

# THE WEEK THAT WAS

## A Look At The Past Week in Concerts

### COP SHOOT COP, WHISKY, JUNE 17

By Nicole Hatcher

Don't be too alarmed by their name, they haven't inspired rioting just yet. Cop Shoot Cop, one of the newest punk/industrial bands to exploit teen angst, hails from New York. Using experimental techniques such as two bass players, a part time guitarist/horn player/ bass drum basher, a drum set up of assorted dangling metal recyclables and a synthesizer that is used to intensify the thick bass groove rather than harmonize, it's raw, it's coarse, it's wonderful! C.S.C.'s lyrics and stage performance aren't targeted with consideration for the masses, but instead are completely their own. They write and play for themselves, sucking in the crowds who seek inclusion. For all you music critics, no, they don't boast chops or technique, but musical ability was not a prerequisite for influential punk bands (The Ramones, Violent Femmes). Their triumphs stem from their crazy catchy phrases and the genius of making fun of music. They were revolutionary successes, musical failures, and we love them still. C.S.C.'s very heavy bass feel owes to two bass guitarists, a drum set focused on a booming drum march effect, and a backup percussionist on another set of bass drums! The droning jumble of noise on stage pulsates, pounding the audience into a frenzy. Yet, their self-indulgent style achieves instant seduction of young moshing hordes. Perhaps it is because it is the younger audiences who are still able to revel in egocentric free-for-alls. C.S.C. utilizes raw material both for their stage setup and for their songs. Themes ranging from lonely nowhere-ness to criticizing government corruption, they fearlessly tear into every topic they come across. They have surpassed old punk greats in the sense that writing intelligently is now more widely acceptable. In this time of social and political awareness, they deal with ranging issues, but on their own terms. From their song, "Got No Soul," "...yer music scene got no soul, yer answering machine got no soul" ...rages about the soulless crap in music, media, corpora-

tions, and higher on up. I hail their courage, and hope that their fans listen while following the pipers into the mosh.

### MAX ROACH QUARTET, CATALINA BAR & GRILL, JUNE 18

By Steve Baltin

Max Roach led his band on to the



stage at Catalina with all the confidence and grace one would expect from one of the most admired drummers in the field of jazz.

After over 35 years Roach has reached the revered status. The fact that he has been associated with such greats as Charlie Parker doesn't hurt his reputation, but on Friday it was clear that he is responsible for his own success.

The most impressive aspect of his performance was the way he handled his role as a bandleader. He confidently exchanged solos with the rest of the players; the brilliant Tyrone Brown on bass, Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet and sax player Odin Pope, but had a style that allowed him to remain in constant control of the set. His drumming, as expected, was

smooth.

He balanced both uptempo, and slower sounds to create a rhythmic pattern that flowed the way a master's playing should.

### JOANNA CONNER, JACK'S SUGAR SHACK, JUNE 19

By Pat Kramer

The true sign of someone who has mastered their art is the degree to which they merge with their art.

Stevie Ray Vaughn had it, Jimi Hendrix had it, and Chicago-based blues guitarist Joanna Conner has it. Watching her play traditional Delta blues in the in styles she's picked up from blues masters Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Freddie King, Dion Payton and Luther Allison, you soon get past the fact that she is a 31-year-old white female. Her two albums on Blind Pig Records, *Believe It* and *Fight*, feature heavy slide guitar playing and lightening fast fingerwork, on her original tunes. In her three sets at Jack's Sugar Shack, Connor demonstrated a virtuosity that defies her age. It was a wondrous sight to see her skillfully fly through a variety of slide guitar movements, with a graceful but vigorous attack. Connor sounds like an amalgamation of Stevie Ray Vaughn, Duane Allman, Luther Allison and Buddy Guy. She is fascinating to watch, oblivious to the attention she gets as she reaches people on a "gut level," playing both traditional and rock-based blues with a biting edge. Joanna tours 200 days a year. By all estimations, it won't be long before this 31-year-old player gets picked up by a major label.

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