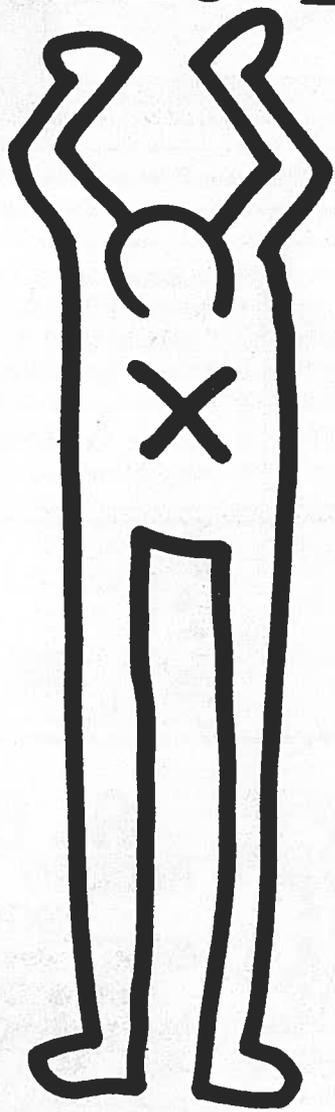


RHETORIC FARM



issue 7

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EXCLUSIVE!!!
A BRIEF
CONVERSATION
WITH
KEITH HARING

Cookin' Up
with the
Johnies
part one

K. Haring

Record Reviews Poetry and the Grapevine

rhetoric farm:

Jordan Gruener
Peter Catalanotte

front cover:

Keith Haring

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Poetry

A thousand cars, they look like yours
A thousand boats, two thousand oars
Sixteen lies, seven seas
Eighteen keys, nineteen rings

The numbers pile up in layers of ten
Thin like gauze or onion skin
Sixty echoes, maybe more
Thirty-ones, twenty-four

-Ess Kranz

Remember?

Red Hot
night out
you . . . an older child of hell
recognized
her . . . a real white girl
down at the hick bar -
"not just for shit-kicks" . . . you know
well . . . it wasn't her
it was me
but that was just fine -
you said, "love" -in-exchange
for a margarita
and then . . . ah!
we grooved
but then . . . oh!
we moved
too much
and you were lost
in a swinging crowd
and now
I'm bruised
and stuck
on my own
with the wait
of this crucifix . . . of course . . .
the one you carried
on your back.

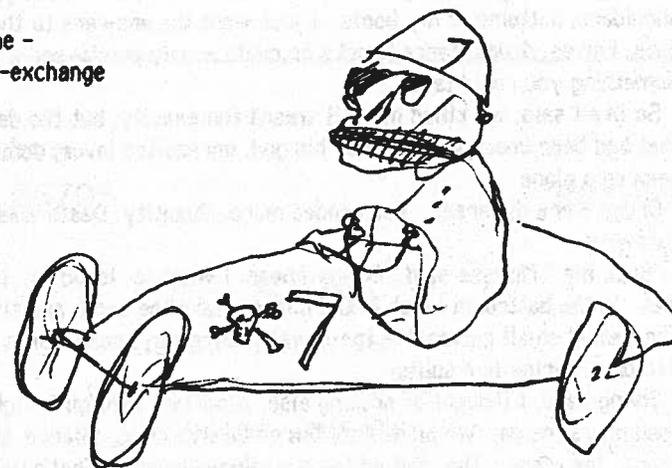
-Alexis Holler

That's it

one man
takes a leak
standing
in the absolute center
of the universe.

another man
takes a leak-
any old leak-
the first leak
to come along.

-Jim Parks



Fiction

Knife Idols
by Jordan Gruener

those soft knife idols
leaving the reading, loosening the rock
the shape of things off just a little. . .

from "Boom Dream" by Robert Baird

"I'm a rock 'n' roll godhead - spit nails - I can kill with my teeth."

A bloody movie of contracted love, he was probably drunk. At 5:30 a.m. the late show just ended.

Knock-down-dead-cliche. "I eat, thrive, suck-dead-pop-actors."

The bathroom was hot - stuffy. He was there and the dirt and the three of us.

His flailing leg smashed me in the mouth. Pastels. We shoved that fucker's head in the toilet, no swirlies, but instead no breath - submerged.

The cold pink walls, mostly at night, and staccato green seats were hard. Riding the city bus home, at 10 p.m., after work from downtown to the rowhouse where I lived was always a jumbled-up ride. The hicks, shitheads, queers, junkies, bums, all rode the same bus that I did. No one was home ever home.

Death rock and cocks - rhyming - false statements - quips at parties - all danced together. Drunken stupor, shitty lovers or lack of intelligence in students.

Straight straight Straighter - made a short line. Snow, but just a little bit, on my shoulders, bottoms of my boots. I just want the answers to the test questions. No guns, knives, drugs, forced cocks or cunts - only purity and a five dollar bill. Something you could taste.

So like I said, we killed him. It wasn't fun exactly, but the death filled a space that had been unoccupied. I was his god, unrequited lover, dominant. We had all been on a plane.

Drugs were different. You needed more. Quantity. Death was similar, only I didn't throw-up.

"Suck me," Melissa said. On my knees, I want to, loved to. My face and hair are wet. In the bathroom I look in the mirror, take the comb and slick my hair back. The rancid smell permeates the towels, hairspray, soap, toilet. Patchouli smells like urine, urine like sulfur.

Giving head, I thought of nothing else. A party. Two girls fight out front, crazy, a band plays inside. We all watch, ten or twelve of us, silence, beers in one hand - love in the other. The girl on top pounding pounding. That's you or me. Underneath the world, lovers, teachers, punching bags. Inside I cheered, wanting blood from both, the fight lasted fifteen minutes before anyone moved at all.

She cried, her watch had been broken. Inside we all laughed, knowing that if we could have only landed that last kick, her stinking head would be coloring the cement right now.

-Okay, well, it was almost one in the afternoon. There were about ten people in the room. Male and female. Sitting standing smiling drinking conversing perverting and dipping chips in avocado sour cream dip. Well, that's the scene, Saturday afternoon, right? So instead of everyone standing sitting bending crouching and trashing the place - all these art people gather in the same place every Saturday afternoon to jerk each other off with their mouths and kind words. That was when I fould the gasoline in the shed out back. The gas was used mostly for the lawnmower but after I put dirt in the carburetor I figured it wouldn't work anyway and decided to use it on the house instead:

But I fell asleep on the washstand. The toilet water swirled and gurgled.

The next day I decided to walk. Under the Charles Street overpass, it always smelled of urine. I sat down for ten minutes. Got up. Pissed.

I decided not to work that day. Washed laundry, saw two cats fight, slashing - claws.

Channel 30, the 700 club, pray for me or burn. A child, 11, listens, prays, parents - grown-ups on all sides. Straight red hair, simple cut, even this is better than the closet, he thinks.

Taste the leather.

Melissa bends over me, "Remember what I said, When I put you on the horse, be a good girl and listen to daddy. With your face."

That was when she was younger, seven or eight perhaps, living on the ranch with her father and mother. At nineteen, Melissa had just about felt it all.

-Well pray with you, give you a pamphlet, Christopher.

-All you have to do is eat fire and perform cardtricks. Once it's out or your system, everything's fine, looks like caramel. Are we living life or only reality . . . there's no gray area.

-You're right. Only colors. This painting, someone hits you in the face, sharps and flats of color.

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Locked out of the apartment I finally realized how stupid she was. The deadbolts drawn, quartered and bleeding, life was hell, she could taste that. Life is an ink spot no matter how you look at it. Big and ugly, a vomit stain on your best shirt. "Come here son" die die again. Instead you go to class, to school, back home sleep eat fuck shit, talk to a roommate, cry yourself to sleep.

The body was never found. We cut it up and each took a piece. It was sort of fun. Everyone took a limb, or whatever part you were given to a different section of the city and planted a flower. The plan worked well; we weren't caught. After two months of waiting I was ready. Parties were extraneous as they had always been and I couldn't sleep.

Day after day we lived in the same apartment in the same rowhouse. Melissa and I liked each other. She painted and went to the art institute. Disagreeing was a pasttime we often indulged in. Just like a sentence used over and over and finally misquoted, we talked - and felt like the paranoia of an anarchist.

We named it - Monastery of Lips. An old woman, curvature of the spine - I've been here too long. She passed again, the day before she had done the same, always picking the gap between her teeth.

Not the same, the need to leave, a rotten love letter, the shit-faced junkie who nods off in the closet.

I'm sure I've lived here too long. The Monastery of Lips has changed. No longer delusatory, women walk by, toothpicks, sweat, more sweat. The hours turn longer each day, until I grabbed one too - searching for a gap.

No color or distance, we talked of the room. Monastery of Lips - Melissa was sure - the room. Dried in the sun of the day, the walls stood, with no roof, open to the sky. The walls were there and the floor, made of hardwood, but the rank and perpetual motion of those who passed through the single door - until no one lived there at all. And the last piece of meat was taken from a small coffee table somewhere in the house. Finally everything in the room was sleeping.

The emotions within Melissa and I had come to the point where expressing them in mere verbal form wasn't enough. Violence wasn't the next step, but the fact that the parties and the death had gone unnoticed lead both of us to believe that perversions weren't all that complicated in form and even less difficult to attain.

There on the coffee table, where three pounds of ground beef once sat, was a bible. We placed our hands on the slightly worn, black cover - the ascension was easy. We had never felt anything like that (a slight itch on the palms and headache just behind the eyes). We opened the dusty mess to the forty-third page, wherein the inscription read:

The last time one needs to feel opened is the first that that person will be relieved of all earthly functions.

As the revolver Melissa kept hidden in the first drawer of her dresser was already loaded, we both saw now, that there was no other choice. Opening the window of our apartment that faced the street, she pulled the hammer back and squeezed the trigger. A white carnation fell from the sky as we screamed.

STORIES FROM DOWN SOUTH-WAY DOWN SOUTH

As told by Rebarb

Due to numerous questions about the voodoo possessed maid that worked in the house that I lived in when I was in Brazil, I will devote this issue's column entirely to her.

I don't know where she had come from. Most probably from the slums that surround the city. She was difinetly something never to be forgotten. Everyday, she'd break things. I don't know why she was never fired, as she continued to break things everyday. I could never understand a word she said, no matter how slowly she'd speak. She just did the most amazing things. She kept a collection of gay-male pornography in her closet. She'd stay in the bathroom for hours and hours. However, her most notable quality was her ability to become possessed.

First-some background info....in Brazil, possession is quite common. They have religious traditions similar to voodoo. It's all really complex, but what's important is that when the maid would get possessed, no one thought she was crazy, just possessed. She'd walk around smoking cigars making low whooping cries...when the spirits would leave, she'd jump backwards and wriggle around spastically and fall on the floor, rolling about.

One time she cornered me in my room and kept me there for what seemed like hours, whooping and hollering, blowing smoke at me...



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RECORD REVIEWS

Firehose
Begin Fall On
SST

ALBUM of the MONTH

The remaining members of the much lamented Minutemen have regrouped with a new guitarist/vocalist to pick up where the legendary San Pedro trio left off. One can sense the direction they were headed before D.Boon's tragic death. The song structures are almost complete (if "Choose Any Memory" had a chorus, it'd sound like R.E.M.) and the melodies are much more melodic.

The addition of Ed Crawford has not diminished their socio-political leanings, which is a plus and a minus. Their best songs (such as "History of the World-Part Two" from their masterpiece *Double Knuckles on the Dime*) have always placed important capacities in emotional proportions. Very little of this is evident on this LP.

But it's easy to forget that this is Firehose, not the Minutemen. With time, they could claim reign to the throne that the Minutemen held at their peak.

-Peter Catalanotte

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Roast Belief
The Whitefronts
Bogden

What a great little record! This demented San Francisco band will confound, disturb and delight--what more could you ask for?

"Dig Up Nebraska" is ZZ Top's "La Grange" filtered through the Butthole Surfers. "The Ancient Farmer" crosses the Fugs with heavy-metal trumpet over a throbbing reggae hook. And check out these lyrics from "Chadwarp": "...Katz and Chad/They really got it hard/Katz and Chad/They never get no Christmas cards."

Write to: 1827 Haight St., P.O. Box 155, San Francisco, CA 94117.

-Peter Catalanotte

Destroy Dull City
Psychotic Turnbuckles
Rattlesnake

Australians the Psychotic Turnbuckles are pretty much what their name implied--a "psychedelic" band with a wrestling fetish.

The record is a cheap and lurid-looking affair, all green and purple over bad art. The band is the ugliest in recent memory. They rival any rock'n'roll band I can think of, for looks--even *gasp!* the Rolling Stones c.1985, and to make things worse, they wear long, ratted-out wigs and cheapest sunglasses. Their wardrobe is beyond description.

Songs are generally one riff repeated for three minutes, and bear titles like "Colours" and "Sweet Daddy" or "Groove to the Eye" (heavy). The five guys in the band all have dumb names like "The Spoiler," "The Creep," and "EL Sicolidico."

With all of that going for it, I am completely at a loss to explain why this is one of my favorite records of the year. After so many "trash" acts through the years without any redeeming features whatsoever; Cramps imitators like the Metiors, Velvets imitators like the Jazz Butcher (I fucking hate the Jazz Butcher), New York Dolls imitators like Hanoi Rocks and Johnny Thunders and a whole slew of worthless hacks trying to cash in on somebody else's inspired exploitation of modern pop (exploitation) culture, I am completely astonished that something this trashy in concept and this cheaply executed could be this great.

Is it because these five guys are smarter than their image by a couple of IQ points?

That's unlikely and unnecessary. This one comes from the heart, not the head.

Is it because the band is somehow original in some undefinable way?

Fuck that, every move on this record has been made before and better.

Don't even think about it--it's beyond my ability to analyze...I'd rather just plunk down that needle, turn the volume all the way up and GROOVE TO THE EYE!

-Matt Griffin

Camper Van Beethoven
Camper Van Beethoven
Pitch-a-Tent/Rough Trade

It sounds as if it's time for the Camper boys to break away from their usual sound. Ethnic hoedowns are great, but when your influences are as varied as theirs, why settle down? With this in mind, their third LP sheds some old skin to make way for the new, with favorable but mixed results.

There is a strong Sonic Youth influence to their sound these days, best exemplified by their cover of Pink Floyd's "Interstellar Overdrive." But it doesn't work for "Stairway to Heaven" (their own composition, not Led Zepplin's) which comes off more like a "Revolution '9" studio jerk-off.

Also, the sillier "Take the Skinheads Bowling" type of songs are becoming a drudgery to listen to, such as "Joe Stalin's Cadillac," or "Five Sticks," another exercise in trying to make an old song sound good backwards (which *land//* also attempted). Even worse, the international excursions sound forced, like an obligation on a radio playlist.

They are not running out of ideas. The standouts, such as "We Love You," "We Saw Jerry's Daughter," and "Shut Us Down" dispel that idea, as does their prolificacy (this is their second LP this year, not including the last EP). Rather, they are trekking new avenues with a few negative, but mostly positive results. More power to 'em.

Devil's River
Divine Horsemen
SST

- Jane Hybrid

Think back, if you will, to those sex-and-violence novels so popular in the 50's and 60's. They usually depicted ill-behaved baddies in conflict with the rightful rim of society. Of course, the moral was never more than scant deep, with the whole genre amounting to dime store drivel.

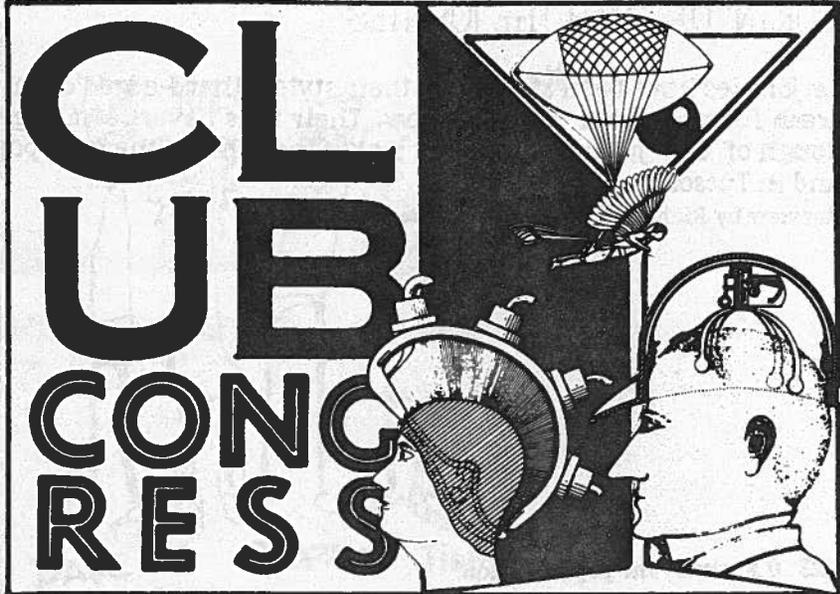
It is appropriate, then, that the cover of the latest Divine Horsemen LP is a tribute of sorts to that ilk of literature; their insights into dark-alley dealings are ambitious, but ultimately as vapid as the pulp from a cheapy novel called... well... *Devil's River*. The songs are rung-out cliches, mixing sin and salvation like oh so many L.A. bands already have.

Frontman Chris D. is best heard when not heard--his past production (Gun Club, Dream Syndicate, to name but a few) fares far better than his pipes. Even Julie Christensen's golden vocals can't help. Though they will sound nice on an AOR radio station. This would almost pass unnoticed were it not for the disconcerting lyrics: "Sue made it big/Then flipped her wig/With no place to go./Jim got a job/He joined the mob/Now he wants to stop." ("Too Young to Die"). To top it off, the lyric sheet announces the guitar solos in between verses. I only wish I was making this up.

If you must have your fix of vixens and villians--buy the real trash and leave this garbage behind.

-Peter Catalanotte

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COOKIN' UP WITH THE JOHNIES

The Johnies have been servin' up their style of hard-edged country thrash for more than two years now. Their fans never seem to get enough of 'em. Just what is it that makes the Johnies the most popular band in Tucson?

Interview by Richard Connell

GENE: O.K., everyone pay attention.

RETORIC FARM: Is there a founding member of the Johnies?

DAVID & TINA: Julia.

RF: When did you first think of forming a band?

JULIA: In fifth grade.

TINA & JULIA:the Red Hot Mamas!!!

RF: When did you think about forming the Johnies?

JULIA: When I bought a guitar from Keedog (Jeff Keenan).

RF: Which was.....?

TINA: It was about three years ago.

JULIA: Three years and I still can't play.

DORIAN: Three goddamn years and she still can't play!

GENE: At least she has willpower...

RF: Who were the first people in the band?

JULIA: Dan Meija of Hoofbone fame sang. Tins on drums, and myself on guitar.

TINA: Then Gene, then David, I think.

JULIA: We met Gene at the Confucian Church.

DAVID: It was confusing.

RF: Was Johnies the first name?

GENE & JULIA: No.

RF: What was?

DAVID: Mister Beer and the Pull Tabs.

JULIA: ...and Gecco Remains.

DORIAN: ...the Armadilloes...

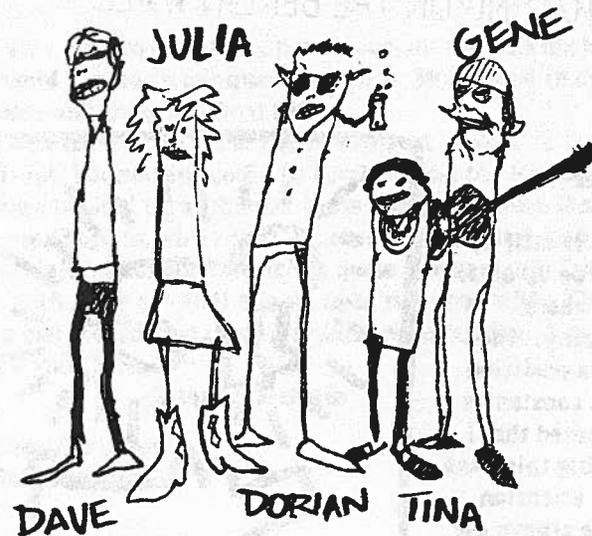
JULIA: Then we had to 86 Dan because he couldn't sing "Folsom Prison Blues."

RF: Where was the first place you played?

JULIA: Dave Wilner's house (814 House)

DAVID: Just think: that was over two years ago...

JULIA: ...and we still don't know how to play!



Drawing by Mario Garcia

TINA: That's how Gene got started on his rise to stardom.

JULIA: We were just Gene's stepping stone. I can't tell you how bitter I am about that. We discovered him and launched his career. Talk about ingratitude...

TINA: ...then came Dorian.

JULIA: I had this vision...

GENE: First we auditioned these various people...

JULIA: Like Odin (of goth-rock band The Host).

TINA: Chris Holiman (of the River Roses) auditioned.

DORIAN: But what about my audition? How did my audition go?

GENE: Your audition went great!

JULIA: I had a vision, didn't I? I had this dream that Dorian was trying out for the Phantom Limbs and Jeff Keenan said, "Oh, God! He's horrible!" But I knew he'd be right for the Johnies.

RF: Where was your first gig?

DORIAN: Tequila Mockingbird.

JULIA: We had a set sandwiched between Al Perry and the Cattle.

DAVID: My brother and some co-workers came to see us.

JULIA: Yeah, my dad came to see the show. Afterwards, he said, "God, you must really work hard to get that dischordant sound. Did you turn your guitars differently?"

DORIAN: But after that, every show got better.

Continued in next issue...

KEITH HARING ON THE BERLIN WALL

by Jordan Gruener

"The Berlin Wall is still up and it's going to be up until they change the whole situation in Germany. The Berlin Wall has a tradition of being painted constantly. Some artists resented that I had done such a big thing and gotten so much attention. Other artists are always the ones that react like that."

Haring has been accused of painting the Berlin Wall as a mere publicity stunt - which is true.

"It was a publicity stunt to the degree that anything the Pope does, or anything that Ronald Reagan does, or anything the Contras do in Nicaragua is a publicity stunt. It was a media event. It was not done to make the world more beautiful or to enhance the world, it was a political event and a media performance," Haring said.

From his start in the subways of New York, where his simple line drawings covered the black paper of expired advertisements, to the 300 foot mural he painted on the Berlin Wall in October, Harings work has centered on a smooth, mostly sexless, human form that affords him "respect" in the U.S., but something less in Europe.

"I had censorship on some things in Vienna. I was doing a 'safe sex' painting of these two guys jerking off. The police told me I was starting to make trouble, so the penises turned into snakes instead. You still got the same idea."

In New York, Haring commands the reverence of a pop-culture legend. But in Berlin his mural didn't last a day.

"I can do a painting in New York, on the streets of the lower East side or East Harlem and have it stay up for four or five months with no mark on it," Haring explained.

Haring's artwork surpasses even his best drawings on the limited edition faces of Swatch watches.

"It goes beyond '80s - there's one side of it that's timeless and universal," he said.



True Stories
Talking Heads
Sire

It is very easy to forget just how important the Talking Heads are. Most of us avoid Top 40 in our quest for Better Music, and in doing so overlook the Heads and their frequent hits.

Those that were with the Heads way back when will throw accusations of sell-out, but nothing could be further from the truth. In ten years, they have twisted through more ideas and innovations than most artists could ever hope to, while still remaining fresh, vital, and yes, commercially accessible, which is quite a remarkable feat.

As such, they are still a force to be reckoned with. They have yet to make a bad record, and *True Stories* is no exception. Ignore this album and it's your loss.

-Peter Catalanotte

New Campfire Songs
The Balancing Act
Type A

With a bass employed as the only electric instrument, this Los Angeles outfit sounds like a four-piece Simon & Garfunkel. Produced by ex-Plimsoul Peter Case (who holds to his own non-electric swayings), this six-song E.P. showcases some talented songwriting in guitarist Jeff Davis with bassist Steve Wagner not far behind him.

One of the best songs, "The Neighborhood Phrenologist," waxes poetic on the view of an optimist: "I laugh to keep from trying/To believe what I see/I only think about injustice/When it happens to me/It never happens to me."

Best of all, they turn Captain Beefheart's "Zig Zag Wanderer" into a springy sing-along, thereby reaffirming the title of the E.P. itself.

Type A Records, 12021 Wilshire Blvd, #444, West Los Angeles, CA 90025.

-Peter Catalanotte



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TEN BEST LIST OF '86

We asked some of Tucson's more prominent music celebs to tell us what they listened to this past year. Some were new releases, some were not. Some gave us more than ten listings. We listed record labels if known, and release dates if applicable. All albums listed are in a random order. Due to space limitations, we could not print addresses for hard-to-find items. If you are wondering where to send for some of the more obscure listings, write: 841 E. Speedway, Tucson, AZ, 85719 and we'll help you out.

VAN CHRISTIAN guitarist/vocalist for Naked Prey

1. Pontiac Brothers-Fiesta en La Biblioteca (Frontier)
 2. Rainer and Das Combo-Barefoot Rock (Making Waves, import)
 3. Miles Davis-You're Under Arrest (CBS)
 4. James Gang-Bang (Ato, 1973)
 5. True Believers-True Believers (EMI)
 6. Dream Syndicate-Out of the Grey (Big Time)
 7. Rain Parade-Crashing Dreams (Island)
 8. Dwight Yoakam-Guitars, Cadillacs, etc (Reprise)
 9. Metallica-Master of Puppets (Elektra)
 10. Lou Reed-New Sensations (RCA, 1984)
- I also listened to the Allman Brothers, Alice Cooper, Iggy Pop...

MATT GRIFFITH bass player for The Cryptics

1. Pere Ubu-The Terminal Tower
 2. The Feelies-The Good Earth (Coyote)
 3. Death of Samantha-Strungout on Jargon (Homestead, 1985)
 4. That Petrol Emotion-Manic Pop Thrill (Demon)
 5. Sonic Youth-Evol (SST)
 6. Psychotic Turnbuckles-Destroy Dull City (Rattlesnake)
 7. Camper Van Beethoven-Camper Van Beethoven (Pitch-a-Tent)
 8. David Thomas and the Wooden Birds-Monster Walks the Winter Lake
 9. The Pagans-Buried Alive (Treehouse)
 10. Butthole Surfers-Rembrandt Pussyhorse (Touch and Go)
- I also listened to the Flamin' Groovies, Soft Boys, Fuzztones, Poison 13...

JEFF KEENAN vocalist/guitarist for Phantom Limbs

1. The Feelies-The Good Earth (Coyote)
2. Del Shannon-Greatest Hits
3. Daniel Johnston-Hi. How Are You? (1983, cassette only)
4. Everly Brothers-Reunion Concert (Passport)
5. Black Oak Arkansas-Hot and Nasty (Atlantic, import only)
6. Al Perry-Fraidy Cat (Added Recordings, cassette only)
7. Richard and Linda Thompson-Shoot Out the Lights (Hannibal, 1982)
8. Phantom Limbs-Train of Thought (CD Records)
9. Tom Waits-Rain Dogs (Island, 1985)

CHRIS HOLIMAN vocalist/guitarist for the River Roses

1. XTC-Skylarking (Geffen)
2. Dukes of Stratosphere-25 O'Clock (Virgin import, 1985)
3. The Blue Nile-Walk Across Rooftops (A&M, 1985)
4. Prefab Sprout-Two Wheels Good (Epic, 1985)
5. David Sylvian-Gone to Earth (Virgin, import only)
6. Al Perry-Fraidy Cat (Added Recordings, cassette only)
7. Giant Sand-Ballad of the Thin Line Man (Zipco/Demon, import)
8. Dwight Yoakam-Guitars, Cadillacs, etc (Reprise)
9. U2-The Unforgettable Fire (Island, 1985)
10. R.E.M.-Lifes Rich Pageant (I.R.S.)

RICHARD LULAY and DAN NEISS

Ex-DJ's at Club Congress

Best of '86:

1. Red Lorry Yellow Lorry-Paint Your Wagon (Red Rhino/Cartel)
2. Test Dept.-Unacceptable Faces of Freedom (Some Bizzare)
3. Play Dead-The Singles Album (Red Rhino/Cartel)
4. Faith No More-We Care a Lot (Mordam)
5. Revolting Cocks-Big Sexy Land (Wax Trax!)
6. Fra Lippo Lippi-Shouldn't Have to be Like That (Virgin, 12" single)
7. Psychic TV-Dreams Less Sweet (Some Bizzare)
8. Flaming Lips-Hear It Is (Pink Dust)
9. Easterhouse-Contenders (Rough Trade/CBS)
10. Meat Puppets-Out My Way (SST)

Late '85 worth mentioning:

- Grapes of Wrath-September Bowl of Green (Nettwerk)

Most Disappointing of '86:

1. The Smiths-The Queen is Dead (Sire)
2. Killing Joke-Adorations (EG/Virgin)
3. T.S.O.L.-Revenge
4. Iggy Pop-Blah Blah Blah (A&M)
5. Afrika Bambaatta & Family-Bambaatta's Theme (Tommy Boy, 12" single)
6. The Sisterhood-The Gift
7. Lords of the New Church-Killer Lords (I.R.S.)

PETER CATALANOTTE co-editor of Rhetoric Farm

1. The Feelies-The Good Earth (Coyote)
 2. Butthole Surfers-Rembrandt Pussyhorse (Touch and Go)
 3. Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band-Trout Mask Replica (Reprise, 1969)
 4. Sonic Youth-Evol (SST)
 5. T-Bone Burnett-T-Bone Burnett (Dot)
 6. Randy Newman-12 Songs (Reprise, 1972)
 7. Velvet Underground-Another View (Verve)
 8. Al Perry-Fraidy Cat (Added Recordings, cassette only)
 9. Daniel Johnston-Hi. How Are You? (cassette only, 1983)
 10. Raunch Hands-Learn to Whap-a-Dang (Relativity)
- Honorable Mention:
Husker Du-Candy Apple Grey (Warner Bros.)
Theolonius Monster-Baby, You're Bummin' My Life Out... (Epitaph)
Dwight Yoakam-Guitars, Cadillacs, etc (Reprise)

RANDY LOVE Disc Jockey for KXCI, vocalist for Marshmallow Overcoat

1. The Watermelon Men-Past, Present, Future
 2. The Dentists-Some People are on the Pinch... (Tambourine)
 3. R.E.M.-Lifes Rich Pageant (I.R.S.)
 4. Miracle Workers-Inside Out
 5. The Creeps-Enjoy the Creeps (Tracks on Wax, import)
 6. Rain Parade-Crashing Dream (Island)
 7. The Gruesomes-Tyrants of Teen Trash (Og Music, import)
 8. The Pandoras-Stop Pretending (Rhino)
 9. Chesterfield Kings-Stop (Mirror Records)
 10. Fuzztones-Lysergic Emanations (Enigma)
- Randy says "Get off your fashion-conscious butts and Work For Peace in 1987!!!"

AL PERRY of the Cattle

1. Legendary Golden Vampires-Trouble Bound (Exile)
2. Motorhead-Orgasmatron (Mercury)
3. The Preachers-The Preachers
4. Black Sun Ensemble-Black Sun Ensemble (Pyknotic)
5. Dino Dimuro-Snoutburger (Phantom Soil, cassette only)
6. Don Campau-Paralyzed by the Very Thought (Lonely Whistle, cassette only)
7. Carter Family-anything
8. Ennio Morricone-anything
9. Jerry Jerry-Road Gore: The Band that Drank Too Much (Og Records)
10. Mark Hanley-Yellow Five (KX4 Records)

JORDAN GRIENER co-editor of Rhetoric Farm

1. Big Black-Atomizer (Homestead)
2. The Fall-Bend Sinister (Beggar's Banquet)
3. Paul Simon-Graceland (CBS)
4. Al Perry-Fraidy Cat (Added Recordings, cassette only)
5. Frightwig-Faster, Frightwig, Kill, Kill! (Caroline)
6. John Lee Hooker-John Lee Hooker Plays and Sings... (MCA/Chess Reissue)
7. Volcano Suns-All Night Lotus Party
8. The Pogues-Rum, Sodomy and the Lash (Stiff)
9. Ciccone Youth-7 inch single (New Alliance)
10. Squirrel Bait-7 inch single (Homestead)

BLAINE FORD chef at Al Bum's

1. Rolling Stones-Dirty Work (CBS)
2. XTC-Skylarking (Geffen)
3. The Call-Reconciled (Elektra)
4. Pretenders-Get Close (Sire)
5. Johnny Winter-Third Degree (Alligator)

WREX famous hang-out/record store

1. Beastie Boys-Licensed to Ill (Def Jam)
2. Broken Bones-Bone Crusher (Combat Core)
3. Bad Brains-1 Against 1 (SST)
4. Various Artists-Sub Pop 100 (Sub Pop Records)
5. Dayglo Abortions-Feed Us a Fetus (Toxic Shock)
6. Butthole Surfers-Rembrandt Pussyhorse (Touch and Go)
7. Don't No-incite the Riot (National Trust)
8. Effigies-Ink (Enigma)
9. Die Kreuzen-October File (Touch and Go)
10. African Head Charge-Off the Beaten Track (U Sound Records)
11. A.O.D.-Bedlam 7 inch single (Buy Our Records)

JOE E. famous Wrex guy

1. Articles of Faith-Give Thanks (Homestead)
2. Frank Zappa-Apostrophe (Reprise, 1974)
3. Butthole Surfers-Brown Reason to Live (Alternative Tentacles, 1984)
4. Social Unrest-Rat in a Maze (Libertine)
5. Cheetah Chrome Muther Fucker-I Refuse It (Affirmation, cassette only)

10 Dumbest Questions asked at Wrex

1. Can I use the phone?
2. Can I have a cigarette?
3. Got any change?
4. Has anyone got any pot?
5. Kevin, can I borrow your truck?
6. What time is it?
7. Can you othe?
8. Are all T-shirts five dollars?
9. What's happening tonight?
10. Can I use your bathroom?

we heard it through the...

GRAPEVINE



The buzz word is that the Tucson scene is happening once more. With Nino's and Club Congress vying for national talent this can only mean bigger and better things. Club C, especially, is helping out with impressive weekend support of not-so-big local groups such as the **River Roses** and the **Deadbolts**, something which Nino's has never even attempted. Meanwhile, the forthcoming **L.S.D.** compilation will be the biggest booster since **Lee Joseph** made his **Vally Fever** compilation in 1982. On the flip side of the coin, we have just learned that **KXCI** has dropped most of it's rock and roll shows (including the "No Bull Show," and DJ's **Mike Vinyl**, and **Huey Lentz**.) If **KXCI** claims to be a community radio station, why are they only serving a small portion of the community? Call them now and show your support for these shows!!!.....Congrats to **Naked Prey** frontman **Van Christian** and his November 15th bride of unknown moniker (even **Grapevine** can be too nose-y). Also, much happiness to fellow **Prey**-man **Dave Seger** and his newborn bundle **Sarah**. As for the Band, a follow-up to the very successful **Under the Blue Marlin** is coming soon.....For you local video junkies, your best bet (besides **Chris Waggoner** and his **Electric Window**) is most definitely **View It Yourself**, on every Sunday at 12:30 a.m. on Channel 37. The show is directed by video wiz **Don Dalea** (late of **Read Furniture**), assisted by **Sean Nagore** as well as **Richard Baden** (bass for **Naked Prey**) and **Bruce Halper** (drums for **Rainer** and **Das Combo**). Fine acting, fast pacing and hilarious hi-jinx make for a memorable video treat.....Ex-Tucsonan **Lee Joseph** has just released **Sounds of Now**, a groovy comp featuring **Thee Fourgiven**, **Lazy Cowgirls**, and our own **Al Perry**. Of course, **Yard Trauma** is present and also--surprise!--an old **Johny Sevin** tune.....L.A.'s **Lonesome Strangers** visited Nino's December 2nd and gave Tucson one helluva fine show (possibly the best show of the year). Turnout was strong and **Al Perry** and the **Cattle** opened, as incredible as ever..... **Salem 66** from Boston played at a well-attended Nino's November 25th. The trio will be releasing a new LP soon. Tucson's own **River Roses** opened..... Quite a turnout (could this be a trend?) for Phoenix band **Groovy Truth** opening for our own **Phantom Limbs**. If this show was any indication, **Groovy Truth** can look forward to a lot of shows in the Old Pueblo in the future.....Making a very rare appearance was **Thai Pink** at the U of A Cellar. Ever intense, they have developed a tight, stylish show of power-chord riffing and rock and roll hysteria. Can't wait to hear the new tape (see address below--hint, hint).....Finally, we bid farewell to the infamous **814 House**. The house that launched a thousand bands (**Vegas Kids**, **Los Hamsters**, **Johnnies**) was closed owing to late rent. It will be missed...
Address all inquiries, rumors, etc. to **Grapevine**, 841 E. Speedway, Tucson AZ 85719. We reserve the right to distort facts.

Heroes (Live)
Nico
(no label--bootleg?)

As this record opens, Nico is being called back for an encore, which she acknowledges by asking, "Why do you give me such gratitude?" More relevant remarks are seldom made. Throughout her career since leaving the **Velvet Underground** in 1967, her recordings have been, forgive me, the pits. Highlights have been a couple of old song titles ("Janitor of Lunacy" is a cool title for a terrible song), and an occasional listenable **Velvets** cover.

This record continues that tradition.

Horrendous versions of "The End" and "My Funny Valentine" are included. She reworks one or two of her harmonium-and-synth two-note drones, and exploits again her association with **Lou Reed**, producing yet another unremarkable version of "Femme Fatale" and an interesting if chilly remake of "All Tomorrow's Parties" that reminds me of *Low* period **Bowie**.

Speaking of **Bowie**: her remake of "Heroes" is more lively that just about anything she's ever recorded with out the **VUs**. It's almost as if she was only on drugs, instead of half-dead.

-Matt Griffin





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Movie review by Vicki Berzer

Don't be mistaken, this movie is not, repeat, not a documentation of the early British punk scene, the Sex Pistols or the evolution of spiked hair; what it does tell of, however, is the sordid love affair and heroin addiction between Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen. Originally titled *Love Kills, Sid and Nancy* follows them through their meeting to their demise, which turns out to be a terrifying look not just a drug abuse, but more essentially, self abuse.

This movie runs along the same lines of *Christiane F.*, the German film about a teenager's path through drug abuse and prostitution, however, *Sid and Nancy* adds humor and character profiles which make the world created by the film more complete, interesting and realistic.

Director Alex Cox (*Repo Man*) carefully portrays Sid not just as a head-banging, skin-cutting junkie, but as an innocent, childlike man who was open to bad influences. Sid and Nancy are less Sleazy drug addicts and more like little children unaware of their actions' consequences. Their habit constantly interferes with Sid's music and performances throughout and soon leads them to isolation and with the inability to function on an everyday level. Although Cox misses the in-depth analysis of what would bring a person to this point of self-destruction, he does get across character flaws, which include lack of self-control and intelligence, that lead them to their tragic fate.

What is most amazing is the inter-dependency, especially after the Pistols broke up, which held the two together. It is a fatal love story. The fact that one could not exist without the other is what drove them both to suicide, instead of keeping them alive. (Even though it was Sid who accidentally stabbed her, Nancy was the one who wanted to die most of all.)

One of the film's downfalls in relation to the punk movement, is that it portrayed Johnny Rotten (he was against the film from the beginning) and Malcolm McLaren as conniving assholes, and failed to comment on the importance of the Sex Pistols' music in changing rock and roll: they weren't just another rock band. Despite any "swindles" committed by McLaren their stance was clear: to destroy the past rock star mentality and replace it with something innovative. Maybe overlooking this fact helps show how Sid fell prey to past rock cliches and had absolutely no idea what his band stood for.

The performances by Chloe Webb and Gary Oldman are amazing. Nancy's shrieking voice sounds like razor blades going through a garbage disposal and will stay with you long after the movie's end. She's bruised, abusive, callous, caring, annoying and an absolutely individual individual--one of the best performances I've seen in a long time. Oldman is Sid. He's completely self-destructive, but always has a hint of tenderness, especially towards Nancy.

One of the most inviting things about this film is Cox's ability to capture the flavor of the London scene a la 1976-77, where as any outsider would overlook much of it.

"My body is like art. Just because you have death and destruction tattooed on your body doesn't necessarily make you a bad individual. It's just art." -Trash

FIVE TATTOOS TRASH EITHER HAS OR WOULD LIKE TO HAVE:

1. Two skull-like hands coming out of the back of my head, ripping off the skin on the top of my head.
2. A skull with a crown of thorns through the eyes and wrapped around the head with the indentations of the thorns still in the skull. It's a Poison Idea skull.
3. To have my spine tattooed on my back.
4. A skull and rib cage with USELESS PIECES OF SHIT written inside the rib cage and green drool dripping from the skull's mouth. (This one is on Trash's right arm.)
5. Parrots and weird fish and metal flowers coming out of burning cities.

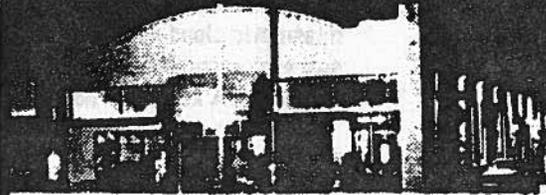


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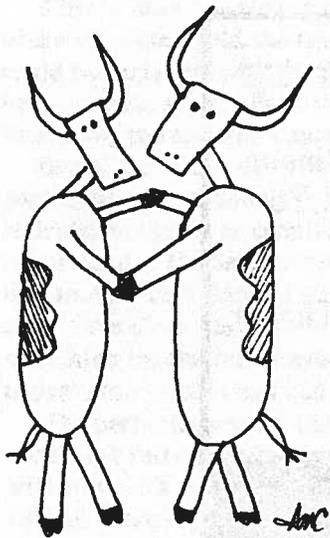
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It was scratched into the door
of a bathroom stall at school
Love is sacrifice
But I realized
that if you add another i
and another a
and change the s to t
and change the other c to an l
and drop the extra e
sacrifice changes to artificial.

-Ana Catalanotte



Can Robot Lips Do This?

saline solution mild distaste a shrug
a plate of the earth's crust sliding free
out in 59 an eroding rock face pneumatic
hiss a door closes propane is burning
worn shiny metal honeycomb of voices
wind whistle in elevator shaft ocean
swells and gasps a soundtrack a
wound locked shut with rust and fear
burning like distilled alcohol cold
fire phantasm more real than flesh
a touch recalled denied suppressed half
lives obstacles and counterpoints a haze a
miasmatic cloud waves of milk an empty
space an architecture decision freedom
catharsis. A key is turned.

For SC

-Ess Kranz

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