

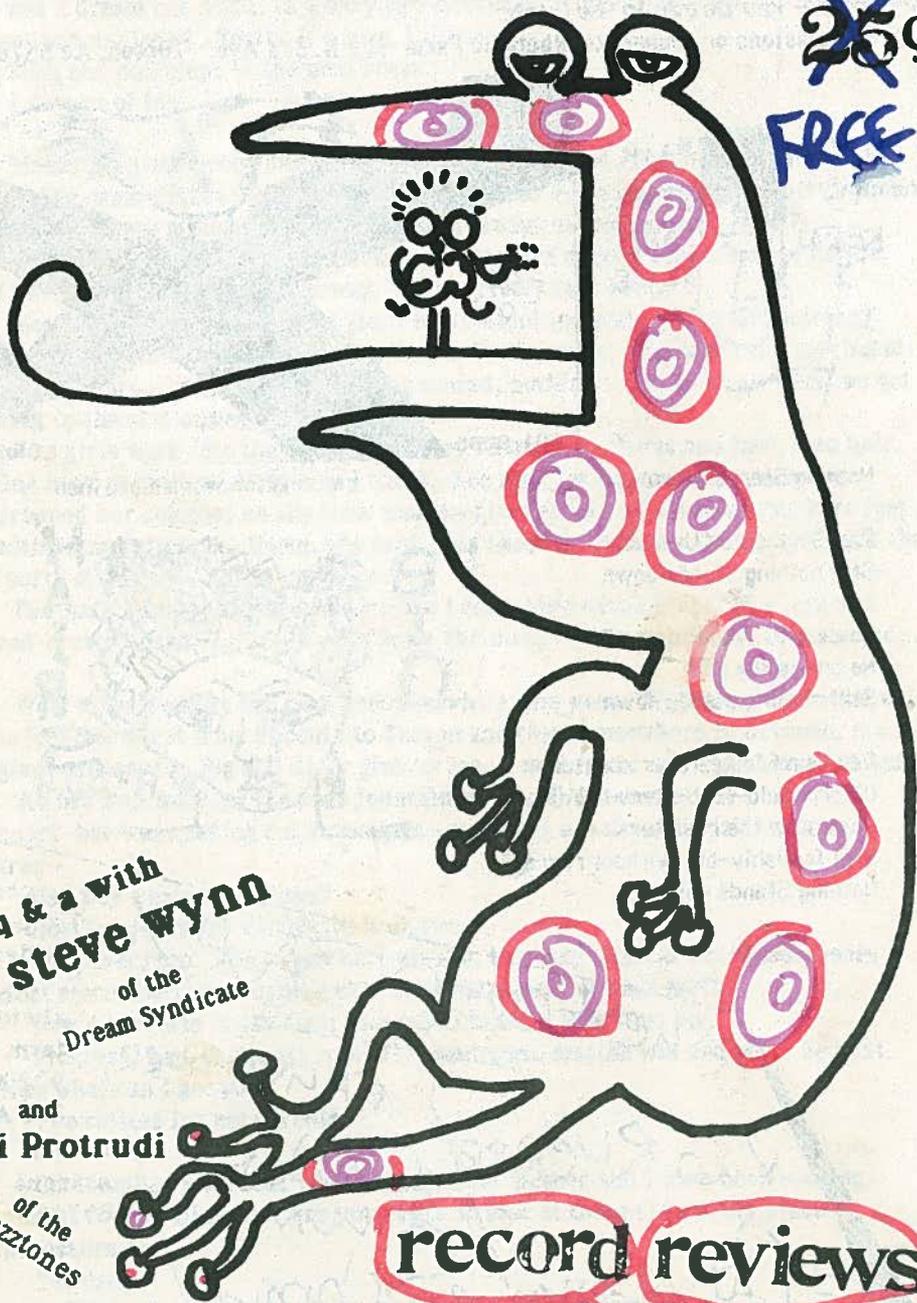
# rhetoric farm



issue 4

~~25¢~~

FREE



q & a with  
**steve wynn**  
of the  
Dream Syndicate

and  
**Rudi Protrudi**

of the  
Fuzztones

record reviews  
& more

well well this is the fourth issue and i'm still scraping for just about everything. that's the way it is, right. but i'd really appreciate some submissions from you "underground" unpublished writers who hoard your writing like some '80s Emily Dickinson. someone might as well see those poems and stories (or whatever you call them) before you die and they're pulled out of a dusty dresser in a rented room -- and thrown in the trash.

Submissions or comments: Rhetoric Farm 920 N. 3rd Ave. Tucson, Az 85705



Nothing Stands Down

Pain permeates the rock  
Still nothing stands down

No rest to the victims  
No end to the pain  
Still nothing stands down

Red pain Strikes ever constant  
(Sharp-Cold-fast-overwhelming)  
No rest to the resistors  
Still foolishly-but without regret-  
Nothing Stands down

-brown paper



clothing for women and men



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J. GRUENER/CATHY  
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## The Thing

by J. Gruener

I had a dream one night, in a hazy two-bedroom cottage hotel, that the soles of my feet had exploded. Really it's true, I think.

Mom and dad slept in the next room.

I dreamt of feet.

Mom's '76 lime-green station wagon; we roll forward. Pushing seventy, dad's driving, mom shakes and chain smokes. You see we're on a cross-country trip and enjoying every minute of it, just like you always say to parents, right?

We just got to the Triple T Truckstop. Rats live outside; cockroaches inside. Tumble weeds crowd the doorway. Truck drivers talk it up.

Mom and dad sit at a big red vinyl booth drinking stale coffee and staring through their dirty windows at the Triple T. I'm at the magazine rack looking at an "IronHorse" magazine and feeling scared, nothing to do, but wait until we get back to the stationwagon.

Two girls walk into the truck stop, they're wearing shorts and have long hair. One buys cigarettes, Newports I think. She asks for matches. The other one dropped her compact on the floor and the glass shattered covering her bare feet with clear splinters. Damn, she said, this happens to me all the time. That's the fourth mirror I've broken this week.

Bad luck I guess, but before we leave I see a bird with checkered wings and red-crested head in a trash can. Some had dumped cigarette butts over its body.

Well we've been on the road now for awhile, one week. We went, in a round way, to Mexico. First from Phoenix to Tucson and then, somewhere in between, it's giant dinosaurs. Big and dirty gray/green. I made mom and dad stop. And look.

An old man working the soda fountain at "The Dinosaurs of the Desert" snack-bar was reading e.e. cummings - watching a leaf slowly falling from a tree--

-Hey boy whata do for you?

-How long have the dinosaurs been here?

-For never, son. They been here always, but they mightas well blow way in a dust storm morrow. Nothing ever been permanent on this earth.

-How'd they die in the first place, you know, a long time ago.

-Progress, boy, that's all it is all it ever was. magine you and me'll be next.

Now what can I get you?

-Two coffees for my parents.

-Christopher what took you so long? Your mother and I have been waiting almost twenty minutes. Are you ready to look at these ridiculous plaster dinosaurs now?

-Yes dad.

And run run run to that fat grey foot. It's cold so damn cold.

Somewhere in Arizona. Cactus and prairie Dogs turn into suicidal green/brown transparencies. But wait there it is again. The same yellowed white billboard (and I know I have to see). I have to see. I take out my instamatic real quick, get a shot before we pass and hope the bugs on the side window don't get in the way. THE THING. So I ask dad because he's driving:

-Let's see THE THING it's only fifty miles from here. And we can get something to eat.

-Mother just made peanut butter sandwiches in the hotel, you wouldn't want to hurt her feelings by not eating them would you son?

So I say, no course not, but can't we go anyway? THE THING is less than fifty miles away.

Old hotel rooms and singing children crowd the stationwagon. A cross country trip seeing sights, living the traveling life. Only, mom and ad have been fighting the entire time, over hotel rooms and dank kitchenettes. So I drink beer (in my head), keeping out all the incoherent dribble and drabble from the parent's forty

year lips. Golden wedding bands the last sign of human bondage, wearing thin.

But mom says:

-OK dear we'll go see THE THING, but when we get there you have to promise to eat your sandwich before we go inside.

-Oh mother we're already three hours behind schedule. And WE don't need to satisfy Christopher's every whim.

-Honey this is a family trip and I think seeing THE THING would be very interesting, don't you Chris?

-Yes mom.

More cactus and blue skies. I drink warm Orange-ade; it's milky on top. Every once in a while I squint and peer through my camera, hoping, just maybe, that I'll see the next sign for THE THING.

After twenty minutes of scratchy out-in-the-country music playing in the radio - that glorious billboard stood at the edge of the horizon, with only 30 miles to go. I think of the girl and her broken mirror and fade into the black letters of the billboard.

I know we're getting closer but mom and dad aren't sure where we are, or why we're going.

Then I remember, we're three hours behind schedule.

*Strungout on Jargon*  
*Death of Samantha*  
*Homestead*

RECORD REVIEWS

I have been hearing a lot of good things about Death of Samantha and I'm happy to report that now I know why. Vocalist/guitarist John Petkovic has a lot to say, but is subtle in saying it. Which means you'll have to work a little to figure out this lyrical labyrinth.

4 "The banker's been sayin' you gotta work / To get outta this garbage can / But won't admit he's just a garbageman," is sung in "Coca Cola + Licorice," while the music swirls around him. In "Ham + Eggs 99c," Petkovic sings of his disgust with current world trends, never once mentioning the ham + eggs special, as far as I can tell.

I'd like to quote more lyrics here, but the lyrics are buried in the mix. What CAN be made out is pretty confusing. The music is pretty exciting, though. Really complex and stirring.

-Miles Yumyum

*Bloody Nonsense*

*Jazz Butcher*

*Big Time*

This album is difficult to listen to because it doesn't move in one solid direction. From the jazzy-pop of "Drink" to the grunge-rock of "Death Dentist," the LP never rests on a definite sound. This isn't a bad album because of this setback; on the contrary, there's something here, but it has to be deciphered first.

What are we to make of lyrics such as "Caroline Wheeler's birthday present / was made entirely from the skins of dead Jim Morrisons."? Is there a message to any of this besides "Hey, America, I slept with your wife" (as it says in the liner notes)?

Although I admire a band I can't pigeon hole, this one takes it to an extreme. I hear The Fall, the Style Council, the Cramps. . . . Intriguing, but not essential.

-Miles Yumyum

*Out My Way*

*Meat Puppets*

*SST*

Remember when you first saw the Meat Puppets? No? Well let me refresh your memory.

Bassist Chris Kirkwood writhes on the floor, guitarist Curt Kirkwood in a frenzy and drummer Derrick Brostrum looks like he'd seen it all done better. . . Remember the shock of "Meat Puppets II" when they turned thrash on its head by playing country? The "psychedelic" lyrics? And slow ballads?

"Up on the Sun's" funk-thrash turned even more heads.

But "Out My Way" delivers none of this. While still a great album, it lacks the punch of "Up on the Sun" and the humor of "II" and the surprising changes of both. They seem to know what their audience wants and aren't willing to challenge those expectations. There are no new directions here, no surprises.

They even put their best manic-thrash cover, "Good Golly Miss Molly," on the album, which will reduce it to pedestrian levels should they continue to play it live.

Not bad. Just more of the same.

-Peter Catalanotte

Stop Pretending  
Pandoras  
Rhino

Let's hear it for America's best all-female band.

Forget the Bangles, put my money on the Pandoras, another L.A. psychedelic rock group with a difference - they really are as hot as they pretend, especially if they're not pretending.

Their debut LP on Voxx records, "It's About Time" was timeless, even with the '60s posturing and garage band trappings. Paula Pierce's vocals and songwriting talents were a clear separation from the bands of their genre. "Stop Pretending" makes it all too obvious: This band is talented.

They swing easily from moody girl-ballads to driving Motown inspired compositions. And you read it her first: Paula Pierce is the heir to the "Louie Louie" throne. Every song she writes is just as classic.

Ignore the image they give (as in their interview in the July issue of Spin wherein they affirm that you can "beat off listening to (rock band) the Morlocks.")

There is a lot more to this band than paisley earrings and sex-kitten poses.

-Jane Hybrid

A Date with Elvis  
The Cramps  
New Rose

Have pity on the Cramps. After being ripped off by legions of other psycho-billy bands such as the Meteors and Guana Batz, they had no choice but to change their focus from the rock and roll psyche to the rock and roll libido. So they dropped their fascination with late-night horror movies. Now they just sing about sex.

5

6 Their new import-only album "A Date with Elvis" has been taking a lot of flack for its lack of intelligence - and let's face it - a song like "Cornfed Dames ("Whip that cream baby til the butter comes") is not going to keep Bob Dylan from losing sleep. But hasn't that always been their claim to fame? Who said "Human Fly" was such a cerebral song anyway?

If complaints must be lodged, however, I'd like to point out that they lost the raunch they once held so dear. The production is crystal clear - albeit walls of echo - and they have even added a (gasp) bass in some songs.

I suppose I won't write off the Cramps until I see the 12" extended mix of "Can Your Pussy do the Dog?" This isn't a best of '86 album, and it's definitely not a good place to start if you've never heard 'em. Therefore, this is for Die-Hard Cramps fans only.

-Peter Catalanotte

Lovedolls Superstar  
(various artists)  
SST

"Lovedolls Superstar" is the soundtrack to the sequel of the movie "Desperate Teenage Lovedolls," the story of three star-struck rock 'n' roll ladies "fighting and fucking their way to the top" as director David Markey puts it.

Now that you have the basic premise, we should discuss the soundtrack, which in a lot of ways is better than its predecessor "Desperate Teenage Lovedolls." Besides being on a bigger label (SST this time, instead of Gasatanka Records - which actually has no bearing on the quality of the record) they were able to get bigger bands this time. In addition to Black Flag - who were on the last LP - they nabbed Sonic Youth, Meat Puppets, and Dead Kennedys (who turn in their most typical performance ever - why doesn't someone tell Jello Biafra he's a nuisance?).

For my money, the best song has to be from Anarchy 6 (an obvious satire of Vanity 6) "Slam, Spit, Cut Your Hair, Kill Your Mom." Pure brilliance.

-Peter Catalanotte

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## Steve Wynn steps out of the grey

Since 1982, with the release of "The Days of Wine and Roses" (Slash), The Dream Syndicate have been making music **all their own**. Two years later saw the release of "The Medicine Show" on A&M Records - and the inevitable drop from **the label** after the album did not live up to company **expectations**.

**But they persisted**. After guitarist Karl Precoda quit late last year, he was replaced by ex-45 Grave frontman, Paul B. Cutler. With the release of "Out of the Grey" (Big Time) **vocalist/guitarist Steve Wynn pushes on**.

**Rhetoric Farm:** Do you get sick of giving interviews?

**Steve Wynn:** I like doing them, but when I do more than three in a day I don't even think about what I'm saying. And I regret everything I said.

**RF:** Are there any plans for another "Danny and Dusty" LP?

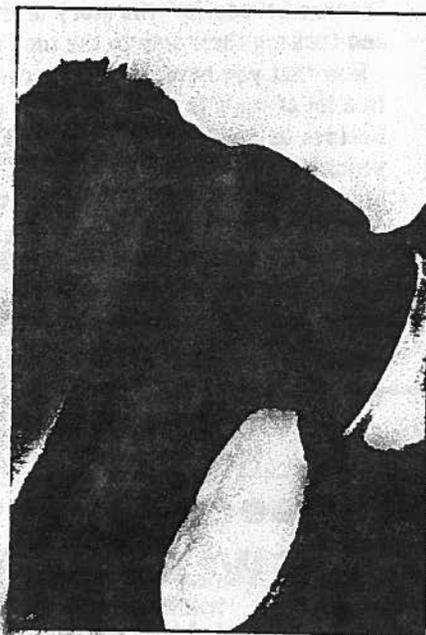
**SW:** Probably, but it's really hard to make something happen. It doesn't take very much time. I think we wrote all those songs in about a week and recorded them in two days. We probably will at some point. We may be about thirty years old. Old men talking... (guffaws)

**RF:** How are things going and where are they leading?

**SW:** I never know where they're leading to. It's been two years without a record - that's really hard.

**RF:** Leaving A & M...

**SW:** That was a very complicated time. It had a happy ending... One of my least favorite things in the world is negotiating record deals.



**Steve Wynn**

**RF:** How would you compare "The Days of Wine and Roses" to "Out of the Grey"? "Out of the Grey" seems more melodic.

**SW:** Maybe more melodic - I don't feel like I've mellowed out. I don't feel like a mellower person. There's probably a lot more noise on "Wine and Roses" and a lot more song and melody on "Out of the Grey."

**RF:** Why is that?

**SW:** I don't think I'll be 21 years old forever and crazy in the way I was at that time. You change...

**RF:** Do you miss that sound?

**SW:** I like what I'm doing now, and I love that album. But I wouldn't want to be doing that now. For a long time everyone was associating us with feedback. I didn't think that was what it was all about. I wouldn't want that to be on my tombstone; Steve Wynn - he played feedback.

(But) I'm less of a cynic now. The older I get the more amused I am by things - less disgusted.

**RF:** On the sleeve of "Out of the Grey" you list a song that isn't included on the LP, but write 'maybe next time.' What gives?

**SW:** (laughter) It's kinda of a joke. It's a song that I wanted to do for this album, but it didn't come out the way I wanted. Actually to be honest it fit nicely on the piece of paper. I liked the lyrics to it.

**RF:** Is it difficult having a member of the band, Paul B. Cutler, produce the album?

**SW:** He's very good at maintaining an equilibrium that's why he's a good producer. The only thing that was hard were the moments where he had to be more of a band member than a producer. But that was only in the early going.

**RF:** How does Carl Precoda (ex-guitarist) compare to Paul B. Cutler?

**SW:** I like Paul's style better because I can do more as a song writer. Paul is a better guitarist and he has a lot more versatility. If I write a certain type of song I don't have the restriction now that I can't write certain types of things. I just take a Telecaster, plug it into an amp and bang away at it.

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*Alex Chilton*  
*Big Time*

Ok, Alex. Just because you're riding high on your new-found success as a main influence of Let's Active, DB's, R.E.M. and the like, there is no excuse for this mindless drivel.

"No Sex" is a pretty worthless ditty, the lyrics are not even worth quoting here. I'm sorry you're so poverty stricken ("Under Class"), but if you keep producing filler like this, you probably will be for life.

At least the song "Wild Kingdom" is on par with last year's mini-LP "Feudalist Tarts." But if you must make three song EPs such as this one, with only one good song (I don't care that you do employ one of the hottest bands around), make sure that song is great.

-Peter Catalanotte

*Topsy Turvy*  
*Young Fresh Fellows*  
*Rark Avenue*

I don't know too much about this band, except that they hail from Seattle, Washington and have quite an obscure sense of humor. Their songs drop local names, and imaginary movie star names (unless there IS someone famous named John Agar) and they tell jokes they're not always willing to let you in on. Musically they jump from campy-country to '60s fuzz to what I shall label psycho-pop--sort of like a flipped out band trying to write a catchy song.

There are some covers and, oddly enough, they're the best songs on the album. I almost dismissed the whole thing, but their rave-up version of the Seeds' "You Got your Head on Backwards" convinced me not to. Their own composition "Hang Out Right," ("technique is the decisive factor / For you must slouch at proper angles / Against the student union walls"), is too good to pass up. -Jane Hybrid

*Learn to Whap-A-Dang with the Raunch Hands*  
*Raunch Hands*  
*Relitivity*

The first thing you will notice about the Raunch Hands is not their raunch, or their blues-based sound, but the group's sexism. You should notice, because lines like "I got an all day sucker you can lick all day" will either offend or delight. Once you're past the sexism, you'll hear an incredible album of blues raunch, surf-a-billy, and every other hybrid you can imagine. Somehow there's an intelligence here that suggests the woman-as-sex-machine stance is as sarcastic as the music is sleazy. Besides, nobody seriously writes lyrics like "I got a chick with facial hairs / She ain't too good looking / And nothing much upstairs. / She can't cook either / But I know one thing / That girl of mine knows how to Whap-a-Dang." I think...

A definite must hear, must have. -Peter Catalanotte

*Rembrandt Pussyhorse*  
*Butthole Surfers*  
*Touch and Go*

Because I am familiar only with the Surfers' self-titled debut LP, it was quite a shock to hear how much they have changed. The vocals are now sung and the tempos have slowed down a bit. The psychotic edge is still apparent, especially in "Mark says Alright" a stop-and-start voyage through hell, complete with snarling dogs.

The addition of violin and piano in some songs not only adds a new found sonic texture, but shapes the moods as well. But it's all still as subversive as you'd expect it to be.

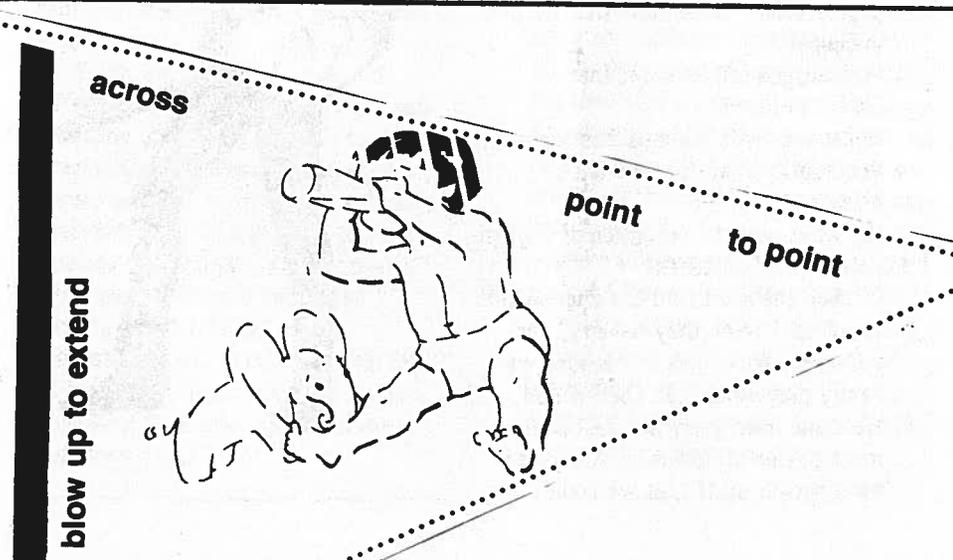
If this doesn't make it on your best of '86 list, you didn't listen close enough.  
-Jane Hybrid

*Grotto of Miracles*  
*Sun City Girls*  
*Placebo*

The Sun City Girls lost their minds sometime back, and judging from "Grotto of Miracles," they are still looking. Let's hope they never find them, because until they do, they will continue to be the only Phoenix band besides the Meat Puppets to make arresting, remarkable music.

Mostly instrumentals, these songs border between the edge of the Butthole Surfers and Captain Beefheart, with a dash of Middle Eastern seasonings thrown in. Playing every kind of instrument imaginable, including chimes, trumpet, paper, and "anti-death ray," this is the kind of album you don't take home to mother.

-Peter Catalanotte



Rudi Protrudi, who played in his first band when he was only a "tyke" in 1967, provides DJ Randy Love with a little insight on what it takes to be a Fuzztone.

From the leg biting to the brow beating, the Fuzztones slammed out their psychedelic rock on a European tour and Protrudi looks back at the irony of it.

Randy Love: What's happening with you?

Rudi Protrudi: As it stands right now we have a new drummer, Mike Checkize(? jg). We're still looking for a guitar player. Each person in the band is doing something on the side until we can get the Fuzztones back together. I'm doing an instrumental band, with the other two guys from the Fuzztones, and that's called Link Protrudi and the J-Men. That's real rockin' Link Ray kind of stuff. We (Fuzztones) have a live album that should be coming out pretty soon - some stuff that we did in Europe.

RL: Can you tell us about that European tour?

RP: It was wild (said sarcastically by Protrudi). What do you want to know?

RL: What was the reception of English fans to the Fuzztones?

RP: For the most part the English kids loved us. I think they haven't ever heard any bands like us because we really play American rock 'n' roll. We came over there and just pretty much peeled off the most American hard rockin' stuff that we could.

interview by  
Randy Love



There were a couple places we didn't go over all that great. Places where we were opening for The Damned. The kids just didn't want to hear anything but The Damned. And sometimes at places like that they'd throw beer bottles at us or lit cigarettes -- sometimes they'd jump up on stage and try and beat us up. But we had some big roadies.

RL: It seems like a lot of the American groups, like Yard Trauma, are getting more attention over seas than they are here (USA).

RP: That was pretty much the case with us too. I think the main reason is because American teenagers seem to be really jaded. We always go over well here (US) but in comparison to Europe there was no comparison.

Places like Germany, France, and Italy are really repressed and when they get a chance to see a band that really rocks, the kids go crazy. In Italy we had people jumping up on stage and biting our legs. . . (this, apparently is endearing. jg). Just really crazed things that would never happen here.

RL: From the video I've seen and different magazine articles I've read about the group -- you seem to have a reputation for being mystical or a voodoo quality. Is this coming from a some publicity monger or is there a mystical force behind the Fuzztones?

RP: I guess all could say is the rumors aren't totally unsubstantiated. I could say that not all our energy level comes from pure adrenalin. (how coy, does this mean Rudi does drugs? jg).

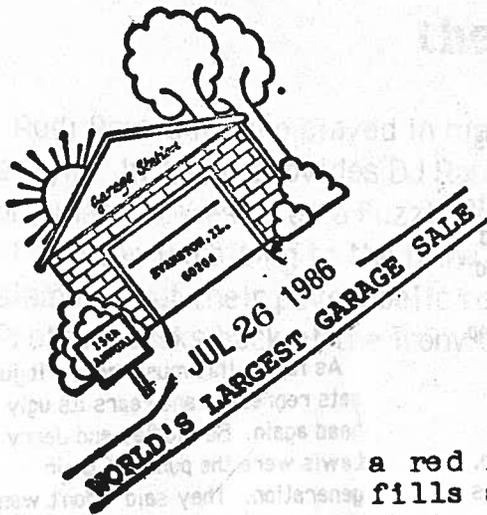
As far as this music goes - it just gets repressed and rears its ugly head again. Bo Diddley and Jerry Lee Lewis were the punks of their generation. They said 'I don't want my kids listening to this.' And the next thing you know - the put Elvis in the army, and Chuck Berry in jail and they black-balled Jerry Lee for marrying his cousin. The next thing you know you had stuff like Frankie Avalon.

Then the Rolling Stones came out and brought it all back. When the Stones came out your parents went 'oh these guys are dirty, they have long hair, they're pigs. . .'

The next thing you know they were repressed and you had things like disco.

Rock 'n' roll - the whole idea of it is to rebel - to have something to say as youth instead of having everybody put their morals down your throat. The thing that I think is so sad now is all kids here sit in front of the tv and watch all this stuff their parents can watch with them.

There's no separation between the kids and the adults. Here I am, older than kids now-a-days and I'm saying 'I don't know what's wrong with this generation, they're lame.' They're listening to lame music. . . and I'm ten years older than them.



a red faced woman  
 fills a water-jug in the park  
 she's got a bike  
 a 3-wheeler (brown and rusted)  
 the jug takes more - -  
 and it runs  
 runs away from her  
 like everyone else  
 in the park

-Leslie Barysh

a man wore the virgin mary  
 on his chest.  
 we talked -  
 he was tatoood  
 'like some cheap christ'  
 I should have spoken longer  
 there were questions I needed answered  
 (every time he breathed)  
 the virgin mary said  
 'bless you'

-Leslie Barysh



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