CD reviews



Pete's Cheap and Easy ★★★☆☆

Peter Wilde, the local crude environmentalist who speaks his mind through folk music, last year released his latest CD, titled "Pete's Cheap and Easy."

In concert he plays anything from his repertoire, but "Pete's Cheap and

Peter Wilde plays a little of everything on his newest CD.

Easy" definitely marks a move away

from environmental issues and in-

stead focuses mainly on love and

the disillusionment of relation-

ships. His trademark coarse and un-

refined style stills manages to shine

Mostly known as a folk artist,

Wilde's newest CD is evidence of

his influence from other musical

styles such as pop, rock and coun-

try. His range in both approach

and content makes "Pete's Cheap

and Easy" both unpredictable and

Lyrically, he writes about whatever is going on in his life. The pop-style "Mexican Vacation,"

for example, complete with trum-

pet sounds, tells the apparent sto-

ry of a personal trip to the country. "Parasites" was probably

written on the same voyage.

During a recent show at The

through, however.

enjoyable.

Buzz, Wilde admitted to the audience that this song is the dumbest he has ever written. The tune made the CD anyway and its crude, dark humor should appeal to many listnerers.

In a live setting, its call and response style, with Wilde singing a line and the audience repeating the line back to the musician, gives it a campfire-like quality.

Not all of Wilde's songs are as amiss as "Parasites," however.

In fact, the superb song "Moths to Flames" is about an intense physical attraction that seems almost unbearable to live with. The hollow background vocals add depth to its rock-like style.

"Chris' Song," a close contender with "Moths to Flames" in excellence, invokes images of middle- to lower-class suburbia and streets of similar-looking houses lined up in perfect rows, with their yellowing front lawns.

The lyrics "Truth is easy to hide ... sometimes truth is kept real

deep inside" conjure up a sense of suppressed feelings of dissatisfaction felt by the neighborhood's citizens.

"Sourmouth Sprout," the CD's eighth cut, is Wildes' most rockin' song of the bunch. The lyrics aren't brilliant as he makes fun of a dense man, but the beat is more fun than getting the worm at the bottom of a tequila bottle. With a slight country feeling to it, the song is no doubt a sure hit at bars like Sam Bond's Garage, where Wilde often plays.

With a similar rating, "Fuck You Get a Job and Have a Nice Day" sports undertones of anger mixed with a peppy beat that gives an unsettling, strange feeling.

"Heroin Again" features silly, odd and unrecognizable sounds randomly strewn throughout. Lending to the uniqueness of the package, it makes a perfect finale.

Overall, Wilde's "Pete's Cheap and Easy" is a mixture of highbrow lyrics, off-the-wall lines and addictive beats.

Sara Jarrett

Seeing Red ★★★☆

Baseboard Heaters

Normally, CDs with more than a six-month shelf life aren't worth a review, due to the lack of timeliness. "Seeing Red," the Baseboard Heaters' debut recording released last April, has two factors going for it deserving of a rule change, however.

First, the band is playing Feb. 26 at the Wild Duck in Eugene, so there's an appropriate story peg. Second, this CD kicks ass and shouldn't be overlooked for any reason.

Out of Portland, the Baseboard Heaters have been together since early 1998, although listening to the eight tracks on "Seeing Red" gives an impression of a more long-term relationship. These four rocking twangers — lead vocalist/guitarist Rob Stroup, lead guitarist/vocalist Matt Brown, bassist/vocalist Matt Souther and percussionist Jason Krzmarzick — sound tight.

From the ballad "So Far To You" to the guitar-strong "Roll The Dice," the Baseboard Heaters torch the speakers. In fact, if you remember when Jason and the Scorchers were making the musical rounds, your memories will be sparked once again by this bunch.

Six of the songs on "Seeing Red" are studio-recorded, while the final two were recorded live on KBOO's Church of Northwest Music show, in order to capture what other reviewers have called a "fiery, live performance."

Damn, if they get any hotter in person the Wild Duck may spontaneously combust.

Vocally, Stroup nails the necessary notes to make songs about drinking, smoking, passion, alienation and women come alive. Brown wrote "Roll the Dice" and a crowd favorite, "Minneapolis," and his guitar work sizzles. Souther contributes strong bass work and Krzmarzick's

drumming keeps songs moving along at just the right pace.

The Baseboard Heaters are gaining publicity in the Northwest, not just based on "Seeing Red," but because of the band's stage presence. Following a well-received slot at the 1998 NXNW Music Festival, Brown remarked to a reporter that it was great to see "that we could entertain people and make them jump up and down."

Jump up, get down to the record store and buy "Seeing Red."

Jack Clifford

2Gether ★☆☆☆☆

2Gether

There's an old saying about imitation being the sincerest form of flattery. What about when the simulation is meant to spoof, not honor?

Several years ago, director Rob Reiner did just that with "This is Spinal Tap," a hilarious send-up of heavy metal bands.

Remember Derek Smalls' insistence that his band rocked harder than any others because its amp could be turned up to 11, not just 10 as on weaker bands' equipment?

Well, now teenybopper bands — N'Sync and Backstreet Boys, for example — get a workover with the new CD "2Gether," music from a band by the same name. A video from the track "U+Me=Us (Calculus)" is currently receiving airplay on MTV and a movie about the whole goofy project premieres Feb. 21 on the music network.

The most basic problem with this entire undertaking is its attempt to lampoon something that is already laughable. If you're not 12 years old and female, then boy bands are pretty much a joke anyway, so who is the target audience for 2Gether?

Then again, with songs such as "Say It (Don't Spray It)," maybe getting the pre-pubescent crowd to listen is the main objective.

Yes, a song or two on the CD might make you crack a smile with more crude lyrics than anything you'll hear from 98°, et al. On "Rub One Out," for instance, the guys sing "Rub one out / I'll grab my crotch / Rub one out / Do you wanna watch?"

Wait, did Michael Jackson have anything to do with the making of this CD?

When it's all said and done, however, what we have here is an act of redundancy. If you want bad music from the good boy set, grab a Hanson CD.

Jack Clifford



Courtesy TVT Records

Um, like, it's just not funny to make fun of, like, boy bands, you know?



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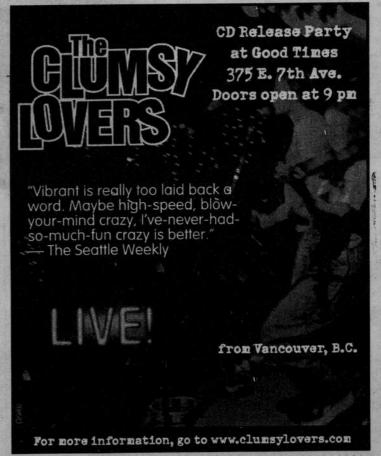


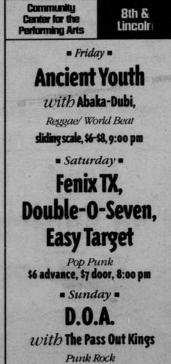
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