

No Head, lots of other parts

by Moondog Jarvis

Everyone seemed to be riding on high energy on February 29 when The Cramps blew away the Concert Hall. The 16 year-old shockabilly/surf punk band were in town supporting their new album, *Look Mom, No Head*.

The band hasn't changed a bit since its conception, despite the comings and goings of its members. Frontman Lux Interior performed in shining spandex with high heel shoes and a pearl necklace. Despite the fact he's in his late 30s, he appears just as skinny, pale and muscular as always.

Poison Ivy, dressed in her typical fishnet stockings, micro skirt and bikini top, proved that despite looking burnt out, she can still play sexy gui-

CONCERT

The Cramps
The Concert Hall
February 29

tar. The new lineup consisted of a transvestite bass player, Slim Chance, and a teddy boy drummer, Nickey Alexandar.

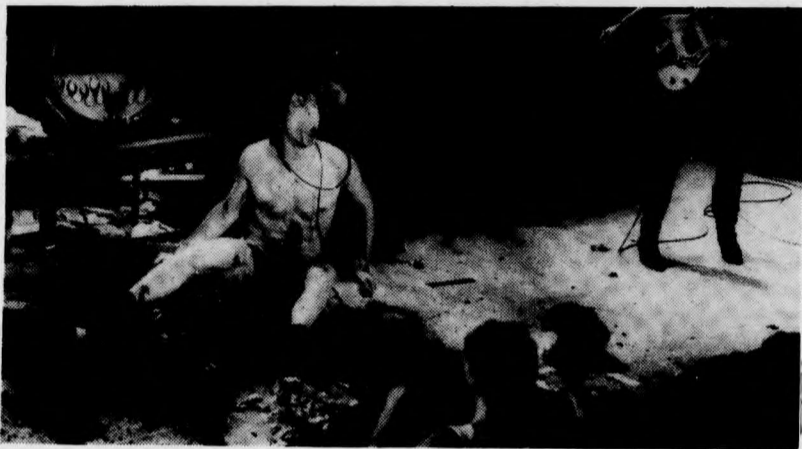
The band barreled through an hour and 15 minute set of new songs and old favorites. The crowd went wild for "Cornfed Dames" and "The Googamuk." New songs like "I'm A Two Headed Sex Change From Outer Space" and "Bend Over, I'll Drive" were definite crowd pleasers, despite the fact that hardly anyone had the new album.

As audience members extended their arms to touch Lux, he whipped out his manhood and thrust it towards their hands. Needless to say, the arms quickly went down.

In typical Cramps fashion, the band gave the crowd one of the best encores they likely ever will see. As Lux came back out on stage, sweating buckets, the band took their places. No one expected what they were in for when Lux let out a long, drawn out cry of "Rape" in his Elvis on Heroin voice. From there, all hell broke loose, the floor coming alive as the band launched into their surf zombie hit, "The Crusher."

The crowd slam danced and body surfed with more energy than they had at any other point in the night. The audience fed off Lux as he carved up his spandex clothes with a broken beer bottle and climbed one of the speaker columns as the band played "Surfin' Bird." He sat atop the column, tickling his testicles and flicking his tongue out at the crowd.

Lux jumped back down to the stage, trashed his mike stand, climbed up the other speaker speaker column and tried to pull fans off the balcony who were fortunately (or is that unfortunately?) being held in by their friends. He climbed back down to the stage as the band brought the song to a frenzied ending and Lux tore off what was left of his clothes and stood there, a sweaty, convulsing, drug-crazed transvestite with only a high-heeled shoe covering his genitals.



Shockabilly/surf punk band The Cramps blow away the crowd at the Concert hall recently. If shining spandex, fishnet stockings, high heels and lots of exposed (not so young) flesh on stage are your thing, you should have been there.

Razor rage and pastoral patches

by Chris Smets

The first thing you hear is chickens clucking. Then a mighty thrash riff thunders down, and you know that this ain't no sound effects album.

It's *Angst*, the debut release from Glueleg, a Toronto-based trio comprised of Carlos Alonso (bass, vocals and keyboards), Ruben Huizenga (guitar and vocals) and Blake Howard (drums with a capital D). The music on the album is best described as in-your-face and intelligent. It's rock that embraces the eclectic; pastoral patches and jazz flourishes mixed with hell-bent slave metal. Yet, it rarely sounds pretentious or artsy.

There's plenty of razor-riffin' rage here to satisfy your basic Metallicoid, along with enough Floyd-ian slips for a barrelful of Barrettites. The anger expressed on "Pollo," the thought provoking opening track, is intense enough to have come from Henry Rollins or James Hetfield. Other songs, like "Kick In" and the esoteric "Fraz Built a Spaceship," suggest Soundgarden with Stanley Clarke and Neil Peart filling out the rhythm section.

"Lillies" is a slash-and-burn epic with a surprisingly pop-oriented chorus — complete with harmonies! Then there's the atmospheric Middle Eastern crunch of "Islamic Bath," with its back-handed bass fills and a gleefully twisted stream-of-consciousness narration. These songs, along with a pair of virtuosic instrumentals, make *Angst* a fine introduction to a promising musical outfit.

There are a few problems, however. The production is, at times, far too limited to fully accommodate the band's ambitious ideas. The album contains many quiet moments that are lost to its louder, more abrasive side.

MUSIC

Glueleg
Angst
independent



Angst sometimes teeters uneasily between influence and inspiration.

Juice a def collection of big time rap

by Colin P., The Mighty Billz & M. Blake

Juice, the soundtrack for the movie of the same name, is a def collection of various big time rap and R&B artists from Naughty By Nature and Brand New Heavies to Aaron Hall and Big Daddy Kane.

Even before the film came out, there was a lot of hype over the soundtrack. Given high expectations, it's no wonder that, at first listen, the album falls short. But, the more we listened, the more we found rhythms and beats that possessed definite slam appeal.

Naughty By Nature's "Uptown Anthem" has the most juice. It's the best track on the album, followed by Hall's "Don't Be Afraid," for those of us on the R&B tip.

Teddy Riley's "Is It good to You" and EPMD's "It's Goin' Down" are dope, as expected. Also, two parts of this record review trio went off on the Cypress Hill jam and, surprisingly, M. C. Pooh's "Sex, Money and

The intro to the title track sounds like Primus circa "Seas of Cheese." Likewise, the herky-jerky arpeggios on "Rubonic Plague" resemble early Rush.

But Glueleg, like all young bands, are still working hard to develop and define their own sound. Teenage Fanclub, one of today's hottest acts, have admittedly copped much of their style from the music of 70s groups like Crazy Horse and the now-infamous Big Star. Hell, even Rush sounded like a Led Zep rip-off on their very first record.

So give Glueleg a break. Not really thrash but way too weird for AOR airplay, they are a band to watch very closely.

You can buy *Angst* wherever independent cassettes are sold, or by calling the band directly at (416) 533-0723.

MUSIC

various artists
Juice Soundtrack
MCA

Murder."

Other tracks deserved NO mention, starting with Big Daddy Kane's "Nuff Respect," which is just average; like most of his material these days, it sounds the same (he's not progressing). Also, Salt n' Pepa's hardcore rap track "He's Gami- On Ya" should be noted for the lyrics, but does no justice to their unique rap style.

Another loser is Too Short's track "So You Want to Be a Gangster." BORING!

On the overview tip, if you look at *Juice* as a normal, everyday album and don't expect any musical miracles, you'll probably find, as we did, that it carries weight and is worth adding to your collection. Out of a possible four fists of power, *Juice* gets three minus a finger.

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