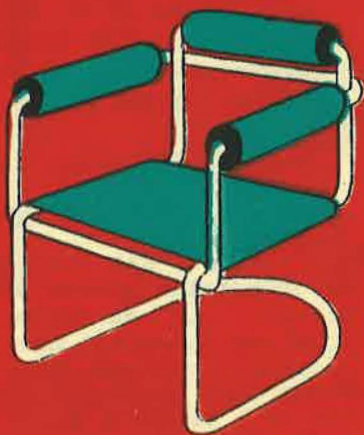
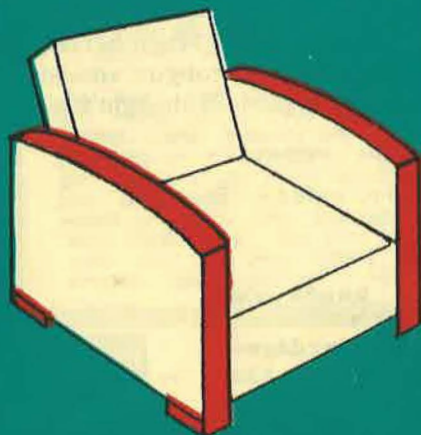
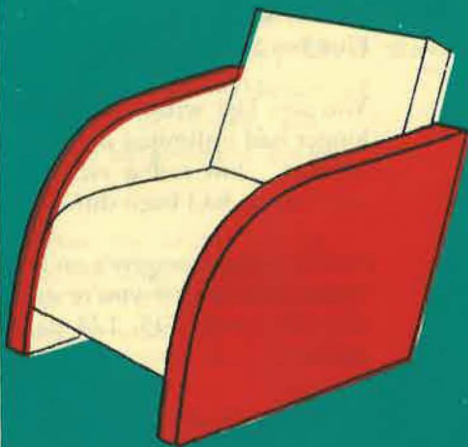
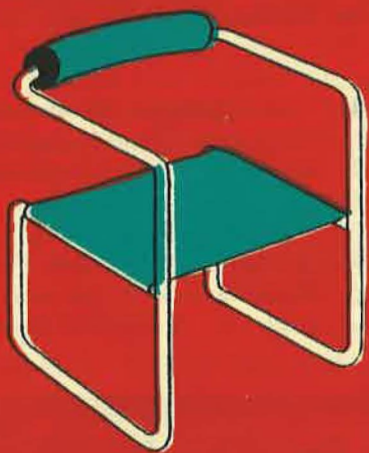


POP STOCK

NUMBER SEVEN
OCTOBER 1994
IT'S FREE





Welcome to Pop Stock Number Seven. I'm not much for these editorial intrusions, but, in this case a few things need to be either stated, explained, or pointed-out, so I'm ignoring my general intuition, in favor of specifics.

Number Seven is quite late (ten months late, to be exact.) I'm tempted to go conceptual and say that Numbers Seven through Seventeen were the invisible issues and this is Number Eighteen. But it's not. It's Number Seven and it's late.

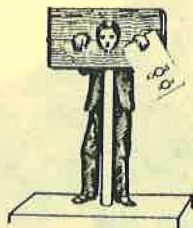
You see, last winter (right after Number Six) I changed jobs and no longer had unlimited access to a copier. Which means I had to pay for all this. I'm not a rich man. And, times being tough and all, advertising had been difficult to come by.

But, hey, the economy's on the upswing and so's my mood. Thus, Pop Stock returns. (If you're an advertiser, check these rates: full page: \$25, 1/2 page: \$15, 1/4 page: \$10, 1/8 page: \$7. Can't beat them apples.)

Additionally, in an attempt to become your seven-inch friend, Pop Stock will, as of this moment, begin devoting more page space to bleatings and blatherings about seven-inch records. The cornerstone of this effort will be the ever-popular 7" *Wonders of the World*, with a sizable contribution from our very own wonder, Don. You'll also find *Pop Quiz*, featuring write-in interviews with some of the best bands going (this week: Yo La Tengo.) And, on the political front, Pop Stock will no longer sit idly by. Indeed, issue Number Seven heralds the unleashing of *FM Rosenthal*, a singular, new tongue amidst the polyglut of forked models currently stealing food-for-thought from our already-depleted plates.

As always, send us stuff (written and recorded.) That's it.

POP STOCK has reached your hands via the inimitable grace of Cardigan United, Chicago. All contents: © 1994 Cardigan United. Pop Stock will meet you monthly at the following locations: Ajax Records, Blackout Records, Leo's Lunchroom, Lounge Ax, The Rainbo Club, and Quimby's Queer Store. Life is a hammer, it cares not for glamour.



Pop Stock: 4531 N. Campbell Chicago, IL
60625

larabee@ils.nwu.edu

POP QUIZ

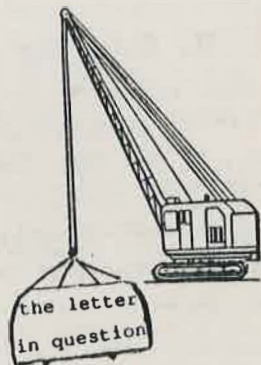
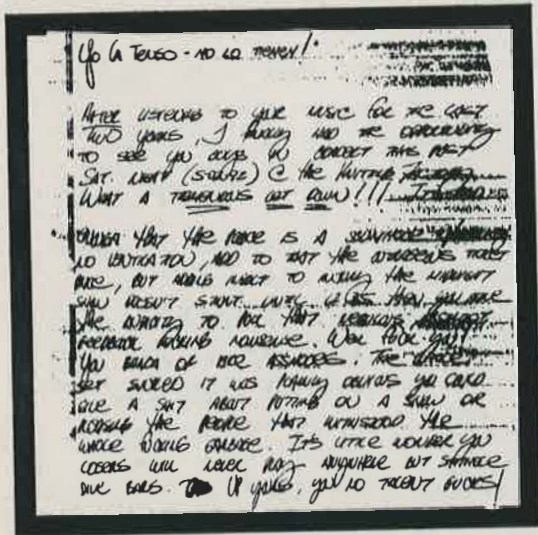
wherein the prominent musical groups of the day submit to our written queries

THIS WEEK: YO LA TENGO

1. How 'bout them Mets? ^{THEY COST US A LOT OF MONEY LAST YEAR} SINCE MY BROTHER QUINCY VS INT' GOING ON ON SEASIDE TICKETS WITH HIM. I THINK I GAINED UP GOING TO 2 GAMES ALL YEAR - GEORGIA
 One Western Division pennant and everybody gets very ill of themselves - 1/2

2. Critics have praised "Painful" for being a reconciliation of your early "pop" period, your "Fakebook"-era quietness, and your latter-day feedback workouts--is this an accurate depiction of where you're at?

3. How did you reach the decision to print the letter on the "Painful" sleeve? Why didn't you print the lout's name?
 IT WAS HIS ID'S A TO INCLUDE IT IN THE ARTWORK - I THINK THE FACT THAT THEY DIDN'T SIGN THE LETTER, OR INCLUDE ANY RETURN ADDRESS HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. - GEORGIA



4. Your new record is out on Matador/Atlantic. How did this come about? Is it weird half-being on the same label as Aretha Franklin, Otis Redding, and Yes? WE WANTED TO BE ON MATADOR/ATLANTIC AND THEY AGREED TO LET US BE. I DON'T REALLY THINK ABOUT BEING ON THE SAME LABEL AS A.F., O.R., AND YES. ACTUALLY I DON'T REALLY THINK ABOUT YES AT ALL. ITS WEIRD BEING ON THE SAME LABEL AS THE UNSANE ALTHOUGH I DON'T MIND IT IN THE LEAST.

Actually, we signed to Matador/Atlantic so we could be on the same label as Pearl Jam. By the time we figured out Gerard was lying to us, we'd already signed. - 1/2

5. Do Yo La Tengo bass players have to have the syllable "new" in their last names? No. - Ira

6. Ira, are you actually from Croton? I'm from Ossining and I know how hard it is to survive a 1970's adolescence in Westchester County with a sense of humor and music intact. How did you do it? I'm not really from Croton, but I like to pretend I am to cash in on the scene. You know, now that you mention it, ~~the~~ Croton was a very Grateful Dead-heavy town (I did not emerge unscathed) and I owe my **SUCCESS** to Mr. Perry Lipkin.

7. Any good Croton Diner stories?
IRAS BROTHER STREAKED (IS THAT HOW YOU SPELL IT? I'VE NEVER HAD TO SPELL IT BEFORE) THROUGH THERE ONCE WITH A STOCKING CAP OVER HIS HEAD. - GEORGIA

My friend Cyril once ordered "an assorted danish" in all seriousness. (He was having trouble deciphering the menu's cryptic offering of "ASSORTED DANISH - 75¢")

8. What are your favorite late-night snacks?

ICE-CREAM-GEORGE Yup, ice cream. - IRA

9. You folks are known for your great choices for covers. Are there some great songs you'd never attempt?

"A Night in Tunisia" is on the back burner. - Ira

10. There's a rumor floating around that you might record your next record with Brad Wood at Idul. Any truth to that?

YES, ITS ABSOLUTELY TRUE. GEORGIA

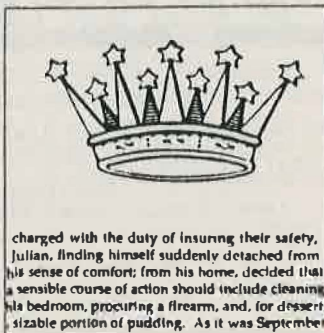
NO, ITS ABSOLUTELY FALSE - IRA

11. What's in store for Yo La Tengo?

SINCE WE STARTED ANSWERING THESE QUESTIONS 2 MONTHS AGO, A LOT HAS HAPPENED. WE LOST THE SHEET WITH THE QUESTIONS, TOOK EUROPE FOR 6 WEEKS (3 WITH THE FANTABULOUS 18th-DYE), RETURNED, FOUND THE QUESTION SHEET I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN MAINTAIN THIS FRANTIC PACE, BUT WE WILL CERTAINLY TRY OUR TU. - IRA



HENRY V.



charged with the duty of insuring their safety, Julian, finding himself suddenly detached from his sense of comfort; from his home, decided that a sensible course of action should include cleaning his bedroom, procuring a firearm, and, for dessert, a sizable portion of pudding. As it was September



5.

last night I saw the Kustomized. It was a weird experience for me. the rock show should not be psychologically confusing- should it? no. I don't think so. OK here's why: Kustomized show. peter. peter prescott. he has been released. Unchained from his drum kit he has become an amazing contortionistic side show. but he's not a side show. in fact it's kind of like he's the whole show. perhaps I am biased, but there's not a whole lot of charisma here. we've got the Bullet Lavolta guy who has been(thankfully) chained to his drum kit and the the guy who looks like an ethnic food restaurant host (is that bad to say? if it is I don't mean to satay it) and the cover band rock veteran guy who, together make up the Kustomized thing. They're good. They're simple(as far as I can tell anyway). I'm willing to cut Mr. peter prescott a lot of slack, a real whole lotta slack. I mean I am a slack dispenser, the guy has earned it- he can do whatever he wants to. Mission of Burma and the Volcano Suns is all you need to say. Which brings me to the "experience."

KUstomized show. guy on stage. not in band. John Williams. no he's with the POPS. Jon Williams, yes the guy from the early volcano suns. So I'm thinking wow, it's been a long time since I saw him. Then I think that it was him, who in 1986 really directed me towards the kind of music that I came to like. Even more than peter at that time. It was the best benevolent assault I had ever received. Of course I had really liked Burma before that show, but I didn't really know why. SO it got me thinkin about how long ago that was and how many times I had seen that old Guns line up and how neat that all was. Oh yeah, why is he there? He was doing their sound, which he had done for the waleik(sp)-michener-prescott Suns prior to joining the band. I thought I should say to him. "You know, you did the best reinterpretation of Angus Young that I've ever seen" or "Hey, Jon, you know you really redefined rock guitar for me back in '86," but I didn't because I didn't want to sound like an idiot.

Then, I saw guess who. Did you guess? should I give you more time? no, he was later. It was Mr. David Kleiler. He was big now. He has a lot of hair. He's a director I hear. So I'm thinking wow, I like him too. I remembered how I remembered thinking "he's no Jon Williams." Then I remembered the 1988 presidential campaign. Then I thought. Hey it was during that campaign that I first saw the Kleiler-Weston-Prescott Suns (I had of course seen the Hahn-Weston-Prescott Suns many times as Mr. Jon Williams had departed in 1987 and also the Hahn-Weston-Williams-Prescott Suns as Mr. Jon Williams had briefly rejoined the band) anyway, I thought how it took a couple of years for Mr. David Kleiler to carve out his own niche in me narrow minded mind. And I thought. Gee he did though. He was great. The Suns became something else with him and Westie(I feel I can call him that). And they were really good. I recommend you buy all their albums--especially the first six. SO, THEN I'M THINKIN why is he directin? who is he directin and why isn't he playing the guitar? but he is playin the guitar- but it's air guitar and he's really into it and he's rockin' back and forth and making a stupid face just like when he was a Sun. And there was peter up there making his faces and playing a guitar and I asked myself why he wasn't playing the drums but I didn't know the answer and I thought well he deserves some slack because he has done all this great stuff in the past. SO I wondered if there would be great stuff in the future or the present or only in the past. And there was hope. there were moments of really true goodness. Really good. But I couldn't help thinking how it used to be better.

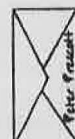
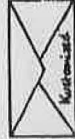
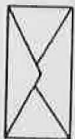
So they're done and they did an encore. And I thought to myself how they didn't used to do many encores but hey, they weren't they were they? They were the Volcano Suns. There was another difference--the audience stayed for the entire show. That didn't always used to happen. Sometimes there would be only a few people left at the end of their shows-- the drunks, their girlfriends and me and whoever I dragged along with me. Maybe more people will like them because they are more straight ahead and assaultive in an even more benign way.

SO, they were over and I was a little mad because they finished with a cover that I didn't recognize but others did. Jon Williams even cracked a smile. David Kleiler raised his hands in a rock salute and I was left wondering. Wondering and thinking that maybe I was being unfair to them just as people would always compare the Suns to Burma way back when. They found the Suns lacking. Let me go on record here my friend: the Volcano Suns were a better band than Burma ever was. This is not to say that perhaps Burma was not a more important band.

And so, I'm leaving, and I see the other guy--exactly. Mr Roger Miller. And I thought, Burma was really great and I never got to see them. I could have, but I was an idiot. I didn't know who they were while I was up the street at the Pat Metheny concert. If only it had been a year earlier that I realized that Jazz fusion wasn't really the ultimate sonic experience. And I thought how I only got to see the artsy Roger Miller, the me and my John Cage Piano technique booby-pin staple gun looping shark skin suit toting vaseline hair Roger Miller. Isn't that interesting? no.

And I thought, I'm older now. I always think and have thought that. Sometimes I think it doesn't suck, but not right now.

-bye



BLACKOUT RECORDS

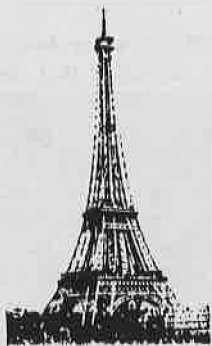
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SODIUM INTAKE

In Dino Buzzati's short story 'The Eiffel Tower,' Gustave Eiffel, the engineer, plans to build his tower endlessly toward the heavens. A 20th century Tower of Babel of sorts, the tower grows ever higher. After a year or more of construction, the tower is so high it takes workers ninety minutes to reach the top where they can continue the construction skyward. The three-hour round-trip commute cuts their daily working time to five hours. Time passes and the tower has grown so high that the commute takes four hours round-trip, cutting the original eight-hour work day in half. By the time the round-trip commute takes eight hours, the workers have begun staying atop the tower overnight, sleeping on little platforms, descending only for the weekends. Eventually, workers are forced to stay for weeks at a time, then months, and, finally, years. In the end, the city fathers of Paris, deeming the enterprise a pointless folly, resolve to halt construction and dismantle the majority of the tower, thus arriving at its current height.

I can picture Veruca Salt as a Paris construction laborer in the time of Eiffel. I can see Eiffel approaching Salt, valuing, as he does, her lower-building skills, and proposing that she join the tower's work force. Veruca hears Gustave out. She is always intrigued by new projects, especially ones as aesthetically and technically daring as this one. The two parties come to an agreement. Ms. Salt will lend her talents to the construction of the Tower.

On the night prior to starting work, Veruca Salt has a dream. She can picture the girders and rivets of the Tower in great detail. She can view the tangled geometry simultaneously from a multitude of angles, as well as from within the complexity itself. She moves closer to inspect the results of her labor and is overcome by the perfection of her work. Indeed, her craft has never been more refined, more inspired. In her heavy sleep, Veruca fills with pride. For her, the satisfaction of doing something she loves as well as it can be done is both the goal and the reward.

Some months later, we find Ms. Salt high above Paris, perched on a tiny steel platform, amidst the criss-crossed beams of Eiffel's nightmare. Her hair is unkempt, her face and her clothes oily and blackened. She has been on the tower for more than two months straight. She hasn't slept much during that time--up in the tower there's scant cover from the cold, hard winds. Below her, in the previous stages of the Tower, her completed work inspires the admiration of onlookers. From the ground, hundreds of feet below, her craft, illuminated by racks of colored lights, appears stellar.

Eiffel, the engineer, makes periodic checks on Veruca's progress. "The point is to make it higher, not more beautiful" he bellows, "Higher! Higher! The world is watching." Veruca doesn't look back. The construction must continue.

Eiffel takes full-page advertisements in all the Paris newspapers. The ads compare

Veruca Salt to other great tower-builders, past and present. The ads tell of Veruca Salt's extraordinary speed and endurance. The ads predict that soon Veruca Salt will have built more tower than any other tower-builder in the history of Paris. In those same papers, columns appear, lauding Ms. Salt's remarkable accomplishments and urging the inhabitants of Paris to get out to the Tower to watch Veruca at work. After all, they say, it won't be long before she builds herself clear out of sight.

The cafes around the Tower's base experience an unprecedented growth in business. Parisians have, indeed, taken the columnists' words to heart. The columnists have, themselves, (as, all too often, they do) taken their words to heart. A number of local journalists are spotted amongst the base-level spectators. Tower builders from Brussels and Milan and London, visiting Paris on personal or professional business, feel compelled to stop by the Tower to bear witness to the evolving legend. Whenever Veruca Salt moves into a position where she is visible from the ground, a crowd instantly assembles. They gaze into the sky, shielding their eyes, hoping to see what others have seen or said they have seen. Each member of the crowd feels as if he or she is a part of history. They can imagine themselves, some time in the future, telling their neighbors or their children about how they saw Veruca Salt, back in the days when she was still visible from the ground: before people started paying for balloon rides to see her in the upper levels of the Tower.

One night, years later, heavy with exhaustion and grown more used to sleeping in the Tower's cold and steely arms, Veruca Salt has another dream. She can picture the girders and rivets of the Tower in great detail. She can view the tangled geometry simultaneously from a multitude of angles, as well as from within the complexity itself. In this dream, however, when she moves closer to inspect the results of her labor, she is startled by the plainness of her work. Indeed, her

craft has never been more mundane. She has no doubt that the work is adequate--there is no danger the Tower will collapse--but the art and love which once informed her work is gone. The goal and the reward of her work, once one and the same, have been rent apart--by Eiffel's mad ambition, by the crowd's ravenous attention, by the columnists' self-serving prophecies, and by her own desire to see that all were sailed.

When Veruca wakes, she is suddenly aware. That her work, which once transcended the purely utilitarian, has been unequivocally conquered by the vast structure within which it lives. Despondent, she begins to dismantle her work from the top down. Her aim is to remove every girder and every rivet she has installed, proving, that without her contribution, the Tower could not stand.

By the time she has removed just a fifth of her product, she knows that she has been defeated. Despite Veruca Salt's prolific tower-building, her work on the Eiffel Tower still amounts to only a minute fraction of the whole. Her work, copious as it was, has never been essential to the structure's integrity. And its removal is equally inconsequential.

That's where my imagining of Veruca Salt ends. Try as I might, I can't complete the story. I have no experience on which to base further conjecture. I don't know what happens to tower-builders once the Tower has chewed them up and spit them out. I don't know if they wile away the rest of their days in their basements making little towers for themselves or if they reject their tower-building pasts and resign themselves to more pedestrian pursuits as computer programmers or cops. I'm reluctant to imagine Veruca's tools hanging against a paneled wall behind the three inch plexiglass of a Les Halles pawn shop. I don't know if the Tower breaks its builders or enlightens them. I suppose that depends on the builder.



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matt and debbie eye at it again. this time with their first studio recording. four more perfectly-crafted pop trinkets that will make you smile. the singer says: "I'm so charmed to be right here/two thumbs for fifty states/hangin' loose and feelin' dumb/fo dumb that it feels great." it sure does. -pat

Little Brother PO Box 3224 Eugene OR 97403

711

Wonders

Smog-A Hit b/w Wine Stained Lips

Drag City
The mind of Smog's Bill Callahan is an ancient city. Major thoroughfares waste away to alleys before sud-denly dead-ending. Avenues that bear the identity of famous generals or statesmen change their names without warning to numbers or dates. The bakery has no bread for sale. Busses stand motionless; discomod-late. Life will not be easy here. Nonetheless, I settle down. I'd pay \$5.00. -s.

Drag City PO Box 476867 Chicago IL 60647

Neutral Milk Hotel-Everything Is b/w Snow Song Pt.

One Cher Doll
Coming on like an overweight Butterglory and de-livering the goods, Jeff Magnum (aka NMF) serves up a double scoop of fuzzy, naive, beautiful pop music. Children might like this, but due to the every-so-often unsettling feeling it conveys, it's ultimately adult music. Happy and sad by turns. I'd pay \$4.00. -s.

Cher Doll PO Box 9609 Seattle WA 98109

of the
World

Papas Fritas-Friday Night b/w Smash This World and Angel

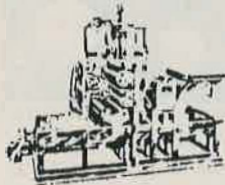
Sunday Driver
Hmm...what to make of this trio from the Boston burbs? Friday Night is a graced gem, careening along affirst, taking chaotic turns of confidence. This is beautiful stuff in the manner of Pavement or Sebadoh with a discordant hiccup. But what am I to think when a friend drops in with his saxophone at the end of the song and turns it into Morphine? I think I said "shit!" out loud. I'd pay \$4.00, but I'll stash away \$6.00 for the next one-if they keep the good parts and discard the bad, it'll be worth it. -s.

Sunday Driver 2017 Lowerline N.O. LA 70118

Guided By Voices/The Grifters-Split 7"

The New Sound
In one of the finest displays of hitmaking since Ted Williams, GBV went four for four today, hitting for the cycle against pitcher, the Grifters. Opening the game with a triple (Hey, Mr. Soundman) to deep right field, GBV reached standing up. Next time up, GBV lined a double (Announcers & Umpires) down the third base line. GBV's third trip to the plate resulted in a squibber that the pitcher simply couldn't handle (Eye Speaker). In the ninth GBV smashed a towering shot (Linda Doss) that hasn't come down yet. The performance kept GBV atop the standings with a .937 average. I'd pay \$12.00 (minus \$2.00 for the Grifters' side-\$10.00.)-s.

The New Sound Box 91317 Durham NC 27708



thanks to steve w. and his screwball press
for silkscreening the breathtaking cover

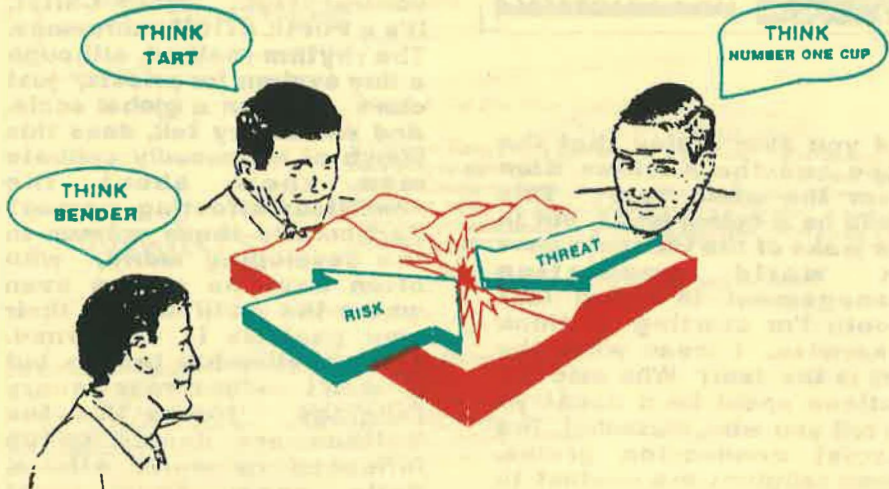


Aristide. It's really no surprise that this free market Pope should also find it necessary to involve himself in the world-wide struggle against women's rights, to argue against not only the hot button issue of abortion, but the very concept of birth control itself. Jesus Christ, it's a POPULATION conference. The rhythm method, although a fine system for priests, just can't work on a global scale. And what pray tell, does this bunch of supposedly cellbated men know about the conditions affecting women? Particularly those women in the developing world, who often have no choice even where the mutilation of their own genitals is concerned. This situation has to stop, but it won't unless reactionary religious forces like the Vatican are denied undue influence in world affairs. Polls show that most Catholics world-wide do not support the official Papal positions on either family planning or abortion. If these statistics are right, then good Catholics everywhere have a moral duty to make themselves heard and try to influence the course of action taken in the name of their religion.

Hopefully, the lasting legacy of September's Cairo conference will be not the impasse and endless compromise with the Vatican over the words "safe and legal," "abortion," or "contraceptive," but rather, that women from developing nations are finally able to assert themselves in relative harmony in a global forum. And perhaps the Vatican will in time realize that the Middle Ages are over, the Papal States a distant memory and that maybe their religion would be better served by acting like one.

Did you ever notice that the Pope and the Ku Klux Klan wear the same hats? This could be a coincidence, but in the wake of the UN conference on world population management in Cairo last month I'm starting to think otherwise. I mean what the hell is the deal? Who said the Vatican could be a country? I'll tell you who, Mussolini. The fascist connection grows. Some religions are content to be religions, some like to exert their influence on governments, some like to try to direct world opinion, but I can think of none other than Catholicism that likes to pretend it's a real country. And what about scale? We don't see postage stamp principalities like Andorra or Liechtenstein parading around the world stage arguing about cheese production, so why the teeny-tiny Vatican?

Why can't we go back to the hallowed days of World War II, when the Vatican remained detached from world affairs even when faced with the deportation of Italian Jews from its very doorstep? No, no, no, remember this is the fervently anti-communist Pope John Paul The Second to none right-wing pope. The same Pope whose "government" recognized the legitimacy of the rightist regime in Haiti due to his disdain for the left leaning



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