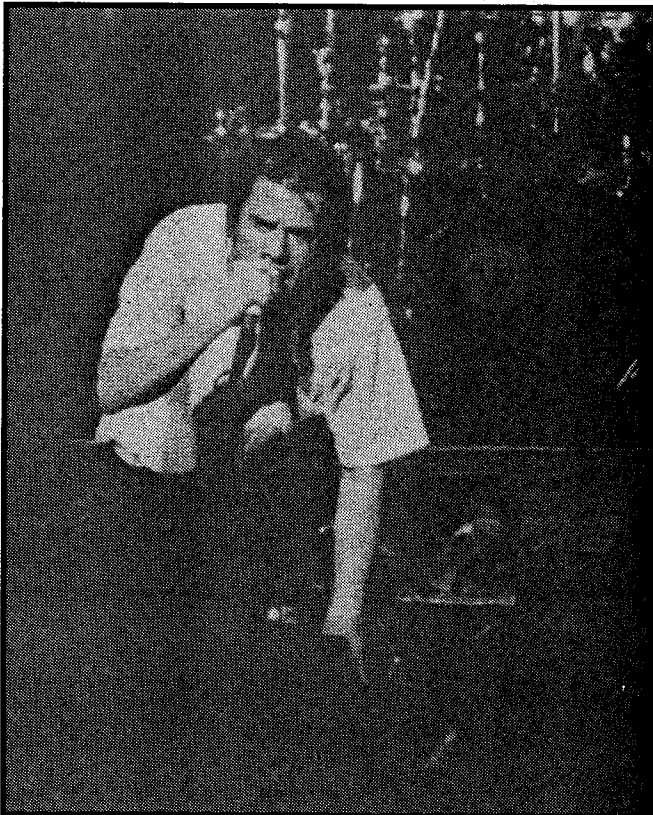


photo: Christina Pirozzi

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



DRESSER. HE JUST LIKED TO THINK HE WAS" SAID GOULD. AND WHY WAS CHUCK GIVEN HIS PAPERS? "HE WAS A BIG PAIN IN THE BUTT. HE COULDN'T SING. AND HE HAD A BAD ATTITUDE. PUT THOSE TWO THINGS TOGETHER... AND HE WAS LAZY, YEAH, AND HE WAS STUPID." TOUGH CRITICISM FROM THE MAN WHO WAS NOT ONLY CHUCK'S BEST FRIEND BUT BROUGHT HIM INTO THE BAND, AS WELL.

JUST THEN OUR LOVELY HOSTESS SERVED LUNCH. I BELIEVE I HAD A BITE OF SALAD AMID CHUNKS OF GOSSIP. IT APPEARED AS IF THE MEAL HAD CALMED BILL'S NERVES AND HE WAS READY TO DISH THE HARD STUFF-ON RECORD THIS TIME.

TALK IMMEDIATELY TURNED TO THE INFAMOUS GUNS N' ROSES TOUR. GOULD IS QUICK TO ADMIT THAT FOR THE MONTHS THAT HE TOURED WITH THE VOLATILE GROUP, HE BARELY CAUGHT THEIR SET. "I'VE SEEN ONE SONG AT A TIME AND I'D HAVE TO WALK AWAY. OUR WHOLE BAND'S SEEN MAYBE ONE, TWO SONGS MAX. (GOULD TRIED TO HOLD BACK THE LAUGHTER) SOMEONE TOLD ME THEY HAD CAMERAS ON HIM (AXI) WHEN HE WAS DOING HIS PIANO SOLO AND HE HAD ONE FINGER ON ONE KEY AND TWO ON ANOTHER AND THE CAMERA'S DOWN SO YOU CAN SEE HIS FINGERS LIKE THIS. (BILL DEMONSTRATES ON THE TABLE) IT'S LIKE CHOPSTICKS." NO ONE EVER ACCUSED ROSE OF BEING LIBERACE. "(READY TO EXPLODE) YEAH, I HEARD HE HAS TO HAVE A GRAND PIANO IN EVERY ROOM OF THE HOTEL." TO PRACTICE CHOPSTICKS? "OR IN CASE HE EVER GETS INSPIRED. I HATE TO THINK WHAT IT TAKES TO GET A GRAND PIANO UP THERE. I REALLY CAN'T SAY ABOUT THE REST OF THE BAND BUT HE STRIKES ME AS OVER THE TOP EXTRAVAGANT. SOMETIMES THAT INTERESTS PEOPLE. MAYBE LED ZEPPELIN DID IT? MAYBE THE ROLLING STONES DID IT? MAYBE NO ONE WAS THAT DUMB TO WASTE THAT MUCH MONEY."

AFTER A HUMOROUS DIGRESSION ON WHY BILL GETS CHIDED BY HIS BAND FOR LIKING PEARL JAM TO HIS REMEDY FOR BEING OUT OF SHAPE ON TOUR - "I GOT DRUNK. I JUST HAD TO," BILL REVEALED A LITTLE



UNKNOWN FACT. NOT ONLY DID FNM HAVE A CROSS DRESSING SINGER AT ONE TIME, BUT PUNK PRINCESS COURTNEY LOVE OF HOLE ALSO FRONTED THE GROUP. "SHE'S (LOVE) PROBABLY HOPING THAT HE'LL (HUSBAND CURT KOBAIN OF NIRVANA) O.D. SO THAT WAY SHE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING. SHE WONT HAVE TO FIGHT OVER IT AND SHE CAN SAY SHE WAS MARRIED TO A LEGEND. SHE USED TO SING FOR US, YOU KNOW. SHE ONLY SANG FOR TWO OR THREE SHOWS FOR OBVIOUS REASONS. MISERABLE...MISERABLE."

AFTER ANOTHER DIGRESSION, I WAS CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE GOULD RESIDENCE. BILL PROMISED TO SHOW THE SECRET FNM EARLY YEARS TAPES. CLIPS APPEAR IN THE GROUP'S NEWEST HOME VIDEO "VIDEO CROISSANT". THE COURTNEY LOVE FOOTAGE WAS BEING HIDDEN BY "PUFFY" (DRUMMER MIKE BORDIN) SO I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THAT ONE.

UPON ENTERING BILL'S HOUSE, I WAS INUNDATED WITH FNM PUBLIC ACCESS FOOTAGE AND OLD PHOTO ALBUMS. AS MY FINAL INITIATION, WE FORWARDED TO THE THEN UNEDITED VIDEOS FROM ANGEL DUST. IT WAS LIKE WATCHING HOME MOVIES OF THE KIDS GROWING UP. I FELT LIKE THE PROUD PARENT. AND AS A PARENT, I BECAME EDGY EACH TIME THE PHONE RINGS. "SO WHERE'S MY CRANK CALL, BILL?"



## TOP TWENTY PLAYLIST

KUSF "Rampage Radio"  
90.3 FM

Saturday Night 2 - 8 AM  
(Sunday Morning)  
With DJ Ron Quintana

1. Dwarves
2. Primus
3. Green Jello
4. Osgood Slaughter
5. Embryo Killers
6. Fuzztones
7. S.O.D.
8. Beastie Boys
9. L7
10. Thin Lizzy Live (1983)
11. Painkiller (John Zorn's)
12. Helmet
13. Praxis
14. Butthole Surfers
15. Cannibal Corpse
16. Brady Bunch, Best of
17. White Zombie
18. Lawnmower Death
19. Infectious Grooves
20. Tool



# SOUNDING BOARD

by Eric Kauschen

**B**EFORE I GET STARTED I'D LIKE TO THANK TERRY FOR OFFERING ME THIS COLUMN A WEEK BEFORE THE DEADLINE (BOY DO I LOVE DEADLINES), ACE FOR HELPING IN A TIME OF CRISIS (SURE YOU JUST WANTED TO REVIEW MINDZONE TO HELP ME OUT... SEE THE LAST REVIEW), AND LASTLY JEAN FOR PUTTING UP WITH MY INCESSANT PHONE CALLS. OKAY, DEMO REVIEWS. IF YOUR BAND HAS A DEMO (PREFERABLY NOT A TAPE YOU MADE IN YOUR GARAGE LAST NIGHT) AND YOU'D LIKE IT REVIEWED SENT IT TO: ERIC KAUSCHEN C/O METAL PALACE, 20 COLLEGE TERRACE, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94112-1117. I CAN'T GUARANTEE THAT EVERY TAPE WILL BE REVIEWED, BUT I WILL TRY MY BEST. REMEMBER ALL TAPES SUBMITTED BECOME PROPERTY OF...WELL, ME. I CAN'T RETURN TAPES SUBMITTED FOR REVIEW. IF YOU CAN INCLUDE SOME INFORMATION ON YOUR BAND IT WOULD HELP IMMENSELY (PROMO KITS GLADLY ACCEPTED). ENOUGH OF ME, ON TO THE TAPES:

## ABANDON BLUE

The last time I saw Abandon Blue was about two years ago. Back then they were a tight unit that suffered from a lack of focus in their songwriting. They didn't have two songs that were the same style musically. Since then the band has gotten even tighter and now has become focused on a single musical style. The band has settled into a cool mix of blues and funk reminiscent of Robin Trower or Carlos Santana. The band is actually so tight that there isn't any one member that stands out. The rhythm section of Dave Madole on drums and Troy Anthony on Bass is perfectly in sync and keeps the beat moving. Andy Wayne's guitar work is so good that if I didn't know better I'd think was listening to a Trower or Santana album. Mike Ortiz's vocals cut through the mix while retaining their "airy" quality. My favorite track on the four song 1993 pre-release "Said the Sun" demo (pre-release of what?) is the title track "Said the Sun". It's definitely their strongest tune and gets the tape off to a good start.

Okay, now that you're waiting for the other shoe to drop. Here it is. What I don't like about the demo: The four songs are so muddy that it sounds as if they were recorded in a vat of chocolate pudding (hmm...interesting concept). This tape would sound really good if a little more care was put into the production and packaging. Other than that it may be nit-picking, but the last song "For you I do" sounds just a little too much like Queen's "Crazy little thing called love" or Van Halen's "Ice Cream Man" and overall, the music sounds like it's about 15-20 years too late. If you like music from the 1973-76 era similar to old Santana and Trower you love this tape. The keyword of course being, old. Hell with everyone wearing bell-bottoms and platforms again this might actually take off. Contact Information: (415) 759-8730.

## ONE EYED JACKS

There are two ways I like to judge a tape, if it makes it into my car stereo on a regular basis (where I tend to spend a lot of time) and if the music causes you to make a stupid face and play air guitar. OEJ's have done both. A way cool funky, SF grunge sound that has been playing on my car's stereo since I got the tape. The band reminded me a little of Pearl Jam at first, but after listening to it a couple more times (while making stupid faces and playing air guitar in my car) I realized there's much more to the band than my first

comparison led me to believe. I call them SF grunge simply because there's a certain feeling in their music that can only be described as SF sounding. I can't really break it down into specifics, it just sounds like it comes from San Francisco.

The tape was actually a 1992 release and isn't a true reflection of the band's current sound (a new tape should be available by the end of summer). The production is great with a definite in-your-face feel that lets you hear everything that's happening. OEJ's consists of Scott Brandon (Vocals), Dave Marriott (Guitar), Steve "Garg" Gargaro (Bass), and Tony Ross (drums). This is an extremely tight band that I would be very surprised if they haven't received major label interest by the end of 1993. The tape's opening song, "Fat Tuesday" is most representative of their current sound with a cool upbeat angry sound. "Highway 10 Blues" is a funky blues tune that has a little Stevie Ray Vaughn influence to it. "Midnight Sun" is my personal pick off the tape. It had me driving the downside of Twin Peaks with the stereo cranked only to realize I was doing 60 because I paying more attention to the music than my driving. I'm not sure if this tape is still available, but if you can find a copy of it get it. Contact Information: (415) 255-0875.

## MINDZONE

by Edward Annesse

Music To Mangle Your Mind is the new demo/EP from San Francisco's newest boulder-crushing band: Mindzone. It features five ear-splitting tracks: "No Limit", a song about not letting anything stand in the way, and featuring background vocals from Lemmy (MOTOR HEAD) Kilmeister-who contributes "The Reading", the spoken word intro to the epic "Fighter's Fear", a tale about the horrors of war. "Stolen People" is a thought-provocative look at the plight of the homeless on the streets of our urban metropolis, and "Ultimate Crime" rounds out this blistering set of hard'n'heavy but unforgettable tunes. For those who love it loud, but are not afraid to allow their minds to be twisted by a healthy dose of reality. Anyone brave enough to check it out, Music To Mangle Your Mind is available at Roughtrade and Reckless Records on Haight Street in freindly San Francisco. Management: Ray Etzler?BGM (415) 541-4900





## BOMB BABY'S

*by Sona Yazejian*

Out of the North Bay comes a band that happens to be the opposite of what they call themselves. They're not babies and no, they didn't (and will not) bomb out.

Bomb Baby's is Vernon Beebe-vocals, Kevin Murnin-guitar (formerly with the X-Men), Duke Schneider-guitar and Ross Murakami-drums (formerly with SLAM!). Being together for only two years, they have a lot to offer the Bay Area's rock scene. This talented group of guys have come from all ends of the world (England and Hawaii just to name a few). Vernon's vocal lines are not easily tagged at all. He had me sitting there with my face scrunched up and a desperate ear trying to figure out who he sounds like. To complement Vernon's energy, Kevin produces some great licks and a "juicy tone" that you can sink your teeth into. Between Duke and Ross... well, these guys are not "one-thump" men. Lots of versatility is in store for the audience.

Bomb Baby's will be playing the Bay Area clubs and the like sometime in May and throughout the Summer as well. They will be releasing another demo by the beginning of Summer.

If you're ready for a new kind of sound... get out of your pullups and mommy... wow, it's the Bomb Baby's!!!

Contact: Duke and Kevin (415) 459-6565

323 D Street, #B, San Rafael, CA 94901

# BAY



## THE GUILTY

*by Sona Yazejian*

A hung jury? No... they are definitely THE GUILTY! This quintet consists of Lance Boone-vocals, Marc Blackmer and Andy James-guitars, Brandon Zich-bass and Tas-drums.

Roughly together for seven months, they have created quite a following of dedicated fans playing clubs such as Mayday Malones and Niles Station and soon to be playing the Cactus Club, they're making their way around the Bay.

The guilty is a "really straightforward, bottom-of-the-line rock and roll band" explains Blackmer. Their influences range from Hendrix, Aerosmith, Humble Pie, Otis Redding and yes... the king of rock and roll, Elvis! They also have a three-song demo that is currently being circulated and you can pick one up at one of their shows for a mere three bucks. Guilty will be re-entering the studio mid-June to release yet another demo (T-shirts and bumper stickers will also be available). Now it's up to you to decide... are these boys innocent or are they guilty!

Contact: The Guilty (510) 806-8487

P.O. Box 3192, San Ramon, CA 94583

# AREA





## POISON WHISKEY

*by Sona Yazejian*

Together for over 4 years, Poison Whiskey is stepping back into the scene... new and improved. This Southern Blues rock band is a three-piece consisting of frontman and guitarist Lenny Garcia, bassist JD Morgan and drummer Richard Johnson. Influenced heavily by the blues, Poison Whiskey has also been touched by the all-time greats of Jimmy Page, BB King, the Allman Brothers and Bonham. They have played clubs throughout all of California.

Poison Whiskey has just re-released their demo in the earlier part of this year and are ready to go back into the studio and record a new demo to be released in May. So grab your spurs and your bottle of Jack, sit right down and enjoy a shot of Poison Whiskey!

Contact: Renegade Productions (415) 474-2263

988 Market St., #800D, San Francisco, CA 94102



## CHERRI BAY

*by Cristina Pirrozzi*

Cherri Bay is a four piece hard rock band hailing from Tucson, Arizona. With dreams of California in their heads and the dust barely off their boots, the group (consisting of vocalist Michael St. Germain, drummer Rig Valentin, guitarist Al Schweich and bassist Darren "Bones" Shannon) relocated to the rich musical bed of the South Bay.

After relinquishing their successful Arizona following, Cherri Bay rebuilt a new foundation of devoted fans. For the past two years, Cherri Bay has elevated themselves from openers in the small club scene to headliners for a larger circuit of venues including: One Step Beyond, the Stone and the Omni/Subculture. The group has been given the opportunity to perform with many national acts including Ugly Kid Joe, Kik Tracee, Forbidden and Asphalt Ballet as well.

Cherri Bay's highest draw to date (over 700 in attendance) coincided with the group's '92 demo release at One Step Beyond. This constant attendance success is due to the band's full scale promotion and their hands on communication with fans and friends throughout the area. 1993 will be another productive year for Cherri Bay. With the start of the new year comes a hard as nails demo. The group's latest recorded effort has captured all the raw intensity of this unique band.

Contact: Cherri Bay (408) 262-5754

2203 Old Piedmont Rd., San Jose, CA 95132

# NEWSMAKERS

*Primus*

To

describe Primus' music as bizarre is an understatement. In fact, it is so outlandish that I turned a deaf ear to it even though I've only heard mere snippets of the band's tunes here and there for the past two or so years. But, being a fervent advocate of the local scene, I compelled myself to investigate this much-lauded and celebrated oddity marring the Bay Area music landscape. Thus, I popped the advance cassette of their latest release, "Pork Soda" into my tape deck and braced myself. "Pork Soda" was not so much a sonic experience as a vehicle for letting loose the reigns of one's imagination. I felt like Alice being plunged into the phantasmagorical imbroglio of Wonderland. Left in a pleasant daze and more curious about Primus than before, I found myself in the heart of the Mission district where I caught up with the antithetical personification of the White Rabbit. He goes by the name of "Ler" (guitarist Larry Lalonde), he arrived early, attired in a Dead shirt, and is the most easy-going and amiable fellow I've encountered in a long time. He helped me in slightly unravelling the enigma that is Primus.

First, he explained what the term "Pork Soda" means and he also shed some light on their tentative plan of publishing a comic book based on the Pork Soda concept. "Les (vocalist and bassist Les Claypool, as if you didn't know) is the only one who knows for sure what Pork Soda really means but basically it is a

# Jean in Primusland

by Jean D'Amico

time when people want to be fat instead of skinny. Pork Soda is what everyone is drinking. The comic book is an idea that Les had and has sort of worked on but it probably won't be for a while. He draws a lot but he'll probably have someone else draw it."

Then, he informed me of their upcoming new single and video. "Sunday (April 4), they (MTV) are going to play the new video for the first time. This one has some Pork Soda things to it. The song "My Name is Mud" is basically about a guy who kills another guy for stepping on his shoes." Need I ask who came up with this idea?

Ler also revealed a little about their recording process. "All the albums have pretty much been live in the studio. This one (was recorded) in our rehearsal studio in San Rafael. It's the Grateful Dead's sound company. (It's) a warehouse that we practice in so we set up a bunch of gear and recorded. It was pretty mellow because it's not like you're in a studio paying for time so if you don't really feel like playing, you don't have to worry about it."

More details followed regarding their recent globetrotting experiences. "We've been touring for the last year and a half. We had time off when we recorded and stuff. The last tour was with U2.

That tour was cool. It was in football stadiums. The first gig was Giants Stadium." He goes on to say that they also opened for a lot of other renowned bands such as Jane's Addiction, Public Enemy, Fishbone and Rush. "I really don't have a favorite band to tour with. Everyone's been super cool." What kind of response did Primus receive being the opening band? "You can't tell when there is that many people. You just look around and see a lot of people coming in. I'm sure a lot of people were going 'what the hell is this?' Any headlining stints? "We did a tour with Tad and that's about it as far as headlining. When you're headlining,

people are coming to see you and you can play longer. When you're playing with someone else, they are there to see the other band and you are turning them on to your band. It's fun to play the big venues but for us it's definitely more our thing to play the Warfield or something like that." Well, they'll have to learn to endure headlining bigger shows as they have been confirmed to play the last slot on the Lollapalooza bill this Summer.

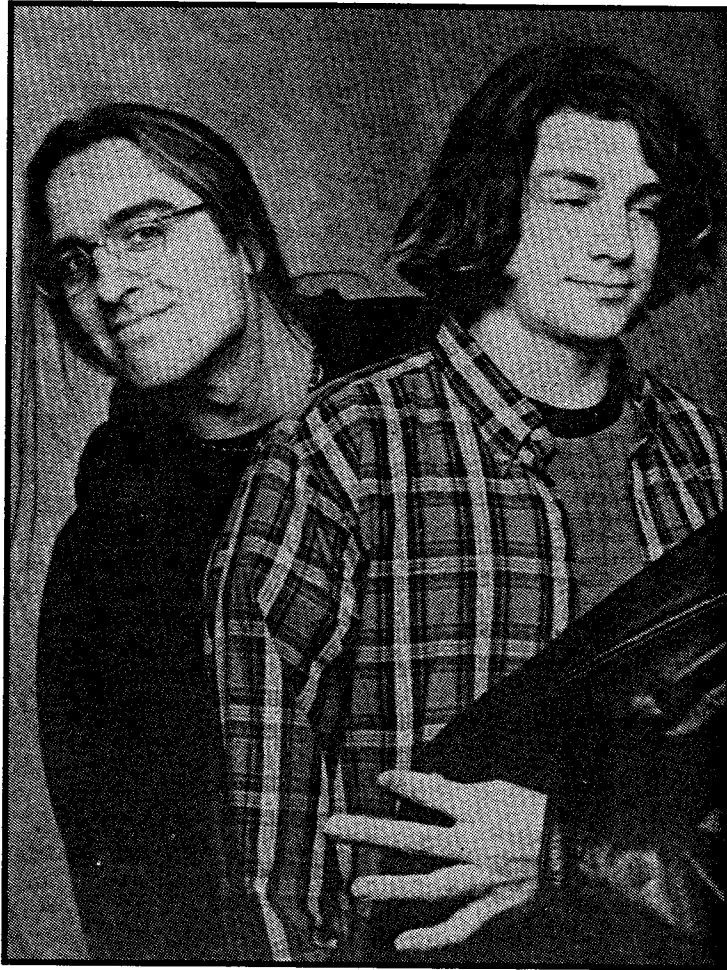
Prior research disclosed that Les believes "Pork Soda" is more representative of Ler and Herb (drummer Tim Alexander). Ler agrees, "the other albums have been songs from a long time ago when there were other people in the band. This one is all stuff that we'd all written together. We just went in

there and tried to have fun and recorded stuff we liked. We never really went 'okay we've got to make sure this is a big selling record' or something like that. We never thought that that one (their 1991 Interscope debut "Sailing the Seas of Cheese") would go gold. When that one came out we were like 'let's see how this does'."

I also learned that Ler was previously in the influential Bay Area thrash band Possessed and was a pupil of Joe Satriani (who hasn't studied with this guy?). I thus quizzed him on how he feels about being in a more bass and percussion-oriented band like Primus compared to his past endeavors

where the guitar was the more prominent instrument. "It's (Possessed's style) like full-on death metal. It was really noisy. This way I can be either in the background or wherever I wanna be really. And being only three in the band, you can fill up space without stepping on toes." I ventured on to inquire how the band members relate considering their varied musical backgrounds and the fact that Les usually gamers most of the media and the public's attention. "Most of it is from just playing with each other... just jamming. There's some things that we all listen to and there's a lot of things that each guy listens to

(cont p. 18)



**PRIMUS**

# The BAY

by Samantha de Young

general), these raucous debutantes of rock with an attitude handed down from the devil himself have cornered the market on obnoxiousness (for now). Try telling Jesse

James Dupree (screamer extraordinary) that he can't pull his pants down, use vulgar language, or wield a chain saw in front of a live audience and he'll probably tell you to "Jackyl off!" This no holds barred approach to their music has earned them a contract with Geffen Records and a touring jaunt with Ted Nugent and those Damn Yankees.

It was 11:30 a.m. central mountain time when I made contact with Mr. Dupree. He was obviously awakened by the call, his scratchy voice was the tell tale sign of a rough trip through the Rockies the day before.

I asked Jesse how the tour was going with Damn Yankees and if he and the boys were missing the "Peach State" they call home. "Nope, we're not missing home and the tour is going great. Jack Blades and Tommy Shaw are real nice guys. I used to see Ted when I was growing up too so it's a real rush to be touring with these guys."

Jackyl emerged in 1991 and after only a few months together they were showcasing up and down the east coast. Jackyl's record deal with Geffen occurred much like the tornados that occasionally rip through their home state. "We had a lot of people in the

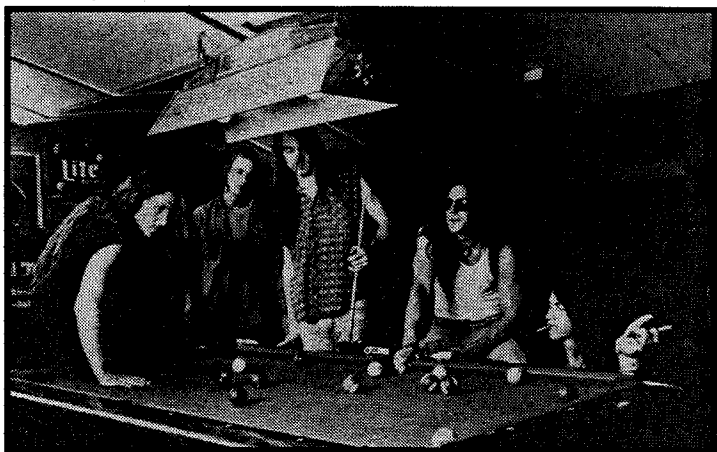
industry who knew about us, we had a good idea of who we wanted to be with so we sent word to John Kalodner and he came to see us and signed us on the spot."

As I zipped through my list of questions for Jesse I was anxious to find out how the chain saw buzzed it's way into Jackyl's instrumental lineup. "We had one (chain saw) there one night and we'd been jammin', playin' the blues and it just happened... what a more definitive instrument for rock and roll." (I don't know if a chain saw is the missing link in rock but it sure makes a hell of a traveling companion!)

Jackyl has created quite a stir in the past few months with their "little too revealing" stage antics. Jesse has had a few run-ins with the law due to indecent exposure and he was even joined one evening with his touring companion Ted Nugent after Ted's display of marksmanship with a flaming arrow.

After a close listen to Jackyl's lyrics I was curious to find out where they get their material from. "We used to listen to bands like ZZ Top and Ted when he was touring.. and then all our branched off influences, anyone from Hank Jr. to Sly and the Family Stone. Our lyrics are partly our lives and partly how people perceive us."

Touring has come as second nature for Jackyl and they intend to continue gallivanting across the U.S. after wrapping up the tour with Damn Yankees. And when they've had their fill of life on the road Jesse says they'll be back in the studio to work on the material they've accumulated away from home.



# Jackyl

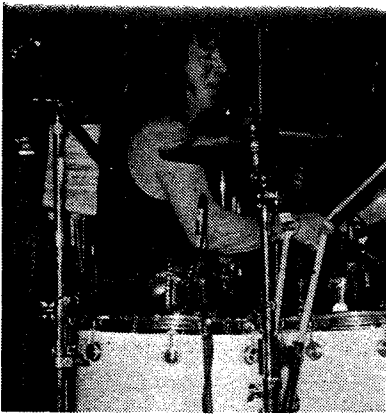
## BEYOND THE BAY:

I must admit that I pre-judged this group so much to the extent that I had developed a grudge toward them due to their juvenile and degrading lyrics. As I listened further I realized that I was overlooking something. This backwoods bad mouthed group of southern hay riders can really bust a groove!

Jackyl's lyrics are sorely lacking, their musical talent is nothing extra special, but if the groove doesn't get your hips to grindin' and your toes a tappin' you must be dead! Hailing from all points south (but Atlanta in



Photo: Tim Healy



# PETER CRISS

by Tim Healy

Watch out! Back on the prowl after a lengthy hiatus, Peter Criss returns with a band sounding freshly raw while emitting heavy a rock & roll rhythm.

On the verge of a comeback (for Peter) as the band hits the road for scattered shows about the states, finishing touches on Criss's 4 track EP on CATMAN RECORDS are being made.

After departing KISS, Peter's musical projects were numerous, but fell short of Peter's expectations only to leave him back at the starting point again.

After numerous hardships, finally CRISS was formed. Though initial response was good, it was only until after Ray Carrion (vocals) was ousted from the lineup that the band's sound was "right".

Guitarist Mike Stone took on the additional task of vocals to give Criss the heavy sound it has today. Adding to that sound on lead guitar is Loud. Being the newest member of CRISS, Loud's ripping leads have a slight hint of an A. Frehley influence but with a style not to be matched.

The first member recruited (by Peter) for CRISS thundered around with his bass as if he were a lion in a cage and wanted out. Mark Montague's bass playing ability "smothers" the bass guitarists that Peter's been with previously, so says the catman!

Free from alcohol and drug abuse, Peter's now healthier than he's been in years! Finally content with CRISS's lineup and sound, Peter explains the philosophy that the band bases itself on.

"It's like a rock. If you keep chipping away at it, sooner or later its gonna break. We had the same philosophy in KISS. No matter what people said about us or the makeup, we said screw you, this is who we are and what we believe in. Finally it worked, and it's the same in this band. Every day there is something new someone is doing for this band. As long as we keep on goin we'll be fine!"

Recently playing two shows in the bay area (The Stone March 27th and One Step Beyond March 28th) and taking all who were there by complete surprise, CRISS first rocked the crowd blistering into Nothing To Lose. A new harder Blue Moon Over Brooklyn precluded The Cat's Got 9 Lives, a song Mike, Mark, and Loud wrote for Peter.

Peter's drum solo was THRILLING! Like rapid machine gun fire laid out in a steady burst of rhythmical beats with all the grace and style of the early days, plus the crashing sounds typical of Peters drumming when KISS were at their pinnacle! Now this was the best Peter's played in years. Though the nights activities after the show have slowed down considerably for the catman. "I don't hang out anymore. After the show I go to the hotel and go to sleep, otherwise



I'm tired the next night! The whole band hyped and couldn't have been more hospitable. They are very friendly to talk to and coincidentally there's no egos here!

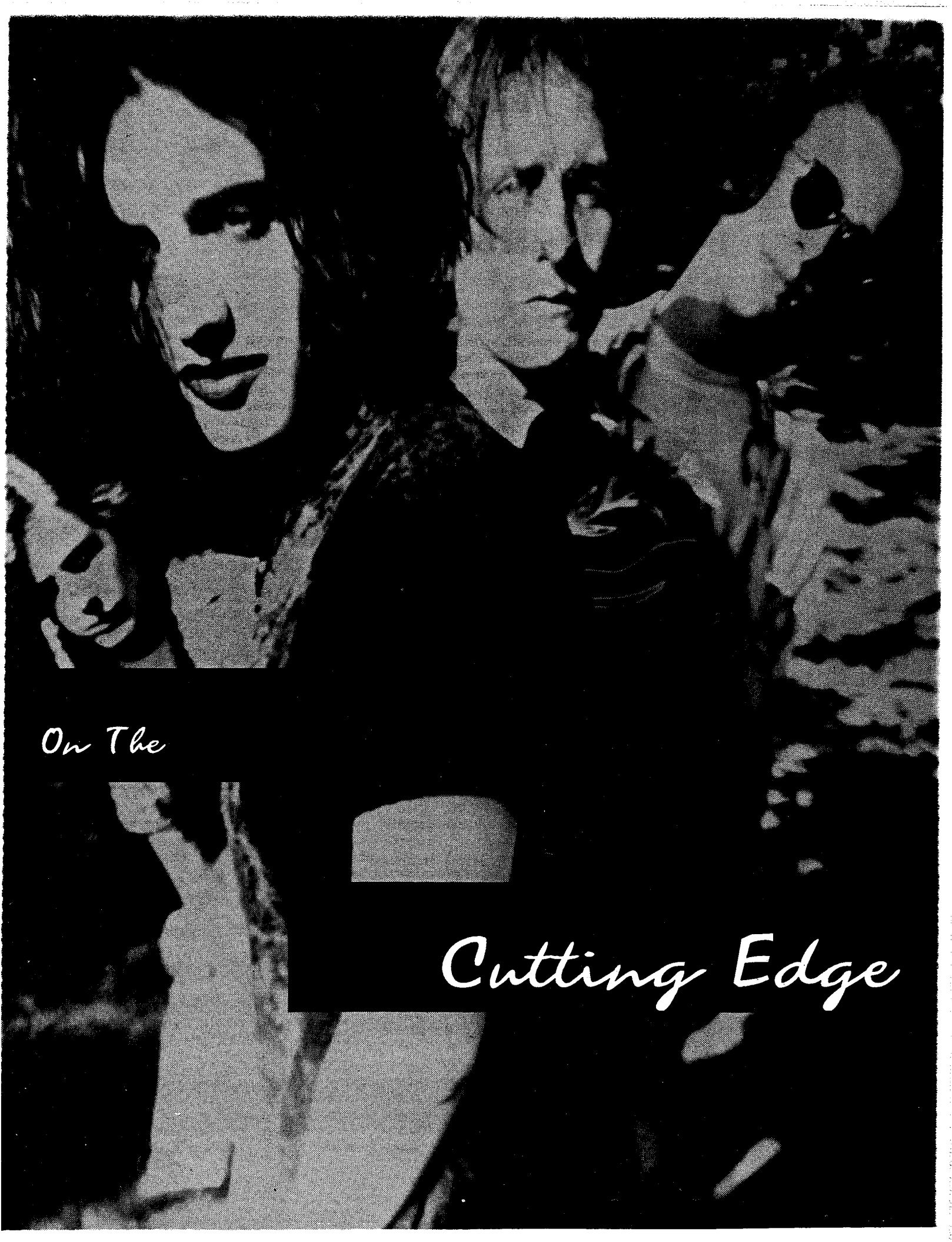
Though unknown to some people, CRISS seem confident on

achieving their goal. Through their original style playing CRISS

songs and a few KISS songs, there is only one way to go and that's up!

"There is nothing standing in the way of me and my babies," Peter says. It seems this is the stable lineup Peter's wanted for so long and after seeing and hearing what CRISS have to offer it's evident the band is a solid as a rock! Rocks start rollin' and suddenly there's one thing left to do, SCREAM AVALANCHE!





*On The*

*Cutting Edge*

Bugs,  
Brady Bunch  
And a Band  
called  
**MOTH** *macabre*

Moth Macabre, the latest branch on Interscope Records' alternative tree, have made themselves at home with their self titled debut release. Already, the group (Daniel Presley-vocals/guitar, David White-drums, Tom Risse-guitar, Michelle Muldrow-bass) has been tagged by such alternative catch words as ethereal. Don't be fooled! The Moth sound is no stream of hazy melodies that sends you straight to the Ortho for a nap.

Moth Macabre's aural offering is far more aggressive. Songs like "Two Days" will have the listener assuming the band is alterna-beach music. The Beach Boys have a bonfire with Sonic Youth, if you will. The group then plays the grand prank by throwing the in-your-face tunes "Pale" (an ode to movie villains) and "Glass Eye" (a little ditty on self-mutilation).

It was a dream that sent Daniel to Minneapolis following high school. Why Minneapolis? Well, if one recalls correctly, there is some myth that the area is a bio-center for the world. Hence, many new agers find it appealing, as well as Tom and Rosanne Arnold, lets not forget. For Daniel, it was a dream of Prince's father, telling him to trek to the state of snow and the purple one. "I have these weird dreams sometimes. And I listen to my dreams a lot. Which is kind of stupid but I do. I sort of get subconscious advice."

Muldrow and Presley met in Minneapolis to form an early incarnation of Moth Macabre. They found solace in a scene that bred the likes of Husker Du, Soul Asylum, and the Replacements. "Aaand Prince" added Muldrow. "Although everyone has seen Prince. I never ran into him. He (Daniel) poked him in the back!" laughed Muldrow. "I said, 'I don't know but this guy's standing in my way' and his bodyguard just goes (Daniel gives his best burly bodyguard impression). If there hadn't been that bodyguard, I would have taken him DOWN"

boasted Presley.

But the good 'ol Midwest winters froze the musical inspiration and it was time to head to the hills. Muldrow and Presley discovered their Utopia in the Bay Area. Maybe San Francisco is the center of the musical universe?

Previously, the duo made simple guitar-bass demos. A friend of Presley's forwarded the tapes to a manager (Daniel Reidy) in San Francisco. Three or four weeks later that same manager contacted the group. "It was very fated" said Muldrow.

Sometimes success stories actually do arise from the musician want ads. After placing an advertisement in BAM citing the Pixies and Breeders as influences, the tight duo of Risse and White arose. "We definitely knew that it just clicked. We started playing together, jamming, and hanging out. Hanging out actually more than music at first just to make sure that we could get along together" said Presley.

Many of the applicants were odd enough to inspire future songs. "My favorite one was, 'I can play any style, any type of music, just call me'" quipped Presley. And did he call him? "I just figured anybody THAT good didn't want to be in this band" said Presley somberly. Let's just hope the

poor fellow isn't waiting patiently by the phone right now.

These Java junkies bonded almost immediately. In fact, it was over their addiction, at a hip Laundromat-cafe that our meeting took place. Members would take inter-

vals re-fixing themselves with caffeine. "I need more coffee. I've had like one cup of coffee and I'm not quite articulate yet" said Presley.

Coffee drinking is not the only unique aspect of this band. As a devout follower of the bass, one would be remiss not to mention the little lady who wields four strings as hard

by Christina Pirozzi

as any male counterpart. Perhaps women have the instinct that captures the bass soul. Muldrow offers her own diverse styling to the motley Macabre sound. "There's something about it. Some people say it's the bio-rhythms. I think a lot of male bass players might feel insecure because they're not playing another instrument".

"Most of them start out as guitar players" joked guitarist Risse. "But most women I know that started playing bass, started playing BASS. All our favorite bands have women bass players like Sonic Youth..." added Presley. Muldrow is humbled to share the same label as bass great Les Claypool. This brings out the inferiority complex. "I shouldn't even say anything about bass because he's the bass god" laughed Muldrow. Muldrow also serves as the voice behind the baby doll back-ups. Her sweet monotone refrains balance the tympanum tearing screams of Presley.

Moth Macabre's artistic process is a virtual democracy. "It's more like a pool of rough sketches and everybody is like, 'That works. That doesn't work'" said Risse.

Much of the music stems from good 'ol every day experiences. "We were in a restaurant once and this guy had a dog in a bag. So we're in the process of writing something about that... He would take food off the plate and feed it to the dog" said Presley. Now that never happens in Minneapolis.

"The weather keeps you underground. There aren't so many clubs to play" said Muldrow. "Every band is vying to play three clubs. You may play out once every two months. Whereas here (San Francisco), you can play out every week if you want to" added Presley. Moth Macabre did their share of warehouse and keg parties in order to get the group's name out.

Reaffirming to the band that they are now indeed major label artists, sent shivers up their spines. The group were together as today's unit only months before signing. "Interscope is good because we don't feel like we're on a major label. They don't get into our face. We got to pick our video director. They let ME produce the record of all people" laughed Presley.

It's amazing that the group even got signed after their slightly jinxed showcase to Interscope. "I broke a string and we can't afford back-up guitars so we were kinda fucked" said Presley. Daniel was then unplugged as Tom crossed the stage. "At least I didn't get electrocuted" said Presley.

Not like that has never occurred at a Moth Macabre show, though. While opening for a British band, Presley had a real thrilling set when his microphone proceeded to shock him. "They fixed it to a point. For the whole show I was getting a forty volt shock. It kept me awake. It was like a little jolt of caffeine" said Presley.

Surprisingly, Moth Macabre don't have the typical sophomore album itch. "We're focusing more on playing live and playing the record that's out there. It's seems like if you start writing right away after doing your first record, your second record starts sounding like your first" said Presley.



What Moth Macabre does have is an itch to get on the road. "A lot of ideas come from when you're on the road. You start jotting down ideas and when you get off the road, it's compiling a lot of stuff" said Risse. "I just want to see the country. I love driving" said Presley enthusiastically. Now if those aren't the words of a novice touring band, what is? "I just want to be in a van with you guys" laughed Muldrow.

Each member of Moth Macabre acts as a friendly sounding board, goading another on. The group strays from what the industry would like you to believe an alternative band should not only sound but act

like, as well. Presley is anything but the moody, aloof lead singer, that fronts most progressive rock outfits. "I'm just shy. I'm not aloof."

If you're fortunate enough to see the group live, be sure to admire Daniel's Brady Bunch ware. "I so admire Bobby and Peter Brady's wardrobe. I have this whole collection." And on this day, Presley sported a smart striped terry cloth number. "This is what Peter would wear when he would play catch in the yard with Greg or maybe Mike." After the death of dad Brady, Presley dedicated the following three shows to him. "He played an architect you know?" said Presley. "All Great Architects Are Dead"... you get it?" asked Presley.

Somehow Presley has been able to tap into his valuable subconscious on various levels. Not only has Daniel used his dreams to decide band names and living arrangements, but music as well. "I always had this repeating dream of walking into a record store and I go to whatever my favorite artist is and I'd pick one of the records out of bin. I'd take it home and play it on my turn table and it would be songs that I'd never heard before that had never been recorded in real life. And then I'd wake up from this dream and write all the music down. So that would turn into different songs that we would do" said Presley.

Speaking with Moth Macabre is as soothing as listening to their music. If there is such a thing as good Karma, this band has it. The group embarks on their first tour later this spring.

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(cont) PRIMUS

that the other guys aren't into but when we play together it seems to all come together. (And) we don't care about that kind of stuff. No big egos to feed or anything."

A native of the Bay Area (Ler and Les both hail from El Sobrante), Ler shares some insights on the region's music scene. "It seems like there is always something going on. There is an audience for anything here. It can be the weirdest thing in the world and someone will come and see you." Where else could Primus have been conceived, nurtured and set free upon the unsuspecting human race?

The Primus legend began with their first album, the live "Suck on This". This was followed by the critically acclaimed "Frizzle Fry" (both distributed by Caroline Records). "Sailing the Seas of Cheese", though, proved to be their ticket into mainstream success with the hits "Jerry Was A Race Car Driver" and "Tommy the Cat". In the interim between the release of their breakthrough concoction and their latest project, they spun out a limited edition compilation of B-Sides entitled "Miscellaneous Debris" (four cover tunes that are more akin to gold nuggets than debris).

"Pork Soda" is the latest episode in the annals of Primus history. This work stretches even further the boundaries that Primus have defied time and again. They journey into previously unexplored realms with different melodic textures and a bold display of eclectic

influences. A couple of songs have very definite Middle Eastern and Asian embellishments (mostly notably Herb's solo "Wounded Knee") and a few have old country and Western flavors. Some even have a very film noir feel especially the title-track "Pork Soda" with its repetitive grinding machinery effects. Some songs oscillate between a slow legato and then spontaneously erupting into a discordant deluge of sound. Or just blissfully drifting along in a sea of sensations like the delightful "The Ol' Diamond Back Sturgeon".

Tying all these elements together are Les's dark visions and sardonic twist of humor. Him of the sinister auctioneer and/or horse race commentator voice and mindboggling bass rhythms. Also evident throughout are Herb's dreamlike cadences and Ler's guitars lacing all of their compositions in harmonious counterpoint. The album's highlight is the free-wheeling instrumental jam, "Hamburger Train", which epitomizes the band's prowess and versatility as individuals and as a formidable synergistic unit.

Back to the reality of the mundane world and exhausted after all that physical and metaphysical travelling, I dwell on all that I have just recently and thankfully discovered. I have come to the same conclusion that long-time die-hard Primus fans have known all along... "Primus sucks!" And you can be sure that I'll be regularly visiting Primusland from now on. Hope to see you there!

(cont) Live Wire

had to stop midway through their first song to calm the stagediving and violence prone mob in front of the stage. Rage proved worthy of their name as Zack segued between songs with political speeches that covered all the P.C. causes that you could think of nowadays. He quickly realized though that his long spiels were wasted on the apathetic throng. So he just ranted on about how the audience was just there to be entertained and that he hated being an entertainer. I guess Zack just likes to rage about everything and not just the establishment. As for their music, their songs were very catchy and their guitar player Tom Morello had unique and interesting effects. They were also exceptionally tight but they could lose some of that politicizing. There's a time and place for everything, I believe. And after an intolerable hour of frenzied mayhem and tedious orations, it seemed time to depart and so I did. I could go on with my life not having seen House of Pain, I rationalized. So much for expanding my horizons!

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