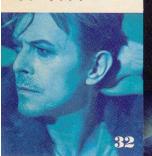


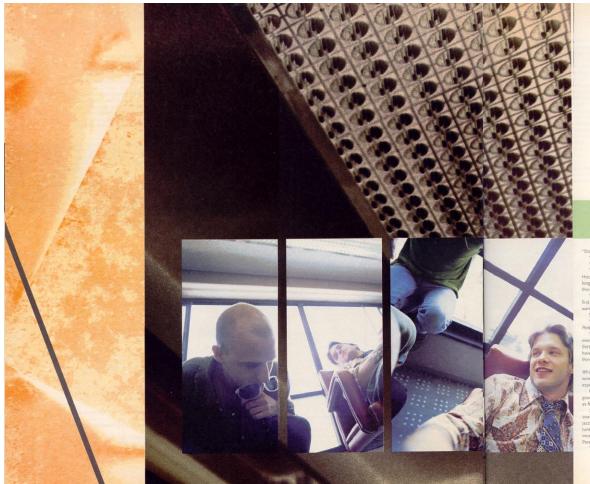


cover photography by Kevin Kerslake logo photography by Dominic Davies





- 32 David Bowie by Dean Kuipers
- 38 PM Dawn by Dimitri Ehrlich
- 42 Alanis Morissette by Adrianne Stone
- 46 Blind Melon by Paul Semel
- Frontlines Luna, Garbage, Portastatic, Collective Soul, Better Than Ezra, justice at last for the legendary White Zombie T-Shirt-Girl, the Swans, Banco De Gaia's thoughts on Tibet, gender games, Fig Dish, Kathy Acker, the Spoken Word Store, Silverchair, plus more....
- Live Rounds The Glastonbury Festival, Shellac
- Style Counsel The Great huH First Anniversary Swag-Oriented Fashion Fest
- The First Cut To review or not to review...that is the question.
- Heard Alas poor Yorick, we review them well.
 - 64 alternative
 - 70 rap
 - 72 metal
 - 75 pop
- What's Up With The Video? All the world's a video and we are merely players.
- CD Side Of Town What light through you window breaks...it is the CD!
- Exit Page Left A rogues' gallery of photos from last year's feature stories.



Star Wars, serial killers, odd conspiracy theories, babies - there's no "Hi honey, how was your day at the studio?" when Blind Melon sits down to eat. Paul Semel tags along for some of the free soup and all of the free-form conversation.

"Did you guys know that Star Wars is 20 years old?"

"Did you goys know that Star Wan is 20 years to a "I wann age that he gi laser did to be set."
"On my God! The Millennium Falcon; the crown jovel of the Star Wan toys. That's the holy grail, I never got that one."
This was intended to be a conversation with the members of Blind Melon (in order of appearance above: singer Shannon Hoon, guistasty firmandolin-player Christopher Them, and gustarist (agers Sheens) south the igredients key put in Soup, their long-awated second album. But the guys in Blind Melon didn't seem to want talk about Soup; they wanted to talk about other

offigendative, several want to break Mark Hamill....

"Till tell you who s a great painter, too seed kogers, deeply engaged an another tragent." Boo Guccione, the publisher of Pethboux, It-6; be phenomenal."
"Bon Wood's a great painter, too" adds Shannon. "So was John Wayne Gacy. I actually called someone who: well, financially more stable than myself the day before John Wayne Gacy was executed, because! had the opportunity to buy six of his paintings for thirty grant. Of course this gur laughed at me when I asked him for the money, but just think; would it not be really kind of cerie to have a moom that had, like, Jeffery Obamer's refringeration in La paintings from John Wayne Gacy on the wall...just significant, morbid things. Would that not be the complete room to walk into and go, Cool?"

Which inn't to say that the guys in Blind Melon —which includes drummer Clen Graham and bassist Brad Smith, also in attendance—won't talk about soup. Quite the opposite. "If ampbody wants any of this soup," offered Shannon, as the six of us scarfed down some especially good? The foundation of the Blind Brad Smith, also in attendance—won't talk about soup. Quite the opposite the substance of the Brad Smith Smith

up, this time out they employ everything from banjos and kazoos (the lyrically Ed Gein-esque jig, "Skinned") to dark up, mas time out they employ everything into manips and szazoo jute gridaly Ed. vertireduce pig. sainted) 10 dark, ambiance and treatd codes ["Tes Acros the Floor," "The Duke") for femile harmonizing vocals and piano ("Mouthful of Cavites"). So while Soup doesn't reinvent Blind Melon, it does expand upon the boundaries set by their debut. Of course, Cler's feelings about the first album aren't so, uh, delicate.
"Ill say it point Blonk," he declared. "The first album, the production's not very good."" At least over funch, he came across.

as the kind of person who doesn't say anything unless he's ready to declare it with conviction. Kind of like a lawyer. A well-

meaning lawyer.

"This one's a lot better," he opined. "The playing wasn't as good on the first album; we Had never played live, basically, when we recorded half of the first album, and we've played three years now. So, as a result, thet performances are much better. Not to mention, there's been three years of writing since then, so I feel this album – all the way around – is 100% better than the first I didn't like it the first time, and I still don't like it. Not at all."

Inst. I didn't like it the Inst. time, and I still don't like! It Not at all."
"Dissing your first record is so clinid..." chiedd of logers, being his usual bitterly-humorous self. "But Soup is a better representation of where we are now. It sounds much more powerful, like we do as a band in a room.
"I think everybody shaped back and played to the soung more than we did on the first allount." We led not fell into a thing with each other that we didn't have before, because we hadn't played enough shows together, our written enough songs ow whateval, and once you learn that first in what noticely, owder to yor harmore the equate peg into the round.

And once you learn the process, once you learn what first in what noticely, owder to yor harmore the equate peg into the round.

Not that the subject of Soup lasted very long.

Not that the subject of Soup lasted very long,
"I was making on with Pta Smear one time at a bar in New York," announced Sharanon, as if it was the beginning of a
joke, "and I did that kick-your-back-foot-up thing when you dance — I was the woman. So I kicked my back foot up and I
accidentally kicked the bass player for the Black Crowes' drink over, and Chris Robinson proceeded to give me a hard time
about it. And e couldn't took past his bell-bottoms. He was so furny from the ankies down that I didn't have to pay attention to

"Pat Smear is a great kisser, though." Rogers: "Have you ever kissed a man?" Me: "No, I have not."

Rogers (puckering up): "Would you like to

Me (pointing at my own shaved head): "No, uh, we look too much alike. Do you have people rubbing your head all the time?" Shannon: "Hey, hey, hey! What kind of

Maybe a little trickery will get these guys to stop their mock flirting and talk.

"I want to do something to you," I told the

guys "and it's not meant to start a fight and reak up the band...." "Wow," exclaimed Shannon, "what an

...but I want to pit you guys against each

other. I mean, well, okay, Rogers: I want you to tell the world what you think of Brad's playing on "Well, that's kind of hard, considering I played

all the bass parts. Heh heh heh.
"No," he said, still giggling, "Brad's playing is fantastic. The thing about this band is that a lot of people write different parts, and then the player just takes it and augments and plays it their own way, Glen played all the piano parts on 'Car Seat.' I

played Glen's guitar parts on 'Galaxie'."
"Y'know," Shannon added, a grin widening on his
face, "Christopher played some of the best bagpipe

"I did whate"
An inability to stay focused is one thing when you're just a rock & roll band, but it doesn't fly so will when you're a dad. And Shannon's about to become the proud father of a baby, And it's a girl, Probably. "That's what the utrasound said," said of Shannon. "Unless the accon hasn't sproudley five," (Noo Bibe Hone), a 6 is, 9.o., girl, was born a week later on July mits. Congast Eshannon Hone and Lisa Crouse."
The idea of Shannon as father might make some people cringe, especially since it seemed he spert most of the last year bounding back and forth between being drunk, being arrested, and being in reals. But the deed of shaning a buly seemen fo have claimed be man down quite.

t.

His first reaction, though, was to freak out even more.

"I wieged because of me." he explained, "Yes, I was happy about having a child, but I was also, at the same time, worried about my

working on. "It's like the police officials. They "Plus I was really worried know where a lot of crack houses because Lisa was down in New are, they know where these types of Orleans and she was around behavior go on, yet they cease to do cliff. "Public forums are scary," said the biggest drug culture in the

Orreans and sine was around behavior go on, yet they cease to do agreed so left. "Public forums are scary," said the biggest drug culture in the general scary and the properties of the propert

capabilities of being a responsible violent way of population control. I father. That's what I've been truly believe that.

working on.

"It's like the police officials. They should be the police officials on the properties of the police officials. They working on.

"Plus I was really worried know where all of of crack houses who turns up dead in his car after "That goes beack down the Erce."

"That goes beack to the CIA thing

"That goes back to the CIA thing right there," entered Brad. "That's

Rogers: "I'm joking, man, I'm joking, man, I'm joking, man, I'm joking, Mand'm hand:

Me (noticing Shannon looking that."

Me (noticing Shannon looking of my tape records \$750P button). "You'd almost espect this sort of commentary from the cynical Shannon: "Allow state of the commentary from the cynical Shannon: "He value, don't turn that off: Shannon: "He's eidence, man! don't want there to be any evidence."

"We have this paradox situ-ecvises," by any of of Course, that last commented the conversation into other rather obviouse avidential subjects, such buthor of buffores, but we think as, such, how the American gov-



nt has actively orchestrated from us. Think about yourself and emment has actively orinestated from us. I limit about, years and both the AIDs eighteen and the heavy ding trade in our inner cities, and the activities of the activities of

"Did you guys hear about what

"I believe the CIA put crack in knows it - you can't trust sarphops! I be finer cities," Patanon said with the finer cities, "Patanon said with a light control to the patanon said with all seriousness." I believe that the CIA cracted HIV, that the CIA is that quiet."

The set wo lids were trying to climb all seriousness. To believe that the CIA cracted HIV, that the CIA is that quiet."

On well. The guys were running a little lower to more form and there two cops pulled a little lower at least that damn Bee Ciril didn't at least that damn Bee Ciril didn't. sible for all these things as a Of course (as anyone who shit out of them and 50 kids just show up and bug us. 🖾

Rogers: "He's a great painter.















Is It Soup Yet?

huH September 1995

Star Wars, serial killers, odd conspiracy theories, babies – there's no "Hi honey, how was your day at the studio?" when **Blind Melon** sits down to eat. **Paul Semel** tags along for some of the free soup and all of the free-form conversation.

"Did you guys know that Star Wars is 20 years old?"

"I wanna get that big laser disc box set."

"Oh my God! The Millenium Falcon; the *crown jewel* of the *Star Wars* toys. That's the holy grail. I never got that one."

This was intended to be a conversation with the members of Blind Melon (in order of appearance above: singer Shannon Hoon, guitarist/mandolin-player Christopher Thorn, and guitarist Rogers Stevens) about the ingredients they put in *Soup*, their long-awaited second album. But the guys in Blind Melon didn't seem to want to talk about Soup; they wanted to talk about other things, like *Star Wars* toys.

"Remember there was that one kid you hated," Shannon quipped, "because his parents bought him the Millenium Falcon first. They even bought him the figures that you didn't like. The ones you'd use when you wanted to break one up, but you didn't want to break Mark Hamill...."

So. . . um, the new record . . . Soup. . .

I'll tell you who's a great painter," tossed Rogers, deeply engaged in another tangent. "Bob Guccione, the publisher of *Penthouse*. He's phenomenal."

"Ron Wood's a great painter, too" adds Shannon. "So was John Wayne Gacy. I actually called someone who's... well. financially *more stable* than myself the day before John Wayne Gacy was executed, because I had the opportunity to buy six of his paintings for thirty grand. Of course this guy laughed at me when I asked him for the money, but just think: would it not be really kind of eerie to have a room that had, like, Jeffrey Dahmer's refrigerator in it, paintings from John Wayne Gacy on the wall. . . just significant, morbid things. Would that not be that complete room to walk into and go, 'Cool'?"

Which isn't too say that the guys in Blind Melon – which includes drummer Glen Graham and bassist Brad Smith, also in attendance – won't talk about *soup*. Quite the opposite. "If anybody wants any of this soup," offered Shannon, as the six of us scarfed down some especially good Thai food, "it's really, really, really good."

Okay, so he's not talking about the album, but he might as well be. Soup is indeed really good. A warm, tasty, satisfying kind of good. The kind of good that lasts a while, like the memory of a fine meal. Kind of like Blind Melon's self-titled debut, which still sounds as fresh three years later as it did the first time you cued it up on the CD player.

Soup's soon-to-be-tested staying power, however, is one of two things the albums have in common. Granted, they don't sound as if they were made by two different bands, but there are some fundamental differences.

Both are built from a laid-back mix of jazz rhythms, electric and acoustic guitars, and other acoustic instruments – including Christopher's colorful mandolin. But where the tunes on the first album gently eased from loose introductory jams into more structured areas, and then out again, the new songs are more solidly structured right from the get-go. "Galaxie" begins with roaring guitars that growl throughout, while "Car Seat (God's Presents)" lays acoustic instruments over a solid, Middle-Eastern-sounding texture.

The songs are also culled from a larger palette of sound. Though Blind Melon has never felt restricted by its guitar/bass/drums set-up, this time out they employ everything from banjos and kazoos (the lyrically Ed Geinesque jig, "Skinned") to dark ambiance and treated vocals ("Toes Across the Floor," "The Duke") to female harmonizing vocals and piano ("Mouthful of Cavities"). So while Soup doesn't reinvent Blind Melon, it does expand upon the boundaries set by their debut.

Of course, Glen's feelings about the first album aren't so, uh, delicate.

"I'll say it *point blank*," he declared. "The first album, the production's not very good." At least over lunch, he came across as the kind of person who doesn't say anything unless he's ready to declare it with conviction. Kind of like a lawyer. A well-meaning lawyer.

"This one's a lot better," he opined. "The playing wasn't as good on the first album; we had never played live, basically, when

we recorded half of the first album, and we've played three years now. So, as a result, the performances are that much better. Not to mention, there's been three years of writing since then, so I feel this album – all the way around – is 100% better than the first. I didn't like it the first time, and I still don't like it. Not at all."

"Dissing your first record is so *cliché*..." chided Rogers, being his usually bitterly-humorous self. "But Soup is a better representation of where we are now. It sounds much more powerful, like we do as a band in a room.

"I think everybody shaped back and played to the song more than we did on the first album. We kind of fell into a thing with each other that we hadn't have before, because we hadn't played enough shows together, or written enough songs or whatever. And once you learn the process, once you learn what fits in what notch, you don't try to hammer the square peg into the round hole."

Not that the subject of Soup lasted very long.

"I was making out with Pat Smear one time at a bar in New York," announced Shannon, as if it was the beginning of a joke, "and I did that kick-your-foot-back-foot-up thing when you dance — I was the woman. So I kicked my back foot up and I accidentally kicked the bass player for the Black Crowes' drink over, and Chris Robinson proceeded to give me a hard time about it. And

I couldn't look past his bell-bottoms. He was so funny from the ankles down that I didn't have to pay attention to his face."

"Pat Smear is a great kisser, though."

Rogers: "Have you ever kissed a man?"

Me: "No, I have not."

Rogers (puckering up): "Would you like to kiss me?"

Me pointing at my own shaved head): "No, uh, we look too much alike. Do you have people rubbing your head all the time?"

Shannon: "Hey, hey, hey! What kind of magazine *is* this?"

Maybe a little trickery will get these guys to stop their mock flirting and talk.

"I want to do something to you," I told the guys, "and it's not meant to start a fight and break up the band. . . "

"Wow," exclaimed Shannon, "what an introduction."

"... but I want to pit you guys against each other. I mean, well, okay, Rogers: I want you to tell the world what you think of Brad's playing on the new album."

"Well, that's kind of hard, considering *I* played all the bass parts. Heh heh heh.

"No," he said, still giggling, "Brad's playing is fantastic. The thing about this band is that a lot of people write different parts, and then the player just takes it and augments and plays it their own way. Glen played all the piano parts on 'Car Seat.' I played Glen's guitar parts on 'Galaxie'."

"Y'know," Shannon added, a grin widening on his face, "Christopher played some of the best bagpipe I've ever heard."

"I did what?"

An inability to stay focused is one thing when you're just a rock & roll band, but it doesn't fly so well when you're a dad. And Shannon's about to become the proud father of a baby. And it's a girl. Probably. "That's what the ultrasound said," said Shannon. "Unless the acorn hasn't sprouted yet." (Nico Blue Hoon, a 6lb. 9 oz. girl, was born a week later on July 11th. Congrats to Shannon Hoon and Lisa Crouse.)

The idea of Shannon-as-father might make some people cringe, especially since it seemed he spent most of the last year bouncing back and forth between being drunk, being arrested, and being in rehab. But the idea of having a baby seems to have calmed down quite a bit.

His first reaction, though, was to freak out even more.

"I wigged because of me." He explained, "Yes, I was happy about having a child, but I was also, at the same time, worried about my capabilities of being a responsible father. That's what I've been working on.

"Plus I was really worried because Lisa was down in New Orleans and she was around Rogers a lot."

"Well, now you'll have someone to talk to on your own level." Snapped Rogers.

Everyone: "Ooooooo!"

Rogers: "I'm joking, man, I'm joking. Hold my hand."

Me (noticing Shannon looking for my tape record's STOP button): "Hey wait, don't turn that off."

Shannon: "It's evidence, man. I don't want there to be any evidence."

Of course, that last comment led the conversation into other rather obvious evidential subjects, such as, uh, how the American government has actively orchestrated both the AIDS epidemic and the heavy drug trade in our inner cities.

"I believe the CIA put crack in inner cities," Shannon said with all seriousness. "I believe that the CIA created HIV; that the CIA is responsible for all these things as a violent way of population control. I truly believe that."

"It's the police officials. They know where a lot of crack houses are, they know where these types of behavior go on, yet they cease to do anything about it. Why? Because out here or in the ghettos you have Latinos killing Latinos, you have blacks killing blacks. I'm sure if it was whites killing whites it would be a different story. I'm sure they would take a political stance on stopping that."

You'd almost expect this sort of commentary from the cynical Rogers, but the guitarist doesn't necessarily share his singer's ideas.

"We have this paradox situation," Rogers explained, by way of disagreement with Shannon, "where we think the government is run by a bunch of buffoons, but we think they're smart enough to keep things from us. Think about yourself and your friends: if you tell somebody something, all of a sudden everybody knows it – you can't trust anybody. If you're talking about someone being murdered it would be hard to keep that quiet."

Of course, (as anyone who watches movies can tell you) the lone guy who blows the whistle on conspiracies like these is the guy who turns up dead in his car after his brakes go out and he goes over a cliff. "Public forums are scary," said Shannon. "Anybody who get together a mass amount of people and say something and have one moment of solidarity, that's scary; that's powerful. And a lot of people don't constructively use their abilities to use larger forums of people together."

"Not that *I'm* one of those people," he admitted. "I don't take stances. I don't think, we as a band, take a political stance, because sometimes that's what we're trying to get away from. At least I am. Being in this band is an escape for me to get away from that."

Hmmm. . . maybe we'd hit upon something.

"Did you guys hear about what happened at the Dead show?" I asked.

"Yeah," Shannon piped in, "these two kids were trying to climb the fence and these two cops pulled them down and started beating the shit out of them and 50 kids just attacked them and it wound up like being 2500 people trying to break down the fence."

"That goes back to the CIA thing right there," entered Brad. "That's the biggest drug culture in the nation."

"Was that yesterday?" asked Rogers. "I saw that something collapsed."

"No, that was the place we played with John Cougar," Shannon said, only to be corrected by his manager. "John *Mellencamp*, I'm sorry. He told me. . . we did a couple of his flood benefit shows; the guy's causes are good. . . but the conversation we had was just really funny because he was telling me how, 'Yeah, the only time I ever sold out was when I changed my name.' And in my head, I'm thinking, well, how much further can one go?"

Rogers: "He's a great painter, though."

Shannon: "He is a great painter."

Oh well. The guys were running a little low on the *Soup* du jour, but at least that damn Bee Girl didn't show up and bug us.