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Spine Of God is fairly songful though, even if Wyndorf's love of old records and old equipment and the old ways leaches through the mix, in creation of a drug rock that was embraced o'er in Germany, where he was signed to that country's version of Sub Pop, Glitterhouse. *Tab*, on the other hand, reflects more of a

navel-gazed preoccupation with the likes of Hawkwind and Amon Duul — with long, churning, pointless instrumental passages over the course of just four songs. It's quite insufferable, but then again, it's willful embracing of commercial suicide like this that builds a band's cool the slow way. The title track is 32 minutes long and nothing much happens, save for lots of acid-trip sound effects over a plodding jam. On "25," the band rewrites the Stooges' "TV Eye," whereas "Lord 13" is relatively immediate and could have fit on the band's aforementioned *Powertrip* breakthrough record (and then they broke down again).

As reissues go, there's not much here. The booklets are four panels and that's it, although Wyndorf himself pens a few helpful notes — like a true record collector, it's all trivia and minutiae. Over to the audio, *Spine Of God* offers a two-drummer demo version of "Ozium," while *Tab* coughs up a boot-level live sludge-through of "Spine Of God," an East Coast grunge classic if there ever was one.

— Martin Popoff

(Please see Reissues page 52)

(Reissues from page 22)

Sullivan), is not part of this reunion, and his absence is notable. Instead, Peterik brings his savvy songwriting sense to *Above The Storm*, a more diverse record than *Reach* and one that finds Peterik separating himself from his old band's sound. Although considered a solo album, *Above The Storm* boasts an impressive guest list featuring players from Peterik's other bands through the years — including members of Ides Of March, World Stage, and his most-recent project, *Pride Of Lions*. The songs, dripping with hooks and all sung by Peterik (who also plays several instruments), range from preachy, feel-good anthems such as "Live Life," "Stand And Be Counted" and "In The Days We Have" to "A Kiss To Remember You By" and "A Talent For Loving You" — songs so sappy that even Survivor wouldn't touch them. The rocker "Burning With A Reason," which is neither preachy nor sappy, emerges as *Above The Storm*'s best track.

Fans of melodic rock will want to consider adding these titles — especially *The Best Of Survivor* — to their collections, but if you weren't a fan back in the day, you probably won't be one now.

— Michael Popke

MONSTER MAGNET
Spine Of God
SPV (SPV 99642 CD)

Tab
SPV (SPV 99652 CD)

New Jersey's Dave Wyndorf and his Monster Magnet franchise combined psychedelia and grunge to become the East Coast's unlikely leaders of alternative metal when their *Powertrip* album went gold in 1998. But back in rockscrabble indie-land, the band's second and third releases were actually issued in reverse order with respect to their recordings, *Tab* being the near nonsensical scree of psych noise before Wyndorf and his foot soldiers would clean up their act and write proper songs for A&M. But the early stuff is still beloved for its geeky record collector integrity, Wyndorf toiling away at a form of obscure, spacey garage-rock at the heavy end of things, just like his cross-country compatriots in Seattle but with less concern for structural convention.

Butterfly Ball DVD Review

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Butterfly Ball: A Film by Tony Klinger
Music Video Distributors (DR 4486)

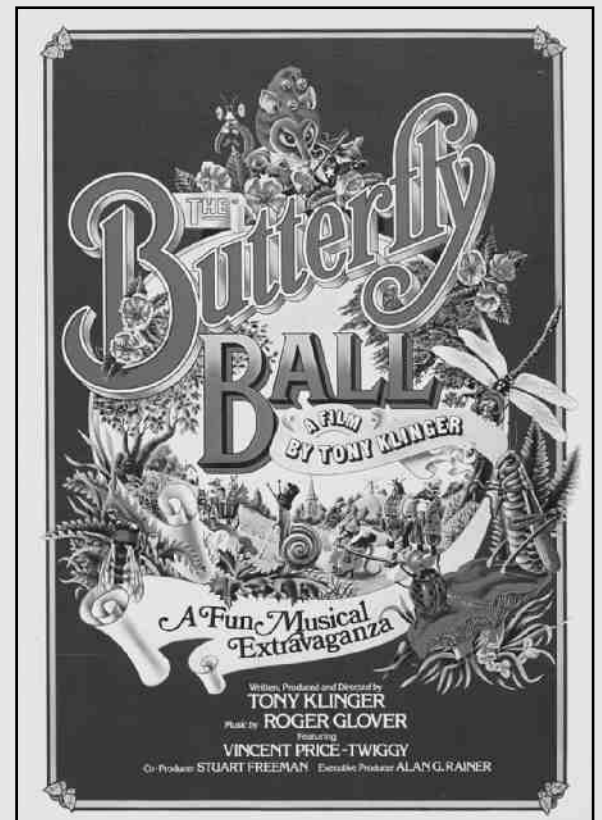
On the run from Deep Purple in 1974, bassist Roger Glover launched his solo career with what remains one of the most surprising moves in the entire tangled history of that band — by setting to music a collection of poems by William Plomer, published the previous year as *The Butterfly Ball And Grasshopper's Feast*.

It was an extravagant effort, one that brushed aside a watching world's insistence that Glover was simply drafting a concept album to embrace a vinyl release, a live presentation at the Royal Albert Hall and, ultimately, a movie. Though Glover himself professes to hate the film, the truth is — it's really rather sweet.

Yes, sweet. Sweet as in innocent, naive, childlike. Compiled from concert footage and specially shot fantasy sequences, narrated by Vincent Price and otherwise starring a who's who of Glover's musical friends, *The Butterfly Ball* tells a gentle story in gentle tones, a *Yellow Submarine* for the '70s, if you like.

Of course, it was also an excuse for some of the heaviest-hitting musos on the British rock scene to cast off their day jobs and revel in dazzling pop instead. Tony Ashton, John Gustavson, Eddie Hardin, Jon Lord, Glenn Hughes, Ian Gillan, David Coverdale — these are names traditionally associated with "serious" prog. But *The Butterfly Ball* had no time for such pretensions, and so they frolic instead to luscious confectionaries such as "Magician Moth," "Old Blind Mole" (imagine bayou blues by Beatrix Potter) and, best of all, "Love Is All," quite possibly the most upliftingly triumphant British pop song of the 1970s.

There are problems. Glover once described the animal costuming as resembling carpet remnants, and it's true — without the songs to accompany them, many of the woodland creatures bounding through forests and fields are hard to positively identify. Is that a rabbit or a wart-hog? But such scenes are used sparingly, for the most part fluttering in and out of the concert footage, which itself is so spellbinding that, by the time *The*



Butterfly Ball hits its finale, a raucous sing-along through a reprised "Love Is All," even the most bitter viewer will be grinning wildly and singing along and maybe trying to catch another glimpse of an absolutely radiant Twiggy, singing stage left in white dress and flowers.

Rarely seen since its initial release 30 years ago, *The Butterfly Ball* will never be cobbled together with the era's universally recognized "classic" rock movies. But that doesn't detract from the sheer joy of watching it and the effervescent glee you'll glean from learning all the words. So, altogether now, "Old Blind Mole, it's home sweet home down in his hole... Old Blind Mole, he don't need me or you." Or the critics.

— Dave Thompson