

# FOCUS

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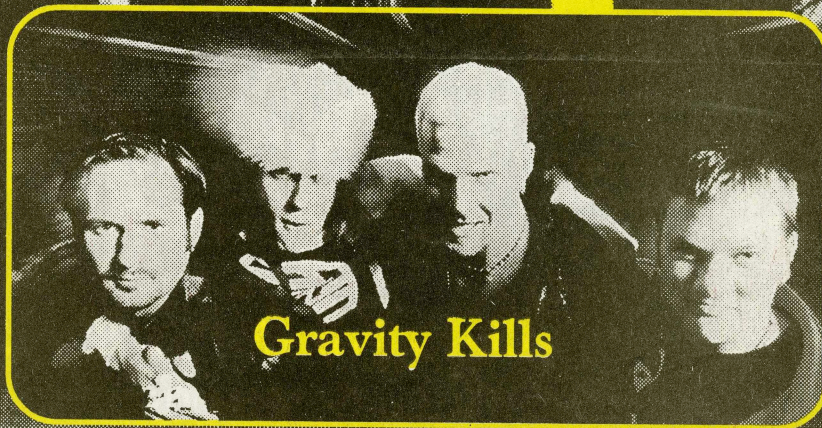
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#53

## The Toasters



Diane Ward



Gravity Kills

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# REVIEWS

**Warning:** The following review, as you will soon realize, was written by a person with very, uh, *definite* views to express. It contains language which may be found offensive by, well, by most anybody. We've replaced a lot of letters with symbols, but you'll still get the idea.

**Metallica**  
*Load*  
(Elektra/EEG)

Hey, Metallica fans, it's the latest offering from the band. *Load*. *Load* is already a monster. Massive airplay at Rock and Alternative Radio. Extremely high anticipation at retail. Yup, *Load* is gonna be bigger than the f!king second coming. Unfortunately, *Load* sucks sh\*t. It doesn't just suck a little, this record sucks like a Hoover modified with a 396 engine on about an eightball of dirty speed. We're talking sucks in cosmic proportions. Five years between records, and this is what we get? F?!k you. I'm insulted. Do they expect to get away with this? *Load* is toothless, gutless, simpering pap on par with the Presidents of the United States of America. I mean, why didn't Metallica simply recruit Jonathan Cain and change their name to Journey? Hell, the chick in the Cranberries has bigger balls than Metallica do now.

It wasn't always this way. Once, Metallica were THE SHIT. They were f!king god-like. *Metallica*, a.k.a. the black album, signaled the beginning of the end. I hoped that on their next release Metallica would turn it around and release something that truly kicked ass. However, *Load* is the weakest effort by Metallica to date. "2x4" sounds like bad Molly Hatchet and "Hero of the Day" plunges to previously unimagined depths of creative sphincter lock. I've had vomiting fits that were more inspired and diarrheal excretions which were harder.

"Until it Sleeps," the first single, was the first indication that the album was going to bite, and happily, the rest of *Load* lives down to the expectations. In fact, every time I listen to the aptly titled *Load*, I discover a new low. How far the mighty have fallen. If a pile of sh\*t could be alchemized into music and retain its essence, *Load* would be that pile of sh\*t.

What the hell happened? Did the entire



band go impotent? This is Barcalounger Metallica — fat, soft and lazy. One smell of the big money and these loser f!ks suck up to the corporate tit like flies on sh\*t. Personally, I believe it's the influence of Lars Ulrich that has brought Metallica to their sorry state. Ever since the beginning, he's been the cheese-meister of the band and I'm sure that the pretentious little Danish rat-bastard is the primary reason Metallica have turned into the neutered hacks they are today.

What really makes me sick, however, is the reception the album has received in the radio realm. Rock Radio and Alternative Radio, two formats who wouldn't touch Metallica with a 10-foot pole a few years back, are on *Load* like a pack of whores descending on a convention of TV evangelists. Even though *Load* blows like a hurricane, it will be bigger than Jesus F?!kin' Christ. Oh joy, I can hardly wait for all these alterna-drones and snot-nosed, pubescent punks to start spouting off about how great Metallica are. You're more than a decade late, jerkoff.

The saddest thing about *Load* is that if they had wanted to, Metallica could have put out something along the lines of *Kill 'Em All* or *Ride The Lightning*, and it still would have been as huge as *Load* will be. The band says they're taking chances on *Load*. That's the biggest bald-faced lie I've heard in a long f!king time. Taking a chance would have been to put out something heavy, aggressive and intimidating, which is what Metallica did well. *Load*'s radio-friendly, non-threatening, commercial pablum was a safe bet to go over big and make them a lot of money, which apparently is what matters to Metallica now. It sure doesn't seem that artistic integrity or loyalty to their fans means a f!king thing to them. If Cliff Burton was still alive, this sh\*t wouldn't be going on. Why couldn't have Lars been the one they had to scrape out of the wheel well instead? Oh well, this October will be the 10th anniversary of Burton's death, and I'm hoping he comes back from the grave and tears Ulrich a new asshole. However, since that more than likely ain't gonna happen, I'm gonna be stuck with a once god-like band who now are one of the most despicable groups on the planet. F?!k Metallica, F?!k *Load*, F?!k Lars Ulrich and "f!k the f!king Diaz brothers. I'll bury the cockroaches."

—Toufik Micheltorena

**No Knife**  
*Drunk on the Moon*  
(Time Bomb Recordings)

*Drunk on the Moon* is a recording comprised of two separate musical entities with seemingly little or no relation to each other. One face of the album consists of the rumblings of an underpracticed garage band with bad sense of what makes a song worth recording. The other crystallizes a startling fulfillment of prophecy made by a grunge-enamored friend of mine who once predicted that every band would one day



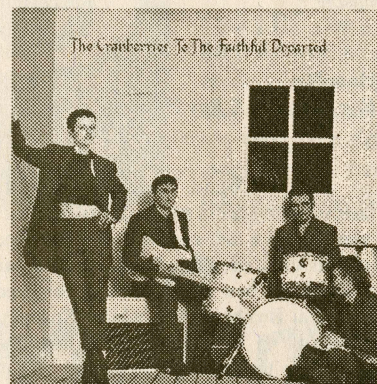
sound like Chicago überhippies Smashing Pumpkins did on their major label debut.

Like Jesus awaiting a third day, No Knife lets six lo-fi stinkers pass by before transforming into some type of Perry Farrell/Billy Corgan hybrid project complete with wall-of-sound aesthetics and matching generational-flavored lyrics. Chalk it up to bad editing or bad acid or whatever, *Drunk on the Moon* ultimately learns from its mistakes and emerges as an energetic experience to the delight of those hardy enough to stick around for a second coming.

—Christopher Kovak

**The Cranberries**  
*To The Faithful Departed*  
(Island)

By the second track of *Faithful Departed*, as Dolores O'Riordan and bandmates plead to all those kids with heroin eyes/ don't do it/ 'cause it's not what it seems, one wonders if the 11 remaining songs will be as overstated and ill-conceived as the album's openers have proven themselves to be. It becomes certain after an hour or so of O'Riordan's signature huffing and puffing that the high-minded marketing schtick of the Cranberries has become entirely laughable and ultimately sad, considering the band's previous recording efforts.



The imaginative lightness of previous hits such as "Linger" and "Ode to My Family" are replaced by pretentious, conceptual nuggets of nonsense like "The Rebels," a Cocteau Twinged youth anthem which may yet prove to be the worst, most unbelievable song ever written by a viable member of the corporation for alternative broadcasting. "I Just Shot John Lennon," which chronicles the obvious, begs to be remade by some crank-addled punker who could sympathize with Mark Chapman's intentions a bit more than the oft-wounded O'Riordan.

With this much child-hugging going on, one would expect Jarvis Cocker to show up at any moment ...

—Gay Green

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