

# TEMPEST



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## There's always room for Jelly!

by Brent Legault

They are master musicians, classically trained and renowned world-wide for their skill, working rigorously day and night with a religious and loving devotion to their craft. Some say they are the Bach's, the Beethoven's, and the Mozart's of the late-20th century. They are responsible for such beautiful, cultured works as *Obey the Cowgod*, *Cereal Killer*, and *Misadventures of Shitman*. This legendary group of brilliant performers is known as Green Jelly.

When last I spoke with Bill Manspeak, Green Jelly's "leader" and spiritual guide, the band was named Green Jellö.

Currently Green Jelly is struggling over petty legal questions—questions that have nothing to do with what this band is all about and that ignore the talent and brilliance that oozes from every mouth, every finger, and every pore of any one of the members of Green Jelly.

They are constantly honing their craft, writing and rewriting, sometimes working

up to 15 minutes on a single song.

"Fear is the greatest motivator," said Bill, recalling the production of *Cereal Killer*. Green Jelly's video-gone-gold. "Fear enabled us to make 11 videos in three months. The last three were shot in one day!"

Bill and his fellow Green Jelly-ians were so confident in their creative ability, that the first several thousand dollars of their hefty advance from Zoo Entertainment went to buy kegs of beer. Obviously, they wanted to mull over

their ideas in a non-constrictive, no-pressure environment.

The fear came later when Bill received a few phone calls from the record company "urging" them to produce something.

The "something" they produced has sold over 500,000 copies since last October.

"We laugh our asses off everyday," Bill said. "There's nothing funnier than watching kids mosh to the Flintstones." He admits, however, "It's not so hard to make peo-

ple laugh when you're dressed like a big piece of shit."

The very humble Bill is too shy to describe his music, so I will apply my limited knowledge as best as I am able.

It sounds a little bit like this: ARRkrüNCXo@#OOOH ZZZ!WuflLN!?!KR!@!

Call them Orange Marmalade or Lemon Meringue if you want to. Their flavor remains the same. You can taste Green Jelly, although you will probably smell them first, on May 30th, at the Huntridge Theater.

## More pork products with the release of *Pork Soda*

by Brent Legault

**BEWARE:** The story you may or may not be about to read concerns the latest album by Primus, released on Interscope Records. No one in Primus ever uttered a single one of these silly sentences, except for the quote within a quote, which are lyrics taken from the title track. Furthermore, for the gullible elite, I say again: *Pork Soda* is an album, NOT a soft drink. We have to say this because some of you may actually go to an AM/PM or a 7-11 requesting your can of *Pork Soda*, and the humiliation you receive upon discovering your folly may result in a scandalous law suit which we have neither the time nor the money to deal with. You have been warned.

In a top-secret underground laboratory, somewhere in the wilds of North-

ern California, Professors Les Claypool, Larry LaLonde, and Tim Alexander, members of the radical anti-Industry organization known as PRIMUS, recently developed a new product they call, *Pork Soda*.

As you know, recent history has seen the American public choking on a vomitously sweet and bubbly concoctions.

The Industry and their subsidiaries have dominated the market. In effect, they have served as a roadblock for innovation. They habitually, nay, gleefully squash any possible usurper and blatantly deny your right as a consumer to choose.

*Pork Soda* will change all of that.

"There's nothing 'soft' about this drink," said Dr. Claypool.

Indeed, *Pork Soda* is thick and greasy, teaming with tasty little lumps. A rich and flavorful blend of smoked flesh and

gelatinous goo. It goes well with pretzels.

But what is the history behind this breakthrough achievement?

"We are not the first to try to crack the Industry's monopoly in this country," said Prof. LaLonde. "In 1933, Jarvis Shuemaker developed something he called Turnip Dew. But the Great Depression, along with a freak turnip blight, forced him to cease operations months later. We suspect foul play."

Dr. Claypool continued, "The early '60s saw the invention of Broccoli Pepper, by a woman named Steely Bowman. Her product sold marginally well in Southern California, but a year later she died under mysterious circumstances."

Do you fear for your lives?

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## review



## Ordinary Oddity

by Tricia Romano

What's so odd about sugar-sweet commercial alternative pop?

Nothing.

The Odds, a Vancouver-based quartet would have you believe different. Everything from its name to its newest album, *Bedbugs Quadrilogue*, to the song titles, leads one to believe that the Odds are, well, odd.

Not so.

Singer/songwriter Steven Drake, writes catchy, poppy tunes that are condensed just right for radio stations that claim to be on the edge. Happy songs can be fine, if, and only if, there is a compelling urgency to the music, a la, old Police. Instead Drake, Paul Brennan, Doug Elliot and Craig Northey, opt for the easy way out. Simple, flighty pop

tunes that don't leave an indelible impression on the mind, and, worst, don't leave the listener with a memorable melody to hum.

Unfortunately, bland seems to be the working word here. All of the songs tend to blend within one another. The Odds need distinction in its work. If within a five-song sample, it is difficult to discern the beginning and end of a song, then that it is a telltale sign of musical repetition in a band's repertoire.

There is one exception, "Heterosexual Man," where the chorus is amusing enough to remember as Drake sings in mockery, "I wanna make every woman I see."

The Odds will play tonight with the Gin Blossoms, very worthy of the \$5 you have to shell out, at the Shark Club.