



Mojo - baby and the skid enjoy a good laugh in their local electrical appliance outlet.

The power to offend the public has seemingly not yet been dulled. Despite the constant bombardment by crass television programming,

supermarketconveyorbelttabloids, and "cold pablum" commercial radio formats, etc. generously heaped upon us by the powers that be (We the People ... take a bow) there seems to be no let-up to the indecencies to which we are subjected by the excrement purveyors employing the marketing resources of our capitalist society. (This public service commentary was provided gratis, in recognition of the new academic journey just begun yesterweek. Read on.)

If the words "stark raving naked in the fornication nation" hold a special place in your value system, you're likely to enjoy the latest release by the tabloidinspired Elvis worshippers. The album is powered in large part by a white rhythm and blues sound that imbues a new freshness to a genre I thought I didn't much care for. Listening to the album, though, released a rush of memories and much laughter. The power white R&B once possessed had been obscured by a dull patina that had built up from something similar - so don't years of Elvis impersonators and

MOJO NIXON AND SKID ROPER

- ROOT HOG OR DIE

- Enigma Records

has-beens still carrying on their act at the Holiday Inn lounge. This duo's obvious affection for this sound, however, has not inhibited their lyrical departure from more traditional subject matter. The majority of the songs are humorous (and offensive, but hey! We're adults right?). Titles such as Debbie Gibson is pregnant with my two headed love child, (619) 239-KING, and She's a Vibrator Dependent attest to America's fascination with (in descending order): 1) reading about sex - especially if it's a juicy, yet ridiculous, story involving celebrities, aliens, and

Bigfoot, 2) is Elvis still alive? (Sorry E.P., but the silver medal is no disgrace) and 3) selfentertainment (figure it out for yourself).

(Remember now, these guys are a product of our society - or disavow them). The rendition of

Woody Guthrie's "this land is your land" has the added feature of new verses inserted to advertise MojoLand - a magical theme park complete with drive-in movies, cheese dogs, and 24 hours-a-dayseven-days-a-week liquor stores.

Legalize it, with gospelispired backing vocals, sermonizes the value of liberalizing societies battles with drugs. Burn your money is a percussion-based stomp tune with obvious aims. Both of these songs balance the primarily R&B basis of the album without seeming out of place. Circus Mystery is the most unusual song on the album, stylistically, insofar as it generates a Beatnik/streetjazz sound (with spooky, distorted guitar work thrown in) that is accentuated by the intentionally stupid oxymorons of the lyrics.

Definitely not an album for "decent folk" but an inspired carefully crafted bit o' fun.

Peter Ferguson

