

The Jesus and Mary Chain hits Las Vegas on Lollapalooza detour

by Kimberley McGee

The old Huntridge theatre took a beating last night courtesy of the Flaming Lips and Jesus and Mary Chain. The show pounded some serious licks into the long haired hippy chicks that hooped and hollered at every hyped note delivered to their MTV minds.

The Lips tore into their set with a brash guitar and the haunting voice of the lead singer, Wayne.

I was really diggin' the second song, with the lasers poking holes through the dense crowd up front when a beam of stinging white light was flashed in my face.

The lights dim and a deep bass beat shakes us from our many conversations and the crowd is going wild, stomping and hollering for Jesus. A voice, William S. Burroughs-ish, comes from overhead and says...something, I don't know. Why do they do that? You can't understand a

damn word and everyone sort of rocks to the beat waiting for something to happen. It's like one of those shitty homemade messages on an answering machine that drone on and on with the music from an expensive stereo system mushed into this tiny speaker machine with somebody yellin' at you over the static.

So anyway, the voice stops, and one word is clear. Jesus. The crowd is still, calm from the empty voice, until the flaming red curls of Monti, the drummer are spotted as he jogs out from backstage. Crazy. The mosh pit is readying itself. For what I'm not sure. What have you youngin's been reduced to? Is there no creative minds in the your generation? Come on! We were moshing over 10 years ago to real thrash music. And if you knock someone down, have the decency to pick them up.

They started off with "Catchfire," from their new

release *Honey's Dead* and went into "Blues from a Gun" off the older *Automatic*. People were jumping on stage, touching Jim Reid, the lead singer, with their sweaty hands as he tried to belt out some serious lyrics. One brave audience member gave him a sweet pat on the back during "Head On" before jumping feet first back into the crowd.

Jesus brought us down to shimmy and sway to the funky bass beat of "Teenage Lust" and quickly whipped us into a cool shake with the slammin' "Side-walking" from *Barbed Wire Kisses*.

So the show progresses as my friends and I, who are trying to enjoy the show, the music, the point, slowly regress back from the slamming bodies and flailing arms and for those who noticed, *Jesus was great!* Yeah, a little dazed maybe, Lollapalooza probably roughed 'em up a bit, but their sound was tight.



photo by Ched Whitney

They played some of their new stuff such as the poppy "Far Gone And Out" and "Sugar Ray" from their new release but kept mostly to their older tunes.

So, the youngin's have gone home to their Nintendo and BMW's to sleep off their nervous energy. I say, give your Birkenstocks and Hang Ten T's to their proper owners and come back when you have an identity.

Guitarist William Reid and The Jesus and Mary Chain took a break from the Lollapalooza '92 tour to play Las Vegas' Huntridge Theater.

Standing still with the Catherine Wheel



by Jared Dean

So there I was, sitting in Fuddy Duddy's waiting for the members of Catherine Wheel to arrive so we could get this little interview under way. Now, if you've ever been to a sound check for a major band, you know that giving plasma is more pleasant. At least you get to lay down and watch some sort of movie when giving plasma. You also get paid.

At a sound check you get to listen to Sid, the band's self-proclaimed drum-kit warm-up specialist, play 20 minutes of "let's-see-how-many-cymbals-we-can-hit-before-the-bartender's-ears-bleed." It was a bit embarrassing having the town drunk tap her foot to this outrage of off-beat tribal junk and say "now that's music."

So you can imagine my relief when the band mem-

bers arrived and apologized for their delinquency, mumbling something about having to visit the adult bookstore next door.

I had to settle for interviewing the bass player Dave Hawes, and guitar player Brian Futter because Rob Dickinson (lead vocals) and Neil Sims (percussion) wanted to check out the sex shop again. I was consoled by the fact that Rob remembered me from the last time they were here, opening for the Soup Dragons. Either he's a real person or I have an unforgettable mug.

We decide to do the interview on the tour bus. After 20 minutes of fighting with the bus door and then looking for an outlet in the back, we settle for doing the interview in the front of the bus next to their sleeping tour manager. He later turned out to be a total oaf. The fan was blowing hot air and we had to

talk quiet or we would wake the ogre, so the copy of the event didn't come out so clear.

It was at least 110 degrees, so I decided to break the ice by asking what they thought of Vegas. "Too hot for human beings." And how did they like playing the Hard Rock? "It's a very strange place to play." Enough small talk. I had heard from several sources that Catherine Wheel's first single was being called the "Stairway To Heaven of the '90s." Does this make them laugh?

"Yes, it does. When we first wrote "Black Metallic" we weren't going to use it. We thought it wasn't very good. Then we started playing it live and we thought 'yeah, it's all right.' It's silly what people are saying about it, but if it means that much to them we'll include it. It's just one

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