

IT CAME FROM THE VIDEO STORE

By Will Dodson
FEATURES COLUMNIST

I don't know about you, but to me there's always been something missing from retarded r e d n e c k c h a i n s a w bloody nubile body slaughter. That something is mood. You can't film that stuff just anywhere. The setting has to be perfect or the gore has no meaning, no artistic merit.

Consider this: the chainsaw serves as representation of the oppressive phallus, threatening to tear into the flesh of K.C. and Jo.

filmmakers like whoever it was who made *Junior*.

This retarded redneck with a chainsaw lives in the bayou. And he knows what he's doing—that chainsaw gets waved around like a baton. That s**t takes talent. Especially when you note how much Cajun moonshine the guy puts away.

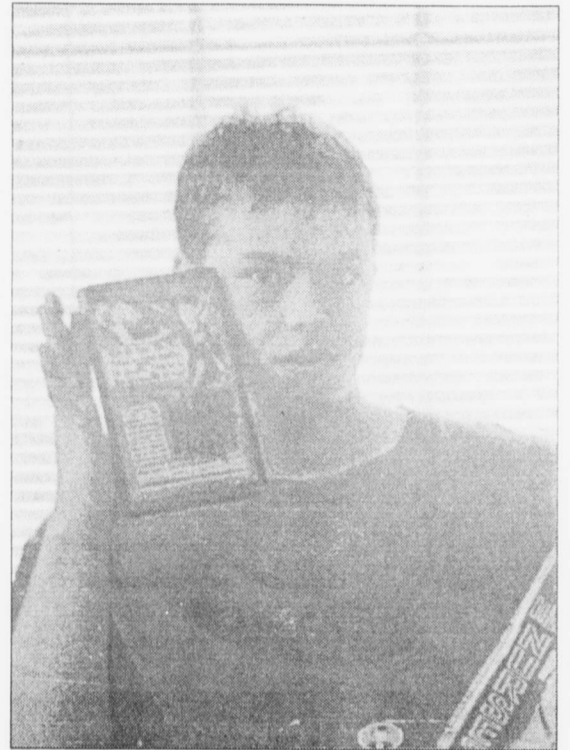
Anyway, we can't waste a guy named Junior's flair for dismemberment. We need

ditzy women in short cutoffs. Luckily, two ex-con hookers have just moved into town. They sunbathe naked, they build a house naked, they shower naked, and if that's not enough, their names are

K.C. and Jo.

We have an exhibition of high art as we gaze upon the unbridled splendor of these brazen beauties set in the gorgeous backwoods of Louisiana. The director obviously makes art for art's sake, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, I imagine, would feel more than his chest swelling with pride.

The bayou setting serves the film further than as just a background. In the murky depths of the filthy swamp water lies the key to gender equality. Consider this: the chainsaw



MATTHEW ZUEHIKE

I ooze, I tell you. Ooze, ooze!

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Studio City: "an incomprehensible string of beats"

By Jeff Irving
FEATURES MUSIC CRITIC

rating-1/2* (half a star)

What an album...a bunch of really "cool" sounds and "inventive" textures and rhythms...yet the damn thing isn't the slightest bit "engaging." Brad Laner made better use of molesting his guitar to sculpt feedback into sub-My Bloody Valentine noise pop when he was in Medicine (and his subsequent band, Amnesia, which I have yet to hear much of) than he does pretending he's an abstract junglist on Electric Company's album, *Studio City*. His songwriting skills were always a bit weak, but his unearthly guitar sounds usually made for an interesting listen. Here, he's not even playing his guitar, so this album is an incom-



COURTESY OF ISLAND RECORDS

prehensible string of skittering beats coupled with some vaguely "atmospheric" collages of new-found sound.

The few tracks I listened to in the store seemed mildly enticing. "Arbor Sirens" is a clattering amalgam of sine waves, re-contextualized metallic percussion, and ungraspable breakbeats.

"Darken an' Slobbering" sports some slightly better beats and distorted keyboards providing a bit of "texture." "Born Algebra Skinned" (Where the hell does he come up with these ridiculous names?) has, you guessed it, more semi-rhythmic "abstraction" and a few video game sounds. I could barely tell these songs apart. The rest is even less memorable.

Back in the 1970's, Kraftwerk completely revolutionized the world of popular music with simple, repetitive synth melodies and squared-off beats on primitive drum machines, while more recent electronic artists with better technology, deeper "philosophies," and more complex sounds can't hold a

candle to those joyous songs about autobahns, showroom dummies, and man-machines. I guess this proves that music that puts heart and soul to the side can still work well if it has complete mastery of the instruments at hand and/or a slight air of innocent fun to humanize it. This time around, Laner's milquetoast drum loops and forced sense of "exploration" insinuate that *Studio City* has neither. I am really incredibly disappointed because Brad Laner's biggest asset has always been his penchant for evocative, gloriously distorted, freezer-burned soundscapes. Here, he merely scratches up his Goldie CD and plays it through a fuzzbox.

MUSIC REVIEW RATING SYSTEM

- * This will give you a migraine.
- ** La, la, heard it before.
- *** I would keep it in my CD collection but wouldn't take it on a road trip.
- **** It hasn't left the CD player since it left the store.

Adam Thorn

Censor This

