

**LIVE: BLIND MELON! AEROSMITH! PUMPKINS! FM! MARILLION!**

No. 484 MARCH 5, 1994 £1.40

**KEEP RANG!**

BROKEN & SLAUGHTERED...

EVERY WEDNESDAY!

**EXTREME &  
THERAPY? FOR  
DONINGTON?!**

**"I DON'T FIGHT FAIR!"**

**PANTERA**

**THE TRUTH ABOUT  
ANSELMO'S FIRE!**

**ALICE  
IN CHAINS!**

**RAGING SLAB!**

**MOTLEY CRUE!**

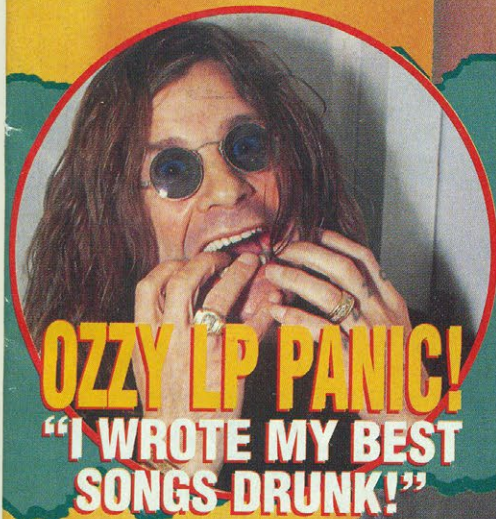
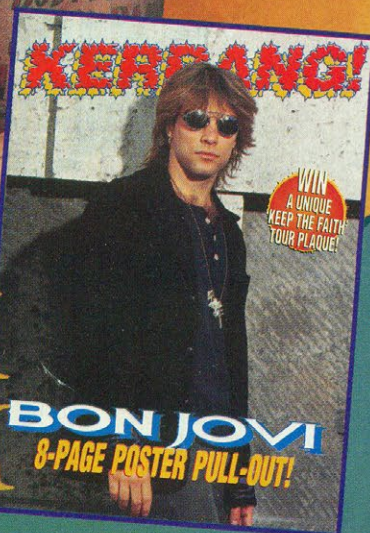
**PHANTOM BLUE!**

**NINE INCH NAILS!**


UNSCARRED

**BON  
JOVI**

**KILLER KOMP &  
POSTER PULL-OUT!**







**BLIND MELON**  
(Shannon  
Hoon): devoid  
of fire and fury

## ASH



**The Limelight, Belfast**  
**Thursday, February 17**

WITH A recently acquired record deal and national press heaping praise on 'em, Downpatrick's Ash seem to have everything going for them. Most of the band aren't even old enough to be in this club, yet they perform with all the enthusiasm of a Tory MP in a bondage chamber.

At their best, Ash are The Buzzcocks administering a swift kicking to the Nirvana back-catalogue – an adrenalised tangle of chunky powerchords punctuated by glorious melodic choruses. Heavier than their current single 'Jack Names The Planets' would suggest, Ash have the confidence of a band who know that they're not supposed to be this good this young. Guitarist/vocalist Tim exudes impish charm while drummer Rick and bassist Mark keep a tight rein on the band's varied soundscapes. You can't help but like a band who cheekily follow up the wah-wah excesses of the aptly-named 'Intense Thing' with a bouncy Jazz instrumental!

Teen spirit at its smelliest.

PAUL BRANNIGAN

## STATE OF MIND, AFGHAN SOUND



**The Marquee, London**  
**Sunday, February 13**

IT'S BRIT showcase night at The Marquee, but despite the effort that's been put in, it's still little more than a night in the capital for regulars of Croydon's Cartoon venue. Where was everyone?

Afghan Sound's grooves show potential, with their Chili Peppers 'Fight Like A Brave' rhythms crossed with the unfeasibly-named Pablo Manablo's vocal Cult-isms. Unfortunately, it's their less funky tracks that let them down, either being too jangly for their own good or, as in the case of 'Wear The Colours', going awry in the direction department. There are some good ideas here, but they just need a dollop of cohesion to hold them together.

State Of Mind have distortion coming out of their ears. It's tuned-down hell, with massive riffs wrapped around... not a lot. They look like they should be great, but it's a case of bludgeoning the audience into submission.

The songs appear as Hard Rock choruses padded out with indiscriminate riffs tuned down to Z. If those riffs and choruses start working with each other, rather than against, they're in with a chance. It's all in the Mind...

JON MOORE

# BLIND ILLUSION?

**BLIND MELON, MEAT PUPPETS**



**The Roseland, New York**  
**Thursday, February 17**

JUST FOR the record, I hate The Grateful Dead. Idolators of bad blue-grass Boogie, Jerry Garcia's gang of drugged debutantes have left their dismal stain on American popular culture for the past 25 years. Tonight's sold-out show thrust forward the next generation of hippy Rock, for better or worse.

Meat Puppets take the beatnik culture and shove it through an amphetamine-enhanced Punk grinder. Best known for their influence on modern multi-Platinum maestros like Kurt Cobain and Dave Pirner and for their extensive touring and recording career on Black Flag's legendary SST label, Meat brother Kirkwood and crew are finally receiving their dues.

Imagine Perry Farrell at Woodstock, and you've framed these brilliant burn-outs. Delivering a 30-minute set primarily culled from their new 'Too High To Die' album, the Meat Puppets deserve a better fate than to be merely lending indie credibility to this evening's MTV-driven, multi-Platinum headliners.

The thunderous falsetto shriek of over 2,000 screaming Grunge girls filled the hall for Blind Melon. Having perfected their dishevelled, sensitive artist trip, the band plucked and twanged their way through a plodding performance of country-fried '70s electric Folk Rock, the like of which ain't been heard since Hot Tuna threw in the towel. Sunset Strip tattooed love boys posing as soulful Southern gents, vocalist Shannon Hoon and his contingent had the crowd of flannel-clad 15-year-olds fooled. Devoid of fire and fury, and offering little to add to the tie-dyed Grateful Dead Rock formula, Blind Melon are little more than this year's grungy EMF – destined for one-hit-wonder oblivion.

Perhaps it's not fair to blame Blind Melon. I'm sure they're cool guys who honestly feel they ain't fakin' it, but having witnessed two previous gigs by the band in addition tonight's show, the problem is clear. Blind Melon just DON'T ROCK. Music like this was the reason why both the Heavy Metal and Punk revolutions happened in the first place. Blind Melon are the kind of band who make you want to cut your hair and get a real job.

STEVEN BLUSH