

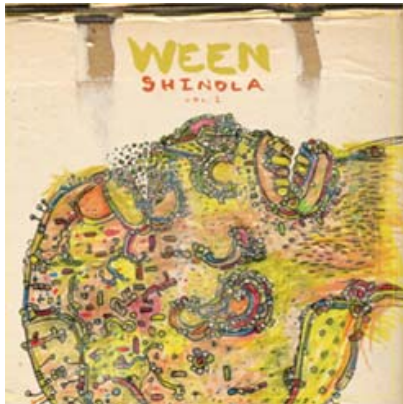
'Round the Dial:
Wednesday 15 November

'ROUND THE DIAL  BY TOM HALLETT

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "It is inevitable that some defeat will enter even the most victorious life. The human spirit is never finished when it is defeated ... it is finished when it surrenders." -Ben Stein

SONG OF THE WEEK: "I'd Go The Whole Wide World" -Reckless Eric

Hey, hey, music-lovers- hope you're all prepped for a long winter of dancin', drinkin' an' diggin' live indoor gigs- I know I am. We've got about three to four inches of snow up here in Homer, Alaska, with lots more predicted for later in the week. Me, I'm happy as fuck-all that I have so much great music to help me plod through the whole slushy mess.



Ween
Shinola
2005
Chocodog Records

I don't know why it's taken me forever to review this record- Christ, I've had it in my greasy lil' palms for I don't know how many moons now. And it's not that I don't like Ween- on the contrary, I fucking LOVE Ween. I saw two of their live sold-out shows at First Avenue a few years back, and wouldn't trade their catalog for anything, even though my Ween collection takes up like half of my computer memory. Maybe I just figured that with so much good Ween shit out there, the *Shinola* could wait a while. I dunno- but here it is.

Shinola is a delish mish-mash of classic-sounding and fresh Ween material that faux brothers Gene and Dean have whipped up to keep fans happy until they can see their favorite stocking-cap bedecked rock heroes play another six hour, mushroom-and-beer-fueled live gig. And that's a good thing.

"Good On The Bun" is in the aforementioned classic Ween camp, sorta silly, effect-laden jive that's recorded and released just for fun- yours and theirs- like a lot of Ween material. "Boys Club" is a perfect example for those folks (mostly females, sorry girls but a lot of you don't seem to get that Ween are actually NOT knuckle-dragging rock fuck-heads, but actually guys who write songs like "Homo Rainbow" and "Boys Club" to bring attention to the fact that most men ARE dickheads, and they KNOW IT. Dig deeper and you'll see

what I mean) who just don't seem to understand Ween and what they're all about.

To me, Ween are the perfect mix of Zappa-esque clowns, classic country saddle-rompers, badass rock gods, serious social commentators, and down-to-earth, from-the-gut musical pioneers. Go through their catalog- start anywhere- and tell me these guys are anything but geniuses- and if not, go ahead and write, play, sing and record an album that even approximates one of their lesser-loved efforts and let me hear the results. In other words, you do better, pal.

I'm not gonna go on and on here about each track, as most Ween fans already have this one and folks who don't know much about the band can check out their singles online before deciding, but I did want to mention the track "Gabrielle," which I recently played on my pirate radio show back-to-back with Thin Lizzy's "Rosalie." Why?

Because it was a perfect example of how Ween can morph from one moment/sound (the track before "Gabrielle" is called "Big Fat Fuck"- you get my point) and come off without sounding forced or phony or anything less than respectful. I guarantee you, Phil Lynott would fucking LOVE this song, and this band, and so would Zappa, and Hendrix and Beefheart before the mind cave-in, etc. etc. Ween rules. This album rocks. Check it out on their website at ween.com and see if I stretched the truth at all. Highly recommended.

That's all for this time, kiddies. Whip yer dial back this way next week for more rants, raves an' reviews- comin' up, the new Matthew Ryan, loads of local releases, and very soon, 'Round The Dial's personal "Best Of Ought Six Music List." I'm sure you're all on the edges of your seats, I know I am. Until we meet again- make yer own damn news.

If you have local music news/gigs/events/CDs you'd like to see mentioned in this space, or you'd just like to put some shimmy shimmy in my coco bop, send replies to: Tmygunn77764@yahoo.com. ||