

# Copycat groups sink to new depths of mediocrity

## Rumblefish

Rumblefish  
East West/Atlantic

nnnnrooortre.  
Although the press release for British popsters Rumblefish hyperbolically promised that the band would "take a big chunk out of your soul," the debut album for these club-scene veterans is more likely to help you kick a sleeping pill habit.

Actually, there's nothing terribly wrong with Rumblefish. It's just that the band obviously has not had an original musical thought, but prefers to crib from the real groundbreakers. What's

## album

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worse, these guys aren't even enthusiastic copycats. Most of the album is decidedly bland and flaccid, as if the studio was handing out downers just before the recording sessions.

The album starts off decently with "Everything Electrical," which features an interesting palette of guitar sounds and dynamic changes, and sounds faintly reminiscent of Charlatans U.K. But the album rapidly takes a turn for the worse. Without the album sleeve to refer to, I'd have a hard time telling any of the side-one songs apart. In fact, except for the first song on each side, *Rumblefish* is the musical equivalent of oatmeal without any sugar or cinnamon: wholesome, but boring beyond redemption.

Without a doubt, the most prominent feature of this album was the incredibly dispirited musical delivery. Listening to it, I kept getting the strange feeling that the band members could barely stand upright while cutting the songs.

Pop somnabulists, Rumblefish sleepwalks through their first album.



Rumblefish: God, they're weird

## Saigon Kick

The Lizard  
Third Stone/Atlantic

### negative blobs

Saigon Kick's latest, *The Lizard*, almost didn't get reviewed because my tape player tried to eat it at least three times.

Oh, how I wish it had succeeded. Without a doubt, *The Lizard* is one of the most objectionable pieces of au-

dio drivel I've ever had the misfortune to be subjected to. I'm not so much objecting to the music itself. *The Lizard* is perfectly decent derivative, imitative, hard-rock, hair-band fare. Typical whiny vocal deliveries, typical power-chord guitar with the obligatory solo after the second chorus. As far as instrumentation goes, Saigon Kick is no worse than, say, a rip-off of Skid Row.

No, what really kills this album is the lyrics.

God knows I don't expect great poetic insight from a hard rock band, but Saigon Kick takes moronic lyrical mouthings to new depths of mediocrity. With typical poseur aplomb, these white boys from Miami explore the mean streets of the inner city with the sort of raw honesty you would expect

from someone who sees a lot of hardship on TV.

What's worse, these talentless doggerel-mongers aren't even consistent in their dishonesty. Apparently, they see no contradictions when in "Body Bags," they praise the civil rights movement: "Luther died the bravest dreamer," and then in "World Goes Round" they deliver yet another misogynist hard-rock tirade: "With a scream... her life bleeds/ Off the knife."

Unfortunately, this record will probably sell well, since Saigon Kick cunningly managed to have a warning label affixed to their latest opus. But there's something odd even about this: except for the "s-word" I couldn't find any potty-mouth on the album. Probably because they didn't print the lyrics to

three of the songs.

So, if you like shameless stylistic imitators (Saigon Kick steals from Jane's Addiction and from Sub Pop) and worse-than-average pop-metal lyrics, *The Lizard* is for you.

Otherwise, help send this record to the \$2.99 bargain bin, where it belongs.

## ratings

- — forget it
- — wait for a bargain bin buy
- — tape it from a friend
- — buy it
- — buy two copies

## music charts

### Top 10 Albums

1. **Billy Ray Cyrus**  
*Some Gave All*
2. **Megadeth**  
*Countdown to Extinction*
3. **Kriss Kross**  
*Totally Krossed Out*
4. **Mariah Carey**  
*MTV Unplugged EP*
5. **Boomerang**  
*Soundtrack*
6. **Too Short**  
*Shorty the Pimp*
7. **Pearl Jam**  
*Ten*
8. **Garth Brooks**  
*Ropin' the Wind*
9. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**  
*Blood Sex Sugar Magik*
10. **Clint Black**  
*The Hard Way*

### College Albums

1. **Sonic Youth**  
*Dirty*
2. **Lemonheads**  
*It's a Shame About Ray*
3. **The B-52's**  
*Good Stuff*
4. **Singles**  
*Soundtrack*
5. **Faith No More**  
*Angel Dust*
6. **The Cure**  
*Wish*
7. **Catherine Wheel**  
*Ferment*
8. **The Wolfgang Press**  
*Queer*
9. **Helmet**  
*Meantime*
10. **XTC**  
*Nonsuch*

—Billboard

## Mixin' and matchin' the listening library

# Mozart, Menudo, Mom and Marvin Gaye

he mix tape. What a concept.

Imagine collecting those songs you hold most dear — your absolute favorite tunes — onto a portable piece of magnetic media. Any songs you choose. In any order. Up to 90 minutes worth of stuff. Boggles the mind, doesn't it?

Actually, few besides the incurably bored really try to exploit the possibilities of the mix tape. Mix tapes are a

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means of personal expression accessible to anyone with a tape deck, yet most people record little more than mindless "greatest hits" packages. They are content to create little K-Tel rejects without rhyme or reason, and are afraid to push the envelope.

To these people, I say this: We have the technology, we have the resources, we can create some audio Frankenstein's here!

So, dear reader, here are some ideas that I have collected (through considerable research and effort) that you can use in your own future homemade masterworks. They are presented in ascending order of absurdity. They are only suggestions, but feel free to run with them in any direction you choose.

**MOOD MUSIC** — ok, mood music is pretty tame, but a good starting point for the uninitiated. Decide what mood you plan to be in when listening to your tape, and program accordingly. For ex-

ample, if the tape is for study music, maybe you'd like some Handel and Mozart — or, if the tape is for interstate driving, you might like some Megadeth and Pantera. Of course, if things start getting predictable, maybe you should switch the tapes.

**SEX TAPES** — The logical step after "MOOD MUSIC," but you didn't hear it from me. Marvin Gaye and Otis Redding material is appropriate here, perhaps with a dash of The Cure if you're by yourself.

**DRINKING MUSIC** — I'm only kidding. If you make a tape of drinking songs, I don't want to hear about it. I'd hate to think that you keep George Thorogood in business.

**THEMATIC MUSIC** — Imagine the titles: "Songs My Mother Would Like." "Surfing Music." "Kenny Rogers' Famous Duets." "Songs from the Soundtracks of John Candy Films." "Songs Played During Bulls Games." The mind reels...

**CHEESE MUSIC** — Probably the easiest music to find; it's everywhere these days. Borrow a few slabs of

Menudo, Village People, C+C Music Factory, Tiffany and REOSpeedwagon from your niece and grate away. Anyone who can listen to a tape's worth of this crap deserves a block of cheddar and new speakers.

**EARLY 80'S MUSIC** — Essentially CHEESE MUSIC with a flock of seagulls added.

**ABSURD MUSIC** — The peak, the goal, the top of the mountain. Imagine the contrasts — Spinal Tap and James Brown! Richard Clayderman and Slayer! Andrew Lloyd Webber and Waylon Jennings! Surrealism and insanity should be your only guidelines. It is the ABSURD MUSIC category which separates the mixmasters from the mixed-up.

Again, these are merely suggestions — it's your responsibility to take them into parts unknown. Good luck, and keep me posted on your progress.

Oh yeah, if you want copies of any of my stuff to call your very own, leave a blank tape, name and phone number at Omni in *The Daily Tar Heel* office. I'll get back to you.

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