

Catch nostalgia while you can

Is it just me, or does it seem like everyone is a rock photographer these days? Every show I go to lately has at least a dozen digital camera-toting amateurs, pointing and clicking away with the wrong light settings and shutter speeds, eventually ending up with blurry shots that resemble a child's experimental mixing of all the paints in the paint box.

**BAND
GEEK**



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Like walking and chewing gum or, say, writing a weekly local music column, it's not as easy as it looks. I know this, because I have tried and failed. My photo boxes were filled with shots of indistinguishable blobs of light until I finally got wise and left the shooting to the pros and stalkers. I'm not saying that amateurs should stop clicking away with their cellphones — by no means; I'm sure your photos will turn out great — but you are in my way. So stop.

If you're looking for proper freeze-framed representations of rock stars in full flight, you'd be wise to head to Zulu Records (1972 W. 4th), where a collection of pre-digital images by Derek von Essen are on display until Sept. 28. Culled from a five-year

period that marked a particularly hopeful time for independent music, von Essen's 1988-'93 works feature such forgotten heroes as Mudhoney and the Melvins, alongside more famous acts like Nirvana, Soundgarden and John Cale.

The photos on display are confrontational, kinetic, and the result of a keen eye for the perfect moment of gestural flamboyance. Anyone who was old — or young — enough to get swept up in (*shudder!*) "grunge" during those years will recognize, underneath the immediate images of longhairs and their guitars, a bygone exuberance for blistering, explosive rock that seemed for a moment like it could change the world. The images hanging at Zulu capture the brief high before it all went sour. Before it all went digital. Sigh.

If you're anything like me, you'll feel briefly wistful, and then cheer yourself up by blowing all your allowance on new records — 'cause buying equals happy. Doesn't it? Anyone?

If that's not enough nostalgia for you, the Seeds are playing at WISE Hall on Saturday night (Aug. 13). Yes, *those* Seeds; those Sounds-of-the-Sixties compilation perennials, led by Sky Saxon; those psych-rock also-rans most famous for "Pushin' Too Hard"; are still going, and, apparently, they still sound stellar. Whether they should still be called the Seeds is debatable, given that the current-day incarnation features only one original member. But for \$15 admission, it hardly matters. It's not exactly the return of Arthur Lee and Love, but we'll take it. The Seeds are playing with the Tranzmitters, the Fiends and Raised by Wolves, the latter of whom are not Wolf Parade, or Wolf Eyes, but they reportedly play 'wolf-a-billy.' So many wolf bands these days. So little time. **WZE**