



THERAPY?, REEF & TERRORVISON: FOOTIE MAD!

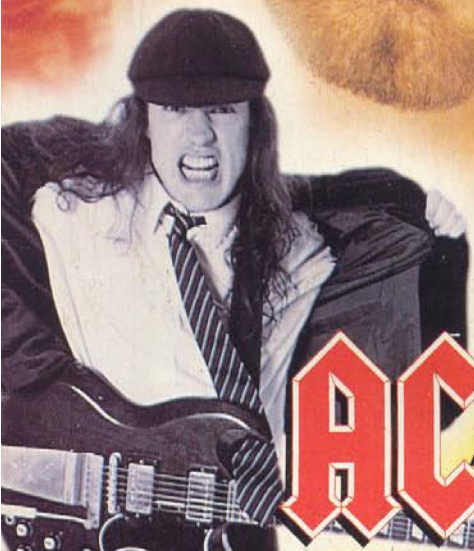
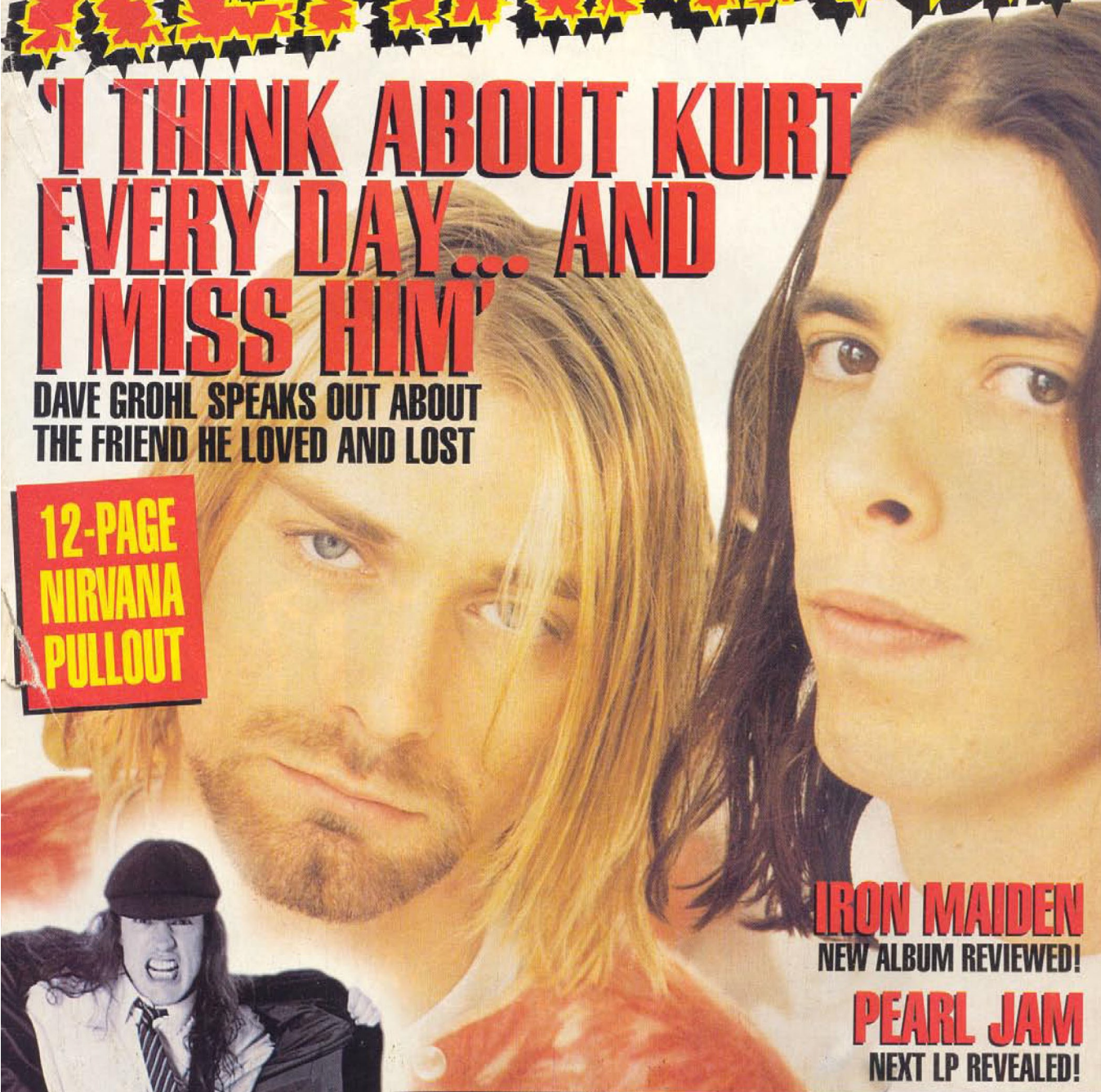
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'I THINK ABOUT KURT EVERY DAY... AND I MISS HIM'

DAVE GROHL SPEAKS OUT ABOUT THE FRIEND HE LOVED AND LOST

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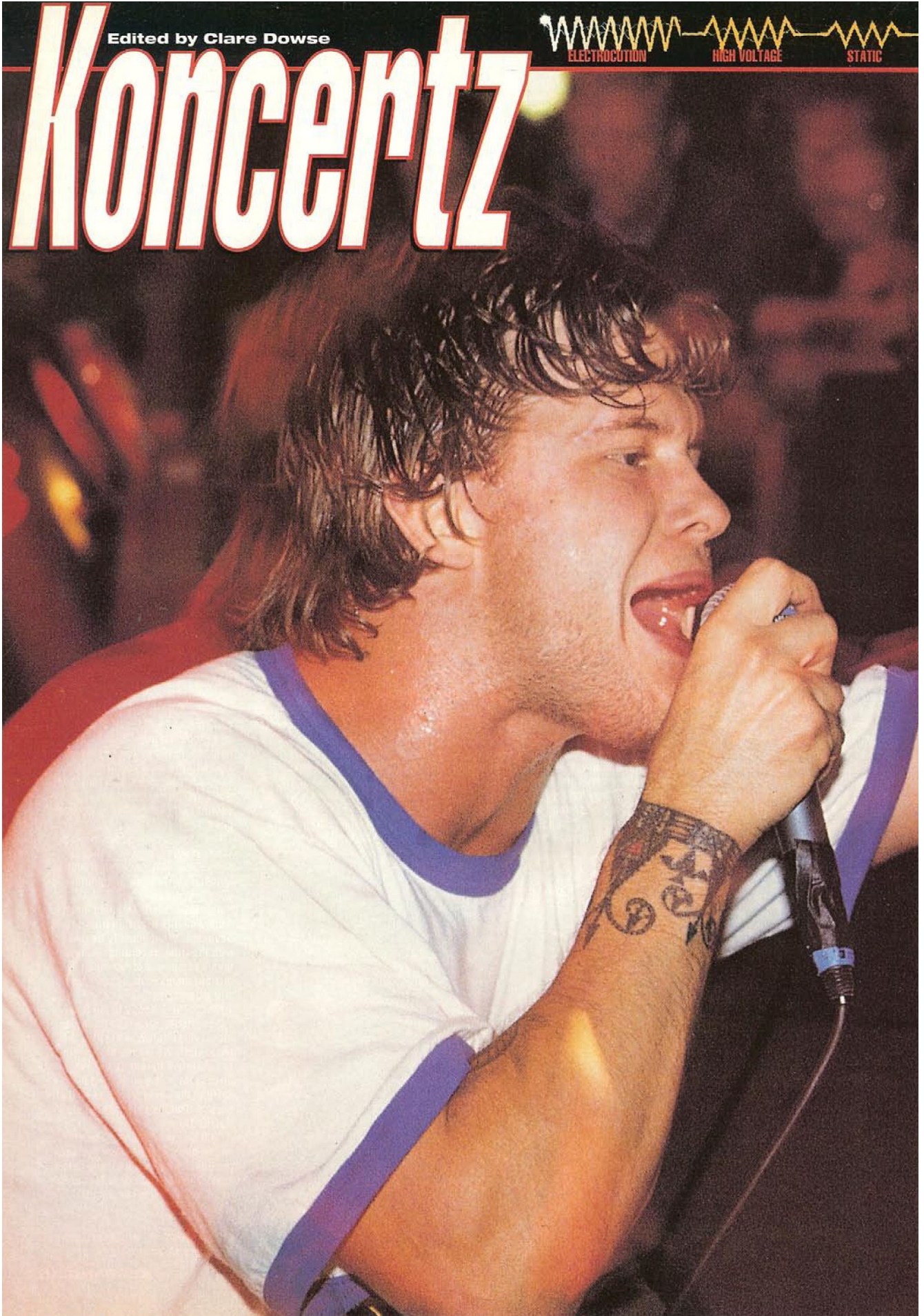
ASH..GARBAGE..SEPULTURA..CHILIS..BLIND MELON..LEPPARD



Edited by Clare Dowse

ELECTROCUTION HIGH VOLTAGE STATIC

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ELECTROCUTION HIGH VOL. FACE STATIC SHORT CIRCUIT FLAT BATTERY

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BLIND MELON's Shannon Hoon: maximises minimalism, allegedly!



COSMIC COMMANDOS!

A knife-wielding Shannon Hoon sends out, er, sonic spells of awareness as Blind Melon hit the capital!

BLIND MELON
The Mean Fiddler, London Friday, September 8



TO COW a phrase from the 'Soup' album sleeve notes, 'Blind Melon is a band'. But to me, the non-artificioso standing in as last-minute replacement review bod, Blind Melon is that Shannon Hoon bloke. Y'know, weird hippy geezer. Mate of Axl.

The weird hippy geezer appears wearing a funky little Tom Waits-type NY bum hat, and 'C'Mon Get Happy' T-shirt. Oh yeah, and he's chopped his barnet, innee. I'd forgotten his band, of course, came on, too. Can't remember what they were wearing, but one guitarist had a skinhead. So there ya go.

Ever seen a sardine dance? Everyone has this square foot of ground to hon on. But Blind Melon, the band, get 'em all goin'. It's all a bit cosmic. Man. With the occasional sultry odour from unknown origins waiting over to complement the scenario. And, as Shannon himself acknowledged: "Everybody seems a little bit up tonight."

Yeah, right. God, these people love that guy. Probably the whole band. Shannon has this knife thing. "Give me your hand," he says to an acolyte at the lip of the stage. The fan is more than willing to oblige. "Hold out your fingers," Shannon continues. Fingers are laid

bare for the blade. To which, Shannon pauses like one teasing, before withdrawing back to centre stage, warning the children with a smile: "You should never trust somebody with a knife—especially me!"

Shannon, apart from the melodic grit of his mesmeric vocals, is a very cool, very special frontman. He maximises minimalism. During the singalong which is the 'Bee Girl Song' (or maybe it's called 'No Rain'...).

Shannon discovers a speck of something has settled on his tongue, and while still singing, he intricately removes this infinitesimal oral intruder, examines it with both curiosity and interest, then delicately flicks it into the air and tracks its descent. Like, y'know, wow.

The music. Awwwww. I dunno. Mild but not pasty groove-funk hazy cosmic jive. Whatever it is, Shannon absorbs it into his metabolism and expels it through dancing, ruddy fingers at the crowd. Sonic spells of awareness. Like he's saying, "Feel this! Feel what's running through me!" Ujp!

Yeah, cool show. I'll never be Blind Melon's numero uno fan, but I couldn't deny it was an experience. And Shannon a 'weird hippy'? Nah. There's nothing 'hey, man' docile about this f---ker. He's too passionate. Too fired. And like he said, "I want to stay alive... there are too many people to piss off."

RAY ZELL