

# FUTURE CLASSICS

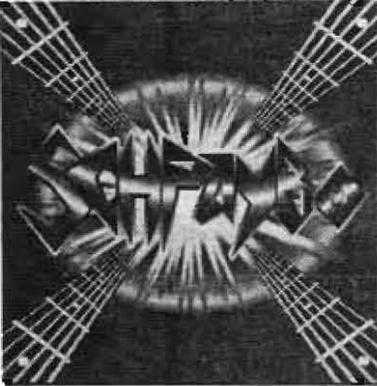
## SCOTT BRADOKA - *Swamp Party*



Instrumental music - particularly featuring guitarists - tends to get overlooked for one prejudiced reason or another. But Scott Bradoka's latest release can deflate anyone's preconceived notions of this genre. This 28-year-old guitarist/composer from the Lehigh Valley shows his increasing musical maturity by producing a CD that never sacrifices the melody and arrangements to show off unnecessary flash or

self-indulgence; here is style and substance. The songs themselves - particularly "Bounce," "Rude Behavior," and "Brown Shoes" have subtleties that are at turns heavy, coy and gentle. "Tree People" and "Without Words" add a sublime acoustic heart, and even the Cannonball Adderly/Buckinghams standard "Mercy Mercy Mercy" sounds fresh. Co-produced by Bradoka and Supertramp guitarist Carl Verheyen (who adds his own touches to six of the ten tracks, like trading licks on "Over the Bars"), the songs flow without abrupt changes or useless pandering. By allowing himself to develop his own sound, Bradoka's *Swamp Party* thankfully cannot be pegged with a "sounds like" label, and should appeal to fans of rock, jazz, fusion, pop, adult contemporary and guitar. Truly music for parties of one or more. -- Gerry Coleman

## SCHPAYBO -- *Schpaybo*



Wasn't it David Lee Roth who said, "She's got the stereo with the big guitar?" If so, he could have been talking about Schpaybo's eponymous release. This record compares to releases from '80s metal bands, such as AC/DC and Faster Pussycat, in that its most prominent feature is the out-front, hyper-distorted, in-your-face guitar and riffage that just won't quit. Tracks such as the radio-friendly "Stress" and the

over-the-top "Heartshock" recall the glory days of leather pants and arena rock. Lately, most listeners fall into one of two categories: they either love metal or hate metal. But love it or hate it, metal is trying to make a comeback, and *Schpaybo* may be what the future of metal sounds like. Big guitar, big vocals, big fun. Whatever your feelings regarding the material, the production value of this record cannot be denied. Its crisp, clean, uncluttered sound gives Schpaybo the platform to make his riffs explode. Lyrically, you won't find any "We Are the World" or "In Your Eyes" references here. This is blue-collar rock, from the working man's anthems "Stress" and "Give That Guy a Break" to the obviously-titled "Comin For You," and the fist-in-the-air "Rockin Man" and "Heartshock." Schpaybo has been picking up airplay on the local music shows and receiving mentions in publications, no less *Musician* magazine. Love it or hate it, metal is making a comeback, and Schpaybo wants nothing less than to shake your foundations. Take a listen, as the man says, you may become "Schpaybotized."

## blue Skye mourning. - *plug*

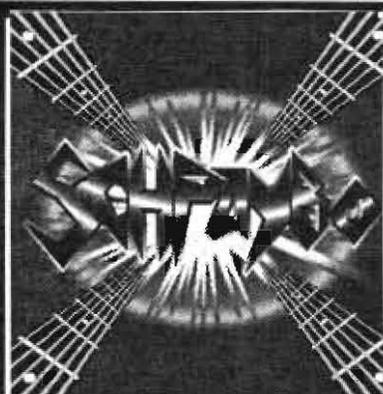


The dark, wet parking lot betrays the fact that another spring thunderstorm hit and run while I was toiling away in the office. The rain-spawned moat around my car finds the hole in my sneaker. Not a good thing for someone who just spent a week out of commission fighting off the flu. But I quickly slid blue Skye mourning's debut disc *plug* into my car's CD player and, as the opening chords of the first track wash

out of the speakers like a gentle and warm incoming tide, all troubles dissolve like sugar on my tongue. What a sweet sounding disc this is. Having been a fan of this band for almost two years, I knew that capturing the live energy of blue Skye mourning's hard-edged acoustically based rock would be a challenge. But all ten songs, from "Bus People"'s examination of unsatisfying relationships to the silliness of "Finnegan," are good attempts at recreating the feeling of bSm's club performances. The band has also added some nice production touches - notably, the scratchy record sound at the beginning of "Blind" and the tight Moody Blues-esque harmonies on "No Words Can Say." Lacking only the flailing of singer Dave Ramos' shock of red hair, *plug* is a good representation of what you're missing out on by not going to see blue Skye mourning. -- Rich Drees

THE MAN

SCHPAYBO

THE ONLY

THAT MATTERS

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