



# CLEOPATRA

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## ॐ HELIOS CREED ॐ

Since '76, **Helios Creed** has been making some of the most mind-bending music around. Known for the better half of the Industrial pioneers **Chrome**, Helios has moved on since leaving the group in '83 to establish himself as one of the premier "mindfuck/ Space warp/ psyche twisted" guitarist going. Helios draws on elements of the likes of Can, Neu and Faust, 70's punk, and whatever happened in the 80's to create a huge, all-encompassing sound.

*Busting Through The Van Allan Belt* is Helios' 7th solo album since leaving Chrome. For those of you who have missed out for the first time, Touch and Go have re-issued a couple of their albums. Previous recordings have appeared on Subterranean and Sub Pop, and Amphetamine Reptile.

Helios had just finished a 40 date tour with **Hawkwind** founder **Nik Turner**, and appears on the Nik Turner's new studio album *Prophets Of Time*. A national tour is planned for July, so set your control for take off!

*To set up an interview  
with Helios Creed Contact:*

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Waiialua, HW 96791  
U.S.A  
tel (808) 637 6336

**HELIOS CREED  
BOXING THE CLOWN  
(Amphetamine Reptile)**

YOU can tell from the sleeve, an unfocussed slapdash collision of yellow, blue and red dots, that you're in for a good time with Helios Creed — look at this image from a different angle and you get the picture straight. And this ties in with the music — what seems initially to be an slapdash collision of guitar, bass and drum turns into a gloriously phased homogenous Technicolor fusion of weird-out mess reminiscent of the worst trip you never dared have.

From the opening track, "Master Blaster", Helios Creed flip the coins of death just to see which way you're going to fall. With a bit of a hint that they've been listening to old Stooges records at 78 rpm, the band play like they're driving at 90 miles an hour through a blizzard — not fast, just a gliding machine from hell with spikes all over the outside.

The vocals are unintelligible — they

are a sound effect in themselves, so it's down to the power noise of this trio to take you from the rock 'n' roll of "Hyperventilation" through the intense ripped flesh of "Sister Sarah" down into the inferno of the final track, "Big Clown". Hang yourself by chains from the ceiling, turn off the lights and set fire to your bedroom and you'll get a pretty good idea of what it's like to listen to this record.

HAUSER O'BRIEN

**CMJ  
NEW MUSIC REPORT**

**HELIOS CREED "The Warming" (7") (Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404/612-872-0646)**—Good ol'

Helios Creed gets out his bag of tricks and devices and manipulates another outer-space magic show from one little guitar, with Randy Krause way down below on

drums. "The Warming" is a standard Helios space odyssey, with guitars drifting in and out of static, head-over-heels percussion, and E.T. with a pillow over his face for vocals. "Your Spaceman" is a deeper, groovier side of Mr. Creed with transistor radio-knob noises and an almost Wartime-like cadence.

**HELIOS CREED**

**BOXING THE CLOWN**

It was a love/hate relationship. You either loved the overprocessed industrial acid rock that oozed from the minds of Chrome (Helios Creed and Damon Edge), or it made you turn and run in agony. After 1983, Helios and Damon went their separate ways. Helios, recognized as Chrome's better half, has been quite prolific in expanding upon his creative talents. But now, as industrial rock has been accepted to a greater extent, it seems that this love/hate standoff has become less of an issue.

There are aspects of Helios Creed's latest musical album which embodies some recognizable elements of the musical mainstream. For example, the song "Got Me Floatin'" has a surf-punk rhythm section which makes the song somewhat catchy, despite Creed's experimental ways. In addition, most of the songs have a metal/late 60's feel which grounds them for the listener in a great tradition à la Jimi Hendrix or Jimmy Page.

On **BOXING THE CLOWN**, Helios Creed expounds upon his work with Chrome, administering a bit of the more accessible acid rock psychedelia to his noisy sound. His ability to stretch out and incorporate different influences is encouraging, but doesn't achieve the sheer lunacy of Chrome. (Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404) —Steven Petrovic

**ROCKPOOL**

**Helios Creed**  
**The Last Laugh** (Amphetamine Reptile/Twin Tone)  
Nearly two decades after Jimi coughed-up and kicked, mind-tweaking distorted guitar spuzz can still amaze when put in the right hands. On his second solo album since splitting from the seminal avant-garage band Chrome, Bay Area psycho Helios Creed points the way toward the fourth stone from the sun. Using the Skynyrd rhythm section of bassist **Daniel House** and **Jason Finn** on drums, this **Jack Endino** co-produced session stuns with Loop-y nitroglycerine fuzz mantras. "Road Out Of Hell" is a dizzying dirge with feedback-sailing-streamers crossing the sky while a pilot-to-ground-control squawk adds a sci-fi element. Creed's vocals are slowed, sped, echoed and equalized into a mid-range underwater babble making him sound alien and not like your favorite martian. On "Resurrection Blue" Creed leads us into a voodoo ritual in the murky depths of Atlantis remains. In fact, the entire album could be the soundtrack for some gothic '90s cinematic view of life far into the next century and beyond.

Brian Long

**FORCED EXPOSURE**

**HELIOS CREED: The Last Laugh LP (AMPHETAMINE REPTILE)**

... this stuff is so fucked up and druggy sounding that I'm still sorta stunned that Hazelmyer's into it (the guy was a Jam fan, y'know?), but it's impossible to argue w/ the hot gruel that's muzzed all over this LP's grooves. Even w/ his gir and "vocals" dumped into an ad hoc trio format, Mr. Creed's ability to produce vibrating cosmo-slop siring blister has not diminished an inch since Chrome's holy-con doys. There are few tunes here that're likely to set yr pud whistling in delighted accompaniment, but just about the time the third tob's hit and the candle's completely dead, you can put this on again, turn the knob to 10 and thank yrself for living right. —Byron

Although the term Cyberpunk, when applied to music, refers to a certain kind of synthesizer-driven dance music, it really should refer to Helios Creed. For the past 15 years, Creed has combined the energy and edge of punk with mind-altering doses of technology. At a show in Chicago last spring, he and his band enthralled their audience with a sound that flickered with science fiction-like intensity. The guitar, drums, bass and keyboards sent out an electronic pulse that reached into the audience like the tentacles of a cyber-octopus. Creed's overdriven guitar dominated the sound with thick slabs of feedback halloed by flange and delay.

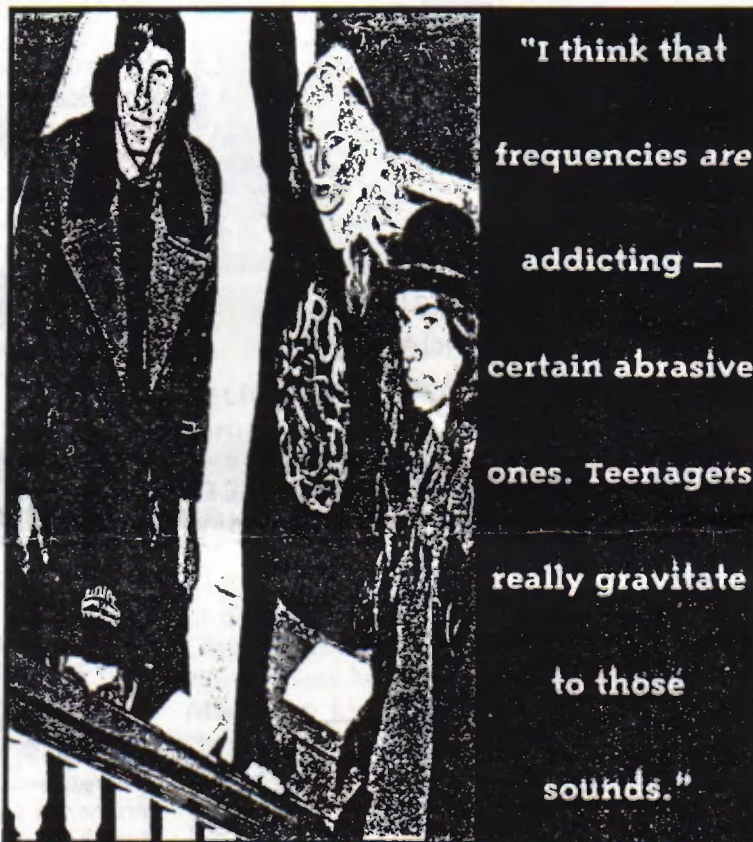
The times are finally catching up to Helios Creed. In the mid-'70s, he began processing punky, heavy metal guitar riffs through as much technology as he could get his hands on. Today, with heavy guitar on the upswing again, and bands like the Butthole Surfers and Ministry using processed guitar sounds that come straight from the Creed catalog, the former Chrome co-conspirator may be on the verge of a success — or at least a level of visibility — that has so far eluded him. Creed has recorded several guitar tracks for the new Butthole Surfers album, and his new album, *Kiss To the Brain* (Amphetamine Reptile), is a virtual encyclopedia of his past styles and techniques.

**C**reed first surfaced as guitarist and vocalist for Chrome, which put out nine or so albums between 1977 and 1983. He joined the band in time for its second album, *Alien Soundtracks*. Only 19 at the time, Creed was already interested in mutated guitar, vocals treated with tapes and devices, backward sounds and so forth. From the beginning, he used technology to make music for the mind's darker crevices, a heavy-metal-tinged surrealism.

When he speaks of his idiosyncratic sound, his voice rises and falls dramatically, and you can still detect a hint of dialect from his native Southern California. "I have a strong urge to make music sound like..." He trails off and asks, "Have you ever been really really high? And you hear music that doesn't have any effects, but it sounds like it did? I have a really strong urge to make music that sounds like that, without being high; where you don't have to be high to get that effect. But if you were high," he adds, "it would really be a double whammy."

*Kiss To the Brain's* title track hits like that, and Creed says it's because he had

more time and money to spend on the effects. The song begins with a backwards grinding noise that evolves into a long Pink Floyd-ish section, with acoustic guitar over soaring synth washes. While Creed intones the words, a second, slowed-down voice recites the text in the background. After a couple minutes, a soaring, space-opera female vocal comes in, sounding like the soundtrack to a '50s sci-fi flick before the whole thing turns to ethereal flanged sounds and starts swirling down a hole. Just as you get comfortable listening to this, Creed blows it away with an explosion of heavy-metalish guitar over an ominous bass line and deep, growling, electronically



"I think that frequencies are addicting — certain abrasive ones. Teenagers really gravitate to those sounds."

manipulated vocals. It's pure Helios Creed, trippy on about three levels at once and full of surprises.

"I've studied what people think is psychedelic music, who I think are the true psychedelic masters, who created music that would sound proper if you listened to it under the influence of some kind of good psychedelic drug," he says. "I've thought about that since I was a kid. It fascinates me. In our heads, there must be this whole other way of hearing music, to where it can really get you high. I still think we're not totally there yet, as an evolved race, to enjoy music in the fullest possible way."

The first records Creed ever owned sent him towards guitar experimentation. "Blue Cheer was the first rock record that I bought," he says. "You know Blue Cheer? They had the really crunchy guitarist. That really inspired me a whole lot. Leigh Stephens played a very overdriven kind of guitar sound, and it made a big impression

on me. That was one of my earliest but biggest influences: the noise generated by his guitar, and Jimi Hendrix's guitar, and Robert Fripp's guitar later on. I just really had a thing about guitarists that made noisy weird sounds." He lets out a quiet, slightly nautical chuckle, and adds, "You might say I'm a little hung up on it."

**G**rowing up in a nomadic Navy family — he went from Southern California to the East Coast and Hawaii — Creed felt different as a child. He left home at 18 and seemed to attract trouble. "You might say I was a crazy drinker," he recalls. "In those days I would drink and I would just totally go out of my mind. I'd do a lot of strange things that I wouldn't remember later. I lost a lot of friends, a lot of girlfriends. One time I ended up in a mental institution."

Given the choice between serving time in jail or hospital, Creed chose the latter. After about a week, authorities agreed to let him out. It was during that period that he met and began to play the club circuit with Chrome's electric violinist, Gary Spain.

"Gary said he was in a band that was making a record," Creed remembers. "I'm like, 'Oh, really? Can I hear it?' And he played it for me, and I dug the fact that it was weird and had all kinds of effects and stuff. The music wasn't very good, but the effects were really cool, and I wanted to be in the band."

The album was Chrome's debut, *The Visitation* (Siren). Spain introduced Creed to the band's leader, Damon Edge, and the two hit it off immediately. With Creed now on guitar,

the group's music evolved into a disturbing world of dark psychedelia tempered by punk influences, heavy metal and drone. "Nobody was really doing anything like it at the time," Creed says. "All the other musicians were caught up in this hippy blues thing. And then punk rock became popular. We were going to be a punk rock band, but we thought that was really limiting. We did have a whole punk set actually worked out in the garage, but in order to be in punk rock you had to follow all these rules, and we just couldn't do that. So at the time we did Chrome we were just outcasts — of everybody."

"But we kept some of those punk songs and threw in some backwards shit. We were very influenced by the punk scene, but we couldn't consider ourselves punk. We were young enough and we could cut our hair and play the music," he adds with another deranged laugh, "but we wanted to do something stranger than that."

# the GAVIN REPORT

**FLIP SIDE**

HELIOS CREED

Boxing The Clown LP

It's not like I don't already kneel at the sight of Helios Creed, it's just that this LP is incredible and considering how long this man's been doing this for this album to be as solid as it is... is fucking amazing. "Master Blaster" the opening cut is metal insanity at its never-been-seen peak. Riffs so dominating I don't think even the most metal of you hairheads will be understanding anytime soon. Things get back on track with previous releases as "Sun Spots" and "Black Hole" have that sanity questioning feel that have long been the trade mark for this three piece. Some songs like "Got Me Floating", "Go Blind" have odd, wickedly comic overtones to the vocals and the rhythms which give me chilling visions of 20 foot clown with sledge hammers. In short, this is the best work by a band who have never been anything less than great - Krk

Amphetamine Reptile 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404 USA

## CMJ NEW MUSIC REPORT

HELIOS CREED (Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404/612-872-0646)—In the constellations of guitar

godheads that adorn the heavens above, Helios Creed orbits a dark star all his own. Others may have explored the thick and murky sounds at the deeper end of the instrument's sonic spectrum, but no one has ever before gazed upon the uncharted aural vistas that Helios maps out with his six strings. Undaunted and unencumbered by rules, restraint, or conventional notions of music, Helios hurtles us into an abyss of sound, bearing his guitar like a berserker android set on "kill" with no surrender terms programmed in. Helios' music is ordered chaos—repetition as its only structure, turmoil as its only rule—even the darker, denser sounds of his Chrome days now seem arid and dry by comparison. Like an interplanetary probe landing on another world, Helios' music pulls us gravitationally through deeper layers of murky clouds towards a crater-pocked surface far below. Occasionally, when garbled and broken vocals do emanate through the dense melee, they often sound as if Helios were shouting them directly through the distorted pickups of his guitar as well. With the thunderous rumblings of Rey Washam, sometimes the vocals just seem an impediment, extra baggage on this voyage to the center of the flange. Have you ever been Helios-ed? Listen to "Master Blaster" or all

HELIOS CREED - BOXING THE CLOWN (Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404)

Former Chrome member Helios Creed has unleashed his fourth LP, *Boxing The Clown*, which would, perhaps, have been better titled *Satan's Ballads*. This hard, in-yer-face music will probably frighten even the most jaded listener. Creed's mind-tweaking distorted guitar spuzz and doomsday vocals seem to have originated in the darkest, murkiest depths of hell, and when drummer Randy Krause and bassist Mark Duran thunder in, the resulting sounds have all the effect of a sonic apocalypse. With "Hyperventilation," Creed demonstrates his guitar-torturing skills, and grunge and fuzz ooze profusely from his instrument's wounds. "Sister Sarah" and "Big Clown" fester with evil rage and most directly reveal the possessed soul of San Francisco's premiere psycho, Helios Creed.  
ROB FIEND ✧

# ROCKPOOL

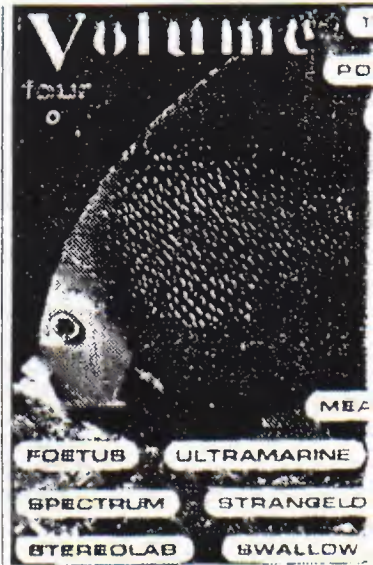
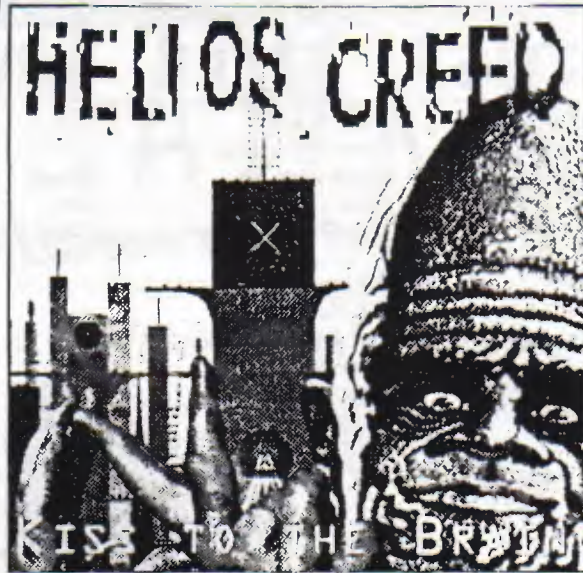
Helios Creed  
*Boxing The Clown*  
Amphetamine Reptile

We are a nation that loves nostalgia, one of definitive box sets and reunion tours. And every time a principle member of a once great band turns in a record that doesn't out'n'out suck, we all start shouting hosannas. *Boxing The Clown* is different. Even if you think of Chrome as the rusty stuff on either side of your Americruiser, this is one monster of a record. The rock solid rhythm section of Mark Duram and Ray Washam infuses groove and structure into Helios's trademark noise attack. The outer space noodling, the scathing distortion, the sonic blast of a wah pedal pushed flat are all here, but the rhythm section (especially Washam's distinctive drumming) matches Helios's fireworks explosion for explosion. A thousand angry bands screaming "Touch Me (I'm Feeling Ill)" can't touch "Master Blaster", "Hyperventilation" or "Sunspots" for sheer rock noise power, and "Go Blind" is as punk rock a song as you'll find these days. Sure, Helios Creed is still operating on the other side of the Van Allen Belt, but this rocks like you wouldn't believe. (2541 Nicollet Ave. So., Mpls., MN 55404)

Scott Frampton

# JACKPOT!

Continued



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CMT: NOV. 13

**HELIOS CREED Kiss To The Brain** (Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408/ 612-874-7047)—At this point, Helios Creed must have more acid in his system than a Sears DieHard. While this sort of lysergic excess often led to vast stretches of disconnectedness in his past work with Chrome (you never hear anyone say, "You know, I was humming side one of **Half-Machine Lip Moves** the other day..."), Helios' current rhythm section of Paul Della Pelle (drums) and Paul Kirk (bass) roots the sheer cliff-face of noise that so distinguished Chrome from time signatures found in the real world. The guitar and vocal distortion are so completely disorienting that the relative normalcy of the rhythm section gives the music an essential point of reference that fundamentally enhances the short blasts of guitar licks and wah-wah-pedal pyrotechnics. The mini-epic title track, with its acoustic beginnings (see Pink Floyd's **Animals**), shows that there are real songs beneath the thick strata of dissonance dominating the record. Songs like "Throw Away The Rind," "Malavia Meltdown" and "XL-35" hit levels of utter rock intensity, proving that Helios is more than AmRep rock for sci-fi geeks, and that **Kiss To The Brain** is some of the most righteous noise around. —Scott Frompton

make this edition as engaging as previous **Volumes**, and featuring contributions from the Volume releases are arriving in a CD-sized box set of artists on **Volume Four** leadoff "My Insatiable C **Drowners** EP, a piano that tugs at the heart string pop song should. A departure's "Greenlander" a moment in the Pavement project its standing at the top of followed logically by The Al's Dream." Other new Spectrum, Babes In Toy Maximus (a.k.a. Foetus) by Throwing Muses, Swi Itself, Stereolab, Meat E Ultramarine make this a appealing collection presented imaginatively.

**TUMBLEWEED Wee W. 21 St., Ste. 501 10010/212-691-88** superfuzzed sounds of grunge rock as its starting Australia's Tumbleweed familiar sounds with its songwriting acumen an emerging with a complex Fluid waves of buzzing

VARIOUS ARTISTS Volume Four

charts a significant increase in airplay.  
#15 equal or upward position; #6-10:  
increase of at least 1; #11-20 increase of  
2 or more; #21-30.3 of more... PEAK  
column represents highest chart position to date.  
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# TOP 100

TW	LW	2W	PEAK	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	MUDHONEY	Piece Of Cake	Reprise
2	3	4	2	SOUL ASYLUM	Grave Dancers Union	Columbia
3	12	19	3	KING MISSILE	Happy 14 1/2 (EP)	Atlantic
4	5	11	4	SUNDAYS	Blind	DGC
5	4	3	2	R.E.M.	Automatic For The People	Warner Bros.
6	2	2	1	SUGAR	Super Blue	Rykodisc
7	6	6	6	10,000 MANIACS	Oh Time In Eden	Elektra
8	15	—	8	NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN	Are You Normal?	Chaos
9	9	7	7	EUGENIUS	Alama	Fire-Atlantic
10	7	5	4	SCREAMING TREE	Sweet Child	Epic
11	8	8	3	SUZANNE VEGA	9 F	A&M
12	11	10	6	PETER GABRIEL	Is	Geffen
13	10	9	3	NINE INCH NAILS	Broken (EP)	NTING/TVT/Interscope-Atlantic
14	13	12	12	JESUS LIZARD	Liar	Touch And Go
15	18	20	1	LEMONHEADS	It's A Shame About Ray	Atlantic
16	14	13	12	ALICE IN CHAINS	Dirt	Columbia
17	16	14	14	DAISY CHAINSAW	Eleventeen	Dne Little Indian-A&M
18	55	—	18	WEEN	Pure Guava	Elektra
19	24	30	19	SEBADDH	Smash Your Head On The Punk Rock	Sub Pop
20	17	15	14	TOM WAITS	Bone Machine	Island-PLG
21	21	21	20	CONSOLIDATED	Play More Music	Nettwerk-I.R.S.
22	29	33	22	FLDWERHEAD	...ka-BLOOM!	Zoo
23	19	16	12	MARY'S DANISH	American Standard/Underwater (EP)	Morgan Creek
24	22	31	22	MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	Satyricon	Mute-Elektra
25	20	18	18	BEAT HAPPENING	You Turn Me On	Sub Pop
26	36	48	26	PIGFACE	Fook	Invisible
27	31	27	27	INSPIRAL CARPETS	Revenge Of The Goldfish	Mute-Elektra
28	30	25	23	ALICE DONUT	The Unidy Suscides Of Your Degenerate	Alternative Tentacles
29	32	24	21	DARLING BUDS	Erolica	Chaos
30	26	23	17	TELEVISION	Television	Capitol
31	27	29	26	BLIND MELDN	Blind Melon	Capitol
32	33	35	32	SUPERCHUNK	"Mower" (5")	Merge
33	23	17	1	SONIC YOUTH	Dirty	DGC
34	47	64	34	THERAPY?	Teethgrinder (EP)	A&M
35	25	26	25	TH FAITH HEALERS	Lido	Too Pure-Elektra
36	35	40	35	NEIL YOUNG	Harvest Moon	Reprise
37	28	22	4	RAMONES	Mondo Bizarro	Radioactive
38	38	65	38	EMF	Stigma	EMI-ERG
39	39	42	37	GRUNTRUCK	Push	Roadrunner
40	43	61	40	DADA	Puzzle	I.R.S.
41	37	36	36	SWIRLIES	What To Do About Them	Taang!
42	34	41	34	BEL CANTO	Shimmering, Warm & Bright	Dali-Chameleon
43	40	32	2	MINISTRY	Psalms 69: The Way To Succeed	Sire-WB
44	88	—	44	7 YEAR BITCH	Sick 'Em	C/Z
45	41	34	2	HELMET	Meantime	Interscope-Atlantic
46	90	85	46	LDVE CHILD	Wilcraft	Homestead
47	51	60	47	MECCA NORMAL	Dovetail	K
48	52	94	48	POP WILL EAT ITSELF	The Looks Or The Lifestyle	RCA
49	44	39	39	MAGNAPOP	Magnapop	Play It Again Sam-Caroline
50	61	84	50	SHAWN COLVIN	Fat City	Columbia
51	58	53	15	INXS	Welcome To Wherever You Are	Atlantic
52	66	91	52	NENEH CHERRY	Homebrew	Virgin
53	50	51	44	IMMACULATE FOOLS	The Toy Shop	Continuum
54	60	77	54	PAUL WELLER	Paul Weller	Go!Discs/London-PLG
55	59	44	9	THROWING MUSES	Red Heaven	Sire-WB
56	73	82	56	LULABOX	Full Bleed (EP)	Radioactive
57	48	63	48	THE FARM	Love See No Colour	Sire-Reprise
58	54	56	54	YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	It's Low Beat Time	Frontier
59	80	72	59	DRUNKEN BOAT	See Ruby Falls	First Warning
60	78	78	9	BABES IN TOYLAND	Fontanelle	Reprise
61	93	134	61	HELIOS CREED	Kiss To The Brain	Amphetamine Reptile
62	45	38	19	PUBLIC ENEMY	Greatest Misses	Del Jam-Chaos
63	86	101	63	SUPREME LDVE GODS	Supreme Love Gods	Del American
64	53	81	53	AFGHAN WHIGS	Uptown Avondale (EP)	Sub Pop
65	42	47	28	GIN BLOSSOMS	New Miserable Experience	A&M
66	77	68	45	BATS	Fear Of God	Mammoth

**MT  
DEF**



**COFFIN BREAK Thirteen (Epitaph)**  
Thirteen has certainly proven to be a lucky number for Epitaph's Coffin Break, as its new LP enters the chart at #73, good for this week's Radio Breakthrough. This Seattle combo hopes more stations dance on its grave in the months to come. See more on the album's showing in this week's Chart Focus.

1. COFFIN BREAK
2. DANIEL ASH
3. GODFLESH
4. CURVE
5. RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
6. JACOB'S MOUSE
7. 7 YEAR BITCH
8. LOVE CHILD
9. JUNK MONKEYS
10. WEEN
11. HELIOS CREED
12. SKATENIGS
13. CHAINSAW KITTENS
14. AFFORDABLE FLOORS
15. MERCURY REV
16. SUPH ME LOVI GODS
17. THOUSAND YARD STAIR
18. JUB DYLAN
19. CARNIVAL ART
20. MAURA O'CONNELL

## ADVENTURE PICKS

Reporters' Personal Choices For Best New Releases



1. ULTRAMARINE Every Man And Woman Is A Star (Dali-Chameleon)
2. COP SHOOT COP "Suck City" (5") (Interscope-Atlantic)
3. WEEN Pure Guava (Elektra)
4. GUMBALL Wisconsin Hayride (EP) (Columbia)
5. BLACK 47 Black 47 (EP) (SBK-ERG)
6. RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE Rage Against The Machine (1 pic)
7. DANIEL ASH "Get Out Of Control" (5") (Columbia)
8. EMERGENCY BROADCAST NETWORK "Behavior Modification/We Will Rock You" (12") (1V1)
9. KING MISSILE Happy 14 1/2 (EP) (Atlantic)
10. NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN Are You Normal? (Chaos)

April '94

# NIK TURNER'S HAWKWIND

**Veterans of the sonic attack suit up for the spaceways with Helios Creed and Pressured. Photos by Brian Garrity.**



L to R: Nik Turner, Helios Creed

The bohemian, on the other hand, kept going, leading bands with names like the All Stars and Inner City Unit, writing songs about Elvis, presidents and pompadours. But then last year brought his umpteenth album, a savage slice of Ambient Punk called *Sphinx* and suddenly...

Enter Helios Creed. Re-enter the goblin, Del Dettmar. Unveil the bohemian, ex-Hawkwind saxman Nik Turner. When his label Cleopatra suggested a tour, everything fell into place. You've seen the ads,

It was said that one of them was a "handsome bohemian."

Another, a "goblin and electronics freak." They sounded like musicians long before they were, but for the past 20 years you'd be

forgiven for thinking they'd given up. In fact, the goblin had. Living in a forest in Canada, the goblin spent his time playing Go, and making strange tapes on equipment which should have been in a museum someplace.



JULIE IS WEARING:  
"SCHOOL GIRL" BIB DRESS...\$58.00  
photo: Russell Loper

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