

Schpaybo *Schpaybo*

I can't tell you how many times we've played Schpaybo here at *Stereo-Type* world headquarters. And as the deadline for this issue quickly crashes down upon us, there isn't a song that makes more sense than "Stress." It's a modern day "Shattered."

The eponymous release from the man they call Schpaybo features a wide variety of tunes. Taking a nod from the classic early eighties rock of Van Halen, Ted Nugent and Night Ranger, Schpaybo captures the immediate passion of rock 'n' roll. In an era of the weather-vane artist happy to curve his or her sound to achieve commercial success, Schpaybo's uncompromising rock 'n' roll aesthetic is certainly refreshing.

The crown jewel of *Schpaybo* is the



forementioned "Stress." With its litany of daily catastrophes, "Stress" is truly a song that we can all relate to. Schpaybo urgently sings "Got a new job but it don't pay/Your girlfriend left you yesterday." Amen Schpaybo.

With its nose-to-the-grindstone, blue collar appeal, you'll be sure to want to get Schpaybotized!
Albert Clapps

THE CRAB'S



Bowie sharpens hi. Soundgarden blows up

Soundgarden broke up, David Bowie appeared on *Conan*, and somebody planted 23 landmines underneath the Pope. If fame has its drawbacks, and only a very rich, very isolated, and extraordinarily stupid person would argue that it does, then this is probably as bad as it gets.

Think about it, one minute you're riding into Sarajevo in your armored, bulletproof Blackholesunmobile, the next you're facing a goofy, grinning talk show host, and your mom's on Seattle radio, explaining why Chris won't be playing with the others anymore, but sounding like she's trying to get him excused from games once again. He's a little bit snuffy, and I don't think he should be mixing with the rougher type of boy: Yours sincerely, Nellie Maynard (Mrs).

The split, a stricken world was assured, was amicable, although the haste with which Ben Sheppard got together with a gaggle of old, pre-stardom cronies (the birth of his next band was announced 15 sentences after the death of his last one) would suggest that here was one break-up which was meticulous, too. No fraying tempers as another eight-minute epic broke down through intemperance or tantrums; no on-stage bust up to provoke the fiery demise which would make the headlines next day; just a wave goodbye and a gently prepared statement. Achoo.

David Bowie does not have such problems. A split is all but impossible, of course, unless his legs really do want to go someplace the rest of his body's not sure about, while age is no concern at all, not while that painting's still rotting in the attic. Either that, or modern medicine has found a way to sharpen one's cheekbones, even as it polishes teeth.

One would not, of course, venture to

Letters

Stereo-Type,

In *Stereo-Type* #52 there was an interesting review of Silverchair's new CD *Freakshow*. But it didn't answer a question that still haunts me about the artwork on the cover. Is that a picture of a young Rush Limbaugh?

John S.



A fine question, John, but I'm sorry to say we weren't able to confirm the identity of the possible Rush. We see the youngster laughing -- maybe he just read a good Al Franken book.

Stereo-Type,

Congratulations on the growth and success of your publication - Stereo-Type. I have been receiving the Gazette since its inception and consider its interviews, reviews and