

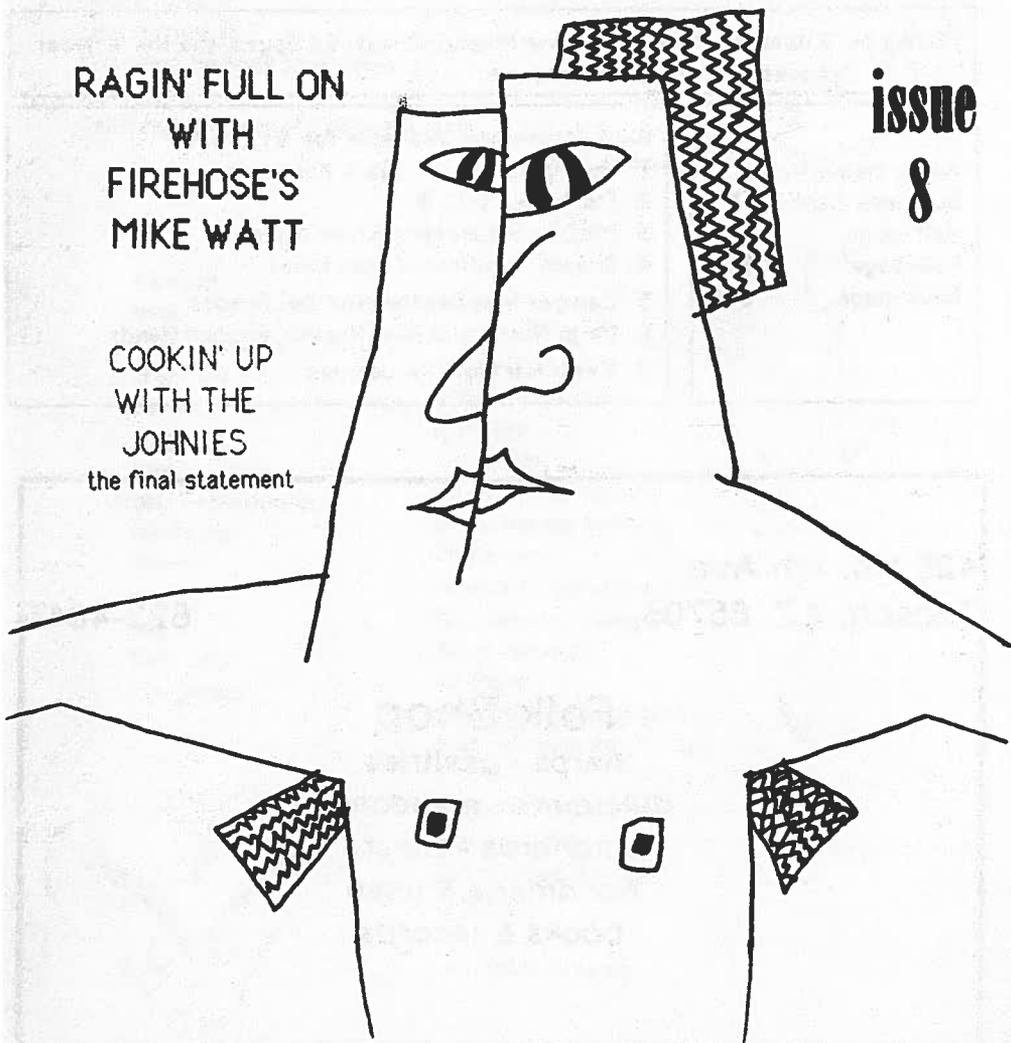
# RHETORIC FARM

FREE!

issue  
8

RAGIN' FULL ON  
WITH  
FIREHOSE'S  
MIKE WATT

COOKIN' UP  
WITH THE  
JOHNIES  
the final statement



Record Reviews Poetry and the Grapevine

# RHETORIC FARM

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L.A. 101 baby girl  
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need apply the touch

Take it slow  
take it easy  
take it, take it  
Mae West beckons from beyond  
the touch of  
California dreams of California girls

-Jim Buglewicz

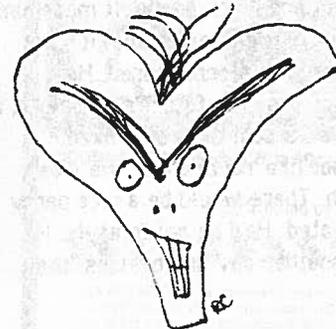
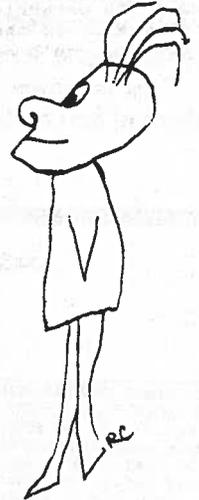
two old  
beat  
film canisters  
from the  
movie  
Morocco.  
two  
get-it-over-with-  
die-today  
stars  
and a  
dog  
they call  
Everyman.

three lines  
I stole from some-  
one else.  
those men  
on street corners,  
picturing my self  
in the torn  
Newport cigarette ad  
he's been screwing  
since morning,  
having a  
real-good-fucking-time  
with two blondes.

trying to remember  
how I got in  
and who has the key  
to get out

- Jordan Gruener

## Poetry Fiction

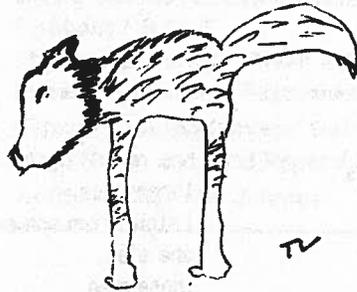


Dr. Al,

Hello. Hope u r fine. Would like to say that yr works stand head over shoulders above most of th stuff I get. So much so that I decided, well, "I gotta get this guy known in Tucson", so I xeroxed/bundled-up yr stories/pictures - dropped em off down at th so-called Creative Writing Dept. of th University of Arizona, which I did along with my number - jeez I get flooded with calls from all these beautiful co-eds desanding to see "th Bleater" an, well, I must confess, I told them I wuz u (I know how busy u must be also I wanted to save them car fare to San Antonio) which wuz great except Debbie, my wife, (known affectionately to friends an family alike as "Big Jake") in a fit of jealous rage calls up Charlie Chukut Kuk (bad water where cattle die), 350 lb Tohono O'odham Indian, a former hit man for Joe Bannano - puts a contract out on me! Personally I'm heading for some un-named tropical paradise w/s couple of favorite co-eds (disciples) till this all cools off but, I must warn u, Charlie, being on th down side of a four decade reascal, Budweiser, an peyote induced "spiritual quest", tends to get things a bit mixed-up. He wuz last seen heading for Texas...looking for u! So be careful man, Charlie is a powerful shaman so don't - I repeat don't - let any three-toed geckos into yr house! Th paternity suits? Just ignore them. Our blood types cldn't possibly be th same. If there is anything, anything else I can ever do to help further yr career, don't hesitate to let me know.

Yours truly,

*Bill*



Yo Yvette,  
It's Wednesday. I get up, play a few power chords on my guitar, take a shower. Brush the dust off the 4 Horsemen. Pop some vitaman C. Eat a raw egg. Ponder Jim Morrison hanging on the wall. He sat on his bed and brooded. He'd quit school, dumped his girl, practically thrown it all away. He smiled. No better than the headbangers at Wiener Dog or the wanna be punkers at the Line. But he did make it. He'd survive. It wasn't a game anymore. He'd carve his future out of society's taboos. Fuck'em! He'd claw his way to the top and piss on them all. He suddenly thought of a story written by a girl he used to know. A story about a flower. It grew in a crack in the freeway, but because it had no love it went from being beautiful to being thorny and black as sin. It made him sad. His whole life was ahead of him and he felt old. Bringin' it all back home. It couldn't be done. But out of the rolling dustclouds he came. The stormbringer. He smiled. He had 3 dollars to his name and a quarter tank of gas. The future's so bright, I gotta wear shades. He giggled and thought about the little 25 cent cigars he liked. Maybe someday he'd die of cancer and make a commercial like Yul Brenner. He was good in Westworld wasn't he? He thought about his death. There would be a nice party and they would play "Freebird." Then he would be cremated. He'd go out in style. He sighed, got up and turned out the light. Tomorrow was another day and besides, they always have Paris.

- John Hess

## STORIES FROM DOWN SOUTH - WAY DOWN SOUTH

as told by Rebarb

In Bolivia, cocaine is such an big industry that men who were once peasants scraping a bare existance from the ground, living in huts with palm frond roofs, have now become veritable barons, owning huge multi-storied mansions surrounded by armed guards and high brick walls with electrified barbed-type wire on top. These men are known as pinchecateros, which means coke dealer in Spanish, well sort of. They all drive Mercedes-Benzenes and wear heaps of gold chains around their fat necks with heaps of gold religious medallions on their hairy chests. I was told by someone that one of these guys had two tigers let loose in his yard at night. One might wonder why they are so protective. Well, not only do they have to contend with their competition - the pinchecatero next door, but also the government when it comes for bribes and last and least they have to protect themselves from their fellow countrymen who are veritable starving indians (what people will do if you don't let them feed themselves! Really!!!).

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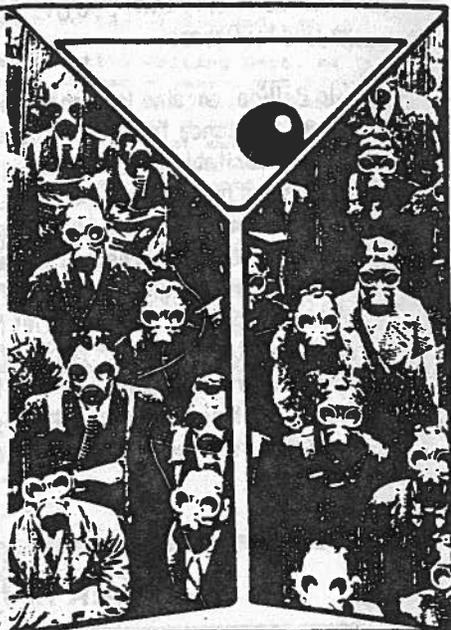
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AND I LOSE MYSELF\*\* BUT

THE PAIN OF LOSS  
IS SOMEWHERE THERE INSIDE

AND YOU LOSE YOURSELF  
IN  
THE BLACK  
CLOSER TO DEATH  
AND LIFE\*

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SIT BACK ON THE FLOOR  
WITH WET STAINED CHEEKS BUT, TELL ME!

LET ME TAKE THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE  
AND LOSE MYSELF\*\*\*

BREAK THE JADED WALL  
AND LOSE YOURSELF

AND TELL ME

FRIEND

IN SHARED AFFECTION  
IN SHARED EMOTION\*

BROKEN WALLS MAKE PEBBLES FOR A PATHWAY\*\*\*\*\*

-Jim Buglewicz

# COOKIN' UP WITH THE JOHNIES

Julia Mueller's and Gene Ruley's guitars are frequently out of tune with each other. Tina Evans seems dwarfed by her drum kit. David Forbes sometimes plays with one hand, usually laying on the ground as well. And Dorian Cacavas is as tuneful a singer as he is sober. The Johnies are the kings of Tucson Garage rock, in spite of themselves.

photo by Kate Donovan

Interview by Richard Connell

**RHETORIC FARM:** What is your idea of the perfect mate?

**DAVID:** A 76 pound sheep.

**JULIA:** A night out at Popaye's Chicken.

**DORIAN:** Sushi's and Belushi's. The most romantic evening.

**DAVID:** What can I say? Curl up with the one you love and watch a good show on the Disney channel.

**RF:** Is anyone in charge?

**GENE:** She is (pointing to Julia).

**RF:** How long do you think the Johnies will be around?

**DORIAN:** I think the Johnies will be around long enough to get a big hit single. It'll be on the country charts, and a big rock-pop crossover hit.

**DAVID:** Then our chartered plane to Toronto will crash and we'll all die.

**RF:** What ever happened to the tape you were going to make?

**DORIAN:** We made it.

**GENE:** We did.

**RF:** Will it ever be released?

**JULIA:** Maybe. If our fans want it.

**RF:** What will it take to play "Saturday Night"?

**JULIA:** \$50. Actually, for \$50 I'd do "Sunny" and "Saturday Night" both.

**RF:** I'm out of questions.....

**GENE:** Ask Julia what she dreamed today....

**RF:** What did you dream today?

**TINA:** Gene, what was that dream that you had, with me and Muddy Waters?....

**GENE:** I don't remember that....

**DORIAN:** I remember. You were playing bass for Chuck Berry and you kept fucking up, and Jimi Hendrix opened up for Chuck Berry.

**GENE:** You remembered this? I don't remember it.....

**DORIAN:** Yes! Chris Holiman was taking notes.....

**TINA:** .....and I was making out in a corner with Muddy Waters!

**DORIAN:** Chuck Berry played "All Along the Watchtower." And you were freaked out that Jimi Hendrix opened up for Chuck Berry.



THE JOHNIES: (l to r) DAVE FORBES, DORIAN CACAVAS, TINA EVANS, JULIA MUELLER and GENE RULEY.

**JULIA:** That's kind of like when Muddy Waters opened up for Bonnie Raitt.

**DORIAN:** And Chuck Berry did that Jimi Hendrix cover....Wasn't that a Bob Dylan cover though?

**RF:** Why doesn't Sylvia (local scene goer) ask a question?

**SYLVIA:** "If you could be any tree, what tree would it be?" That's a Barbara Walters question.....

**DORIAN:** I'd be that weird tree from Africa.

**JULIA:** That one with spines on it and its all bloated?

**DORIAN:** I'd be that one.

**RF:** What do you think of the local music scene?

**JULIA:** Any day now its going to explode. It'll be just like Athens (Georgia).

**GENE:** Don't you want to know our influences?

**DORIAN:** Alice Cooper, The Wall, Kiss.....

**GENE:** Rockabilly, Jimmy Page and Judith Sample—he's the guy on Hee Haw.

**DORIAN:** Mark Smith of the Fall, Roxy Music, and.....

**TINA:** Abba!

**DAVID:** Joy Division, a little more Joy Division, Led Zepplin, Velvet Underground.

**JULIA:** Motorhead, Hank Williams and Robert Johnson....

**DORIAN:** and Johnny Cash....

**JULIA:** and Ronnie James Dio (of Dio) 'cause he's so ugly! He wears those elevator boots and he's still only five feet tall.

**RF:** Any favorite records?

**DAVID:** Yeah. The best record ever made: Marcy Sings Sunday School.

**GENE:** The Shaggs first album, Philosophy of the World.

**DORIAN:** Anything by the Fall or Jonathan Richman and all Led Zepplin and Beatles albums.

**RF:** If you were stranded on a desert island with your choice between a TV and a satellite dish or 70 cases of Mexican beer, which would you choose?

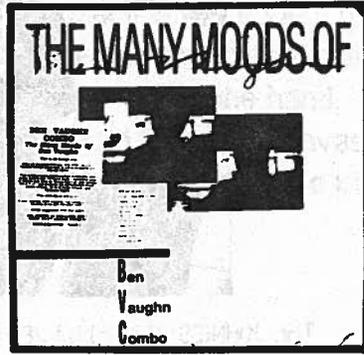
**JULIA:** ....the beer would run out, but the TV would last longer, so.....

**DORIAN:** I'll take the beer.

**TINA:** I'd take the beer, too.

**DAVID:** I'd get so drunk, I'd see a TV.....

# RECORD REVIEWS



*Lonesome Pine*  
The Lonesome Strangers  
Wrestler

Like the refreshing live hoe-downs these hep dudes throw, this record gives ya straight-ahead, down-home, hog-on-ice, corn-doggin' country unlike the saccharine watered-down fako Hollywood variety glutting the airwaves. The electric bluegrass picking and high lonesome hillbilly harmonies of Jeff Rymes and Randy Weeks will satisfy fans of trad country (Hank Williams, Delmore Bros., etc.) yet there's enough rhythmic drive to make it rock. The two cover songs included here aren't up to their originals, but yesireebob - this is the genuine stuff.

-Al Perry

*Ben Vaughn Combo*  
The Many Moods of Ben Vaughn  
Restless: Fever

Although already being touted as The Next Big Thing, this is one artist who deserves the praise he gets.

Ben Vaughn has written for a variety of artists, ranging from roots-popper Marshall Crenshaw to obscure midwesterners the Morrells. The reason is simple: he writes catchy, hooks-to-the-brim vintage rock, with his own skewed views intact, but with a broad enough base to appeal to the artists who cover him.

With this debut LP, he holds to his more personal visions, which means, mostly love, cars and-oddly enough-hair. "Motor Vehicle" is one of many valentines to his '66 Rambler. "I'm Sorry (But So is Brenda Lee)" is a brilliant broken-heart number, witty and sorrowful. Eighties fashion-fascism is the target of "Wrong Haircut."

Although too much sways to the kind of empty insights Mojo Nixon has made a tidy career out of, there is still obvious intelligence involved here, and that should more than make up for any inconsistencies.

-Peter Catalanotte

*God's Favorite Dog*  
Various Artists  
Touch and Go

When you think about it, noise bands get no respect at all. Everyone thinks "Oh man, anybody can do that shit!" and to a large extent that's true.

But I think it takes a great deal of guts and self-assurance to get up in front of a crowd of strange people intending to insult and outrage their sensibilities. The Sex Pistols had that kind of guts. It made them media stars who have only in the last couple of years begun to lose their luster and that's because what they did is partially forgotten and also partially not shocking anymore. These days you've got to try a little harder to be noticed.

*God's Favorite Dog* is a compilation of tracks by some of the Bible Belt's hottest noise bands, including the Butthole Surfers, Killdozer, Scratch Acid, Hose, Happy Flowers, and Big Black.

I find myself wondering if this genre isn't the Next Big Trend, because there certainly are a number of excellent bands mining this vein. This record is almost uniformly smoking, with highlights that include the B.S.'s two "throw away" cuts, of which "Eindhoven Chicken Masque" is fully equal to anything on any previous Butthole vinyl. Killdozer's dirged-out "Sweet Home Alabama" is one of those "I hate the 70s, but secretly I love the 70s" punk covers. It's far better than average and in fact may be the show stopper of the record, as well as a cut by Scratch Acid and Big Black.

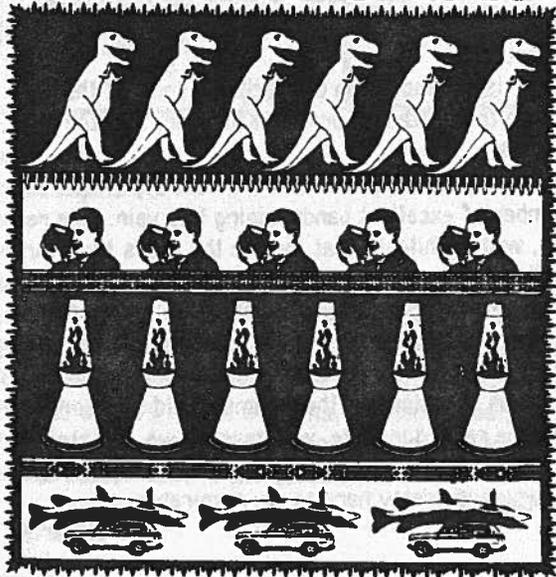
Happy Flowers are as obnoxious as their name would tend to indicate, and the only disappointment on the record is Hose, who toss in two sub-standard covers.

As a final note, the Butthole Surfers' illustration on the inner sleeve both outraged and disgusted me, which is pretty hard to do. Admirable.

-J. Varlett McMassacre



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*Talking With the Taxman About Poetry*  
*Billy Bragg*  
*Elektra/60 Discs*

Billy Bragg's major label debut couldn't have come at a better time—his political yearnings are on the wane, and he seems to be in search of a more accessible sound. He finds it in such songs as "Honey, I'm a Big Boy Now", a Barrelhouse-piano tear-jerker; and "Greetings to the New Brunette", which could play to Smith's fan (especially with the Johnny Marr cameo).

But even the lyric sheet won't insure a hit single, because his heavy-jawed Brit accent really can't transfer well to Yankee ears. And in these days of the Big Drur Sound, his minimalistic arrangements won't fill the dance floor.

For the record, he still feels the need to espouse his politics. Whether you agree or not is a different matter.

-Peter Catalanotte

*Invisible Hitchcock LP*  
*Robyn Hitchcock*  
*Relativity/Glass Fish*

If you've been listening to a lot of Hitchcock lately (as I have) and if you've been noticing a certain formulaic approach (as I have), then this record will be a welcome addition to your collection. From psychedelic country ("A Skull, A Suitcase, And A Long Red Bottle of Wine") to solo acoustic thrash ("Point it at Gran") to full-on mid-'70s style junkie rock ("Trash"). This record has about as many different styles as it has songs.

A thousand and two wonderful surprises for the musical psychopath in everyone!

-Matt Griffin

*Strum and Drum*  
*Sex Clark Five*  
*Records to Russia*

The SC5 play inspired (and inspiring) pop/rock in the Beatles vein, but most of the songs clock in under two minutes, which gives the material an urgent, experimental edge.

Don't let these unknowns pass you by - they're a real treat. Write to Records to Russia, 1207 Big Cove Rd., Huntsville, AL 35801.

-Peter Catalanotte

## RAGIN' FULL ON WITH MIKE WATT

By now, any fan of energizing rock 'n' roll knows the story: D. Boon (Daniel to his parents), guitarist/songwriter/vocalist extraordinaire of San Pedro's Minutemen dies a tragic death on an Arizona highway, ending the band as well.

After mourning the death of his longtime friend, bassist Mike Watt decides to reform the band with rookie guitarist Ed "Fromohio" Crawford, a fanatical follower of the Minutemen. With original drummer George Hurley in tow, they name themselves FIREHOSE and record a debut LP, *Ragin', Full On*.

**We spoke with Mike Watt several weeks ago in a 30 minute phone interview. He was talkative about D. Boon, the John Rosen bootleg, and of course, his music.**

Interview by Peter Catalanotte

Photos by Suzan Carson

Rhetoric Farm: How were you able to handle Ed Crawford? You didn't know him, you were obviously not ready to form a new band. But he called you up asking to audition. Weren't you upset?

Mike Watt: He was very insistent, and I had him come over to get him out of my hair. I realized he had a clean enough slate. He hadn't been jaded, so it would be like a new band. I thought it was pretty comical that some guy who didn't have all the talent in the world - technically - and I did think he had a lot of audacity.

RF: That's pretty brave.

MW: **Audacious, more or less. He was trembling.**

RF: I was surprised to see he wrote a few songs for the new LP.

MW: I made him. I said 'those people have got to hear what you're about Ed. I've got to hear what you're about.' It was difficult for me to write songs for him because I didn't know him. A lot of our songs are from Dos - me and Kira's band. With D. Boon it was easier. I could picture him singing them.

RF: I admire you for hiring an unknown, rather than taking the spotlight yourself.

MW: I think there's more risk involved in this. This is the only honest thing I could do in D. Boon's memory. To hand something down instead of taking advantage of the situation.



ED FROMOHIO PLAYS MEAN EPOXY ROCK

MW: By the way, there's a nice man in Tucson who's bootlegging the Minutemen. . .  
RF: Jonathan L, he's living in Phoenix now. (ed. note: In 1984, Jonathan L. Rosen arranged to have the Minutemen perform on his radio show, Virgin Vinyl. For reasons still clouded in mystery, Rosen released the tapes as an LP).

MW: He says it was broadcast over the air - it was not. It was done in a little studio. He promised we could have the tapes in exchange for doing the gig. It was not in good faith. We talked to him several months before he put that out and expressed our resurrections to him. It wasn't in co-operation with the artist as he makes it seem. D. Boon's killed and he isn't even here to defend himself.

RF: According to the liner notes of the LP you never talked to him about it. He claims he couldn't reach you.

MW: Oh yes! I talked to him. We had a very heated exchange with him. A lot of people discussed this with him before he went and did it - and after! That's why we never got to play in Tucson again, because of him.

RF: Why is that?

MW: Because his friend is the club owner there. . . I can't remember the name. . .

RF: Nino's?

MW: Yeah, Nino's! That was it. We couldn't play at Nino's because the owner or the booker of Nino's called me and said 'Look, Jon Rosen is a personal friend of mine and I've got to side with him.' It's incredible to me!

RF: What ever happened to the three record set that was advertised in the last Minutemen album?

MW: It's now a double record, all live. It's called *Ballot Results*, because it's the results of the ballots we put in *Three-Way Tie (For Last)*.

RF: I never sent mine in.

MW: I didn't think a lot of people would. But they did, and that's why I made the record. I owed it to them. We picked 30 winners, but I forgot to put two of them on the tape. But it's 37 songs with some rare songs that didn't make the top 30.

RF: will you explain the new Dos LP?

MW: Kira Roessler (ex-Black Flag bassist) tried to get me going again after D. Boon's death. So we made an album out of it. Some people will think it has a lot of FIREHOSE songs on it, but it's the other way around. It is pretty extreme to do all bass (laughs). A lot of people like Kira, and there's no way to hear her anymore without Black Flag, because she's doing an internship at Yale.

RF: What about the band Crimony?

MW: Me and Kira's brother, Paul Roessler, started that one. He plays keyboards for DC3. Me and D. Boon never knew piano or keyboard players, so I thought it would be a challenge to play with keyboards and bass, plus him singing. Before D. Boon was killed, I had only been in one band. Now it's like I'm Phil Collins or something. . .

RF: At least your not going bald.

MW: I'm lucky there. Anyway we're gonna tour with DC3, we should reach Tucson in May.

RF: So what was George Hurley going to do? Did you talk to him after D. Boon's death?

MW: I wasn't really talking to anybody. It was a bad period for me. I was just staying in my house. George was doing landscaping, at the time, and I think he was just waiting for me to come around again. I don't think he had plans to join another band. **Its sad because I didn't know how to go on again. We were lucky to get Ed. Me and George are strong enough where we could almost make Tiny Tim look good!** (laughter) It's hard for people to realize that, because we are just bass and drums, like rock 'n roll janitors or something.

RF: I've read that Ed likes Sting.

MW: Yeah, and U2 and the Police and Costello - all those new-wave bands which George and I aren't familiar with at all. Ed was in music in school. He can play trumpet and piano, whereas George and I were shed-rockers. In that way, we're miles apart, but that shows you the power of music. You can bridge huge gaps. We can bridge over the new-wave college boy from the midwest like Ed (laughter). To me that is way more 'We Are the World' than . . .

RF: Than . . . 'We Are the World.'

MW: Exactly.



BACK ON TOP: FIREHOSE  
(clockwise from top) ED FROMOHIO,  
MIKE WATT and GEORGE HURLEY.

*Third Stage*  
*Boston*  
*MCA*

Six years after their last album, this LP (number 3) arrives. Though it's almost perfect radio fodder, since mastermind/dictator Tom Scholz has a guitar sound and mix that cuts through the white noise, this album is supremely lacking in any lyrical insight and after listening to the entire album half a dozen or so times, I'm left with either an incredulous stare or bemused smile on my face. Six years and the high point is either "changes really turn your head around" or "I can finally see wrong from right." Vapidity reigns.

-Ess Kranz

*Live!*  
*Robert Fripp and the League of Crafty Guitarists*  
*Editions EG*

In which Robert Fripp unveils his new standard tuning system as well as the end result of his guitar craft seminars of late. There is a variety of textures here, from some intensely repetitive pieces to more meditative works. The large number of guitarists which appear on virtually all tracks do not clutter up the songs and the weakest point on the album is a solo Frippertronics tune. Frippertronics has been amply detailed in solo and band contexts on other albums and it seems inappropriate here. Otherwise, this shows a warmer Fripp who hasn't stopped the cerebral end of his work.

-Ess Kranz



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"Reverence" b/w "St. Pete"  
Crimony  
New Alliance

"Reverence" begins and ends sounding much like the Eagles circa 1975. That's not too good. The piano is imposing and tacky. The song's one saving flaw is the vocals. I don't know who sings, though it could be Mike Watt since he's co-producer of the single. The B side is somewhat better. Although both songs are parodies of high-rolling religious songs, they don't come off that well. The driving organ on "St. Pete" does.

-J Gruener

"Amber Skin" b/w "Sensitive Strong"  
What Makes Donna Twirl?  
New Alliance

From its punk/noise beginnings in the spoken word my-poetry-is-real-important category - What Makes Donna Twirl? is still something of a question.

The bleak noise becomes taxing quickly and thoroughly.

Of the two songs, "Sensitive/Strong" makes it, in that it is a quick fulfilling dirge. The musical grinding sounds like a sewer gurgling and spitting up refuse as it's getting smashed by a bulldozer.

Thankfully, this is only a single.

-J Gruener

Lovely Thunder  
Harold Budd  
Editions EG

Harold Budd continues to prove that avant-garde need not be synonymous with dissonance by generating long moody and melodic drones that sound more acoustic than electronic in origin. Here Budd composes, produces, and performs all tracks and somehow manages to avoid the sterility that generally marks such proto-solo outings. Side one is more somber variations on *The Moon And The Melodies*, his collaboration of last year with the Cocteau Twins, while side two consists of a single cut, "Gypsy Violin," which is reminiscent of his *Abandoned Cities*. Budd continues to progress away from his well-known work with Brian Eno and towards a soundscape all his own.

- Ess Kranz

Sounds of Now  
various artists  
Dionysus

The latest comp. from ex-Tucsonan Lee Joseph lists a varied roster of acts, as well as the usual psychedelia we'd come to expect from his Dionysus label.

The whole album is pretty great, but the most noteworthy items (to us Tucson folk anyway) are cuts by Al Perry who turns in a repeat performance of his classic "Glue-Sniffing Revival," and now-defunct Jonny Sevin (with Lee Joseph on bass) who offer a grunge-fest of fun with "Hey You."

There are also some spirited offerings from Yard Trauma (another of Joseph's groups), Zebra Stripes (his wife's band) and the Beguiled (a fiery blues-thrash outfit which Lee does not play for).

Write to: Dionysus, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507.

- Peter Catalanotte

Soundtrack to Blue Velvet  
Varese Sarabande Records

This album, unlike IRS' soundtrack to director David Lynch's earlier film *Eraserhead*, is mostly the orchestral score, composed and conducted by Angelo Badalamenti. While unusually evocative, nonetheless, what's missing is more of Lynch and sound designer Alan Splet's manipulated and distorted audio tracks. Lynch considers sound to be an active 50 percent in a motion picture. It's a shame more of his innovative aural constructs didn't make it onto this LP. Also, notable in its absence is Bobby Vinton's reading of the standard "Blue Velvet," which was featured in the film.

-Ess Kranz

Dry Lungs II  
various artists  
Placebo

Maybe Mental/Controlled Bleeding  
Placebo

*Dry Lungs II* is a fine follow-up to the original classic (well, in Phoenix anyway), using the same winning recipe: industrial tracks from around the world (including the U.K.'s acclaimed Severed Heads) that set the genre firmly in place at the same time it breaks from the mold.

Maybe Mental is Phoenix artist David Oliphant and Controlled Bleeding is New Yorker Paul Lemos. Both take one side each of this excellent LP of grinding noises and sonic landscapes. Both artists appeared on *Dry Lungs I*.

-Peter Catalanotte



*we heard it through the...*



# GRAPEVINE

Best show of the year so far: **The Wooden Ball**, an all-acoustic showcase with **Rainer**, **Howe Goldberg**, and **Billy Sed** to name but a few. Organized by **Chris Heliman** and **Caitlin Von Schmidt** of the **River Roses**, the whole event was—forgive us—truly heartwarming, with sparkling performances by all.....We've been hearing lotsa good things about the new **Sidewinders** line-up with ex-**Giant Sander Scott Garber** on bass duties.....One good reason (so far) to read **Entertainment Magazine** is the **New Music** column by way-cool dude **Mike Vinyl**. His reports on national underground acts make the monthly worth looking over.....If you have not seen **The Sea**, you are missing the best mixture of raunch metal instrumentals this side of.....who knows what? They have been around forever, but don't play too regularly.....Be sure and pick up a copy of **Saturnalia**, a journal of thoughts, dreams and musings. Sort of like taking a journey through the mind of its publisher (no indication of who that is in the mag.). Write to Box 111, 4710 E. Pima, Tucson, 85712.....On a somber note, **The Cryptics** had several hundred dollars worth of equipment stolen from their practice space (which they share with **Thai Pink**). To top it off, bassist **Matt Griffen** will no longer be in the band, and as far as we know, he has not been replaced.....Finally, we will toot our own horns by recommending the purchase of **Verbal Curios**, **I Am Music**, and **The Very Best of Jeff Colt Live**. All tapes are 60 minutes and are available for \$3 each at **Wrex**, **Al Bum's**, **Discount Records** and **Cock Pit** clothing. They're all great, so buy all three.....Address all inquiries, rumors, gossip and hearsay to **GRAPEVINE**, P.O. Box 43171, Tucson, 85733-3171. We reserve the right to twist as we see fit.....

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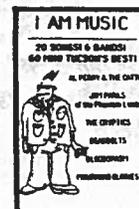
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*The Adding Machine: Selected Essays*  
William S. Burroughs  
Seaver Books

Bill Burroughs writes fiction disguised as non-fiction that's based on biographical incidents and scrambled via numerous methods, including Brian Gysin's cut-up method. Calling these pieces essays makes sense only when viewed according to length, since they run the gamut in tone and subject. The big plus is that Burroughs the patriarch is well represented here. The literary brugg whose theories and experiments have been the cutting edge for decades speaks often, thinking and reminiscing and offering the insight of his years and private vision. This is the most eminently readable collection of Burroughs ever and collects a number of rare pieces published in those underground journals that flourished in and died with the 60's, making this a marvelous introduction to short-form Burroughs.

-Ess Krantz

## Videos

*The Right Side of My Brain* Directed by Richard Kern  
*You Killed Me First/ Submit to Me/ Death Valley '69* Directed by Richard Kern  
*Fingered* Directed by Richard Kern

by Ess Krantz

Richard Kern has been getting more than a bit of positive press of late, some even calling him one of the hot forces in the underground film arena. This is a grotesque misstatement. He is given a director's (and sometimes writer's) credit on these films, but that's taking credit for jerky, amateurish camera work, insipid pseudo-plot structures that pander to the most obvious of the audience's baser instincts, transitions so clumsily executed as to be non-existent, and a conceptual vision that's monochromatic, limited and unbalanced.

*Fingered* features Lydia Lunch, who brings a tarnished but enthusiastic passion for the dark side to anything she does, and Clint Ruin, who acts with all the verve of a mummified cadaver and displays the wooden lunk-headedness that is the legacy of white trash everywhere.

The sex is somewhat explicit but not truly pornographic and ultimately uninteresting after Lunch runs through her standard sexual-victim-who-really-loves-it bit. The character development is non-existent, but there is less consideration for summation and resolution of this film, since I'm not sure what determined the ending point: ran out of film, got bored, or more likely, the lack of an obvious course of action.

*The Right Side of My Brain* is also a terrible waste of video tape. Mechanical acting, a threadbare script and uninspired camera work are combined with a teenager's stunted view of what's considered decadent. Truly not worth whatever (minimal) effort went into it.

*Killed/Submit/Death* is a trilogy of shorter, but no less vapid pieces; these feature Lung Leg, a young woman with absolutely no control of her acting or speaking ability. Leg wails, screeches, stutters and laments the poor evil of the world and how it's all so bad to her in an immature spastic style that's all her own. "Death Valley '69" is a video of sorts to a Sonic Youth and Lydia Lunch song. Blurry and as uninformative as the concert footage is (and with Lydia nowhere to be seen), it's a revelation compared to the gore shots of disemboweled bodies interspersed throughout. Not exactly breakthrough imagery.

Richard Kern is worse than the producers of porn or those general release teenagers-get-laid flicks because he's ostensibly an artiste whose vision is too graphic and intense for the aboveground. In reality, he's a melon-head with a camera and only has the desire for a quick buck. Better off renting "Porky's" and "Friday the 13th", where there is much less pretense and at least an inkling of production values, compared to any of these dishonest, dark schlock films from the lens of Kern.

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Hear my mind,  
Touch my soul.  
Vulnerability is my strength.

My gift to you is spiritflesh.  
Return it in kind,  
With your heart on your sleeve.  
I want to see it  
Bleeding, throbbing, glistening.

Come to me.  
Touch my radiant skin  
Taste my salty core.  
Consecrate our bond of desire.

We will shed our madness  
Like the viper sheds her skin.  
We will bathe in the winds  
Of the moon  
Undulating to the pulse of  
Lunacy.

-JLM

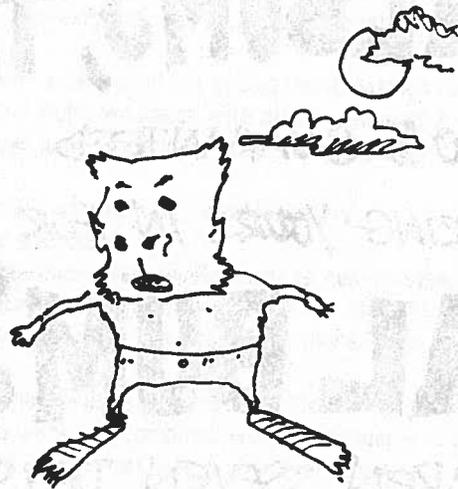
Dental Plan

as his teeth rotted  
from his head  
the young man  
thought about famine  
and war

finally he went  
to the dental center  
whereupon the dentist  
rolled up a newsweek  
and hit him sharply  
in the nose

when the young man  
asked the dentist  
why he had done this  
the dentist merely  
held up his drill  
and smiled

-Jim Parks



You'll have to pardon me  
my want, my excess, my sometime uneasiness  
You'll have to pardon me

Locked away the times were dreamed

Stolen moments of manic visions  
Wanting to believe  
Wanting

You'll have to pardon me

Locked away the times were dreamed  
Crazy coincidence fo stolen moment  
I'm sure

Time is too short  
But there will be time  
I'm sure

-Jim Buglewicz

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