

REVIEWS

Continued from Page 10

"Rape Me." Grohl is pounding his drums with such crashing intensity, you'd swear the band recruited another member to just to play the cymbal.

The songs "All Apologies," and "Dumb" are the two songs without the heavy distortion. "Dumb" is a mix of "Polly," "On a Plain" and "Lithium."

"All Apologies" on the other hand, is not like anything Nirvana has done. It is probably the "prettiest" of the songs on *In Utero* but that depends on your definition of pretty.

Yeah, virtually every song has Cobain expressing his fears, frustration and downright disgust with becoming a rock star, but the music is what Nirvana's about, not the words. Leave the "mind-blowing" lyrics to their Seattle cousins, Pearl Jam.

If anyone can explain what the chorus of "Milk It," (Doll steak / Test meat) means, please let me know.

Mentioning Seattle may ensure lameness, but the sound that came out of Seattle still has as big an impact as anything in the music business right now. True, Nirvana were not the ones who created that sound. But they were the ones able to work it into the mainstream, whether that's good or bad is still up in the air.

So while Eddie Vedder continues with his stories about how much music has saved him from suicide, how rough his life is, and how difficult it is for him to stand in a normal position on stage, let's hope he remembers that if it weren't for Nirvana, he'd still be sitting in his Seattle apartment going nuts from too much espresso.

There is a reason Nirvana was the first band to come out, nor will they be the last band to come out of Seattle: As *In Utero* proves, they were and are still the best of that wacky Seattle Scene, maybe even the world.

- By Dave Charbonneau
Oregon Daily Emerald



HATER

★★★ 1/2

GROUP: Hater
LABEL: A & M

It's hard to hate Hater, a new band from that Seattle Scene thing.

Not only are two of the members the rhythm section for Soundgarden — the best band in the Northwest — but Hater are a legitimate group unto themselves.

And they're not even grungy. That could mean that Hater won't sell millions of records, but it worked for Pearl Jam, the most ungrunge and over-hyped group from that whole Seattle Scene thing.

Hater lead singer Brian Wood's laconic vocals will never beat out Soundgarden's lead throat Chris Cornell; however, his mellow Marc Bolan/T. Rex style of singing is intriguing and complements the rough-edged guitars of Ben Shepherd well.

Shepherd, who plays bass for Soundgarden, also backs up on vocals, something he does on a less-often basis for Cornell, and drummer Matt Cameron even sings, something he never does as drummer for Soundgarden.

But somehow, it all works. And it works well.

Hater are loose, often settling into a groove. Their sound is not as slick and produced as that of Pearl Jam, and it is not as sloppily annoying as Nirvana's album *Bleach* sometimes tended to be.

Hater begins their debut album with "Mona Bone Jakon," a song written by Cat Stevens (a one-hit wonder from so far back that no one can even remember the song that everyone remembers him for), and Hater pulls it off, never sounding so mellow that you'll want to sleep and never going so fast that you want to slam-dance like music from that crazy Seattle scene thing.

The whole album hits that same groove — at little more than 30 minutes long, it can be listened to over a bowl of cereal at breakfast and you won't even have to remember what song you left for English class on because the album will be over.

Very few bands sound so rough and loose that they sound good, but Hater are one of them. If Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder were trying to hit that high D note and his voice began to crack like Wood's does, Vedder would be tossed off of the stage at the MTV Video Music Awards like so much flannel from that Seattle

Scene thing.

But when Wood and Shepherd get together, cracking voices, amps and all, the sound could make them stars.

- By Jake Berg
Oregon Daily Emerald



ABOVE THE NIGHT

★★★

GROUP: My Life with Thrill Kill Kult
LABEL: Interscope

The great thing about My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult is that nobody even wants to bother pigeonholing this group into some classification — it wouldn't work anyway.

Thrill Kill Kult began as the soundtrack to a videocamera-filmed movie that two Chicago guys wanted to do (the Kult's Buzz McCoy and Groovie Mann), and the character from the group's music takes heavily from film lines, giving songs their humor.

On "Disco Fleshpot," for example, movie lines such as "When I was young I used to play doctor with the boys" and "In case you didn't happen to notice it, I'm one hell of a gorgeous chick" pop up out of nowhere. (Free lunch to the first person who can name both films that the lines are in.)

Lines like those — and the many others that dot the songs — give the band its image and reputation of often singing about sex. More orgasms pop up on a handful of songs from this album than do on White Zombie's "Welcome to Planet M.F." or Guns 'N Roses' "Rocket Queen."

But if they didn't, it wouldn't be Thrill Kill Kult — it would just be the major-label debut of just another formerly obscure group.

A number of songs — particularly "Delicate Terror" — lay down very danceable beats mixed in between lines like "Join the children of hell." Other lines are more difficult to understand, at times taking on a nice Al Jourgensen/Ministry type of distorted sound.

Who knows what to call it? It's better music than what deserves a label, so don't bother trying to pinpoint it.

- By Jake Berg
Oregon Daily Emerald

Turn to REVIEWS, Page 15

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