

CD Reviews

"These guys definitely don't thuck." - Butt-Head, MTV's "Beavis and Butt-Head."

Mind Bomb's self-titled debut for Mercury Records has been nothing but successful, both for the band and the label. With two Top 10 metal tracks ("Prepare Yourself" and "Segue") and a dance smash, "Do You Need Some," the Chicago-based band demonstrates substance and diversity.

Produced, engineered, and mixed by Max Norman (Ozzy Osbourne and Megadeth) with help from Mind Bomb lead singer Matt Mercado. The music gets right to the point. It's loud, too.

Most of the songs are established from the start and don't build - it's like climbing into a car that's already going 40 miles per hour. No wimp rock; critical comments seem to bear this out.

Mercado said recently in Foundations, "Those comparisons to Ministry and Nails don't bother us, it's a lot better than being compared to Poison!" You have to wonder, while listening, what Mercado meant when he described his studio experience with Norman as being less than fun. The album is fine, Matt. Chill.

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This two-CD set isn't so much the mystery of Bulgarian voices as it is the mystery of how anyone can listen to this wailing for almost an hour and a half. Composed entirely of female Bulgarian villagers and other untrained voices (even the conductress is a woman), the choir is the genesis of years of training and auditions meant to reveal unto the world the very best of, well, Bulgaria.

The set is packaged handsomely (three-fold style) with nice color photographs of the choir in native costume against a bright, partly cloudy sky. The songs were recorded before a Norwegian audience

in Trondheim and include applause, coughing, and (though I couldn't pick it up) a little noise from the heater.

It is likely there is more than one song on this choral masterpiece (the liner notes say 31 selections in all) but the selections are difficult to identify. The language barrier didn't help, either. These are the toughest women to listen to since Vixen, and please, no snoring in the balcony.

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People are still having sex, and LaTour is still on target with Home on the Range, his latest almost. Self-described as someone very "into musical technology," LaTour's Island Records effort inundates listeners with dance grooves rolling around a hard-working rhythm constructed electronically. And just when you think keyboards and percussion are all you're getting, horns and a string section show up. Cool.

With the success of "People are Still Having Sex," one might think two years was a long time between albums. This wait may have been a manifestation of LaTour's admitted natural shyness and fear of criticism. If he was glossing Home on the Range and avoiding rushing it to sidestep criticism, his strategy worked.

Especially enjoyable is the six-plus minute hypno-track, "Hypnomania." It's loud, repetitive; everything a dance enthusiast needs. The CD version of Home on the Range offers two dance remixes of "Craziaskowboi" (the second track on Home.) and "Don't Jump." There's a lot here for your music dollar.

Home on the Range propels you through an hour of techno and is a completely rave collection. If you don't pick this up, it might be a long wait to the next release.

Twice bitten, my fault

BY JARED DEAN
STAFF WRITER

Last week, My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult and Ethyl Meatplow played at the Shark Club. I should have known when I stepped up to the ticket taker that this was going to suck.

Thankstothealmighty dress code, I was told I couldn't enter the hip-infested Shark Club because my toes were visible. The bouncer was very accommodating as he confiscated my I.D. and informed me that I could buy a pair of appropriate socks inside for \$2. He told me that once my feet were clad in fad I could get my license back.

So, being the rebel that I am, I bummed a pair of socks from one of my friends inside long enough to prove to the bouncer that I was worthy of receiving my identity back. I then returned my friend's socks and sat down. This isn't the first run-in that

I've had with the "Shark Patrol." I was evicted in the past for behavior not becoming a gentleman. Yeah, I should have known that moshing wasn't proper in such an elite establishment. I guess I should have slow danced to Nirvana, but what can I say, my primeval urges overtook me and my friend and we suffered the wrath of security. I can handle being kicked-out. It's actually kind of cool, if you deserve it.

As I stood and watched Ethyl Meatplow set up, I pondered why the Shark Club sucks. I love the lights. The music sounds good. They've even get decent bands to play, and the stage isn't that small.

Then Ethyl Meatplow started their set and didn't even make it through the first song before the "Shark Patrol" started circling the stage, waiting for someone to entice them to strike.

The lead singer jumped into the crowd and sang from within the confines of the fans which was pretty exciting. The kids

started getting into the spirit of things by dancing (sometimes bumping into each other, but nothing too harmful) and that was all the mighty Joke Patrol needed. Once they seized the singers mike, people took notice. Boy they are cool. The singer took to the stage and the mike was given back.

A short but poignant speech was given, about how this wasn't a Bruce Springsteen concert and so on, much of the English masked in profanity so the Patrol could understand the monosyllabic words. The Patrol yelled that they were just doing their job, which brought laughter, and the band slowed things down so the bouncers wouldn't get their briefs in a bunch.

Things slowed down on stage, the Joke Patrol started policing the area, and I noticed some of them pointing at my feet. I saved them the trouble and evicted myself. The rest of the show couldn't have been that good anyway.

Mixed media display of fine art talent at Beam Gallery

BY CATHY SCWABE
STAFF WRITER

It is hard to deny the controversy our university has endured in the past, from nationwide newspaper articles to endless TV coverage, and, perhaps the occasional "bad joke" from Billy Crystal at the Grammys. In order to get past this we have to look within our university to find the attributes that make UNLV great - ourselves.

An exhibition showing off some of UNLV's artistic talent is on display in the Donna Beam Fine Art Gallery on campus. Faculty members of the art department have all contributed

original works to this month's exhibit. The display consists of a wide variety of art media used to create some sketch-type works, abstract art, wood and ceramic sculptures, and several photographic and film-style pieces as well.

Some examples of the collection include the soft, subdued photography of Catherine Angel, some bright "Las Vegas pop culture" oriented paintings by Mary Warner, the emotionally probing wood sculptures of department chair, Lee T. Sido, and also, interestingly enough, an artistic portrayal of Elvis and his music by James B. Pink.

In addition to these artists mentioned, other contributing members of the department include Rita Dean in Abbey, Mark Burns, Tom Holder, Bill Leaf, Pasha Rafat, and the dean of the college of fine and performing arts, Michael McCollum.

The exhibit runs through Sept. 26, and the gallery hours are Monday through Friday 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m.

The artists are all faculty members of the art department. If you're interested in art, it's wonderful to browse, and a great way to take a break from a busy school day.

Live

from p. 9

take control of your feet—they will no longer be your own; and the vocalists will carry you to the point where you will be singing in a Jamaican dialect that you don't even understand.

Lead vocalist/songwriter Stan Rankin T, a musical genius in his own right, is also producer (Patois Records), retailer (Caribbean Life Style music store), and disc jockey (Reggae Happenings KUNV FM 91.5). Singer Margo Dread holds up a strong background with help from Steve Richards and Teddy Davis, Jr. who also play the guitars for Meshack. The perfect reggae sound is completed by Billy Wade on drums and Tony McGlothen on keyboards.

Check out Stan Rankin T and Meshack live at Carlos Murphy's (Sept. 5, 7, 9, 14,

and 21-28), the Huntridge with Eek-A-Mouse (Sept. 17), and The Sports Pub (Sept. 18).

The newest Stan Rankin T and Meshack release, "Great Man Dread," will be available at the end of September at Caribbean Life Style (1151 South Las Vegas Boulevard).

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San Fernando Valley based reggae performers, Urban Dread, rocked the campus last Wednesday as they gave a jammin' performance outside of the Moyer Student Union. The crowds went wild as stunning performances were delivered by band members Jason Bourne, Ras Cimarron, Kris Carpenter, Gary Stevenson, Dalton Francis, and Jahmark.

The show was a big hit with students who literally packed in the dance area to "shake their thangs" to reggae favorites such as "Sorry" and

"One Love." The band performed all forms of "island music" including Soca, Calypso, Reggae, and Dancehall Dub. The bass was pumpin' and the percussion was thumpin' so of course the crowd was jumpin' at this very merry music jam.

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Three bands under the Lemuria label performed on campus last Friday in the MSU courtyard. The show began with Unorthodox Flavor which lead into Hostage Symphony and ended with Lesser Dog.

Unorthodox Flavor exploded onto the stage performing hip-hop of a definitely unorthodox style. Their vocals breathe through powerful and crisp, and their sound is energetic and vibrant. Their style is East Coast and much more than 'hype!'

The performance began with an empty courtyard which rapidly began to fill with students.

Before long, bodies started to dip and feet began to tap. Lead vocalists "B" and Mark-X performed lyrics that are nothing short of 'dope' while DJ Ivan the Terrible expresses his talent on the wheels of steel. Their appearance has that Onyx appeal to it, but don't get the wrong idea, this troop is original to the bone. Keep an eye out for their first release coming to your music store by the end of this year because like Mark-X said, "Mad baldies are in effect!"

The second band on stage was an alternative rock band by the name of Hostage Symphony. Lead singer, Matt Churnoff has an exceptional vocal style with help from Scott Beare in the background. The overall sound is powerful and radiates with talent and like Unorthodox Flavor, it draws a crowd. Unlike many other rock bands who scream their lyrics, Hostage Symphony sings in

harmony with lyrics that you can understand. When asked for a personal description of his style, Matt chumoff said "I prefer to vent intelligence into energy." This band's latest energetic release, "Ugly," is available now at your record stores.

The final band to perform was Lesser Dog. They have an alternative sound to be commended. The vocals are strong and deep with a clear-cut rhythm and commanding guitar performances. They have a metal-poppish sound that is pleasing to a beatmatic funk-loving audience. The crowd really enjoyed this performance.

Ken Wenzel, a student here, said, "they have kind of a dark sound. I dig it." Another student, Sam Tripoli, said "They are deep on several levels that swoo my inner-child." Well, all that were present can agree that their sound was truly psychedelic with a jazzy appeal.