

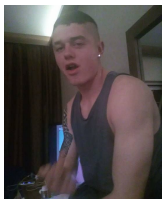
SPITTIN' SHMIGS

Full Discography Review, 1967 - present

ALBUMS

Spittin' Shmigs, s/t 1967 — *Straight Records*

"Spittin' Shmigs", the new self titled triumph from Spittin' Shmigs, opens sounding like Glasgow-flavored Howlin' Wolf on nitrous oxide, drawing influences from John Coltrane and The 13th Floor Elevators, with a knowing nod to (the criminally underrated) Yoko Ono.



Spittin' Shmigs is the roots-ska-ers' attempt at safe, daring, lush drone rock.

Spittin' Shmigs colors inside the lines—for good reason: Steely was writing this music in a Ph.D. program. Thus, "Spittin' Shmigs" marks a musical turning point, much like the groundbreaking "Come Out You Black and Tans" by The Beastly Brothers.

"Take That Filthy Shmig out of your Mouth" echoes strains of a Van Dyke Parks-esque wah-wah glissandos, with a penchant for lush guitar precision and emotive vocal orchestration, while the less cohesive "Parisian Shmigs" features a gut-wrenching 24 hour organ solo. However, Spittin' Shmigs advocates severance from solipsistic thought with "Perfect". But such lack of design has its own charm. The result? dreamlike, lovelorn, emotive drone-metal. Perfect for suicide during midnight at home.

Don't Eat the Yellow Shmig, 1974 — *Straight Records*

"Don't Eat the Yellow Shmig", the new sophomore effort from Spittin' Shmigs, opens sounding like The Modern Lovers on prenatal vitamins, drawing influences from Hatfield and the North and Frank Zappa, with a knowing nod to Steely Dan.

Don't Eat the Yellow Shmig is the freak-wave-ers' attempt at spaghetti western, brilliant, effervescent apocalypse rock.



Don't Eat the Yellow Shmig feels stilted—for good reason: Jack was writing this music in a car parked by the airport. Thus, Don't Eat the Yellow Shmig marks a musical turning point, á la the Beatles' Rubber Soul (except without the talent).

AWARDS

year 1967

work "Your Amber Leaf
Don't Mean A Thing"

award Best Alternative Music
Performance

result Nominated

year 1971

work "Revenge Of The 50ft
Shamber Leaf"

award Best Rock Performance
by a Duo or Group with Vocal

result Won

year 1978

work "Shmigzo"

award John Peel Award For
Musical Innovation

result Won

Hands Off My Shmigs, 1976 — EMI

"Hands Off My Shmigs", the new tour-de-force from Spittin' Shmigs, opens sounding like The Rhode Island School of Design-flavored Beefheart on amphetamines, drawing influences from The Stooges and Steely Dan.

"Hands Off My Shmigs" is the shoe-folk-ers' attempt at effervescent, vertiginous, emotive epic rock.

"Hands Off My Shmigs" might be considered a sell-out move—for good reason: Jack was writing this music in the midst of a lengthy divorce and losing custody battle resulting in pressing child support payments. Thus, "Hands Off My Shmigs" marks a yet another musical turning point, in the same vein as Pink Floyd's "The Wall" (which is definitely their best album, by the way)

"I Wouldn't Touch You With a 10ft Shmig" echoes strains of a Big Star-esque pastiche, with a penchant for lovelorn guitar meditation and punk-feminist vocal crossfire hurricane, while the more scattered "Sham" advocates severance from solipsistic thought, reminiscent of Rick Davies of Supertramp. However, Spittin' Shmigs draws chem trails across the sky with "Mile High Shmig". But such lack of design has its own charm. The result? epiphany-laden, dreamlike, haunting slow-funk. Perfect for vacuuming during midnight at the beach.



Secrets of the Shmig, 1981 — Warner Music Group

"Secrets Of The Shmig", the new long-awaited LP from Spittin' Shmigs, opens sounding like Portland-flavored Gypsy Kings on opiated hashish, drawing influences from Devo and The Stranglers.

"Secrets Of The Shmig" is the low-noise-ers' attempt at cool, extra sweet, lovelorn pocket rock.

"Secrets Of The Shmig" perfectly illustrates Tolkein's conviction that you can only come to the morning through shadows—for good reason: Dinky was collaborating from prison. Thus, "Secrets Of The Shmig" marks a juncture, á la the Beatles' White Album (except that "Secrets Of The Shmig" took 6 years to complete, as compared to five months for the Beatles' eponymous double LP).



"Drum, Drum, Drum" echoes strains of a Donald byrd-esque epic, with a penchant for crowd-pleasing guitar wah-wah glissandos and primal vocal sonic palette, while the more jaded "Trading In My Amber Leaf" advocates severance from solipsistic thought, reminiscent of Stereolab on 4-Hour Energy Drink. However, Spittin' Shmigs slows it down with "All I Have Is My Shmig". But such lack of design has its own charm. The result? shimmering, genre-bending, flawless proto-fi. Perfect for contemplating oblivion during a breakup at home.

