



Connelly - *The Episodes*
(Intro Jnana)



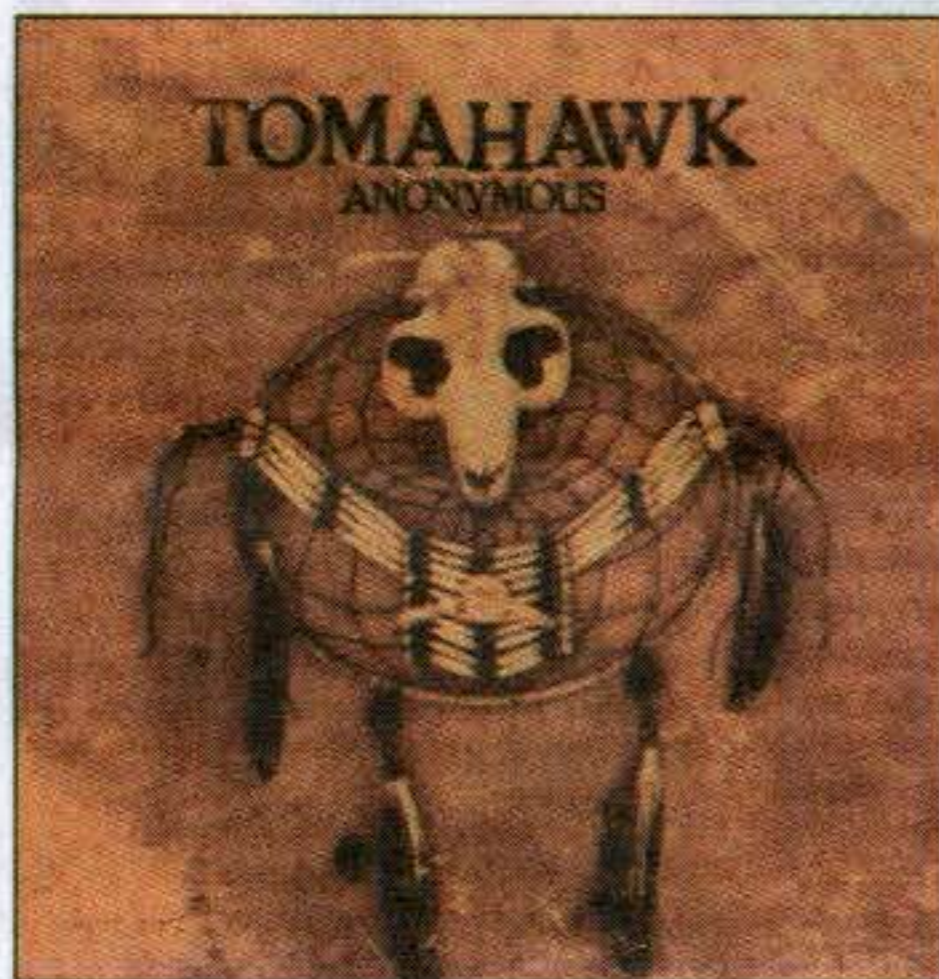
release from one of rock's gentlemen has this former icon situated alongside /post-jazz scenesters (Show), Tim Kinsella and others for this fine recorded in a secluded mansion, Connelly and here seem to loosely twist lengthy pieces that drift variously into many creative in spirit (but not

dition

necessarily sound) to German avant-garde icons Can in places, *The Episodes* is easily Connelly's most out-there and artistically challenging work, and subsequently some of his finest. Even the reworking of Connelly's own 'The Son of Empty Sam' is expanded to an almost psychedelic experience over the course of its 10-minute duration, and its counterpart, "he Son Of Empty Sequel," takes the basic form and shakes it up into a rollicking and jaunty joyride of percussive, teetering-on-the-edge-of-chaos freeform abandon. The haunting and mantric 'Every Ghost Has An Orchestra' is another highlight, with Connelly working a melody around an enlightened drone to wonderful effect. 'The Episodes' is a fine choice for those looking for literate singer-songwriters with the same maverick spirit as Scott Walker or John Cale.

— **Todd Zachritz**

Tomahawk - *Anonymous*
(Ipecac)



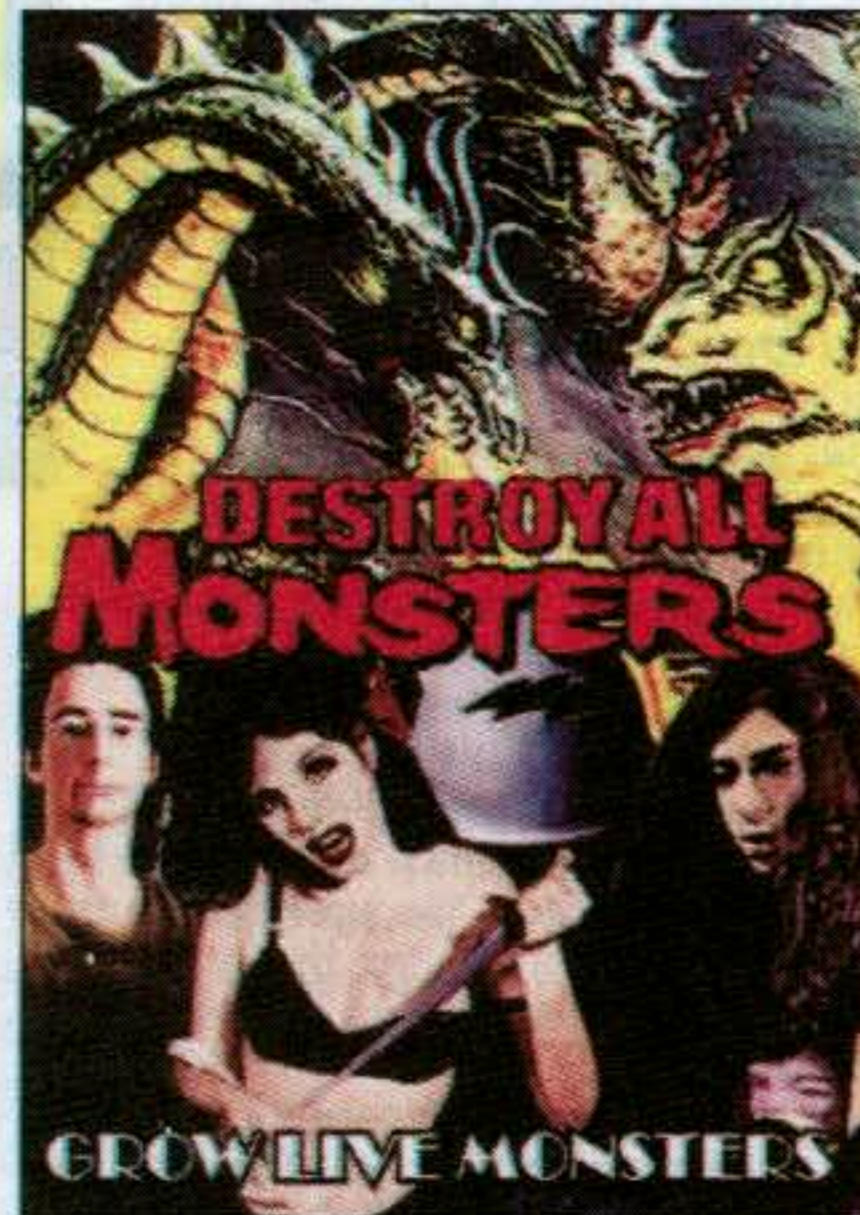
With a lineup consisting of Mike Patton (Faith No More, Mr. Bungle), Duane Denison (Jesus Lizard, Hank Williams III), Kevin Rutmanis (Melvins, Cows) and John Stanier (Helmet, Battles), it's almost like they looked inside my head to see what my own personal definition of a super group is. However, six years

enough, it's managed to offend the 17/10

of me that's Cherokee.

— **Eddie Willers**

Destroy All Monsters - *Grow Live Monsters DVD*
(MVD Visual)



From out of seemingly nowhere emerges this collection of home-made films from an early-mid-70s Michigan experimental/art/proto-industrial collective. From nazi cannibalism to murderous mermaids, from disco dancers to B-grade monster movies and tacky late-night TV adverts, DAM's aesthetic of junk-as-art is more than evident. Their collages of unrelated imagery are frantic and nonsensical (read: surrealistic), and despite the amateurish nature of these scattershot visuals, there is a sort of charming naiveté and hypnotic dream-vibe to them. The actual music (which is integral to the films as there is no other dialogue) is a bloodclot of noise, tape effects, and general aural chaos, often embracing a sort of MC5-meets-Stooges rock experience, but more often than not a more abstracted series of bumps and grinds. Certainly groundbreaking and innovative for the era, to be sure. Think the films of Richard Kern (sans the

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seedy sub-porn element) meets early Psychic TV and the MC5, and you'll be in the same part of town. Sure, some of this is nearly impossible to sit through, but it's a fascinating document of a group that didn't hesitate to shake things up more than 30 years ago.

— **Todd Zachritz**